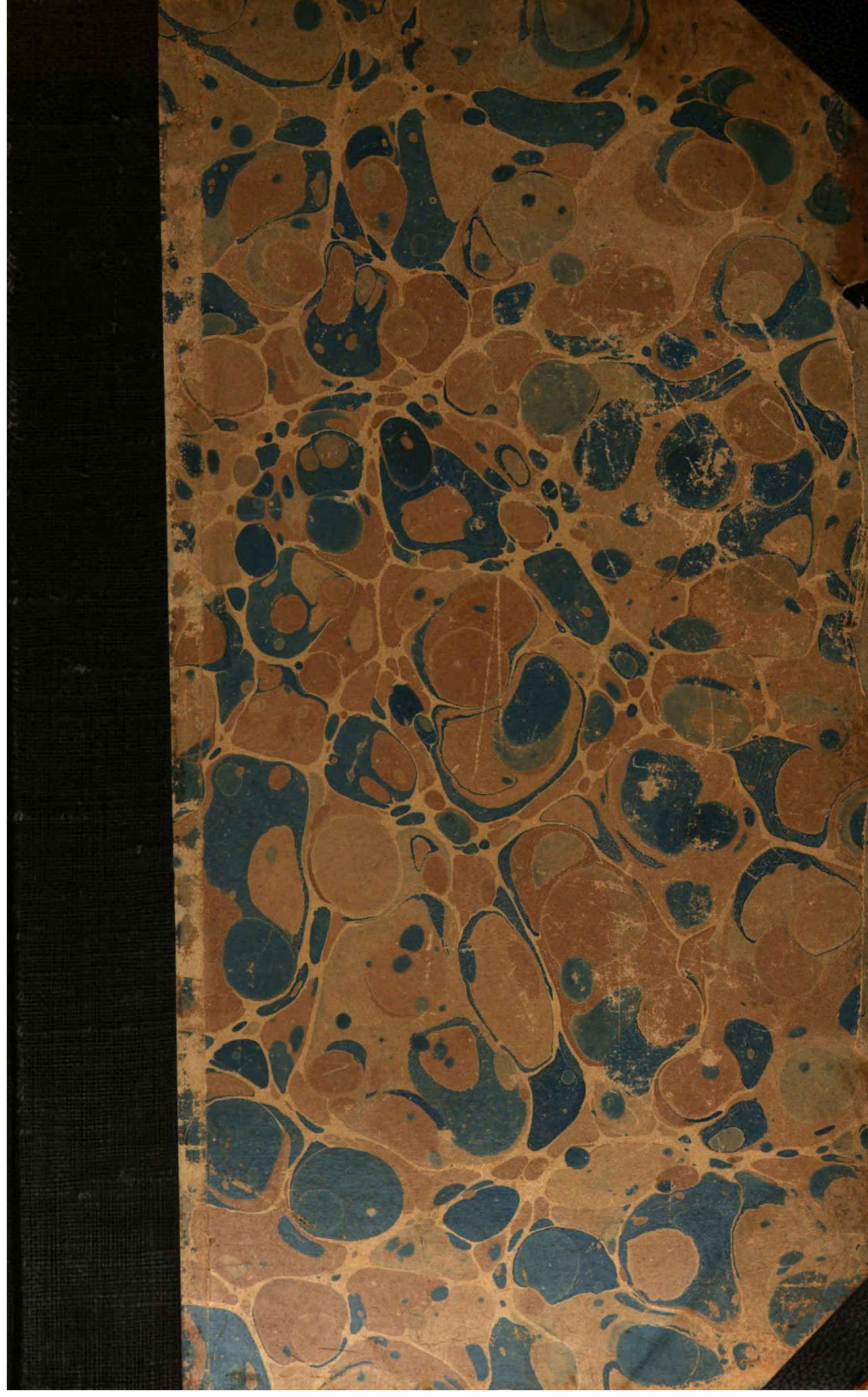




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HENRY FIELDING.

THE
WORKS
OF
HENRY FIELDING,

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME,

WITH MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR HENRY WASHBOURNE; H. G. BOHN; SCOTT, WEBSTER, AND GEARY;

L. A. LEWIS; JOHN CHIDLEY; WILLIAM GILLING;

AND R. GRIFFIN AND CO., GLASGOW.

1840.

112. D.



LONDON:

Printed by WILLIAM CLOWES and Sons,
Stamford Street.

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LIFE AND WORKS OF HENRY FIELDING.

To few only is it given to "write for all time;" to have their memories cherished, their thoughts embalmed in the heart of distant posterity. But if few, they have been emphatically designated the "salt of the earth who season human kind," who sustain the intellectual spirit of man, who at once elevate and vindicate the character of humanity in our eyes. Without its Homer, the poetic mind of Greece must long have lain dormant—a comparative blank; without Dante, Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, Swift, and Fielding, all, in their several walks, the great teachers and censors of the world,—who wrote in harmony with the glorious light of Gospel truth, where were Italy's fame, and where that sterling worth, that moral might and splendour of England's literature, transfused through every clime and city of the habitable globe?

If it be granted that we are to estimate the degrees of celebrity enjoyed by men of letters, according to the influence exercised by their genius upon their own and succeeding times, the surest test perhaps of comparative merit, not many, we opine, will be bold enough to question the claims of one of the most profound investigators of human nature, of the most delightful yet correct interpreters of her character and language, to take precedence among the writers of English prose fiction. Should we meet with one critical exception, it might be enough to reply by inquiring amidst whom, amidst what splendid galaxy of superior minds, the light of Fielding's genius asserted its power; by how many wits of our luminous Augustan era he was preceded, and by how many more he was followed; a host of gigantic intellects, whose varied powers and brilliant talent still yield obeisance to his master-knowledge of Nature in all her complicated movements and varieties?

If we recur to the testimony of rival contemporaries, or even of envious detractors, headed by Horace Walpole, to that of admiring successors, confirmed by the award of unerring time; or to the unbiassed judgment of the muse of Byron, who summed up both by pronouncing "Fielding the prose Homer of human nature," we find him in each successive era regarded as pre-eminent among his fellows at once for the extent and the versatility of his powers. In him whose brilliant but chequered career, whose invaluable but ill-requited services to his country, whose elastic and indefatigable spirit as an author, a magistrate, and a public character—we now attempt to exhibit in more important points of view, and to challenge for him higher honours than have hitherto been assigned, we recognise not only the distinguished novelist but the man of sound sense and judgment, and the author of many excellent plans, adopted, without giving him either credit or remuneration, by successive governments; in him we find that union of happy invention, "wild wit and fancy ever new," rendered infinitely more fascinating by keen penetration into the recesses of the heart, by the closest

observation and the widest range of experience, with a festive yet beneficent spirit, without which the novelist presents us with little more than the "dry bones," the tame sketches and tamer details of character and incident, to which the living spirit is denied.

It was his generous love of truth, freedom, and the happiness of man; his uncompromising magnanimous exposure of the vices and errors of the great, and the admirable skill and courage which directed all his efforts in analysing the beautiful—in exposing the false and corrupt, which rendered Fielding the favourite of Byron's leisure hours, which disarmed the critical Goëthe, and which have made his works the travel companions of the aged and the young.*

The popular voice seldom errs; from the verdict of a whole people, pronounced by the most impartial of all judges, time—there is no appeal; and if estimated by this rule, Fielding must be allowed to have possessed the complete art of reading those sibyl leaves of Nature before unread; of communing with her in all her varying moods; of revealing the secret sources of man's motives, passions, and actions; of opening new views of moral truth and character, in which he drew with equal skill and pathos pictures of joy or sorrow, and entertained us at once with a mimic world of reality and a creation of his own. Another, and perhaps not the least of his titles to rank highest in the scale of novelists, is the deep wisdom which pervades his entire works, the admirable and varied knowledge which he combines with the liveliest and the warmest passion; the most startling and terrific pictures intermingled with scenes of perfect humour, or of pleasing repose. If we wished to advance still further recommendations for our selection of Fielding in the outset,† we might find them in the charms of a narrative unequalled in point of interest, which absorbs us while it allures, and which, amidst its most glowing and festive scenes, its boldest expressions and representations of high and low, ever keeps in view the purest and noblest moral. It is the happy union, the rich contrast of lights and shadows which renders this great artist's works (for they are splendid emanations of art, and *artistical*, as the critic Goëthe correctly expresses it, in the true sense of the word,) so enduring in reputation, so eagerly read, and so unceasingly new and pleasing. Though truth and nature may pall for a season, the taste for them cannot die, and as surely as it revives, will their repre-

* Our popular novels are even translated into Spanish. 'Tom Jones,' indeed, has long been a favourite in Spain. It may be remarked that the most intensely national works acquire the widest reputation. Hogarth is as well known, and as much admired in Germany as in England, and yet he is John Bull all over. The Scotch novels were published in French and German as soon as they appeared in Edinburgh. The fancy and imagination of Britain are leavening the whole mind of Europe, and in the commerce of letters we are no longer, as heretofore, an importing nation. (Hartley Coleridge's Introduction to Massinger and Ford.)

† See end of Life, for continuation of Series.

sentations from the hand of this great master continue to be admired.

They display, indeed, that depth of study, rare invention, natural grouping, correct and beautiful composition, with a lively fancy and vigour of execution, not to be met with in any single painter of his times; and these, when more trivial and perishable records fail to perpetuate his name, will constitute the best and most lasting monument of his genius.

Henry Fielding was born April 22nd, 1707, at Sharpham Park, near Glastonbury, in Somersetshire. His family, although distinguished, in point of ancestry and rank, was far from being wealthy; his father possessing little hereditary income, and owing what fortune he obtained chiefly to his promotion in a military career. He served some time under the conqueror of Blenheim, and at length attained the rank of lieutenant-general towards the close of the reign of George I. and the commencement of George II. The general was also grandson to an earl of Denbigh, nearly related to the dukes of Kingston and other families of repute, which are stated to boast one common origin with a line of monarchs. Gibbon, whose prepossessions in favour of high birth led him to dwell on the subject with so much complacency, alludes to this circumstance when speaking of the noble descent of the poet Spenser, in the following words, containing a splendid eulogium on the genius of Fielding:—"The nobility of the Spencers has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough, but I exhort them to consider the 'Faëry Queen' as the most precious jewel of their coronet. Our immortal Fielding was of the younger branch of the Earls of Denbigh, who drew their origin from the Counts of Hapsburg, the lineal descendants of Eltrico, in the seventh century dukes of Alsace. Far different have been the fortunes of the English and German divisions of the family of Hapsburg; the former, the knights and sheriffs of Leicestershire, have slowly risen to the dignity of a peerage; the latter, the emperors of Germany and kings of Spain, have threatened the liberty of the Old and invaded the treasures of the New World. The successors of Charles V. may disdain their brethren of England; but the romance of 'Tom Jones,' that exquisite picture of human manners, will outlive the palace of the Escorial, and the imperial eagle of Austria."—*Gibbon's Miscellaneous Works*.

The mother of our author was a daughter of Judge Gold, one of whose immediate descendants, Sir Henry Gold, was likewise a baron of the exchequer.

Besides one brother, Edmund, who became an officer of marines, the great novelist had four sisters—Catherine, Ursula, Sarah, and Beatrice. The third of these, Sarah, gave early proofs of talent, and soon became favourably known in the literary world for her spirited letters, and a work, entitled 'David Simple,' of both which Fielding himself entertained no mean opinion, speaking of them in a liberal yet just spirit of criticism. This tribute of fraternal affection will be found in the present edition; it displays a strength of feeling as well as judgment, which entered largely into the social and domestic character of the author, who, from some traits that will be given, seems to have been remarkably attached to children and young people, and to have considered, like the great Nelson, "that though glory was a fine name, and honour a pretty bauble, youth and innocence were a happier possession."

The earlier part of Henry Fielding's education was committed to the care of a clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Oliver, who resided at the family mansion, in the capacity of a private tutor, and is supposed to have sat more than once to our young painter of

"living manners" for his portrait, as it is *executed* to the life in the novel of 'Joseph Andrews,' under the title of Parson Trulliber. From this it may be inferred that, in after life, the pupil estimated lightly the character and services of his teacher, particularly if we are to give credit to the likeness exhibited in some of the adventures. We may conclude also, from the author's own observations, that he received from his clerical Mentor little more than the rudiments of the commonest education before he quitted home for the more congenial sphere of Eton; for here, it is ascertained, that he soon distinguished himself by remarkable quickness and aptitude of parts, as well as by steady application to the study of the best Greek and Roman models.

It was scarcely of less utility to him, more particularly in maturer life, that he there contracted an intimacy with many of his fellow pupils afterwards so celebrated as public men at the bar, or in the senate, including Lord Lyttleton, Mr. Fox, Mr. Pitt, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, Mr. Wilmington; with some of whom he continued in habits of friendly intercourse during life, and from others received that occasional sympathy and support which adverse circumstances and broken health rendered peculiarly acceptable, towards the close of his chequered career.

So satisfactory, it would appear, was the young student's progress in classical learning before he had entered his sixteenth year, that he was considered, both by his masters and by the school, not only as possessing a sound knowledge of the languages of Greece and Rome, but as well versed in the perusal of their choicest writers. This truth, we think, and his continued admiration of the works of the best ancient authors, especially of the great prose writers, are abundantly evidenced by the manner in which they are alluded to in his own; and we may conclude that his successful application at this early period was as agreeable to his father as to himself, from the fact that, on his removal from Eton and his early friendships, of which he was often heard to speak with fond regret, no objection was made to his instantly proceeding to prosecute his farther studies under the able and learned professors of the University of Leyden. There he had every advantage, which a student so advanced and prepared, as he was, for still more successful efforts, could be expected to derive from associating with men of first-rate abilities; and though young (being then only in his eighteenth year), full of vivacity and constitutionally fond of pleasure, he lost no time in placing himself under the tuition of the celebrated Vitriarius, Professor of Civil Law, and the author of a Latin work, distinguished for its ability and learning, with the laudable resolution to inform and improve his mind to the utmost of his power. He was regular in his attendance upon the different lectures; appears to have taken notes, and even thus early to have omitted no opportunities of making his remarks and observations upon what he heard and saw—much of which he was doubtless enabled, subsequently, to turn to good account. Without discontinuing his attention to the classical and ancient writers, he now also devoted himself, with assiduity, to the study of the Civil Law, and, with a marked proficiency which, while it won the approbation of the learned, promised, at no distant day, to raise him to eminence in that path, should he pursue it professionally, or in any other which he might choose for the exertion of his brilliant talents.

It is to be regretted that, while thus laudably engaged in completing a course of liberal studies, such

as, with the advantages of birth and station, might have raised him to eminence in public life, Fielding's residence at Leyden should have been disagreeably interrupted by circumstances over which he had no control. Before he had attained his twentieth year his pecuniary supplies began to fail him; for though a kind and considerate parent, General Fielding was unable to support his son in a manner becoming the younger branch of a noble family. Hence the fruitful source of the author's early embarrassments, and of his subsequent sufferings and misfortunes. Having been brought up with views of life opposed to everything like restricted economy or sordid cares, and influenced by a spirit and love of gaiety perhaps exceeding the usual temperament of genius, he could never forget that he occupied the position of an educated man and a gentleman. To him, therefore, the second marriage contracted by General Fielding (he committed matrimony four times, and had families as large as king Priam), and the rapidly-increasing claims by which it was followed, was an event of serious import: the Leyden scholar was thrown almost at once upon his own resources; and in the year 1727 he found himself compelled to return rather suddenly to England.

But Fielding's was not a disposition to be dismayed by difficulties; and this elasticity of mind, which rose with vigorous reaction from the pressure of circumstances, is, perhaps, one of the most remarkable traits in his character, and essentially connected with the production of some of his ablest works. No author has drawn more largely upon his own personal experience, his actual position in society, his constant observation, his social character and relations, even to the chief incidents and adventures of his life.

Upon his arrival in England he almost immediately repaired to London; and, though still a minor, found himself comparatively his own master, and left, with slight assistance, to chalk out his own path to distinction. He now renewed his intercourse with some of his early friends: Lord Lyttleton, in particular, became attached to his society; the vivacity of his wit, his playful fancy and rich humour, combined with his love of social enjoyment and the pleasures peculiar to his age, rendering his conversation highly agreeable no less to persons of rank than to the chief literary men and dramatists of the day. Within a very few months after he became known to the celebrated Garrick, and to the survivors of that brilliant epoch which still cast its splendour over the Georgian era, he commenced as a regular writer for the stage, and while yet in his twentieth year (in 1727), produced his first comedy of 'Love in several Masques.' To this he was, in fact, compelled by the extreme scantiness of his finances; for though he was nominally allowed 200*l.* per annum, it was a well-known observation of the author, who could be humorous even at his own expense, that "it was an allowance which anybody might pay who would." It is evident, indeed, that he considered his youthful profession of a dramatist rather as a resource than a matter of choice, by his observation in after life—that he abandoned the writing of comedies exactly at the time when he ought first to have turned his attention that way. From one of the prefaces to these *juvenilia*, in which he relates some anecdotes of himself and Garrick (as in that of 'The Fathers,' of which the great actor wrote the prologue, besides interesting himself warmly in its success), it would appear that Fielding had not embraced the profession *con amore*; and in his warm eulogies on the comic talent of Mrs. Centlivre it seems as if he were conscious of his infe-

riority, especially in the points of spirited repartee and bold witty dialogue.

His first effort, nevertheless, was not unsuccessful, though its representation immediately followed that of the popular comedy of the 'Provoked Husband;' and the author made it his boast "that none had ever appeared so early on the stage." He had to contend with difficulties which seemed rather "to require," he says, "the superior force of a Wycherly or a Congreve, than of a raw and unexperienced pen. However, such was the candour of the audience, the play was received with greater satisfaction than I should have promised myself, from its merit, had it even preceded the 'Provoked Husband.'"

From that period the young dramatist, yet scarcely in his twenty-first year, devoted himself assiduously to the comic muse, and annually "produced a crop of pieces," both comedies and farces, few of which, however, became favourites, or obtained a permanent footing upon the stage. As necessitous as he was witty, and, like Goldsmith, eager to obtain fresh supplies for the gratification of his social pleasures, he threw them off with a rapidity and consequent carelessness as little favourable to their correctness as to their future celebrity. His second play, the 'Temple Beau,' which appeared in 1728, was also well received; though very imperfect, it possessed spirit and real humour; and he thus became permanently connected with the theatres up to the time of his first marriage.

While it must be acknowledged that Fielding's genius was not decidedly dramatic, it was something that he escaped disapprobation, though he was at times received with indifference. His success was not always brilliant; still less was it adequate to support him on that scale of expense which his social habits, fashionable company, and not unfrequently his kindness and generosity to others, rendered an absolute want, especially in a man of strong animal spirits, sound constitution, ardour of pursuit, and extreme vivacity of disposition. In those temporary embarrassments, to which he was often liable, even at this early period, added to the interruption of his annual stipend, and his own want of prudential considerations, he was compelled to receive assistance from men of rank, to whom his family connexions, and still more his conversational powers and rare humour had introduced him. Not a few of these, like Lord Lyttleton, were among his early acquaintances; and how justly, at this time, that nobleman and his friends must have appreciated the talents of the young author, appears from an observation subsequently made by him, speaking of Pope, Swift, and other wits of that age, namely, "that Harry Fielding had more wit and humour than all the persons they had been speaking of put together." It is not extraordinary, then, that his society should now have been sought by men of rank and talent, or that he should have been treated in the same generous and distinguished manner by the Duke of Richmond, the Duke of Roxburgh, and John Duke of Argyle. In fact, during his entire dramatic career, (between the year 1727 and 1736), in which nearly all his comedies and farces were composed, Fielding continued to enjoy the friendship and patronage of his noble contemporaries, and, before his thirtieth year, had produced no less than eighteen theatrical pieces, including plays and farces, besides a few which appeared at a subsequent period. Though unequal, and deficient in some of the peculiar requisites for distinguished success upon the stage, they gave promise of riper powers, and as presenting the complete theatre of an author so celebrated in his other productions, they have been preserved entire in the present edition of his works.

His 'Pasquin' alone, is a masterpiece of satire in its class.

It has been well remarked, indeed, of Fielding's dramatic character, that though the plan of his pieces is not always regular, yet he is often happy in his style and diction, and in every group that he has exhibited there are to be seen particular delineations that will amply recompense the attention bestowed upon them. Though no man in the opinion of that ingenious and discriminating biographer, Dr. Aikin, had a stronger perception of the ludicrous in characters, and though he painted the detached scenes with humour, yet a want of true delicacy to distinguish between the comic, or the grotesque and extravagant, and defect of care and judgment in the business of the drama, prevented him from obtaining excellence in this species of composition.

It is most probable, however, that his inferiority as a dramatist is partly to be attributed to the rapid manner in which he composed his plays, and to the unfavourable situation in which he was placed, as well as to the disadvantage of his having commenced so difficult a species of composition at too early a period of life. Perhaps, also, he possessed greater talent for painting in detail, than for placing a variety of characters before the spectator, by a few bold decided strokes of the pencil; for it is thought, that two different classes of mind are required for these distinct species of production, and the same writer, it has been remarked, rarely succeeds in both. It would appear equally true of a sister art, for the ingenious Retsch, who is considered so incomparable in his dramatic outlines, is very inferior to himself, in respect to finished composition. From the haste, moreover, in which Fielding wrote to supply his continually recurring necessities, without even revising or correcting many of his pieces, he may be said to have furnished rather the materials than the wrought productions of art, calculated for brilliant scenic effect. He was known frequently to enter into an engagement over night with some manager, to bring him a play at a certain hour, and then to go to his lodgings after spending the evening at a tavern (the club assembly of the day), and write a scene on the papers in which he had wrapped his tobacco; and to be ready with his composition for the players next morning to rehearse it. We must remember, at the same time, with regard to these extempore efforts, that not a few of Fielding's pieces are little more than free translation, or adaptations from the French, and among these, perhaps, that of 'L'Avare' of Molière, presented under the title of 'The Miser,' was one of the most successful. In some of his satirical passages, the author touched (too freely for a corrupt court and ministry) upon political topics, and he was one of the writers who, by indulging their bold and caustic vein, particularly in the cutting satire of his 'Pasquin,' contributed to the act for limiting the number of theatres, and submitting dramatic performances to the cruel process of the pruning knife, in the hands of the Lord Chamberlain. The satire of Fielding's comedy is exceedingly keen and severe on the characters of "the great," as he ironically calls them, and on the habits of fashionable life; and for this reason, perhaps, they would have been eminently adapted, with greater care and revision, to appear with advantage before the public. "If the comedy of 'Pasquin,' says Mr. Murphy, "were restored to the stage, it would be a more favourite entertainment with our audiences than the much admired 'Rehearsal.'" A more rational one it certainly would be, as it must undoubtedly be better understood. Though its success was considerable, it never shone forth with a lustre equal to its merit; and yet it is a composition that might have

done honour to the Athenian stage, when the middle comedy, under the authority of the laws, made use of fictitious names, to satirise vice and folly, however disguised by honours and employments. But the middle comedy did not flourish long at Athens; the archness of its aim, and the poignancy of its satire, soon became offensive to the officers of state; a law was made to prohibit those oblique strokes of wit; and the comic muse was restrained from all indulgences of personal satire, however humorously drawn under the appearance of imaginary characters. The same fate attended the use of the middle comedy in England; and it is said, that the wit and humour of our modern Aristophanes, whose quarry in some of his pieces, particularly the 'Historical Register,' was higher game than in prudence he should have chosen, were principal instruments in provoking that law under which the British theatre has groaned ever since. It has been also observed by Warburton, the author of the 'Divine Legation,' that comic satire is like a two-edged sword, and is susceptible of great abuse; which he illustrates by an anecdote of the court of Charles II. "This weapon in the dissolute times of Charles II. completed the ruin of the best minister of that age. The historians tell us that chancellor Hyde was brought into his majesty's contempt by this odd court argument; they mimicked his walk and gesture, with a fire-shovel and bellows for the mace and purse. Thus, it being the representation, and not the object represented, which strikes the fancy, vice and virtue must fall indifferently before it."

The objects, however, of Fielding's satire were always of a legitimate kind; and in no part of his works do we find anything like a sneer, either against religion or virtue. His farces partook all of the same character; they were admirable burlesque representations, and they were almost invariably successful. The production only of two or three mornings, and struck off in the heat of the moment, they nevertheless pleased the public, and still continue to enliven our winters on the stage, by the exquisite manner in which they hit the object at which they are aimed. "The representations," says Bishop Hurd, "of common nature may either be taken accurately, so as to reflect a faithful and exact image of their original, which alone is that I should call comedy; or they may be forced or overcharged above the simple and just proportions of nature, as when the excesses of a few are given for standing characters; when not the man in general, but the passion is described, or when, in the draught of the man, the leading feature is extended beyond measure; and in these cases, the representation holds of the province of farce." This is a just and accurate definition, and the farces of Fielding comprehend all that is required: the mock tragedy of 'Tom Thumb' is considered replete with as fine a parody as perhaps has ever been written; the 'Lottery,' 'The Intriguing Chambermaid,' and the 'Virgin Unmasked,' besides the real entertainment they afford, had also, on their first appearance, the merit of bringing out the comic genius of some of our best actresses. Of Mrs. Clive in particular, the author observes in one of his prefaces—"I cannot help reflecting that the town has one obligation to me, who made the first discovery of your just capacity, and brought you earlier forward on the theatre than the ignorance of some, and the envy of others, would otherwise have permitted. I shall not here dwell on anything so well known as your theatrical merit; which one of the finest judges, and the greatest man of his age, hath acknowledged to exceed, in humour, that of any of your predecessors in his time."

Notwithstanding the indisputable merit of some

of his comic productions, Fielding's finances continued still in a dilapidated condition; for the remuneration he obtained was decidedly inadequate to his expenses. When we consider that by his own account he gained by the 'Wedding Day,' which was performed six nights with unremitted applause, only fifty pounds, we are not surprised that he should have required the occasional assistance of his friends. And fortunately he now extended his acquaintance, with a few persons of merit as well as distinction; and the refinement of modern clubs being unknown, the grand resort of literary wit and fashion, and too often of dissipation, were the favourite taverns of the day.*

But in the midst of his dramatic career, surrounded by the witty, the gay, and the idle, both in the green-room, and in private circles, he was happily rescued from his growing habits of a reckless unsettled life, by the force of a virtuous attachment. Towards the end of 1734, when in the 27th year of his age, he became acquainted with a young lady from Salisbury, a Miss Cradock, whose beauty and accomplishments at once attracted and rivetted his affections. She was possessed of little fortune, not exceeding fifteen hundred pounds; yet that was no bar to their immediate union; for where his feelings were deeply interested, Fielding was always a poor calculator of future expectancies. Nearly at the same time, by the death of his mother, he succeeded to a small estate at Stower in Dorsetshire, which produced an income of rather more than two hundred a year; a sum sufficient, together with the strenuous and well-directed exertion of his talents, to have secured him from anxiety, with regard to the important step which he had taken. After a brief residence in town, it is not surprising that he consulted his young bride's wishes, though scarcely in unison with his own, in retiring to their little estate in the country; he made indeed serious resolutions to abandon his town connexions, to bid adieu to the lighter pursuits and gaieties of his youth, and withdrawing entirely from the theatres, (with the exception of such pieces as he had already in progress,) to add to his still restricted income, by undertaking works which might obtain a more permanent hold upon the public favour. He was ardently attached to his wife, and in fact resolved, from that time, to become a prudent man (and few had stronger sense, or a more sound and penetrating judgment); to seek happiness where only it was to be found, in the performance of social duties, and the cultivation of domestic affections; add to these motives, the absorbing charms of study, (for like Cervantes, he was passionately attached to reading, and extending his ideas by all means within his reach,) and of literary composition, and there appeared every prospect of rational happiness, and even of an enviable life. But, alas! for the weakness of human vows, and the inconstancy of human wishes!—early habits arising from his family connexions, and mode of education, had cast their chains too firmly round him, and he was a remarkable example of the truth of our great moral poet's melancholy, but too well-founded sentiment, derived from close knowledge of the infirmity of the best natural disposition, however free from the worldly character:

* That young Harry Fielding, like Burns, and a few of that "vivacious species," was admirably gifted to do the honours of the Bacchanalian rites, to the infinite delight of Momus and his crew, "making night jovial," there is little reason from all contemporary authorities to doubt; and as little we apprehend that early dissipation, want of regular habits, and excesses so difficult for genius to guard against, laid the ground-work of disease, and of that premature decay to which, in the prime of life, he fell a victim.

"Weak and irresolute is man;
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away."—*Cowper*.

And thus it was with one whose rare abilities, intimate knowledge of life, which he had often drawn and exposed with all its vices and weaknesses, and whose power of penetrating character gave him a pre-eminence in knowledge over other men; so that in his own words, while "he saw and approved the best, he still followed the most dangerous path." Unfortunately, too, he was surrounded by neighbours whose superior wealth and studied ostentation, perhaps mingled with little oversights, and real or imaginary neglect, may have piqued his family pride, and gradually urged him into expenses and an appearance of ease and independence which his fortune was ill calculated to support. It is probable that he saw all the consequences of his conduct while attempting to vie in some degree with the landed gentry of the country, and to visit them on equal terms. He encumbered himself with a retinue of livery-servants, and kept his dogs and horses, with an improvidence seldom heard of even in the annals of authorship. Had he come into possession of more thousands than he had hundreds at command, he could not have assumed more gentlemanly confidence, more ease and equality in his intercourse with men of rank; and there is little doubt that, if circumstances had favoured him, no man was more eminently calculated, by his superior abilities and many estimable qualities, to have adorned a much higher and a more influential station. As a lord-lieutenant of a county, as a judge or supreme magistrate, his sterling sense, his extensive knowledge of the world, and of the characters and motives of men would have rendered him an invaluable public officer. But it is more than probable that the world would then have been deprived of those inimitable master-pieces upon which his reputation so broadly rests; for it is evident that their peculiar merit consists in being perfect transcripts of the author's own heart and mind, of his individual and original character and power of observation; that they were, in fact, the genuine productions of the great school of experience and adversity. Both in 'Joseph Andrews' and in 'Amelia' he may be said to have given us the real history of his life, with all its chequered incidents and events; its continual cares and anxieties; its brief impassioned intervals of social hilarity and enjoyment. In the retired country gentleman of 'Joseph Andrews,' who relates his adventures to parson Adams; and in his hero Booth, he as ingeniously and feelingly blended his own adventures, his own weaknesses and good qualities as a man. When Booth dwells upon his conjugal affection, upon his imprudence, and his fears for the life of his Amelia, it is still Henry Fielding who speaks. And we have also the authority of Richardson for asserting that his first wife sat for the favourite 'Amelia' of the author. When he describes Booth's fondness, from a boy, for driving a coach; his extending his farm, and forgetting the excellent advice of Dr. Harrison, he evidently reflects upon his own imprudence in yielding to his natural disposition for a social and independent style of living, in accordance rather with his early education and wishes than with prudential considerations. In other words "he set up his coach," and, with admirable strokes of ironical humour, he describes the result. "The consequence of setting up this poor old coach is inconceivable. Before this, as my wife and myself had very little distinguished ourselves from the other farmers and their wives, either in our dress or our way of living, they treated us as their equals;

but now they began to consider us as elevating ourselves into a state of superiority, and immediately began to envy, hate, and declare war against us. The neighbouring little squires too, were uneasy to see a poor renter become their equal in a matter in which they placed so much dignity; and not doubting but it arose in me from the same ostentation, they began to hate me likewise, and turn my equipage into ridicule, asserting that my horses, which were as well matched as any in the kingdom, were of different colours and sizes, with much more of that kind of wit the only basis of which is lying."

The foregoing is an admirably wrought picture, and exactly describes Fielding's own position during his three years' residence in the country after his marriage. Unable wholly to shut out the rustic world around him, he could scarcely have appeared in a less congenial sphere; he occupied no decided station; and as a small landed proprietor, with the high feelings and accomplishments of a gentleman and a man of letters, he was a kind of anomaly in the world of property, and may be said to have had no equals, no superiors, no inferiors, much less friends or companions with whom he could associate upon agreed and appropriate terms.

In this dilemma, Fielding adopted the expedient recommended to the traveller "of doing as they do at Rome;" as the best *recipe* for making time pass less disagreeably. Forgetting his judicious resolves, and unsatisfied with rural and literary pursuits calculated to add something to his restricted income, though, at the same time, fondly attached to his family, and delighting in the pastimes of children,—“his chief pleasure,” we are told, “consisted in society and convivial mirth;” hospitality threw open his doors, and in less than three years, entertainments, hounds, and horses entirely devoured a little patrimony which might have secured him independence and a character free from those imputations which mankind generally put upon the actions of a man whose imprudence has led him into difficulties.

When once it has become the fashion to condemn, few, it has been remarked, “are willing to distinguish between the impulses of necessity and the inclinations of the heart.” But let those who wish to estimate at its real worth the character and conduct of our great novelist, read the vindication of him, written after his death, by his friend Lord Lyttleton; and they will cease to judge the actions of a man possessed of genius and sensibility like his too closely by the standard set up as rules for the direction of common minds. If the world will try genius by its own rules, and wish to reduce it to its own level of morality and mental quietude, that world has no right to bask in the sunny smiles of its fancy; to warm its torpid feeling in the flashes of its wit; to exult in the triumph, and share in the spoils of its all-conquering intellect. For genius may be said, in the words of our greatest poet, to be “like the imagination itself, all compact;” the world should be content and grateful to take it as it is; and wise and charitable enough to reflect that had Fielding been the cool and calculating money-maker, the quiet country farmer, eager only to increase his store, he might indeed have died “worth something,” in the world's acceptance of the term, but might never have been impelled by the force of circumstances, acting upon his inventive and vigorous powers, to produce masterpieces capable of entertaining and instructing that world through countless generations. If genius, moreover, carried away by some of the finest and strongest impulses of our nature, is apt to err, it is often its own worst enemy; its regrets are rendered more acute by keener sensi-

bility, and its offences are visited by the world which it cheers and enlightens with the bitter penalties of a stern, unrelenting severity. It is the war of Plutus and Mammon against superior intellect,—of darkness against light. The punishment which genius, like that of Burns and Fielding, almost invariably inflicts upon itself, by omitting to walk with the worldly-wise, and plodding, to take advantage of the tide of fortune; compelled to pass the remainder of its days, like those of our author, amidst heroic but unavailing efforts, is not thought sufficient without the sneers of the proud and wealthy, the envy of meaner minds, the jealousy of contemporaries, and the poisoned shafts of surviving malice.*

With a mind and magnanimity, above wasting its energies in vain complaints and repinings, and of which many a more worldly-minded man would have been incapable, Fielding now resolved to resume the study of the law, which he had pursued with such unremitted assiduity at the University of Leyden. With this view, he immediately returned to London, and, at the age of thirty, entered himself a student of the Inner Temple. Eager to retrieve his dilapidated fortune, he applied himself, with exemplary diligence, to his legal studies, regularly kept his terms, and omitted no occasion of forming professional connexions. At the same time, with a laudable anxiety to mitigate the consequences of his own imprudence, he resumed his compositions for the stage; he also connected himself with the few public prints then in existence, projected new publications; and, besides his numerous prefaces, poems, and other pieces, which he subsequently published under the title of ‘Miscellanies,’ wrote essays and tracts upon political and other subjects. Never, perhaps, was there a stronger example of industry and energy of heart and mind; no toil, no difficulties deterred him; and there seems little doubt that, had not his health given way under such intense application, he would soon have become a distinguished ornament of the English bar.

It is gratifying, however, to reflect that his honourable toils (for few perhaps who have once lost their property, willingly again encounter the labour necessary to regain it,) were still cheered by the smiles of an approving conscience, and by his affection for a wife and children to whom he was tenderly attached. The proofs of friendship also which he met with from men of professional rank and abilities, both at this and at a subsequent period, must have encouraged him in his arduous efforts, formed the best answer to the calumnies of his enemies, and did lasting honour to his memory. Notwithstanding the temptations to former gaiety and levity, especially in the dramatic world, and in bringing forward some new performance, or amidst occasional dissipations, nothing could repress his thirst of knowledge and the delight he felt in acquiring fresh stores from which he embellished his inimitable pictures of life; and with such intense ardour did he follow up his favourite studies, in addition to his legal acquisitions, that he was frequently known to retire late at night from a convivial meeting and proceed to read and make extracts from the most abstruse authors before he retired to rest; and in this habit he continued while the vigour of his constitution and his indefatigable energy supported him. But the sword was fast wearing out the scabbard.

* Of the unjust and disparaging manner in which Swift, Bolingbroke, and that age of wits, spoke of Fielding's early efforts, and were succeeded by Horace Walpole, Richardson, and his partisans, who attacked, not only his more matured labours, but his character, not a few instances have been preserved in the annals of literary scandal. They form, perhaps, the best criterion of his superiority.

At length the time of his probation expired, and Henry Fielding was called to the bar; not having kept his terms merely for the sake of form, he was eager to make his legal studies useful to his family, and to leave no means untried to advance himself in practice. With sufficient learning, strong natural ability and a good head, as it is termed, for the law, he had now a fair prospect of retrieving his affairs; was regular in his attendance at Westminster, and on the Western Circuit, where he soon became favourably known. We are told by Chalmers, that a tradition respecting the new barrister had been preserved by the gentlemen of the Western Circuit, and though not quite consistent with the account given by Murphy, it is perfectly in accordance with the idea entertained of his humour and character. Having attended the judges two or three years, it seems, without the least prospect of success, Fielding published proposals for a new law book: and this being circulated about the country, the young barrister was at the ensuing assizes loaded with briefs at every town in the circuit. But it is added that his practice, thus suddenly increased, was observed almost as suddenly to leave him. It is true that his success was of very short duration, though the real cause for it is not here assigned. Fielding had already begun to feel his way, and had produced a favourable impression of his abilities and skill as a pleader, when his dearest hopes and prospects were suddenly blighted. Repeated attacks of the gout had already undermined a constitution naturally strong; and early dissipation, late hours, severe study, with the exertion of vigorous intellect in literary composition always upon the spur, added to family anxieties, had produced premature lassitude, the symptoms of which he had too long neglected. Still he did not relax his efforts to turn his legal acquisitions to account. Possessing a sound knowledge of jurisprudence, he directed his research to crown law, and prepared a voluminous Digest of the Statutes at Large, in two folio volumes, which evince the industry and perseverance of which he was capable; but they failed to supply his present exigencies, and remained unpublished in the hands of his brother, Sir John Fielding, who succeeded him in his office of a Middlesex magistrate. Nothing, in fact, could overcome the disadvantage of his continued absence from the courts; and again, with fortune and reputation almost within his grasp, Fielding was compelled to relinquish his hopes derived from publications on the law, and to renew his applications to the comic muse, in the person of the managers of the theatres. Far from being enabled to engage in several important works which he had projected, he was now obliged to find a substitute for the law, and to provide for the morrow as it came. There were few subjects of the day upon which he did not exercise his well-practised pen; and it was at this time that he contributed largely to the '*Champion*,' a paper chiefly indebted for its reputation to his support. Many of its best articles, on a great variety of topics, bear intrinsic evidences of his hand, though it would be difficult at this time to adopt them with certainty in an edition of his works; nor could they perhaps add anything to a reputation like his. Such as are known, however, to be from his pen, are given; though in irregular numbers, and marked in the same order as they first appeared. But the best proof of his talent for periodical writing was the manner in which that journal fell in public esteem when placed under other auspices, and the fact that none of the essays were republished, except two volumes, which included the exact time when Fielding was the principal author of the work.

In speaking of this eventful period of his life it is impossible to withhold the expression of our admi-

ration, in common with all his biographers, of the singular force and vigour of his mind: when under the most discouraging circumstances—the loss of comparative fortune—of health—of the fruits of years of successful toil, his body lacerated, as Mr. Murphy describes it, by the acutest pains, with a family looking up to him for immediate support, he was still capable, with a degree of Christian fortitude, almost unexampled, to produce, as it were, *extempore*, a play, a farce, a pamphlet or a newspaper. Nay, like Cervantes, whom he most resembled in his wit as well as genius, he could jest upon his misfortunes, and make his own sufferings a source of entertainment to the rest of the world. One of these harmless satires upon himself,—ironical hits at his own evil fortune, by which only wits can revenge themselves upon her malice, we possess from the pen of Fielding, in the form of an epistle to Sir Robert Walpole; and we give it here, as forcibly applying to his actual position, and as a humorous concentration upon one object of all "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" at once:—

"While at the helm of state you ride,
Our nation's envy, and its pride;
While foreign courts, with wonder gaze,
And curse those councils which they praise;
Would you not wonder, sir, to view
Your bard a greater man than you?
Which that he is, you cannot doubt,
When you have read the sequel out.
You know, great sir, that ancient fellows,
Philosophers, and such folks, tell us,
No great analogy between
Greatness and happiness is seen.
If then, as it might follow straight,
Wretched to be, is to be great;
Forbid it, gods, that you should try
What 'tis to be so great as I!
The family that dines the latest
Is in our street esteem'd the greatest;
But latest hours must surely fall
'Fore him who never dines at all.
Your taste in architect, you know
Hath been admired by friend and foe;
But can your earthly domes compare
With all my castles—in the air?
We're often taught, it doth behove us
To think those greater, who're above us;
Another instance of my glory,
Who live above you, twice two story;
And from my garret can look down
On the whole street of Arlington.
Greatness by poets still is painted
With many followers acquainted:
This too doth in my favour speak;
Your levée is but twice a week;
From mine I can exclude but one day,
My door is quiet on a Sunday.
Nor in the manner of attendance
Doth your great bard claim less ascendance.
Familiar you to admiration
May be approached by all the nation;
While I, like the Mogul in Indo,
Am never seen but at my window.
If, with my greatness, you're offended,
The fault is easily amended;
For I'll come down, with wond'rous ease,
Into whatever place you please.
I'm not ambitious; little matters
Will serve us great, but humble creatures.
Suppose a secretary o' this isle,
Just to be doing with a while;
Admiral, gen'ral, judge, or bishop:
Or I can foreign treaties dish up.
If the good genius of the nation
Should call me to negotiation,
Tuscan and French are in my head,
Latin I write, and Greek—I read.
If you should ask, what pleases best?
To get the most, and do the least.
What fittest for?—You know, I'm sure,
I'm fittest for—a sine-cure."

While on the subject of the author's poetical and miscellaneous pieces, it will be interesting perhaps to give his own opinions contained in a very amusing preface, where he justly describes them as treating of

subjects which bear not the least relation to each other. "Perhaps," he adds, "what Martial says of his epigrams may be applicable to these several productions: *Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura*;" and it must be admitted that the latter designation is the most appropriate with reference to the correctness, wit, or other merits, of *some* of his poetical compositions. Still we ought not to forget they were written, when very young, by a student in his gayer hours, and were productions of the heart rather than of the head. Neither then nor subsequently did the author profess to make poetry his pursuit; his occasional essays were of the slightest texture—were chiefly the garnish of his comedies and farces, or mere *jeux-d'esprit* thrown off in the spirit of the moment. In few instances were they of a serious turn, though his adaptation of part of the sixth satire of Juvenal (originally sketched out before he was twenty), and a very spirited version, is a proof that he possessed considerable talent for satirical composition. It has been supposed that this imitation was intended as a satirical reflection upon one of his female acquaintance; but if we may believe the author's own interpretation of its object, it was not so: "for my part," he says, "I am much more inclined to panegyric on that amiable sex which I have always thought treated with a very unjust severity by ours, who censure them for faults (if they are truly such) into which we ourselves allure and betray them"—a sentiment as amiable and generous as it is just.

It is equally amusing and instructive to trace the author's views as described by himself in his prefatory remarks on other subjects. Speaking of his 'Essay on Conversation,' he observes, "that his design in it will at least be allowed good, being to ridicule out of society one of the most pernicious evils which attends it—pampering the gross appetites of selfishness and ill-nature with the shame and disquietude of others, whereas I have endeavoured in it to show that true good breeding consists in contributing with our utmost power to the satisfaction and happiness of all around us." The author displays throughout the same just and discriminating taste, with intimate knowledge of character and manners as met with in the world. In his 'Essay on the Knowledge of the Characters of Men' he endeavoured, he says, to expose a second great evil, namely, hypocrisy—the bane of all virtue, morality, and goodness; and to arm as well as he could the honest, undesigning, open-hearted man, who is generally the prey of this monster, against it. He maintained with honest zeal that most mischiefs (especially those which fall on the worthiest part of mankind) owe their original to this detestable vice.

On the subject of a 'Journey from this World to the Next,' he says, it would be paying a very mean compliment to the human understanding to suppose him under the necessity of vindicating himself from designing in an allegory of that kind to oppose any present system, or to erect a new one of his own. "Perhaps," he continues, "the fault may lie rather in the heart than in the head, and I may be misrepresented without being misunderstood. If there be any such men I am sorry for it; the good-natured reader will not, I believe, want any assistance from me to disappoint their malice." The author farther adds this remarkable observation—"I profess fiction only;" which, if we apply it to his productions generally, shows how well he estimated the peculiar powers which he possessed, and which he was now preparing more fully to develop.

In adverting to the origin of his comedy of the 'Good-natured Man,' the author gives also some particulars of his acquaintance with the celebrated

Garrick, whose kind offices and skilful exertions in favour of his comic muse he has so often gratefully acknowledged. "Mr. Garrick, whose abilities as an actor will, I hope, rouse up better writers for the stage than myself, asked me one evening if I had any play by me, telling me he was desirous of appearing in a new part. I answered him I had one almost finished; but I conceived it so little the manager's interest to produce anything new on his stage this season, that I should not think of offering it him, as I apprehended he would find some excuse to refuse and adhere to the 'theatrical politics' of never introducing new plays on the stage but when driven to it by absolute necessity. Mr. Garrick's reply was so warm and friendly, that, as I was full as desirous of putting words into his mouth as he could appear to be of speaking them, I mentioned the play the very next morning to Mr. Fleetwood, who embraced my proposal so heartily that an appointment was immediately made to read it to the actors who were principally to be concerned in it. When I came to revise this play, which had likewise lain by some years, though formed on a much better plan and at an age when I was much more equal to the task than the former, I found I had allowed myself too little time for the perfecting it; but I was resolved to execute my promise, and accordingly, at the appointed day, I produced five acts which were entitled '*The Good-natured Man*.'"

Of the extreme haste and rapidity with which he composed some of his comedies, when a manager's commission and a speedy remuneration stimulated his exertions, we may form a pretty accurate idea from the following passage relating to one of his earliest comedies. "I accordingly sat down with a resolution to work night and day during the short time allowed me, which was about a week, in altering and correcting this production of my more juvenile years: when, unfortunately, the extreme danger of life into which a person very dear to me (his first wife) was reduced, rendered me incapable of executing my task. To this accident alone I have the vanity to apprehend the play owes most of the glaring faults with which it appeared. However, I resolved rather to let it take its chance, imperfect as it was, with the assistance of Mr. Garrick, than to sacrifice a more favourite, and, in the opinion of others, a much more valuable performance, and which could have had very little assistance from him."

"I then acquainted Mr. Garrick," he continues, "with my design, and read it to him and Mr. Macklin; Mr. Fleetwood agreed to the exchange, and thus the 'Wedding Day' was destined to the stage.

"Perhaps it may be asked me, why then did I suffer a piece which I myself knew was imperfect to appear? I answer honestly and freely, that reputation was not my inducement; and that I hoped, faulty as it was, it might answer a much more solid, and, in my unhappy situation, a much more urgent, motive. If it will give my enemies any pleasure to know that they totally frustrated my views, I will be kinder to them, and give them a satisfaction which they denied me; for though it was acted six nights, I received not 50*l.* from the house for it."

In his history of 'Jonathan Wild' the author declares that it was not his intention to enter the lists with that excellent historian who, from authentic papers and records, hath already given so satisfactory an account of the life and actions of this great man. "My narrative," he says, "is rather of such actions which he might have performed, or would or should have performed, than what he really did; and may in reality as well suit any other such great man, as the person himself whose name it bears."

"I solemnly protest," he further observes, "I do by no means intend, in the character of my hero, to represent human nature in general. Such insinuations must be attended with very dreadful conclusions; nor do I see any other tendency they can naturally have but to encourage and sooth men in their villainies, and to make every well-disposed man disclaim his own species and curse the hour of his birth into such a society. For my part, I understand those writers who describe human nature in this character, as speaking only of such persons as Wild and his gang; and I think it may be justly inferred that they do not find in their own bosoms any deviation from the general rule. Indeed, it would be insufferable vanity in them to conceive themselves as the only exception to it.

"But without considering Newgate as no other than human nature, with its mask off, which some very shameful writers have done—a thought which no price should purchase me to entertain—I think we may be excused for suspecting that the splendid palaces of the great are often no other than Newgate with the mask on. Nor do I know anything which can raise an honest man's indignation higher than that the same morals should be in one place attended with all imaginary misery and infamy, and in the other with the highest luxury and honour. Let any impartial man in his senses be asked for which of these two places a composition of cruelty, lust, avarice, rapine, insolence, hypocrisy, fraud, and treachery, was best fitted, surely his answer must be certain and immediate. And yet I am afraid all these ingredients, glossed over with wealth and a title, have been treated with the highest respect and veneration in the one, while one or two of them have been condemned to the gallows in the other.

"If there are, then, any men of such morals who dare to call themselves great, and are so reputed or called, at least by the deceived multitude, surely a little private censure by the few is a very moderate tax for them to pay, provided no more was to be demanded; but I fear this is not the case. However the glare of riches may dazzle and terrify the vulgar—nay, however hypocrisy may deceive the more discerning—there is still a judge in every man's breast, which none can cheat nor corrupt, though perhaps it is the only uncorrupt thing about him. And yet, inflexible and honest as this judge is—however polluted the bench on which he sits—no man can, in my opinion, enjoy any applause which is not adjudged to be his due.

"Nor hath goodness less advantage in the article of pleasure than of honour over this kind of greatness. The same righteous judge always annexes a bitter anxiety to the purchases of guilt, whilst it adds a double sweetness to the enjoyments of innocence and virtue: for fear, which all the wise agree is the most wretched of human evils, is in some degree always attending on the former, and never can in any manner molest the happiness of the latter.

"Now, as to that greatness which is totally devoid of goodness, it seems to me in nature to resemble the *False Sublime* in poetry, whose bombast is, by the ignorant and ill-judging vulgar, often mistaken for solid wit and eloquence, while it is in effect the very reverse. Thus pride, ostentation, insolence, cruelty, and every kind of villainy, are often construed into true greatness of mind, which always includes an idea of goodness.

"This bombast greatness, then, is the character I intend to expose; and the more this prevails in and deceives the world, taking to itself not only riches and power, but often honour, or at least the shadow of it, the more necessary to strip the monster of these

false colours, and show it in all its native deformity. For by suffering vice to possess the reward of virtue, we do a double injury by encouraging the former, and taking away the chief incentive to the latter. Nay, though it is, I believe, impossible to give vice a true relish of honour and glory, even though we confer riches and power to enhance the enjoyment of them, yet it contaminates the food it cannot taste, and sullies the robe which neither fits nor becomes it, till virtue disdains them both."

In alluding to the delay which had occurred in bringing his 'Miscellanies' before the public, the author thus feelingly describes the cause of it—"the real reason of which was the dangerous illness of one from whom I draw all the solid comfort of my life, during the greatest part of this winter. This, as it is most sacredly true, so will it, I doubt not, sufficiently excuse the delay to all who know me.

"Indeed, when I look back a year or two, and survey the accidents which have befallen me, and the distresses I have waded through while engaged in these works, I could almost challenge some philosophy to myself for having been able to finish them as I have; and, however imperfectly that may be, I am convinced the reader, were he acquainted with the whole, would want very little good-nature to extinguish his disdain at any faults he meets with.

"But this hath dropt from me unawares; for I intend not to entertain my reader with my private history; nor am I fond enough of tragedy to make myself the hero of one."

To the severity with which he had been attacked by some of his contemporaries, and especially some anonymous libellers, envious at once of his reputation, and the consistency and integrity of his public principles, he replied by the following just strictures. They furnish a triumphant answer to base insinuations like those of a Walpole.

"However, as I have been very unjustly censured, as well on account of what I have not written, as for what I have, I take this opportunity to declare, in the most solemn manner, I have long since (as long as from June, 1741) desisted from writing one syllable in the '*Champion*,' or in any other public paper; and, that I never was, nor will be, the author of anonymous scandal on the private history or family of any person whatever.

"Indeed there is no man who speaks or thinks with more detestation of the modern custom of libelling. I look on the practice of stabbing a man's character in the dark to be as bad and as barbarous as that of stabbing him with a poniard in the same manner, nor have I ever been once in my life guilty of it."

In allusion to this subject, he farther remarks in a tone of deep feeling; "the reader will pardon my having dwelt on this particular, since it is so especially necessary in this age when almost all the wit we have is employed in this way; and when I have already been a martyr to such unjust suspicions; of which I will relate one instance. While I was last winter laid up in the gout, with a favourite child dying in one bed, and my wife in a condition very little better on another, attended with other circumstances which served as very proper decoration to such a scene, I received a letter from a friend, desiring me to vindicate myself from two very opposite reflections which two opposite parties thought fit to cast upon me, namely the one of writing in the '*Champion*' (though I had not then wrote in it for upwards of half a year); the other of writing in the '*Gazetteer*,' in which I never had the honour of inserting a single word."

Of the manner in which his private sufferings, as here described, the loss of a favourite child, and the

declining health of his wife, had affected the author's mind, and interrupted his once active labours, we have the following account in his own words:—

"To defend myself, therefore, as well as I can from all past, and to enter a caveat against all future censure of this kind; I once more solemnly declare that since the end of June, 1741, I have not, besides '*Joseph Andrews*,' published one word, except the '*Opposition*,' a vision; '*A Defence of the Duchess of Marlborough's Book*;' '*Miss Lucy in Town*' (in which I had a very small share). And I do farther protest that I will never hereafter publish any book or pamphlet whatever, to which I will not put my name;—a promise which, as I shall sacredly keep, so will it, I hope, be so far believed, that I may henceforth receive no more praise or censure, to which I have not the least title."

The author of this interesting and valuable transcript of his own views and feelings, while bearing up against sorrows and difficulties, added to the inroads of serious disease, which rendered his latter days so painful, and consigned him to an early grave, always expresses himself in a tone of cheerful resignation, which strongly reminds us of the mode in which his great predecessor, Cervantes, in nearly similar circumstances, takes leave of his readers:—

"And now, my good-natured reader, recommending my works to your candour, I bid you heartily farewell; and take this with you, that you may never be interrupted in the reading of these '*Miscellanies*' with that degree of heartache which hath often decomposed me in the writing them."

Among the poetical pieces contained in the '*Miscellanies*,' but not given in Murphy's edition of his works, his epistle on '*True Greatness*,' his '*Address to Liberty*,' and his lines to a friend on '*The Choice of a Wife*,' are distinguished by elevated and generous sentiment, and by considerable power of versification, though deficient in that higher polish and correctness which only severe study and revision can give.

That Fielding's merits, nevertheless, have in this respect been passed over and even studiously underrated by preceding biographers, the following specimens from his works will, we think, clearly establish. First, as a witty and amusing commentary upon the conduct of the Walpole ministry, hit off, doubtless, in one of the author's most genial and facetious hours, when he could turn his occasional embarrassments into a subject of witticism for the entertainment of his friends, and intended to convey, perhaps, a serious reproach and complaint of the minister, we may instance the following lines addressed also to Sir Robert Walpole (1731):—

"Great Sir, as on each levée day
I still attend you—still you say—
I'm busy now, to-morrow come;
To-morrow, sir, you're not at home;
So says your porter, and dare I
Give such a man as him the lie?
In imitation, sir, of you,
I keep a mighty levée too;
Where my attendants, to their sorrow,
Are bid to come again to-morrow.
To-morrow they return no doubt,
And then, like you, sir, I'm gone out.
So says my maid; but they less civil
Give maid and master to the d—l;
And then with menaces depart,
Which could you hear would pierce your heart.
Good sir, do make my levée fly me,
Or lend your porter to deny me."

There is both spirit and wit, as well as something of the gay and gallant humour which marked the times of the Surreys, the Raleighs, the Wallers, and the better part of the reign of the second Charles, in the following lines, written extempore 'On a

Half-penny, which a Young Lady gave a Beggar, and the Author redeemed for Half-a-Crown:—

"Dear little, pretty, favourite ore,
That once increased Gloriana's store;
That lay within her bosom blest,
Gods might have envied thee thy rest!
I've read, imperial Jove of old
For love transform'd himself to gold:
And why for a more lovely lass
May he not now have lurk'd in brass?
Oh! rather than from her he'd part
He'd shut that charitable heart,
That heart whose goodness nothing less
Than his vast power could dispossess.
From Gloriana's gentle touch
Thy mighty value now is such,
That thou to me art worth alone
More than his medals are to Sloane."

Perhaps the following lines, from an epistle on '*Good Nature*,' will convey a just idea of the author's powers, while the spirit in which they are written—their deep moral truth and beauty, must raise the character of the poet in our eyes. After describing the wretched state of man, produced by the pursuance of a selfish and anti-social policy by the different governments of the world, and the higher orders that administer class laws, he thus fervently exclaims:—

"Must it not wond'rous seem to hearts like thine,
That God, to other animals benign,
Should unprovided Man alone create,
And send him hither but to curse his fate?
Is this the being for whose use the earth
Sprung out of nought, and animals had birth?
This he whose bold imagination dares
Converse with Heav'n, and soar beyond the stars?
Poor reptile! wretched in an angel's form,
And wanting that which nature gives the worm.
Far other views our kind Creator knew
When Man, the image of himself, he drew.
So full the stream of nature's bounty flows,
Man feels no ill but what to man he owes.
The earth abundant furnishes a store
To sate the rich and satisfy the poor.
These would not want, if those did never hoard;
Enough for Irus falls from *Dives*' board.
And dost thou, common son of nature, dare
From thy own brother to withhold his share?
To vanity, pale idol, offer up
The shining dish and empty golden cup!
Or else in caverns hide the precious ore,
And to the bowels of the earth restore
What for our use she yielded up before?
Behold and take example how the steed
Attempts not selfish to engross the mead.
See now the lowing herd and bleating flock
Promiscuous graze the valley or the rock;
Each tastes his share of Nature's general good,
Nor strives from others to withhold their food.
But say, O Man; would it not strange appear,
To see some beast (perhaps the meanest there)
For his repast the sweetest pastures choose,
And e'en the sourest to the rest refuse.
Would'st thou not view with scornful wond'ring eye
The poor contented starving herd stand by?
All to one beast a servile homage pay,
And, boasting, think it honour, to obey!"

In his poem on '*Liberty*,' there are many detached passages of great beauty; and a generous love of what is truly great and good gives animation to the whole. It is addressed to his friend Lord Lyttleton:—

"See Liberty, bright goddess, comes along!
Roused at thy name, she animates the song!
Thy name, which Lacedemon had approved,
Rome had adored, and Brutus' self had loved.
Come, then, bright maid, my glowing heart inspire,
Breathe in my lines, and kindle all thy fire.
'Behold,' she cries, 'the groves, the woods, the plains,
Where Nature dictates see how Freedom reigns;
The herd promiscuous o'er the mountain strays;
Nor begs this beast the others' leave to graze.
Each freely dares his appetite to treat,
Nor fears the steed to neigh, the flocks to bleat.
Did God, who freedom to these creatures gave,
Form his own image, Man, to be a slave?
But men it seems to laws of compact yield,
While Nature only governs in the field.
Curse on all laws which liberty subdue,
And make the many wretched for the few."

* However deaf to shame, to reason blind,
Men dare assert all falsehoods of mankind;
The public never were, when free, such elves
To covet laws pernicious to themselves.
Presumptuous Power assumes the public voice
And what it makes our Fate, pretends our choice.
To whom did power original belong?
Was it not first extorted by the strong?
And thus began, where it will end, in wrong.
These scorn'd to power another claim than might,
And in ability established right.
At length a second nobler sort arose,
Friends to the weak and to oppression foes;
With warm humanity their bosoms glow'd,
They felt to nature their great strength they ow'd;
And as some elder born of noble race
To whom devolves his father's rich estate,
Becomes a kind protector to the rest,
Nor sees unmoved the younger branch distress'd;
So these with strength whom nature deign'd to grace,
Became the guardians of their weaker race;
Forced tyrant power to bend his stubborn knee,
Broke the hard chain and set the people free.
O'er abject slaves they scorn'd inglorious sway,
But taught the grateful freedman to obey;
And thus by giving liberty, enjoy'd
What the first hoped from Liberty destroy'd."

The slight evidences of unstudied versification which appear in this, as in other poems of Fielding, are more than compensated by the manly vigour, the generous tone of sentiment, and the just and argumentative views which he takes of human motives and character in the social and political government of the world. He traces the causes of the corruption of governments with the hand of a master, and philosophises in the true spirit of the old poets, once regarded as the prophets, as well as the teachers and censors of mankind. The spirit of philosophical history seems to have inspired its ardent votary in the following lines:—

"For now the savage host, o'erthrown and slain,
New titles by new methods kings obtain;
To priests and lawyers soon their arts apply'd,
The people these, and those the gods bely'd.
The gods, unheard, to power successors name,
And silent crowds their rights divine proclaim.
Hence all the evils which mankind have known,
The priest's dark mystery, the tyrant's throne;
Hence lords and ministers, and such sad things;
And hence the strange Divinity of Kings!
Hail, Liberty! boon worthy of the skies,
Like fabled Venus fair, like Pallas wise.
Through thee the citizen braves war's alarms,
Though neither bred to fight, nor pay'd for arms;
Through thee the laurel crown'd the victor's brow
Who served before his country at the plough:
Through thee (what most must to thy praise appear)
Proud senates scorn'd not to seek Virtue there."

The author concludes this spirited address to the guardian genius of the British isles in the following terse and patriotic lines, which contain also a solemn truth and warning, of which modern statesmen in most countries would do well to avail themselves:—

"But thou, great Liberty, keep Britain free,
Nor let men use us as we use the bee;
Let not base drones upon our honey thrive,
And suffocate the maker in his hive."

There are also very correct views of life, and some just and pleasing sentiments expressed in a tone of alternate mirth and deep feeling, in the author's poem addressed 'To a Friend on the Choice of a Wife;' which do still greater honour to the poet's heart than to his head. After dwelling on the common motives by which so many are directed in deciding on a step every way so fraught with important consequences, he touches on the views and feelings of his friend, in language at once of advice and commendation.

"But thou, whose honest thoughts the choice intend
Of a companion, and a softer friend;
A tender heart which while thy soul it shares,
Augments thy joys and lessens all thy cares;
One who by thee while tenderly carest,
Shall steal that godlike transport to thy breast.
The joy to find you make another blest."

Thee in thy choice let other maxims move,
They wed for baser passions; thou for love....
Two sorts of women never should be woo'd,
The wild coquette and the censorious prude;
From love both chiefly seek to feed their pride,
Those to effect it strive, and these to hide.
Each gay coquette would be admir'd alone,
By all, each prude be thought to value none.
Floretta, so weak vanities enthrall,
She'd leave her eager bridegroom for a ball.
Chloe, the darling trifle of the town,
Had ne'er been won but by her wedding gown;
While in her fond Myrtillo's arms caress'd,
She doats on that, and wishes to be dress'd.
Like some poor bird, just pent within the cage,
Whose rambling heart in vain you would engage;
Cold to your fondness it laments its chain,
And, wanton, longs to range the fields again!"

In the following reflective lines, more remarkable for their truth than their poetry, the risks incurred in matrimony by a false system of education are emphatically pointed out; and we recommend them to the serious attention of the future *government* inspectors of our young-lady schools.

"Some sterner foes to marriage bold aver
That in this choice a man must surely err:
Nor can I to this lottery advise;
A thousand blanks appearing to a prize.
Women by nature formed too prone to ill,
By education are made prouder still,
To cheat, deceive, conceal each genuine thought,
By mothers and by mistresses are taught.
The face and shape are first the mother's care,
The dancing-master next improves the air.
To these perfections add a voice most sweet,
The skill'd musician makes the nymph complete.
Thus with a person well equipp'd, her mind,
Left, as when first created, rude and blind,
She's sent to make her conquest on mankind.
But first informed the studied glance to aim,
Where riches show the profitable game:
How with unequal smiles the jest to take,
When princes, lords, or squires, or captains speak;
These lovers careful-shun, and those create;
And merit only see in an estate.
But tho' too many of this sort we find,
Some there are surer of a nobler kind;
Nor can your judgment want a rule to choose,
If by these maxims guided you refuse.
His wishes then give Fidus to declare,
And paint the chief perfections of the fair.
May she thus prove who shall thy lot befall,
Beauteous to thee, agreeable to all.
Nor wit, nor learning, proudly may she boast,
No low-bred girl, nor gay fantastic toast,
Her tender soul good nature must adorn,
And vice and meanness be alone her scorn.
Fond of thy person, may her bosom glow
With passions thou hast taught her first to know;
A warm partaker of the genial bed,
Thither by fondness, not by lewdness led.
Superior judgment may she own thy lot;
Humbly advise but contradict thee not;
Thine to all other company prefer;
May all thy troubles find relief from her!
If fortune gives thee such a wife to meet,
Earth cannot make thy blessings more complete."

In the short satirical pieces which Fielding occasionally threw off, like Swift, in a moment of spleen and irritation, occasioned by his disappointments, by a keen sense of neglected services, and the violation of actual promises on the part of "a succession of artful ministers and great men," who fasten themselves on the brain of genius, and, like the fly that feeds on that of the elk, exhaust its powers for their own pleasure and support, we perceive with what delight he threw off the incubus of factitious society and false "greatness," as he ironically termed it, and recurred to the higher and purer feelings of truth and nature. The lines addressed 'To Celia' seem to have been composed under some impression of this kind; and, though not to be compared, in point of caustic satire, with some of his great predecessor (Swift), they may perhaps be pronounced inferior only to his. At the same time, their peculiar character of wit and humour, as well as their style and the kind of excellence at which

they aimed, are so widely different, that they can perhaps scarcely be brought into fair juxta-position; and to award to either the palm of wit would be much like deciding on the superiority of flavour in a pine-apple or a peach,—a verdict that must always be questioned while a variety of taste exists. And of the two, perhaps Swift could less have become the successful rival of Fielding than the latter of the singular and unexampled kind of genius which pervades the prose satires of the Dean of St. Patrick. "Each did well in his degree." The following lines appear to have been written about the period when the author was paying his addresses to the lady whom he subsequently espoused, and whose virtues and accomplishments were so enthusiastically dwelt upon in the character of Booth, whose attachment to his Amelia, like that of Fielding, never seems to have experienced the least abatement:—

" TO CELIA.

" I hate the town, and all its ways;
 Ridottos, operas, and plays;
 The ball, the ring, the mall, the court,
 Wherever the 'Beau Monde' resort:
 Where beauties lie in ambush for folks,
 Earl Straffords and the Duke of Norfolks;
 All coffee-houses, and their praters,
 All courts of justice and debaters;
 All taverns, and the sots within 'em;
 All bubbles and the rogues that skin 'em.
 I hate all critics; may they burn all,
 From Bentley to the *Grub-street Journal*;
 All bards as Dennis hates a pun:
 Those who have wit and who have none.
 All nobles of whatever station;
 And all the parsons in the nation.
 All quacks and doctors read in physick,
 Who kill or cure a man that is sick.
 All authors who were ever heard on,
 From Bavius up to Tommy Gordon;
 Tradesmen with cringes ever stealing,
 And merchants, whatsoe'er they deal in.
 I hate the blades professing slaughter,
 More than the d—I holy water
 I hate all scholars, beaux, and squires;
 Pimps, puppies, parasites, and liars;
 All courtiers with their looks so smooth;
 And players from Boheme to Booth.
 I hate the world cramm'd all together,
 From beggars, up the Lord knows whither!
 Ask you then, Celia, if there be
 The thing I love? My charmer, thee.
 Thee more than light, than life adore,
 Thou dearest, sweetest creature, more
 Than wildest raptures can express,
 Than I can tell, or thou can'st guess.
 Then though I bear a gentle mind,
 Let not my hatred of mankind
 Wonder within my Celia move,
 Since she possesses all I love."

In the author's 'Epitaph on Butler's Monument,' the same feeling of bitterness and indignation at the treatment which that most "extraordinary of all English wits" had experienced after the most solemn promises, from an abandoned and ungrateful court, is expressed with an admirably cutting point:

" What tho' alive, neglected and undone,
 O let thy spirit triumph in this stone!
 No greater honour could men pay thy parts,
 For when they give a stone they give their hearts."

A number of the most pleasing and well-written poems in his 'Miscellanies,' are those which Fielding repeatedly addresses under the assumed names of 'Strephon and Celia,' to the lady of his first choice. How well he could design a poetic fable as well as one in prose, and adapt himself to the easy familiar style of poetic narrative with less terseness, indeed, but not with less spirit than the "immortal author of Gulliver," the following humorous yet tender lines will afford ample proof. 'To Celia,' (occasioned by her apprehending her house would be broken open; and having an old fellow to guard it who sat up all night with a gun without any ammunition).

" CUPID CALLED TO ACCOUNT.

" Last night as my unwilling mind
 To rest, dear Celia, I resign'd;
 For how should I repose enjoy
 While any fears your breast annoy?
 Forbid it, Heaven, that I should be
 From any of your troubles free;
 Oh, would kind fate attend my prayer,
 Greedy I'd give you not a share.
 Last night, then, in a wretched taking,
 My spirits just 'twixt sleep and waking,
 I dreamt (ah! what so frequent themes
 As you and Venus of my dreams!)
 That she, bright glory of the sky,
 Heard from below her darling's cry:
 Saw her pale cheeks, her bosom heave,
 And heard a distant sound of 'Thieve!'
 Not so you look when at the ball
 Envy'd you shine, outshining all;
 Not so at church when priest perplex'd
 Beholds you and forgets the text.
 The goddess, frighten'd, to her throne
 Summon'd the little god her son,
 And him in passion thus bespoke—
 'Where, with that cunning urchin's look,
 Where from thy colours hast thou stray'd?
 Unguarded left my darling maid?
 Left my lov'd citadel of beauty
 With none but Sancho upon duty!
 Did I for this a numerous band
 Of loves send under thy command
 Bid thee still have her in thy sight,
 And guard her beauties day and night?
 Were not th' Hesperian gardens taken?
 The hundred eyes of Argus shaken?
 What dangers will not men despise
 T' obtain this much superior prize?
 And didst thou trust what Jove had charm'd
 To a poor centinel unarmed?
 A gun indeed the wretch had got,
 But neither powder, ball, nor shot.
 Come tell me, urchin, tell no lies;
 Where was you hid, in Vince's eyes?
 Did you fair Bennet's breast importune?
 (I know you dearly love a fortune).
 Poor Cupid now began to whine;
 'Mamma, it was no fault of mine.
 I in a dimple lay *perdue*.
 That little guard-room chose by you.
 A hundred loves (all arm'd) did grace
 The beauties of her neck and face;
 Thence by a sigh I, dispossess'd,
 Was blown to Harry Fielding's breast;
 Where I was forc'd all night to stay,
 Because I could not find my way.
 But did mamma know there what work
 I've made—how acted like a Turk;
 What pain—what torments he endures,
 Which no physician ever cures,
 She would forgive.' The goddess smil'd,
 And gently chuck'd her wicked child,
 Bid him go back and take more care,
 And give her service to the Fair."

But the playful and happy vein which the poet has here displayed is exceeded, perhaps, in a little poem, which shows still more invention, combined with a fresh and sparkling spirit, which, while strictly moral, reminds us of some of the best specimens of Swift or Prior. It seems to have been addressed to the Misses Cradock, to one of whom Fielding was subsequently united, and it has thus the additional merit of throwing light on the disposition and sentiments of the writer at that interesting period of his literary career.

" The Queen of Beauty, t'other day,
 (As the Elysian journals say)
 To ease herself of all her cares,
 And better carry on affairs,
 By privy-council mov'd above,
 And Cupid, minister of Love,
 To keep the earth in due obedience,
 Resolv'd to substitute vicegerents,
 To canton out her subject lands
 And give the fairest the commands.
 She spoke, and to the earth's far borders
 Young Cupid issued out her orders.
 That every nymph in his dimensions
 Should bring or send up her pretensions.
 Like light'ning swift the order flies,
 Or swifter glance from Celia's eyes;

Like wit from sparkling Wortley's tongue,
 Or harmony from Pope or Young.
 Why should I sing what letters came?
 Who boasts her face or who her frame,
 From black and brown, and red and fair,
 With eyes, and teeth, and lips, and hair?
 One fifty hidden charms discovers,
 A second boasts as many lovers;
 This beauty all mankind adore,
 And this all women envy more.
 This witnesses by *billets-doux*
 A thousand praises, and all true;
 While that by jewels makes pretences
 To triumph over kings and princes;
 Bribing the goddess by that pelf
 By which she once was brib'd herself;
 So borough towns, elections brought on,
 E'er yet corruption bill was thought on,
 Sir knight, to gain the voters' favour,
 Boasts of his former good behaviour;
 Of speeches in the senate made—
 Love for his country and its trade,
 And for a proof of zeal unshaken
 Distributes bribes he once had taken.
 What matters who the prizes gain
 In India, Italy, or Spain;
 Or who requires the crown commanders
 Of Holland, Germany, and Flanders.
 Thou, Britain, on my labours smile,
 The Queen of Beauty's favour'd isle;
 Whom she long since hath priz'd above
 The Paphian or the Cyprian grove,
 And here, who asks the Muse to tell,
 That the court lot to Richmond fell?
 Or who so ignorant as wants
 To know that S—per's chose for Hants.
 Sarum, thy candidates be nam'd,
 Sarum, for beauties ever fam'd,
 Whose nymphs excel all beauty's flowers,
 As thy high steeple doth all towers.
 The court was plac'd in manner fitting,
 Venus upon the bench was sitting;
 Cupid was secretary made;
 The cryer an 'O yes' display'd.
 Like mortal cryer's loud alarum,
 'Bring in petitions from New Sarum.'
 When lo, in bright celestial state,
 Jove came and thunder'd at the gate.
 'And can you, daughter, doubt to whom,
 (He cried) belongs the happy doom,
 While Cradocks yet make bless'd the earth,
 Cradocks, whom long before their birth
 I, by your own petition mov'd,
 Decreed to be by all belov'd?*'
 Cradocks, to whom, celestial dower,
 I gave all beauties in my power;
 To form whose lovely minds and faces
 I stript half heaven of its graces.
 Oh let them bear an equal sway,
 So shall mankind, well pleas'd, obey.
 The god thus spoke, the goddess bow'd,
 Her rising blushes strait avow'd
 Her hapless memory and shame,
 And Cupid, glad, writ down their name."

We may form some idea, from the foregoing specimens, what Fielding's success would have been had he more strenuously directed his talents to poetical composition; and it is evident, indeed, from the decided superiority of his later comedies, of his essays, and even his occasional poems, that his mind at this period, when compelled to renounce his hopes of the law, had acquired greater compass and vigour. He displays more sustained powers, and a closer knowledge of mankind, not only as a comic writer, but as a philosophical student of character and manners, as he subsequently drew them with all the variations and anomalies of the human heart. It was not, however, till the appearance of his 'Tom Jones,' that Fielding's genius was justly appreciated. In the earlier part of his career, his character as a dramatist and a public writer had been systematically assailed, not less by a tribe of ephemeral wits

than by men of first-rate talent, while he was held up to ridicule in his poetical character by him whom he afterwards commemorated as the "immortal author of Gulliver." But Swift was not aware that he was exercising his satiric vein on the future author of 'Tom Jones' and 'Amelia,' when he attacked his youthful contemporary for want of excellence in an art to which he had never advanced any serious pretensions.

"For instance, when you rashly think
 No rhymers can like Wellsted sink.
 His merits balanc'd, you shall find
 That Fielding leaves him far behind."

But this satire is evidently unjust, and Fielding the poet, he forgot, was not Fielding the public writer and the novelist. "Little did Swift imagine," says Dr. Warton, "that this very Fielding would hereafter equal him in works of humour, and excel him in drawing and supporting characters, and in the artful conduct and plan of a comic epopee." It is curious to observe how far the estimate formed of contemporary merit differs from that given by the impartial verdict of posterity, when we see writers like Swift and Richardson endeavouring to convince the world of Fielding's short-lived title to regard, while men like Aaron Hill flattered their self-complacency with the idea that they should be remembered when both Pope and Fielding would be known no more.—(*Richardson's Correspondence*.)

We have seen the spirit in which Fielding uniformly met the anonymous attacks and libels of his detractors. Conscious of his own powers, he seldom retaliated, except in general terms, and in the language of gentlemanly reproof indicative rather of magnanimity and contempt than the too common expression of spite and anger. Indeed, this generous sentiment, added to a Christian spirit and philosophy, to which he generally had recourse in all the great emergencies of his life, was not the least remarkable feature in our author's character; and in many passages of his works he has passed deserved eulogy upon the very man who had aspersed him: a sufficient proof, perhaps, that he felt his own reputation could afford it. And so far from having sustained any injury, it is evident that this lofty disregard of such attacks, and his acknowledgment of the merits of his adversaries, particularly of Swift, in 'Joseph Andrews,' has served to place his own in a more distinct and forcible point of view; for, though both holding the most distinguished position in their several ways, no two writers could be less fairly opposed, or considered as rivals to each other.

Such was the preparatory school in which, as a dramatist, an essayist and public writer, the talents of Fielding were formed and matured, and such the disposition and feelings by which he was actuated before he entered on the composition of his novels. It is from the same source, perhaps, that we may trace the amiable qualities with which he has invested many of his principal characters, in which he excels all his contemporaries, and is so far superior to his followers, without excepting his pupil and rival Smollett.

Before considering his master-pieces of prose fiction, however, we shall refer to his other minor productions in the order in which they appeared. Next to the 'Essays,' already mentioned, we must notice the 'Journey from this World to the Next,' which abounds in satirical humour, and many admirable hits at the follies and vices of great personages, and the prevailing errors and foibles of the time. Though in this, as in all his works, no one had more sincerely at heart the interests of religion and morality, it is seldom that weapons like these reach their mark, without inflicting wounds which were not intended;

* Part of this poem (written when the author was very young) was filled with the names of several young ladies, who might perhaps be uneasy at seeing themselves in print. That part, therefore, is left out; the rather, as some freedoms, though gentle ones, were taken with little foibles in the amiable sex, whom to affront in print is, we conceive, mean in any man, and scandalous in a gentleman.—*Author's Note*.

and in exposing the misconduct of men of power and title, and the still baser infamies of their creatures, it is questionable how far such pictures are calculated to attain the noble end he had in view. Such a course could not fail therefore to draw down upon its author the utmost virulence of his enemies. In their efforts to pervert his meaning, they broadly charged him with an intention to subvert the cause of truth and religion, which it was his object to promote, and of which he invariably entertained the greatest reverence and respect. Yet he had assured them that he did not intend in this allegorical piece to oppose any prevailing system, or to erect a new one of his own. "With greater justice," he observes, "he might be arraigned of ignorance for having, in the relation which he has put into the mouth of Julian, whom they call the apostate, done many violences to history and mixed truth and falsehood with much freedom. But he professed fiction; and though he chose some facts out of history to embellish his work, and fix a chronology to it, he has not, however, confined himself to nice exactness, having often antedated and sometimes postdated the matter which he found in the Spanish history, and transplanted into his work."

In this singular production, the design of which, and some portions of the dialogues, appear to have been adopted from Quevedo and other Spanish writers, the reader will find a rich fund of humour intermingled with sound views and an intimate acquaintance with the ancient authors no less than with modern society and character, in all their varieties. One proof of his refined study of the classics is shown in the amusing incident where he introduces Mr. Addison hearing for the first time of the *Eleusinian Mysteries* in the sixth book of the *Æneid*, while it conveys a well-merited compliment to the author, who traced with so much felicity the analogy between Virgil's system and those mysterious rites. To the observer of human life, to the philosophical student, or citizen of the world, few productions will afford more gratification than the 'Journey from this World to the Next;' though it is oddly enough remarked by Chalmers that it does not clearly appear what Mr. Fielding's real design was in this work, which breaks off abruptly, either for want of materials, or a wish to convey satire in some more regular form; an observation which would apply with more justness to the author's history of 'Jonathan Wild.' Of this able but imperfect fragment, full of keen satire and far-sighted views into the characters and motives of men, we have already given the author's own ideas and the design and object with which it was written. Incomplete and unstudied as it is, it can hardly be called the first of Fielding's novels, though in many parts it shows the germs of that creative and imaginative power which he afterwards so successfully developed. Notwithstanding the startling views of society, and what is termed civilised life, which it exhibits, and the still more fearful truths which it forces upon the mind, the author's real sentiments, his genuine regard for the reformation and happiness of mankind, and his admirable courage in stigmatising the vices and follies of their oppressors, cannot for a moment be mistaken.

On the other side, it is equally clear that he was as decidedly opposed to every species of lawless violence; and being as deeply read in constitutional law as in all its minor branches, he was enabled to avail himself of this knowledge in his pictures of life with inimitable skill, and for the best purposes. He never commits the fault we see in many novelists of drawing false conclusions from the revolting characters and facts which he places before the reader; he never makes the vicious interesting or amiable, but awards strict poetical justice; and

while he exhibits Wild as a great man, in the Newgate acceptance of the term, he conducts him to Tyburn as he would, with evident pleasure, other "great men" who belong to the same innumerable family, but are eager to disclaim all relationship with him.

The author, at the same time, discriminates justly between the respective powers of good and evil, and while he denounces some prevailing doctrines and fashions, ever makes retributive justice fall where it ought to fall; reserves the real delights of life, true peace and happiness, for the virtuous and beneficent; nor for a moment allows the dark void of infidelity or the chilly gloom of misanthropy to overcloud his clear strong vision, or interrupt the calm effulgent beauty of his closing prospects.

It has been justly remarked by Mr. Murphy, that Fielding wrote the history of 'Jonathan Wild' for a noble purpose, and one of the highest importance to society. A satire like this strips off the spurious ornaments of hypocrisy, shows the beauty of the moral character, and will always be worthy the attention of the reader who desires to rise wiser or better from the book he peruses. To those who have a taste for exhibitions of the absurd and the ridiculous it will afford in many parts the same kind of feast as they may have partaken in the inimitable representations of Charles Mathews. Like his early exhibitions, however, 'Jonathan Wild' may be pronounced deficient in that higher order of composition attained by the author, as well as by the comedian, in their maturer years and in their greater and more studied performances. In all that he had hitherto accomplished, Fielding seemed only to be prelude to some bolder and more masterly undertaking, in which his vast knowledge and experience, his profound reading and observation, illustrated too by his erudition, should all tend to one end, the ornament of his original imaginative pictures, and rich inventions. If we add an infinite variety of character and incident, an exquisite judgment, the charm of propriety and grace in the several parts, and the harmony and congruity of the whole, we shall appreciate the chief qualities which he developed in his 'Joseph Andrews,' and which bore away the palm of excellence in his 'Tom Jones.'

It should be premised with reference to these compositions, that there seems to have been three distinct periods in the progress of this highly gifted writer's powers. In the first, his genius broke forth with a wildness and luxuriance comparatively untutored and unchecked, without that justness of thought and moral discrimination which he afterwards evinced. Hence his earlier productions exhibit frequent proofs of haste and negligence, from which the author with difficulty cleared himself in the most studied and finished of his subsequent works. To this cause must also be attributed the partial failure of his comedies, which, in the outset, were the efforts of a minor, while he happily entered on the composition of his novels, like the author of 'Waverley,' at a time when his judgment was fully matured, and his knowledge and experience of life widely expanded. Even in the second epoch we trace an immense accession of varied acquisitions and effective talent, when the luxuriances of his style, his frequent negligences and errors were effectually corrected, when his essays and his almost innumerable literary and political tracts, by gradually exhausting the fervour and taming the strength of his genius, had improved his natural style, and matured the expression of his thoughts and feelings.

To this period belong his miscellaneous pieces; his criticisms, his prefaces, his contributions to the 'True Patriot,' and other journals; and, perhaps

among the most entertaining, his 'Papers proper to be read before the Royal Society,' and his 'Dialogue between Alexander the Great and Diogenes the Cynic;' 'On the Remedy of Affliction for the Loss of Friends;' 'The First Olynthiac of Demosthenes,' &c., most of which preceded the composition of his 'Tom Jones' and 'Amelia.'

The third and most distinguished epoch of Fielding's genius may date from the composition of these unrivalled works, and from the numerous productions connected with law and politics which marked the period of his magistracy, and which were chiefly directed to the reform of our criminal code, to the establishment of a more effective police, comprehending plans of an extensively useful character, beyond the range of those official duties which he so conscientiously discharged.

First, as relates to his 'Joseph Andrews,' the author himself informs us, in an ingenious and amusing preface, that it was intended for an imitation of the style and manner of Cervantes; and "how delightfully," says one of his biographers (Murphy), "he has copied the humour, the gravity, and the fine ridicule of his master, they can witness who are acquainted with both writers." Another critic, on the other hand (Chalmers), supporting his opinion on an observation of Dr. Warton, "that it was difficult to say why Fielding should call this novel an imitation of that truly original author," questions the correctness of the preceding assertion, and maintains that Fielding's ridicule is of a very different species from that of the Spanish novelist. Perhaps the authority of his biographer, Dr. Aikin, may be allowed its weight in coming to a decision on a point so little open to dispute after the author's own declaration, but on which learned doctors contrive so easily to disagree; and he too speaks of "the grave Cervantic style adopted in the novel of 'Joseph Andrews.'" It would appear, also, from the author's own preface, as well as from numerous passages in his works, that he was an enthusiastic admirer of his great predecessor: while, however, it is highly probable that he had Cervantes in his eye, it is certain that the satiric and burlesque portion of 'Joseph Andrews' was suggested to him by the perusal of Richardson's 'Pamela,' on the overwrought refinement and strained sentiment of which it affords a humorous commentary in the adventures of her professed brother, the hero. Besides its intrinsic wit and excellence, it has thus a two-fold attraction in the comic and burlesque spirit it maintains throughout, in the same way as the adventures of the Spanish knight and his squire, however ludicrous in themselves, are relished with a double zest from the contrast they offer to the dignified bearing and marvellous deeds of the old Paladins. How exquisitely Fielding has caught the humour, assumed gravity, and delicate satire of his prototype, they who have compared the two master-pieces will readily admit; and that he loses nothing in point of originality.

Perhaps of all human compositions an excellent comic epic is the most difficult; and Fielding succeeded well in putting into full effect the rules laid down in his ingenious preface. The truth is, he had now discovered that species of composition for which his natural talents, matured by long practice and by painful experience, were most peculiarly adapted. The character of Parson Adams alone, to say nothing of the incidents of the story and the rich humour in which it in other respects abounds, would sufficiently establish his reputation as an original and admirable writer. The humanity, benevolence, and goodness of heart so conspicuous in Mr. Adams; his unswerv-

ing integrity; his zeal in the cause of the oppressed; his unaffected nature, independent of his talent and learning, win our esteem and respect, even while his virtuous simplicity provokes our smiles; and the little predicaments into which he falls, owing to his absence of mind, are such as excite our mirth without a shadow of derision or malevolence. When the knight of La Mancha mistakes the barber's bason for Mambrino's helmet, we are not more alive to a sense of the truly ludicrous than when we see Parson Adams travelling to the great metropolis to sell a set of sermons, thinking his fortune was made, and snapping his fingers with delight on being introduced to a London bookseller. Then, after running in ecstasy two or three times round the room, he puts his hand into his pocket, and finding the precious MSS. neither there nor anywhere else, he exclaims, with infinite simplicity and good humour, "I profess I believe I left them behind me."—(*Essay on the Life and Genius of Fielding.*)

It is stated, by one of Fielding's early biographers, that the Rev. Mr. Young, a learned and much-esteemed friend of the author's, was the original of the excellent and amusing parson. It is added that the likeness was very remarkable; Mr. Y. had as close an intimacy with the Greek authors, and as passionate a veneration for Æschylus, as Adams himself; the overflowings of his benevolence were as strong; his fits of reverie were as frequent, and occurred, too, upon the most interesting occasions. When he was chaplain, for instance, in a regiment serving in Flanders, he thought proper, one fine summer's evening, to indulge himself in a walk, during which, struck with the charms of the landscape, and perhaps with some appropriate passage in his beloved Æschylus, he extended his studies till he arrived very quickly within the enemy's lines, and was only brought to a stand by the repeated challenge of "*Qui va là?*" The officer in command, on hearing the merits of the case, and finding the unpremeditated nature of the visit, with the unaffected simplicity of his prisoner, gave him leave to pursue his classical researches in a walk home again. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the celebrated character of an absent man, by La Bruyère, is, in every point, inferior to that true and just resemblance to nature with which our author has delineated the peculiarities of Adams: "the former," it is remarked, "has been carried to a degree of pleasant extravagance, while the latter abounds in the finest lights and shadows of real life."

Still, with all its merit and promise of higher things, this admirable work, the favourite of Fielding himself, has been strangely pronounced by Mr. Murphy as the sunrise only of our author's genius. "In the plan of the work," he says, "Mr. Fielding did not form to himself a circle wide enough for the abundance of his imagination; the main action was too trivial and unimportant to admit of the variety of characters and events which the reader generally looks for in such productions; the attainment of perfection in this kind of writing was in reserve for Mr. Fielding in a future work."

In reply to this mistaken opinion it would be enough to refer the reader to the author's observations in his preface, and to the admirably varied character and incidents displayed in the novel itself. Even were this not so, were the entire plan and execution of the story of the restricted character here mentioned, it would not be the less perfect on that account, and Fielding would still have succeeded in the purpose which he had proposed to attain. In point of fact the two works are dissimilar in their design, aim at different objects, are effected by op-

posite means; nor can they fairly, perhaps, be compared, much less can one be considered inferior, as a work of art, to the other. On the contrary, the distinct character thus pointed out has been claimed for his 'Joseph Andrews' by the author himself, when he says, "Having thus distinguished 'Joseph Andrews' from the productions of romance-writers on the one hand, and burlesque writers on the other, and given some few very short hints (for I intended no more) of this species of writing, which I have affirmed to be hitherto unattempted in our language, I shall leave to my good-natured reader to apply my piece to my observations, and will detain him no longer than with a word concerning the characters in this work."

It is clear, from the foregoing passage, that the author deprecates the idea of placing his work in juxtaposition, or in comparison, with other productions; and there is little doubt he would have observed the same rule with reference to its successors. Something, however, of his real object, and the means by which he effected it, may be gathered from the conclusion of his interesting preface; and it serves to show the high and unexceptionable motives by which the author was invariably actuated: "And here I solemnly protest I have no intention to vilify or asperse any one; for though everything is copied from the book of nature, and scarce a character or action produced which I have not taken from my own observations and experience, yet I have observed the utmost care to obscure the persons by such different circumstances, degrees, and colours, that it will be impossible to guess at them with any degree of certainty; and if it ever happens otherwise, it is only where the feeling characterised is so minute, that it is a foible which the party himself may laugh at as well as any other."

In his conception of the character of Adams, the author appears, from his own words, to have studied to make it as perfectly original as it is amiable and amusing.

"As to the character of Adams, as it is the most glaring of the whole, so I conceive it is not to be found in any book now extant. It is designed a character of perfect simplicity; and, as the goodness of his heart will recommend him to the good-natured, so I hope it will excuse me to the gentlemen of his cloth; for whom, while they are worthy of their sacred order, no man can possibly have a greater respect. They will therefore excuse me, notwithstanding the low adventures in which he is engaged, that I have made him a clergyman; since no office could have given him so many opportunities of displaying his worthy inclinations."

'Joseph Andrews' appeared in the year 1742, a short time previous to the publication of the author's 'Miscellanies.' As was to be expected, it was assailed by a host of pretended wits and critics, and by none more than the friends and admirers of Richardson. The assumed relationship between the hero and Pamela was by no means felt as a compliment; the implied satire was at once recognised, more particularly in the latter chapters, where the lady is made to assume a conduct and language little becoming a person of quality, or in the words of Chalmers, "she enacts the beggar on horseback in a very superior manner." This, it is asserted, Richardson never forgave. Whenever in his correspondence he has occasion to mention Fielding, it is with rancour or affected contempt; and his correspondents, who seem to have conspired to flatter him into dotage, repeat his sentiments with profound acquiescence!

From this period (1742-3) the author of 'Joseph

Andrews' gradually detached himself from the study and practice of the law, a profession that never can be pursued by fits and starts, and devoted himself to his literary avocations with renewed ardour. He revised some of his early comedies; and the 'Wedding Day,' which appeared on the stage, and 'The Fathers' may be referred to this time, in addition to his unremitted efforts to derive some aid from contributions to a restricted periodical press, then so little remunerative. It was nevertheless difficult to find any adequate substitute for the losses he had sustained by the long study and subsequent abandonment of the law. To these discouraging circumstances were to be added his own continued illness, and the still more painful infliction of beholding a wife, whom he tenderly loved, fast sinking into an early tomb. The fortitude which had borne him through all other trials is said to have deserted him here: though naturally of a high, unbending spirit, he was possessed of extreme sensibility; had a heart almost morbidly alive to the sufferings of others—was one of the most affectionate of husbands and fathers; and the death of her whom he had selected as the pattern of his 'Amelia,' coming upon him in the midst of his other afflictions, produced such paroxysms of grief that fears were entertained for his reason; and it was long before he rallied from the severity of his sufferings. His friend, Lord Lyttleton, had sustained a similar loss; and the sentiments, so exquisitely described by him in his 'Monody,' are those also of the author of 'Amelia.' That Christian philosophy, however, of which Fielding was so sincere a disciple, at length came to his relief; and, supported by his unfailing trust in an All-wise Providence, a noble feature in his character and sentiments, he began to prepare for fresh struggles with his fortune. He felt that his days were numbered; and, with laudable spirit, he resolved to devote them, by the fullest exertion of his literary talents, to the benefit of his surviving family, through the medium of serving his country and affording entertainment to the public; a species of martyrdom of which no common mind is ever capable. He has himself told us that he studiously persevered in this high resolve to the last; and can we doubt that it indisputably tended to accelerate his end? A strong anti-jacobin, he resolved, notwithstanding the neglect and ingratitude of a Whig ministry (in all times consistently emulous of a corrupt Walpole's fame), upon setting up a new periodical to defend the cause of the reigning family against the efforts of the Pretender and his rapidly increasing partisans. The paper was entitled '*The True Patriot*;' and, as few men could be found so well qualified to conduct a work of this kind as Fielding, there appeared every probability of its ultimate celebrity and success. A similar project had been set on foot by Addison thirty years before (1715), and he had also the example of Swift, and other great wits on the other side. Addison's '*Freeholder*' is doubtless an admirably written paper, abounding in powerful satire and argument, agreeably relieved by a delicate vein of wit and raillery. But in '*The True Patriot*,' is displayed a solid knowledge of the British laws and government, as well as brilliant sallies of humour, which would have appeared to no disadvantage among the political compositions of his most distinguished predecessors. In fact it contributed greatly to strengthen the Hanoverian cause and the Walpole ministry, by bringing the unsuccessful party into contempt; and actually, by dint of following up victory with repeated strokes of ridicule and wit, gradually effacing them, not only from the conversation, but the very minds of men:—

" Jokes, repartees, and laugh, and pun polite,
Are the true test to prove a man is right."—PETRON.

Some passages of the Editor's address (5th November, 1745) afford an amusing picture of the periodical literature of the age, and his opinion regarding his own qualifications for the task he had undertaken. "Of all mankind," he says, "there are none whom it so absolutely imports to conform to this golden rule of following fashion as an author; by neglecting this Milton himself lay long in obscurity, and the world had nearly lost the best poem which, perhaps, it hath ever seen. On the contrary, by adhering to it, Tom Durfey, whose name is almost forgotten, and many others who are quite forgotten, flourished most notably in their respective ages, wrote and were read very plentifully by their contemporaries. In strict obedience to this sovereign power, being informed by my bookseller, a man of great sagacity in his business, that nobody at present read anything but newspapers, I determined to conform myself to the reigning taste. The number indeed of these writers at first a little staggered us both; but, upon perusal of their works, I fancied I had discovered two or three little imperfections in them, all which somewhat diminished the force of this objection, and gave me hopes that the public will expel some of them to make room for their betters. The first little imperfection in these writings is, that there is scarcely a syllable of truth in any of them. If this be admitted to be a fault, it requires no other evidence than themselves, and the perpetual contradictions that occur, not only on comparing one with the other, but the same author with himself at different days. Secondly, there is no sense in them: to prove this, likewise, I appeal to their works. Thirdly, there is, in reality, *nothing in them at all*. And this also must be allowed by their readers, if paragraphs which contain neither wit, nor humour, nor sense, nor the least importance, may be properly said to contain nothing. And here I cannot agree with my bookseller, that their eminent badness recommends them. The true reason is, I believe, simply the same which I once heard an economist assign for the content and satisfaction with which his family drank water-cyder; namely, because they could procure no other liquor. Indeed, I make no doubt but that the understanding, as well as the palate, though it may, out of necessity, swallow the worse, will in general prefer the better."

The author proceeds to observe, that though it was not usual for those of superior eminence in their profession to hang out their names on the sign-post, yet that, to raise some expectation in his readers, and aid their conjectures, he should do so. "And first, I faithfully promise him that I do not live within a mile of Grub-street; nor am I acquainted with a single inhabitant of that place. Secondly, I am of no party; a word which I hope by these my labours to eradicate out of our constitution; this being indeed the true source of all those evils which we have reason to complain of. Thirdly, I am a gentleman; a circumstance from which my reader will reap many advantages; for, at the same time that he may peruse my paper without any danger of seeing himself or his friends traduced with scurrility, so he may expect, by means of my intercourse with people of condition, to find here many articles of importance concerning the affairs and transactions of the great world (which can never reach the ears of vulgar news-writers), not only in matters of state and politics, but amusement. All routs, dinners, and assemblies, will fall under my immediate inspection; and the adventures which happen at

them will be inserted in my paper, with due regard, however, to the character which I here profess, and with strict care to give no offence to the parties concerned. Lastly, as to my learning, knowledge, and other qualifications for the office I have undertaken, I shall be silent, and leave the decision to my reader's judgment, of whom I desire no more than that he would not despise me before he is acquainted with me."

Having informed his readers *what* he is, he proceeds to supply them with a few ingenious conjectures as to *who* he is. "First, then, it is very probable I am lord B—ke. This I collect from my style of writing and knowledge in politics. Again, it is probable that I am the bishop of . . . from my zeal for the protestant religion. When I consider these, together with the wit and humour which will diffuse themselves through the whole, it is more than possible I may be lord C— himself, or at least he may have some share in my paper. From some or all of these reasons I am very likely Mr. W—n, Mr. D—n, Mr. L—n, Mr. F—y, I—n, or indeed any other person who hath ever distinguished himself in the republic of letters!" In alluding to the price, he as humorously insists on the superior value of his paper to that of all others. "I conclude the whole in the words of the fair and honest tradesman: 'Gentlemen, upon my word and honour, I can afford it no cheaper; and I believe there is no shop in town will use you better for the price.'"

'The True Patriot' was followed by the '*Jacobite Journal*,' edited by John Trott Plaid, Esquire, which, by a rich vein of satiric humour and irony, aimed at covering the party against whom it was directed with still greater ignominy. The 15th number (March 12th, 1748) consists of a translation sent by a correspondent of a pretended poem, entitled '*De Arte Jacobinicâ*,' very happily adapted from Horace's '*Art of Poetry*.' The first rule which this curious essay contains, is to learn the art of lying and misrepresenting. "Fling dirt enough, and some will certainly stick. You may venture to abuse the king himself; but do this with caution for the sake of your ears and head. But spare not his ministers: give a wrong turn to their most plausible actions. The next thing you are to remember is, to feign a love to your country and religion; the less you have of both, the better you can feign both. 'O liberty! O virtue! O my country!' Remember to have such expressions as these constantly in your mouth!"

Though severely pressed by circumstances, it would be hardly fair to infer that Fielding, in pursuance of his own ironical advice, projected these periodicals, instigated only by hope that his services would obtain for him some official situation from the court. He knew the world, and especially the world of intrigue and faction, too well; but he was naturally accused by his enemies of entertaining only the most interested views. It was not so: his ambition at least was laudable; for he never prostituted his pen to power, though of the temptations to do so, only the man who has long struggled with adverse fate—with a series of evil circumstances calculated to render their victim an object of persecution, of scorn, filled perhaps with unavailing regrets, and the haunting dread that Fortune may not yet have shot all her bolts, can form even a remote idea.* Instead of a handsome provision for his last days, however, he was left to perish by the government he had so essentially served; and it was only by the extreme exertions and influence of Lord Lyttleton that he

* Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit. (Juv.)
Nor for the poor hath fate a keener sting
Than the fell woes which scorn and malice bring.

was appointed in his forty-fourth year, with a constitution already broken, to the bench of acting magistrates at Westminster; a situation requiring robust health and strength, though one for which his talents eminently qualified him. But Walpole, like all his Whig progeny, ever studiously avoided men of real merit, in order to find tools more fitted for his purposes,—sycophants, dunces, and knaves. Involved as Fielding now was in a series of arduous duties, which he discharged with zeal and ability, he did not confine his attention to the routine of official business. He extended his inquiries into the state of the penal laws; and published several tracts which display his enlightened views, and contain judicious proposals for their reform and consolidation. His ‘Charge to the Grand Jury’ delivered at Westminster, on the 29th of June, 1749, may be regarded, for that time, as a very able and valuable state paper. He traces the history of grand juries from their origin; shows their beneficent operation in leading to just decisions, in the detection of crime, and for the safety of the subject. His inquiry into the ‘Increase and Cause of Robberies’ did him equal credit for legal knowledge and sagacity, and was held in high estimation by the most eminent barristers and the judges presiding in Westminster Hall. ‘A Proposal for the Maintenance of the Poor’ evinced much diligent research into that difficult subject; and among other useful hints and suggestions, some of which have since been acted upon, this valuable little treatise contains the first recommendation of a county workhouse, in which the different objects of industry and reformation might be united. Another interesting tract, which shows the extent to which he carried his inquiries, and how far, in the midst of his corporeal sufferings, he retained an active and inquisitive mind, is entitled ‘Examples of the Interposition of Providence in the Detection and Punishment of Murder, with an Introduction and Conclusion’ (dated 1762). This production he repeatedly advertised in the ‘Covent Garden Journal,’ with a view of giving it greater publicity; having conceived great hopes of its general utility, and its good effect, more especially among the lower orders. The public mind, it is stated, was at that period much disturbed by murders committed with a degree of barbarity neither usual nor characteristic, it was remarked, of this country. Indeed, few controversial topics of the day escaped him: he wrote a pamphlet on the case of Elizabeth Canning, which was answered by Sir John Hill, between whom and its ingenious author there is said to have occurred a sharp and frequent interchange of animosities, to the no small disgrace and discomfiture of the former. All these productions do honour to Fielding, as a magistrate; and the result, as they were of brief intervals between his active duties, must have cost him intense application, instigated by an ardent zeal for the service of the community, added to the exigency of his own affairs. Still, amidst these various avocations his inventive genius found room to display itself, and for some time past he had amused his leisure moments—few as they were, with the composition of ‘Tom Jones,’ the progress and completion of which embraced a large space of time. It was commenced in the midst of his political conflicts, and finished amidst all the turmoil of his magisterial duties—and in a continually declining state of health.

With regard to this amusing work, justly, perhaps, considered his master-piece,—it may not be uninteresting to give the opinions of different writers, some of whom were nearly cotemporary with the author. In extolling the uniform and regular plan on which

it is conducted, Murphy observes that “No author has introduced a greater diversity of character, or displayed them more fully or in more various attitudes. Allworthy is the most amiable picture in the world of a man who does honour to his species; in his own heart he finds constant propensities to the most benevolent and generous actions, and his understanding conducts him with discretion in the performance of whatever his goodness suggests to him. And though it is apparent that the author laboured this portrait *con amore*, and meant to offer it to mankind as a just object of imitation, he has soberly restrained himself within the bounds of probability; nay, it may be said of strict truth, as, in the general opinion, he is supposed to have copied here the features of a worthy character still in being! The person here alluded to was Ralph Allen, Esquire, of Prior Park, and we learn from ‘Groves’s Anecdotes’ that Fielding, while engaged in writing this novel, lived at Tiverton in the neighbourhood, and even dined every day at Allen’s table.” (Chalmers.) “Nothing can be more entertaining than Western; his rustic manners, his natural undisciplined honesty, his half-enlightened understanding, with the self-pleasing shrewdness which accompanies it, and the bias of his mind to mistaken politics, are all delineated with precision and fine humour. The sisters of these two gentlemen are aptly introduced, and give rise to many agreeable scenes. ‘Tom Jones’ will always be a fine lesson to young men of good tendencies to virtue, who yet suffer the impetuosity of their passions to hurry them away.” “Thwackum and Square are excellently opposed to each other! In short, all the characters down to Partridge, and even to a maid or hostler at an inn, are drawn with truth and humour; and indeed they abound so much, and are so often brought forward in a dramatic manner, that everything may be said to be here in action; everything has *manners*, and the very manners which belong to it in human life: they look; they act; they speak to our imaginations just as they appear to us in the world.

“It may be added that in many parts of ‘Tom Jones’ we find our author possessed the softer graces of character painting, and of description; many situations and sentiments are touched with a delicate hand, and throughout the work he seems to feel as much delight in describing the amiable part of human nature, as in his early days he had in exaggerating the strong and harsh features of turpitude and deformity. This circumstance breathes an air of philanthropy through his work, and renders it an image of truth, as the Roman orator calls a comedy. And hence it arose from this truth of character, which prevails in ‘Tom Jones,’ in conjunction with the other qualities of the writer above set forth, that the suffrage of the most learned critic of this nation (Dr. Warburton) was given to our author, when he says, “Monsieur de Marivaux, in France, and Mr. Fielding, in England, stand the foremost among those who have given a faithful and chaste copy of life and manners; and by enriching their romance with the best part of the comic art, may be said to have brought it to perfection.” “Such a favourable decision from so able a judge will do honour to Mr. Fielding with posterity; and the excellent genius of the person with whom he has paralleled him will reflect the truest praise on the author who was capable of being his illustrious rival!” (Murphy.)

“That elegant writer and judicious critic, Dr. Beattie, who had no personal animosities to gratify in trying to depreciate a character like Fielding’s, carries his enthusiasm in his favour still farther. ‘Since the days of Homer,’ he says, ‘the world has

not seen a more artful epic fable. The characters and adventures are wonderfully diversified; yet the circumstances are all so natural, and rise so easily from one another, and co-operate with so much regularity in bringing, or even while they seem to retard the catastrophe, that the curiosity of the reader is always kept awake, and, instead of flagging, grows more and more impatient as the story advances, till at last it becomes downright anxiety. And when we get to the end, and look back on the whole contrivance, we are amazed to find that of so many incidents there should be so few superfluous; that in such a variety of fiction there should be so great a probability, and that so complex a tale should be so perspicuously conducted, and with perfect unity of design."

It is also justly remarked by Chalmers, "that the comic romance since the days of Fielding has been declining apace from simplicity and nature. The cause of his superiority is to be sought in his wit and humour, of which he had an inexhaustible fund;" an opinion confirmed by the most impartial and enlightened among his contemporaries, not excepting Lord Lyttleton and his friends, intimately acquainted with him as they were from the outset of his career. "Although in this, as well as in other writings of the author," says Dr. Aikin, "the scenes are chiefly drawn from low life, and display too much of the vices and crimes of mankind, yet they are relieved by considerable admixture of nobler matter, and contain many affecting pictures of moral excellence. Indeed it cannot be doubted the writer's intentions were to favour the cause of virtue; and probably the majority of readers, judging from their feelings in the perusal, will pronounce that he has effected his purpose. A rigid moralist will object to him the common fault of many writers of fiction, that of sheltering gross deviations from rectitude of conduct under that vague goodness of heart which is so little to be relied upon as the guide of life; yet he has not been inattentive to poetical justice in making misfortune the constant concomitant of vice, though perhaps he has not nicely adjusted the degree of punishment to the crime."

The author's third novel, '*Amelia*,' was published in 1751, and in point of general excellence it has commonly been considered, no less by critics, perhaps, than by the public, as decidedly inferior to '*Tom Jones*.' In variety and invention it assuredly is so. Its chief merit depends less on its artful and elaborate construction than on the interesting series it presents of domestic paintings, drawn, as we have remarked, from his own family history.

It has more pathos, more moral lessons, with far less vigour and humour than either of its predecessors. But we agree with Chalmers, that those who have seen much of the errors and distresses of domestic life, will probably feel that the author's colouring in this work is more just as well as more chaste than in any of his other novels. The appeals to the heart are far more forcible.

The whole of Miss Matthews's narrative abounds in exquisite touches of nature and passion; but what may be referred to with most confidence are Chapter VI. of Book X. and Chapter VIII. of Book XI. Where do we find the consequences of imprudence or guilt represented with such irresistible tenderness? The '*Amelia*' is, indeed, a beautiful and almost perfect work of its kind, but throughout preserves the features, in which that very beauty consists, distinct from either of the novels which preceded it. Upon this ground of difference, by many considered as a mark of inferiority, and by his enemies as a decay of the author's powers, it is less

amusing than revolting to observe how eagerly Richardson and his correspondents renew their envious and malignant attacks, although the entire story abounds with incident and detail taken from his own life, and which ought to have disarmed all criticism, while the author was fast sinking into the grave, oppressed with misfortunes, and at the early age of forty-eight. The effects, perhaps, of literary jealousy and personal prejudice were never more forcibly and painfully displayed.

What is the language of Mrs. Donellan, so grateful, doubtless, to the ear of him to whom it was addressed? "Will you leave us to Captain Booth and Betty Thoughtless for our example? As for poor Amelia, she is so great a fool, we pity her, but cannot be humble enough to desire to imitate her." In his reply, Richardson, betraying his characteristic littleness and vanity, repeats, with infinite self-complacency, "Will I leave you to Captain Booth? Captain Booth, madam, has done his business. Mr. Fielding has over-written himself, or rather under-written; and, in his own journal, seems ashamed of his last piece, and has promised that the same muse shall write no more for him. The piece, in short, is as dead as if it had been published forty years ago as to sale. You guess I have not read '*Amelia*?' Indeed I have read but the first volume."

Contemporary criticism, written in this spirit, requires no comment. It is evidently prompted by the mean desire of cavilling at decided and self-acknowledged superiority, and does no honour to the name of the author of '*Clarissa*' and '*Sir Charles Grandison*.' How far he was inferior to his great rival in the leading characteristics of novel writing; and in none more than in natural and true portraiture of character and manners, the different popular light in which they are regarded affords, perhaps, the surest criterion. While Fielding continues to rank with the "foremost men of all the world;" with Homer, Cervantes, Shakspeare, in the highest rank of genius, the long wearisome, thrice elaborated productions of Richardson are a dead weight, and sleep undisturbed upon their shelves. Only for a moment contrast the characters they have drawn, the truth-telling manly minds of Fielding, of which the calm beauty, "the sunshine, and the storm," are all faithful transcripts of nature, with the feeble unvarying portraiture of his contemporary. Of Richardson, indeed, it may be remarked, as of some of our second-rate dramatists, that his characters want breadth and truth, or, in the words of H. Coleridge, when speaking of Massinger falling into a passion with his bad characters, "it is a fault which nowhere occurs in Homer, Cervantes, Shakspeare, the great and true dramatists, and very seldom in Fielding and Sir Walter Scott." While immersed in the avocations of business and the toil of incessant literary composition, Fielding, it appears, had contracted a second marriage. His salary had proved inadequate to the support of his family; and though labouring under increasing infirmities, such was the activity of his mind, that no sooner had he completed one literary undertaking than another was projected. Declining as he was, his efforts to support his new paper, '*The Covent Garden Journal*, by Sir Alexander Drawcansir, Knight, Censor-General of Great Britain,' had been unceasing. But at length the announcement that the author's health would no longer enable him to carry on the work—a work which had conduced so much to the entertainment of the public—was received with a feeling of general regret, little complimentary to the critical acumen of Richardson and his supporters. In fact, the mental and

bodily exertion which he compelled himself to endure had made fatal inroads on his constitution, and the most alarming symptoms of dropsy were now added to his other sufferings. For some time he struggled to bear up against a complication of diseases which baffled the skill of medicine, and gave warning that the life of Fielding was drawing to a close. His strength grew every day less, and the sole chance now left was to try the effect of a change of climate, which was earnestly recommended by his physician and his friends. He yielded to their solicitations; but it was without hope.

Portugal was the country most likely to afford him relief. He accordingly took his passage for Lisbon, on the 26th of June, 1754. The account he has left us of his 'Voyage' is exceedingly interesting; and, while his body was borne down by disease, shows the perfect serenity and freedom, as well as the wonderful activity of his mind. "On this day," his journal opens, "the most melancholy sun I had ever beheld arose and found me awake at my house at Fordhook. By the light of the sun, I was, in my own opinion, last to behold and take leave of those creatures on whom I doated with a mother-like fondness, guided by Nature and passion, and uncured and unhardened by all the doctrine of that philosophical school where I had learned to bear pains and to despise death. In this situation, as I could not conquer Nature, I submitted entirely to her, and she made as great a fool of me as she had ever done of any woman whatsoever: under pretence of giving me leave to enjoy, she drew me in to suffer the company of my little ones during eight hours; and I doubt not whether, in that time, I did not undergo more than in all my distemper. At twelve o'clock precisely my coach was at the door, which was no sooner told me than I kissed my children round, and went into it with some little resolution. My wife, who behaved more like a heroine and philosopher, though at the same time the tenderest mother in the world, and my eldest daughter, followed me; some friends went with us, and others took their leave, and I heard my behaviour applauded, with many murmurs and praises to which I well knew I had no title, as all other such philosophers may, if they have any modesty, confess on the like occasion."

In the introduction to his 'Voyage,' which still emits gleams of native wit and humour, he alludes not only to the great exertions he made in his magisterial capacity, but to his voluntary efforts for the improvement of the police, and for the detection of bands of depredators, and even murderers, who had escaped the fangs of the law. "I had delayed my Bath journey for some time, contrary to the repeated advice of my physician and the ardent desires of my warmest friends, though my distemper was now turned to a deep jaundice, in which case the Bath waters are generally reputed to be almost infallible. But I had the most eager desire of abolishing this gang of villains and cut-throats, which I was sure of accomplishing the moment I was enabled to pay a fellow who had undertaken for a small sum to betray them into the hands of a set of thief-takers, whom I had enlisted into the service; all men of known and approved fidelity, truth, and intrepidity.

"After some weeks the money was paid at the Treasury, and, within a few days after two hundred pounds of it had come into my hands, the whole gang of cut-throats was entirely dispersed; seven of them were in actual custody, and the rest driven, some out of the town, and others out of the kingdom."

This was, indeed, conferring a public service of

the most invaluable nature, and displays Fielding's sagacity and vigour of mind in the most prominent light. He may truly claim a patriotism of the highest kind; for he devoted his last fleeting moments to a service which could no longer benefit him. "Though my health," he says, "was now reduced to the last extremity, I continued to act with the utmost vigour against these villains, in examining whom and taking the depositions I have often spent whole days, nay, sometimes whole nights; especially when there was any difficulty in procuring sufficient evidence to convict them, which is a very common case in street robberies, even when the guilt of the party is sufficiently apparent to satisfy the most tender conscience. But courts of justice know nothing of a cause more than what is told them on oath by a witness; and the most flagitious villain upon earth is tried in the same manner as a man of the best character who is accused of the same crime."

How effectually he completed the business he had undertaken will appear from the following extract: "Meanwhile, amidst my fatigues and distresses, I had the satisfaction to find my endeavours attended with such success that this hellish society was almost entirely extirpated. Instead of reading of murders and street-robberies in the news almost every morning, there was, in the remaining part of the month of November, and in all December, not only no such thing as a murder, but not even a street-robbery committed. Some such, indeed, were mentioned in the public papers, but they were all found, on the strictest inquiry, to be false. In this entire freedom from street-robberies no man will, I believe, scruple to acknowledge that the winter of 1753 stands unrivalled during a course of many years; and this may, probably, appear the more extraordinary to those who recollect the outrages with which it begun." With a mind thus intently devoted to purposes of public utility, he, at the same time, expressed, with that frankness so remarkable in him, how deeply he felt interested in the fate of his youthful family, whom he was shortly about to leave for ever. "I begun in earnest to look on my case as desperate, and I had vanity enough to rank myself with those heroes who, of old times, became voluntary sacrifices to the good of the public. But lest the reader should be too eager to catch at the word *vanity*, and should be unwilling to indulge me with so sublime a gratification (for I think he is not too apt to gratify me), I will take my key a pitch lower, and will frankly own that I had a stronger motive than the love of the public to push me on. I will, therefore, confess to him that my private affairs, at the beginning of the winter, had but a gloomy aspect; for I had not plundered the country or the poor of those sums which men, who are always ready to plunder both as much as they can, have been pleased to suspect me of taking; on the contrary, by composing, instead of inflaming the quarrels of porters and beggars (which I blush when I say hath not been universally practised); and by refusing to take a shilling from a man who most undoubtedly would not have had another left, I had reduced an income of about five hundred pounds a-year of the dirtiest money upon earth, to little more than three hundred pounds; a considerable portion of which remained with my clerk; and, indeed, if the whole had done so, as it ought, he would have been but ill paid for sitting, above sixteen hours in the twenty-four, in the most unwholesome as well as nauseous air in the universe, and which hath, in his case, corrupted a good constitution without contaminating his morals!"

Mr. Monk

Plas Adolwin Mr Chappell so of ~~my~~
Free Greenough and so of the Vermont.

Ap. 20 1741.

G. M.
Wm. Fiddling

Handwritten text in Chinese characters, arranged in vertical columns. The text is faint and appears to be a list or record. The characters are written in a cursive style. The text is arranged in several columns, with some characters appearing to be part of a larger phrase or name. The overall impression is that of a historical document or a personal record.

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK I.

CONTAINING AS MUCH OF THE BIRTH OF THE FOUNDLING AS IS NECESSARY OR PROPER TO ACQUAINT THE READER WITH IN THE BEGINNING OF THIS HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.

The Introduction to the work, or bill of fare to the feast.

AN author ought to consider himself, not as a gentleman who gives a private or eleemosynary treat, but rather as one who keeps a public ordinary, at which all persons are welcome for their money. In the former case, it is well known that the entertainer provides what fare he pleases; and though this should be very indifferent, and utterly disagreeable to the taste of his company, they must not find any fault; nay, on the contrary, good breeding forces them outwardly to approve and to commend whatever is set before them. Now the contrary of this happens to the master of an ordinary. Men who pay for what they eat will insist on gratifying their palates, however nice and whimsical these may prove; and if everything is not agreeable to their taste, will challenge a right to censure, to abuse, and to d—n their dinner without control.

To prevent, therefore, giving offence to their customers by any such disappointment, it hath been usual with the honest and well-meaning host to provide a bill of fare which all persons may peruse at their first entrance into the house; and having thence acquainted themselves with the entertainment which they may expect, may either stay and regale with what is provided for them, or may depart to some other ordinary better accommodated to their taste.

As we do not disdain to borrow wit or wisdom from any man who is capable of lending us either, we have condescended to take a hint from these honest victuallers, and shall prefix not only a general bill of fare to our whole entertainment, but shall likewise give the reader particular bills to every course which is to be served up in this and the ensuing volumes.

The provision, then, which we have here made is no other than *Human Nature*. Nor do I fear that my sensible reader, though most luxurious in his taste, will start, cavil, or be offended, because I have named but one article. The tortoise, as the alderman of Bristol, well learned in eating, knows by much experience, besides the delicious calipash and calipee, contains many different kinds of food; nor can the learned reader be ignorant, that in human nature, though here collected under one general name, is such prodigious variety, that a cook will have sooner gone through all the several species of

animal and vegetable food in the world, than an author will be able to exhaust so extensive a subject.

An objection may perhaps be apprehended from the more delicate, that this dish is too common and vulgar; for what else is the subject of all the romances, novels, plays, and poems, with which the stalls abound? Many exquisite viands might be rejected by the epicure, if it was a sufficient cause for his contemning of them as common and vulgar, that something was to be found in the most paltry alleys under the same name. In reality, true nature is as difficult to be met with in authors, as the Bayonne ham, or Bologna sausage, is to be found in the shops.

But the whole, to continue the same metaphor, consists in the cookery of the author; for, as Mr. Pope tells us,

“ True wit is nature to advantage drest;
What oft was thought, but ne’er so well exprest.”

The same animal which hath the honour to have some part of his flesh eaten at the table of a duke, may perhaps be degraded in another part, and some of his limbs gibbeted, as it were, in the vilest stall in town. Where, then, lies the difference between the food of the nobleman and the porter, if both are at dinner on the same ox or calf, but in the seasoning, the dressing, the garnishing, and the setting forth? Hence the one provokes and incites the most languid appetite, and the other turns and palls that which is the sharpest and keenest.

In like manner, the excellence of the mental entertainment consists less in the subject than in the author’s skill in well dressing it up. How pleased, therefore, will the reader be to find that we have, in the following work, adhered closely to one of the highest principles of the best cook which the present age, or perhaps that of Heliogabalus, hath produced? This great man, as is well known to all lovers of polite eating, begins at first by setting plain things before his hungry guests, rising afterwards by degrees as their stomachs may be supposed to decrease, to the very quintessence of sauce and spices. In like manner, we shall represent human nature at first to the keen appetite of our reader, in that more plain and simple manner in which it is found in the country, and shall hereafter hash and ragoo it with all the high French and Italian seasoning of affectation and vice which courts and cities afford. By these means, we doubt not but our reader may be rendered desirous to read on for ever, as the great person just above-mentioned is supposed to have made some persons eat.

Having premised thus much, we will now detain those who like our bill of fare no longer from their diet, and shall proceed directly to serve up the first course of our history for their entertainment.

CHAPTER II.

A short description of Squire Allworthy, and a fuller account of Miss Bridget Allworthy, his sister.

IN that part of the western division of this kingdom which is commonly called Somersetshire, there lately lived, and perhaps lives still, a gentleman whose name was Allworthy, and who might well be called the favourite of both nature and fortune; for both of these seem to have contended which should bless and enrich him most. In this contention, nature may seem to some to have come off victorious, as she bestowed on him many gifts, while fortune had only one gift in her power; but in pouring forth this, she was so very profuse, that others perhaps may think this single endowment to have been more than equivalent to all the various blessings which he enjoyed from nature. From the former of these, he derived an agreeable person, a sound constitution, a solid understanding, and a benevolent heart; by the latter, he was decreed to the inheritance of one of the largest estates in the county.

This gentleman had in his youth married a very worthy and beautiful woman, of whom he had been extremely fond: by her he had had three children, all of whom died in their infancy. He had likewise had the misfortune of burying this beloved wife herself, about five years before the time in which this history chooses to set out. This loss, however great, he bore like a man of sense and constancy, though it must be confessed he would often talk a little whimsically on this head; for he sometimes said he looked on himself as still married, and considered his wife as only gone, a little before him, a journey which he should most certainly, sooner or later, take after her; and that he had not the least doubt of meeting her again in a place where he should never part with her more,—sentiments for which his sense was arraigned by one part of his neighbours, his religion by a second, and his sincerity by a third.

He now lived, for the most part, retired in the country, with one sister, for whom he had a very tender affection. This lady was now somewhat past the age of thirty, an era at which, in the opinion of the malicious, the title of old maid may with no impropriety be assumed. She was of that species of women whom you commend rather for good qualities than beauty, and who are generally called, by their own sex, very good sort of women—as good a sort of woman, madam, as you would wish to know. Indeed, she was so far from regretting want of beauty, that she never mentioned that perfection, if it can be called one, without contempt; and would often thank God she was not as handsome as Miss Such-a-one, whom perhaps beauty had led into errors which she might have otherwise avoided. Miss Bridget Allworthy (for that was the name of this lady) very rightly conceived the charms of person in a woman to be no better than snares for herself, as well as for others; and yet so discreet was she in her conduct, that her prudence was as much on the guard as if she had all the snares to apprehend which were ever laid for her whole sex. Indeed, I have observed, though it may seem unaccountable to the reader, that this guard of prudence, like the trained bands, is always readiest to go on duty where there is the least danger. It often basely and cowardly deserts those paragons for whom the men are all wishing, sighing, dying, and spreading every net in their power; and constantly attends at the heels of that higher order of women for whom the other sex have a more distant and awful respect, and whom (from despair, I suppose, of success) they never venture to attack.

Reader, I think proper, before we proceed any farther together, to acquaint thee that I intend to digress, through this whole history, as often as I see occasion, of which I am myself a better judge than any pitiful critic whatever; and here I must desire all those critics to mind their own business, and not to intermeddle with affairs or works which no ways concern them; for till they produce the authority by which they are constituted judges, I shall not plead to their jurisdiction.

CHAPTER III.

An odd accident which befell Mr. Allworthy at his return home. The decent behaviour of Mrs. Deborah Wilkins, with some proper animadversions on bastards.

I HAVE told my reader, in the preceding Chapter, that Mr. Allworthy inherited a large fortune; that he had a good heart, and no family. Hence, doubtless, it will be concluded by many that he lived like an honest man, owed no one a shilling, took nothing but what was his own, kept a good house, entertained his neighbours with a hearty welcome at his table, and was charitable to the poor, *i. e.* to those who had rather beg than work, by giving them the offals from it; that he died immensely rich, and built an hospital.

And true it is that he did many of these things; but had he done nothing more I should have left him to have recorded his own merit on some fair freestone over the door of that hospital. Matters of a much more extraordinary kind are to be the subject of this history, or I should grossly misspend my time in writing so voluminous a work; and you, my sagacious friend, might with equal profit and pleasure travel through some pages which certain droll authors have been facetiously pleased to call *The History of England*.

Mr. Allworthy had been absent a full quarter of a year in London, on some very particular business, though I know not what it was; but judge of its importance by its having detained him so long from home, whence he had not been absent a month at a time during the space of many years. He came to his house very late in the evening, and after a short supper with his sister, retired much fatigued to his chamber. Here, having spent some minutes on his knees—a custom which he never broke through on any account—he was preparing to step into bed, when, upon opening the clothes, to his great surprise he beheld an infant, wrapt up in some coarse linen, in a sweet and profound sleep, between his sheets. He stood some time lost in astonishment at this sight; but, as good nature had always the ascendant in his mind, he soon began to be touched with sentiments of compassion for the little wretch before him. He then rang his bell, and ordered an elderly woman-servant to rise immediately, and come to him; and in the meantime was so eager in contemplating the beauty of innocence, appearing in those lively colours with which infancy and sleep always display it, that his thoughts were too much engaged to reflect that he was in his shirt when the matron came in. She had indeed given her master sufficient time to dress himself; for out of respect to him, and regard to decency, she had spent many minutes in adjusting her hair at the looking-glass, notwithstanding all the hurry in which she had been summoned by the servant, and though her master, for aught she knew, lay expiring in an apoplexy, or in some other fit.

It will not be wondered at that a creature who had so strict a regard to decency in her own person, should be shocked at the least deviation from it in another. She therefore no sooner opened the door,

and saw her master standing by the bedside in his shirt, with a candle in his hand, than she started back in a most terrible fright, and might perhaps have swooned away, had he not now recollected his being undrest, and put an end to her terrors by desiring her to stay without the door till he had thrown some clothes over his back, and was become incapable of shocking the pure eyes of Mrs. Deborah Wilkins, who, though in the fifty-second year of her age, vowed she had never beheld a man without his coat. Sneerers and profane wits may perhaps laugh at her first fright; yet my grave reader, when he considers the time of night, the summons from her bed, and the situation in which she found her master, will highly justify and applaud her conduct, unless the prudence which must be supposed to attend maidens at that period of life at which Mrs. Deborah had arrived, should a little lessen his admiration.

When Mrs. Deborah returned into the room, and was acquainted by her master with the finding the little infant, her consternation was rather greater than his had been; nor could she refrain from crying out, with great horror of accent as well as look, "My good sir! what's to be done?" Mr. Allworthy answered, she must take care of the child that evening, and in the morning he would give orders to provide it a nurse. "Yes, sir," says she; "and I hope your worship will send out your warrant to take up the hussy its mother, for she must be one of the neighbourhood; and I should be glad to see her committed to Bridewell, and whipt at the cart's tail. Indeed, such wicked sluts cannot be too severely punished. I'll warrant 'tis not her first, by her impudence in laying it to your worship." "In laying it to me, Deborah!" answered Allworthy: "I can't think she hath any such design. I suppose she hath only taken this method to provide for her child; and truly I am glad she hath not done worse." "I don't know what is worse," cries Deborah, "than for such wicked strumpets to lay their sins at honest men's doors; and though your worship knows your own innocence, yet the world is censorious; and it hath been many an honest man's hap to pass for the father of children he never begot; and if your worship should provide for the child, it may make the people the apter to believe; besides, why should your worship provide for what the parish is obliged to maintain? For my own part, if it was an honest man's child, indeed—but for my own part, it goes against me to touch these misbegotten wretches, whom I don't look upon as my fellow-creatures. Faugh! how it stinks! It doth not smell like a Christian. If I might be so bold to give my advice, I would have it put in a basket, and sent out and laid at the churchwarden's door. It is a good night, only a little rainy and windy; and if it was well wrapt up, and put in a warm basket, it is two to one but it lives till it is found in the morning. But if it should not, we have discharged our duty in taking care of it; and it is, perhaps, better for such creatures to die in a state of innocence, than to grow up and imitate their mothers; for nothing better can be expected of them."

There were some strokes in this speech which perhaps would have offended Mr. Allworthy, had he strictly attended to it; but he had now got one of his fingers into the infant's hand, which, by its gentle pressure, seeming to implore his assistance, had certainly outpleaded the eloquence of Mrs. Deborah, had it been ten times greater than it was. He now gave Mrs. Deborah positive orders to take the child to her own bed, and to call up a maid-servant to provide it pap, and other things, against it waked. He likewise ordered that proper clothes

should be procured for it early in the morning, and that it should be brought to himself as soon as he was stirring.

Such was the discernment of Mrs. Wilkins, and such the respect she bore her master, under whom she enjoyed a most excellent place, that her scruples gave way to his peremptory commands; and she took the child under her arms, without any apparent disgust at the illegality of its birth; and declaring it was a sweet little infant, walked off with it to her own chamber.

Allworthy here betook himself to those pleasing slumbers which a heart that hungers after goodness is apt to enjoy when thoroughly satisfied. As these are possibly sweeter than what are occasioned by any other hearty meal, I should take more pains to display them to the reader, if I knew any air to recommend him to for the procuring such an appetite.

CHAPTER IV.

The reader's neck brought into danger by a description; his escape; and the great condescension of Miss Bridget Allworthy.

THE Gothic style of building could produce nothing nobler than Mr. Allworthy's house. There was an air of grandeur in it that struck you with awe, and rivalled the beauties of the best Grecian architecture; and it was as commodious within as venerable without.

It stood on the south-east side of a hill, but nearer the bottom than the top of it, so as to be sheltered from the north-east by a grove of old oaks which rose above it in a gradual ascent of near half a mile, and yet high enough to enjoy a most charming prospect of the valley beneath.

In the midst of the grove was a fine lawn, sloping down towards the house, near the summit of which rose a plentiful spring, gushing out of a rock covered with firs, and forming a constant cascade of about thirty feet, not carried down a regular flight of steps, but tumbling in a natural fall over the broken and mossy stones till it came to the bottom of the rock, then running off in a pebbly channel, that with many lesser falls winded along, till it fell into a lake at the foot of the hill, about a quarter of a mile below the house on the south side, and which was seen from every room in the front. Out of this lake, which filled the centre of a beautiful plain, embellished with groups of beeches and elms, and fed with sheep, issued a river, that for several miles was seen to meander through an amazing variety of meadows and woods till it emptied itself into the sea, with a large arm of which, and an island beyond it, the prospect was closed.

On the right of this valley opened another of less extent, adorned with several villages, and terminated by one of the towers of an old ruined abbey, grown over with ivy, and part of the front, which remained still entire.

The left-hand scene presented the view of a very fine park, composed of very unequal ground, and agreeably varied with all the diversity that hills, lawns, wood, and water, laid out with admirable taste, but owing less to art than to nature, could give. Beyond this, the country gradually rose into a ridge of wild mountains, the tops of which were above the clouds.

It was now the middle of May, and the morning was remarkably serene, when Mr. Allworthy walked forth on the terrace, where the dawn opened every minute that lovely prospect we have before described to his eye; and now having sent forth streams of light, which ascended the blue firmament before him,

as harbingers preceding his pomp, in the full blaze of his majesty up rose the sun, than which one object alone in this lower creation could be more glorious, and that Mr. Allworthy himself presented—a human being replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator, by doing most good to his creatures.

Reader, take care. I have unadvisedly led thee to the top of as high a hill as Mr. Allworthy's, and how to get thee down without breaking thy neck, I do not well know. However, let us e'en venture to slide down together; for Miss Bridget rings her bell, and Mr. Allworthy is summoned to breakfast, where I must attend, and, if you please, shall be glad of your company.

The usual compliments having passed between Mr. Allworthy and Miss Bridget, and the tea being poured out, he summoned Mrs. Wilkins, and told his sister he had a present for her, for which she thanked him,—imagining, I suppose, it had been a gown, or some ornament for her person. Indeed, he very often made her such presents; and she, in complaisance to him, spent much time in adorning herself. I say in complaisance to him, because she always expressed the greatest contempt for dress, and for those ladies who made it their study.

But if such was her expectation, how was she disappointed when Mrs. Wilkins, according to the order she had received from her master, produced the little infant! Great surprises, as hath been observed, are apt to be silent; and so was Miss Bridget, till her brother began, and told her the whole story, which, as the reader knows it already, we shall not repeat.

Miss Bridget had always expressed so great a regard for what the ladies are pleased to call virtue, and had herself maintained such a severity of character, that it was expected, especially by Mrs. Wilkins, that she would have vented much bitterness on this occasion, and would have voted for sending the child, as a kind of noxious animal, immediately out of the house; but, on the contrary, she rather took the good-natured side of the question, intimated some compassion for the helpless little creature, and commended her brother's charity in what he had done.

Perhaps the reader may account for this behaviour from her condescension to Mr. Allworthy, when we have informed him that the good man had ended his narrative with owning a resolution to take care of the child, and to breed him up as his own; for, to acknowledge the truth, she was always ready to oblige her brother, and very seldom, if ever, contradicted his sentiments. She would, indeed, sometimes make a few observations, as that men were headstrong, and must have their own way, and would wish she had been blest with an independent fortune; but these were always vented in a low voice, and at the most amounted only to what is called muttering.

However, what she withheld from the infant, she bestowed with the utmost profuseness on the poor unknown mother, whom she called an impudent slut, a wanton hussy, an audacious harlot, a wicked jade, a vile strumpet, with every other appellation with which the tongue of virtue never fails to lash those who bring a disgrace on the sex.

A consultation was now entered into how to proceed in order to discover the mother. A scrutiny was first made into the characters of the female servants of the house, who were all acquitted by Mrs. Wilkins, and with apparent merit; for she had collected them herself, and perhaps it would be difficult to find such another set of scarecrows.

The next step was to examine among the inha-

bitants of the parish; and this was referred to Mrs. Wilkins, who was to inquire with all imaginable diligence, and to make her report in the afternoon.

Matters being thus settled, Mr. Allworthy withdrew to his study, as was his custom, and left the child to his sister, who, at his desire, had undertaken the care of it.

CHAPTER V.

Containing a few common matters, with a very uncommon observation upon them.

WHEN her master was departed, Mrs. Deborah stood silent, expecting her cue from Miss Bridget; for as to what had passed before her master, the prudent housekeeper by no means relied upon it, as she had often known the sentiments of the lady in her brother's absence, to differ greatly from those which she had expressed in his presence. Miss Bridget did not, however, suffer her to continue long in this doubtful situation; for having looked some time earnestly at the child, as it lay asleep in the lap of Mrs. Deborah, the good lady could not forbear giving it a hearty kiss, at the same time declaring herself wonderfully pleased with its beauty and innocence. Mrs. Deborah no sooner observed this than she fell to squeezing and kissing, with as great raptures as sometimes inspire the sage dame of forty and five towards a youthful and vigorous bridegroom, crying out, in a shrill voice, "O, the dear little creature!—The dear, sweet, pretty creature! Well, I vow it is as fine a boy as ever was seen!"

These exclamations continued till they were interrupted by the lady, who now proceeded to execute the commission given her by her brother, and gave orders for providing all necessaries for the child, appointing a very good room in the house for his nursery. Her orders were indeed so liberal, that, had it been a child of her own, she could not have exceeded them; but, lest the virtuous reader may condemn her for showing too great regard to a base-born infant, to which all charity is condemned by law as irreligious, we think proper to observe that she concluded the whole with saying, "Since it was her brother's whim to adopt the little brat, she supposed little master must be treated with great tenderness. For her part, she could not help thinking it was an encouragement to vice; but that she knew too much of the obstinacy of mankind to oppose any of their ridiculous humours."

With reflections of this nature she usually, as has been hinted, accompanied every act of compliance with her brother's inclinations; and surely nothing could more contribute to heighten the merit of this compliance than a declaration that she knew, at the same time, the folly and unreasonableness of those inclinations to which she submitted. Tacit obedience implies no force upon the will, and consequently may be easily, and without any pains, preserved; but when a wife, a child, a relation, or a friend, performs what we desire, with grumbling and reluctance, with expressions of dislike and dissatisfaction, the manifest difficulty which they undergo must greatly enhance the obligation.

As this is one of those deep observations which very few readers can be supposed capable of making themselves, I have thought proper to lend them my assistance; but this is a favour rarely to be expected in the course of my work. Indeed, I shall seldom or never indulge him, unless in such instances as this, where nothing but the inspiration with which we writers are gifted, can possibly enable any one to make the discovery.

CHAPTER VI.

Mrs. Deborah is introduced into the parish with a simile. A short account of Jenny Jones, with the difficulties and discouragements which may attend young women in the pursuit of learning.

MRS. DEBORAH, having disposed of the child according to the will of her master, now prepared to visit those habitations which were supposed to conceal its mother.

Not otherwise than when a kite, tremendous bird, is beheld by the feathered generation soaring aloft, and hovering over their heads, the amorous dove, and every innocent little bird, spread wide the alarm, and fly trembling into their hiding-places. He proudly beats the air, conscious of his dignity, and meditates intended mischief.

So when the approach of Mrs. Deborah was proclaimed through the street, all the inhabitants ran trembling into their houses, each matron dreading lest the visit should fall to her lot. She with stately steps proudly advances over the field: aloft she bears her towering head, filled with conceit of her own pre-eminence, and schemes to effect her intended discovery.

The sagacious reader will not from this simile imagine these poor people had any apprehension of the design with which Mrs. Wilkins was now coming towards them; but as the great beauty of the simile may possibly sleep these hundred years, till some future commentator shall take this work in hand, I think proper to lend the reader a little assistance in this place.

It is my intention, therefore, to signify, that, as it is the nature of a kite to devour little birds, so is it the nature of such persons as Mrs. Wilkins to insult and tyrannize over little people. This being indeed the means which they use to recompense to themselves their extreme servility and condescension to their superiors; for nothing can be more reasonable, than that slaves and flatterers should exact the same taxes on all below them, which they themselves pay to all above them.

Whenever Mrs. Deborah had occasion to exert any extraordinary condescension to Mrs. Bridget, and by that means had a little soured her natural disposition, it was usual with her to walk forth among these people, in order to refine her temper, by venting, and, as it were, purging off all ill humours; on which account she was by no means a welcome visitant: to say the truth, she was universally dreaded and hated by them all.

On her arrival in this place, she went immediately to the habitation of an elderly matron; to whom, as this matron had the good fortune to resemble herself in the comeliness of her person, as well as in her age, she had generally been more favourable than to any of the rest. To this woman she imparted what had happened, and the design upon which she was come thither that morning. These two began presently to scrutinize the characters of the several young girls who lived in any of those houses, and at last fixed their strongest suspicion on one Jenny Jones, who, they both agreed, was the likeliest person to have committed this fact.

This Jenny Jones was no very comely girl, either in her face or person; but nature had somewhat compensated the want of beauty with what is generally more esteemed by those ladies whose judgment is arrived at years of perfect maturity, for she had given her a very uncommon share of understanding. This gift Jenny had a good deal improved by erudition. She had lived several years a servant with a schoolmaster, who, discovering a great quickness of

parts in the girl, and an extraordinary desire of learning—for every leisure hour she was always found reading in the books of the scholars—had the good-nature, or folly—just as the reader pleases to call it—to instruct her so far, that she obtained a competent skill in the Latin language, and was, perhaps, as good a scholar as most of the young men of quality of the age. This advantage, however, like most others of an extraordinary kind, was attended with some small inconveniences: for as it is not to be wondered at, that a young woman so well accomplished should have little relish for the society of those whom fortune had made her equals, but whom education had rendered so much her inferiors; so is it matter of no greater astonishment, that this superiority in Jenny, together with that behaviour which is its certain consequence, should produce among the rest some little envy and ill-will towards her; and these had, perhaps, secretly burnt in the bosoms of her neighbours ever since her return from her service.

Their envy did not, however, display itself openly, till poor Jenny, to the surprise of everybody, and to the vexation of all the young women in these parts, had publicly shone forth on a Sunday in a new silk gown, with a laced cap, and other proper appendages to these.

The flame, which had before lain in embryo, now burst forth. Jenny had, by her learning, increased her own pride, which none of her neighbours were kind enough to feed with the honour she seemed to demand; and now, instead of respect and adoration, she gained nothing but hatred and abuse by her finery. The whole parish declared she could not come honestly by such things; and parents, instead of wishing their daughters the same, felicitated themselves that their children had them not.

Hence, perhaps, it was, that the good woman first mentioned the name of this poor girl to Mrs. Wilkins; but there was another circumstance that confirmed the latter in her suspicion; for Jenny had lately been often at Mr. Allworthy's house. She had officiated as nurse to Miss Bridget, in a violent fit of illness, and had sat up many nights with that lady; besides which, she had been seen there the very day before Mr. Allworthy's return, by Mrs. Wilkins herself, though that sagacious person had not at first conceived any suspicion of her on that account: for, as she herself said, "She had always esteemed Jenny as a very sober girl (though indeed she knew very little of her), and had rather suspected some of those wanton trollops, who gave themselves airs, because, forsooth, they thought themselves handsome."

Jenny was now summoned to appear in person before Mrs. Deborah, which she immediately did. When Mrs. Deborah, putting on the gravity of a judge, with somewhat more than his austerity, began an oration with the words, "You audacious strumpet!" in which she proceeded rather to pass sentence on the prisoner than to accuse her.

Though Mrs. Deborah was fully satisfied of the guilt of Jenny, from the reasons above shown, it is possible Mr. Allworthy might have required some stronger evidence to have convicted her; but she saved her accusers any such trouble, by freely confessing the whole fact with which she was charged.

This confession, though delivered rather in terms of contrition, as it appeared, did not at all mollify Mrs. Deborah, who now pronounced a second judgment against her, in more opprobrious language than before; nor had it any better success with the bystanders, who were now grown very numerous. Many of them cried out, "They thought what

madam's silk gown would end in;" others spoke sarcastically of her learning. Not a single female was present but found some means of expressing her abhorrence of poor Jenny, who bore all very patiently, except the malice of one woman, who reflected upon her person, and tossing up her nose, said, "The man must have a good stomach who would give silk gowns for such sort of trumpery!" Jenny replied to this with a bitterness which might have surprised a judicious person, who had observed the tranquillity with which she bore all the affronts to her chastity; but her patience was perhaps tired out, for this is a virtue which is very apt to be fatigued by exercise.

Mrs. Deborah having succeeded beyond her hopes in her inquiry, returned with much triumph, and, at the appointed hour, made a faithful report to Mr. Allworthy, who was much surprised at the relation; for he had heard of the extraordinary parts and improvements of this girl, whom he intended to have given in marriage, together with a small living, to a neighbouring curate. His concern, therefore, on this occasion, was at least equal to the satisfaction which appeared in Mrs. Deborah, and to many readers may seem much more reasonable.

Mrs. Bridget blessed herself, and said, "For her part, she should never hereafter entertain a good opinion of any woman." For Jenny before this had the happiness of being much in her good graces also.

The prudent housekeeper was again dispatched to bring the unhappy culprit before Mr. Allworthy, in order, not as it was hoped by some, and expected by all, to be sent to the house of correction, but to receive wholesome admonition and reproof; which those who relish that kind of instructive writing may peruse in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

Containing such grave matter, that the reader cannot laugh once through the whole chapter, unless peradventure he should laugh at the author.

WHEN Jenny appeared, Mr. Allworthy took her into his study, and spoke to her as follows: "You know, child, it is in my power, as a magistrate, to punish you very rigorously for what you have done; and you will, perhaps, be the more apt to fear I should execute that power, because you have in a manner laid your sins at my door.

"But, perhaps, this is one reason which hath determined me to act in a milder manner with you: for, as no private resentment should ever influence a magistrate, I will be so far from considering your having deposited the infant in my house as an aggravation of your offence, that I will suppose, in your favour, this to have proceeded from a natural affection to your child, since you might have some hopes to see it thus better provided for than was in the power of yourself, or its wicked father, to provide for it. I should indeed have been highly offended with you had you exposed the little wretch in the manner of some inhuman mothers, who seem no less to have abandoned their humanity, than to have parted with their chastity. It is the other part of your offence, therefore, upon which I intend to admonish you, I mean the violation of your chastity;—a crime, however lightly it may be treated by debauched persons, is very heinous in itself, and very dreadful in its consequences.

"The heinous nature of this offence must be sufficiently apparent to every christian, inasmuch as it is committed in defiance of the laws of our religion, and of the express commands of Him who founded that religion.

"And here its consequences may be well argued to be dreadful; for what can be more so, than to incur the divine displeasure, by the breach of the divine commands; and that in an instance against which the highest vengeance is specifically denounced?

"But these things, though too little, I am afraid, regarded, are so plain, that mankind, however they may want to be reminded, can never need information on this head. A hint, therefore, to awaken your sense of this matter, shall suffice; for I would inspire you with repentance, and not drive you to desperation.

"There are other consequences, not indeed so dreadful or replete with horror as this; and yet such as, if attentively considered, must, one would think, deter all of your sex at least from the commission of this crime.

"For by it you are rendered infamous, and driven, like lepers of old, out of society; at least, from the society of all but wicked and reprobate persons; for no others will associate with you.

"If you have fortunes, you are hereby rendered incapable of enjoying them; if you have none, you are disabled from acquiring any, nay almost of procuring your sustenance; for no persons of character will receive you into their houses. Thus you are often driven by necessity itself into a state of shame and misery, which unavoidably ends in the destruction of both body and soul.

"Can any pleasure compensate these evils? Can any temptation have sophistry and delusion strong enough to persuade you to so simple a bargain? Or can any carnal appetite so overpower your reason, or so totally lay it asleep, as to prevent your flying with affright and terror from a crime which carries such punishment always with it?

"How base and mean must that woman be, how void of that dignity of mind, and decent pride, without which we are not worthy the name of human creatures, who can bear to level herself with the lowest animal, and to sacrifice all that is great and noble in her, all her heavenly part, to an appetite which she hath in common with the vilest branch of the creation! For no woman, sure, will plead the passion of love for an excuse. This would be to own herself the mere tool and bubble of the man. Love, however barbarously we may corrupt and pervert its meaning, as it is a laudable, is a rational passion, and can never be violent but when reciprocal; for though the Scripture bids us love our enemies, it means not with that fervent love which we naturally bear towards our friends; much less that we should sacrifice to them our lives, and what ought to be dearer to us, our innocence. Now in what light, but that of an enemy, can a reasonable woman regard the man who solicits her to entail on herself all the misery I have described to you, and who would purchase to himself a short, trivial, contemptible pleasure, so greatly at her expense! For, by the laws of custom, the whole shame, with all its dreadful consequences, falls entirely upon her. Can love, which always seeks the good of its object, attempt to betray a woman into a bargain where she is so greatly to be the loser? If such corrupter, therefore, should have the impudence to pretend a real affection for her, ought not the woman to regard him not only as an enemy, but as the worst of all enemies, a false, designing, treacherous, pretended friend, who intends not only to debauch her body, but her understanding at the same time?"

Here Jenny expressing great concern, Allworthy paused a moment, and then proceeded: "I have talked thus to you, child, not to insult you for what is

passed and irrevocable, but to caution and strengthen you for the future. Nor should I have taken this trouble, but from some opinion of your good sense, notwithstanding the dreadful slip you have made; and from some hopes of your hearty repentance, which are founded on the openness and sincerity of your confession. If these do not deceive me, I will take care to convey you from this scene of your shame, where you shall, by being unknown, avoid the punishment which, as I have said, is allotted to your crime in this world; and I hope, by repentance, you will avoid the much heavier sentence denounced against it in the other. Be a good girl the rest of your days, and want shall be no motive to your going astray; and, believe me, there is more pleasure, even in this world, in an innocent and virtuous life, than in one debauched and vicious.

"As to your child, let no thoughts concerning it molest you; I will provide for it in a better manner than you can ever hope. And now nothing remains but that you inform me who was the wicked man that seduced you; for my anger against him will be much greater than you have experienced on this occasion."

Jenny now lifted her eyes from the ground, and with a modest look and decent voice thus began:—

"To know you, sir, and not love your goodness, would be an argument of total want of sense or goodness in any one. In me it would amount to the highest ingratitude, not to feel, in the most sensible manner, the great degree of goodness you have been pleased to exert on this occasion. As to my concern for what is past, I know you will spare my blushes the repetition. My future conduct will much better declare my sentiments than any professions I can now make. I beg leave to assure you, sir, that I take your advice much kinder than your generous offer with which you concluded it; for, as you are pleased to say, sir, it is an instance of your opinion of my understanding."—Here her tears flowing apace, she stopped a few moments, and then proceeded thus:—"Indeed, sir, your kindness overcomes me; but I will endeavour to deserve this good opinion: for if I have the understanding you are so kindly pleased to allow me, such advice cannot be thrown away upon me. I thank you, sir, heartily, for your intended kindness to my poor helpless child: he is innocent, and I hope will live to be grateful for all the favours you shall show him. But now, sir, I must on my knees entreat you not to persist in asking me to declare the father of my infant. I promise you faithfully you shall one day know; but I am under the most solemn ties and engagements of honour, as well as the most religious vows and protestations, to conceal his name at this time. And I know you too well, to think you would desire I should sacrifice either my honour or my religion."

Mr. Allworthy, whom the least mention of those sacred words was sufficient to stagger, hesitated a moment before he replied, and then told her, she had done wrong to enter into such engagements to a villain; but since she had, he could not insist on her breaking them. He said, it was not from a motive of vain curiosity he had inquired, but in order to punish the fellow; at least, that he might not ignorantly confer favours on the undeserving.

As to these points, Jenny satisfied him by the most solemn assurances, that the man was entirely out of his reach; and was neither subject to his power, nor in any probability of becoming an object of his goodness.

The ingenuity of this behaviour had gained Jenny so much credit with this worthy man, that he easily

believed what she told him for as she had disdained to excuse herself by a lie, and had hazarded his further displeasure in her present situation, rather than she would forfeit her honour, or integrity, by betraying another, he had but little apprehensions that she would be guilty of falsehood towards himself.

He therefore dismissed her, with assurances that he would very soon remove her out of the reach of that obloquy she had incurred; concluding with some additional documents, in which he recommended repentance, saying, "Consider, child, there is one still to reconcile yourself to, whose favour is of much greater importance to you than mine."

CHAPTER VIII.

A dialogue between Mesdames Bridget and Deborah; containing more amusement, but less instruction, than the former.

WHEN Mr. Allworthy had retired to his study with Jenny Jones, as hath been seen, Mrs. Bridget, with the good housekeeper, had betaken themselves to a post next adjoining to the said study; whence, through the conveyance of a keyhole, they sucked in at their ears the instructive lecture delivered by Mr. Allworthy, together with the answers of Jenny, and indeed every other particular which passed in the last chapter.

This hole in her brother's study-door was indeed as well known to Mrs. Bridget, and had been as frequently applied to by her, as the famous hole in the wall was by Thisbe of old. This served to many good purposes. For by such means Mrs. Bridget became often acquainted with her brother's inclinations, without giving him the trouble of repeating them to her. It is true, some inconveniences attended this intercourse, and she had sometimes reason to cry out with Thisbe, in Shakspeare, "O, wicked, wicked wall!" For as Mr. Allworthy was a justice of peace, certain things occurred in examinations concerning bastards, and such like, which are apt to give great offence to the chaste ears of virgins, especially when they approach the age of forty, as was the case of Mrs. Bridget. However, she had, on such occasions, the advantage of concealing her blushes from the eyes of men; and *De non apparentibus, et non existentibus, eadem est ratio*,—in English, "When a woman is not seen to blush, she doth not blush at all."

Both the good women kept strict silence during the whole scene between Mr. Allworthy and the girl; but as soon as it was ended, and that gentleman out of hearing, Mrs. Deborah could not help exclaiming against the clemency of her master, and especially against his suffering her to conceal the father of the child, which she swore she would have out of her before the sun set.

At these words Mrs. Bridget discomposed her features with a smile (a thing very unusual to her). Not that I would have my reader imagine, that this was one of those wanton smiles which Homer would have you conceive came from Venus, when he calls her the laughter-loving goddess; nor was it one of those smiles which lady Seraphina shoots from the stage-box, and which Venus would quit her immortality to be able to equal. No, this was rather one of those smiles which might be supposed to have come from the dimpled cheeks of the august Tisiphone, or from one of the misses, her sisters.

With such a smile then, and with a voice sweet as the evening breeze of Boreas in the pleasant month of November, Mrs. Bridget gently reproved the curiosity of Mrs. Deborah; a vice with which it seems the latter was too much tainted, and which

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the former inveighed against with great bitterness, adding, "That, among all her faults, she thanked Heaven her enemies could not accuse her of prying into the affairs of other people."

She then proceeded to commend the honour and spirit with which Jenny had acted. She said, she could not help agreeing with her brother, that there was some merit in the sincerity of her confession, and in her integrity to her lover: that she had always thought her a very good girl, and doubted not but she had been seduced by some rascal, who had been infinitely more to blame than herself, and very probably had prevailed with her by a promise of marriage, or some other treacherous proceeding.

This behaviour of Mrs. Bridget greatly surprised Mrs. Deborah; for this well-bred woman seldom opened her lips, either to her master or his sister, till she had first sounded their inclinations, with which her sentiments were always strictly consonant. Here, however, she thought she might have launched forth with safety; and the sagacious reader will not perhaps accuse her of want of sufficient forecast in so doing, but will rather admire with what wonderful celerity she tacked about, when she found herself steering a wrong course.

"Nay, madam," said this able woman, and truly great politician, "I must own I cannot help admiring the girl's spirit, as well as your ladyship. And, as your ladyship says, if she was deceived by some wicked man, the poor wretch is to be pitied. And to be sure, as your ladyship says, the girl hath always appeared like a good, honest, plain girl, and not vain of her face, forsooth, as some wanton hussies in the neighbourhood are."

"You say true, Deborah," said Mrs. Bridget. "If the girl had been one of those vain trollops, of which we have too many in the parish, I should have condemned my brother for his lenity towards her. I saw two farmers' daughters at church, the other day, with bare necks. I protest they shocked me. If wenches will hang out lures for fellows, it is no matter what they suffer. I detest such creatures; and it would be much better for them that their faces had been seamed with the smallpox; but I must confess, I never saw any of this wanton behaviour in poor Jenny: some artful villain, I am convinced, hath betrayed, nay perhaps forced her; and I pity the poor wretch with all my heart."

Mrs. Deborah approved all these sentiments, and the dialogue concluded with a general and bitter invective against beauty, and with many compassionate considerations for all honest plain girls who are deluded by the wicked arts of deceitful men.

CHAPTER IX.

Containing matters which will surprise the reader.

JENNY returned home well pleased with the reception she had met with from Mr. Allworthy, whose indulgence to her she industriously made public; partly perhaps as a sacrifice to her own pride, and partly from the more prudent motive of reconciling her neighbours to her, and silencing their clamours.

But though this latter view, if she indeed had it, may appear reasonable enough, yet the event did not answer her expectation; for when she was convened before the justice, and it was universally apprehended that the house of correction would have been her fate, though some of the young women cried out "It was good enough for her," and diverted themselves with the thoughts of her beating hemp in a silk gown; yet there were many others who began to pity her condition: but when it was known in what

manner Mr. Allworthy had behaved, the tide turned against her. One said, "I'll assure you, madam hath had good luck." A second cried, "See what it is to be a favourite!" A third, "Ay, this comes of her learning." Every person made some malicious comment or other on the occasion, and reflected on the partiality of the justice.

The behaviour of these people may appear impolitic and ungrateful to the reader, who considers the power and the benevolence of Mr. Allworthy. But as to his power, he never used it; and as to his benevolence, he exerted so much, that he had thereby disobliterated all his neighbours; for it is a secret well known to great men, that, by conferring an obligation, they do not always procure a friend, but are certain of creating many enemies.

Jenny was, however, by the care and goodness of Mr. Allworthy, soon removed out of the reach of reproach; when malice being no longer able to vent its rage on her, began to seek another object of its bitterness, and this was no less than Mr. Allworthy, himself; for a whisper soon went abroad, that he himself was the father of the foundling child.

This supposition so well reconciled his conduct to the general opinion, that it met with universal assent; and the outcry against his lenity soon began to take another turn, and was changed into an invective against his cruelty to the poor girl. Very grave and good women exclaimed against men who begot children, and then disowned them. Nor were there wanting some, who, after the departure of Jenny, insinuated, that she was spirited away with a design too black to be mentioned, and who gave frequent hints that a legal inquiry ought to be made into the whole matter, and that some people should be forced to produce the girl.

These calumnies might have probably produced ill consequences, at the least might have occasioned some trouble, to a person of a more doubtful and suspicious character than Mr. Allworthy was blessed with; but in his case they had no such effect; and, being heartily despised by him, they served only to afford an innocent amusement to the good gossips of the neighbourhood.

But as we cannot possibly divine what complexion our reader may be of, and as it will be some time before he will hear any more of Jenny, we think proper to give him a very early intimation, that Mr. Allworthy was, and will hereafter appear to be absolutely innocent of any criminal intention whatever. He had indeed committed no other than an error in politics, by tempering justice with mercy, and by refusing to gratify the good-natured disposition of the mob,* with an object for their compassion to work on in the person of poor Jenny, whom, in order to pity, they desired to have seen sacrificed to ruin and infamy, by a shameful correction in a Bridewell.

So far from complying with this their inclination, by which all hopes of reformation would have been abolished, and even the gate shut against her if her own inclinations should ever hereafter lead her to choose the road of virtue, Mr. Allworthy rather chose to encourage the girl to return thither by the only possible means; for too true I am afraid it is, that many women have become abandoned, and have sunk to the last degree of vice, by being unable to retrieve the first ship. This will be, I am afraid, always the case while they remain among their former acquaintance; it was therefore wisely done by Mr. Allworthy, to remove Jenny to a place where

* Whenever this word occurs in our writings, it intends persons without virtue or sense, in all stations; and many of the highest rank are often meant by it.

she might enjoy the pleasure of reputation, after having tasted the ill consequences of losing it.

To this place therefore, wherever it was, we will wish her a good journey, and for the present take leave of her, and of the little foundling her child, having matters of much higher importance to communicate to the reader.

CHAPTER X.

The hospitality of Allworthy; with a short sketch of the characters of two brothers, a doctor and a captain, who were entertained by that gentleman.

NEITHER Mr. Allworthy's house, nor his heart, was shut against any part of mankind, but they were both more particularly open to men of merit. To say the truth, this was the only house in the kingdom where you was sure to gain a dinner by deserving it.

Above all others, men of genius and learning shared the principal place in his favour; and in these he had much discernment: for though he had missed the advantage of a learned education, yet, being blest with vast natural abilities, he had so well profited by a vigorous though late application to letters, and by much conversation with men of eminence in this way, that he was himself a very competent judge in most kinds of literature.

It is no wonder that in an age when this kind of merit is so little in fashion, and so slenderly provided for, persons possessed of it should very eagerly flock to a place where they were sure of being received with great complaisance; indeed, where they might enjoy almost the same advantages of a liberal fortune as if they were entitled to it in their own right; for Mr. Allworthy was not one of those generous persons who are ready most bountifully to bestow meat, drink, and lodging on men of wit and learning, for which they expect no other return but entertainment, instruction, flattery, and subserviency; in a word, that such persons should be enrolled in the number of domestics, without wearing their master's clothes, or receiving wages.

On the contrary, every person in this house was perfect master of his own time: and as he might at his pleasure satisfy all his appetites within the restrictions only of law, virtue, and religion; so he might, if his health required, or his inclination prompted him to temperance, or even to abstinence, absent himself from any meals, or retire from them, whenever he was so disposed, without even a solicitation to the contrary: for, indeed, such solicitations from superiors always savour very strongly of commands. But all here were free from such impertinence, not only those whose company is in all other places esteemed a favour from their equality of fortune, but even those whose indigent circumstances make such an eleemosynary abode convenient to them, and who are therefore less welcome to a great man's table because they stand in need of it.

Among others of this kind was Dr. Blifil, a gentleman who had the misfortune of losing the advantage of great talents by the obstinacy of a father, who would breed him to a profession he disliked. In obedience to this obstinacy the doctor had in his youth been obliged to study physic, or rather to say he studied it; for in reality books of this kind were almost the only ones with which he was unacquainted; and unfortunately for him, the doctor was master of almost every other science but that by which he was to get his bread; the consequence of which was, that the doctor at the age of forty had no bread to eat.

Such a person as this was certain to find a wel-

come at Mr. Allworthy's table, to whom misfortunes were ever a recommendation, when they were derived from the folly or villany of others, and not of the unfortunate person himself. Besides this negative merit, the doctor had one positive recommendation;—this was a great appearance of religion. Whether his religion was real, or consisted only in appearance, I shall not presume to say, as I am not possessed of any touchstone which can distinguish the true from the false.

If this part of his character pleased Mr. Allworthy, it delighted Miss Bridget. She engaged him in many religious controversies; on which occasions she constantly expressed great satisfaction in the doctor's knowledge, and not much less in the compliments which he frequently bestowed on her own. To say the truth, she had read much English divinity, and had puzzled more than one of the neighbouring curates. Indeed, her conversation was so pure, her looks so sage, and her whole deportment so grave and solemn, that she seemed to deserve the name of saint equally with her namesake, or with any other female in the Roman calendar.

As sympathies of all kinds are apt to beget love, so experience teaches us that none have a more direct tendency this way than those of a religious kind between persons of different sexes. The doctor found himself so agreeable to Miss Bridget, that he now began to lament an unfortunate accident which had happened to him about ten years before; namely, his marriage with another woman, who was not only still alive, but, what was worse, known to be so by Mr. Allworthy. This was a fatal bar to that happiness which he otherwise saw sufficient probability of obtaining with this young lady; for as to criminal indulgences, he certainly never thought of them. This was owing either to his religion, as is most probable, or to the purity of his passion, which was fixed on those things which matrimony only, and not criminal correspondence, could put him in possession of, or could give him any title to.

He had not long ruminated on these matters, before it occurred to his memory that he had a brother who was under no such unhappy incapacity. This brother he made no doubt would succeed; for he discerned, as he thought, an inclination to marriage in the lady; and the reader perhaps, when he hears the brother's qualifications, will not blame the confidence which he entertained of his success.

This gentleman was about thirty-five years of age. He was of a middle size, and what is called well-built. He had a scar on his forehead, which did not so much injure his beauty as it denoted his valour (for he was a half-pay officer). He had good teeth, and something affable, when he pleased, in his smile; though naturally his countenance, as well as his air and voice, had much of roughness in it: yet he could at any time deposit this, and appear all gentleness and good-humour. He was not ungenteel, nor entirely void of wit, and in his youth had abounded in sprightliness, which, though he had lately put on a more serious character, he could, when he pleased, resume.

He had, as well as the doctor, an academic education; for his father had, with the same paternal authority we have mentioned before, decreed him for holy orders; but as the old gentleman died before he was ordained, he chose the church militant, and preferred the king's commission to the bishop's.

He had purchased the post of a lieutenant of dragoons, and afterwards came to be a captain; but having quarrelled with his colonel, was by his interest obliged to sell; from which time he had entirely rusticated himself, had betaken himself to studying

the scriptures, and was not a little suspected of an inclination to methodism.

It seemed, therefore, not unlikely that such a person should succeed with a lady of so saint-like a disposition, and whose inclinations were no otherwise engaged than to the marriage state in general; but why the doctor, who certainly had no great friendship for his brother, should for his sake think of making so ill a return to the hospitality of Allworthy, is a matter not so easy to be accounted for.

Is it that some natures delight in evil, as others are thought to delight in virtue? Or is there a pleasure in being accessory to a theft when we cannot commit it ourselves? Or lastly (which experience seems to make probable), have we a satisfaction in aggrandising our families, even though we have not the least love or respect for them?

Whether any of these motives operated on the doctor, we will not determine; but so the fact was. He sent for his brother, and easily found means to introduce him at Allworthy's as a person who intended only a short visit to himself.

The captain had not been in the house a week before the doctor had reason to felicitate himself on his discernment. The captain was indeed as great a master of the art of love as Ovid was formerly. He had besides received proper hints from his brother, which he failed not to improve to the best advantage.

CHAPTER XI.

Containing many rules, and some examples, concerning falling in love: descriptions of beauty, and other more prudential inducements to matrimony.

It hath been observed, by wise men or women, I forget which, that all persons are doomed to be in love once in their lives. No particular season is, as I remember, assigned for this; but the age at which Miss Bridget was arrived, seems to me as proper a period as any to be fixed on for this purpose: it often, indeed, happens much earlier; but when it doth not, I have observed it seldom or never fails about this time. Moreover, we may remark that at this season love is of a more serious and steady nature than what sometimes shows itself in the younger parts of life. The love of girls is uncertain, capricious, and so foolish that we cannot always discover what the young lady would be at; nay, it may almost be doubted whether she always knows this herself.

Now we are never at a loss to discern this in women about forty; for as such grave, serious, and experienced ladies well know their own meaning, so it is always very easy for a man of the least sagacity to discover it with the utmost certainty.

Miss Bridget is an example of all these observations. She had not been many times in the captain's company before she was seized with this passion. Nor did she go pining and moping about the house, like a puny, foolish girl, ignorant of her distemper: she felt, she knew, and she enjoyed, the pleasing sensation, of which, as she was certain it was not only innocent but laudable, she was neither afraid nor ashamed.

And to say the truth, there is, in all points, great difference between the reasonable passion which women at this age conceive towards men, and the idle and childish liking of a girl to a boy, which is often fixed on the outside only, and on things of little value and no duration; as on cherry cheeks, small, lily-white hands, sloe-black eyes, flowing locks, downy chins, dapper shapes; nay, sometimes on charms more worthless than these, and less the party's own; such are the outward ornaments of the person, for which men are beholden to the tailor, the

laceman, the periwig-maker, the hatter and the milliner, and not to nature. Such a passion girls may well be ashamed, as they generally are, to own either to themselves or others.

The love of Miss Bridget was of another kind. The captain owed nothing to any of these fop-makers in his dress, nor was his person much more beholden to nature. Both his dress and person were such as, had they appeared in an assembly or a drawing-room, would have been the contempt and ridicule of all the fine ladies there. The former of these was indeed neat, but plain, coarse, ill-fancied, and out of fashion. As for the latter, we have expressly described it above. So far was the skin on his cheeks from being cherry-coloured, that you could not discern what the natural colour of his cheeks was, they being totally overgrown by a black beard, which ascended to his eyes. His shape and limbs were indeed exactly proportioned, but so large that they denoted the strength rather of a ploughman than any other. His shoulders were broad beyond all size, and the calves of his legs larger than those of a common chairman. In short, his whole person wanted all that elegance and beauty which is the very reverse of clumsy strength, and which so agreeably sets off most of our fine gentlemen; being partly owing to the high blood of their ancestors, viz. blood made of rich sauces and generous wines, and partly to an early town education.

Though Miss Bridget was a woman of the greatest delicacy of taste, yet such were the charms of the captain's conversation, that she totally overlooked the defects of his person. She imagined, and perhaps very wisely, that she should enjoy more agreeable minutes with the captain than with a much prettier fellow; and forewent the consideration of pleasing her eyes, in order to procure herself much more solid satisfaction.

The captain no sooner perceived the passion of Miss Bridget, in which discovery he was very quick-sighted, than he faithfully returned it. The lady, no more than her lover, was remarkable for beauty. I would attempt to draw her picture, but that is done already by a more able master, Mr. Hogarth himself, to whom she sat many years ago, and hath been lately exhibited by that gentleman in his print of a winter's morning, of which she was no improper emblem, and may be seen walking (for walk she doth in the print) to Covent-garden church, with a starved foot-boy behind carrying her prayer-book.

The captain likewise very wisely preferred the more solid enjoyments he expected with this lady, to the fleeting charms of person. He was one of those wise men who regard beauty in the other sex as a very worthless and superficial qualification; or, to speak more truly, who rather choose to possess every convenience of life with an ugly woman, than a handsome one without any of those conveniences. And having a very good appetite, and but little nicety, he fancied he should play his part very well at the matrimonial banquet, without the sauce of beauty.

To deal plainly with the reader, the captain, ever since his arrival, at least from the moment his brother had proposed the match to him, long before he had discovered any flattering symptoms in Miss Bridget, had been greatly enamoured; that is to say, of Mr. Allworthy's house and gardens, and of his lands, tenements, and hereditaments; of all which the captain was so passionately fond, that he would most probably have contracted marriage with them, had he been obliged to have taken the witch of Endor into the bargain.

As Mr. Allworthy, therefore, had declared to the doctor, that he never intended to take a second wife,

as his sister was his nearest relation, and as the doctor had fished out that his intentions were to make any child of hers his heir, which indeed the law, without his interposition, would have done for him, the doctor and his brother thought it an act of benevolence to give being to a human creature, who would be so plentifully provided with the most essential means of happiness. The whole thoughts, therefore, of both the brothers were how to engage the affections of this amiable lady.

But Fortune, who is a tender parent, and often doth more for her favourite offspring than either they deserve or wish, had been so industrious for the captain, that whilst he was laying schemes to execute his purpose, the lady conceived the same desires with himself, and was on her side contriving how to give the captain proper encouragement, without appearing too forward; for she was a strict observer of all rules of decorum. In this, however, she easily succeeded; for as the captain was always on the lookout, no glance, gesture, or word escaped him.

The satisfaction which the captain received from the kind behaviour of Mrs. Bridget, was not a little abated by his apprehensions of Mr. Allworthy; for, notwithstanding his disinterested professions, the captain imagined he would, when he came to act, follow the example of the rest of the world, and refuse his consent to a match so disadvantageous, in point of interest, to his sister. From what oracle he received this opinion, I shall leave the reader to determine: but however he came by it, it strangely perplexed him how to regulate his conduct so as at once to convey his affection to the lady, and to conceal it from her brother. He at length resolved to take all private opportunities of making his addresses; but in the presence of Mr. Allworthy to be as reserved and as much upon his guard as was possible; and this conduct was highly approved by the brother.

He soon found means to make his addresses, in express terms, to his mistress, from whom he received an answer in the proper form, viz. the answer which was first made some thousands of years ago, and which hath been handed down by tradition from mother to daughter ever since. If I was to translate this into Latin, I should render it by these two words, *Nolo Episcopari*: a phrase likewise of immortal use on another occasion.

The captain, however he came by his knowledge, perfectly well understood the lady, and very soon after repeated his application with more warmth and earnestness than before, and was again, according to due form, rejected; but as he had increased in the eagerness of his desires, so the lady, with the same propriety, decreased in the violence of her refusal.

Not to tire the reader, by leading him through every scene of this courtship (which, though in the opinion of a certain great author, it is the pleasantest scene of life to the actor, is, perhaps, as dull and tiresome as any whatever to the audience), the captain made his advances in form, the citadel was defended in form, and at length, in proper form, surrendered at discretion.

During this whole time, which filled the space of near a month, the captain preserved great distance of behaviour to his lady in the presence of the brother; and the more he succeeded with her in private, the more reserved was he in public. And as for the lady, she had no sooner secured her lover, than she behaved to him before company with the highest degree of indifference; so that Mr. Allworthy must have had the insight of the devil (or perhaps some of his worse qualities) to have entertained the least suspicion of what was going forward.

CHAPTER XII.

Containing what the reader may, perhaps, expect to find in it.

IN all bargains, whether to fight or to marry, or concerning any other such business, little previous ceremony is required to bring the matter to an issue, when both parties are really in earnest. This was the case at present, and in less than a month the captain and his lady were man and wife.

The great concern now was to break the matter to Mr. Allworthy; and this was undertaken by the doctor.

One day, then, as Allworthy was walking in his garden, the doctor came to him, and, with great gravity of aspect, and all the concern which he could possibly affect in his countenance, said, "I am come, sir, to impart an affair to you of the utmost consequence; but how shall I mention to you what it almost distracts me to think of!" He then launched forth into the most bitter invectives both against men and women; accusing the former of having no attachment but to their interest, and the latter of being so addicted to vicious inclinations, that they could never be safely trusted with one of the other sex. "Could I," said he, "sir, have suspected, that a lady of such prudence, such judgment, such learning, should indulge so indiscreet a passion! or could I have imagined that my brother—why do I call him so? he is no longer a brother of mine—"

"Indeed but he is," said Allworthy, "and a brother of mine too."—"Bless me, sir!" said the doctor, "do you know the shocking affair?"—"Look'ee, Mr. Blifil," answered the good man; "it hath been my constant maxim in life to make the best of all matters which happen. My sister, though many years younger than I, is at least old enough to be at the age of discretion. Had he imposed on a child, I should have been more averse to have forgiven him; but a woman upwards of thirty must certainly be supposed to know what will make her most happy. She hath married a gentleman, though perhaps not quite her equal in fortune; and if he hath any perfections in her eye which can make up that deficiency, I see no reason why I should object to her choice of her own happiness; which I, no more than herself, imagine to consist only in immense wealth. I might, perhaps, from the many declarations I have made, of complying with almost any proposal, have expected to have been consulted on this occasion; but these matters are of a very delicate nature, and the scruples of modesty, perhaps, are not to be overcome. As to your brother I have really no anger against him at all. He hath no obligation to me, nor do I think he was under any necessity of asking my consent, since the woman is, as I have said, *sui juris*, and of a proper age to be entirely answerable only to herself for her conduct."

The doctor accused Mr. Allworthy of too great lenity, repeated his accusations against his brother, and declared that he should never more be brought either to see, or to own him for his relation. He then launched forth into a panegyric on Allworthy's goodness; into the highest encomiums on his friendship; and concluded by saying, he should never forgive his brother for having put the place which he bore in that friendship to a hazard.

Allworthy thus answered: "Had I conceived any displeasure against your brother, I should never have carried that resentment to the innocent: but I assure you I have no such displeasure. Your brother appears to me to be a man of sense and honour. I do not disapprove the taste of my sister; nor will I doubt but that she is equally the object of his inclinations. I have always thought love the only

foundation of happiness in a married state, as it can only produce that high and tender friendship which should always be the cement of this union; and, in my opinion, all those marriages which are contracted from other motives are greatly criminal; they are a profanation of a most holy ceremony, and generally end in disquiet and misery: for surely we may call it a profanation to convert this most sacred institution into a wicked sacrifice to lust or avarice: and what better can be said of those matches to which men are induced merely by the consideration of a beautiful person, or a great fortune?

"To deny that beauty is an agreeable object to the eye, and even worthy some admiration, would be false and foolish. Beautiful is an epithet often used in Scripture, and always mentioned with honour. It was my own fortune to marry a woman whom the world thought handsome, and I can truly say I liked her the better on that account. But, to make this the sole consideration of marriage, to lust after it so violently as to overlook all imperfection for its sake, or to require it so absolutely as to reject and disdain religion, virtue, and sense, which are qualities in their nature of much higher perfection, only because an elegance of person is wanting: this is surely inconsistent, either with a wise man or a good christian. And it is, perhaps, being too charitable to conclude that such persons mean anything more by their marriage than to please their carnal appetites; for the satisfaction of which, we are taught, it was not ordained.

"In the next place, with respect to fortune. Worldly prudence, perhaps, exacts some consideration on this head; nor will I absolutely and altogether condemn it. As the world is constituted, the demands of a married state, and the care of posterity, require some little regard to what we call circumstances. Yet this provision is greatly increased, beyond what is really necessary, by folly and vanity, which create abundantly more wants than nature. Equipage for his wife, and large fortunes for the children, are by custom enrolled in the list of necessities; and to procure these, everything truly solid and sweet, and virtuous and religious, are neglected and overlooked.

"And this in many degrees; the last and greatest of which seems scarce distinguishable from madness;—I mean where persons of immense fortunes contract themselves to those who are, and must be, disagreeable to them—to fools and knaves—in order to increase an estate already larger even than the demands of their pleasures. Surely such persons, if they will not be thought mad, must own, either that they are incapable of tasting the sweets of the tenderest friendship, or that they sacrifice the greatest happiness of which they are capable to the vain, uncertain, and senseless laws of vulgar opinion, which owe as well their force as their foundation to folly."

Here Allworthy concluded his sermon, to which Blifil had listened with the profoundest attention, though it cost him some pains to prevent now and then a small discomposure of his muscles. He now praised every period of what he had heard with the warmth of a young divine, who hath the honour to dine with a bishop the same day in which his lordship hath mounted the pulpit.

CHAPTER XIII.

Which concludes the first book; with an instance of ingratitude, which, we hope, will appear unnatural.

THE reader, from what hath been said, may imagine that the reconciliation (if indeed it could be so called)

was only matter of form; we shall therefore pass it over, and hasten to what must surely be thought matter of substance.

The doctor had acquainted his brother with what had passed between Mr. Allworthy and him; and added with a smile, "I promise you I paid you off; nay, I absolutely desired the good gentleman not to forgive you: for you know, after he had made a declaration in your favour, I might with safety venture on such a request with a person of his temper; and I was willing, as well for your sake as for my own, to prevent the least possibility of a suspicion."

Captain Blifil took not the least notice of this, at that time; but he afterwards made a very notable use of it.

One of the maxims which the devil, in a late visit upon earth, left to his disciples, is, when once you are got up to kick the stool from under you. In plain English, when you have made your fortune by the good offices of a friend, you are advised to discard him as soon as you can.

Whether the captain acted by this maxim, I will not positively determine; so far we may confidently say, that his actions may be fairly derived from this diabolical principle; and indeed it is difficult to assign any other motive to them: for no sooner was he possessed of Miss Bridget, and reconciled to Allworthy, than he began to show a coldness to his brother which increased daily; till at length it grew into rudeness, and became very visible to every one.

The doctor remonstrated to him privately concerning this behaviour, but could obtain no other satisfaction than the following plain declaration: "If you dislike anything in my brother's house, sir, you know you are at liberty to quit it." This strange, cruel, and almost unaccountable ingratitude in the captain, absolutely broke the poor doctor's heart: for ingratitude never so thoroughly pierces the human breast as when it proceeds from those in whose behalf we have been guilty of transgressions. Reflections on great and good actions, however they are received or returned by those in whose favour they are performed, always administer some comfort to us; but what consolation shall we receive under so biting a calamity as the ungrateful behaviour of our friend, when our wounded conscience at the same time flies in our face, and upbraids us with having spotted it in the service of one so worthless!

Mr. Allworthy himself spoke to the captain in his brother's behalf, and desired to know what offence the doctor had committed; when the hard-hearted villain had the baseness to say, that he should never forgive him for the injury which he had endeavoured to do him in his favour; which, he said, he had pumped out of him, and was such a cruelty that it ought not to be forgiven.

Allworthy spoke in very high terms upon this declaration, which he said became not a human creature. He expressed, indeed, so much resentment against an unforgiving temper, that the captain at last pretended to be convinced by his arguments, and outwardly professed to be reconciled.

As for the bride, she was now in her honeymoon, and so passionately fond of her new husband that he never appeared to her to be in the wrong; and his displeasure against any person was a sufficient reason for her dislike to the same.

The captain, at Mr. Allworthy's instance, was outwardly, as we have said, reconciled to his brother; yet the same rancour remained in his heart; and he found so many opportunities of giving him private hints of this, that the house at last grew insupportable to the poor doctor; and he chose rather to submit to any inconveniences which he might encounter

in the world, than longer to bear these cruel and ungrateful insults from a brother for whom he had done so much.

He once intended to acquaint Allworthy with the whole; but he could not bring himself to submit to the confession, by which he must take to his share so great a portion of guilt. Besides, by how much the worse man he represented his brother to be, so much the greater would his own offence appear to Allworthy, and so much the greater, he had reason to imagine, would be his resentment.

He feigned, therefore, some excuse of business for his departure, and promised to return soon again; and took leave of his brother with so well-dissembled content, that, as the captain played his part to the same perfection, Allworthy remained well satisfied with the truth of the reconciliation.

The doctor went directly to London, where he died soon after of a broken heart; a distemper which kills many more than is generally imagined, and would have a fair title to a place in the bill of mortality, did it not differ in one instance from all other diseases—viz., That no physician can cure it.

Now, upon the most diligent inquiry into the former lives of these two brothers, I find, besides the cursed and hellish maxim of policy above mentioned, another reason for the captain's conduct: the captain, besides what we have before said of him, was a man of great pride and fierceness, and had always treated his brother, who was of a different complexion, and greatly deficient in both those qualities, with the utmost air of superiority. The doctor, however, had much the larger share of learning, and was by many reputed to have the better understanding. This the captain knew, and could not bear; for though envy is at best a very malignant passion, yet is its bitterness greatly heightened by mixing with contempt towards the same object; and very much afraid I am, that whenever an obligation is joined to these two, indignation and not gratitude will be the product of all three.

BOOK II.

CONTAINING SCENES OF MATRIMONIAL FELICITY IN DIFFERENT DEGREES OF LIFE; AND VARIOUS OTHER TRANSACTIONS DURING THE FIRST TWO YEARS AFTER THE MARRIAGE BETWEEN CAPTAIN BLIFIL AND MISS BRIDGET ALLWORTHY.

CHAPTER I.

Showing what kind of a history this is; what it is like, and what it is not like.

THOUGH we have properly enough entitled this our work, a history, and not a life; nor an apology for a life, as is more in fashion; yet we intend in it rather to pursue the method of those writers, who profess to disclose the revolutions of countries, than to imitate the painful and voluminous historian, who, to preserve the regularity of his series, thinks himself obliged to fill up as much paper with the detail of months and years in which nothing remarkable happened, as he employs upon those notable eras when the greatest scenes have been transacted on the human stage.

Such histories as these do, in reality, very much resemble a newspaper, which consists of just the same number of words, whether there be any news in it or not. They may likewise be compared to a stage coach, which performs constantly the same course, empty as well as full. The writer, indeed, seems to think himself obliged to keep even pace with time, whose amanuensis he is; and, like his

master, travels as slowly through centuries of monkish dulness, as through that bright and busy age so nobly distinguished by the excellent Latin poet.—

*Ad confligendum venientibus undique pœnis,
Omnia cum belli trepido concussa tumultu
Horrida contremuere sub altis ætheris auris:
In dubioque fuit sub utrorum regna cadendum
Omnibus humanis esset, terraque marique.*

Of which we wish we could give our reader a more adequate translation than that by Mr. Creech:

When dreadful Carthage frighten'd Rome with arms,
And all the world was shook with fierce alarms;
Whilst undecided yet, which part should fall,
Which nation rise the glorious lord of all.

Now it is our purpose, in the ensuing pages, to pursue a contrary method. When any extraordinary scene presents itself (as we trust will often be the case), we shall spare no pains nor paper to open it at large to our reader; but if whole years should pass without producing anything worthy his notice, we shall not be afraid of a chasm in our history; but shall hasten on to matters of consequence, and leave such periods of time totally unobserved.

These are indeed to be considered as blanks in the grand lottery of time. We therefore, who are the registers of that lottery, shall imitate those sagacious persons who deal in that which is drawn at Guildhall, and who never trouble the public with the many blanks they dispose of; but when a great prize happens to be drawn, the newspapers are presently filled with it, and the world is sure to be informed at whose office it was sold: indeed commonly two or three different offices lay claim to the honour of having disposed of it; by which I suppose, the adventurers are given to understand that certain brokers are in the secrets of Fortune, and indeed of her cabinet council.

My reader then is not to be surprised, if, in the course of this work, he shall find some chapters very short, and others altogether as long; some that contain only the time of a single day, and others that comprise years; in a word, if my history sometimes seems to stand still, and sometimes to fly. For all which I shall not look on myself as accountable to any court of critical jurisdiction whatever: for as I am, in reality, the founder of a new province of writing, so I am at liberty to make what laws I please therein. And these laws, my readers, whom I consider as my subjects, are bound to believe in and to obey; with which that they may readily and cheerfully comply, I do hereby assure them that I shall principally regard their ease and advantage in all such institutions: for I do not, like a *jure divino* tyrant, imagine that they are my slaves, or my commodity. I am, indeed, set over them for their own good only, and was created for their use, and not they for mine. Nor do I doubt, while I make their interest the great rule of my writings, they will unanimously concur in supporting my dignity, and in rendering me all the honour I shall deserve or desire.

CHAPTER II.

Religious cautions against showing too much favour to bastards; and a great discovery made by Mrs. Deborah Wilkins.

EIGHT months after the celebration of the nuptials between Captain Blifil and Miss Bridget Allworthy, a young lady of great beauty, merit, and fortune, was Miss Bridget, by reason of a fright, delivered of a fine boy. The child was indeed to all appearances perfect; but the midwife discovered it was born a month before its full time.

Though the birth of an heir by his beloved sister was a circumstance of great joy to Mr. Allworthy,

yet it did not alienate his affections from the little foundling, to whom he had been godfather, had given his own name of Thomas, and whom he had hitherto seldom failed of visiting, at least once a day, in his nursery.

He told his sister, if she pleased, the new born infant should be bred up together with little Tommy; to which she consented, though with some little reluctance: for she had truly a great complacence for her brother; and hence she had always behaved towards the foundling with rather more kindness than ladies of rigid virtue can sometimes bring themselves to show to these children, who, however innocent, may be truly called the living monuments of incontinence.

The captain could not so easily bring himself to bear what he condemned as a fault in Mr. Allworthy. He gave him frequent hints, that to adopt the fruits of sin, was to give countenance to it. He quoted several texts (for he was well read in Scripture), such as, *He visits the sins of the fathers upon the children; and the fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge, &c.* Whence he argued the legality of punishing the crime of the parent on the bastard. He said, "Though the law did not positively allow the destroying such base-born children, yet it held them to be the children of nobody: that the church considered them as the children of nobody; and that at the best, they ought to be brought up to the lowest and vilest offices of the commonwealth."

Mr. Allworthy answered to all this, and much more, which the captain had urged on this subject, "That, however guilty the parents might be, the children were certainly innocent: that as to the texts he had quoted, the former of them was a particular denunciation against the Jews, for the sin of idolatry, of relinquishing and hating their heavenly King; and the latter was parabolically spoken, and rather intended to denote the certain and necessary consequences of sin, than any express judgment against it. But to represent the Almighty as avenging the sins of the guilty on the innocent, was indecent, if not blasphemous, as it was to represent him acting against the first principles of natural justice, and against the original notions of right and wrong, which he himself had implanted in our minds; by which we were to judge not only in all matters which were not revealed, but even of the truth of revelation itself. He said he knew many held the same principles with the captain on this head; but he was himself firmly convinced to the contrary, and would provide in the same manner for this poor infant, as if a legitimate child had had the fortune to have been found in the same place.

While the captain was taking all opportunities to press these and such like arguments, to remove the little foundling from Mr. Allworthy's, of whose fondness for him he began to be jealous, Mrs. Deborah had made a discovery, which, in its event, threatened at least to prove more fatal to poor Tommy than all the reasonings of the captain.

Whether the insatiable curiosity of this good woman had carried her on to that business, or whether she did it to confirm herself in the good graces of Mrs. Blifil, who, notwithstanding her outward behaviour to the foundling, frequently abused the infant in private, and her brother too, for his fondness to it, I will not determine; but she had now, as she conceived, fully detected the father of the foundling.

Now, as this was a discovery of great consequence, it may be necessary to trace it from the fountain-head. We shall therefore very minutely

lay open those previous matters by which it was produced; and for that purpose we shall be obliged to reveal all the secrets of a little family with which my reader is at present entirely unacquainted; and of which the economy was so rare and extraordinary, that I fear it will shock the utmost credulity of many married persons.

CHAPTER III.

The description of a domestic government founded upon rules directly contrary to those of Aristotle.

My reader may please to remember he hath been informed that Jenny Jones had lived some years with a certain schoolmaster, who had, at her earnest desire, instructed her in Latin, in which to do justice to her genius, she had so improved herself, that she was become a better scholar than her master.

Indeed, though this poor man had undertaken a profession to which learning must be allowed necessary, this was the least of his commendations. He was one of the best-natured fellows in the world, and was, at the same time, master of so much pleasantry and humour, that he was reputed the wit of the country; and all the neighbouring gentlemen were so desirous of his company, that as denying was not his talent, he spent much time at their houses, which he might, with more emolument, have spent in his school.

It may be imagined that a gentleman so qualified and so disposed, was in no danger of becoming formidable to the learned seminaries of Eton or Westminster. To speak plainly, his scholars were divided into two classes: in the upper of which was a young gentleman, the son of a neighbouring squire, who, at the age of seventeen, was just entered into his Syntax; and in the lower was a second son of the same gentleman, who, together with seven parish-boys, was learning to read and write.

The stipend arising hence would hardly have indulged the schoolmaster in the luxuries of life, had he not added to this office those of clerk and barber, and had not Mr. Allworthy added to the whole an annuity of ten pound, which the poor man received every Christmas, and with which he was enabled to cheer his heart during that sacred festival.

Among his other treasures, the pedagogue had a wife, whom he had married out of Mr. Allworthy's kitchen for her fortune, viz., twenty pounds, which she had there amassed.

This woman was not very amiable in her person. Whether she sat to my friend Hogarth, or no, I will not determine; but she exactly resembled the young woman who is pouring out her mistress's tea in the third picture of the Harlot's Progress. She was, besides, a profest follower of that noble sect founded by Xanthippe of old; by means of which she became more formidable in the school than her husband; for, to confess the truth, he was never master there, or any where else, in her presence.

Though her countenance did not denote much natural sweetness of temper, yet this was, perhaps, somewhat soured by a circumstance which generally poisons matrimonial felicity; for children are rightly called the pledges of love; and her husband, though they had been married nine years, had given her no such pledges; a default for which he had no excuse, either from age or health, being not yet thirty years old, and what they call a jolly brisk young man.

Hence arose another evil, which produced no little uneasiness to the poor pedagogue, of whom she maintained so constant a jealousy, that he durst hardly speak to one woman in the parish; for the least degree of civility, or even correspondence, with

any female, was sure to bring his wife upon her back, and his own.

In order to guard herself against matrimonial injuries in her own house, as she kept one maid-servant, she always took care to choose her out of that order of females whose faces are taken as a kind of security for their virtue; of which number Jenny Jones, as the reader hath been before informed, was one.

As the face of this young woman might be called pretty good security of the before-mentioned kind, and as her behaviour had been always extremely modest, which is the certain consequence of understanding in women; she had passed above four years at Mr. Partridge's (for that was the schoolmaster's name) without creating the least suspicion in her mistress. Nay, she had been treated with uncommon kindness, and her mistress had permitted Mr. Partridge to give her those instructions which have been before commemorated.

But it is with jealousy as with the gout: when such distempers are in the blood, there is never any security against their breaking out; and that often on the slightest occasions, and when least suspected.

Thus it happened to Mrs. Partridge, who had submitted four years to her husband's teaching this young woman, and had suffered her often to neglect her work in order to pursue her learning. For, passing by one day, as the girl was reading, and her master leaning over her, the girl, I know not for what reason, suddenly started up from her chair: and this was the first time that suspicion ever entered into the head of her mistress.

This did not, however, at that time discover itself, but lay lurking in her mind, like a concealed enemy, who waits for a reinforcement of additional strength before he openly declares himself and proceeds upon hostile operations: and such additional strength soon arrived to corroborate her suspicion; for not long after, the husband and wife being at dinner, the master said to his maid, *Da mihi aliquid potum*: upon which the poor girl smiled, perhaps at the badness of the Latin, and, when her mistress cast her eyes on her, blushed, possibly with a consciousness of having laughed at her master. Mrs. Partridge, upon this, immediately fell into a fury, and discharged the trencher, on which she was eating, at the head of poor Jenny, crying out, "you impudent whore, do you play tricks with my husband before my face?" and at the same instant rose from her chair with a knife in her hand, with which, most probably, she would have executed very tragical vengeance, had not the girl taken the advantage of being nearer the door than her mistress, and avoided her fury by running away: for, as to the poor husband, whether surprise had rendered him motionless, or fear (which is full as probable) had restrained him from venturing at any opposition, he sat staring and trembling in his chair; nor did he once offer to move or speak, till his wife, returning from the pursuit of Jenny, made some defensive measures necessary for his own preservation; and he likewise was obliged to retreat, after the example of the maid.

This good woman was, no more than Othello, of a disposition

To make a life of jealousy,
And follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions——

With her, as well as him,

———To be once in doubt,
Was once to be resolv'd———

she therefore ordered Jenny immediately to pack up

her alls and begone, for that she was determined she should not sleep that night within her walls.

Mr. Partridge had profited too much by experience to interpose in a matter of this nature. He therefore had recourse to his usual receipt of patience; for, though he was not a great adept in Latin, he remembered, and well understood, the advice contained in these words:

———*Leve fit, quod bene fertur onus.*

In English:

A burden becomes lightest when it is well borne.

Which he had always in his mouth; and of which, to say the truth, he had often occasion to experience the truth.

Jenny offered to make protestations of her innocence; but the tempest was too strong for her to be heard. She then betook herself to the business of packing, for which a small quantity of brown paper sufficed; and, having received her small pittance of wages, she returned home.

The schoolmaster and his consort passed their time unpleasantly enough that evening; but something or other happened before the next morning, which a little abated the fury of Mrs. Partridge; and she at length admitted her husband to make his excuses: to which she gave the readier belief, as he had, instead of desiring her to recall Jenny, professed a satisfaction in her being dismissed, saying, she was grown of little use as a servant, spending all her time in reading, and was become, moreover, very pert and obstinate: for, indeed, she and her master had lately had frequent disputes in literature; in which, as hath been said, she was become greatly his superior. This, however, he would by no means allow; and as he called her persisting in the right, obstinacy, he began to hate her with no small inveteracy.

CHAPTER IV.

Containing one of the most bloody battles, or rather duels, that were ever recorded in domestic history.

For the reasons mentioned in the preceding chapter, and from some other matrimonial concessions, well known to most husbands, and which, like the secrets of free-masonry, should be divulged to none who are not members of that honourable fraternity, Mrs. Partridge was pretty well satisfied that she had condemned her husband without cause, and endeavoured by acts of kindness to make him amends for her false suspicion. Her passions were indeed equally violent, which ever way they inclined; for as she could be extremely angry, so could she be altogether as fond.

But though these passions ordinarily succeed each other, and scarce twenty-four hours ever passed in which the pedagogue was not, in some degree, the object of both; yet, on extraordinary occasions, when the passion of anger had raged very high, the remission was usually longer: and so was the case at present; for she continued longer in a state of affability, after this fit of jealousy was ended, than her husband had ever known before: and, had it not been for some little exercises, which all the followers of Xanthippe are obliged to perform daily, Mr. Partridge would have enjoyed a perfect serenity of several months.

Perfect calms at sea are always suspected by the experienced mariner to be the forerunners of a storm: and I know some persons, who, without being generally the devotees of superstition, are apt to apprehend that great and unusual peace or tranquillity will be attended with its opposite. For

which reason the ancients used, on such occasions, to sacrifice to the goddess Nemesis, a deity who was thought by them to look with an invidious eye on human felicity, and to have a peculiar delight in overturning it.

As we are very far from believing in any such heathen goddess, or from encouraging any superstition, so we wish Mr. John Fr——, or some other such philosopher, would bestir himself a little, in order to find out the real cause of this sudden transition from good to bad fortune, which hath been so often remarked, and of which we shall proceed to give an instance; for it is our province to relate facts, and we shall leave causes to persons of much higher genius.

Mankind have always taken great delight in knowing and descanting on the actions of others. Hence there have been, in all ages and nations, certain places set apart for public rendezvous, where the curious might meet and satisfy their mutual curiosity. Among these, the barbers' shops have justly borne the pre-eminence. Among the Greeks, barbers' news was a proverbial-expression; and Horace, in one of his epistles, makes honourable mention of the Roman barbers in the same light.

Those of England are known to be no wise inferior to their Greek or Roman predecessors. You there see foreign affairs discussed in a manner little inferior to that with which they are handled in the coffee-houses; and domestic occurrences are much more largely and freely treated in the former than in the latter. But this serves only for the men. Now, whereas the females of this country, especially those of the lower order, do associate themselves much more than those of other nations, our polity would be highly deficient, if they had not some place set apart likewise for the indulgence of their curiosity, seeing they are in this no way inferior to the other half of the species.

In enjoying, therefore, such place of rendezvous, the British fair ought to esteem themselves more happy than any of their foreign sisters; as I do not remember either to have read in history, or to have seen in my travels, any thing of the like kind.

This place then is no other than the chandler's shop, the known seat of all the news; or, as it is vulgarly called, gossiping, in every parish in England.

Mrs. Partridge being one day at this assembly of females, was asked by one of her neighbours, if she had heard no news lately of Jenny Jones? To which she answered in the negative. Upon this the other replied, with a smile, That the parish was very much obliged to her for having turned Jenny away as she did.

Mrs. Partridge, whose jealousy, as the reader well knows, was long since cured, and who had no other quarrel to her maid, answered boldly, She did not know any obligation the parish had to her on that account; for she believed Jenny had scarce left her equal behind her.

"No, truly," said the gossip, "I hope not, though I fancy we have sluts enow too. Then you have not heard, it seems, that she hath been brought to bed of two bastards? but as they are not born here, my husband and the other overseer says we shall not be obliged to keep them."

"Two bastards!" answered Mrs. Partridge hastily: "you surprise me! I don't know whether we must keep them; but I am sure they must have been begotten here, for the wench hath not been nine months gone away."

Nothing can be so quick and sudden as the operations of the mind, especially when hope or fear, or jealousy, to which the two others are but journey-

men, set it to work. It occurred instantly to her, that Jenny had scarce ever been out of her own house while she lived with her. The leaning over the chair, the sudden starting up, the Latin, the smile, and many other things, rushed upon her all at once. The satisfaction her husband expressed in the departure of Jenny, appeared now to be only dissembled; again, in the same instant, to be real; but yet (to confirm her jealousy) proceeding from satiety, and a hundred other bad causes. In a word, she was convinced of her husband's guilt, and immediately left the assembly in confusion.

As fair Grimalkin, who, though the youngest of the feline family, degenerates not in ferocity from the elder branches of her house, and though inferior in strength, is equal in fierceness to the noble tiger himself, when a little mouse, whom it had long tormented in sport, escapes from her clutches, for a while frets, scolds, growls, swears; but if the trunk, or box, behind which the mouse lay hid, be again removed, she flies like lightning on her prey, and, with envenomed wrath, bites, scratches, mumbles, and tears the little animal.

Not with less fury did Mrs. Partridge fly on the poor pedagogue. Her tongue, teeth, and hands, fell all upon him at once. His wig was in an instant torn from his head, his shirt from his back, and from his face descended five streams of blood, denoting the number of claws with which nature had unhappily armed the enemy.

Mr. Partridge acted some time on the defensive only; indeed he attempted only to guard his face with his hands; but as he found that his antagonist abated nothing of her rage, he thought he might, at least, endeavour to disarm her, or rather to confine her arms; in doing which, her cap fell off in the struggle, and her hair being too short to reach her shoulders, erected itself on her head; her stays, likewise, which were laced through one single hole at the bottom, burst open; and her breasts, which were much more redundant than her hair, hung down below her middle; her face was likewise marked with the blood of her husband; her teeth gnashed with rage; and fire, such as sparkles from a smith's forge, darted from her eyes. So that, altogether, this Amazonian heroine might have been an object of terror to a much bolder man than Mr. Partridge.

He had, at length, the good fortune, by getting possession of her arms, to render those weapons which she wore at the ends of her fingers useless; which she no sooner perceived, than the softness of her sex prevailed over her rage, and she presently dissolved in tears, which soon after concluded in a fit.

That small share of sense which Mr. Partridge had hitherto preserved through this scene of fury, of the cause of which he was hitherto ignorant, now utterly abandoned him. He ran instantly into the street, hallooing out that his wife was in the agonies of death, and beseeching the neighbours to fly with the utmost haste to her assistance. Several good women obeyed his summons, who entering his house, and applying the usual remedies on such occasions, Mrs. Partridge was at length, to the great joy of her husband, brought to herself.

As soon as she had a little recollected her spirits, and somewhat composed herself with a cordial, she began to inform the company of the manifold injuries she had received from her husband; who, she said, was not contented to injure her in her bed; but, upon her upbraiding him with it, had treated her in the cruellest manner imaginable; had torn her cap and hair from her head, and her stays from her body, giving her, at the same time, several blows, the marks of which she should carry to the grave.

The poor man, who bore on his face many and more visible marks of the indignation of his wife, stood in silent astonishment at this accusation; which the reader will, I believe, bear witness for him, had greatly exceeded the truth; for indeed he had not struck her once; and this silence being interpreted to be a confession of the charge by the whole court, they all began at once, *una voce*, to rebuke and revile him, repeating often, that none but a coward ever struck a woman.

Mr. Partridge bore all this patiently; but when his wife appealed to the blood on her face, as an evidence of his barbarity, he could not help laying claim to his own blood, for so it really was; as he thought it very unnatural, that this should rise up (as we are taught that of a murdered person often doth) in vengeance against him.

To this the women made no other answer, than that it was a pity it had not come from his heart, instead of his face; all declaring, that, if their husbands should lift their hands against them, they would have their hearts' blood out of their bodies.

After much admonition for what was past, and much good advice to Mr. Partridge for his future behaviour, the company at length departed, and left the husband and wife to a personal conference together in which Mr. Partridge soon learned the cause of all his sufferings.

CHAPTER V.

Containing much matter to exercise the judgment and reflection of the reader.

I BELIEVE it is a true observation, that few secrets are divulged to one person only; but certainly, it would be next to a miracle that a fact of this kind should be known to a whole parish, and not transpire any further.

And, indeed, a very few days had past, before the country, to use a common phrase, rung of the school-master of Little Baddington; who was said to have beaten his wife in the most cruel manner. Nay, in some places it was reported he had murdered her; in others, that he had broke her arms; in others, her legs: in short, there was scarce an injury which can be done to a human creature, but what Mrs. Partridge was somewhere or other affirmed to have received from her husband.

The cause of this quarrel was likewise variously reported; for as some people said that Mrs. Partridge had caught her husband in bed with his maid, so many other reasons, of a very different kind, went abroad. Nay, some transferred the guilt to the wife, and the jealousy to the husband.

Mrs. Wilkins had long ago heard of this quarrel; but, as a different cause from the true one had reached her ears, she thought proper to conceal it; and the rather, perhaps, as the blame was universally laid on Mr. Partridge; and his wife, when she was servant to Mr. Allworthy, had in something offended Mrs. Wilkins, who was not of a very forgiving temper.

But Mrs. Wilkins, whose eyes could see objects at a distance, and who could very well look forward a few years into futurity, had perceived a strong likelihood of captain Blifil's being hereafter her master; and as she plainly discerned that the captain bore no great good-will to the little foundling, she fancied it would be rendering him an agreeable service, if she could make any discoveries that might lessen the affection which Mr. Allworthy seemed to have contracted for this child, and which gave visible uneasiness to the captain, who could not entirely conceal it even before Allworthy himself; though his wife, who acted her part much better in public, frequently

recommended to him her own example, of conniving at the folly of her brother, which, she said, she at least as well perceived, and as much resented, as any other possibly could.

Mrs. Wilkins having therefore, by accident, gotten a true scent of the above story, though long after it had happened, failed not to satisfy herself thoroughly of all the particulars; and then acquainted the captain, that she had at last discovered the true father of the little bastard, which she was sorry, she said, to see her master lose his reputation in the country, by taking so much notice of it.

The captain chid her for the conclusion of her speech, as an improper assurance in judging of her master's actions: for if his honour, or his understanding, would have suffered the captain to make an alliance with Mrs. Wilkins, his pride would by no means have admitted it. And to say the truth, there is no conduct less politic, than to enter into any confederacy with your friend's servants against their master: for by these means you afterwards become the slave of these very servants; by whom you are constantly liable to be betrayed. And this consideration, perhaps, it was which prevented captain Blifil from being more explicit with Mrs. Wilkins, or from encouraging the abuse which she had bestowed on Allworthy.

But though he declared no satisfaction to Mrs. Wilkins at this discovery, he enjoyed not a little from it in his own mind, and resolved to make the best use of it he was able.

He kept this matter a long time concealed within his own breast, in hopes that Mr. Allworthy might hear it from some other person; but Mrs. Wilkins, whether she resented the captain's behaviour, or whether his cunning was beyond her, and she feared the discovery might displease him, never afterwards opened her lips about the matter.

I have thought it somewhat strange, upon reflection, that the housekeeper never acquainted Mrs. Blifil with this news, as women are more inclined to communicate all pieces of intelligence to their own sex, than to ours. The only way, as it appears to me, of solving this difficulty, is, by imputing it to that distance which was now grown between the lady and the housekeeper: whether this arose from a jealousy in Mrs. Blifil, that Wilkins showed too great a respect to the foundling; for while she was endeavouring to ruin the little infant, in order to ingratiate herself with the captain, she was every day more and more commending it before Allworthy, as his fondness for it every day increased. This, notwithstanding all the care she took at other times to express the direct contrary to Mrs. Blifil, perhaps offended that delicate lady, who certainly now hated Mrs. Wilkins; and though she did not, or possibly could not, absolutely remove her from her place, she found, however, the means of making her life very uneasy. This Mrs. Wilkins, at length, so resented, that she very openly showed all manner of respect and fondness to little Tommy, in opposition to Mrs. Blifil.

The captain, therefore, finding the story in danger of perishing, at last took an opportunity to reveal it himself.

He was one day engaged with Mr. Allworthy in a discourse on charity: in which the captain, with great learning, proved to Mr. Allworthy, that the word charity in scripture no where means beneficence or generosity.

"The christian religion," he said, "was instituted for much nobler purposes, than to enforce a lesson which many heathen philosophers had taught us long before, and which, though it might perhaps be called a moral virtue, savoured but little of that

sublime, christian-like disposition, that vast elevation of thought, in purity approaching to angelic perfection, to be attained, expressed and felt only by grace. Those," he said, "came nearer to the scripture meaning, who understood by it candour, or the forming of a benevolent opinion of our brethren, and passing a favourable judgment on their actions; a virtue much higher, and more extensive in its nature, than a pitiful distribution of alms, which, though we would never so much prejudice, or even ruin our families, could never reach many; whereas charity, in the other and truer sense, might be extended to all mankind."

He said, "Considering who the disciples were, it would be absurd to conceive the doctrine of generosity, or giving alms, to have been preached to them. And, as we could not well imagine this doctrine should be preached by its divine Author to men who could not practise it, much less should we think it understood so by those who can practise it, and do not."

"But though," continued he, "there is, I am afraid, little merit in these benefactions, there would, I must confess, be much pleasure in them to a good mind, if it was not abated by one consideration. I mean, that we are liable to be imposed upon, and to confer our choicest favours often on the undeserving, as you must own was your case in your bounty to that worthless fellow Partridge: for two or three such examples must greatly lessen the inward satisfaction which a good man would otherwise find in generosity; nay, may even make him timorous in bestowing, lest he should be guilty of supporting vice, and encouraging the wicked; a crime of a very black dye, and for which it will by no means be a sufficient excuse, that we have not actually intended such an encouragement; unless we have used the utmost caution in choosing the objects of our beneficence. A consideration which, I make no doubt, hath greatly checked the liberality of many a worthy and pious man."

Mr. Allworthy answered, "He could not dispute with the captain in the Greek language, and therefore could say nothing as to the true sense of the word which is translated charity; but that he had always thought it was interpreted to consist in action, and that giving alms constituted at least one branch of that virtue."

"As to the meritorious part," he said, "he readily agreed with the captain; for where could be the merit of barely discharging a duty? which," he said, "let the word charity have whatever construction it would, it sufficiently appeared to be from the whole tenor of the New Testament. And as he thought it an indispensable duty, enjoined both by the Christian law, and by the law of nature itself; so was it withal so pleasant, that if any duty could be said to be its own reward, or to pay us while we are discharging it, it was this."

"To confess the truth," said he, "there is one degree of generosity (of charity I would have called it), which seems to have some show of merit, and that is, where, from a principle of benevolence and Christian love, we bestow on another what we really want ourselves; where, in order to lessen the distresses of another, we condescend to share some part of them, by giving what even our own necessities cannot well spare. This is, I think, meritorious; but to relieve our brethren only with our superfluities; to be charitable (I must use the word) rather at the expense of our coffers than ourselves; to save several families from misery rather than hang up an extraordinary picture in our houses, or gratify any other idle ridiculous vanity—this seems to be only

being human creatures. Nay, I will venture to go farther, it is being in some degree epicures: for what could the greatest epicure wish rather than to eat with many mouths instead of one? which I think may be predicted of any one who knows that the bread of many is owing to his own largesses."

"As to the apprehension of bestowing bounty on such as may hereafter prove unworthy objects, because many have proved such; surely it can never deter a good man from generosity. I do not think a few or many examples of ingratitude can justify a man's hardening his heart against the distresses of his fellow-creatures; nor do I believe it can ever have such effect on a truly benevolent mind. Nothing less than a persuasion of universal depravity can lock up the charity of a good man; and this persuasion must lead them, I think, either into atheism, or enthusiasm; but surely it is unfair to argue such universal depravity from a few vicious individuals; nor was this, I believe, ever done by a man, who, upon searching his own mind, found one certain exception to the general rule." He then concluded by asking, "who that Partridge was, whom he had called a worthless fellow?"

"I mean," said the captain, "Partridge the barber, the schoolmaster, what do you call him? Partridge, the father of the little child which you found in your bed."

Mr. Allworthy expressed great surprise at this account, and the captain as great at his ignorance of it; for he said he had known it above a month; and at length recollected with much difficulty that he was told it by Mrs. Wilkins.

Upon this, Wilkins was immediately summoned; who having confirmed what the captain had said, was by Mr. Allworthy, by and with the captain's advice, dispatched to Little Baddington, to inform herself of the truth of the fact: for the captain expressed great dislike at all hasty proceedings in criminal matters, and said he would by no means have Mr. Allworthy take any resolution either to the prejudice of the child or its father, before he was satisfied that the latter was guilty; for though he had privately satisfied himself of this from one of Partridge's neighbours, yet he was too generous to give any such evidence to Mr. Allworthy.

CHAPTER VI.

The trial of Partridge, the schoolmaster, for incontinency; the evidence of his wife; a short reflection on the wisdom of our law; with other grave matters, which those will like best who understand them most.

It may be wondered that a story so well known, and which had furnished so much matter of conversation, should never have been mentioned to Mr. Allworthy himself, who was perhaps the only person in that country who had never heard of it.

To account in some measure for this to the reader, I think proper to inform him, that there was no one in the kingdom less interested in opposing that doctrine concerning the meaning of the word charity, which hath been seen in the preceding chapter, than our good man. Indeed, he was equally entitled to this virtue in either sense; for as no man was ever more sensible of the wants, or more ready to relieve the distresses of others, so none could be more tender of their characters, or slower to believe any thing to their disadvantage.

Scandal, therefore, never found any access to his table; for as it hath been long since observed that you may know a man by his companions, so I will venture to say, that, by attending to the conversation at a great man's table, you may satisfy yourself of his religion, his politics, his taste, and indeed of his

entire disposition : for though a few odd fellows will utter their own sentiments in all places, yet much the greater part of mankind have enough of the courtier to accommodate their conversation to the taste and inclination of their superiors.

But to return to Mrs. Wilkins, who having executed her commission with great dispatch, though at fifteen miles distance, brought back such a confirmation of the schoolmaster's guilt, that Mr. Allworthy determined to send for the criminal, and examine him *vis à voce*. Mr. Partridge, therefore, was summoned to attend, in order to his defence (if he could make any) against this accusation.

At the time appointed, before Mr. Allworthy himself, at Paradise-hall, came as well the said Partridge, with Anne, his wife, as Mrs. Wilkins his accuser.

And now Mr. Allworthy being seated in the chair of justice, Mr. Partridge was brought before him. Having heard this accusation from the mouth of Mrs. Wilkins, he pleaded not guilty, making many vehement protestations of his innocence.

Mrs. Partridge was then examined, who, after a modest apology for being obliged to speak the truth against her husband, related all the circumstances with which the reader hath already been acquainted ; and at last concluded with her husband's confession of his guilt.

Whether she had forgiven him or no, I will not venture to determine ; but it is certain she was an unwilling witness in this cause ; and it is probable from certain other reasons, would never have been brought to depose, as she did, had not Mrs. Wilkins, with great art, fished all out of her at her own house, and had she not indeed made promises, in Mr. Allworthy's name, that the punishment of her husband should not be such as might anywise affect his family.

Partridge still persisted in asserting his innocence, though he admitted he had made the above-mentioned confession ; which he however endeavoured to account for, by protesting that he was forced into it by the continued importunity she used ; who vowed, that, as she was sure of his guilt, she would never leave tormenting him till he had owned it ; and faithfully promised, that, in such case, she would never mention it to him more. Hence, he said, he had been induced falsely to confess himself guilty, though he was innocent ; and that he believed he should have confessed a murder from the same motive.

Mrs. Partridge could not bear this imputation with patience ; and having no other remedy in the present place but tears, she called forth a plentiful assistance from them, and then addressing herself to Mr. Allworthy, she said (or rather cried), " May it please your worship, there never was any poor woman so injured as I am by that base man ; for this is not the only instance of his falsehood to me. No, may it please your worship, he hath injured my bed many's the good time and often. I could have put up with his drunkenness and neglect of his business, if he had not broken one of the sacred commandments. Besides, if it had been out of doors I had not mattered it so much ; but with my own servant, in my own house, under my own roof, to defile my own chaste bed, which to be sure he hath, with his beastly stinking whores. Yes, you villain, who have defiled my own bed, you have ; and then you have charged me with bullocking you into owning the truth. It is very likely, an't it, please your worship, that I should bullock him ? I have marks enow about my body to show of his cruelty to me. If you had been a man, you villain, you would have scorned to injure a woman in that manner. But you an't half a man, you know it. Nor have you been half a husband

to me. You need run after whores, you need, when I am sure—And since he provokes me, I am ready, an't please your worship, to take my bodily oath that I found them a bed together. What, you have forgot, I suppose, when you beat me into a fit, and made the blood run down my forehead, because I only civilly taxed you with adultery ! but I can prove it by all my neighbours. You have almost broke my heart, you have, you have."

Here Mr. Allworthy interrupted, and begged her to be pacified, promising her that she should have justice ; then turning to Partridge, who stood aghast, one half of his wits being hurried away by surprise and the other half by fear, he said he was sorry to see there was so wicked a man in the world. He assured him that his prevaricating and lying backward and forward was a great aggravation of his guilt ; for which the only atonement he could make was confession and repentance. He exhorted him, therefore, to begin by immediately confessing the fact, and not to persist in denying what was so plainly proved against him even by his own wife.

Here, reader, I beg your patience a moment, while I make a just compliment to the great wisdom and sagacity of our law, which refuses to admit the evidence of a wife for or against her husband. This, says a certain learned author, who, I believe, was never quoted before in any but a law-book, would be the means of creating an eternal dissension between them. It would, indeed, be the means of much perjury, and of much whipping, fining, imprisoning, transporting, and hanging.

Partridge stood a while silent, till being bid to speak, he said he had already spoken the truth, and appealed to Heaven for his innocence, and lastly to the girl herself, whom he desired his worship immediately to send for ; for he was ignorant, or at least pretended to be so, that she had left that part of the country.

Mr. Allworthy, whose natural love of justice, joined to his coolness of temper, made him always a most patient magistrate in hearing all the witnesses which an accused person could produce in his defence, agreed to defer his final determination of this matter till the arrival of Jenny, for whom he immediately dispatched a messenger ; and then having recommended peace between Partridge and his wife (though he addressed himself chiefly to the wrong person), he appointed them to attend again the third day ; for he had sent Jenny a whole day's journey from his own house.

At the appointed time the parties all assembled, when the messenger returning brought word, that Jenny was not to be found ; for that she had left her habitation a few days before, in company with a recruiting officer.

Mr. Allworthy then declared, that the evidence of such a slut as she appeared to be, would have deserved no credit ; but he said he could not help thinking, that, had she been present, and would have declared the truth, she must have confirmed what so many circumstances, together with his own confession, and the declaration of his wife that she had caught her husband in the fact, did sufficiently prove. He therefore once more exhorted Partridge to confess ; but he still avowing his innocence, Mr. Allworthy declared himself satisfied of his guilt, and that he was too bad a man to receive any encouragement from him. He therefore deprived him of his annuity, and recommended repentance to him, on account of another world, and industry to maintain himself and his wife in this.

There were not, perhaps, many more unhappy persons than poor Partridge. He had lost the best

part of his income by the evidence of his wife, and yet was daily upbraided by her for having, among other things, been the occasion of depriving her of that benefit; but such was his fortune, and he was obliged to submit to it.

Though I called him poor Partridge in the last paragraph, I would have the reader rather impute that epithet to the compassion of my temper, than conceive it to be any declaration of his innocence. Whether he was innocent or not, will perhaps appear hereafter; but if the historic muse hath entrusted me with any secrets, I will by no means be guilty of discovering them till she shall give me leave.

Here therefore the reader must suspend his curiosity. Certain it is, that, whatever was the truth of the case, there was evidence more than sufficient to convict him before Allworthy; indeed, much less would have satisfied a bench of justices on an order of bastardy; and yet, notwithstanding the positiveness of Mrs. Partridge, who would have taken the sacrament upon the matter, there is a possibility that the schoolmaster was entirely innocent: for though it appeared clear, on comparing the time when Jenny departed from Little Baddington, with that of her delivery, that she had there conceived this infant, yet it by no means followed of necessity that Partridge must have been its father; for, to omit other particulars, there was in the same house a lad near eighteen, between whom and Jenny there had subsisted sufficient intimacy to found a reasonable suspicion; and yet, so blind is jealousy, this circumstance never once entered into the head of the enraged wife.

Whether Partridge repented or not, according to Mr. Allworthy's advice, is not so apparent. Certain it is, that his wife repented heartily of the evidence she had given against him; especially when she found Mrs. Deborah had deceived her, and refused to make any application to Mr. Allworthy on her behalf. She had, however, somewhat better success with Mrs. Blifil, who was, as the reader must have perceived, a much better-tempered woman, and very kindly undertook to solicit her brother to restore the annuity; in which though good-nature might have some share, yet a stronger and more natural motive will appear in the next chapter.

These solicitations were nevertheless unsuccessful: for though Mr. Allworthy did not think, with some late writers, that mercy consists only in punishing offenders; yet he was so far from thinking that it is proper to this excellent quality to pardon great criminals wantonly, without any reason whatever. Any doubtfulness of the fact, or any circumstance of mitigation, was never disregarded: but the petitions of an offender, or the intercessions of others, did not in the least affect him. In a word, he never pardoned because the offender himself, or his friends, were unwilling that he should be punished.

Partridge and his wife were therefore both obliged to submit to their fate; which was indeed severe enough: for so far was he from doubling his industry on the account of his lessened income, that he did in a manner abandon himself to despair; and as he was by nature indolent, that vice now increased upon him, by which means he lost the little school he had; so that neither his wife nor himself would have had any bread to eat, had not the charity of some good christian interposed, and provided them with what was just sufficient for their sustenance.

As this support was conveyed to them by an unknown hand, they imagined, and so, I doubt not, will the reader, that Mr. Allworthy himself was their secret benefactor; who, though he would not openly

encourage vice, could yet privately relieve the distresses of the vicious themselves, when these became too exquisite and disproportionate to their demerit. In which light their wretchedness appeared now to Fortune herself; for she at length took pity on this miserable couple, and considerably lessened the wretched state of Partridge, by putting a final end to that of his wife, who soon after caught the small-pox, and died.

The justice which Mr. Allworthy had executed on Partridge at first met with universal approbation; but no sooner had he felt its consequences, than his neighbours began to relent, and to compassionate his case; and presently after, to blame that as rigour and severity which they before called justice. They now exclaimed against punishing in cold blood, and sang forth the praises of mercy and forgiveness.

These cries were considerably increased by the death of Mrs. Partridge, which, though owing to the distemper above mentioned, which is no consequence of poverty or distress, many were not ashamed to impute to Mr. Allworthy's severity, or, as they now termed it, cruelty.

Partridge having now lost his wife, his school, and his annuity, and the unknown person having now discontinued the last mentioned charity, resolved to change the scene, and left the country, where he was in danger of starving, with the universal compassion of all his neighbours.

CHAPTER VII.

A short sketch of that felicity which prudent couples may extract from hatred; with a short apology for those people who overlook imperfections in their friends.

THOUGH the captain had effectually demolished poor Partridge, yet he had not reaped the harvest he hoped for, which was to turn the foundling out of Mr. Allworthy's house.

On the contrary, that gentleman grew every day fonder of little Tommy, as if he intended to counterbalance his severity to the father with extraordinary fondness and affection towards the son.

This a good deal soured the captain's temper, as did all the other daily instances of Mr. Allworthy's generosity; for he looked on all such largesses to be diminutions of his own wealth.

In this, we have said, he did not agree with his wife; nor, indeed, in any thing else: for though an affection placed on the understanding is, by many wise persons, thought more durable than that which is founded on beauty, yet it happened otherwise in the present case. Nay, the understandings of this couple were their principal bone of contention, and one great cause of many quarrels, which from time to time arose between them; and which at last ended, on the side of the lady, in a sovereign contempt for her husband; and on the husband's, in an utter abhorrence of his wife.

As these had both exercised their talents chiefly in the study of divinity, this was, from their first acquaintance, the most common topic of conversation between them. The captain, like a well-bred man, had, before marriage, always given up his opinion to that of the lady; and this, not in the clumsy awkward manner of a conceited blockhead, who, while he civilly yields to a superior in an argument, is desirous of being still known to think himself in the right. The captain, on the contrary, though one of the proudest fellows in the world, so absolutely yielded the victory to his antagonist, that she, who had not the least doubt of his sincerity, retired always from the dispute with an admiration of her own understanding and a love for his.

But though this complaisance to one whom the

captain thoroughly despised, was not so uneasy to him as it would have been had any hopes of preferment made it necessary to show the same submission to a Hoadley, or to some other of great reputation in the science, yet even this cost him too much to be endured without some motive. Matrimony, therefore, having removed all such motives, he grew weary of this condescension, and began to treat the opinions of his wife with that haughtiness and insolence, which none but those who deserve some contempt themselves can bestow, and those only who deserve no contempt can bear.

When the first torrent of tenderness was over, and when, in the calm and long interval between the fits, reason began to open the eyes of the lady, and she saw this alteration of behaviour in the captain, who at length answered all her arguments only with pish and pshaw, she was far from enduring the indignity with a tame submission. Indeed, it at first so highly provoked her, that it might have produced some tragical event, had it not taken a more harmless turn, by filling her with the utmost contempt for her husband's understanding, which somewhat qualified her hatred towards him; though of this likewise she had a pretty moderate share.

The captain's hatred to her was of a purer kind: for as to any imperfections in her knowledge or understanding, he no more despised her for them, than for her not being six feet high. In his opinion of the female sex, he exceeded the moroseness of Aristotle himself: he looked on a woman as on an animal of domestic use, of somewhat higher consideration than a cat, since her offices were of rather more importance; but the difference between these two was, in his estimation, so small, that, in his marriage contracted with Mr. Allworthy's lands and tenements, it would have been pretty equal which of them he had taken into the bargain. And yet so tender was his pride, that it felt the contempt which his wife now began to express towards him; and this, added to the surfeit he had before taken of her love, created in him a degree of disgust and abhorrence, perhaps hardly to be exceeded.

One situation only of the married state is excluded from pleasure: and that is, a state of indifference: but as many of my readers, I hope, know what an exquisite delight there is in conveying pleasure to a beloved object, so some few, I am afraid, may have experienced the satisfaction of tormenting one we hate. It is, I apprehend, to come at this latter pleasure, that we see both sexes often give up that ease in marriage which they might otherwise possess, though their mate was never so disagreeable to them. Hence the wife often puts on fits of love and jealousy, nay, even denies herself any pleasure, to disturb and prevent those of her husband; and he again, in return, puts frequent restraints on himself, and stays at home in company which he dislikes, in order to confine his wife to what she equally detests. Hence, too, must flow those tears which a widow sometimes so plentifully sheds over the ashes of a husband with whom she led a life of constant disquiet and turbulence, and whom now she can never hope to torment any more.

But if ever any couple enjoyed this pleasure, it was at present experienced by the captain and his lady. It was always a sufficient reason to either of them to be obstinate in any opinion, that the other had previously asserted the contrary. If the one proposed any amusement, the other constantly objected to it: they never loved or hated, commended or abused, the same person. And for this reason, as the captain looked with an evil eye on the little

foundling, his wife began now to caress it almost equally with her own child.

The reader will be apt to conceive, that this behaviour between the husband and wife did not greatly contribute to Mr. Allworthy's repose, as it tended so little to that serene happiness which he had designed for all three from this alliance; but the truth is, though he might be a little disappointed in his sanguine expectations, yet he was far from being acquainted with the whole matter; for, as the captain was, from certain obvious reasons, much on his guard before him, the lady was obliged, for fear of her brother's displeasure, to pursue the same conduct. In fact, it is possible for a third person to be very intimate, nay even to live long in the same house, with a married couple, who have any tolerable discretion, and not even guess at the sour sentiments which they bear to each other: for though the whole day may be sometimes too short for hatred, as well as for love; yet the many hours which they naturally spend together, apart from all observers, furnish people of tolerable moderation with such ample opportunity for the enjoyment of either passion, that, if they love, they can support being a few hours in company without toying, or if they hate, without spitting in each other's faces.

It is possible, however, that Mr. Allworthy saw enough to render him a little uneasy; for we are not always to conclude, that a wise man is not hurt, because he doth not cry out and lament himself, like those of a childish or effeminate temper. But indeed it is possible he might see some faults in the captain without any uneasiness at all; for men of true wisdom and goodness are contented to take persons and things as they are, without complaining of their imperfections, or attempting to amend them. They can see a fault in a friend, a relation, or an acquaintance, without ever mentioning it to the parties themselves, or to any others; and this often without lessening their affection. Indeed, unless great discernment be tempered with this overlooking disposition, we ought never to contract friendship but with a degree of folly which we can deceive; for I hope my friends will pardon me when I declare, I know none of them without a fault; and I should be sorry if I could imagine I had any friend who could not see mine. Forgiveness of this kind we give and demand in turn. It is an exercise of friendship, and perhaps none of the least pleasant. And this forgiveness we must bestow, without desire of amendment. There is, perhaps, no surer mark of folly, than an attempt to correct the natural infirmities of those we love. The finest composition of human nature, as well as the finest china, may have a flaw in it; and this I am afraid, in either case, is equally incurable; though, nevertheless, the pattern may remain of the highest value.

Upon the whole then, Mr. Allworthy certainly saw some imperfections in the captain; but as this was a very ariful man, and eternally upon his guard before him, these appeared to him no more than blemishes in a good character, which his goodness made him overlook, and his wisdom prevented him from discovering to the captain himself. Very different would have been his sentiments had he discovered the whole; which perhaps would in time have been the case, had the husband and wife long continued this kind of behaviour to each other; but this kind Fortune took effectual means to prevent, by forcing the captain to do that which rendered him again dear to his wife, and restored all her tenderness and affection towards him.

CHAPTER VIII.

A receipt to regain the lost affections of a wife, which hath never been known to fail in the most desperate cases.

THE captain was made large amends for the unpleasant minutes which he passed in the conversation of his wife (and which were as few as he could contrive to make them), by the pleasant meditations he enjoyed when alone.

These meditations were entirely employed on Mr. Allworthy's fortune; for, first, he exercised much thought in calculating, as well as he could, the exact value of the whole: which calculations he often saw occasion to alter in his own favour: and, secondly and chiefly, he pleased himself with intended alterations in the house and gardens, and in projecting many other schemes, as well for the improvement of the estate as of the grandeur of the place: for this purpose he applied himself to the studies of architecture and gardening, and read over many books on both these subjects; for these sciences, indeed, employed his whole time, and formed his only amusement. He at last completed a most excellent plan; and very sorry we are, that it is not in our power to present it to our reader, since even the luxury of the present age, I believe, would hardly match it. It had, indeed, in a superlative degree, the two principal ingredients which serve to recommend all great and noble designs of this nature; for it required an immoderate expense to execute, and a vast length of time to bring it to any sort of perfection. The former of these, the immense wealth of which the captain supposed Mr. Allworthy possessed, and which he thought himself sure of inheriting, promised very effectually to supply; and the latter, the soundness of his own constitution, and his time of life, which was only what is called middle-age, removed all apprehension of his not living to accomplish.

Nothing was wanting to enable him to enter upon the immediate execution of this plan, but the death of Mr. Allworthy; in calculating which he had employed much of his own algebra, besides purchasing every book extant that treats of the value of lives, reversions, &c. From all which he satisfied himself, that as he had every day a chance of this happening, so had he more than an even chance of its happening within a few years.

But while the captain was one day busied in deep contemplations of this kind, one of the most unlucky as well as unseasonable accidents happened to him. The utmost malice of Fortune could, indeed, have contrived nothing so cruel, so mal-a-propos, so absolutely destructive to all his schemes. In short, not to keep the reader in long suspense, just at the very instant when his heart was exulting in meditations on the happiness which would accrue to him by Mr. Allworthy's death, he himself—died of an apoplexy.

This unfortunately befell the captain as he was taking his evening walk by himself, so that nobody was present to lend him any assistance, if indeed any assistance could have preserved him. He took, therefore, measure of that proportion of soil which was now become adequate to all his future purposes, and he lay dead on the ground, a great (though not a living) example of the truth of that observation of Horace:

*Tu secunda marmora
Locus sub ipsum funus; et sepulchri
Immemor, struis domos.*

Which sentiment I shall thus give to the English reader: "You provide the noblest materials for building, when a pickaxe and a spade are only

necessary: and build houses of five hundred by a hundred feet, forgetting that of six by two."

CHAPTER IX.

A proof of the infallibility of the foregoing receipt, in the lamentations of the widow; with other suitable decorations of death, such as physicians, &c. and an epitaph in the true style.

MR. ALLWORTHY, his sister, and another lady, were assembled at the accustomed hour in the supper-room, where, having waited a considerable time longer than usual, Mr. Allworthy first declared he began to grow uneasy at the captain's stay (for he was always most punctual at his meals); and gave orders that the bell should be rung without the doors, and especially towards those walks which the captain was wont to use.

All these summons' proving ineffectual (for the captain had, by perverse accident, betaken himself to a new walk that evening), Mrs. Blifil declared she was seriously frightened. Upon which the other lady, who was one of her most intimate acquaintance, and who well knew the true state of her affections, endeavoured all she could to pacify her, telling her—To be sure she could not help being uneasy; but that she should hope the best. That, perhaps, the sweetness of the evening had enticed the captain to go farther than his usual walk; or he might be detained at some neighbour's. Mrs. Blifil answered, No; she was sure some accident had befallen him; for that he would never stay out without sending her word, as he must know how uneasy it would make her. The other lady, having no other arguments to use, betook herself to the entreaties usual on such occasions, and begged her not to frighten herself, for it might be of very ill consequence to her own health; and, filling out a very large glass of wine, advised, and at last prevailed with her to drink it.

Mr. Allworthy now returned into the parlour; for he had been himself in search after the captain. His countenance sufficiently showed the consternation he was under, which, indeed, had a good deal deprived him of speech; but as grief operates variously on different minds, so the same apprehension which depressed his voice, elevated that of Mrs. Blifil. She now began to bewail herself in very bitter terms, and floods of tears accompanied her lamentations; which the lady, her companion, declared she could not blame, but at the same time dissuaded her from indulging; attempting to moderate the grief of her friend by philosophical observations on the many disappointments to which human life is daily subject, which, she said, was a sufficient consideration to fortify our minds against any accidents, how sudden or terrible soever. She said her brother's example ought to teach her patience, who, though indeed he could not be supposed as much concerned as herself, yet was, doubtless, very uneasy, though his resignation to the Divine Will had restrained his grief within due bounds.

"Mention not my brother," said Mrs. Blifil; "I alone am the object of your pity. What are the terrors of friendship to what a wife feels on these occasions? O, he is lost! Somebody hath murdered him—I shall never see him more!"—Here a torrent of tears had the same consequence with what the suppression had occasioned to Mr. Allworthy, and she remained silent.

At this interval a servant came running in, out of breath, and cried out, "The captain was found;" and, before he could proceed farther, he was followed by two more, bearing the dead body between them.

Here the curious reader may observe another di-

versity in the operations of grief: for as Mr. Allworthy had been before silent, from the same cause which had made his sister vociferous; so did the present sight, which drew tears from the gentleman, put an entire stop to those of the lady; who first gave a violent scream, and presently after fell into a fit.

The room was soon full of servants, some of whom, with the lady visitant, were employed in care of the wife; and others, with Mr. Allworthy, assisted in carrying off the captain to a warm bed; where every method was tried, in order to restore him to life.

And glad should we be, could we inform the reader that both these bodies had been attended with equal success; for those who undertook the care of the lady succeeded so well, that, after the fit had continued a decent time, she again revived, to their great satisfaction: but as to the captain, all experiments of bleeding, chafing, dropping, &c. proved ineffectual. Death, that inexorable judge, had passed sentence on him, and refused to grant him a reprieve, though two doctors who arrived, and were feed at one and the same instant, were his counsel.

These two doctors, whom, to avoid any malicious applications, we shall distinguish by the names of Dr. Y. and Dr. Z., having felt his pulse; to wit, Dr. Y. his right arm, and Dr. Z. his left; both agreed that he was absolutely dead; but as to the distemper, or cause of his death they differed; Dr. Y. holding that he died of an apoplexy, and Dr. Z. of an epilepsy.

Hence arose a dispute between the learned men, in which each delivered the reasons of their several opinions. These were of such equal force, that they served both to confirm either doctor in his own sentiments, and made not the least impression on his adversary.

To say the truth, every physician almost hath his favourite disease, to which he ascribes all the victories obtained over human nature. The gout, the rheumatism, the stone, the gravel, and the consumption, have all their several patrons in the faculty; and none more than the nervous fever, or the fever on the spirits. And here we may account for those disagreements in opinion, concerning the cause of a patient's death, which sometimes occur, between the most learned of the college; and which have greatly surprised that part of the world who have been ignorant of the fact we have above asserted.

The reader may perhaps be surprised, that, instead of endeavouring to revive the patient, the learned gentlemen should fall immediately into a dispute on the occasion of his death; but in reality all such experiments had been made before their arrival: for the captain was put into a warm bed, had his veins scarified, his forehead chafed, and all sorts of strong drops applied to his lips and nostrils.

The physicians, therefore, finding themselves anticipated in every thing they ordered, were at a loss how to apply that portion of time which it is usual and decent to remain for their fee, and were therefore necessitated to find some subject or other for discourse; and what could more naturally present itself than that before mentioned?

Our doctors were about to take their leave, when Mr. Allworthy, having given over the captain, and acquiesced in the Divine Will, began to inquire after his sister, whom he desired them to visit before their departure.

This lady was now recovered of her fit, and, to use the common phrase, was as well as could be expected for one in her condition. The doctors, therefore, all previous ceremonies being complied with, as this was a new patient, attended, according

to desire, and laid hold on each of her hands, as they had before done on those of the corpse.

The case of the lady was in the other extreme from that of her husband: for as he was past all the assistance of physic, so in reality she required none.

There is nothing more unjust than the vulgar opinion, by which physicians are misrepresented as friends to death. On the contrary, I believe, if the number of those who recover by physic could be opposed to that of the martyrs to it, the former would rather exceed the latter. Nay, some are so cautious on this head, that, to avoid a possibility of killing the patient, they abstain from all methods of curing, and prescribe nothing but what can neither do good nor harm. I have heard some of these, with great gravity, deliver it as a maxim, "That nature should be left to do her own work, while the physician stands by as it were to clap her on the back, and encourage her when she doth well."

So little then did our doctors delight in death, that they discharged the corpse after a single fee; but they were not so disgusted with their living patient; concerning whose case they immediately agreed, and fell to prescribing with great diligence.

Whether, as the lady had at first persuaded the physicians to believe her ill, they had now in return persuaded her to believe herself so, I will not determine; but she continued a whole month with all the decorations of sickness. During this time she was visited by physicians, attended by nurses, and received constant messages from her acquaintance to inquire after her health.

At length the decent time for sickness and immoderate grief being expired, the doctors were discharged, and the lady began to see company; being altered only from what she was before, by that colour of sadness in which she had dressed her person and countenance.

The captain was now interred, and might, perhaps, have already made a large progress towards oblivion, had not the friendship of Mr. Allworthy taken care to preserve his memory, by the following epitaph, which was written by a man of as great genius as integrity, and one who perfectly well knew the captain.

Here lies,
in expectation of a joyful rising,
the body of
CAPTAIN JOHN BLIFIL.
LONDON
had the honour of his birth,
OXFORD
of his education.
His parts
were an honour to his profession
and to his country:
his life, to his religion
and human nature.
He was a dutiful son,
a tender husband,
an affectionate father;
a most kind brother,
a sincere friend,
a devout christian,
and a good man.
His inconsolable widow
hath erected this stone,
the monument of
his virtues
and her affection.

BOOK III.

CONTAINING THE MOST MEMORABLE TRANSACTIONS WHICH PASSED IN THE FAMILY OF MR. ALLWORTHY, FROM THE TIME WHEN TOMMY JONES ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN, TILL HE ATTAINED THE AGE OF NINETEEN. IN THIS BOOK THE READER MAY PICK UP SOME HINTS CONCERNING THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

CHAPTER I.

Containing little or nothing.

THE reader will be pleased to remember, that, at the beginning of the second book of this history, we gave him a hint of our intention to pass over several large periods of time, in which nothing happened worthy of being recorded in a chronicle of this kind.

In so doing, we do not only consult our own dignity and ease, but the good and advantage of the reader: for besides that by these means we prevent him from throwing away his time, in reading either without pleasure or emolument, we give him, at all such seasons, an opportunity of employing that wonderful sagacity, of which he is master, by filling up these vacant spaces of time with his own conjectures; for which purpose we have taken care to qualify him in the preceding pages.

For instance, what reader but knows that Mr. Allworthy felt, at first, for the loss of his friend, those emotions of grief which on such occasions enter into all men whose hearts are not composed of flint, or their heads of as solid materials? Again, what reader doth not know that philosophy and religion in time moderated, and at last extinguished, this grief? The former of these teaching the folly and vanity of it, and the latter correcting it as unlawful, and at the same time assuaging it, by raising future hopes and assurances, which enable a strong and religious mind to take leave of a friend, on his death-bed, with little less indifference than if he was preparing for a long journey; and, indeed, with little less hope of seeing him again.

Nor can the judicious reader be at a greater loss on account of Mrs. Bridget Blifil, who, he may be assured, conducted herself through the whole season in which grief is to make its appearance on the outside of the body, with the strictest regard to all the rules of custom and decency, suiting the alterations of her countenance to the several alterations of her habit: for as this changed from weeds to black, from black to grey, from grey to white, so did her countenance change from dismal to sorrowful, from sorrowful to sad, and from sad to serious, till the day came in which she was allowed to return to her former serenity.

We have mentioned these two, as examples only of the task which may be imposed on readers of the lowest class. Much higher and harder exercises of judgment and penetration may reasonably be expected from the upper graduates in criticism. Many notable discoveries will, I doubt not, be made by such, of the transactions which happened in the family of our worthy man, during all the years which we have thought proper to pass over: for though nothing worthy of a place in this history occurred within that period, yet did several incidents happen of equal importance with those reported by the daily and weekly historians of the age; in reading which great numbers of persons consume a considerable part of their time, very little, I am afraid, to their emolument. Now, in the conjectures here proposed, some of the most excellent faculties of the mind may be employed to much advantage, since it is a more useful capacity to be able to foretell the actions of

men, in any circumstances, from their characters, than to judge of their characters from their actions. The former, I own, requires the greater penetration; but may be accomplished by true sagacity with no less certainty than the latter.

As we are sensible that much the greatest part of our readers are very eminently possessed of this quality, we have left them a space of twelve years to exert it in; and shall now bring forth our hero, at about fourteen years of age, not questioning that many have been long impatient to be introduced to his acquaintance.

CHAPTER II.

The hero of this great history appears with very bad omens. A little tale of so low a kind that some may not think it worth their notice. A word or two concerning a squire, and more relating to a gamekeeper and a schoolmaster.

As we determined, when we first sat down to write this history, to flatter no man, but to guide our pen throughout by the directions of truth, we are obliged to bring our hero on the stage in a much more disadvantageous manner than we could wish; and to declare honestly, even at his first appearance, that it was the universal opinion of all Mr. Allworthy's family that he was certainly born to be hanged.

Indeed, I am sorry to say there was too much reason for this conjecture; the lad having from his earliest years discovered a propensity to many vices, and especially to one which hath as direct a tendency as any other to that fate which we have just now observed to have been prophetically denounced against him: he had been already convicted of three robberies, viz. of robbing an orchard, of stealing a duck out of a farmer's yard, and of picking Master Blifil's pocket of a ball.

The vices of this young man were, moreover, heightened by the disadvantageous light in which they appeared when opposed to the virtues of Master Blifil, his companion; a youth of so different a cast from little Jones, that not only the family but all the neighbourhood resounded his praises. He was, indeed, a lad of a remarkable disposition; sober, discreet, and pious beyond his age; qualities which gained him the love of every one who knew him: whilst Tom Jones was universally disliked; and many expressed their wonder that Mr. Allworthy would suffer such a lad to be educated with his nephew, lest the morals of the latter should be corrupted by his example.

An incident which happened about this time will set the character of these two lads more fairly before the discerning reader than is in the power of the longest dissertation.

Tom Jones, who, bad as he is, must serve for the hero of this history, had only one friend among all the servants of the family; for as to Mrs. Wilkins, she had long since given him up, and was perfectly reconciled to her mistress. This friend was the gamekeeper, a fellow of a loose kind of disposition, and who was thought not to entertain much stricter notions concerning the difference of *meum* and *tuum* than the young gentleman himself. And hence this friendship gave occasion to many sarcastical remarks among the domestics, most of which were either proverbs before, or at least are become so now; and, indeed, the wit of them all may be comprised in that short Latin proverb, "*Noscitur a socio*;" which, I think, is thus expressed in English, "You may know him by the company he keeps."

To say the truth, some of that atrocious wickedness in Jones, of which we have just mentioned three examples, might perhaps be derived from the encouragement he had received from this fellow, who, in

two or three instances, had been what the law calls an accessory after the fact: for the whole duck, and great part of the apples, were converted to the use of the gamekeeper and his family; though, as Jones alone was discovered, the poor lad bore not only the whole smart but the whole blame; both which fell again to his lot on the following occasion.

Contiguous to Mr. Allworthy's estate was the manor of one of those gentleman who are called preservers of the game. This species of men, from the great severity with which they revenge the death of a hare or a partridge, might be thought to cultivate the same superstition with the Bannians in India; many of whom, we are told, dedicate their whole lives to the preservation and protection of certain animals; was it not that our English Bannians, while they preserve them from other enemies, will most unmercifully slaughter whole horseloads themselves; so that they stand clearly acquitted of any such heathenish superstition.

I have, indeed, a much better opinion of this kind of men than is entertained by some, as I take them to answer the order of Nature, and the good purposes for which they were ordained, in a more ample manner than many others. Now, as Horace tells us that there are a set of human beings

Fruges consumere nati,

"Born to consume the fruits of the earth;" so I make no manner of doubt but that there are others

Feras consumere nati,

"Born to consume the beasts of the field;" or, as it is commonly called, the game; and none, I believe, will deny but that those squires fulfil this end of their creation.

Little Jones went one day a shooting with the gamekeeper; when happening to spring a covey of partridges near the border of that manor over which Fortune, to fulfil the wise purposes of Nature, had planted one of the game consumers, the birds flew into it, and were marked (as it is called) by the two sportsmen, in some furze bushes, about two or three hundred paces beyond Mr. Allworthy's dominions.

Mr. Allworthy had given the fellow strict orders, on pain of forfeiting his place, never to trespass on any of his neighbours; no more on those who were less rigid in this matter than on the lord of this manor. With regard to others, indeed, these orders had not been always very scrupulously kept; but as the disposition of the gentleman with whom the partridges had taken sanctuary was well known, the gamekeeper had never yet attempted to invade his territories. Nor had he done it now, had not the younger sportsman, who was excessively eager to pursue the flying game, over-persuaded him; but Jones being very importunate, the other, who was himself keen enough after the sport, yielded to his persuasions, entered the manor, and shot one of the partridges.

The gentleman himself was at that time on horseback, at a little distance from them; and hearing the gun go off, he immediately made towards the place, and discovered poor Tom; for the gamekeeper had leapt into the thickest part of the furze-brake, where he had happily concealed himself.

The gentleman having searched the lad, and found the partridge upon him, denounced great vengeance, swearing he would acquaint Mr. Allworthy. He was as good as his word; for he rode immediately to his house, and complained of the trespass on his manor in as high terms and as bitter language as if his house had been broken open, and the most valuable furniture stole out of it. He added, that some other person was in his company, though he could not

discover him; for that two guns had been discharged almost in the same instant. And, says he, "We have found only this partridge, but the Lord knows what mischief they have done."

At his return home, Tom was presently convened before Mr. Allworthy. He owned the fact, and alleged no other excuse but what was really true, viz. that the covey was originally sprung in Mr. Allworthy's own manor.

Tom was then interrogated who was with him, which Mr. Allworthy declared he was resolved to know, acquainting the culprit with the circumstance of the two guns, which had been deposed by the squire and both his servants; but Tom stoutly persisted in asserting that he was alone; yet, to say the truth, he hesitated a little at first, which would have confirmed Mr. Allworthy's belief, had what the squire and his servants said wanted any further confirmation.

The gamekeeper, being a suspected person, was now sent for, and the question put to him; but he, relying on the promise which Tom had made him, to take all upon himself, very resolutely denied being in company with the young gentleman, or indeed having seen him the whole afternoon.

Mr. Allworthy then turned towards Tom, with more than usual anger in his countenance, and advised him to confess who was with him; repeating, that he was resolved to know. The lad, however, still maintained his resolution, and was dismissed with much wrath by Mr. Allworthy, who told him he should have to the next morning to consider of it, when he should be questioned by another person, and in another manner.

Poor Jones spent a very melancholy night; and the more so, as he was without his usual companion; for master Blifil was gone abroad on a visit with his mother. Fear of the punishment he was to suffer was on this occasion his least evil; his chief anxiety being, lest his constancy should fail him, and he should be brought to betray the gamekeeper, whose ruin he knew must now be the consequence.

Nor did the gamekeeper pass his time much better. He had the same apprehensions with the youth; for whose honour he had likewise a much tenderer regard than for his skin.

In the morning, when Tom attended the reverend Mr. Thwackum, the person to whom Mr. Allworthy had committed the instructions of the two boys, he had the same questions put to him by that gentleman which he had been asked the evening before, to which he returned the same answers. The consequence of this was, so severe a whipping, that it possibly fell little short of the torture with which confessions are in some countries extorted from criminals.

Tom bore his punishment with great resolution; and though his master asked him, between every stroke, whether he would not confess, he was contented to be flayed rather than betray his friend, or break the promise he had made.

The gamekeeper was now relieved from his anxiety, and Mr. Allworthy himself began to be concerned at Tom's sufferings: for besides that Mr. Thwackum, being highly enraged that he was not able to make the boy say what he himself pleased, had carried his severity much beyond the good man's intention, this latter began now to suspect that the squire had been mistaken; which his extreme eagerness and anger seemed to make probable; and as for what the servants had said in confirmation of their master's account, he laid no great stress upon that. Now, as cruelty and injustice were two ideas of which Mr. Allworthy could by

no means support the consciousness a single moment, he sent for Tom, and after many kind and friendly exhortations, said, "I am convinced, my dear child, that my suspicions have wronged you; I am sorry that you have been so severely punished on this account." And at last gave him a little horse to make him amends; again repeating his sorrow for what had past.

Tom's guilt now flew in his face more than any severity could make it. He could more easily bear the lashes of Thwackum, than the generosity of Allworthy. The tears burst from his eyes, and he fell upon his knees, crying, "Oh! sir, you are too good to me. Indeed you are. Indeed I don't deserve it." And at that very instant, from the fulness of his heart, had almost betrayed the secret; but the good genius of the gamekeeper suggested to him what might be the consequence to the poor fellow, and this consideration sealed his lips.

Thwackum did all he could to dissuade Allworthy from showing any compassion or kindness to the boy, saying, "He had persisted in an untruth;" and gave some hints, that a second whipping might probably bring the matter to light.

But Mr. Allworthy absolutely refused to consent to the experiment. He said, the boy had suffered enough already for concealing the truth, even if he was guilty, seeing that he could have no motive but a mistaken point of honour for so doing.

"Honour! cried Thwackum with some wrath, "mere stubbornness and obstinacy! Can honour teach any one to tell a lie, or can any honour exist independent of religion?"

This discourse happened at table when dinner was just ended; and there was present Mr. Allworthy, Mr. Thwackum, and a third gentleman, who now entered into the debate, and whom, before we proceed any farther, we shall briefly introduce to our reader's acquaintance.

CHAPTER III.

The character of Mr. Square the philosopher, and of Mr. Thwackum the divine; with a dispute concerning —.

THE name of this gentleman, who had then resided some time at Mr. Allworthy's house, was Mr. Square. His natural parts were not of the first rate, but he had greatly improved them by a learned education. He was deeply read in the ancients, and a professed master of all the works of Plato and Aristotle. Upon which great models he had principally formed himself; sometimes according with the opinion of the one, and sometimes with that of the other. In morals he was a professed Platonist, and in religion he inclined to be an Aristotelian.

But though he had, as we have said, formed his morals on the Platonic model, yet he perfectly agreed with the opinion of Aristotle, in considering that great man rather in the quality of a philosopher or a speculatist, than as a legislator. This sentiment he carried a great way; indeed, so far as to regard all virtue as matter of theory only. This, it is true, he never affirmed, as I have heard, to any one; and yet upon the least attention to his conduct, I cannot help thinking it was his real opinion, as it will perfectly reconcile some contradictions which might otherwise appear in his character.

This gentleman and Mr. Thwackum scarce ever met without a disputation; for their tenets were indeed diametrically opposite to each other. Square held human nature to be the perfection of all virtue, and that vice was a deviation from our nature, in the same manner as deformity of body is. Thwackum, on the contrary, maintained that the human mind, since the fall was nothing but a sink of ini-

quity, till purified and redeemed by grace. In one point only they agreed, which was, in all their discourses on morality never to mention the word goodness. The favourite phrase of the former, was the natural beauty of virtue; that of the latter, was the divine power of grace. The former measured all actions by the unalterable rule of right, and the eternal fitness of things; the latter decided all matters by authority; but in doing this, he always used the scriptures and their commentators, as the lawyer doth his Coke upon Littleton, where the comment is of equal authority with the text.

After this short introduction, the reader will be pleased to remember, that the person had concluded his speech with a triumphant question, to which he had apprehended no answer; viz. Can any honour exist independent of religion?

To this Square answered; that it was impossible to discourse philosophically concerning words, till their meaning was first established: that there were scarce any two words of a more vague and uncertain signification, than the two he had mentioned; for that there were almost as many different opinions concerning honour, as concerning religion. "But," says he, "if by honour you mean the true natural beauty of virtue, I will maintain it may exist independent of any religion whatever. Nay," added he, "you yourself will allow it may exist independent of all but one: so will a Mahometan, a Jew, and all the maintainers of all the different sects in the world."

Thwackum replied, this was arguing with the usual malice of all the enemies to the true church. He said, he doubted not but that all the infidels and heretics in the world would, if they could, confine honour to their own absurd errors and damnable deceptions; "but honour," says he, "is not therefore manifold, because there are many absurd opinions about it; nor is religion manifold, because there are various sects and heresies in the world. When I mention religion, I mean the Christian religion; and not only the Christian religion, but the protestant religion; and not only the protestant religion, but the church of England. And when I mention honour, I mean that mode of divine grace which is not only consistent with, but dependent upon, this religion; and is consistent with and dependent upon no other. Now to say that the honour I here mean, and which was, I thought, all the honour I could be supposed to mean, will uphold, much less dictate, an untruth, is to assert an absurdity too shocking to be conceived."

"I purposely avoided," says Square, "drawing a conclusion which I thought evident from what I have said; but if you perceived it, I am sure you have not attempted to answer it. However, to drop the article of religion, I think it is plain, from what you have said, that we have different ideas of honour; or why do we not agree in the same terms, of its explanation? I have asserted, that true honour and true virtue are almost synonymous terms, and they are both founded on the unalterable rule of right, and the eternal fitness of things; to which an untruth being absolutely repugnant and contrary, it is certain that true honour cannot support an untruth. In this, therefore, I think we are agreed; but that this honour can be said to be founded on religion, to which it is antecedent, if by religion be meant any positive law——"

"I agree," answered Thwackum, with great warmth, "with a man who asserts honour to be antecedent to religion! Mr. Allworthy, did I agree—?"

He was proceeding when Mr. Allworthy interposed, telling them very coldly, they had both mis-

taken his meaning; for that he had said nothing of true honour.—It is possible, however, he would not have easily quieted the disputants, who were growing equally warm, had not another matter now fallen out, which put a final end to the conversation at present.

CHAPTER IV.

Containing a necessary apology for the author; and childish incident, which perhaps requires an apology likewise.

BEFORE I proceed farther, I shall beg leave to obviate some misconstructions into which the zeal of some few readers may lead them; for I would not willingly give offence to any, especially to men who are warm in the cause of virtue or religion.

I hope, therefore, no man will, by the grossest misunderstanding or perversion, of my meaning, misrepresent me, as endeavouring to cast any ridicule on the greatest perfections of human nature; and which do indeed, alone purify and ennoble the heart of man, and raise him above the brute creation. This, reader, I will venture to say (and by how much the better man you are yourself, by so much the more will you be inclined to believe me), that I would rather have buried the sentiments of these two persons in eternal oblivion, than have done any injury to either of these glorious causes.

On the contrary, it is with a view to their service, that I have taken upon me to record the lives and actions of two of their false and pretended champions. A treacherous friend is the most dangerous enemy; and I will say boldly, that both religion and virtue have received more real discredit from hypocrites, than the wittiest profligates or infidels could ever cast upon them: nay, farther, as these two, in their purity, are rightly called the bands of civil society, and are indeed the greatest of blessings; so when poisoned and corrupted with fraud, pretence, and affectation, they have become the worst of civil curses, and have enabled men to perpetrate the most cruel mischiefs to their own species.

Indeed, I doubt not but this ridicule will in general be allowed: my chief apprehension is, as many true and just sentiments often came from the mouths of these persons, lest the whole should be taken together, and I should be conceived to ridicule all alike. Now the reader will be pleased to consider, that, as neither of these men were fools, they could not be supposed to have holden none but wrong principles, and to have uttered nothing but absurdities; what injustice, therefore, must I have done to their characters, had I selected only what was bad! And how horribly wretched and maimed must their arguments have appeared!

Upon the whole, it is not religion or virtue, but the want of them, which is here exposed. Had not Thwackum too much neglected virtue, and Square, religion, in the composition of their several systems, and had not both utterly discarded all natural goodness of heart, they had never been represented as the objects of derision in this history; in which we will now proceed.

This matter then, which put an end to the debate mentioned in the last chapter, was no other than a quarrel between master Blifil and Tom Jones, the consequence of which had been a bloody nose to the former; for though master Blifil, notwithstanding he was the younger, was in size above the other's match, yet Tom was much his superior at the noble art of boxing.

Tom, however, cautiously avoided all engage-

ments with that youth; for besides that Tommy Jones was an inoffensive lad amidst all his roguery, and really loved Blifil, Mr. Thwackum being always the second of the latter, would have been sufficient to deter him.

But well says a certain author, No man is wise at all hours; it is therefore no wonder that a boy is not so. A difference arising at play between the two lads, master Blifil called Tom a beggarly bastard. Upon which the latter, who was somewhat passionate in his disposition, immediately caused that phenomenon in the face of the former, which we have above remembered.

Master Blifil now, with his blood running from his nose, and the tears galloping after from his eyes, appeared before his uncle and the tremendous Thwackum. In which court an indictment of assault, battery, and wounding, was instantly preferred against Tom; who in his excuse only pleaded the provocation, which was indeed all the matter that master Blifil had omitted.

It is indeed possible that this circumstance might have escaped his memory; for, in his reply, he positively insisted, that he had made use of no such appellation; adding, "Heaven forbid such naughty words should ever come out of his mouth!"

Tom, though against all form of law, rejoined in affirmance of the words. Upon which master Blifil said, "It is no wonder. Those who will tell one fib, will hardly stick at another. If I had told my master such a wicked fib as you have done, I should be ashamed to show my face."

"What fib, child?" cries Thwackum pretty eagerly.

"Why, he told you that nobody was with him a shooting when he killed the partridge; but he knows" (here he burst into a flood of tears), "yes, he knows, for he confessed it to me, that Black George the gamekeeper was there. Nay, he said—yes you did,—deny it if you can, that you would not have confessed the truth, though master had cut you to pieces."

At this the fire flashed from Thwackum's eyes, and he cried out in triumph—"Oh! oh! this is your mistaken notion of honour! This is the boy who was not to be whipped again!" But Mr. Allworthy, with a more gentle aspect, turned towards the lad, and said, "Is this true, child? How came you to persist so obstinately in a falsehood?"

Tom said, "He scorned a lie as much as any one; but he thought his honour engaged him to act as he did; for he had promised the poor fellow to conceal him: which," he said, "he thought himself farther obliged to, as the gamekeeper had begged him not to go into the gentleman's manor, and had at last gone himself, in compliance with his persuasions." He said, "this was the whole truth of the matter, and he would take his oath of it;" and concluded with very passionately begging Mr. Allworthy "to have compassion on the poor fellow's family, especially as he himself only had been guilty, and the other had been very difficultly prevailed on to do what he did. Indeed, sir," said he, "it could hardly be called a lie that I told; for the poor fellow was entirely innocent of the whole matter. I should have gone alone after the birds; nay, I did go at first, and he only followed me to prevent more mischief. Do, pray sir, let me be punished; take my little horse away again; but pray, sir, forgive poor George."

Mr. Allworthy hesitated a few moments, and then dismissed the boys, advising them to live more friendly and peaceably together.

CHAPTER V.

The opinions of the divine and the philosopher concerning the two boys; with some reasons for their opinions, and other matters.

It is probable, that by disclosing this secret, which had been communicated in the utmost confidence to him, young Blifil preserved his companion from a good lashing; for the offence of the bloody nose would have been of itself sufficient cause for Thwackum to have proceeded to correction; but now this was totally absorbed in the consideration of the other matter; and with regard to this, Mr. Allworthy declared privately, he thought the boy deserved reward rather than punishment; so that Thwackum's hand was withheld by a general pardon.

Thwackum, whose meditations were full of birch, exclaimed against this weak, and, as he said he would venture to call it, wicked lenity. To remit the punishment of such crimes was, he said, to encourage them. He enlarged much on the correction of children, and quoted many texts from Solomon, and others; which being to be found in so many other books, shall not be found here. He then applied himself to the vice of lying, on which head he was altogether as learned as he had been on the other.

Square said, he had been endeavouring to reconcile the behaviour of Tom with his idea of perfect virtue; but could not. He owned there was something which at first sight appeared like fortitude in the action; but as fortitude was a virtue, and falsehood a vice, they could by no means agree or unite together. He added, that as this was in some measure to confound virtue and vice, it might be worth Mr. Thwackum's consideration, whether a larger castigation might not be laid on upon the account.

As both these learned men concurred in censuring Jones, so were they no less unanimous in applauding master Blifil. To bring truth to light, was by the parson asserted to be the duty of every religious man; and by the philosopher this was declared to be highly conformable with the rule of right, and the eternal and unalterable fitness of things.

All this, however, weighed very little with Mr. Allworthy. He could not be prevailed on to sign the warrant for the execution of Jones. There was something within his own breast with which the invincible fidelity which that youth had preserved, corresponded much better than it had done with the religion of Thwackum, or with the virtue of Square. He therefore strictly ordered the former of these gentlemen to abstain from laying violent hands on Tom for what had past. The pedagogue was obliged to obey those orders; but not without great reluctance, and frequent mutterings that the boy would be certainly spoiled.

Towards the gamekeeper the good man behaved with more severity. He presently summoned that poor fellow before him, and, after many bitter remonstrances, paid him his wages, and dismissed him from his service; for Mr. Allworthy rightly observed, that there was a great difference between being guilty of a falsehood to excuse yourself, and to excuse another. He likewise urged, as the principal motive to his inflexible severity against this man, that he had basely suffered Tom Jones to undergo so heavy a punishment for his sake, whereas he ought to have prevented it by making the discovery himself.

When this story became public, many people differed from Square and Thwackum, in judging

the conduct of the two lads on the occasion. Master Blifil was generally called a sneaking rascal, a poor-spirited wretch, with other epithets of the like kind; whilst Tom was honoured with the appellation of a brave lad, a jolly dog, and an honest fellow. Indeed, his behaviour to Black George much ingratiated him with all the servants; for though that fellow was before universally disliked, yet he was no sooner turned away than he was as universally pitied; and the friendship and gallantry of Tom Jones were celebrated by them all with the highest applause; and they condemned master Blifil as openly as they durst, without incurring the danger of offending his mother. For all this, however, poor Tom smarted in the flesh; for though Thwackum had been inhibited to exercise his arm on the foregoing account, yet, as the proverb says, It is easy to find a stick, &c. So was it easy to find a rod; and, indeed, the not being able to find one was the only thing which could have kept Thwackum any long time from chastising poor Jones.

Had the bare delight in the sport been the only inducement to the pedagogue, it is probable master Blifil would likewise have had his share; but though Mr. Allworthy had given him frequent orders to make no difference between the lads, yet was Thwackum altogether as kind and gentle to this youth, as he was harsh, nay even barbarous, to the other. To say the truth, Blifil had greatly gained his master's affections; partly by the profound respect he always showed his person, but much more by the decent reverence with which he received his doctrine; for he had got by heart, and frequently repeated, his phrases, and maintained all his master's religious principles with a zeal which was surprising in one so young, and which greatly endeared him to the worthy preceptor.

Tom Jones, on the other hand, was not only deficient in outward tokens of respect, often forgetting to pull off his hat, or to bow at his master's approach; but was altogether as unmindful both of his master's precepts and example. He was indeed a thoughtless, giddy youth, with little sobriety in his manners, and less in his countenance; and would often very impudently and indecently laugh at his companion for his serious behaviour.

Mr. Square had the same reason for his preference of the former lad; for Tom Jones showed no more regard to the learned discourses which this gentleman would sometimes throw away upon him, than to those of Thwackum. He once ventured to make a jest of the rule of right; and at another time said, he believed there was no rule in the world capable of making such a man as his father (for so Mr. Allworthy suffered himself to be called).

Master Blifil, on the contrary, had address enough at sixteen to recommend himself at one and the same time to both these opposites. With one he was all religion, with the other he was all virtue. And when both were present, he was profoundly silent, which both interpreted in his favour and in their own.

Nor was Blifil contented with flattering both these gentlemen to their faces; he took frequent occasions of praising them behind their backs to Allworthy; before whom, when they two were alone, and his uncle commended any religious or virtuous sentiment (for many such came constantly from him) he seldom failed to ascribe it to the good instructions he had received from either Thwackum or Square; for he knew his uncle repeated all such compliments to the persons for whose use they were meant; and he found by experience the great impressions which they made on the philosopher, as well as the divine: for, to say

the truth, there is no kind of flattery so irresistible as this, at second hand.

The young gentleman, moreover, soon perceived how extremely grateful all those panegyrics on his instructors were to Mr. Allworthy himself, as they so loudly resounded the praise of that singular plan of education which he had laid down: for this worthy man having observed the imperfect institution of our public schools, and the many vices which boys were there liable to learn, had resolved to educate his nephew, as well as the other lad, whom he had in a manner adopted, in his own house; where he thought their morals would escape all that danger of being corrupted to which they would be unavoidably exposed in any public school or university.

Having, therefore, determined to commit these boys to the tuition of a private tutor, Mr. Thwackum was recommended to him for that office, by a very particular friend, of whose understanding Mr. Allworthy had a great opinion, and in whose integrity he placed much confidence. This Thwackum was fellow of a college, where he almost entirely resided; and had a great reputation for learning, religion, and sobriety of manners. And these were doubtless the qualifications by which Mr. Allworthy's friend had been induced to recommend him; though indeed this friend had some obligations to Thwackum's family, who were the most considerable persons in a borough which that gentleman represented in parliament.

Thwackum, at his first arrival, was extremely agreeable to Allworthy; and indeed he perfectly answered the character which had been given of him. Upon longer acquaintance, however, and more intimate conversation, this worthy man saw infirmities in the tutor which he could have wished him to have been without; though as those seemed greatly overbalanced by his good qualities, they did not incline Mr. Allworthy to part with him: nor would they indeed have justified such a proceeding; for the reader is greatly mistaken, if he conceives that Thwackum appeared to Mr. Allworthy in the same light as he doth to him in this history; and he is as much deceived, if he imagines that the most intimate acquaintance which he himself could have had with that divine, would have informed him of those things which we, from our inspiration, are enabled to open and discover. Of readers who, from such conceits as these, condemn the wisdom or penetration of Mr. Allworthy, I shall not scruple to say, that they make a very bad and ungrateful use of that knowledge which we have communicated to them.

These apparent errors in the doctrine of Thwackum served greatly to palliate the contrary errors in that of Square, which our good man no less saw and condemned. He thought, indeed, that the different exuberances of these gentlemen would correct their different imperfections; and that from both, especially with his assistance, the two lads would derive sufficient precepts of true religion and virtue. If the event happened contrary to his expectations, this possibly proceeded from some fault in the plan itself; which the reader hath my leave to discover, if he can: for we do not pretend to introduce any infallible characters into this history; where we hope nothing will be found which hath never yet been seen in human nature.

To return therefore: the reader will not, I think, wonder that the different behaviour of the two lads above commemorated produced the different effects of which he hath already seen some instance; and besides this, there was another reason for the conduct of the philosopher and the pedagogue; but this being matter of great importance we shall reveal it in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

Containing a better reason still for the before-mentioned opinions.

It is to be known then, that those two learned personages, who have lately made a considerable figure on the theatre of this history, had, from their first arrival at Mr. Allworthy's house, taken so great an affection, the one to his virtue, the other to his religion, that they had meditated the closest alliance with him.

For this purpose they had cast their eyes on that fair widow, whom, though we have not for some time made any mention of her, the reader, we trust, hath not forgot. Mrs. Blifil was indeed the object to which they both aspired.

It may seem remarkable, that, of four persons whom we have commemorated at Mr. Allworthy's house, three of them should fix their inclinations on a lady who was never greatly celebrated for her beauty, and who was, moreover, now a little descended into the vale of years; but in reality bosom friends, and intimate acquaintance, have a kind of natural propensity to particular females at the house of a friend—viz. to his grandmother, mother, sister, daughter, aunt, niece, or cousin, when they are rich; and to his wife, sister, daughter, niece, cousin, mistress, or servant maid, if they should be handsome.

We would not, however, have our reader imagine, that persons of such characters as were supported by Thwackum and Square, would undertake a matter of this kind, which hath been a little censured by some rigid moralists, before they had thoroughly examined it, and considered whether it was (as Shakspeare phrases it) "Stuff o' th' conscience," or no. Thwackum was encouraged to the undertaking by reflecting that to covet your neighbour's sister is no where forbidden; and he knew it was a rule in the construction of all laws, that "*Expressum facit cessare tacitum*." The sense of which is, "When a lawgiver sets down plainly his whole meaning, we are prevented from making him mean what we please ourselves." As some instances of women, therefore, are mentioned in the divine law which forbids us to covet our neighbour's goods, and that of a sister omitted, he concluded it to be lawful. And as to Square, who was in his person what is called a jolly fellow, or a widow's man, he easily reconciled his choice to the eternal fitness of things.

Now, as both of these gentlemen were industrious in taking every opportunity of recommending themselves to the widow, they apprehended one certain method was, by giving her son the constant preference to the other lad; and as they conceived the kindness and affection which Mr. Allworthy showed the latter, must be highly disagreeable to her, they doubted not but the laying hold on all occasions to degrade and vilify him, would be highly pleasing to her; who, as she hated the boy, must love all those who did him any hurt. In this Thwackum had the advantage; for while Square could only scarify the poor lad's reputation, he could flay his skin; and, indeed, he considered every lash he gave him as a compliment paid to his mistress; so that he could, with the utmost propriety, repeat this old flogging line, "*Castigo te non quod odio habeam, sed quod AMEM*." I chastise thee not out of hatred, but out of love." And this, indeed, he often had in his mouth, or rather, according to the old phrase, never more properly applied, at his fingers' ends.

For this reason, principally, the two gentlemen concurred, as we have seen above, in their opinion concerning the two lads; this being, indeed, almost the only instance of their concurring on any point:

for, beside the difference of their principles, they had both long ago strongly suspected each other's design, and hated one another with no little degree of inveteracy.

This mutual animosity was a good deal increased by their alternate successes: for Mrs. Blifil knew what they would be at long before they imagined it; or, indeed, intended she should: for they proceeded with great caution, lest she should be offended, and acquaint Mr. Allworthy. But they had no reason for any such fear; she was well enough pleased with a passion, of which she intended none should have any fruits but herself. And the only fruit she designed for herself were, flattery and courtship; for which purpose she soothed them by turns, and a long time equally. She was, indeed, rather inclined to favour the parson's principles; but Square's person was more agreeable to her eye, for he was a comely man; whereas the pedagogue did in countenance very nearly resemble that gentleman who, in the *Harlot's Progress*, is seen correcting the ladies in Bridewell.

Whether Mrs. Blifil had been surfeited with the sweets of marriage, or disgusted by its bitters, or from what other cause it proceeded, I will not determine; but she could never be brought to listen to any second proposals. However, she at last conversed with Square with such a degree of intimacy that malicious tongues began to whisper things of her, to which, as well for the sake of the lady as that they were highly disagreeable to the rule of right and the fitness of things, we will give no credit, and therefore shall not blot our paper with them. The pedagogue, 'tis certain, whipped on, without getting a step nearer to his journey's end.

Indeed he had committed a great error, and that Square discovered much sooner than himself. Mrs. Blifil (as, perhaps, the reader may have formerly guessed) was not over and above pleased with the behaviour of her husband; nay, to be honest, she absolutely hated him, till his death at last a little reconciled him to her affections. It will not be therefore greatly wondered at, if she had not the most violent regard to the offspring she had by him. And, in fact, she had so little of this regard, that in his infancy she seldom saw her son, or took any notice of him; and hence she acquiesced, after a little reluctance, in all the favours which Mr. Allworthy showered on the foundling; whom the good man called his own boy, and in all things put on an entire equality with master Blifil. This acquiescence in Mrs. Blifil was considered by the neighbours, and by the family, as a mark of her condescension to her brother's humour, and she was imagined by all others, as well as Thwackum and Square, to hate the foundling in her heart; nay, the more civility she showed him, the more they conceived she detested him, and the surer schemes she was laying for his ruin: for as they thought it her interest to hate him, it was very difficult for her to persuade them she did not.

Thwackum was the more confirmed in his opinion, as she had more than once slyly caused him to whip Tom Jones, when Mr. Allworthy, who was an enemy to this exercise, was abroad; whereas she had never given any such orders concerning young Blifil. And this had likewise imposed upon Square. In reality, though she certainly hated her own son—of which, however monstrous it appears, I am assured she is not a singular instance—she appeared, notwithstanding all her outward compliance, to be in her heart sufficiently displeased with all the favour shown by Mr. Allworthy to the foundling. She frequently complained of this behind her brother's back, and

very sharply censured him for it, both to Thwackum and Square; nay, she would throw it in the teeth of Allworthy himself, when a little quarrel, or miff, as it is vulgarly called, arose between them.

However, when Tom grew up, and gave tokens of that gallantry of temper which greatly recommends men to women, this disinclination which she had discovered to him when a child, by degrees abated, and at last she so evidently demonstrated her affection to him to be much stronger than what she bore her own son, that it was impossible to mistake her any longer. She was so desirous of often seeing him, and discovered such satisfaction and delight in his company, that before he was eighteen years old he was become a rival to both Square and Thwackum; and what is worse, the whole country began to talk as loudly of her inclination to Tom, as they had before done of that which she had shown to Square; on which account the philosopher conceived the most implacable hatred for our poor hero.

CHAPTER VII.

In which the author himself makes his appearance on the stage.

THOUGH Mr. Allworthy was not of himself hasty to see things in a disadvantageous light, and was a stranger to the public voice, which seldom reaches to a brother or a husband, though it rings in the ears of all the neighbourhood; yet was this affection of Mrs. Blifil to Tom, and the preference which she too visibly gave him to her own son, of the utmost disadvantage to that youth.

For such was the compassion which inhabited Mr. Allworthy's mind, that nothing but the steel of justice could ever subdue it. To be unfortunate in any respect was sufficient, if there was no demerit to counterpoise it, to turn the scale of that good man's pity, and to engage his friendship and his benefaction.

When therefore he plainly saw master Blifil was absolutely detested (for that he was) by his own mother, he began, on that account only, to look with an eye of compassion upon him; and what the effects of compassion are, in good and benevolent minds, I need not here explain to most of my readers.

Henceforward he saw every appearance of virtue in the youth through the magnifying end, and viewed all his faults with the glass inverted, so that they became scarce perceptible. And this perhaps the amiable temper of pity may make commendable; but the next step the weakness of human nature alone must excuse; for he no sooner perceived that preference which Mrs. Blifil gave to Tom, than that poor youth (however innocent) began to sink in his affections as he rose in hers. This, it is true, would of itself alone never have been able to eradicate Jones from his bosom; but it was greatly injurious to him, and prepared Mr. Allworthy's mind for those impressions which afterwards produced the mighty events that will be contained hereafter in this history; and to which, it must be confessed, the unfortunate lad, by his own wantonness, wildness, and want of caution, too much contributed.

In recording some instances of these, we shall, if rightly understood, afford a very useful lesson to those well-disposed youths who should hereafter be our readers; for they may here find, that goodness of heart, and openness of temper, though these may give them greater comfort within, and administer to an honest pride in their own minds, will by no means, alas! do their business in the world. Prudence and circumspection are necessary even to the best of men. They are indeed, as it were, a guard

to Virtue, without which she can never be safe. It is not enough that your designs, nay, that your actions, are intrinsically good; you must take care they shall appear so. If your inside be never so beautiful, you must preserve a fair outside also. This must be constantly looked to, or malice and envy will take care to blacken it so, that the sagacity and goodness of an Allworthy will not be able to see through it, and to discern the beauties within. Let this, my young readers, be your constant maxim, that no man can be good enough to enable him to neglect the rules of prudence; nor will Virtue herself look beautiful, unless she be bedecked with the outward ornaments of decency and decorum. And this precept, my worthy disciples, if you read with due attention, you will, I hope, find sufficiently enforced by examples in the following pages.

I ask pardon for this short appearance, by way of chorus, on the stage. It is in reality for my own sake, that, while I am discovering the rocks on which innocence and goodness often split, I may not be misunderstood to recommend the very means to my worthy readers by which I intend to show them they will be undone. And this, as I could not prevail on any of my actors to speak, I myself was obliged to declare.

CHAPTER VIII.

A childish incident, in which, however, is seen a good-natured disposition in Tom Jones

THE reader may remember that Mr. Allworthy gave Tom Jones a little horse, as a kind of smart-money for the punishment which he imagined he had suffered innocently.

This horse Tom kept above half a year, and then rode him to a neighbouring fair, and sold him.

On his return, being questioned by Thwackum what he had done with the money for which the horse was sold, he frankly declared he would not tell him.

"Oho!" said Thwackum, "you will not! then I will have it out of your br—h;" that being the place to which he always applied for information on every doubtful occasion.

Tom was now mounted on the back of a footman, and every thing prepared for execution, when Mr. Allworthy, entering the room, gave the criminal a reprieve, and took him with him into another apartment; where, being alone with Tom, he put the same question to him which Thwackum had before asked him.

Tom answered, he could in duty refuse him nothing; but as for that tyrannical rascal, he would never make him any other answer than with a cudgel, with which he hoped soon to be able to pay him for all his barbarities.

Mr. Allworthy very severely reprimanded the lad for his indecent and disrespectful expressions concerning his master; but much more for his avowing an intention of revenge. He threatened him with the entire loss of his favour, if he ever heard such another word from his mouth; for he said he would never support or befriend a reprobate. By these and the like declarations, he extorted some compunction from Tom, in which that youth was not over-sincere; for he really meditated some return for all the smarting favours he had received at the hands of the pedagogue. He was, however, brought by Mr. Allworthy to express a concern for his resentment against Thwackum; and then the good man, after some wholesome admonition, permitted him to proceed, which he did as follows:—

"Indeed, my dear sir, I love and honour you more

than all the world: I know the great obligations I have to you, and should detest myself if I thought my heart was capable of ingratitude. Could the little horse you gave me speak, I am sure he could tell you how fond I was of your present; for I had more pleasure in feeding him than in riding him. Indeed, sir, it went to my heart to part with him; nor would I have sold him upon any other account in the world than what I did. You yourself, sir, I am convinced, in my case, would have done the same: for none ever so sensibly felt the misfortunes of others. What would you feel, dear sir, if you thought yourself the occasion of them? Indeed, sir, there never was any misery like theirs."—"Like whose, child?" says Allworthy: "What do you mean?"—"Oh, sir!" answered Tom, "your poor gamekeeper, with all his large family, ever since your discarding him, have been perishing with all the miseries of cold and hunger: I could not bear to see these poor wretches naked and starving, and at the same time know myself to have been the occasion of all their sufferings. I could not bear it, sir; upon my soul, I could not." [Here the tears ran down his cheeks, and he thus proceeded.] "It was to save them from absolute destruction I parted with your dear present, notwithstanding all the value I had for it: I sold the horse for them, and they have every farthing of the money."

Mr. Allworthy now stood silent for some moments, and before he spoke the tears started from his eyes. He at length dismissed Tom with a gentle rebuke, advising him for the future to apply to him in cases of distress, rather than to use extraordinary means of relieving them himself.

This affair was afterwards the subject of much debate between Thwackum and Square. Thwackum held, that this was flying in Mr. Allworthy's face, who had intended to punish the fellow for his disobedience. He said, in some instances, what the world called charity appeared to him to be opposing the will of the Almighty, which had marked some particular persons for destruction; and that this was in like manner acting in opposition to Mr. Allworthy; concluding, as usual, with a hearty recommendation of birch.

Square argued strongly on the other side, in opposition perhaps to Thwackum, or in compliance with Mr. Allworthy, who seemed very much to approve what Jones had done. As to what he urged on this occasion, as I am convinced most of my readers will be much abler advocates for poor Jones, it would be impertinent to relate it. Indeed it was not difficult to reconcile to the rule of right an action which it would have been impossible to deduce from the rule of wrong.

CHAPTER IX.

Containing an incident of a more heinous kind, with the comments of Thwackum and Square.

It hath been observed by some man of much greater reputation for wisdom than myself, that misfortunes seldom come single. An instance of this may, I believe, be seen in those gentlemen who have the misfortune to have any of their rogueries detected; for here discovery seldom stops till the whole is come out. Thus it happened to poor Tom; who was no sooner pardoned for selling the horse, than he was discovered to have some time before sold a fine Bible which Mr. Allworthy gave him, the money arising from which sale he had disposed of in the same manner. This Bible master Blifil had purchased, though he had already such another of his own, partly out of respect for the book, and partly

out of friendship to Tom, being unwilling that the Bible should be sold out of the family at half-price. He therefore disbursed the said half-price himself; for he was a very prudent lad, and so careful of his money, that he had laid up almost every penny which he had received from Mr. Allworthy.

Some people have been noted to be able to read in no book but their own. On the contrary, from the time when master Blifil was first possessed of this Bible, he never used any other. Nay, he was seen reading in it much oftener than he had before been in his own. Now, as he frequently asked Thwackum to explain difficult passages to him, that gentleman unfortunately took notice of Tom's name, which was written in many parts of the book. This brought on an inquiry, which obliged master Blifil to discover the whole matter.

Thwackum was resolved a crime of this kind, which he called sacrilege, should not go unpunished. He therefore proceeded immediately to castigation: and not contented with that, he acquainted Mr. Allworthy, at their next meeting, with this monstrous crime, as it appeared to him: inveighing against Tom in the most bitter terms, and likening him to the buyers and sellers who were driven out of the temple.

Square saw this matter in a very different light. He said, he could not perceive any higher crime in selling one book than in selling another. That to sell Bibles was strictly lawful by all laws both divine and human, and consequently there was no unfitness in it. He told Thwackum, that his great concern on this occasion brought to his mind the story of a very devout woman, who, out of pure regard to religion, stole Tillotson's Sermons from a lady of her acquaintance.

This story caused a vast quantity of blood to rush into the parson's face, which of itself was none of the palest; and he was going to reply with great warmth and anger, had not Mrs. Blifil, who was present at this debate, interposed. That lady declared herself absolutely of Mr. Square's side. She argued, indeed, very learnedly in support of his opinion; and concluded with saying, if Tom had been guilty of any fault, she must confess her own son appeared to be equally culpable; for that she could see no difference between the buyer and the seller; both of whom were alike to be driven out of the temple.

Mrs. Blifil, having declared her opinion, put an end to the debate. Square's triumph would almost have stopped his words, had he needed them; and Thwackum, who, for reasons before mentioned, durst not venture at disobliging the lady, was almost choked with indignation. As to Mr. Allworthy, he said, since the boy had been already punished he would not deliver his sentiments on the occasion; and whether he was or was not angry with the lad, I must leave to the reader's own conjecture.

Soon after this, an action was brought against the gamekeeper by squire Western (the gentleman in whose manor the partridge was killed), for depredations of the like kind. This was a most unfortunate circumstance for the fellow, as it not only of itself threatened his ruin, but actually prevented Mr. Allworthy from restoring him to his favour: for as that gentleman was walking out one evening with master Blifil and young Jones, the latter slyly drew him to the habitation of Black George; where the family of that poor wretch, namely, his wife and children, were found in all the misery with which cold, hunger, and nakedness, can affect human creatures: for as to the money they had received from Jones, former debts had consumed almost the whole.

Such a scene as this could not fail of affecting the heart of Mr. Allworthy. He immediately gave the mother a couple of guineas, with which he bid her clothe her children. The poor woman burst into tears at this goodness, and while she was thanking him, could not refrain from expressing her gratitude to Tom; who had, she said, long preserved both her and hers from starving. "We have not," says she, "had a morsel to eat, nor have these poor children had a rag to put on, but what his goodness had bestowed on us." For, indeed, besides the horse and the bible, Tom had sacrificed a night-gown, and other things, to the use of this distressed family.

On their return home, Tom made use of all his eloquence to display the wretchedness of these people, and the penitence of Black George himself; and in this he succeeded so well, that Mr. Allworthy said, he thought the man had suffered enough for what was past; that he would forgive him, and think of some means of providing for him and his family.

Jones was so delighted with this news, that, though it was dark when they returned home, he could not help going back a mile, in a shower of rain, to acquaint the poor woman with the glad tidings; but, like other hasty divulgers of news, he only brought on himself the trouble of contradicting it: for the ill fortune of Black George made use of the very opportunity of his friend's absence to overturn all again.

CHAPTER X.

In which master Blifil and Jones appear in different lights.

MASTER Blifil fell very short of his companion in the amiable quality of mercy; but he as greatly exceeded him in one of a much higher kind, namely, in justice: in which he followed both the precepts and example of Thwackum and Square; for though they would both make frequent use of the word mercy, yet it was plain that in reality Square held it to be inconsistent with the rule of right; and Thwackum was for doing justice, and leaving mercy to heaven. The two gentlemen did indeed somewhat differ in opinion concerning the objects of this sublime virtue; by which Thwackum would probably have destroyed one half of mankind, and Square the other half.

Master Blifil then, though he had kept silence in the presence of Jones, yet, when he had better considered the matter, could by no means endure the thoughts of suffering his uncle to confer favours on the undeserving. He therefore resolved immediately to acquaint him with the fact which we have above slightly hinted to the readers. The truth of which was as follows:

The gamekeeper, about a year after he was dismissed from Mr. Allworthy's service, and before Tom's selling the horse, being in want of bread, either to fill his own mouth or those of his family, as he passed through a field belonging to Mr. Western espied a hare sitting in her form. This hare he had basely and barbarously knocked on the head, against the laws of the land, and no less against the laws of sportsmen.

The higgler to whom the hare was sold, being unfortunately taken many months after with a quantity of game upon him, was obliged to make his peace with the squire, by becoming evidence against some poacher. And now Black George was pitched upon by him, as being a person already obnoxious to Mr. Western, and one of no good fame in the country. He was, besides, the best sacrifice the higgler could make, as he had supplied him with no

game since ; and by this means the witness had an opportunity of screening his better customers : for the squire, being charmed with the power of punishing Black George, whom a single transgression was sufficient to ruin, made no further inquiry.

Had this fact been truly laid before Mr. Allworthy, it might probably have done the gamekeeper very little mischief. But there is no zeal blinder than that which is inspired with the love of justice against offenders. Master Blifil had forgot the distance of the time. He varied likewise in the manner of the fact : and by the hasty addition of the single letter S he considerably altered the story ; for he said that George had wired hares. These alterations might probably have been set right, had not master Blifil unluckily insisted on a promise of secrecy from Mr. Allworthy before he revealed the matter to him ; but by that means the poor gamekeeper was condemned without having an opportunity to defend himself : for as the fact of killing the hare, and of the action brought, were certainly true, Mr. Allworthy had no doubt concerning the rest.

Short-lived then was the joy of these poor people ; for Mr. Allworthy the next morning declared he had fresh reason, without assigning it, for his anger, and strictly forbid Tom to mention George any more : though as for his family, he said he would endeavour to keep them from starving ; but as to the fellow himself, he would leave him to the laws, which nothing could keep him from breaking.

Tom could by no means divine what had incensed Mr. Allworthy, for of master Blifil he had not the least suspicion. However, as his friendship was to be tired out by no disappointments, he now determined to try another method of preserving the poor gamekeeper from ruin.

Jones was lately grown very intimate with Mr. Western. He had so greatly recommended himself to that gentleman, by leaping over five-barred gates, and by other acts of sportsmanship, that the squire had declared Tom would certainly make a great man, if he had but sufficient encouragement. He often wished he had himself a son with such parts ; and one day very solemnly asserted at a drinking bout, that Tom should hunt a pack of hounds for a thousand pound of his money, with any huntsman in the whole country.

By such kind of talents he had so ingratiated himself with the squire, that he was a most welcome guest at his table, and a favourite companion in his sport : everything which the squire held most dear, to wit, his guns, dogs, and horses, were now as much at the command of Jones, as if they had been his own. He resolved therefore to make use of this favour on behalf of his friend Black George, whom he hoped to introduce into Mr. Western's family, in the same capacity in which he had before served Mr. Allworthy.

The reader, if he considers that this fellow was already obnoxious to Mr. Western, and if he considers further the weighty business by which that gentleman's displeasure had been incurred, will perhaps condemn this as a foolish and desperate undertaking ; but if he should totally condemn young Jones on that account, he will greatly applaud him for strengthening himself with all imaginable interest on so arduous an occasion.

For this purpose, then, Tom applied to Mr. Western's daughter, a young lady of about seventeen years of age, whom her father, next after those necessary implements of sport just before mentioned, loved and esteemed above all the world. Now, as she had some influence on the squire, so Tom had some little influence on her. But this being the in-

tended heroine of this work, a lady with whom we ourselves are greatly in love, and with whom many of our readers will probably be in love too before we part, it is by no means proper she should make her appearance in the end of a book.

BOOK IV.

CONTAINING THE TIME OF A YEAR.

CHAPTER I.

Containing five pages of paper.

As truth distinguishes our writings from those idle romances which are filled with monsters, the productions, not of nature, but of distempered brains ; and which have been therefore recommended by an eminent critic to the sole use of the pastry cook ; so, on the other hand, we would avoid any resemblance to that kind of history which a celebrated poet seems to think is no less calculated for the emolument of the brewer, as the reading it should be always attended with a tankard of good ale—

While—history with her comrade ale
Sooths the sad series of her serious tale.

For as this is the liquor of modern historians, nay, perhaps their muse, if we may believe the opinion of Butler, who attributes inspiration to ale, it ought likewise to be the potation of their readers, since every book ought to be read with the same spirit and in the same manner as it is writ. Thus the famous author of *Hurlothrumbo* told a learned bishop, that the reason his lordship could not taste the excellence of his piece was, that he did not read it with a fiddle in his hand ; which instrument he himself had always had in his own, when he composed it.

That our work, therefore, might be in no danger of being likened to the labours of these historians, we have taken every occasion of interspersing through the whole sundry similes, descriptions, and other kind of poetical embellishments. These are, indeed, designed to supply the place of the said ale, and to refresh the mind, whenever those slumbers, which in a long work are apt to invade the reader as well as the writer, shall begin to creep upon him. Without interruptions of this kind, the best narrative of plain matter of fact must overpower every reader ; for nothing but the everlasting watchfulness, which Homer has ascribed only to Jove himself, can be proof against a newspaper of many volumes.

We shall leave to the reader to determine with what judgment we have chosen the several occasions for inserting those ornamental parts of our work. Surely it will be allowed that none could be more proper than the present, where we are about to introduce a considerable character on the scene ; no less, indeed, than the heroine of this heroic, historical, prosaic poem. Here, therefore, we have thought proper to prepare the mind of the reader for her reception, by filling it with every pleasing image which we can draw from the face of nature. And for this method we plead many precedents. First, this is an art well known to, and much practised by, our tragic poets, who seldom fail to prepare their audience for the reception of their principal characters.

Thus the hero is always introduced with a flourish of drums and trumpets, in order to rouse a martial spirit in the audience, and to accommodate their ears to bombast and fustian, which Mr. Locke's blind man would not have grossly erred in likening to the sound of a trumpet. Again, when lovers are coming forth, soft music often conducts them on the

stage, either to sooth the audience with the softness of the tender passion, or to lull and prepare them for that gentle slumber in which they will most probably be composed by the ensuing scene.

And not only the poets, but the masters of these poets, the managers of playhouses, seem to be in this secret; for, besides the aforesaid kettle-drums, &c., which denote the hero's approach, he is generally ushered on the stage by a large troop of half a dozen scene-shifters; and how necessary these are imagined to his appearance, may be concluded from the following theatrical story:—

King Pyrrhus was at dinner at an alehouse bordering on the theatre, when he was summoned to go on the stage. The hero, being unwilling to quit his shoulder of mutton, and as unwilling to draw on himself the indignation of Mr. Wilks (his brother manager) for making the audience wait, had bribed these his harbingers to be out of the way. While Mr. Wilks, therefore, was thundering out, "Where are the carpenters to walk on before king Pyrrhus?" that monarch very quietly ate his mutton, and the audience, however impatient, were obliged to entertain themselves with music in his absence.

To be plain, I much question whether the politician, who hath generally a good nose, hath not scented out somewhat of the utility of this practice. I am convinced that awful magistrate my lord-mayor contracts a good deal of that reverence which attends him through the year, by the several pageants which precede his pomp. Nay, I must confess, that even I myself, who am not remarkably liable to be captivated with show, have yielded not a little to the impressions of much preceding state. When I have seen a man strutting in a procession, after others whose business was only to walk before him, I have conceived a higher notion of his dignity than I have felt on seeing him in a common situation. But there is one instance, which comes exactly up to my purpose. This is the custom of sending on a basket-woman, who is to precede the pomp at a coronation, and to strew the stage with flowers, before the great personages begin their procession. The ancients would certainly have invoked the goddess Flora for this purpose, and it would have been no difficulty for their priests or politicians to have persuaded the people of the real presence of the deity, though a plain mortal had personated her and performed her office. But we have no such design of imposing on our reader; and therefore those who object to the heathen theology, may, if they please, change our goddess into the above-mentioned basket-woman. Our intention, in short, is to introduce our heroine with the utmost solemnity in our power, with an elevation of style, and all other circumstances proper to raise the veneration of our reader. Indeed we would, for certain causes, advise those of our male readers who have any hearts, to read no farther, were we not well assured, that how amiable soever the picture of our heroine will appear, as it is really a copy from nature, many of our fair countrywomen will be found worthy to satisfy any passion, and to answer any idea of female perfection which our pencil will be able to raise.

And now, without any further preface, we proceed to our next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

A short hint of what we can do in the sublime, and a description of Miss Sophia Western.

HUSHED be every ruder breath. May the heathen ruler of the winds confine in iron chains the boisterous limbs of noisy Boreas, and the sharp-pointed

nose of bitter-biting Eurus. Do thou, sweet Zephyrus, rising from thy fragrant bed, mount the western sky, and lead on those delicious gales, the charms of which call forth the lovely Flora from her chamber, perfumed with pearly dew, when on the 1st of June, her birth day, the blooming maid, in loose attire, gently trips it o'er the verdant mead, where every flower rises to do her homage, till the whole field becomes enamelled, and colours contend with sweets which shall ravish her most.

So charming may she now appear! and you the feathered choristers of nature, whose sweetest notes not even Handel can excel, tune your melodious throats to celebrate her appearance. From love proceeds your music, and to love it returns. Awaken therefore that gentle passion in every swain: for lo! adorned with all the charms in which nature can array her; bedecked with beauty, youth, sprightliness, innocence, modesty, and tenderness, breathing sweetness from her rosy lips, and darting brightness from her sparkling eyes, the lovely Sophia comes!

Reader, perhaps thou hast seen the statue of the *Venus de Medicis*. Perhaps, too, thou hast seen the gallery of beauties at Hampton Court. Thou mayest remember each bright Churchill of the galaxy, and all the toasts of the Kit-cat. Or, if their reign was before thy times, at least thou hast seen their daughters, the no less dazzling beauties of the present age; whose names, should we here insert, we apprehend they would fill the whole volume.

Now if thou hast seen all these, be not afraid of the rude answer which lord Rochester once gave to a man who had seen many things. No. If thou hast seen all these without knowing what beauty is, thou hast no eyes; if without feeling its power, thou hast no heart.

Yet is it possible, my friend, that thou mayest have seen all these without being able to form an exact idea of Sophia; for she did not exactly resemble any of them. She was most like the picture of lady Ranelagh: and, I have heard, more still to the famous duchess of Mazarine; but most of all, she resembled one whose image never can depart from my breast, and who if thou dost remember, thou hast then, my friend, an adequate idea of Sophia.

But lest this should not have been thy fortune, we will endeavour with our utmost skill to describe this paragon, though we are sensible that our highest abilities are very inadequate to the task.

Sophia, then, the only daughter of Mr. Western, was a middle-sized woman; but rather inclining to tall. Her shape was not only exact, but extremely delicate: and the nice proportion of her arms promised the truest symmetry in her limbs. Her hair, which was black, was so luxuriant, that it reached her middle, before she cut it to comply with the modern fashion; and it was now curled so gracefully in her neck, that few could believe it to be her own. If envy could find any part of the face which demanded less commendation than the rest, it might possibly think her forehead might have been higher without prejudice to her. Her eyebrows were full, even, and arched beyond the power of art to imitate. Her black eyes had a lustre in them, which all her softness could not extinguish. Her nose was exactly regular, and her mouth, in which were two rows of ivory, exactly answered Sir John Suckling's description in those lines:—

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin.
Some bee had stung it newly.

Her cheeks were of the oval kind; and in her right she had a dimple, which the least smile discovered,

Her chin had certainly its share in forming the beauty of her face; but it was difficult to say it was either large or small, though perhaps it was rather of the former kind. Her complexion had rather more of the lily than of the rose; but when exercise or modesty increased her natural colour, no vermilion could equal it. Then one might indeed cry out with the celebrated Dr. Donne:

—Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say her body thought.

Her neck was long and finely turned: and here, if I was not afraid of offending her delicacy, I might justly say, the highest beauties of the famous *Venus de Medicis* were outdone. Here was whiteness which no lilies, ivory, nor alabaster could match. The finest cambric might indeed be supposed from envy to cover that bosom which was much whiter than itself.—It was indeed,

Nitor splendens Pario marmore purius.

A gloss shining beyond the purest brightness of Parian marble.

Such was the outside of Sophia; nor was this beautiful frame disgraced by an inhabitant unworthy of it. Her mind was every way equal to her person; nay, the latter borrowed some charms from the former; for when she smiled, the sweetness of her temper diffused that glory over her countenance which no regularity of features can give. But as there are no perfections of the mind which do not discover themselves in that perfect intimacy to which we intend to introduce our reader with this charming young creature, so it is needless to mention them here: nay, it is a kind of tacit affront to our reader's understanding, and may also rob him of that pleasure which he will receive in forming his own judgment of her character.

It may, however, be proper to say, that whatever mental accomplishments she had derived from nature, they were somewhat improved and cultivated by art: for she had been educated under the care of an aunt, who was a lady of great discretion, and was thoroughly acquainted with the world, having lived in her youth about the court, whence she had retired some years since into the country. By her conversation and instructions, Sophia was perfectly well bred, though perhaps she wanted a little of that ease in her behaviour which is to be acquired only by habit, and living within what is called the polite circle. But this, to say the truth, is often too dearly purchased; and though it hath charms so inexpressible, that the French, perhaps, among other qualities, mean to express this, when they declare they know not what it is; yet its absence is well compensated by innocence; nor can good sense and a natural gentility ever stand in need of it.

CHAPTER III.

Wherein the history goes back to commemorate a trifling incident that happened some years since; but which, trifling as it was, had some future consequences.

THE amiable Sophia was now in her eighteenth year, when she is introduced into this history. Her father, as hath been said, was fonder of her than of any other human creature. To her, therefore, Tom Jones applied, in order to engage her interest on the behalf of his friend the gamekeeper.

But before we proceed to this business, a short recapitulation of some previous matters may be necessary.

Though the different tempers of Mr. Allworthy and of Mr. Western did not admit of a very intimate correspondence, yet they lived upon what is called a

decent footing together; by which means the young people of both families had been acquainted from their infancy; and as they were all near of the same age, had been frequent playmates together.

The gaiety of Tom's temper suited better with Sophia, than the grave and sober disposition of master Blifil. And the preference which she gave the former of these, would often appear so plainly, that a lad of a more passionate turn than master Blifil was, might have shown some displeasure at it.

As he did not, however, outwardly express any such disgust, it would be an ill office in us to pay a visit to the inmost recesses of his mind, as some scandalous people search into the most secret affairs of their friends, and often pry into their closets and cupboards, only to discover their poverty and meanness to the world.

However, as persons who suspect they have given others cause of offence, are apt to conclude they are offended; so Sophia imputed an action of master Blifil to his anger, which the superior sagacity of Thwackum and Square discerned to have arisen from a much better principle.

Tom Jones, when very young, had presented Sophia with a little bird, which he had taken from the nest, had nursed up, and taught to sing.

Of this bird, Sophia, then about thirteen years old, was so extremely fond, that her chief business was to feed and tend it, and her chief pleasure to play with it. By these means little Tommy, for so the bird was called, was become so tame, that it would feed out of the hand of its mistress, would perch upon her finger, and lie contented in her bosom, where it seemed almost sensible of its own happiness; though she always kept a small string about its leg, nor would ever trust it with the liberty of flying away.

One day, when Mr. Allworthy and his whole family dined at Mr. Western's, master Blifil, being in the garden with little Sophia, and observing the extreme fondness that she shewed for the little bird, desired her to trust it for a moment in his hands. Sophia presently complied with the young gentleman's request, and after some previous caution, delivered him her bird; of which he was no sooner in possession, than he slipt the string from its leg and tossed it into the air.

The foolish animal no sooner perceived itself at liberty, than forgetting all the favours it had received from Sophia, it flew directly from her, and perched on a bough at some distance.

Sophia, seeing her bird gone, screamed out so loud, that Tom Jones, who was at a little distance, immediately ran to her assistance.

He was no sooner informed of what had happened, than he cursed Blifil for a pitiful malicious rascal; and then immediately stripping off his coat he applied himself to climbing the tree to which the bird escaped.

Tom had almost recovered his little namesake, when the branch on which it was perched, and that hung over a canal, broke, and the poor lad plumped over head and ears into the water.

Sophia's concern now changed its object. And as she apprehended the boy's life was in danger, she screamed ten times louder than before; and indeed master Blifil himself now seconded her with all the vociferation in his power.

The company, who were sitting in a room next the garden, were instantly alarmed, and came all forth; but just as they reached the canal, Tom (for the water was luckily pretty shallow in that part) arrived safely on shore.

Thwackum fell violently on poor Tom, who stood

dropping and shivering before him, when Mr. Allworthy desired him to have patience; and turning to master Blifil, said, "Pray, child, what is the reason of all this disturbance?"

Master Blifil answered, "Indeed, uncle, I am very sorry for what I have done; I have been unhappily the occasion of it all. I had miss Sophia's bird in my hand, and thinking the poor creature languished for liberty, I own I could not forbear giving it what it desired; for I always thought there was something very cruel in confining anything. It seemed to be against the law of nature, by which everything hath a right to liberty; nay, it is even unchristian, for it is not doing what we would be done by: but if I had imagined miss Sophia would have been so much concerned at it, I am sure I never would have done it; nay, if I had known what would have happened to the bird itself: for when master Jones, who climbed up that tree after it, fell into the water, the bird took a second flight, and presently a nasty hawk carried it away."

Poor Sophia, who now first heard of her little Tommy's fate (for her concern for Jones had prevented her perceiving it when it happened), shed a shower of tears. These Mr. Allworthy endeavoured to assuage, promising her a much finer bird: but she declared she would never have another. Her father chid her for crying so for a foolish bird; but could not help telling young Blifil, if he was a son of his, his backside should be well flayed.

Sophia now returned to her chamber, the two young gentlemen were sent home, and the rest of the company returned to their bottle; where a conversation ensued on the subject of the bird, so curious, that we think it deserves a chapter by itself.

CHAPTER IV.

Containing such very deep and grave matters, that some readers, perhaps, may not relish it.

SQUARE had no sooner lighted his pipe, than, addressing himself to Allworthy, he thus began: "Sir, I cannot help congratulating you on your nephew; who, at an age when few lads have any ideas but of sensible objects, is arrived at a capacity of distinguishing right from wrong. To confine anything, seems to me against the law of nature, by which everything hath a right to liberty. These were his words; and the impression they have made on me is never to be eradicated. Can any man have a higher notion of the rule of right, and the eternal fitness of things? I cannot help promising myself, from such a dawn, that the meridian of this youth will be equal to that of either the elder or the younger Brutus."

Here Thwackum hastily interrupted, and spilling some of his wine, and swallowing the rest with great eagerness, answered, "From another expression he made use of, I hope he will resemble much better men. The law of nature is a jargon of words, which means nothing. I know not of any such law, nor of any right which can be derived from it. To do as we would be done by, is indeed a christian motive, as the boy well expressed himself; and I am glad to find my instructions have borne such good fruits."

"If vanity was a thing fit," says Square, "I might indulge some on the same occasion; for whence only he can have learnt his notions of right or wrong, I think is pretty apparent. If there be no law of nature, there is no right nor wrong."

"How!" says the parson, "do you then banish revelation? Am I talking with a deist or an atheist?"

"Drink about," says Western. "Pox of your laws of nature! I don't know what you mean,

either of you, by right and wrong. To take away my girl's bird was wrong, in my opinion; and my neighbour Allworthy may do as he pleases; but to encourage boys in such practices, is to breed them up to the gallows."

Allworthy answered, "That he was sorry for what his nephew had done, but could not consent to punish him, as he acted rather from a generous than unworthy motive." He said, "If the boy had stolen the bird, none would have been more ready to vote for a severe chastisement than himself; but it was plain that was not his design:" and, indeed, it was as apparent to him, that he could have no other view but what he had himself avowed. (For as to that malicious purpose which Sophia suspected, it never once entered into the head of Mr. Allworthy.) He at length concluded with again blaming the action as inconsiderate, and which, he said, was pardonable only in a child.

Square had delivered his opinion so openly, that if he was now silent, he must submit to have his judgment censured. He said, therefore, with some warmth, "That Mr. Allworthy had too much respect to the dirty consideration of property. That in passing our judgments on great and mighty actions, all private regards should be laid aside; for by adhering to those narrow rules, the younger Brutus had been condemned of ingratitude, and the elder of parricide."

"And if they had been hanged too for those crimes," cried Thwackum, "they would have had no more than their deserts. A couple of heathenish villains! Heaven be praised we have no Brutuses now-a-days! I wish, Mr. Square, you would desist from filling the minds of my pupils with such anti-christian stuff; for the consequence must be, while they are under my care, its being well scourged out of them again. There is your disciple Tom almost spoiled already. I overheard him the other day disputing with master Blifil that there was no merit in faith without works. I know that is one of your tenets, and I suppose he had it from you."

"Don't accuse me of spoiling him," says Square. "Who taught him to laugh at whatever is virtuous and decent, and fit and right in the nature of things? He is your own scholar, and I disclaim him. No, no, master Blifil is my boy. Young as he is, that lad's notions of moral rectitude I defy you ever to eradicate."

Thwackum put on a contemptuous sneer at this, and replied, "Ay, ay, I will venture him with you. He is too well grounded for all your philosophical cant to hurt. No, no, I have taken care to instil such principles into him——"

"And I have instilled principles into him too," cries Square. "What but the sublime idea of virtue could inspire a human mind with the generous thought of giving liberty? And I repeat to you again, if it was a fit thing to be proud, I might claim the honour of having infused that idea."

"And if pride was not forbidden," said Thwackum, "I might boast of having taught him that duty which he himself assigned as his motive."

"So between you both," says the squire, "the young gentleman hath been taught to rob my daughter of her bird. I find I must take care of my partridge-mew. I shall have some virtuous religious man or other set all my partridges at liberty." Then slapping a gentleman of the law, who was present, on the back, he cried out, "What say you to this, Mr. Counsellor? Is not this against law?"

The lawyer with great gravity delivered himself as follows:—

"If the case be put of a partridge, there can be no

doubt but an action would lie; for though this be *fera natura*, yet being reclaimed, property vests: but being the case of a singing bird, though reclaimed, as it is a thing of a base nature, it must be considered as *nullius in bonis*. In this case, therefore, I conceive the plaintiff must be nonsuited; and I should advise the bringing of any such action."

"Well," says the squire, "if it be *nullus bonus*, let us drink about, and talk a little of the state of the nation, or some such discourse that we all understand; for I am sure I don't understand a word of this. It may be learning and sense for aught I know: but you shall never persuade me into it. Pox! you have neither of you mentioned a word of that poor lad who deserves to be commended: to venture breaking his neck to oblige my girl was a generous spirited action: I have learning enough to see that. D—n me, here's Tom's health! I shall love the boy for it the longest day I have to live."

Thus was the debate interrupted; but it would probably have been soon resumed, had not Mr. Allworthy presently called for his coach, and carried off the two combatants.

Such was the conclusion of this adventure of the bird, and of the dialogue occasioned by it; which we could not help recounting to our reader, though it happened some years before that stage or period of time at which our history is now arrived.

CHAPTER V.

Containing matter accommodated to every taste.

"*PARVA leves capiunt animos*—Small things affect light minds," was the sentiment of a great master of the passion of love. And certain it is, that from this day Sophia began to have some little kindness for Tom Jones, and no little aversion for his companion.

Many accidents from time to time improved both these passions in her breast; which, without our recounting, the reader may well conclude, from what we have before hinted of the different tempers of these lads, and how much the one suited with her own inclinations more than the other. To say the truth, Sophia, when very young, discerned that Tom, though an idle, thoughtless rattling rascal, was nobody's enemy but his own; and that master Blifil, though a prudent, discreet, sober young gentleman, was at the same time strongly attached to the interest only of one single person; and who that single person was, the reader will be able to divine without any assistance of ours.

These two characters are not always received in the world with the different regard which seems severally due to either; and which one would imagine mankind, from self-interest, should show towards them. But perhaps there may be a political reason for it: in finding one of a truly benevolent disposition, men may very reasonably suppose they have found a treasure, and be desirous of keeping it, like all other good things, to themselves. Hence they may imagine, that to trumpet forth the praises of such a person, would, in the vulgar phrase, be crying Roast-meat, and calling in partakers of what they intend to apply solely to their own use. If this reason does not satisfy the reader, I know no other means of accounting for the little respect which I have commonly seen paid to a character which really does great honour to human nature, and is productive of the highest good to society. But it was otherwise with Sophia. She honoured Tom Jones, and scorned master Blifil, almost as soon as she knew the meaning of those two words.

Sophia had been absent upwards of three years with her aunt; during all which time she had sel-

dom seen either of these young gentlemen. She dined, however, once, together with her aunt, at Mr. Allworthy's. This was a few days after the adventure of the partridge, before commemorated. Sophia heard the whole story at table, where she said nothing: nor indeed could her aunt get many words from her as she returned home; but her maid, when undressing her, happening to say, "Well, miss, I suppose you have seen young master Blifil to-day?" She answered with much passion, "I hate the name of master Blifil, as I do whatever is base and treacherous: and I wonder Mr. Allworthy would suffer that old barbarous schoolmaster to punish a poor boy so cruelly for what was only the effect of his good-nature." She then recounted the story to her maid, and concluded with saying, "don't you think he is a boy of a noble spirit?"

This young lady was now returned to her father; who gave her the command of his house, and placed her at the upper end of his table, where Tom (who for his great love of hunting was become a great favourite of the squire) often dined. Young men of open generous dispositions are naturally inclined to gallantry, which, if they have good understandings, as was in reality Tom's case, exerts itself in an obliging complaisant behaviour to all women in general. This greatly distinguished Tom from the boisterous brutality of mere country squires on the one hand, and from the solemn and somewhat sullen deportment of master Blifil on the other; and he began now, at twenty, to have the name of a pretty fellow among all the women in the neighbourhood.

Tom behaved to Sophia with no particularity, unless perhaps by showing her a higher respect than he paid to any other. This distinction her beauty, fortune, sense, and amiable carriage, seemed to demand; but as to a design upon her person he had none; for which we shall at present suffer the reader to condemn him of stupidity; but perhaps we shall be able indifferently well to account for it hereafter.

Sophia, with the highest degree of innocence and modesty, had a remarkable sprightliness in her temper. This was so greatly increased whenever she was in company with Tom, that had he not been very young and thoughtless, he must have observed it; or had not Mr. Western's thoughts been generally either in the field, the stable, or the dog-kennel, it might have perhaps created some jealousy in him: but so far was the good gentleman from entertaining any such suspicions, that he gave Tom every opportunity with his daughter which any lover could have wished; and this Tom innocently improved to better advantage, by following only the dictates of his natural gallantry and good-nature, than he might perhaps have done had he had the deepest designs on the young lady.

But indeed it can occasion little wonder that this matter escaped the observation of others, since poor Sophia herself never remarked it; and her heart was irretrievably lost before she suspected it was in danger.

Matters were in this situation, when Tom, one afternoon, finding Sophia alone, began, after a short apology, with a very serious face, to acquaint her that he had a favour to ask of her which he hoped her goodness would comply with.

Though neither the young man's behaviour, nor indeed his manner of opening this business, were such as could give her any just cause of suspecting he intended to make love to her; yet, whether Nature whispered something into her ear, or from what cause it arose I will not determine; certain it is, some idea of that kind must have intruded itself; for her colour forsook her cheeks, her limbs trem-

bled, and her tongue would have faltered, had Tom stopped for an answer; but he soon relieved her from her perplexity, by proceeding to inform her of his request; which was to solicit her interest on behalf of the gamekeeper, whose own ruin, and that of a large family, must be, he said, the consequence of Mr. Western's pursuing his action against him.

Sophia presently recovered her confusion, and, with a smile full of sweetness, said, "Is this the mighty favour you asked with so much gravity? I will do it with all my heart. I really pity the poor fellow, and no longer ago than yesterday sent a small matter to his wife." This small matter was one of her gowns, some linen, and ten shillings in money, of which Tom had heard, and it had, in reality put this solicitation into his head.

Our youth now, emboldened with his success, resolved to push the matter further, and ventured even to beg her recommendation of him to her father's service; protesting that he thought him one of the honestest fellows in the country, and extremely well qualified for the place of a gamekeeper, which luckily then happened to be vacant.

Sophia answered, "Well, I will undertake this too; but I cannot promise you as much success as in the former part, which I assure you I will not quit my father without obtaining. However, I will do what I can for the poor fellow; for I sincerely look upon him and his family as objects of great compassion. And now, Mr. Jones, I must ask you a favour."

"A favour, madam!" cries Tom: "if you knew the pleasure you have given me in the hopes of receiving a command from you, you would think by mentioning it you did confer the greatest favour on me; for by this dear hand I would sacrifice my life to oblige you."

He then snatched her hand, and eagerly kissed it, which was the first time his lips had ever touched her. The blood, which before had forsaken her cheeks, now made her sufficient amends, by rushing all over her face and neck with such violence, that they became all of a scarlet colour. She now first felt a sensation to which she had been before a stranger, and which, when she had leisure to reflect on it, began to acquaint her with some secrets, which the reader, if he does not already guess them, will know in due time.

Sophia, as soon as she could speak (which was not instantly), informed him, that the favour she had to desire of him was, not to lead her father through so many dangers in hunting; for that, from what she had heard, she was terribly frightened every time they went out together, and expected some day or other to see her father brought home with broken limbs. She therefore begged him, for her sake, to be more cautious; and as he well knew Mr. Western would follow him, not to ride so madly, nor to take those dangerous leaps for the future.

Tom promised faithfully to obey her commands; and, after thanking her for her kind compliance with his request, took his leave, and departed highly charmed with his success.

Poor Sophia was charmed too, but in a very different way. Her sensations, however, the reader's heart (if he or she have any) will better represent than I can, if I had as many mouths as ever poet wished for, to eat, I suppose those many dainties with which he was so plentifully provided.

It was Mr. Western's custom every afternoon, as soon as he was drunk, to hear his daughter play on the harpsichord; for he was a great lover of music, and perhaps, had he lived in town, might have passed for a connoisseur; for he always excepted against the finest compositions of Mr. Handel. He

never relished any music but what was light and airy; and indeed his most favourite tunes were Old Sir Simon the King, St. George he was for England, Bobbing Joan, and some others.

His daughter, though she was a perfect mistress of music, and would never willingly have played any but Handel's, was so devoted to her father's pleasure, that she learnt all those tunes to oblige him. However, she would now and then endeavour to lead him into her own taste; and when he required the repetition of his ballads, would answer with a "nay, dear sir;" and would often beg him to suffer her to play something else.

This evening, however, when the gentleman was retired from his bottle, she played all his favourites three times over, without any solicitation. This so pleased the good squire, that he started from his couch, gave his daughter a kiss, and swore her hand was greatly improved. She took this opportunity to execute her promise to Tom; in which she succeeded so well, that the squire declared, if she would give him t'other bout of Old Sir Simon, he would give the gamekeeper his deputation the next morning. Sir Simon was played again and again, till the charms of the music soothed Mr. Western to sleep. In the morning Sophia did not fail to remind him of his engagement; and his attorney was immediately sent for, and ordered to stop any further proceedings in the action, and to make out the deputation.

Tom's success in this affair soon began to ring over the country, and various were the censures passed upon it; some greatly applauding it as an act of good nature; others sneering, and saying, "No wonder that one idle fellow should love another." Young Blifl was greatly enraged at it. He had long hated Black George in the same proportion as Jones delighted in him; not from any offence which he had ever received, but from his great love to religion and virtue;—for Black George had the reputation of a loose kind of a fellow. Blifl therefore represented this as flying in Mr. Allworthy's face; and declared, with great concern, that it was impossible to find any other motive for doing good to such a wretch.

Thwackum and Square likewise sang to the same tune. They were now (especially the latter) become greatly jealous of young Jones with the widow; for he now approached the age of twenty, was really a fine young fellow, and that lady, by her encouragements to him, seemed daily more and more to think him so.

Allworthy was not, however, moved with their malice. He declared himself very well satisfied with what Jones had done. He said the perseverance and integrity of his friendship was highly commendable, and he wished he could see more frequent instances of that virtue.

But Fortune, who seldom greatly relishes such sparks as my friend Tom, perhaps because they do not pay more ardent addresses to her, gave now a very different turn to all his actions, and showed them to Mr. Allworthy in a light far less agreeable than that gentleman's goodness had hitherto seen them in.

CHAPTER VI.

An apology for the insensibility of Mr. Jones to all the charms of the lovely Sophia; in which possibly we may, in a considerable degree, lower his character in the estimation of those men of wit and gallantry who approve the heroes in most of our modern comedies.

THERE are two sorts of people, who, I am afraid, have already conceived some contempt for my hero,

on account of his behaviour to Sophia. The former of these will blame his prudence in neglecting an opportunity to possess himself of Mr. Western's fortune; and the latter will no less despise him for his backwardness to so fine a girl, who seemed ready to fly into his arms, if he would open them to receive her.

Now, though I shall not perhaps be able absolutely to acquit him of either of these charges (for want of prudence admits of no excuse; and what I shall produce against the latter charge will, I apprehend, be scarce satisfactory); yet, as evidence may sometimes be offered in mitigation, I shall set forth the plain matter of fact, and leave the whole to the reader's determination.

Mr. Jones had somewhat about him, which, though I think writers are not thoroughly agreed in its name, doth certainly inhabit some human breasts; whose use is not so properly to distinguish right from wrong, as to prompt and incite them to the former, and to restrain and withhold them from the latter.

This somewhat may be indeed resembled to the famous trunk-maker in the playhouse; for, whenever the person who is possessed of it doth what is right, no ravished or friendly spectator is so eager or so loud in his applause: on the contrary, when he doth wrong, no critic is so apt to hiss and explode him.

To give a higher idea of the principle I mean, as well as one more familiar to the present age; it may be considered as sitting on its throne in the mind, like the lord high chancellor of this kingdom in his court; where it presides, governs, directs, judges, acquits, and condemns according to merit and justice, with a knowledge which nothing escapes, a penetration which nothing can deceive, and an integrity which nothing can corrupt.

This active principle may perhaps be said to constitute the most essential barrier between us and our neighbours the brutes; for if there be some in the human shape who are not under any such dominion, I choose rather to consider them as deserters from us to our neighbours; among whom they will have the fate of deserters, and not be placed in the first rank.

Our hero, whether he derived it from Thwackum or Square I will not determine, was very strongly under the guidance of this principle; for though he did not always act rightly, yet he never did otherwise without feeling and suffering for it. It was this which taught him, that to repay the civilities and little friendships of hospitality by robbing the house where you have received them, is to be the basest and meanest of thieves. He did not think the baseness of this offence lessened by the height of the injury committed; on the contrary, if to steal another's plate deserved death and infamy, it seemed to him difficult to assign a punishment adequate to the robbing a man of his whole fortune, and of his child into the bargain.

This principle, therefore, prevented him from any thought of making his fortune by such means (for this, as I have said, is an active principle, and doth not content itself with knowledge or belief only). Had he been greatly enamoured of Sophia, he possibly might have thought otherwise; but give me leave to say, there is great difference between running away with a man's daughter from the motive of love, and doing the same thing from the motive of theft.

Now, though this young gentleman was not insensible of the charms of Sophia; though he greatly liked her beauty, and esteemed all her other quali-

fications, she had made, however, no deep impression on his heart; for which, as it renders him liable to the charge of stupidity, or at least of want of taste, we shall now proceed to account.

The truth then is, his heart was in the possession of another woman. Here I question not but the reader will be surprised at our long taciturnity as to this matter; and quite at a loss to divine who this woman was, since we have not hitherto dropt a hint of any one likely to be a rival to Sophia; for as to Mrs. Blifil, though we have been obliged to mention some suspicions of her affection for Tom, we have not hitherto given the least latitude for imagining that he had any for her; and, indeed, I am sorry to say it, but the youth of both sexes are too apt to be deficient in their gratitude for that regard with which persons more advanced in years are sometimes so kind as to honour them.

That the reader may be no longer in suspense, he will be pleased to remember, that we have often mentioned the family of George Seagrim (commonly called Black George, the gamekeeper), which consisted at present of a wife and five children.

The second of these children was a daughter, whose name was Molly, and who was esteemed one of the handsomest girls in the whole country.

Congreve well says there is in true beauty something which vulgar souls cannot admire; so can no dirt or rags hide this something from those souls which are not of the vulgar stamp.

The beauty of this girl made, however, no impression on Tom, till she grew towards the age of sixteen, when Tom, who was near three years older, began first to cast the eyes of affection upon her. And this affection he had fixed on the girl long before he could bring himself to attempt the possession of her person: for though his constitution urged him greatly to this, his principles no less forcibly restrained him. To debauch a young woman, however low her condition was, appeared to him a very heinous crime; and the good-will he bore the father, with the compassion he had for his family, very strongly corroborated all such sober reflections; so that he once resolved to get the better of his inclinations, and he actually abstained three whole months without ever going to Seagrim's house, or seeing his daughter.

Now, though Molly was, as we have said, generally thought a very fine girl, and in reality she was so, yet her beauty was not of the most amiable kind. It had, indeed, very little of feminine in it, and would have become a man at least as well as a woman; for, to say the truth, youth and florid health had a very considerable share in the composition.

Nor was her mind more effeminate than her person. As this was tall and robust, so was that bold and forward. So little had she of modesty, that Jones had more regard for her virtue than she herself. And as most probably she liked Tom as well as he liked her, so when she perceived his backwardness she herself grew proportionably forward; and when she saw he had entirely deserted the house, she found means of throwing herself in his way, and behaved in such a manner that the youth must have had very much or very little of the hero if her endeavours had proved unsuccessful. In a word, she soon triumphed over all the virtuous resolutions of Jones; for though she behaved at last with all decent reluctance, yet I rather choose to attribute the triumph to her, since, in fact, it was her design which succeeded.

In the conduct of this matter, I say, Molly so well played her part, that Jones attributed the conquest entirely to himself, and considered the young woman

as one who had yielded to the violent attacks of his passion. He likewise imputed her yielding to the ungovernable force of her love towards him; and this the reader will allow to have been a very natural and probable supposition, as we have more than once mentioned the uncommon comeliness of his person: and, indeed, he was one of the handsomest young fellows in the world.

As there are some minds whose affections, like Master Blifil's, are solely placed on one single person, whose interest and indulgence alone they consider on every occasion; regarding the good and ill of all others as merely indifferent, any further than as they contribute to the pleasure or advantage of that person: so there is a different temper of mind which borrows a degree of virtue even from self-love. Such can never receive any kind of satisfaction from another, without loving the creature to whom that satisfaction is owing, and without making its well-being in some sort necessary to their own ease.

Of this latter species was our hero. He considered this poor girl as one whose happiness or misery he had caused to be dependent on himself. Her beauty was still the object of desire, though greater beauty, or a fresher object, might have been more so; but the little abatement which fruition had occasioned to this was highly overbalanced by the considerations of the affection which she visibly bore him, and of the situation into which he had brought her. The former of these created gratitude, the latter compassion; and both, together with his desire for her person, raised in him a passion which might, without any great violence to the word, be called love; though, perhaps, it was at first not very judiciously placed.

This, then, was the true reason of that insensibility which he had shown to the charms of Sophia, and that behaviour in her which might have been reasonably enough interpreted as an encouragement to his addresses; for as he could not think of abandoning his Molly, poor and destitute as she was, so no more could he entertain a notion of betraying such a creature as Sophia. And surely, had he given the least encouragement to any passion for that young lady, he must have been absolutely guilty of one or other of those crimes; either of which would, in my opinion, have very justly subjected him to that fate, which, at his first introduction into this history, I mentioned to have been generally predicted as his certain destiny.

CHAPTER VII.

Being the shortest chapter in this book.

HER mother first perceived the alteration in the shape of Molly; and in order to hide it from her neighbours, she foolishly clothed her in that sack which Sophia had sent her; though, indeed, that young lady had little apprehension that the poor woman would have been weak enough to let any of her daughters wear it in that form.

Molly was charmed with the first opportunity she ever had of showing her beauty to advantage; for though she could very well bear to contemplate herself in the glass, even when dressed in rags; and though she had in that dress conquered the heart of Jones, and perhaps of some others; yet she thought the addition of finery would much improve her charms, and extend her conquests.

Molly, therefore, having dressed herself out in this sack, with a new laced cap, and some other ornaments which Tom had given her, repairs to church with her fan in her hand the very next Sunday. The

great are deceived if they imagine they have appropriated ambition and vanity to themselves. These noble qualities flourish as notably in a country church and church-yard as in the drawing-room, or in the closet. Schemes have indeed been laid in the vestry which would hardly disgrace the conclave. Here is a ministry, and here is an opposition. Here are plots and circumventions, parties and factions, equal to those which are to be found in courts.

Nor are the women here less practised in the highest feminine arts than their fair superiors in quality and fortune. Here are prudes and coquettes. Here are dressing and ogling, falsehood, envy, malice, scandal; in short, everything that is common to the most splendid assembly, or politest circle. Let those of high life, therefore, no longer despise the ignorance of their inferiors; nor the vulgar any longer rail at the vices of their betters.

Molly had seated herself some time before she was known by her neighbours. And then a whisper ran through the whole congregation, "Who is she?" but when she was discovered, such sneering, giggling, tittering, and laughing ensued among the women, that Mr. Allworthy was obliged to exert his authority to preserve any decency among them.

CHAPTER VIII.

A battle sung by the Muse in the Homeric style, and which none but the classical reader can taste.

MR. WESTERN had an estate in this parish; and as his house stood at little greater distance from this church than from his own, he very often came to Divine Service here; and both he and the charming Sophia happened to be present at this time.

Sophia was much pleased with the beauty of the girl, whom she pitied for her simplicity in having dressed herself in that manner, as she saw the envy which it had occasioned among her equals. She no sooner came home than she sent for the gamekeeper, and ordered him to bring his daughter to her; saying she would provide for her in the family, and might possibly place the girl about her own person, when her own maid, who was now going away, had left her.

Poor Seagrim was thunderstruck at this; for he was no stranger to the fault in the shape of his daughter. He answered, in a stammering voice, "That he was afraid Molly would be too awkward to wait on her ladyship, as she had never been at service." "No matter for that," says Sophia; "she will soon improve. I am pleased with the girl, and am resolved to try her."

Black George now repaired to his wife, on whose prudent counsel he depended to extricate him out of this dilemma; but when he came thither he found his house in some confusion. So great envy had this sack occasioned, that when Mr. Allworthy and the other gentry were gone from church, the rage, which had hitherto been confined, burst into an uproar; and, having vented itself at first in opprobrious words, laughs, hisses, and gestures, betook itself at last to certain missile weapons; which, though from their plastic nature they threatened neither the loss of life nor limb, were however sufficiently dreadful to a well-dressed lady. Molly had too much spirit to bear this treatment tamely. Having therefore—but hold, as we are diffident of our own abilities, let us here invite a superior power to our assistance.

Ye Muses, then, whoever ye are, who love to sing battles, and principally thou who whilom didst recount the slaughter in those fields where Hudibras and Trulla fought, if thou wert not starved with thy

friend Butler, assist me on this great occasion. All things are not in the power of all.

As a vast herd of cows in a rich farmer's yard, if, while they are milked, they hear their calves at a distance, lamenting the robbery which is then committing, roar and bellow; so roared forth the Somersetshire mob an halloo, made up of almost as many squalls, screams, and other different sounds as there were persons, or indeed passions among them: some were inspired by rage, others alarmed by fear, and others had nothing in their heads but the love of fun; but chiefly Envy, the sister of Satan, and his constant companion, rushed among the crowd, and blew up the fury of the women; who no sooner came up to Molly than they pelted her with dirt and rubbish.

Molly, having endeavoured in vain to make a handsome retreat, faced about; and laying hold of ragged Bess, who advanced in the front of the enemy, she at one blow felled her to the ground. The whole army of the enemy (though near a hundred in number), seeing the fate of their general, gave back many paces, and retired behind a new-dug grave; for the churchyard was the field of battle, where there was to be a funeral that very evening. Molly pursued her victory, and catching up a skull which lay on the side of the grave, discharged it with such fury, that having hit a tailor on the head, the two skulls sent equally forth a hollow sound at their meeting, and the tailor took presently measure of his length on the ground, where the skulls lay side by side, and it was doubtful which was the more valuable of the two. Molly then taking a thigh-bone in her hand, fell in among the flying ranks, and dealing her blows with great liberality on either side, overthrew the carcass of many a mighty hero and heroine.

Recount, O Muse, the names of those who fell on this fatal day. First, Jemmy Tweedle felt on his hinder head the direful bone. Him the pleasant banks of sweetly-winding Stour had nourished, where he first learnt the vocal art, with which, wandering up and down at wakes and fairs, he cheered the rural nymphs and swains, when upon the green they interweaved the sprightly dance; while he himself stood fiddling and jumping to his own music. How little now avails his fiddle! He thumps the verdant floor with his carcass. Next, old Echepole, the sowgelder, received a blow in his forehead from our Amazonian heroine, and immediately fell to the ground. He was a swingeing fat fellow, and fell with almost as much noise as a house. His tobacco-box dropped at the same time from his pocket, which Molly took up as lawful spoils. Then Kate of the Mill tumbled unfortunately over a tomb-stone, which catching hold of her ungartered stocking inverted the order of nature, and gave her heels the superiority to her head. Betty Pippin, with young Roger her lover, fell both to the ground; where, O perverse fate! she salutes the earth, and he the sky. Tom Freckle, the smith's son, was the next victim to her rage. He was an ingenious workman, and made excellent pattens; nay, the very patten with which he was knocked down was his own workmanship. Had he been at that time singing psalms in the church, he would have avoided a broken head. Miss Crow, the daughter of a farmer; John Giddish, himself a farmer; Nan Slouch, Esther Codling, Will Spray, Tom Bennet; the three Misses Potter, whose father keeps the sign of the Red Lion; Betty Chambermaid, Jack Ostler, and many others of inferior note, lay rolling among the graves.

Not that the strenuous arm of Molly reached all these; for many of them in their flight overthrew each other.

But now Fortune, fearing she had acted out of character, and had inclined too long to the same side, especially as it was the right side, hastily turned about: for now goody Brown,—whom Zekiel Brown caressed in his arms; nor he alone, but half the parish besides; so famous was she in the fields of Venus, nor indeed less in those of Mars. The trophies of both these her husband always bore about on his head and face; for if ever human head did by its horns display the amorous glories of a wife, Zekiel's did; nor did his well-scratched face less denote her talents (or rather talons) of a different kind.

No longer bore this Amazon the shameful flight of her party. She stopped short, and, calling aloud to all who fled, spoke as follows: "Ye Somersetshire men, or rather ye Somersetshire women, are ye not ashamed thus to fly from a single woman? But if no other will oppose her, I myself and Joan Top here will have the honour of the victory." Having thus said, she flew at Molly Seagrim, and easily wrenched the thigh-bone from her hand, at the same time clawing off her cap from her head. Then laying hold of the hair of Molly with her left hand, she attacked her so furiously in the face with the right, that the blood soon began to trickle from her nose. Molly was not idle all this while. She soon removed the clout from the head of goody Brown, and then fastening on her hair with one hand, with the other she caused another bloody stream to issue forth from the nostrils of the enemy.

When each of the combatants had borne off sufficient spoils of hair from the head of her antagonist, the next rage was against the garments. In this attack they exerted so much violence, that in a very few minutes they were both naked to the middle.

It is lucky for the women that the seat of fistycuff war is not the same with them as among men; but though they may seem a little to deviate from their sex, when they go forth to battle, yet I have observed, they never so far forget, as to assail the bosoms of each other; where a few blows would be fatal to most of them. This, I know, some derive from their being of a more bloody inclination than the males. On which account they apply to the nose, as to the part whence blood may most easily be drawn; but this seems a far-fetched as well as ill-natured supposition.

Goody Brown had great advantage of Molly in this particular; for the former had indeed no breasts, her bosom (if it may be so called), as well in colour as in many other properties, exactly resembling an ancient piece of parchment, upon which any one might have drummed a considerable while without doing her any great damage.

Molly, beside her present unhappy condition, was differently formed in those parts, and might, perhaps, have tempted the envy of Brown to give her a fatal blow, had not the lucky arrival of Tom Jones at this instant put an immediate end to the bloody scene.

This accident was luckily owing to Mr. Square; for he, master Blifil, and Jones, had mounted their horses, after church, to take the air, and had ridden about a quarter of a mile, when Square, changing his mind (not idly, but for a reason which we shall unfold as soon as we have leisure), desired the young gentlemen to ride with him another way than they had at first proposed. This motion being complied with, brought them of necessity back again to the churchyard.

Master Blifil, who rode first, seeing such a mob assembled, and two women in the posture in which we left the combatants, stopped his horse to inquire what was the matter. A country fellow, scratching

his head, answered him: "I don't know, measter, un't I; an't please your honour, here hath been a vight, I think, between goody Brown and Moll Seagrim." "Who, who?" cries Tom; but without waiting for an answer, having discovered the features of his Molly through all the discomposure in which they now were, he hastily alighted, turned his horse loose, and, leaping over the wall, ran to her. She now first bursting into tears, told him how barbarously she had been treated. Upon which, forgetting the sex of goody Brown, or perhaps not knowing it in his rage—for, in reality, she had no feminine appearance but a petticoat, which he might not observe—he gave her a lash or two with his horsewhip; and then flying at the mob, who were all accused by Moll, he dealt his blows so profusely on all sides, that unless I would again invoke the muse (which the good-natured reader may think a little too hard upon her, as she hath so lately been violently sweated), it would be impossible for me to recount the horse-whipping of that day.

Having scoured the whole coast of the enemy, as well as any of Homer's heroes ever did, or as Don Quixotte or any knight-errant in the world could have done, he returned to Molly, whom he found in a condition which must give both me and my reader pain, was it to be described here. Tom raved like a madman, beat his breast, tore his hair, stamped on the ground, and vowed the utmost vengeance on all who had been concerned. He then pulled off his coat, and buttoned it round her, put his hat upon her head, wiped the blood from her face as well as he could with his handkerchief, and called out to the servant to ride as fast as possible for a side-saddle, or a pillion, that he might carry her safe home.

Master Blifil objected to the sending away the servant, as they had only one with them; but as Square seconded the order of Jones, he was obliged to comply.

The servant returned in a very short time with the pillion, and Molly, having collected her rags as well as she could, was placed behind him. In which manner she was carried home, Square, Blifil, and Jones attending.

Here Jones having received his coat, given her a sly kiss, and whispered her, that he would return in the evening, quitted his Molly, and rode on after his companions.

CHAPTER IX.

Containing matter of no very peaceable colour.

MOLLY had no sooner apparelled herself in her accustomed rags, than her sisters began to fall violently upon her, particularly her eldest sister, who told her she was well enough served. "How had she the assurance to wear a gown which young madam Western had given to mother! If one of us was to wear it, I think," says she, "I myself have the best right; but I warrant you think it belongs to your beauty. I suppose you think yourself more handsomer than any of us."—"Hand her down the bit of glass from over the cupboard," cries another; "I'd wash the blood from my face before I talked of my beauty."—"You'd better have minded what the parson says," cries the eldest, and not a hearkened after men voke."—"Indeed, child, and so she had," says the mother, sobbing: "she hath brought a disgrace upon us all. She's the vurst of the family that ever was a whore."—"You need not upbraid me with that, mother," cries Molly; "you yourself was brought-to-bed of sister there, within a week after you was married."—"Yes, hussy," answered the enraged mother, "so I was,

and what was the mighty matter of that? I was made an honest woman then; and if you was to be made an honest woman, I should not be angry; but you must have to do with a gentleman, you nasty slut; you will have a bastard, hussy, you will; and that I defy any one to say of me."

In this situation Black George found his family, when he came home for the purpose before mentioned. As his wife and three daughters were all of them talking together, and most of them crying, it was some time before he could get an opportunity of being heard; but as soon as such an interval occurred, he acquainted the company with what Sophia had said to him.

Goody Seagrim then began to revile her daughter afresh. "Here," says she, "you have brought us into a fine quandary indeed. What will madam say to that big belly? O that ever I should live to see this day!"

Molly answered with great spirit, "And what is this mighty place which you have got for me, father?" (for he had not well understood the phrase used by Sophia of being about her person.) "I suppose it is to be under the cook; but I shan't wash dishes for any body. My gentleman will provide better for me. See what he hath given me this afternoon. He hath promised I shall never want money; and you shan't want money neither, mother, if you will hold your tongue, and know when you are well." And so saying, she pulled out several guineas, and gave her mother one of them.

The good woman no sooner felt the gold within her palm, than her temper began (such is the efficacy of that panacea) to be mollified. "Why, husband," says she, "would any but such a blockhead as you not have inquired what place this was before he had accepted it? Perhaps, as Molly says, it may be in the kitchen; and truly I don't care my daughter should be a scullion wench; for, poor as I am, I am a gentlewoman. And thof I was obliged, as my father, who was a clergyman, died worse than nothing, and so could not give me a shilling of potion, to undervalue myself by marrying a poor man; yet I would have you to know, I have a spirit above all them things. Marry come up! it would better become madam Western to look at home, and remember who her own grandfather was. Some of my family, for aught I know, might ride in their coaches, when the grandfathers of some voke walked a-voot. I warrant she fancies she did a mighty matter, when she sent us that old gownd; some of my family would not have picked up such rags in the street; but poor people are always trampled upon.—The parish need not have been in such a fluster with Molly. You might have told them, child, your grandmother wore better things new out of the shop."

"Well, but consider," cried George, "what answer shall I make to madam?"—"I don't know what answer," says she; "you are always bringing your family into one quandary or other. Do you remember when you shot the partridge, the occasion of all our misfortunes? Did not I advise you never to go into squire Western's manor? Did not I tell you many a good year ago what would come of it? But you would have your own headstrong ways; yes, you would, you villain."

Black George was, in the main, a peaceable kind of fellow, and nothing choleric nor rash; yet did he bear about him something of what the ancients called the irascible, and which his wife, if she had been endowed with much wisdom, would have feared. He had long experienced, that when the storm grew very high, arguments were but wind, which served

rather to increase, than to abate it. He was therefore seldom unprovided with a small switch, a remedy of wonderful force, as he had often essayed, and which the word villain served as a hint for his applying.

No sooner therefore, had this symptom appeared, than he had immediate recourse to the said remedy, which though, as it is usual in all very efficacious medicines, it at first seemed to heighten and inflame the disease, soon produced a total calm, and restored the patient to perfect ease and tranquillity.

This is, however, a kind of horse-medicine, which requires a very robust constitution to digest, and is therefore proper only for the vulgar, unless in one single instance, viz., where superiority of birth breaks out; in which case, we should not think it very improperly applied by any husband whatever, if the application was not in itself so base, that, like certain applications of the physical kind which need not be mentioned, it so much degrades and contaminates the hand employed in it, that no gentleman should endure the thought of any thing so low and detestable.

The whole family were soon reduced to a state of perfect quiet; for the virtue of this medicine, like that of electricity, is often communicated through one person to many others, who are not touched by the instrument. To say the truth, as they both operate by friction, it may be doubted whether there is not something analogous between them, of which Mr. Freke would do well to inquire, before he publishes the next edition of his book.

A council was now called, in which, after many debates, Molly still persisting that she would not go to service, it was at length resolved, that goody Seagrim herself should wait on miss Western, and endeavour to procure the place for her eldest daughter, who declared great readiness to accept it: but Fortune, who seems to have been an enemy of this little family, afterwards put a stop to her promotion.

CHAPTER X.

A story told by Mr. Supple, the curate. The penetration of squire Western. His great love for his daughter, and the return to it made by her.

THE next morning Tom Jones hunted with Mr. Western, and was at his return invited by that gentleman to dinner.

The lovely Sophia shone forth that day with more gaiety and sprightliness than usual. Her battery was certainly levelled at our hero; though, I believe, she herself scarce yet knew her own intention; but if she had any design of charming him, she now succeeded.

Mr. Supple, the curate of Mr. Allworthy's parish, made one of the company. He was a good-natured worthy man; but chiefly remarkable for his great taciturnity at table, though his mouth was never shut at it. In short, he had one of the best appetites in the world. However, the cloth was no sooner taken away, than he always made sufficient amends for his silence: for he was a very hearty fellow; and his conversation was often entertaining, never offensive.

At his first arrival, which was immediately before the entrance of the roast-beef, he had given an intimation that he had brought some news with him, and was beginning to tell, that he came that moment from Mr. Allworthy's, when the sight of the roast-beef struck him dumb, permitting him only to say grace, and to declare he must pay his respect to the baronet, for so he called the sirloin.

When dinner was over, being reminded by Sophia

of his news, he began as follows: "I believe, lady, your ladyship observed a young woman at church yesterday at even-song, who was dressed in one of your outlandish garments; I think I have seen your ladyship in such a one. However, in the country, such dresses are

Rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno.

That is, madam, as much as to say, 'A rare bird upon the earth, and very like a black swan.' The verse is in Juvenal. But to return to what I was relating. I was saying such garments are rare sights in the country; and perchance too, it was thought the more rare, respect being had to the person who wore it, who, they tell me, is the daughter of Black George, your worship's gamekeeper, whose sufferings, I should have opined, might have taught him more wit, than to dress forth his wenches in such gaudy apparel. She created so much confusion in the congregation, that if squire Allworthy had not silenced it, it would have interrupted the service: for I was once about to stop in the middle of the first lesson. Howbeit, nevertheless, after prayer was over, and I was departed home, this occasioned a battle in the churchyard, where, amongst other mischief, the head of a travelling fiddler was very much broken. This morning the fiddler came to squire Allworthy for a warrant, and the wench was brought before him. The squire was inclined to have compounded matters; when, lo! on a sudden the wench appeared (I ask your ladyship's pardon) to be, as it were, at the eve of bringing forth a bastard. The squire demanded of her who was the father? But she pertinaciously refused to make any response. So that he was about to make her mittimus to Bridewell when I departed."

"And is a wench having a bastard all your news, doctor?" cries Western; "I thought it might have been some public matter, something about the nation."

"I am afraid it is too common, indeed," answered the parson; "but I thought the whole story altogether deserved commemorating. As to national matters, your worship knows them best. My concerns extend no farther than my own parish."

"Why, ay," says the squire, "I believe I do know a little of that matter, as you say. But, come, Tommy, drink about; the bottle stands with you."

Tom begged to be excused, for that he had particular business; and getting up from table, escaped the clutches of the squire, who was rising to stop him, and went off with very little ceremony.

The squire gave him a good curse at his departure; and then turning to the parson, he cried out, "I smoke it: I smoke it. Tom is certainly the veather of this bastard. Zooks, parson, you remember how he recommended the veather o' her to me. D—n un, what a sly b—ch 'tis. Ay, ay, as sure as two-pence, Tom is the veather of the bastard."

"I should be very sorry for that," says the parson.

"Why sorry," cries the squire: "Where is the mighty matter o't? What, I suppose dost pretend that thee hast never got a bastard? Pox! more good luck's thine? for I warrant hast done a *therefore* many's the good time and often."

"Your worship is pleased to be jocular" answered the parson; "but I do not only animadvert on the sinfulness of the action,—though that surely is to be greatly deprecated—but I fear his unrighteousness may injure him with Mr. Allworthy. And truly I must say, though he hath the character of being a little wild, I never saw any harm in the young man; nor can I say I have heard any, save what your worship now mentions. I wish, indeed,

he was a little more regular in his responses at church; but altogether he seems

Ingenui vultus puer, ingenuique pudoris.

"That is a classical line, young lady; and, being rendered into English, is, 'A lad of an ingenuous countenance, and of an ingenuous modesty;' for this was a virtue in great repute both among the Latins and Greeks. I must say, the young gentleman (for so I think I may call him, notwithstanding his birth) appears to me a very modest, civil lad, and I should be sorry that he should do himself any injury in squire Allworthy's opinion."

"Pooh!" says the squire: "Injury, with Allworthy! Why Allworthy loves a wench himself. Doth not all the country know whose son Tom is? You must talk to another person in that manner. I remember Allworthy at college."

"I thought," said the parson, "he had never been at the university."

"Yes, yes, he was," says the squire; "and many a wench have we two had together. As arrant a whoremaster as any within five miles o'un. No, no. It will do'n no harm with he, assure yourself; nor with any body else. Ask Sophy there—You have not the worse opinion of a young fellow for getting a bastard, have you, girl? No, no, the women will like un the better for't."

This was a cruel question to poor Sophia. She had observed Tom's colour change at the parson's story; and that, with his hasty and abrupt departure, gave her sufficient reason to think her father's suspicion not groundless. Her heart now at once discovered the great secret to her which it had been so long disclosing by little and little; and she found herself highly interested in this matter. In such a situation, her father's malapert question rushing suddenly upon her, produced some symptoms which might have alarmed a suspicious heart; but, to do the squire justice, that was not his fault. When she arose therefore from her chair, and told him a hint from him was always sufficient to make her withdraw, he suffered her to leave the room, and then with great gravity of countenance remarked, "That it was better to see a daughter overmodest than overforward;"—a sentiment which was highly applauded by the parson.

There now ensued between the squire and the parson a most excellent political discourse, framed out of newspapers and political pamphlets; in which they made a libation of four bottles of wine to the good of their country; and then, the squire being fast asleep, the parson lighted his pipe, mounted his horse, and rode home.

When the squire had finished his half-hour's nap, he summoned his daughter to her harpsichord; but she begged to be excused that evening, on account of a violent head-ache. This remission was presently granted; for indeed she seldom had occasion to ask him twice, as he loved her with such ardent affection, that, by gratifying her, he commonly conveyed the highest gratification to himself. She was really, what he frequently called her, his little darling, and she well deserved to be so; for she returned all his affection in the most ample manner. She had preserved the most inviolable duty to him in all things; and this her love made not only easy, but so delightful, that when one of her companions laughed at her for placing so much merit in such scrupulous obedience, as that young lady called it, Sophia answered, "You mistake me, madam, if you think I value myself upon this account; for besides that I am barely discharging my duty, I am likewise pleasing myself. I can truly say I have no delight

equal to that of contributing to my father's happiness; and if I value myself, my dear, it is on having this power, and not on executing it."

This was a satisfaction, however, which poor Sophia was incapable of tasting this evening. She therefore not only desired to be excused from her attendance at the harpsichord, but likewise begged that he would suffer her to absent herself from supper. To this request likewise the squire agreed, though not without some reluctance; for he scarce ever permitted her to be out of his sight, unless when he was engaged with his horses, dogs, or bottle. Nevertheless he yielded to the desire of his daughter, though the poor man was at the same time obliged to avoid his own company (if I may so express myself), by sending for a neighbouring farmer to sit with him.

CHAPTER XI.

The narrow escape of Molly Seagrini, with some observations for which we have been forced to dive pretty deep into nature.

TOM JONES had ridden one of Mr. Western's horses that morning in the chase; so that having no horse of his own in the squire's stable, he was obliged to go home on foot: this he did so expeditiously, that he ran upwards of three miles within the half-hour.

Just as he arrived at Mr. Allworthy's outward gate, he met the constable and company with Molly in their possession, whom they were conducting to that house where the inferior sort of people may learn one good lesson, *viz.* respect and deference to their superiors; since it must show them the wide distinction Fortune intends between those persons who are to be corrected for their faults, and those who are not; which lesson if they do not learn, I am afraid they very rarely learn any other good lesson, or improve their morals, at the house of correction.

A lawyer may perhaps think Mr. Allworthy exceeded his authority a little in this instance. And, to say the truth, I question, as here was no regular information before him, whether his conduct was strictly regular. However, as his intention was truly upright, he ought to be excused in *foro conscientie*; since so many arbitrary acts are daily committed by magistrates who have not this excuse to plead for themselves.

Tom was no sooner informed by the constable whither they were proceeding (indeed he pretty well guessed it of himself), than he caught Molly in his arms, and embracing her tenderly before them all, swore he would murder the first man who offered to lay hold of her. He bid her dry her eyes and be comforted; for, wherever she went, he would accompany her. Then turning to the constable, who stood trembling with his hat off, he desired him, in a very mild voice, to return with him for a moment only to his father (for so he now called Allworthy); for he durst, he said, be assured, that, when he had alleged what he had to say in her favour, the girl would be discharged.

The constable, who, I make no doubt, would have surrendered his prisoner had Tom demanded her, very readily consented to this request. So back they all went into Mr. Allworthy's hall; where Tom desired them to stay till his return, and then went himself in pursuit of the good man. As soon as he was found, Tom threw himself at his feet, and, having begged a patient hearing, confessed himself to be the father of the child of which Molly was then big. He entreated him to have compassion on the poor girl, and to consider, if there was any guilt in the case, it lay principally at his door.

"If there is any guilt in the case!" answered All-

worthy, warmly: "Are you then so profligate and abandoned a libertine to doubt whether the breaking the laws of God and man, the corrupting and ruining a poor girl, be guilt? I own, indeed, it doth lie principally upon you; and so heavy is it, that you ought to expect it should crush you."

"Whatever may be my fate," says Tom, "let me succeed in my intercessions for the poor girl. I confess I have corrupted her! but whether she shall be ruined, depends on you. For Heaven's sake, sir, revoke your warrant, and do not send her to a place which must unavoidably prove her destruction."

Allworthy bid him immediately call a servant. Tom answered there was no occasion; for he had luckily met them at the gate, and relying upon his goodness, had brought them all back into his hall, where they now waited his final resolution, which upon his knees he besought him might be in favour of the girl; that she might be permitted to go home to her parents, and not be exposed to a greater degree of shame and scorn than must necessarily fall upon her. "I know," said he, "that is too much. I know I am the wicked occasion of it. I will endeavour to make amends, if possible; and if you shall have hereafter the goodness to forgive me, I hope I shall deserve it."

Allworthy hesitated some time, and at last said, "Well, I will discharge my mittimus.—You may send the constable to me." He was instantly called, discharged, and so was the girl.

It will be believed that Mr. Allworthy failed not to read Tom a very severe lecture on this occasion; but it is unnecessary to insert it here, as we have faithfully transcribed what he said to Jenny Jones in the first book, most of which may be applied to the men, equally with the women. So sensible an effect had these reproofs on the young man, who was no hardened sinner, that he retired to his own room, where he passed the evening alone, in much melancholy contemplation.

Allworthy was sufficiently offended by this transgression of Jones; for, notwithstanding the assertions of Mr. Western, it is certain this worthy man had never indulged himself in any loose pleasures with women, and greatly condemned the vice of incontinence in others. Indeed, there is much reason to imagine that there was not the least truth in what Mr. Western affirmed, especially as he laid the scene of those impurities at the university, where Mr. Allworthy had never been. In fact, the good squire was a little too apt to indulge that kind of pleasantry which is generally called rhodomontade; but which may, with as much propriety, be expressed by a much shorter word; and perhaps we too often supply the use of this little monosyllable by others; since very much of what frequently passes in the world for wit and humour, should, in the strictest purity of language, receive that short appellation, which, in conformity to the well-bred laws of custom, I here suppress.

But whatever detestation Mr. Allworthy had to this or to any other vice, he was not so blinded by it but that he could discern any virtue in the guilty person, as clearly indeed as if there had been no mixture of vice in the same character. While he was angry therefore with the incontinence of Jones, he was no less pleased with the honour and honesty of his self-accusation. He began now to form in his mind the same opinion of this young fellow, which, we hope, our reader may have conceived. And in balancing his faults with his perfections, the latter seemed rather to preponderate.

It was to no purpose, therefore, that Thwackum,

who was immediately charged by Mr. Blifil with the story, unbended all his rancour against poor Tom. Allworthy gave a patient hearing to their invectives, and then answered coldly: "That young men of Tom's complexion were too generally addicted to this vice; but he believed that youth was sincerely affected with what he had said to him on the occasion, and he hoped he would not transgress again." So that, as the days of whipping were at an end, the tutor had no other vent but his own mouth for his gall, the usual poor resource of impotent revenge.

But Square, who was a less violent, was a much more artful man; and as he hated Jones more perhaps than Thwackum himself did, so he contrived to do him more mischief in the mind of Mr. Allworthy.

The reader must remember the several little incidents of the partridge, the horse, and the Bible, which were recounted in the second book. By all which Jones had rather improved than injured the affection which Mr. Allworthy was inclined to entertain for him. The same, I believe, must have happened to him with every other person who hath any idea of friendship, generosity, and greatness of spirit; that is to say, who hath any traces of goodness in his mind.

Square himself was not unacquainted with the true impression which those several instances of goodness had made on the excellent heart of Mr. Allworthy; for the philosopher very well knew what virtue was, though he was not always perhaps steady in its pursuit; but as for Thwackum, from what reason I will not determine, no such thoughts ever entered into his head: he saw Jones in a bad light, and he imagined Allworthy saw him in the same, but that he was resolved, from pride and stubbornness of spirit, not to give up the boy whom he had once cherished; since, by so doing, he must tacitly acknowledge that his former opinion of him had been wrong.

Square therefore embraced this opportunity of injuring Jones in the tenderest part, by giving a very bad turn to all these before-mentioned occurrences. "I am sorry, sir," said he, "to own I have been deceived as well as yourself. I could not, I confess, help being pleased with what I ascribed to the motive of friendship, though it was carried to an excess, and all excess is faulty and vicious; but in this I made allowance for youth. Little did I suspect that the sacrifice of truth, which we both imagined to have been made to friendship, was in reality a prostitution of it to a depraved and debauched appetite. You now plainly see whence all the seeming generosity of this young man to the family of the gamekeeper proceeded. He supported the father in order to corrupt the daughter, and preserved the family from starving, to bring one of them to shame and ruin. This is friendship! this is generosity! As Sir Richard Steele says, 'Gluttons who give high prices for delicacies, are very worthy to be called generous.' In short I am resolved, from this instance, never to give way to the weakness of human nature more, nor to think anything virtue which doth not exactly quadrate with the unerring rule of right."

The goodness of Allworthy had prevented these considerations from occurring to himself; yet were they too plausible to be absolutely and hastily rejected, when laid before his eyes by another. Indeed what Square had said sunk very deeply into his mind, and the uneasiness which it there created was very visible to the other; though the good man would not acknowledge this, but made a very slight answer, and forcibly drove off the discourse to some

other subject. It was well perhaps for poor Tom, that no such suggestions had been made before he was pardoned; for they certainly stamped in the mind of Allworthy the first bad impression concerning Jones.

CHAPTER XII.

Containing much clearer matters; but which flowed from the same fountain with those in the preceding chapter.

THE reader will be pleased, I believe, to return with me to Sophia. She passed the night, after we saw her last, in no very agreeable manner. Sleep befriended her but little, and dreams less. In the morning, when Mrs. Honour, her maid, attended her at the usual hour, she was found already up and drest.

Persons who live two or three miles' distance in the country are considered as next-door neighbours, and transactions at the one house fly with incredible celerity to the other. Mrs. Honour, therefore, had heard the whole story of Molly's shame; which she, being of a very communicative temper, had no sooner entered the apartment of her mistress, than she began to relate in the following manner:—

"La, ma'am, what doth your la'ship think? the girl whom your la'ship saw at church on Sunday, whom you thought so handsome; though you would not have thought her so handsome neither, if you had seen her nearer, but to be sure she hath been carried before the justice for being big with child. She seemed to me to look like a confident slut: and to be sure she hath laid the child to young Mr. Jones. And all the parish says, Mr. Allworthy is so angry with young Mr. Jones, that he won't see him. To be sure, one can't help pitying the poor young man, and yet he doth not deserve much pity neither, for demeaning himself with such kind of trumpery. Yet he is so pretty a gentleman, I should be sorry to have him turned out of doors. I dare to swear the wench was as willing as he; for she was always a forward kind of body. And when wenches are so coming, young men are not so much to be blamed neither; for to be sure they do no more than what is natural. Indeed it is beneath them to meddle with such dirty drabble-tails; and whatever happens to them, it is good enough for them. And yet, to be sure, the vile baggages are most in fault. I wishes, with all my heart, they were well to be whipped at the cart's tail; for it is pity they should be the ruin of a pretty young gentleman; and nobody can deny but that Mr. Jones is one of the most handsomest young men that ever——"

She was running on thus, when Sophia, with a more peevish voice than she had ever spoken to her in before, cried, "Prithee, why dost thou trouble me with all this stuff? What concern have I in what Mr. Jones doth? I suppose you are all alike. And you seem to me to be angry it was not your own case."

"I, ma'am!" answered Mrs. Honour, "I am sorry your ladyship should have such an opinion of me. I am sure nobody can say any such thing of me. All the young fellows in the world may go to the devil for me. Because I said he was a handsome man! Every body says it as well as I. To be sure, I never thought as it was any harm to say a young man was handsome; but to be sure I shall never think him so any more now; for handsome is that handsome does. A beggar wench!——"

"Stop thy torrent of impertinence," cries Sophia, "and see whether my father wants me at breakfast."

Mrs. Honour then flung out of the room, muttering much to herself, of which "Mary come up, I assure you," was all that could be plainly distinguished.

Whether Mrs. Honour really deserved that suspicion, of which her mistress gave her a hint, is a matter which we cannot indulge our reader's curiosity by resolving. We will, however, make him amends in disclosing what passed in the mind of Sophia.

The reader will be pleased to recollect, that a secret affection for Mr. Jones had insensibly stolen into the bosom of this young lady. That it had there grown to a pretty great height before she herself had discovered it. When she first began to perceive its symptoms, the sensations were so sweet and pleasing, that she had not resolution sufficient to check or repel them; and thus she went on cherishing a passion of which she never once considered the consequences.

This incident relating to Molly first opened her eyes. She now first perceived the weakness of which she had been guilty; and though it caused the utmost perturbation in her mind, yet it had the effect of other nauseous physic, and for the time expelled her distemper. Its operation indeed was most wonderfully quick; and in the short interval, while her maid was absent, so entirely removed all symptoms, that when Mrs. Honour returned with a summons from her father, she was become perfectly easy, and had brought herself to a thorough indifference for Mr. Jones.

The diseases of the mind do in almost every particular imitate those of the body. For which reason, we hope, that learned faculty, for whom we have so profound a respect, will pardon us the violent hands we have been necessitated to lay on several words and phrases, which of right belong to them, and without which our descriptions must have been often unintelligible.

Now there is no one circumstance in which the distempers of the mind bear a more exact analogy to those which are called bodily, than that aptness which both have to a relapse. This is plain in the violent diseases of ambition and avarice. I have known ambition, when cured at court by frequent disappointments (which are the only physic for it), to break out again in a contest for foreman of the grand jury at an assizes; and have heard of a man who had so far conquered avarice, as to give away many a sixpence, that comforted himself, at last, on his death-bed, by making a crafty and advantageous bargain concerning his ensuing funeral, with an undertaker who had married his only child.

In the affair of love, which, out of strict conformity with the stoic philosophy, we shall here treat as a disease, this proneness to relapse is no less conspicuous. Thus it happened to poor Sophia; upon whom, the very next time she saw young Jones, all the former symptoms returned, and from that time cold and hot fits alternately seized her heart.

The situation of this young lady was now very different from what it had ever been before. That passion which had formerly been so exquisitely delicious, became now a scorpion in her bosom. She resisted it therefore with her utmost force, and summoned every argument her reason (which was surprisingly strong for her age) could suggest, to subdue and expel it. In this she so far succeeded, that she began to hope from time and absence a perfect cure. She resolved therefore to avoid Tom Jones as much as possible; for which purpose she began to conceive a design of visiting her aunt, to which she made no doubt of obtaining her father's consent.

But Fortune, who had other designs in her head, put an immediate stop to any such proceeding, by introducing an accident, which will be related in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

A dreadful accident which befel Sophia. The gallant behaviour of Jones, and the more dreadful consequence of that behaviour to the young lady; with a short digression in favour of the female sex.

MR. WESTERN grew every day fonder and fonder of Sophia, insomuch that his beloved dogs themselves almost gave place to her in his affections; but as he could not prevail on himself to abandon these, he contrived very cunningly to enjoy their company, together with that of his daughter, by insisting on her riding a hunting with him.

Sophia, to whom her father's word was a law, readily complied with his desires, though she had not the least delight in a sport, which was of too rough and masculine a nature to suit with her disposition. She had however another motive, beside her obedience, to accompany the old gentleman in the chase; for by her presence she hoped in some measure to restrain his impetuosity, and to prevent him from so frequently exposing his neck to the utmost hazard.

The strongest objection was that which would have formerly been an inducement to her, namely, the frequent meeting with young Jones, whom she had determined to avoid; but as the end of the hunting season now approached, she hoped, by a short absence with her aunt, to reason herself entirely out of her unfortunate passion; and had not any doubt of being able to meet him in the field the subsequent season without the least danger.

On the second day of her hunting, as she was returning from the chase, and was arrived within a little distance from Mr. Western's house, her horse, whose mettlesome spirit required a better rider, fell suddenly to prancing and capering in such a manner that she was in the most imminent peril of falling. Tom Jones, who was at a little distance behind, saw this, and immediately galloped up to her assistance. As soon as he came up, he leapt from his own horse, and caught hold of her's by the bridle. The unruly beast presently reared himself an end on his hind legs, and threw his lovely burthen from his back, and Jones caught her in his arms.

She was so affected with the fright, that she was not immediately able to satisfy Jones, who was very solicitous to know whether she had received any hurt. She soon after, however, recovered her spirits, assured him she was safe, and thanked him for the care he had taken of her. Jones answered, "If I have preserved you, madam, I am sufficiently repaid; for I promise you, I would have secured you from the least harm at the expense of a much greater misfortune to myself than I have suffered on this occasion."

"What misfortune?" replied Sophia eagerly: "I hope you have come to no mischief?"

"Be not concerned, madam," answered Jones. "Heaven be praised you have escaped so well, considering the danger you was in. If I have broke my arm, I consider it as a trifle, in comparison of what I feared upon your account."

Sophia then screamed out, "Broke your arm! Heaven forbid."

"I am afraid I have, madam," says Jones; "but I beg you will suffer me first to take care of you. I have a right hand yet at your service, to help you into the next field, whence we have but a very little walk to your father's house."

Sophia seeing his left arm dangling by his side, while he was using the other to lead her, no longer doubted of the truth. She now grew much paler than her fears for herself had made her before. All her limbs were seized with a trembling, insomuch

that Jones could scarce support her; and as her thoughts were in no less agitation, she could not refrain from giving Jones a look so full of tenderness, that it almost argued a stronger sensation in her mind, than even gratitude and pity united can raise in the gentlest female bosom, without the assistance of a third more powerful passion.

Mr. Western, who was advanced at some distance when this accident happened, was now returned, as were the rest of the horsemen. Sophia immediately acquainted them with what had befallen Jones, and begged them to take care of him. Upon which Western, who had been much alarmed by meeting his daughter's horse without its rider, and was now overjoyed to find her unhurt, cried out, "I am glad it is no worse. If Tom has broken his arm, we will get a joiner to mend un again."

The squire alighted from his horse, and proceeded to his house on foot, with his daughter and Jones. An impartial spectator, who had met them on the way, would, on viewing their several countenances, have concluded Sophia alone to have been the object of compassion: for as to Jones, he exulted in having probably saved the life of the young lady, at the price only of a broken bone; and Mr. Western, though he was not unconcerned at the accident which had befallen Jones, was, however, delighted in a much higher degree with the fortunate escape of his daughter.

The generosity of Sophia's temper construed this behaviour of Jones into great bravery; and it made a deep impression on her heart: for certain it is, that there is no one quality which so generally recommends men to women as this; proceeding, if we believe the common opinion, from that natural timidity of the sex, which is, says Mr. Osborne, "so great, that a woman is the most cowardly of all the creatures God ever made;"—a sentiment more remarkable for its bluntness than for its truth. Aristotle, in his Politics, doth them, I believe, more justice, when he says, "the modesty and fortitude of men differ from those virtues in women; for the fortitude which becomes a woman, would be cowardice in a man; and the modesty which becomes a man, would be pertness in a woman." Nor is there, perhaps more of truth in the opinion of those who derive the partiality which women are inclined to show to the brave, from the excess of their fear. Mr. Bayle (I think, in his article of Helen) imputes this, and with greater probability, to their violent love of glory; for the truth of which, we have the authority of him who of all others saw farthest into human nature, and who introduces the heroine of his Odyssey, the great pattern of matrimonial love and constancy, assigning the glory of her husband as the only source of her affection towards him.*

However this be, certain it is that the accident operated very strongly on Sophia; and, indeed, after much inquiry into the matter, I am inclined to believe, that, at this very time, the charming Sophia made no less impression on the heart of Jones; to say truth, he had for some time become sensible of the irresistible power of her charms.

CHAPTER XIV.

The arrival of a surgeon.—His operations, and a long dialogue between Sophia and her maid.

WHEN they arrived at Mr. Western's hall, Sophia, who had tottered along with much difficulty, sunk down in her chair; but by the assistance of harts-

* The English reader will not find this in the poem; for the sentiment is entirely left out in the translation.

horn and water, she was prevented from fainting away, and had pretty well recovered her spirits, when the surgeon who was sent for to Jones appeared. Mr. Western, who imputed these symptoms in his daughter to her fall, advised her to be presently blooded by way of prevention. In this opinion he was seconded by the surgeon, who gave so many reasons for bleeding, and quoted so many cases where persons had miscarried for want of it, that the squire became very importunate, and indeed insisted peremptorily that his daughter should be blooded.

Sophia soon yielded to the commands of her father, though entirely contrary to her own inclinations, for she suspected, I believe, less danger from the fright, than either the squire or the surgeon. She then stretched out her beautiful arm, and the operator began to prepare for his work.

While the servants were busied in providing materials, the surgeon, who imputed the backwardness which had appeared in Sophia to her fears, began to comfort her with assurances that there was not the least danger; for no accident, he said, could ever happen in bleeding, but from the monstrous ignorance of pretenders to surgery, which he pretty plainly insinuated was not at present to be apprehended. Sophia declared she was not under the least apprehension; adding, if you open an artery, I promise you I'll forgive you. "Will you?" cried Western: "D—n me, if I will. If he does thee the least mischief, d—n me if I don't ha' the heart's blood o'un out." The surgeon assented to bleed her upon these conditions, and then proceeded to his operation, which he performed with as much dexterity as he had promised; and with as much quickness: for he took but little blood from her, saying, it was much safer to bleed again and again, than to take away too much at once.

Sophia, when her arm was bound up, retired: for she was not willing (nor was it, perhaps, strictly decent) to be present at the operation on Jones. Indeed, one objection which she had to bleeding (though she did not make it), was the delay which it would occasion to setting the broken bone. For Western, when Sophia was concerned, had no consideration but for her; and as for Jones himself, he "sat like patience on a monument smiling at grief." To say the truth, when he saw the blood springing from the lovely arm of Sophia, he scarce thought of what had happened to himself.

The surgeon now ordered his patient to be stript to his shirt, and then entirely baring the arm, he began to stretch and examine it, in such a manner that the tortures he put him to caused Jones to make several wry faces; which the surgeon observing, greatly wondered at, crying, "What is the matter, sir? I am sure it is impossible I should hurt you." And then holding forth the broken arm, he began a learned and very long lecture of anatomy, in which simple and double fractures were most accurately considered; and the several ways in which Jones might have broken his arm were discussed, with proper annotations, showing how many of these would have been better, and how many worse than the present case.

Having at length finished his laboured harangue, with which the audience, though it had greatly raised their attention and admiration, were not much edified, as they really understood not a single syllable of all he had said, he proceeded to business, which he was more expeditious in finishing, than he had been in beginning.

Jones was then ordered into a bed, which Mr. Western compelled him to accept at his own house, and sentence of water-gruel was passed upon him.

Among the good company which had attended in the hall during the bone-setting, Mrs. Honour was one; who being summoned to her mistress as soon as it was over, and asked by her how the young gentleman did, presently launched into extravagant praises on the magnanimity, as she called it, of his behaviour, which, she said, "was so charming in so pretty a creature." She then burst forth into much warmer encomiums on the beauty of his person; enumerating many particulars, and ending with the whiteness of his skin.

This discourse had an effect on Sophia's countenance, which would not perhaps have escaped the observance of the sagacious waiting-woman, had she once looked her mistress in the face, all the time she was speaking: but as a looking-glass, which was most commodiously placed opposite to her, gave her an opportunity of surveying those features, in which, of all others, she took most delight; so she had not once removed her eyes from that amiable object during her whole speech.

Mrs. Honour was so entirely wrapped up in the subject on which she exercised her tongue, and the object before her eyes, that she gave her mistress time to conquer her confusion; which having done, she smiled on her maid, and told her, "she was certainly in love with this young fellow."—"I in love, madam!" answers she: "upon my word, ma'am, I assure you, ma'am, upon my soul, ma'am, I am not."—"Why, if you was," cries her mistress, "I see no reason that you should be ashamed of it; for he is certainly a pretty fellow."—"Yes, ma'am," answered the other, "that he is, the most handsomest man I ever saw in my life. Yes, to be sure, that he is, and, as your ladyship says, I don't know why I should be ashamed of loving him, though he is my betters. To be sure, gentlefolks are but flesh and blood no more than us servants. Besides, as for Mr. Jones, thof squire Allworthy hath made a gentleman of him, he was not so good as myself by birth: for thof I am a poor body, I am an honest person's child, and my father and mother were married, which is more than some people can say, as high as they hold their heads. Mary, come up! I assure you, my dirty cousin! thof his skin be so white, and to be sure it is the most whitest that ever was seen, I am a Christian as well as he, and nobody can say that I am base born: my grandfather was a clergyman,* and would have been very angry, I believe, to have thought any of his family should have taken up with Molly Seagrim's dirty leavings."

Perhaps Sophia might have suffered her maid to run on in this manner, from wanting sufficient spirits to stop her tongue, which the reader may probably conjecture was no very easy task; for certainly there were some passages in her speech which were far from being agreeable to the lady. However, she now checked the torrent, as there seemed no end of its flowing. "I wonder," says she, "at your assurance in daring to talk thus of one of my father's friends. As to the wench, I order you never to mention her name to me. And with regard to the young gentleman's birth, those who can say nothing more to his disadvantage, may as well be silent on that head, as I desire you will be for the future."

"I am sorry I have offended your ladyship," answered Mrs. Honour. "I am sure I hate Molly Seagrim as much as your ladyship can; and as for

* This is the second person of low condition whom we have recorded in this history to have sprung from the clergy. It is to be hoped such instances will, in future ages, when some provision is made for the families of the inferior clergy, appear stranger than they can be thought at present.

abusing squire Jones, I can call all the servants in the house to witness, that whenever any talk hath been about bastards, I have always taken his part: for which of you, says I to the footman, would not be a bastard, if he could, to be made a gentleman of? And, says he, I am sure he is a very fine gentleman; and he hath one of the whitest hands in the world; for to be sure so he hath: and, says I, one of the sweetest temperedest, best naturedest men in the world he is; and, says I, all the servants and neighbours all round the country loves him. And, to be sure, I could tell your ladyship something, but that I am afraid it would offend you.—“What could you tell me, Honour?” says Sophia. “Nay, ma’am, to be sure he meant nothing by it, therefore I would not have your ladyship be offended.”—“Prithee tell me,” says Sophia; “I will know it this instant.”—“Why, ma’am,” answered Mrs. Honour, “He came into the room one day last week when I was at work, and there lay your ladyship’s muff on a chair, and to be sure he put his hands into it; that very muff your ladyship gave me but yesterday. La! says I, Mr. Jones, you will stretch my lady’s muff, and spoil it: but he still kept his hands in it: and then he kissed it—to be sure I hardly ever saw such a kiss in my life as he gave it.”—“I suppose he did not know it was mine,” replied Sophia. “Your ladyship shall hear, ma’am. He kissed it again and again, and said it was the prettiest muff in the world. La! sir, says I, you have seen it a hundred times. Yes, Mrs. Honour, cried he; but who can see any thing beautiful in the presence of your lady but herself?—Nay, that’s not all neither; but I hope your ladyship won’t be offended, for to be sure he meant nothing. One day, as your ladyship was playing on the harpsichord to my master, Mr. Jones was sitting in the next room, and methought he looked melancholy. La! says I, Mr. Jones, what’s the matter? a penny for your thoughts, says I. Why, hussy, says he, starting up from a dream, what can I be thinking of, when that angel your mistress is playing? And then squeezing me by the hand, Oh! Mrs. Honour, says he, how happy will that man be!—and then he sighed. Upon my troth, his breath is as sweet as a nosegay.—But to be sure he meant no harm by it. So I hope your ladyship will not mention a word: for he gave me a crown never to mention it, and made me swear upon a book, but I believe, indeed it was not the Bible.”

Till something of a more beautiful red than vermilion be found out, I shall say nothing of Sophia’s colour on this occasion. “Ho—nour,” says she, “I—if you will not mention this any more to me,—nor to any body else, I will not betray you—I mean, I will not be angry; but I am afraid of your tongue. Why, my girl, will you give it such liberties?”—“Nay, ma’am,” answered she, “to be sure, I would sooner cut out my tongue than offend your ladyship. To be sure I shall never mention a word that your ladyship would not have me.”—“Why I would not have you mention this any more,” said Sophia, “for it may come to my father’s ears, and he would be angry with Mr. Jones; though I really believe, as you say, he meant nothing. I should be very angry myself, if I imagined—.”—“Nay, ma’am,” says Honour, “I protest I believe he meant nothing. I thought he talked as if he was out of his senses; nay, he said he believed he was beside himself when he had spoken the words. Ay, sir, says I, I believe so too. Yes, says he, Honour.—But I ask your ladyship’s pardon; I could tear my tongue out for offending you.”—“Go on,” says Sophia; “you may mention

any thing you have not told me before.”—“Yes, Honour, says he (this was some time afterwards, when he gave me the crown), I am neither such a coxcomb, or such a villain, as to think of her in any other delight but as my goddess; as such I will always worship and adore her while I have breath.—This was all, ma’am, I will be sworn, to the best of my remembrance. I was in a passion with him myself, till I found he meant no harm.”—“Indeed, Honour,” says Sophia, “I believe you have a real affection for me. I was provoked the other day when I gave you warning; but if you have a desire to stay with me, you shall.”—“To be sure, ma’am,” answered Mrs. Honour, “I shall never desire to part with your ladyship. To be sure, I almost cried my eyes out when you gave me warning. It would be very ungrateful in me to desire to leave your ladyship; because as why, I should never get so good a place again. I am sure I would live and die with your ladyship; for, as poor Mr. Jones said, happy is the man—”

Here the dinner-bell interrupted a conversation which had wrought such an effect on Sophia, that she was, perhaps, more obliged to her bleeding in the morning, than she, at the time, had apprehended she should be. As to the present situation of her mind, I shall adhere to a rule of Horace, by not attempting to describe it, from despair of success. Most of my readers will suggest it easily to themselves; and the few who cannot, would not understand the picture, or at least would deny it to be natural, if ever so well drawn.

BOOK V.

CONTAINING A PORTION OF TIME SOMEWHAT LONGER THAN HALF A YEAR.

CHAPTER I.

Of the *serious* in writing, and for what purpose it is introduced.

PERADVENTURE there may be no parts in this prodigious work which will give the reader less pleasure in the perusing, than those which have given the author the greatest pains in composing. Among these probably may be reckoned those initial essays which we have prefixed to the historical matter contained in every book; and which we have determined to be essentially necessary to this kind of writing, of which we have set ourselves at the head.

For this our determination we do not hold ourselves strictly bound to assign any reason; it being abundantly sufficient that we have laid it down as a rule necessary to be observed in all prosai-comi-epic writing. Who ever demanded the reasons of that nice unity of time or place which is now established to be so essential to dramatic poetry? What critic hath been ever asked, why a play may not contain two days as well as one? Or why the audience (provided they travel, like electors, without any expense) may not be wafted fifty miles as well as five? Hath any commentator well accounted for the limitation which an ancient critic hath set to the drama, which he will have contain neither more nor less than five acts? Or hath any one living attempted to explain what the modern judges of our theatres mean by that word *low*; by which they have happily succeeded in banishing all humour from the stage, and have made the theatre as dull as a drawing-room? Upon all these occasions the world seems to have embraced a maxim of our law, viz. *cuiusque in arte sua perito credendum est*: for it seems perhaps difficult to conceive that any one should have had enough of impudence to lay down dogmatical rules in any art or science without the least foundation.

In such cases, therefore, we are apt to conclude there are sound and good reasons at the bottom, though we are unfortunately not able to see so far.

Now, in reality, the world have paid too great a compliment to critics, and have imagined them men of much greater profundity than they really are. From this complaisance, the critics have been emboldened to assume a dictatorial power, and have so far succeeded, that they have now become the masters, and have the assurance to give laws to those authors from whose predecessors they originally received them.

The critic, rightly considered, is no more than the clerk, whose office it is to transcribe the rules and laws laid down by those great judges whose vast strength of genius hath placed them in the light of legislators, in the several sciences over which they presided. This office was all which the critics of old aspired to; nor did they ever dare to advance a sentence, without supporting it by the authority of the judge from whence it was borrowed.

But in process of time, and in ages of ignorance, the clerk began to invade the power and assume the dignity of his master. The laws of writing were no longer founded on the practice of the author, but on the dictates of the critic. The clerk became the legislator, and those very peremptorily gave laws whose business it was, at first, only to transcribe them.

Hence arose an obvious, and perhaps an unavoidable error; for these critics being men of shallow capacities, very easily mistook mere form for substance. They acted as a judge would, who should adhere to the lifeless letter of law, and reject the spirit. Little circumstances, which were perhaps accidental in a great author, were by these critics considered to constitute his chief merit, and transmitted as essentials to be observed by all his successors. To these encroachments, time and ignorance, the two great supporters of imposture, gave authority; and thus many rules for good writing have been established, which have not the least foundation in truth or nature; and which commonly serve for no other purpose than to curb and restrain genius, in the same manner as it would have restrained the dancing-master, had the many excellent treatises on that art laid it down as an essential rule that every man must dance in chains.

To avoid, therefore, all imputation of laying down a rule for posterity, founded only on the authority of *ipse dixit*,—for which, to say the truth, we have not the profoundest veneration,—we shall here wave the privilege above contended for, and proceed to lay before the reader the reasons which have induced us to intersperse these several digressive essays in the course of this work.

And here we shall of necessity be led to open a new vein of knowledge, which, if it hath been discovered, hath not, to our remembrance, been wrought on by any ancient or modern writer. This vein is no other than that of contrast, which runs through all the works of the creation, and may probably have a large share in constituting in us the idea of all beauty, as well natural as artificial: for what demonstrates the beauty and excellence of any thing but its reverse? Thus the beauty of day, and that of summer, is set off by the horrors of night and winter. And, I believe, if it was possible for a man to have seen only the two former, he would have a very imperfect idea of their beauty.

But to avoid too serious an air; can it be doubted, but that the finest woman in the world would lose all benefit of her charms in the eye of a man who had never seen one of another cast? The ladies

themselves seem so sensible of this, that they are all industrious to procure foils: nay, they will become foils to themselves; for I have observed (at Bath particularly) that they endeavour to appear as ugly as possible in the morning, in order to set off that beauty which they intend to show you in the evening.

Most artists have this secret in practice, though some, perhaps, have not much studied the theory. The jeweller knows that the finest brilliant requires a foil; and the painter, by the contrast of his figures, often acquires great applause.

A great genius among us will illustrate this matter fully. I cannot, indeed, range him under any general head of common artists, as he hath a title to be placed among those

Inventas qui vitam excoluere per artes.

Who by invented arts have life improved.

I mean here the inventor of that most exquisite entertainment, called the English Pantomime.

This entertainment consisted of two parts, which the inventor distinguished by the names of the serious and the comic. The serious exhibited a certain number of heathen gods and heroes, who were certainly the worst and dullest company into which an audience was ever introduced; and (which was a secret known to few) were actually intended so to be, in order to contrast the comic part of the entertainment, and to display the tricks of harlequin to the better advantage.

This was, perhaps, no very civil use of such personages: but the contrivance was, nevertheless, ingenious enough, and had its effect. And this will now plainly appear, if, instead of serious and comic, we supply the words duller and dullest; for the comic was certainly duller than any thing before shown on the stage, and could be set off only by that superlative degree of dulness which composed the serious. So intolerably serious, indeed, were these gods and heroes, that harlequin (though the English gentleman of that name is not at all related to the French family, for he is of a much more serious disposition) was always welcome on the stage, as he relieved the audience from worse company.

Judicious writers have always practised this art of contrast with great success. I have been surprised that Horace should cavil at this art in Homer; but indeed he contradicts himself in the very next line:

*Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus,
Verum opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum,*

I grieve if e'er great Homer chance to sleep,
Yet slumbers on long works have right to creep.

For we are not here to understand, as perhaps some have, that an author actually falls asleep while he is writing. It is true, that readers are too apt to be so overtaken; but if the work was as long as any of Oldmixon, the author himself is too well entertained to be subject to the least drowsiness. He is, as Mr. Pope observes,

Sleepless himself to give his readers sleep.

To say the truth, these soporific parts are so many scenes of serious artfully interwoven, in order to contrast and set off the rest; and this is the true meaning of a late facetious writer, who told the public that whenever he was dull they might be assured there was a design in it.

In this light, then, or rather in this darkness, I would have the reader to consider these initial essays. And after this warning, if he shall be of opinion that he can find enough of serious in other parts of this history, he may pass over these, in which we profess to be laboriously dull, and begin the following books at the second chapter.

CHAPTER II.

In which Mr. Jones receives many friendly visits during his confinement; with some fine touches of the passion of love, scarce visible to the naked eye.

TOM JONES had many visitors during his confinement, though some, perhaps, were not very agreeable to him. Mr. Allworthy saw him almost every day; but though he pitied Tom's sufferings, and greatly approved the gallant behaviour which had occasioned them; yet he thought this was a favourable opportunity to bring him to a sober sense of his indiscreet conduct; and that wholesome advice for that purpose could never be applied at a more proper season than at the present, when the mind was softened by pain and sickness, and alarmed by danger; and when its attention was unembarrassed with those turbulent passions which engage us in the pursuit of pleasure.

At all seasons, therefore, when the good man was alone with the youth, especially when the latter was totally at ease, he took occasion to remind him of his former miscarriages, but in the mildest and tenderest manner, and only in order to introduce the caution which he prescribed for his future behaviour; "on which alone," he assured him, "would depend his own felicity, and the kindness which he might yet promise himself to receive at the hands of his father by adoption, unless he should hereafter forfeit his good opinion: for as to what had past," he said, "it should be all forgiven and forgotten. He therefore advised him to make a good use of this accident, that so in the end it might prove a visitation for his own good."

Thwackum was likewise pretty assiduous in his visits; and he too considered a sick-bed to be a convenient scene for lectures. His style, however, was more severe than Mr. Allworthy's: he told his pupil, "That he ought to look on his broken limb as a judgment from heaven on his sins. That it would become him to be daily on his knees, pouring forth thanksgivings that he had broken his arm only, and not his neck; which latter," he said, "was very probably reserved for some future occasion, and that, perhaps, not very remote. For his part," he said, "he had often wondered some judgment had not overtaken him before; but it might be perceived by this, that divine punishments, though slow, are always sure." Hence likewise he advised him, "to foresee, with equal certainty, the greater evils which were yet behind, and which were as sure as this of overtaking him in his state of reprobacy. These are," said he, "to be averted only by such a thorough and sincere repentance as is not to be expected or hoped for from one so abandoned in his youth, and whose mind, I am afraid, is totally corrupted. It is my duty, however, to exhort you to this repentance, though I too well know all exhortations will be vain and fruitless. But *liberavi animam meam*. I can accuse my own conscience of no neglect; though it is at the same time with the utmost concern I see you travelling on to certain misery in this world, and to as certain damnation in the next."

Squire talked in a very different strain; he said, "Such accidents as a broken bone were below the consideration of a wise man. That it was abundantly sufficient to reconcile the mind to any of these mischances, to reflect that they are liable to befall the wisest of mankind, and are undoubtedly for the good of the whole." He said, "it was a mere abuse of words to call those things evils, in which there was no moral unfitness; that pain, which was the

worst consequence of such accidents, was the most contemptible thing in the world;" with more of the like sentences, extracted out of the second book of Tully's Tusculan questions, and from the great lord Shaftesbury. In pronouncing these he was one day so eager, that he unfortunately bit his tongue; and in such a manner, that it not only put an end to his discourse, but created much emotion in him, and caused him to mutter an oath or two: but what was worst of all, this accident gave Thwackum, who was present, and who held all such doctrine to be heathenish and atheistical, an opportunity to clap a judgment on his back. Now this was done with so malicious a sneer, that it totally unhinged (if I may so say) the temper of the philosopher, which the bite of his tongue had somewhat ruffled; and as he was disabled from venting his wrath at his lips, he had possibly found a more violent method of revenging himself, had not the surgeon, who was then luckily in the room, contrary to his own interest, interposed and preserved the peace.

Mr. Blifil visited his friend Jones but seldom, and never alone. This worthy young man, however, professed much regard for him, and as great concern at his misfortune; but cautiously avoided any intimacy, lest, as he frequently hinted, it might contaminate the sobriety of his own character: for which purpose he had constantly in his mouth that proverb in which Solomon speaks against evil communication. Not that he was so bitter as Thwackum; for he always expressed some hopes of Tom's reformation; "which," he said, "the unparalleled goodness shown by his uncle on this occasion, must certainly effect in one not absolutely abandoned:" but concluded, "if Mr. Jones ever offends hereafter, I shall not be able to say a syllable in his favour."

As to squire Western, he was seldom out of the sick-room, unless when he was engaged either in the field or over his bottle. Nay, he would sometimes retire hither to take his beer, and it was not without difficulty that he was prevented from forcing Jones to take his beer too: for no quack ever held his nostrum to be a more general panacea than he did this; which, he said, had more virtue in it than was in all the physic in an apothecary's shop. He was, however, by much entreaty, prevailed on to forbear the application of this medicine; but from serenading his patient every hunting morning with the horn under his window, it was impossible to withhold him; nor did he ever lay aside that halloo, with which he entered into all companies, when he visited Jones, without any regard to the sick person's being at that time either awake or asleep.

This boisterous behaviour, as it meant no harm, so happily it effected none, and was abundantly compensated to Jones, as soon as he was able to sit up, by the company of Sophia, whom the squire then brought to visit him; nor was it, indeed, long before Jones was able to attend her to the harpsichord, where she would kindly condescend, for hours together, to charm him with the most delicious music, unless when the squire thought proper to interrupt her, by insisting on Old Sir Simon, or some other of his favourite pieces.

Notwithstanding the nicest guard which Sophia endeavoured to set on her behaviour, she could not avoid letting some appearances now and then slip forth: for love may again be likened to a disease in this, that when it is denied a vent in one part, it will certainly break out in another. What her lips, therefore, concealed, her eyes, her blushes, and many little involuntary actions, betrayed.

One day, when Sophia was playing on the harpsi-

chord, and Jones was attending, the squire came into the room, crying, "There, Tom, I have had a battle for thee below stairs with thick parson Thwackum. He hath been a telling Allworthy, before my face, that the broken bone was a judgment upon thee. D—n it, says I, how can that be? Did he not come by it in defence of a young woman? A judgment indeed! Pox, if he never doth anything worse, he will go to heaven sooner than all the parsons in the country. He hath more reason to glory in it than to be ashamed of it."—"Indeed, sir," says Jones, "I have no reason for either; but if it preserved Miss Western, I shall always think it the happiest accident of my life."—"And to gu," said the squire, "to zet Allworthy against thee vor it! D—n un, if the parson had unt his petticoats on, I should have lent un o flick; for I love thee dearly, my boy, and d—n me if there is anything in my power which I won't do for thee. Sha't take thy choice of all the horses in my stable to-morrow morning, except only the Chevalier and Miss Slouch." Jones thanked him, but declined accepting the offer. "Nay," added the squire, "sha't ha the sorrel mare that Sophy rode. She cost me fifty guineas, and comes six years old this grass." "If she had cost me a thousand," cries Jones passionately, "I would have given her to the dogs." "Pooh! pooh!" answered Western: "What! because she broke thy arm? Shouldst forget and forgive. I thought hadst been more a man than to bear malice against a dumb creature."—Here Sophia interposed, and put an end to the conversation, by desiring her father's leave to play to him; a request which he never refused.

The countenance of Sophia had undergone more than one change during the foregoing speeches; and probably she imputed the passionate resentment which Jones had expressed against the mare, to a different motive from that from which her father had derived it. Her spirits were at this time in a visible flutter; and she played so intolerably ill, that had not Western soon fallen asleep, he must have remarked it. Jones, however, who was sufficiently awake, and was not without an ear, any more than without eyes, made some observations; which being joined to all which the reader may remember to have passed formerly, gave him pretty strong assurances, when he came to reflect on the whole, that all was not well in the tender bosom of Sophia; an opinion which many young gentlemen will, I doubt not, extremely wonder at his not having been well confirmed in long ago. To confess the truth, he had rather too much diffidence in himself, and was not forward enough in seeing the advances of a young lady; a misfortune which can be cured only by that early town education, which is at present so generally in fashion.

When these thoughts had fully taken possession of Jones, they occasioned a perturbation in his mind, which, in a constitution less pure and firm than his, might have been, at such a season, attended with very dangerous consequences. He was truly sensible of the great worth of Sophia. He extremely liked her person, no less admired her accomplishments, and tenderly loved her goodness. In reality, as he had never once entertained any thought of possessing her, nor had ever given the least voluntary indulgence to his inclinations, he had a much stronger passion for her than he himself was acquainted with. His heart now brought forth the full secret, at the same time that it assured him the adorable object returned his affection.

CHAPTER III.

Which all who have no heart will think to contain much ado about nothing.

THE reader will perhaps imagine, the sensations which now arose in Jones to have been so sweet and delicious, that they would rather tend to produce a cheerful serenity in the mind, than any of those dangerous effects which we have mentioned; but in fact, sensations of this kind, however delicious, are, at their first recognition, of a very tumultuous nature, and have very little of the opiate in them. They were, moreover, in the present case, embittered with certain circumstances, which being mixed with sweeter ingredients, tended altogether to compose a draught that might be termed bitter-sweet; than which, as nothing can be more disagreeable to the palate, so nothing, in the metaphorical sense, can be so injurious to the mind.

For first, though he had sufficient foundation to flatter himself in what he had observed in Sophia, he was not yet free from doubt of misconstruing compassion, or at best esteem, into a warmer regard. He was far from a sanguine assurance that Sophia had any such affections towards him, as might promise his inclinations that harvest, which, if they were encouraged and nursed, they would finally grow up to require. Besides, if he could hope to find no bar to his happiness from the daughter, he thought himself certain of meeting an effectual bar in the father; who, though he was a country squire in his diversions, was perfectly a man of the world in whatever regarded his fortune; had the most violent affection for his only daughter, and had often signified, in his cups, the pleasure he proposed in seeing her married to one of the richest men in the county. Jones was not so vain and senseless a coxcomb as to expect, from any regard which Western had professed for him, that he would ever be induced to lay aside these views of advancing his daughter. He well knew, that fortune is generally the principal, if not the sole consideration, which operates on the best of parents in these matters: for friendship makes us warmly espouse the interest of others; but it is very cold to the gratification of their passions. Indeed, to feel the happiness which may result from this, it is necessary we should possess the passion ourselves. As he had therefore no hopes of obtaining her father's consent; so he thought to endeavour to succeed without it, and by such means to frustrate the great point of Mr. Western's life, was to make a very ill use of his hospitality, and a very ungrateful return to the many little favours received (however roughly) at his hands. If he saw such a consequence with horror and disdain, how much more was he shocked with what regarded Mr. Allworthy; to whom, as he had more than filial obligations, so had he for him more than filial piety! He knew the nature of that good man to be so averse to any baseness or treachery, that the least attempt of such a kind would make the sight of the guilty person for ever odious to his eyes, and his name a detestable sound in his ears. The appearance of such insurmountable difficulties was sufficient to have inspired him with despair, however ardent his wishes had been; but even these were controlled by compassion for another woman. The idea of lovely Molly now intruded itself before him. He had sworn eternal constancy in her arms, and she had as often vowed never to outlive his deserting her. He now saw her in all the most shocking postures of death; nay, he considered all the miseries of prostitution to which she would be liable, and of which he would be doubly the occasion; first by seducing, and then by deserting her; for he well

knew the hatred which all her neighbours, and even her own sisters, bore her, and how ready they would all be to tear her to pieces. Indeed, he had exposed her to more envy than shame, or rather to the latter by means of the former: for many women abused her for being a whore, while they envied her her lover, and her finery, and would have been themselves glad to have purchased these at the same rate. The ruin, therefore, of the poor girl must, he foresaw, unavoidably attend his deserting her; and this thought stung him to the soul. Poverty and distress seemed to him to give none a right of aggravating those misfortunes. The meanness of her condition did not represent her misery as of little consequence in his eyes, nor did it appear to justify, or even to palliate his guilt, in bringing that misery upon her. But why do I mention justification? His own heart would not suffer him to destroy a human creature who he thought loved him, and had to that love sacrificed her innocence. His own good heart pleaded her cause; not as a cold venal advocate, but as one interested in the event, and which must itself deeply share in all the agonies its owner brought on another.

When this powerful advocate had sufficiently raised the pity of Jones, by painting poor Molly in all the circumstances of wretchedness; it artfully called in the assistance of another passion, and represented the girl in all the amiable colours of youth, health, and beauty; as one greatly the object of desire, and much more so, at least to a good mind, from being, at the same time, the object of compassion.

Amidst these thoughts, poor Jones passed a long sleepless night, and in the morning the result of the whole was to abide by Molly, and to think no more of Sophia.

In this virtuous resolution he continued all the next day till the evening, cherishing the idea of Molly, and driving Sophia from his thoughts; but in the fatal evening, a very trifling accident set all his passions again on float, and worked so total a change in his mind, that we think it decent to communicate it in a fresh chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

A little chapter, in which is contained a little incident.

AMONG other visitants, who paid their compliments to the young gentleman in his confinement, Mrs. Honour was one. The reader, perhaps, when he reflects on some expressions which have formerly dropt from her, may conceive that she herself had a very particular affection for Mr. Jones; but, in reality, it was no such thing. Tom was a handsome young fellow; and for that species of men Mrs. Honour had some regard; but this was perfectly indiscriminate; for having been crossed in the love which she bore a certain nobleman's footman, who had basely deserted her after a promise of marriage, she had so securely kept together the broken remains of her heart, that no man had ever since been able to possess himself of any single fragment. She viewed all handsome men with that equal regard and benevolence which a sober and virtuous mind bears to all the good. She might indeed be called a lover of men, as Socrates was a lover of mankind, preferring one to another for coporeal, as he for mental qualifications; but never carrying this preference so far as to cause any perturbation in the philosophical serenity of her temper.

The day after Mr. Jones had that conflict with himself which we have seen in the preceding chapter, Mrs. Honour came into his room, and finding

him alone, began in the following manner:—"La, sir, where do you think I have been? I warrants you, you would not guess in fifty years; but if you did guess, to be sure I must not tell you neither."—"Nay, if it be something which you must not tell me," said Jones, "I shall have the curiosity to inquire, and I know you will not be so barbarous as to refuse me."—"I don't know," cries she, "why I should refuse you neither, for that matter; for to be sure you won't mention it any more. And for that matter, if you knew where I have been, unless you knew what I have been about, it would not signify much. Nay, I don't see why it should be kept a secret for my part; for to be sure she is the best lady in the world." Upon this, Jones began to beg earnestly to be let into this secret, and faithfully promised not to divulge it. She then proceeded thus:—"Why you must know, sir, my young lady sent me to inquire after Molly Seagrim, and to see whether the wench wanted any thing; to be sure, I did not care to go, methinks; but servants must do what they are ordered.—How could you undervalue yourself so, Mr. Jones?—So my lady bid me go and carry her some linen, and other things. She is too good. If such forward sluts were sent to Bridewell, it would be better for them. I told my lady, says I, madam, your la'ship is encouraging idleness."—"And was my Sophia so good?" says Jones. "My Sophia, I assure you! marry come up!" answered Honour. "And yet if you knew all,—indeed, if I was as Mr. Jones, I should look a little higher than such trumpery as Molly Seagrim." "What do you mean by these words," replied Jones, "If I knew all?" "I mean what I mean," says Honour. "Don't you remember putting your hands in my lady's muff once? I vow I could almost find in my heart to tell, if I was certain my lady would never come to the hearing on't." Jones then made several solemn protestations. And Honour proceeded,—"then to be sure, my lady gave me that muff; and afterwards, upon hearing what you had done"—"Then you told her what I had done!" interrupted Jones. "If I did, sir," answered she, "you need not be angry with me. Many's the man would have given his head to have had my lady told, if they had known,—for, to be sure, the biggest lord in the land might be proud—but, I protest, I have a great mind not to tell you." Jones fell to entreaties, and soon prevailed on her to go on thus. "You must know then, sir, that my lady had given this muff to me; but about a day or two after I had told her the story, she quarrels with her new muff, and to be sure it is the prettiest that ever was seen. Honour, says she, this is an odious muff; it is too big for me: I can't wear it: till I can get another, you must let me have my old one again, and you may have this in the room on't—for she's a good lady, and scorns to give a thing and take a thing, I promise you that. So to be sure I fetched it her back again, and, I believe, she hath worn it upon her arm almost ever since, and I warrants hath given it many a kiss when nobody hath seen her."

Here the conversation was interrupted by Mr. Western himself, who came to summon Jones to the harpsichord; whither the poor young fellow went all pale and trembling. This Western observed, but, on seeing Mrs. Honour, imputed it to a wrong cause; and having given Jones a hearty curse between jest and earnest, he bid him beat abroad, and not poach up the game in his warren.

Sophia looked this evening with more than usual beauty, and we may believe it was no small addition to her charms, in the eye of Mr. Jones, that she now happened to have on her right arm this very muff.

She was playing one of her father's favourite tunes, and he was leaning on her chair, when the muff fell over her fingers, and put her out. This so disconcerted the squire, that he snatched the muff from her, and with a hearty curse threw it into the fire. Sophia instantly started up, and with the utmost eagerness recovered it from the flames.

Though this incident will probably appear of little consequence to many of our readers; yet, trifling as it was, it had so violent an effect on poor Jones, that we thought it our duty to relate it. In reality, there are many little circumstances too often omitted by injudicious historians, from which events of the utmost importance arise. The world may indeed be considered as a vast machine, in which the great wheels are originally set in motion by those which are very minute, and almost imperceptible to any but the strongest eyes.

Thus, not all the charms of the incomparable Sophia; not all the dazzling brightness, and languishing softness of her eyes; the harmony of her voice, and of her person; not all her wit, good-humour, greatness of mind, or sweetness of disposition, had been able so absolutely to conquer and enslave the heart of poor Jones, as this little incident of the muff. Thus the poet sweetly sings of Troy—

—*Captive dolis lachrymisque coacti
Quos neque Tydides, nec Larissæus Achilles,
Non anni domuere decem, non mille Carinæ.*

What Diomede or Thetis' greater son
A thousand ships, nor ten years' siege had done,
False tears, and fawning words the city won.

The citadel of Jones was now taken by surprise. All those considerations of honour and prudence which our hero had lately with so much military wisdom placed as guards over the avenues of his heart, ran away from their posts, and the god of love marched in, in triumph.

CHAPTER V.

A very long chapter, containing a very great incident.

BUT though this victorious deity easily expelled his avowed enemies from the heart of Jones, he found it more difficult to supplant the garrison which he himself had placed there. To lay aside all allegory, the concern for what must become of poor Molly greatly disturbed and perplexed the mind of the worthy youth. The superior merit of Sophia totally eclipsed, or rather extinguished, all the beauties of the poor girl; but compassion instead of contempt succeeded to love. He was soon convinced the girl had placed all her affections, and all her prospect of future happiness, in him only. For this he had, he knew, given sufficient occasion, by the utmost profusion of tenderness towards her: a tenderness which he had taken every means to persuade her he would always maintain. She, on her side, had assured him of her firm belief in his promises, and had with the most solemn vows declared, that on his fulfilling or breaking these promises it depended whether she should be the happiest or most miserable of womankind. And to be the author of this highest degree of misery to a human being, was a thought on which he could not bear to ruminate a single moment. He considered this poor girl as having sacrificed to him everything in her little power; as having been at her own expense the object of his pleasure; as sighing and languishing for him even at that very instant. Shall then, says he, my recovery, for which she hath so ardently wished; shall my presence, which she hath so eagerly expected, instead of giving her that joy with which she hath flattered herself, cast her at once down into

misery and despair? Can I be such a villain? Here, when the genius of poor Molly seemed triumphant, the love of Sophia towards him, which now appeared no longer dubious, rushed upon his mind, and bore away every obstacle before it.

At length it occurred to him, that he might possibly be able to make Molly amends another way; namely, by giving her a sum of money. This, nevertheless, he almost despaired of her accepting, when he recollected the frequent and vehement assurances he had received from her, that the world put in balance with him would make her no amends for his loss. However, her extreme poverty, and chiefly her egregious vanity (somewhat of which hath been already hinted to the reader), gave him some little hope, that, notwithstanding all her avowed tenderness, she might in time be brought to content herself with a fortune superior to her expectation, and which might indulge her vanity, by setting her above all her equals. He resolved therefore to take the first opportunity of making a proposal of this kind.

One day, accordingly, when his arm was so well recovered that he could walk easily with it slung in a sash, he stole forth, at a season when the squire was engaged in his field exercises, and visited his fair one. Her mother and sisters, whom he found taking their tea, informed him first that Molly was not at home; but afterwards the eldest sister acquainted him, with a malicious smile, that she was above stairs a-bed. Tom had no objection to this situation of his mistress, and immediately ascended the ladder which led towards her bedchamber; but when he came to the top, he, to his great surprise, found the door fast; nor could he for some time obtain any answer from within; for Molly, as she herself afterwards informed him, was fast asleep.

The extremes of grief and joy have been remarked to produce very similar effects; and when either of these rushes on us by surprise, it is apt to create such a total perturbation and confusion, that we are often thereby deprived of the use of all our faculties. It cannot therefore be wondered at, that the unexpected sight of Mr. Jones should so strongly operate on the mind of Molly, and should overwhelm her with such confusion, that for some minutes she was unable to express the great raptures, with which the reader will suppose she was affected on this occasion. As for Jones, he was so entirely possessed, and as it were enchanted, by the presence of his beloved object, that he for a while forgot Sophia, and consequently the principal purpose of his visit.

This however soon recurred to his memory; and after the first transports of their meeting were over, he found means by degrees to introduce a discourse on the fatal consequences which must attend their amour, if Mr. Allworthy, who had strictly forbidden him ever seeing her more, should discover that he still carried on this commerce. Such a discovery, which his enemies gave him reason to think would be unavoidable, must, he said, end in his ruin, and consequently in hers. Since therefore their hard fates had determined that they must separate, he advised her to bear it with resolution, and swore he would never omit any opportunity, through the course of his life, of showing her the sincerity of his affection, by providing for her in a manner beyond her utmost expectation, or even beyond her wishes, if ever that should be in his power; concluding at last, that she might soon find some man who would marry her, and who would make her much happier than she could be by leading a disreputable life with him.

Molly remained a few moments in silence, and

then bursting into a flood of tears, she began to upbraid him in the following words: "And this is your love for me, to forsake me in this manner, now you have ruined me! How often, when I have told you that all men are false and perjury like, and grow tired of us as soon as ever they have had their wicked wills of us, how often have you sworn you would never forsake me! And can you be such a perjury man after all? What signifies all the riches in the world to me without you, now you have gained my heart, so you have—you have—? Why do you mention another man to me? I can never love any other man as long as I live. All other men are nothing to me. If the greatest squire in all the country would come a suiting to me to-morrow, I would not give my company to him. No, I shall always hate and despise the whole sex for your sake."—

She was proceeding thus, when an accident put a stop to her tongue, before it had run out half its career. The room, or rather garret, in which Molly lay, being up one pair of stairs, that is to say, at the top of the house, was of a sloping figure, resembling the great Delta of the Greeks. The English reader may perhaps form a better idea of it, by being told that it was impossible to stand upright any where but in the middle. Now, as this room wanted the conveniency of a closet, Molly had, to supply that defect, nailed up an old rug against the rafters of the house, which inclosed a little hole where her best apparel, such as the remains of that sack which we have formerly mentioned, some caps, and other things with which she had lately provided herself, were hung up and secured from the dust.

This inclosed place exactly fronted the foot of the bed, to which, indeed, the rug hung so near, that it served in a manner to supply the want of curtains. Now, whether Molly, in the agonies of her rage, pushed this rug with her feet; or Jones might touch it: or whether the pin or nail gave way of its own accord, I am not certain; but as Molly pronounced those last words, which are recorded above, the wicked rug got loose from its fastening, and discovered every thing hid behind it; where among other female utensils appeared—(with shame I write it, and with sorrow will it be read)—the philosopher Square, in a posture (for the place would not near admit his standing upright) as ridiculous as can possibly be conceived.

The posture, indeed, in which he stood, was not greatly unlike that of a soldier who is tied neck and heels; or rather resembling the attitude in which we often see fellows in the public streets of London, who are not suffering but deserving punishment by so standing. He had a nightcap belonging to Molly on his head, and his two large eyes, the moment the rug fell, stared directly at Jones; so that when the idea of philosophy was added to the figure now discovered, it would have been very difficult for any spectator to have refrained from immoderate laughter.

I question not but the surprise of the reader will be here equal to that of Jones; as the suspicions which must arise from the appearance of this wise and grave man in such a place, may seem so inconsistent with that character which he hath, doubtless, maintained hitherto, in the opinion of every one.

But to confess the truth, this inconsistency is rather imaginary than real. Philosophers are composed of flesh and blood as well as other human creatures; and however sublimated and refined the theory of these may be, a little practical frailty is as incident to them as to other mortals. It is, indeed, in theory only, and not in practice, as we have before hinted, that consists the difference: for though such great

beings think much better and more wisely, they always act exactly like other men. They know very well how to subdue all appetites and passions, and to despise both pain and pleasure; and this knowledge affords much delightful contemplation, and is easily acquired; but the practice would be vexatious and troublesome; and, therefore, the same wisdom which teaches them to know this, teaches them to avoid carrying it into execution.

Mr. Square happened to be at church on that Sunday, when, as the reader may be pleased to remember, the appearance of Molly in her sack had caused all that disturbance. Here he first observed her, and was so pleased with her beauty, that he prevailed with the young gentlemen to change their intended ride that evening, that he might pass by the habitation of Molly, and by that means might obtain a second chance of seeing her. This reason, however, as we did not at that time mention to any, so neither did we think proper to communicate it then to the reader.

Among other particulars which constitute the unfitness of things in Mr. Square's opinion, danger and difficulty were two. The difficulty therefore which he apprehended there might be in corrupting this young wench, and the danger which would accrue to his character on the discovery, were such strong dissuaves, that it is probable he at first intended to have contented himself with the pleasing ideas which the sight of beauty furnishes us with. These the gravest men, after a full meal of serious meditation, often allow themselves by way of dessert: for which purpose, certain books and pictures find their way into the most private recesses of their study, and a certain liquorish part of natural philosophy is often the principal subject of their conversation.

But when the philosopher heard, a day or two afterwards, that the fortress of virtue had already been subdued, he began to give a larger scope to his desires. His appetite was not of that squeamish kind which cannot feed on a dainty because another hath tasted it. In short, he liked the girl the better for the want of that chastity, which, if she had possessed it, must have been a bar to his pleasures; he pursued and obtained her.

The reader will be mistaken, if he thinks Molly gave Square the preference to her younger lover: on the contrary, had she been confined to the choice of one only, Tom Jones would undoubtedly have been, of the two, the victorious person. Nor was it solely the consideration that two are better than one (though this had its proper weight) to which Mr. Square owed his success: the absence of Jones during his confinement was an unlucky circumstance; and in that interval, some well chosen presents from the philosopher so softened and unguarded the girl's heart that a favourable opportunity became irresistible, and Square triumphed over the poor remains of virtue which subsisted in the bosom of Molly.

It is now about a fortnight since this conquest, when Jones paid the above-mentioned visit to his mistress, at a time when she and Square were in bed together. This was the true reason why the mother denied her as we have seen; for as the old woman shared in the profits arising from the iniquity of her daughter, she encouraged and protected her in it to the utmost of her power; but such was the envy and hatred which the elder sister bore towards Molly, that, notwithstanding she had some part of the booty, she would willingly have parted with this to ruin her sister and spoil her trade. Hence she had acquainted Jones with her being above stairs in bed, in hopes that he might have caught her in Square's arms. This, however, Molly found means to pre-

vent, as the door was fastened; which gave her an opportunity of conveying her lover behind that rug or blanket where he now was unhappily discovered.

Square no sooner made his appearance than Molly flung herself back on the bed, cried out she was undone, and abandoned herself to despair. This poor girl, who was yet but a novice in her business, had not arrived to that perfection of assurance which helps off a town lady in any extremity; and either prompts her with an excuse, or else inspires her to brazen out the matter with her husband; who, from love of quiet, or out of fear of his reputation, and sometimes, perhaps, from fear of the gallant, who, like Mr. Constant in the play, wears a sword, is glad to shut his eyes, and content to put his horns in his pocket. Molly, on the contrary, was silenced by this evidence, and very fairly gave up a cause which she had hitherto maintained with so many tears, and with such solemn and vehement protestations of the purest love and constancy.

As to the gentleman behind the arras, he was not in much less consternation. He stood for a while motionless, and seemed equally at a loss what to say, or whither to direct his eyes. Jones, though perhaps the most astonished of the three, first found his tongue; and being immediately recovered from those uneasy sensations which Molly by her upbraidings had occasioned, he burst into a loud laughter, and then saluting Mr. Square, advanced to take him by the hand, and to relieve him from his place of confinement.

Square, being now arrived in the middle of the room, in which part only he could stand upright, looked at Jones with a very grave countenance, and said to him, "Well, sir, I see you enjoy this mighty discovery, and, I dare swear, take great delight in the thoughts of exposing me; but if you will consider the matter fairly, you will find you are yourself only to blame. I am not guilty of corrupting innocence. I have done nothing for which that part of the world which judges of matters by the rule of right, will condemn me. Fitness is governed by the nature of things, and not by customs, forms, or municipal laws. Nothing is indeed unfit which is not unnatural."—"Well reasoned, old boy," answered Jones; "but why dost thou think that I should desire to expose thee? I promise thee, I was never better pleased with thee in my life; and unless thou hast a mind to discover it thyself, this affair may remain a profound secret for me."—"Nay, Mr. Jones," replied Square, "I would not be thought to undervalue reputation. Good fame is a species of the Kalon, and it is by no means fitting to neglect it. Besides, to murder one's own reputation is a kind of suicide, a detestable and odious vice. If you think proper, therefore, to conceal any infirmity of mine (for such I may have, since no man is perfectly perfect), I promise you I will not betray myself. Things may be fitting to be done, which are not fitting to be boasted of; for by the perverse judgment of the world, that often becomes the subject of censure, which is, in truth, not only innocent but laudable."—"Right!" cries Jones: "what can be more innocent than the indulgence of a natural appetite? or what more laudable than the propagation of our species?"—"To be serious with you," answered Square, "I profess they always appeared so to me."—"And yet," said Jones, "you was of a different opinion when my affair with this girl was first discovered."—"Why, I must confess," says Square, "as the matter was misrepresented to me, by that parson Thwackum, I might condemn the corruption of innocence: it was that, sir, it was that—and that—for you must know, Mr. Jones, in the consideration

of fitness, very minute circumstances, sir, very minute circumstances cause great alteration."—"Well," cries Jones, "be that as it will, it shall be your own fault, as I have promised you, if you ever hear any more of this adventure. Behave kindly to the girl, and I will never open my lips concerning the matter to any one. And, Molly, do you be faithful to your friend, and I will not only forgive your infidelity to me, but will do you all the service I can." So saying, he took a hasty leave, and, slipping down the ladder, retired with much expedition.

Square was rejoiced to find this adventure was likely to have no worse conclusion; and as for Molly, being recovered from her confusion, she began at first to upbraid Square with having been the occasion of her loss of Jones; but that gentleman soon found the means of mitigating her anger, partly by caresses, and partly by a small nostrum from his purse, of wonderful and approved efficacy in purging off the ill humours of the mind, and in restoring it to a good temper.

She then poured forth a vast profusion of tenderness towards her new lover; turned all she had said to Jones, and Jones himself, into ridicule; and vowed, though he once had the possession of her person, none but Square had ever been master of her heart.

CHAPTER VI.

By comparing which with the former, the reader may possibly correct some abuse which he hath formerly been guilty of in the application of the word Love.

THE infidelity of Molly, which Jones had now discovered, would, perhaps, have vindicated a much greater degree of resentment than he expressed on the occasion; and if he had abandoned her directly from that moment, very few, I believe, would have blamed him.

Certain, however, it is, that he saw her in the light of compassion; and though his love to her was not of that kind which could give him any great uneasiness at her inconstancy, yet was he not a little shocked on reflecting that he had himself originally corrupted her innocence; for to this corruption he imputed all the vice into which she appeared now so likely to plunge herself.

This consideration gave him no little uneasiness, till Betty, the elder sister, was so kind, some time afterwards, entirely to cure him by a hint, that one Will Barnes, and not himself, had been the first seducer of Molly; and that the little child, which he had hitherto so certainly concluded to be his own, might very probably have an equal title, at least, to claim Barnes for its father.

Jones eagerly pursued this scent when he had first received it; and in a very short time was sufficiently assured that the girl had told him truth, not only by the confession of the fellow, but at last by that of Molly herself.

This Will Barnes was a country gallant, and had acquired as many trophies of this kind as any ensign or attorney's clerk in the kingdom. He had, indeed, reduced several women to a state of utter profligacy, had broke the hearts of some, and had the honour of occasioning the violent death of one poor girl, who had either drowned herself, or, what was rather more probable, had been drowned by him.

Among other of his conquests, this fellow had triumphed over the heart of Betty Seagrim. He had made love to her long before Molly was grown to be a fit object of that pastime; but had afterwards deserted her, and applied to her sister, with whom he had almost immediate success. Now Will had, in reality, the sole possession of Molly's

affection, while Jones and Square were almost equally sacrifices to her interests and to her pride.

Hence had grown that implacable hatred which we have before seen raging in the mind of Betty; though we did not think it necessary to assign this cause sooner, as envy itself alone was adequate to all the effects we have mentioned.

Jones was become perfectly easy by possession of this secret with regard to Molly; but as to Sophia, he was far from being in a state of tranquillity; nay, indeed, he was under the most violent perturbation; his heart was now, if I may use the metaphor, entirely evacuated, and Sophia took absolute possession of it. He loved her with an unbounded passion, and plainly saw the tender sentiments she had for him; yet could not this assurance lessen his despair of obtaining the consent of the father, nor the horrors which attended his pursuit of her by any base or treacherous method.

The injury which he must thus do to Mr. Western, and the concern which would accrue to Mr. Allworthy, were circumstances that tormented him all day, and haunted him on his pillow at night. His life was a constant struggle between honour and inclination, which alternately triumphed over each other in his mind. He often resolved, in the absence of Sophia, to leave her father's house, and see her no more; and as often, in her presence, forgot all those resolutions, and determined to pursue her at the hazard of his life, and at the forfeiture of what was much dearer to him.

This conflict began soon to produce very strong and visible effects: for he lost all his usual sprightliness and gaiety of temper, and became not only melancholy when alone, but dejected and absent in company; nay, if ever he put on a forced mirth, to comply with Mr. Western's humour, the constraint appeared so plain, that he seemed to have been giving the strongest evidence of what he endeavoured to conceal by such ostentation.

It may, perhaps, be a question, whether the art which he used to conceal his passion, or the means which honest nature employed to reveal it, betrayed him most: for while art made him more than ever reserved to Sophia, and forbade him to address any of his discourse to her, nay, to avoid meeting her eyes, with the utmost caution; nature was no less busy in counterplotting him. Hence, at the approach of the young lady, he grew pale; and if this was sudden, started. If his eyes accidentally met hers, the blood rushed into his cheeks, and his countenance became all over scarlet. If common civility ever obliged him to speak to her, as to drink her health at table, his tongue was sure to falter. If he touched her, his hand, nay his whole frame, trembled. And if any discourse tended, however remotely, to raise the idea of love, an involuntarily sigh seldom failed to steal from his bosom. Most of which accidents nature was wonderfully industrious to throw daily in his way.

All these symptoms escaped the notice of the squire: but not so of Sophia. She soon perceived these agitations of mind in Jones, and was at no loss to discover the cause; for indeed she recognised it in her own breast. And this recognition is, I suppose, that sympathy which hath been so often noted in lovers, and which will sufficiently account for her being so much quicker-sighted than her father.

But, to say the truth, there is a more simple and plain method of accounting for that prodigious superiority of penetration which we must observe in some men over the rest of the human species, and one which will serve not only in the case of lovers, but of all others. From whence is it that the

knave is generally so quick-sighted to those symptoms and operations of knavery, which often dupe an honest man of much better understanding? There surely is no general sympathy among knaves; nor have they, like freemasons, any common sign of communication. In reality, it is only because they have the same thing in their heads, and their thoughts are turned the same way. Thus, that Sophia saw, and that Western did not see, the plain symptoms of love in Jones can be no wonder, when we consider that the idea of love never entered into the head of the father, whereas the daughter at present thought of nothing else.

When Sophia was well satisfied of the violent passion which tormented poor Jones, and no less certain that she herself was its object, she had not the least difficulty in discovering the true cause of his present behaviour. This highly endeared him to her, and raised in her mind two of the best affections which any lover can wish to raise in a mistress—these were, esteem and pity—for sure the most outrageously rigid among her sex will excuse her pitying a man whom she saw miserable on her own account; nor can they blame her for esteeming one who visibly, from the most honourable motives, endeavoured to smother a flame in his own bosom, which, like the famous Spartan theft, was preying upon and consuming his very vitals. Thus his backwardness, his shunning her, his coldness, and his silence, were the forwardest, the most diligent, the warmest, and most eloquent advocates; and wrought so violently on her sensible and tender heart, that she soon felt for him all those gentle sensations which are consistent with a virtuous and elevated female mind. In short, all which esteem, gratitude, and pity, can inspire in such towards an agreeable man—indeed, all which the nicest delicacy can allow. In a word, she was in love with him to distraction.

One day this young couple accidentally met in the garden, at the end of the two walks which were both bounded by that canal in which Jones had formerly risked drowning to retrieve the little bird that Sophia had there lost.

This place had been of late much frequented by Sophia. Here she used to ruminate, with a mixture of pain and pleasure, on an incident which, however trifling in itself, had possibly sown the first seeds of that affection which was now arrived to such maturity in her heart.

Here then this young couple met. They were almost close together before either of them knew anything of the other's approach. A bystander would have discovered sufficient marks of confusion in the countenance of each; but they felt too much themselves to make any observation. As soon as Jones had a little recovered his first surprise, he accosted the young lady with some of the ordinary forms of salutation, which she in the same manner returned; and their conversation began, as usual, on the delicious beauty of the morning. Hence they passed to the beauty of the place, on which Jones launched forth very high encomiums. When they came to the tree whence he had formerly tumbled into the canal, Sophia could not help reminding him of that accident, and said, "I fancy, Mr. Jones, you have some little shuddering when you see that water."—"I assure you, madam," answered Jones, "the concern you felt at the loss of your little bird will always appear to me the highest circumstance in that adventure. Poor little Tommy! there is the branch he stood upon. How could the little wretch have the folly to fly away from that state of happiness in which I had the honour to place him?"

His fate was a just punishment for his ingratitude."—"Upon my word, Mr. Jones," said she, "your gallantry very narrowly escaped as severe a fate. Sure the remembrance must affect you."—"Indeed, madam," answered he, "if I have any reason to reflect with sorrow on it, it is, perhaps, that the water had not been a little deeper, by which I might have escaped many bitter heart-aches that Fortune seems to have in store for me."—"Fie, Mr. Jones!" replied Sophia; "I am sure you cannot be in earnest now. This affected contempt of life is only an excess of your complaisance to me. You would endeavour to lessen the obligation of having twice ventured it for my sake. Beware the third time." She spoke these last words with a smile, and a softness inexpressible. Jones answered with a sigh, "He feared it was already too late for caution:" and then looking tenderly and steadfastly on her, he cried, "Oh, Miss Western! can you desire me to live? Can you wish me so ill?" Sophia, looking down on the ground, answered with some hesitation, "Indeed, Mr. Jones, I do not wish you ill."—"Oh, I know too well that heavenly temper," cries Jones, "that divine goodness, which is beyond every other charm."—"Nay, now," answered she, "I understand you not. I can stay no longer."—"I—I would not be understood!" cries he; "nay, I can't be understood. I know not what I say. Meeting you here so unexpectedly, I have been unguarded: for heaven's sake pardon me, if I have said anything to offend you. I did not mean it. Indeed, I would rather have died—nay, the very thought would kill me."—"You surprise me," answered she. "How can you possibly think you have offended me?"—"Fear, madam," says he, "easily runs into madness; and there is no degree of fear like that which I feel of offending you. How can I speak then? Nay, don't look angrily at me: one frown will destroy me. I mean nothing. Blame my eyes, or blame those beauties. What am I saying? Pardon me if I have said too much. My heart overflowed. I have struggled with my love to the utmost, and have endeavoured to conceal a fever which preys on my vitals, and will, I hope, soon make it impossible for me ever to offend you more."

Mr. Jones now fell a trembling as if he had been shaken with the fit of an ague. Sophia, who was in a situation not very different from his, answered in these words: "Mr. Jones, I will not affect to misunderstand you; indeed, I understand you too well; but, for Heaven's sake, if you have any affection for me, let me make the best of my way into the house. I wish I may be able to support myself thither."

Jones, who was hardly able to support himself, offered her his arm, which she condescended to accept, but begged he would not mention a word more to her of this nature at present. He promised he would not; insisting only on her forgiveness of what love, without the leave of his will, had forced from him: this, she told him, he knew how to obtain by his future behaviour; and thus this young pair tottered and trembled along, the lover not once daring to squeeze the hand of his mistress, though it was locked in his.

Sophia immediately retired to her chamber, where Mrs. Honour and the hartshorn were summoned to her assistance. As to poor Jones, the only relief to his distempered mind was an unwelcome piece of news, which, as it opens a scene of different nature from those in which the reader hath lately been conversant, will be communicated to him in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

In which Mr. Allworthy appears on a sick bed.

MR. WESTERN was become so fond of Jones that he was unwilling to part with him, though his arm had been long since cured; and Jones, either from the love of sport, or from some other reason, was easily persuaded to continue at his house, which he did sometimes for a fortnight together without paying a single visit at Mr. Allworthy's; nay, without ever hearing from thence.

Mr. Allworthy had been for some days indisposed with a cold, which had been attended with a little fever. This he had, however, neglected; as it was usual with him to do all manner of disorders which did not confine him to his bed, or prevent his several faculties from performing their ordinary functions;—a conduct which we would by no means be thought to approve or recommend to imitation; for surely the gentlemen of the Æsculapian art are in the right in advising, that the moment the disease has entered at one door, the physician should be introduced at the other: what else is meant by that old adage, *Venienti occurrere morbo*? "Oppose a distemper at its first approach." Thus the doctor and the disease met in fair and equal conflict; whereas, by giving time to the latter, we often suffer him to fortify and intrench himself, like a French army; so that the learned gentleman finds it very difficult, and sometimes impossible, to come at the enemy. Nay, sometimes by gaining time the disease applies to the French military politics, and corrupts nature over to his side, and then all the powers of physic must arrive too late. Agreeable to these observations was, I remember, the complaint of the great doctor Misaubin, who used very pathetically to lament the late applications which were made to his skill, saying, "By gar, me believe my pation take me for de undertaker, for dey never send for me till de physicion have kill dem."

Mr. Allworthy's distemper, by means of this neglect, gained such ground, that, when the increase of his fever obliged him to send for assistance, the doctor at his first arrival shook his head, wished he had been sent for sooner, and intimated that he thought him in very imminent danger. Mr. Allworthy, who had settled all his affairs in this world, and was as well prepared as it is possible for human nature to be for the other, received this information with the utmost calmness and unconcern. He could, indeed, whenever he laid himself down to rest, say with Cato in the tragical poem—

Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest: Cato knows neither of them;
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

In reality, he could say this with ten times more reason and confidence than Cato, or any other proud fellow among the ancient or modern heroes; for he was not only devoid of fear, but might be considered as a faithful labourer when at the end of harvest he is summoned to receive his reward at the hands of a bountiful master.

The good man gave immediate orders for all his family to be summoned round him. None of these were then abroad, but Mrs. Blifil, who had been some time in London, and Mr. Jones, whom the reader hath just parted from at Mr. Western's, and who received this summons just as Sophia had left him.

The news of Mr. Allworthy's danger (for the servant told him he was dying) drove all thoughts of love out of his head. He hurried instantly into the chariot which was sent for him, and ordered the coachman to drive with all imaginable haste; nor did

the idea of Sophia, I believe, once occurred to him on the way.

And now the whole family, namely, Mr. Blifil, Mr. Jones, Mr. Thwackum, Mr. Square, and some of the servants (for such were Mr. Allworthy's orders) being all assembled round his bed, the good man sat up in it, and was beginning to speak, when Blifil fell to blubbing, and began to express very loud and bitter lamentations. Upon this Mr. Allworthy shook him by the hand, and said, "Do not sorrow thus, my dear nephew, at the most ordinary of all human occurrences. When misfortunes befall our friends we are justly grieved; for those are accidents which might often have been avoided, and which may seem to render the lot of one man more peculiarly unhappy than that of others; but death is certainly unavoidable, and is that common lot in which alone the fortunes of all men agree: nor is the time when this happens to us very material. If the wisest of men hath compared life to a span, surely we may be allowed to consider it as a day. It is my fate to leave it in the evening; but those who are taken away earlier have only lost a few hours, at the best little worth lamenting, and much oftener hours of labour and fatigue, of pain and sorrow. One of the Roman poets, I remember, likens our leaving life to our departure from a feast;—a thought which hath often occurred to me when I have seen men struggling to protract an entertainment, and to enjoy the company of their friends a few moments longer. Alas! how short is the most protracted of such enjoyments! how immaterial the difference between him who retires the soonest, and him who stays the latest! This is seeing life in the best view, and this unwillingness to quit our friends is the most amiable motive from which we can derive the fear of death; and yet the longest enjoyment which we can hope for of this kind is of so trivial a duration, that it is to a wise man truly contemptible. Few men, I own, think in this manner; for, indeed, few men think of death till they are in its jaws. However gigantic and terrible an object this may appear when it approaches them, they are nevertheless incapable of seeing it at any distance; nay, though they have been ever so much alarmed and frightened when they have apprehended themselves in danger of dying, they are no sooner cleared from this apprehension than even the fears of it are erased from their minds. But, alas! he who escapes from death is not pardoned; he is only reprieved, and reprieved to a short day.

"Grieve, therefore, no more, my dear child, on this occasion: an event which may happen every hour; which every element, nay, almost every particle of matter that surrounds us is capable of producing, and which must and will most unavoidably reach us all at last, ought neither to occasion our surprise nor our lamentation.

"My physician having acquainted me (which I take very kindly of him) that I am in danger of leaving you all very shortly, I have determined to say a few words to you at this our parting, before my distemper, which I find grows very fast upon me, puts it out of my power.

"But I shall waste my strength too much. I intended to speak concerning my will, which, though I have settled long ago, I think proper to mention such heads of it as concern any of you, that I may have the comfort of perceiving you are all satisfied with the provision I have there made for you.

"Nephew Blifil, I leave you the heir to my whole estate, except only 500*l.* a-year, which is to revert to you after the death of your mother, and except one other estate of 500*l.* a-year, and the sum of

6000*l.*, which I have bestowed in the following manner:

"The estate of 500*l.* a-year I have given to you, Mr. Jones: and as I know the inconvenience which attends the want of ready money, I have added 1000*l.* in specie. In this I know not whether I have exceeded or fallen short of your expectation. Perhaps you will think I have given you too little, and the world will be as ready to condemn me for giving you too much; but the latter censure I despise; and as to the former, unless you should entertain that common error which I have often heard in my life pleaded as an excuse for a total want of charity, namely, that instead of raising gratitude by voluntary acts of bounty, we are apt to raise demands, which of all others are the most boundless and most difficult to satisfy.—Pardon me the bare mention of this; I will not suspect any such thing."

Jones flung himself at his benefactor's feet, and taking eagerly hold of his hand, assured him his goodness to him, both now and all other times, had so infinitely exceeded not only his merit but his hopes, that no words could express his sense of it. "And I assure you, sir," said he, "your present generosity hath left me no other concern than for the present melancholy occasion. Oh, my friend! my father!" Here his words choked him, and he turned away to hide a tear which was starting from his eyes.

Allworthy then gently squeezed his hand, and proceeded thus: "I am convinced, my child, that you have much goodness, generosity, and honour, in your temper: if you will add prudence and religion to these, you must be happy; for the three former qualities, I admit, make you worthy of happiness, but they are the latter only which will put you in possession of it.

"One thousand pound I have given to you, Mr. Thwackum; a sum I am convinced which greatly exceeds your desires, as well as your wants. However, you will receive it as a memorial of my friendship; and whatever superfluities may redound to you, that piety which you so rigidly maintain will instruct you how to dispose of them.

"A like sum, Mr. Square, I have bequeathed to you. This, I hope, will enable you to pursue your profession with better success than hitherto. I have often observed with concern, that distress is more apt to excite contempt than commiseration, especially among men of business, with whom poverty is understood to indicate want of ability. But the little I have been able to leave you will extricate you from those difficulties with which you have formerly struggled; and then I doubt not but you will meet with sufficient prosperity to supply what a man of your philosophical temper will require.

"I find myself growing faint, so I shall refer you to my will for my disposition of the residue. My servants will there find some tokens to remember me by; and there are a few charities which, I trust, my executors will see faithfully performed. Bless you all. I am setting out a little before you."

Here a footman came hastily into the room, and said there was an attorney from Salisbury who had a particular message, which he said he must communicate to Mr. Allworthy himself: that he seemed in a violent hurry, and protested he had so much business to do, that, if he could cut himself into four quarters, all would not be sufficient.

"Go, child," said Allworthy to Blifil, "see what the gentleman wants. I am not able to do any business now, nor can he have any with me, in which you are not at present more concerned than myself. Besides, I really am—I am incapable of seeing any

one at present, or of any longer attention." He then saluted them again; but said he should be now glad to compose himself a little, finding that he had too much exhausted his spirits in discourse.

Some of the company shed tears at their parting; and even the philosopher Square wiped his eyes, albeit unused to the melting mood. As to Mrs. Wilkins, she dropt her pearls as fast as the Arabian trees their medicinal gums; for this was a ceremonial which that gentlewoman never omitted on a proper occasion.

After this Mr. Allworthy again laid himself down on his pillow, and endeavoured to compose himself to rest.

CHAPTER VIII.

Containing matter rather natural than pleasing.

BESIDES grief for her master, there was another source for that briny stream which so plentifully rose above the two mountainous cheek-bones of the housekeeper. She was no sooner retired, than she began to mutter to herself in the following pleasant strain: "Sure master might have made some difference, methinks, between me and the other servants. I suppose he hath left me mourning; but, i'fackins! if that be all, the devil shall wear it for him, for me. I'd have his worship know I am no beggar. I have saved five hundred pound in his service, and after all to be used in this manner.—It is a fine encouragement to servants to be honest; and to be sure, if I have taken a little something now and then, others have taken ten times as much; and now we are all put in a lump together. If so be that it be so, the legacy may go to the devil with him that gave it. No, I won't give it up neither, because that will please some folks. No, I'll buy the gayest gown I can get, and dance over the old curmudgeon's grave in it. This is my reward for taking his part so often, when all the country have cried shame of him, for breeding up his bastard in that manner; but he is going now where he must pay for all. It would have become him better to have repented of his sins on his death-bed, than to glory in them, and give away his estate out of his own family to a misbegotten child. Found in his bed, forsooth! a pretty story! ay, ay, those that hide know where to find. Lord forgive him! I warrant he hath many more bastards to answer for, if the truth was known. One comfort is, they will all be known where he is a going now.—'The servants will find some token to remember me by.' Those were the very words; I shall never forget them, if I was to live a thousand years. Ay, ay, I shall remember you for huddling me among the servants. One would have thought he might have mentioned my name as well as that of Square; but he is a gentleman forsooth, though he had not clothes on his back when he came hither first. Marry come up with such gentlemen! though he hath lived here this many years, I don't believe there is arrow a servant in the house ever saw the colour of his money. The devil shall wait upon such a gentleman for me." Much more of the like kind she muttered to herself; but this taste shall suffice to the reader.

Neither Thwackum nor Square were much better satisfied with their legacies. Though they breathed not their resentment so loud, yet from the discontent which appeared in their countenances, as well as from the following dialogue, we collect that no great pleasure reigned in their minds.

About an hour after they had left the sick room, Square met Thwackum in the hall, and accosted

him thus: "Well, sir, have you heard any news of your friend since we parted from him?"—"If you mean Mr. Allworthy," answered Thwackum, "I think you might rather give him the appellation of your friend; for he seems to me to have deserved that title."—"The title is as good on your side," replied Square, "for his bounty, such as it is, hath been equal to both."—"I should not have mentioned it first," cries Thwackum, "but since you begin, I must inform you I am of a different opinion. There is a wide distinction between voluntary favours and rewards. The duty I have done in his family, and the care I have taken in the education of his two boys, are services for which some men might have expected a greater return. I would not have you imagine I am therefore dissatisfied; for St. Paul hath taught me to be content with the little I have. Had the modicum been less, I should have known my duty. But though the scripture obliges me to remain contented, it doth not enjoin me to shut my eyes to my own merit, nor restrain me from seeing when I am injured by an unjust comparison."—"Since you provoke me," returned Square, "that injury is done to me; nor did I ever imagine Mr. Allworthy had held my friendship so light, as to put me in balance with one who received his wages. I know to what it is owing; it proceeds from those narrow principles which you have been so long endeavouring to infuse into him, in contempt of everything which is great and noble. The beauty and loveliness of friendship is too strong for dim eyes, nor can it be perceived by any other medium than that unerring rule of right, which you have so often endeavoured to ridicule, that you have perverted your friend's understanding."—"I wish," cries Thwackum, in a rage, "I wish, for the sake of his soul, your damnable doctrines have not perverted his faith. It is to this I impute his present behaviour, so unbecoming a Christian. Who but an atheist could think of leaving the world without having first made up his account? without confessing his sins, and receiving that absolution which he knew he had one in the house duly authorised to give him? He will feel the want of these necessities when it is too late, when he is arrived at that place where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth. It is then he will find in what mighty stead that heathen goddess, that virtue, which you and all other deists of the age adore, will stand him. He will then summon his priest, when there is none to be found, and will lament the want of that absolution, without which no sinner can be safe."—"If it be so material," says Square, "why don't you present it him of your own accord?"—"It hath no virtue," cries Thwackum, "but to those who have sufficient grace to require it. But why do I talk thus to a heathen and an unbeliever? It was you that taught him this lesson, for which you have been well rewarded in this world, as I doubt not your disciple will soon be in the other."—"I know not what you mean by reward," said Square; "but if you hint at that pitiful memorial of our friendship, which he hath thought fit to bequeath me, I despise it; and nothing but the unfortunate situation of my circumstances should prevail on me to accept it."

The physician now arrived, and began to inquire of the two disputants, how we all did above stairs? "In a miserable way," answered Thwackum. "It is no more than I expected," cries the doctor: "but pray what symptoms have appeared since I left you?"—"No good ones, I am afraid," replied Thwackum: "after what past at our departure, I think there were little hopes." The bodily physician, perhaps, misunderstood the curer of souls; and before they came

to an explanation, Mr. Blifil came to them with a most melancholy countenance, and acquainted them that he brought sad news, that his mother was dead at Salisbury; that she had been seized on the road home with the gout in her head and stomach, which had carried her off in a few hours. "Good-lack-a-day!" says the doctor. "One cannot answer for events; but I wish I had been at hand, to have been called in. The gout is a distemper which it is difficult to treat; yet I have been remarkably successful in it." Thwackum and Square both consoled with Mr. Blifil for the loss of his mother, which the one advised him to bear like a man, and the other like a Christian. The young gentleman said he knew very well we were all mortal, and he would endeavour to submit to his loss as well as he could. That he could not, however, help complaining a little against the peculiar severity of his fate, which brought the news of so great a calamity to him by surprise, and that at a time when he hourly expected the severest blow he was capable of feeling from the malice of fortune. He said, the present occasion would put to the test those excellent rudiments which he had learnt from Mr. Thwackum and Mr. Square; and it would be entirely owing to them, if he was enabled to survive such misfortunes.

It was now debated whether Mr. Allworthy should be informed of the death of his sister. This the doctor violently opposed; in which, I believe, the whole college would agree with him: but Mr. Blifil said, he had received such positive and repeated orders from his uncle, never to keep any secret from him for fear of the disquietude which it might give him, that he durst not think of disobedience, whatever might be the consequence. He said, for his part, considering the religious and philosophic temper of his uncle, he could not agree with the doctor in his apprehensions. He was therefore resolved to communicate it to him; for if his uncle recovered (as he heartily prayed he might) he knew he would never forgive an endeavour to keep a secret of this kind from him.

The physician was forced to submit to these resolutions, which the two other learned gentlemen very highly commended. So together moved Mr. Blifil and the doctor toward the sick room; where the physician first entered, and approached the bed, in order to feel his patient's pulse, which he had no sooner done, than he declared he was much better; that the last application had succeeded to a miracle, and had brought the fever to intermit: so that, he said, there appeared now to be as little danger as he had before apprehended there were hopes.

To say the truth, Mr. Allworthy's situation had never been so bad as the great caution of the doctor had represented it; but as a wise general never despises his enemy, however inferior that enemy's force may be, so neither doth a wise physician ever despise a distemper, however inconsiderable. As the former preserves the same strict discipline, places the same guards, and employs the same scouts, though the enemy be never so weak; so the latter maintains the same gravity of countenance, and shakes his head with the same significant air, let the distemper be never so trifling. And both, among many other good ones, may assign this solid reason for their conduct, that by these means the greater glory redounds to them if they gain the victory, and the less disgrace, if by any unlucky accident they should happen to be conquered.

Mr. Allworthy had no sooner lifted up his eyes, and thanked Heaven for these hopes of his recovery, than Mr. Blifil drew near, with a very dejected aspect, and having applied his handkerchief to his

eye, either to wipe away his tears, or to do as Ovid somewhere expresses himself on another occasion,

Si nulluserit, tamen excute nullum,

If there be none, then wipe away that none,

he communicated to his uncle what the reader hath been just before acquainted with.

Allworthy received the news with concern, with patience, and with resignation. He dropt a tender tear, then composed his countenance, and at last cried, "The Lord's will be done in every thing."

He now inquired for the messenger; but Blifil told him, it had been impossible to detain him a moment; for he appeared by the great hurry he was in to have some business of importance on his hands: that he complained of being hurried and driven and torn out of his life, and repeated many times, that if he could divide himself into four quarters, he knew how to dispose of every one.

Allworthy then desired Blifil to take care of the funeral. He said, he would have his sister deposited in his own chapel; and as to the particulars, he left them to his own discretion, only mentioning the person whom he would have employed on this occasion.

CHAPTER IX.

Which, among other things, may serve as a comment on that saying of *Æschines*, that "drunkenness shows the mind of a man, as a mirror reflects his person."

THE reader may perhaps wonder at hearing nothing of Mr. Jones in the last chapter. In fact, his behaviour was so different from that of the persons there mentioned, that we choose not to confound his name with theirs.

When the good man had ended his speech, Jones was the last who deserted the room. Thence he retired to his own apartment, to give vent to his concern; but the restlessness of his mind would not suffer him to remain long there; he slipped softly therefore to Allworthy's chamber-door, where he listened a considerable time without hearing any kind of motion within, unless a violent snoring, which at last his fears misrepresented as groans. This so alarmed him, that he could not forbear entering the room; where he found the good man in the bed, in a sweet composed sleep, and his nurse snoring in the above-mentioned hearty manner, at the bed's feet. He immediately took the only method of silencing this thorough bass, whose music he feared might disturb Mr. Allworthy; and then sitting down by the nurse, he remained motionless till Blifil and the doctor came in together, and waked the sick man, in order that the doctor might feel his pulse, and that the other might communicate to him that piece of news, which, had Jones been apprised of it, would have had great difficulty of finding its way to Mr. Allworthy's ear at such a season.

When he first heard Blifil tell his uncle this story, Jones could hardly contain the wrath which kindled in him at the other's indiscretion, especially as the doctor shook his head, and declared his unwillingness to have the matter mentioned to his patient. But as his passion did not so far deprive him of all use of his understanding, as to hide from him the consequences which any violent expression towards Blifil might have on the sick, this apprehension stilled his rage at the present; and he grew afterwards so satisfied with finding that his news had, in fact, produced no mischief, that he suffered his anger to die in his own bosom, without ever mentioning it to Blifil.

The physician dined that day at Mr. Allworthy's; and having after dinner visited his patient, he re-

turned to the company, and told them, that he had now the satisfaction to say, with assurance, that his patient was out of all danger: that he had brought his fever to a perfect intermission, and doubted not by throwing in the bark to prevent its return.

This account so pleased Jones, and threw him into such immoderate excess of rapture, that he might be truly said to be drunk with joy,—an intoxication which greatly forwards the effects of wine; and as he was very free too with the bottle on this occasion (for he drank many bumpers to the doctor's health, as well as to other toasts) he became very soon literally drunk.

Jones had naturally violent animal spirits: these being set on float and augmented by the spirit of wine, produced most extravagant effects. He kissed the doctor, and embraced him with the most passionate endearments; swearing that next to Mr. Allworthy himself, he loved him of all men living. "Doctor," added he, "you deserve a statue to be erected to you at the public expense, for having preserved a man, who is not only the darling of all good men who know him, but a blessing to society, the glory of his country, and an honour to human nature. D—n me if I don't love him better than my own soul."

"More shame for you," cries Thwackum. "Though I think you have reason to love him, for he hath provided very well for you. And perhaps it might have been better for some folks that he had not lived to see just reason of revoking his gift."

Jones now looking on Thwackum with inconceivable disdain, answered, "And doth thy mean soul imagine that any such considerations could weigh with me? No, let the earth open and swallow her own dirt (if I had millions of acres I would say it) rather than swallow up my dear glorious friend."

*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam chari capitis?*"

The doctor now interposed, and prevented the effects of a wrath which was kindling between Jones and Thwackum; after which the former gave a loose to mirth, sang two or three amorous songs, and fell into every frantic disorder which unbridled joy is apt to inspire; but so far was he from any disposition to quarrel, that he was ten times better humoured, if possible, than when he was sober.

To say the truth, nothing is more erroneous than the common observation, that men who are ill-natured and quarrelsome when they are drunk, are very worthy persons when they are sober: for drink, in reality, doth not reverse nature, or create passions in men which did not exist in them before. It takes away the guard of reason, and consequently forces us to produce those symptoms which many, when sober, have art enough to conceal. It heightens and inflames our passions (generally indeed that passion which is uppermost in our mind), so that the angry temper, the amorous, the generous, the good-humoured, the avaricious, and all other dispositions of men, are in their cups heightened and exposed.

And yet as no nation produces so many drunken quarrels, especially among the lower people, as England (for indeed with them to drink and to fight together are almost synonymous terms), I would not, methinks, have it thence concluded, that the English are the worst-natured people alive. Perhaps the love of glory only is at the bottom of this;

* "What modesty or measure can set bounds to our desire of so dear a friend?" The word *desiderium* here cannot be easily translated. It includes our desire of enjoying our friend again, and the grief which attends that desire.

so that the fair conclusion seems to be, that our countrymen have more of that love, and more of bravery, than any other plebeians. And this the rather, as there is seldom any thing ungenerous, unfair, or ill-natured, exercised on these occasions: nay, it is common for the combatants to express good-will for each other even at the time of the conflict; and as their drunken mirth generally ends in a battle, so do most of their battles end in friendship.

But to return to our history. Though Jones had shown no design of giving offence, yet Mr. Blifil was highly offended at a behaviour which was so inconsistent with the sober and prudent reserve of his own temper. He bore it too with the greater impatience, as it appeared to him very indecent at this season; "When," as he said, "the house was a house of mourning, on the account of his dear mother; and if it had pleased Heaven to give him some prospect of Mr. Allworthy's recovery, it would become them better to express the exultations of their hearts in thanksgiving, than in drunkenness and riot; which were properer methods to increase the Divine wrath, than to avert it." Thwackum, who had swallowed more liquor than Jones, but without any ill effect on his brain, seconded the pious harangue of Blifil; but Square, for reasons which the reader may probably guess, was totally silent.

Wine had not so totally overpowered Jones, as to prevent his recollecting Mr. Blifil's loss, the moment it was mentioned. As no person, therefore, was more ready to confess and condemn his own errors, he offered to shake Mr. Blifil by the hand, and begged his pardon, saying, "His excessive joy for Mr. Allworthy's recovery had driven every other thought out of his mind."

Blifil scornfully rejected his hand; and with much indignation answered, "It was little to be wondered at, if tragical spectacles made no impression on the blind; but, for his part, he had the misfortune to know who his parents were, and consequently must be affected with their loss."

Jones, who, notwithstanding his good humour, had some mixture of the irascible in his constitution, leaped hastily from his chair, and catching hold of Blifil's collar, cried out, "D—n you for a rascal, do you insult me with the misfortune of my birth?" He accompanied these words with such rough actions, that they soon got the better of Mr. Blifil's peaceful temper; and a scuffle immediately ensued, which might have produced mischief, had it not been prevented by the interposition of Thwackum and the physician; for the philosophy of Square rendered him superior to all emotions, and he very calmly smoked his pipe, as was his custom in all broils, unless when he apprehended some danger of having it broke in his mouth.

The combatants being now prevented from executing present vengeance on each other, betook themselves to the common resources of disappointed rage, and vented their wrath in threats and defiance. In this kind of conflict, Fortune, which, in the personal attack, seemed to incline to Jones, was now altogether as favourable to his enemy.

A truce, nevertheless, was at length agreed on, by the mediation of the neutral parties, and the whole company again sat down at the table; where Jones being prevailed on to ask pardon, and Blifil to give it, peace was restored, and every thing seemed *in statu quo*.

But though the quarrel was, in all appearance, perfectly reconciled, the good-humour which had been interrupted by it, was by no means restored.

All merriment was now at an end, and the subsequent discourse consisted only of grave relations of matters of fact, and of as grave observations upon them; a species of conversation, in which, though there is much of dignity and instruction, there is but little entertainment. As we presume therefore to convey only this last to the reader, we shall pass by whatever was said, till the rest of the company having by degrees dropped off, left only Square and the physician together; at which time the conversation was a little heightened by some comments on what had happened between the two young gentlemen; both of whom the doctor declared to be no better than scoundrels; to which appellation the philosopher, very sagaciously shaking his head, agreed.

CHAPTER X.

Showing the truth of many observations of Ovid, and of other more grave writers, who have proved, beyond contradiction, that wine is often the forerunner of incontinency.

JONES retired from the company, in which we have seen him engaged, into the fields, where he intended to cool himself by a walk in the open air before he attended Mr. Allworthy. There, whilst he renewed those meditations on his dear Sophia, which the dangerous illness of his friend and benefactor had for some time interrupted, an accident happened, which with sorrow we relate, and with sorrow doubtless will it be read; however, that historic truth to which we profess so inviolable an attachment, obliges us to communicate it to posterity.

It was now a pleasant evening in the latter end of June, when our hero was walking in a most delicious grove, where the gentle breezes fanning the leaves, together with the sweet trilling of a murmuring stream, and the melodious notes of nightingales, formed all together the most enchanting harmony. In this scene, so sweetly accommodated to love, he meditated on his dear Sophia. While his wanton fancy roved unbounded over all her beauties, and his lively imagination painted the charming maid in various ravishing forms, his warm heart melted with tenderness; and at length, throwing himself on the ground, by the side of a gently murmuring brook, he broke forth into the following ejaculation:

“O Sophia, would Heaven give thee to my arms, how blest would be my condition! Curst be that fortune which sets a distance between us. Was I but possessed of thee, one only suit of rags thy whole estate, is there a man on earth whom I would envy! How contemptible would the brightest Circassian beauty, drest in all the jewels of the Indies, appear to my eyes! But why do I mention another woman? Could I think my eyes capable of looking at any other with tenderness, these hands should tear them from my head. No, my Sophia, if cruel fortune separates us for ever, my soul shall doat on thee alone. The chastest constancy will I ever preserve to thy image. Though I should never have possession of thy charming person, still shalt thou alone have possession of my thoughts, my love, my soul. Oh! my fond heart is so wrapt in that tender bosom, that the brightest beauties would for me have no charms, nor would a hermit be colder in their embraces. Sophia, Sophia alone shall be mine. What raptures are in that name! I will engrave it on every tree.”

At these words he started up, and beheld—not his Sophia—no, nor a Circassian maid richly and elegantly attired for the grand seignior’s seraglio. No; without a gown, in a shift that was somewhat of the coarsest, and none of the cleanest, bedewed

likewise with some odoriferous effluvia, the produce of the day’s labour, with a pitchfork in her hand, Molly Seagrim approached. Our hero had his penknife in his hand, which he had drawn for the before-mentioned purpose of carving on the bark; when the girl coming near him, cried out with a smile, “You don’t intend to kill me, squire, I hope!” —“Why should you think I would kill you?” answered Jones. “Nay,” replied she, “after your cruel usage of me when I saw you last, killing me would, perhaps, be too great kindness for me to expect.”

Here ensued a parley, which, as I do not think myself obliged to relate it, I shall omit. It is sufficient that it lasted a full quarter of an hour, at the conclusion of which they retired into the thickest part of the grove.

Some of my readers may be inclined to think this event unnatural. However, the fact is true; and perhaps may be sufficiently accounted for by suggesting, that Jones probably thought one woman better than none, and Molly as probably imagined two men to be better than one. Besides the before-mentioned motive assigned to the present behaviour of Jones, the reader will be likewise pleased to recollect in his favour, that he was not at this time perfect master of that wonderful power of reason, which so well enables grave and wise men to subdue their unruly passions, and to decline any of these prohibited amusements. Wine now had totally subdued this power in Jones. He was, indeed, in a condition, in which, if reason had interposed, though only to advise, she might have received the answer which one Cleostratus gave many years ago to a silly fellow, who asked him, if he was not ashamed to be drunk? “Are not you,” said Cleostratus, “ashamed to admonish a drunken man?”—To say the truth, in a court of justice, drunkenness must not be an excuse, yet in a court of conscience it is greatly so; and therefore Aristotle, who commends the laws of Pittacus, by which drunken men received double punishment for their crimes, allows there is more of policy than justice in that law. Now, if there are any transgressions pardonable from drunkenness, they are certainly such as Mr. Jones was at present guilty of; on which head I could pour forth a vast profusion of learning, if I imagined it would either entertain my reader, or teach him any thing more than he knows already. For his sake therefore I shall keep my learning to myself, and return to my history.

It hath been observed, that Fortune seldom doth things by halves. To say truth, there is no end to her freaks whenever she is disposed to gratify or displease. No sooner had our hero retired with his Dido, but

*Speluncam Blifil dux et divinus eandem
Deveniunt*——

the parson and the young squire, who were taking a serious walk, arrived at the stile which leads into the grove, and the latter caught a view of the lovers just as they were sinking out of sight.

Blifil knew Jones very well, though he was at above a hundred yards’ distance, and he was as positive to the sex of his companion, though not to the individual person. He started, blessed himself, and uttered a very solemn ejaculation.

Thwackum expressed some surprise at these sudden emotions, and asked the reason of them. To which Blifil answered, “He was certain he had seen a fellow and a wench retire together among the bushes, which he doubted not was with some wicked purpose.” As to the name of Jones, he thought

proper to conceal it, and why he did so must be left to the judgment of the sagacious reader; for we never choose to assign motives to the actions of men, when there is any possibility of our being mistaken.

The parson, who was not only strictly chaste in his own person, but a great enemy to the opposite vice in all others, fired at this information. He desired Mr. Blifil to conduct him immediately to the place, which as he approached he breathed forth vengeance mixed with lamentations; nor did he refrain from casting some oblique reflections on Mr. Allworthy; insinuating that the wickedness of the country was principally owing to the encouragement he had given to vice, by having exerted such kindness to a bastard, and by having mitigated that just and wholesome rigour of the law which allots a very severe punishment to loose wenches.

The way through which our hunters were to pass in pursuit of their game was so beset with briers, that it greatly obstructed their walk, and caused besides such a rustling, that Jones had sufficient warning of their arrival before they could surprise him; nay, indeed, so incapable was Thwackum of concealing his indignation, and such vengeance did he mutter forth every step he took, that this alone must have abundantly satisfied Jones that he was (to use the language of sportsmen) found sitting.

CHAPTER XI.

In which a simile in Mr. Pope's period of a mile introduces as bloody a battle as can possibly be fought without the assistance of steel or cold iron.

As in the season of *rutting* (an uncouth phrase, by which the vulgar denote that gentle dalliance, which in the well-wooded* forest of Hampshire, passes between lovers of the ferine kind), if, while the lofty-crested stag meditates the amorous sport, a couple of puppies, or any other beasts of hostile note, should wander so near the temple of Venus Ferina that the fair hind should shrink from the place, touched with that somewhat, either of fear or frolic, of nicety or skittishness, with which nature hath bedecked all females, or hath at least instructed them how to put it on; lest, through the indelicacy of males, the Samian mysteries should be pried into by unhallowed eyes: for, at the celebration of these rights, the female priestess cries out with her in Virgil (who was then, probably, hard at work on such celebration),

—*Procul, o procul este, profani;
Proclamat vates, totoque absistite luco*

—Far hence be souls profane.
The sibyl cry'd, and from the grove abstain.
DRYDEN.

If, I say, while these sacred rites, which are in common to *genus omne animantium*, are in agitation between the stag and his mistress, any hostile beasts should venture too near, on the first hint given by the frightened hind fierce and tremendous rushes forth the stag to the entrance of the thicket; there stands he sentinel over his love, stamps the ground with his foot, and with his horns brandished aloft in air, proudly provokes the apprehended foe to combat.

Thus, and more terrible, when he perceived the enemy's approach, leaped forth our hero. Many a step advanced he forwards, in order to conceal the trembling hind, and, if possible, to secure her retreat. And now Thwackum, having first darted some livid lightning from his fiery eyes, began to thunder forth, "Fie upon it! Fie upon it! Mr. Jones. Is it possible you should be the person?"—"You

* This is an ambiguous phrase, and may mean either a forest well clothed with wood, or well stript of it.

see, answered Jones, "it is possible I should be here."—"And who," said Thwackum, "is that wicked slut with you?"—"If I have any wicked slut with me," cries Jones, "it is possible I shall not let you know who she is."—"I command you to tell me immediately," says Thwackum: "and I would not have you imagine, young man, that your age, though it hath somewhat abridged the purpose of tuition, hath totally taken away the authority of the master. The relation of the master and scholar is indelible; as, indeed, all other relations are; for they all derive their original from heaven. I would have you think yourself, therefore, as much obliged to obey me now, as when I taught you your first rudiments."—"I believe you would," cries Jones; "but that will not happen, unless you had the same birchen argument to convince me."—"Then I must tell you plainly," said Thwackum, "I am resolved to discover the wicked wretch."—"And I must tell you plainly," returned Jones, "I am resolved you shall not." Thwackum then offered to advance, and Jones laid hold of his arms; which Mr. Blifil endeavoured to rescue, declaring, "he would not see his old master insulted."

Jones now finding himself engaged with two, thought it necessary to rid himself of one of his antagonists as soon as possible. He therefore applied to the weakest first; and, letting the parson go, he directed a blow at the young squire's breast, which luckily taking place, reduced him to measure his length on the ground.

Thwackum was so intent on the discovery, that, the moment he found himself at liberty, he stepped forward directly into the fern, without any great consideration of what might in the mean time befall his friend; but he had advanced a very few paces into the thicket, before Jones, having defeated Blifil, overtook the parson, and dragged him backward by the skirt of his coat.

This parson had been a champion in his youth, and had won much honour by his fist, both at school and at the university. He had now indeed, for a great number of years, declined the practice of that noble art; yet was his courage full as strong as his faith, and his body no less strong than either. He was moreover, as the reader may perhaps have conceived, somewhat irascible in his nature. When he looked back, therefore, and saw his friend stretched out on the ground, and found himself at the same time so roughly handled by one who had formerly been only passive in all conflicts between them (a circumstance which highly aggravated the whole), his patience at length gave way; he threw himself into a posture of offence; and collecting all his force, attacked Jones in the front with as much impetuosity as he had formerly attacked him in the rear.

Our hero received the enemy's attack with the most undaunted intrepidity, and his bosom resounded with the blow. This he presently returned with no less violence, aiming likewise at the parson's breast; but he dexterously drove down the fist of Jones, so that it reached only his belly, where two pounds of beef and as many of pudding, were then deposited, and whence consequently no hollow sound could proceed. Many lusty blows, much more pleasant as well as easy to have seen than to read or describe, were given on both sides: at last a violent fall, in which Jones had thrown his knees into Thwackum's breast, so weakened the latter, that victory had been no longer dubious, had not Blifil, who had now recovered his strength, again renewed the fight, and by engaging with Jones, given the parson a moment's time to shake his ears, and to regain his breath.

And now both together attacked our hero, whose

blows did not retain that force with which they had fallen at first, so weakened was he by his combat with Thwackum; for though the pedagogue chose rather to play *solos* on the human instrument, and had been lately used to those only, yet he still retained enough of his ancient knowledge to perform his part very well in a *duet*.

The victory, according to modern custom, was like to be decided by numbers, when, on a sudden, a fourth pair of fists appeared in the battle, and immediately paid their compliments to the parson; and the owner of them at the same time crying out, "Are you not ashamed, and be d—n'd to you, to fall two of you upon one?"

The battle, which was of the kind that for distinction's sake is called royal, now raged with the utmost violence during a few minutes; till Blifil being a second time laid sprawling by Jones, Thwackum condescended to apply for quarter to his new antagonist, who was now found to be Mr. Western himself; for in the heat of the action none of the combatants had recognised him.

In fact, that honest squire, happening, in his afternoon's walk with some company, to pass through the field where the bloody battle was fought, and having concluded, from seeing three men engaged, that two of them must be on a side, he hastened from his companions, and with more gallantry than policy, espoused the cause of the weaker party. By which generous proceeding he very probably prevented Mr. Jones from becoming a victim to the wrath of Thwackum, and to the pious friendship which Blifil bore his old master; for, besides the disadvantage of such odds, Jones had not yet sufficiently recovered the former strength of his broken arm. This reinforcement, however, soon put an end to the action, and Jones with his ally obtained the victory.

CHAPTER XII.

In which is seen a more moving spectacle than all the blood in the bodies of Thwackum and Blifil, and of twenty other such, is capable of producing.

THE rest of Mr. Western's company were now come up, being just at the instant when the action was over. These were the honest clergyman, whom we have formerly seen at Mr. Western's table; Mrs. Western, the aunt of Sophia; and lastly, the lovely Sophia herself.

At this time, the following was the aspect of the bloody field. In one place lay on the ground, all pale, and almost breathless, the vanquished Blifil. Near him stood the conqueror Jones, almost covered with blood, part of which was naturally his own, and part had been lately the property of the reverend Mr. Thwackum. In a third place stood the said Thwackum, like King Porus, sullenly submitting to the conqueror. The last figure in the piece was Western the Great, most gloriously forbearing the vanquished foe.

Blifil, in whom there was little sign of life, was at first the principal object of the concern of every one, and particularly of Mrs. Western, who had drawn from her pocket a bottle of hartshorn, and was herself about to apply it to his nostrils, when on a sudden the attention of the whole company was diverted from poor Blifil, whose spirit, if it had any such design, might have now taken an opportunity of stealing off to the other world, without any ceremony.

For now a more melancholy and a more lovely object lay motionless before them. This was no other than the charming Sophia herself, who, from the sight of blood, or from fear for her father, or

from some other reason, had fallen down in a swoon, before any one could get to her assistance.

Mrs. Western first saw her and screamed. Immediately two or three voices cried out, "Miss Western is dead." Hartshorn, water, every remedy was called for, almost at one and the same instant.

The reader may remember, that in our description of this grove we mentioned a murmuring brook, which brook did not come there, as such gentle streams flow through vulgar romances, with no other purpose than to murmur. No! Fortune had decreed to ennoble this little brook with a higher honour than any of those which wash the plains of Arcadia ever deserved.

Jones was rubbing Blifil's temples, for he began to fear he had given him a blow too much, when the words, Miss Western and Dead, rushed at once on his ear. He started up, left Blifil to his fate, and flew to Sophia, whom, while all the rest were running against each other, backward and forward, looking for water in the dry paths, he caught up in his arms, and then ran away with her over the field to the rivulet above mentioned; where, plunging himself into the water, he contrived to besprinkle her face, head, and neck, very plentifully.

Happy was it for Sophia that the same confusion which prevented her other friends from serving her, prevented them likewise from obstructing Jones. He had carried her half way before they knew what he was doing, and he had actually restored her to life before they reached the water-side. She stretched out her arms, opened her eyes, and cried, "Oh! heavens!" just as her father, aunt, and the parson came up.

Jones, who had hitherto held this lovely burthen in his arms, now relinquished his hold; but gave her at the same instant a tender caress, which, had her senses been then perfectly restored, could not have escaped her observation. As she expressed, therefore, no displeasure at this freedom, we suppose she was not sufficiently recovered from her swoon at the time.

This tragical scene was now converted into a sudden scene of joy. In this our hero was most certainly the principal character; for as he probably felt more ecstatic delight in having saved Sophia than she herself received from being saved, so neither were the congratulations paid to her equal to what were conferred on Jones, especially by Mr. Western himself, who, after having once or twice embraced his daughter, fell to hugging and kissing Jones. He called him the preserver of Sophia, and declared there was nothing, except her, or his estate, which he would not give him; but, upon recollection, he afterwards excepted his fox-hounds, the Chevalier, and Miss Slouch (for so he called his favourite mare).

All fears for Sophia being now removed, Jones became the object of the squire's consideration.—"Come, my lad," said Western, "d'off thy quoad and wash thy feace; for att in a devilish pickle, I promise thee. Come, come, wash thyself, and sha't go houle with me; and we will zee to vind thee another quoad."

Jones immediately complied, threw off his coat, went down to the water, and washed both his face and bosom; for the latter was as much exposed and as bloody as the former. But though the water could clear off the blood, it could not remove the black and blue marks which Thwackum had imprinted on both his face and breast, and which, being discerned by Sophia, drew from her a sigh and a look full of inexpressible tenderness.

Jones received this full in his eyes, and it had in-

initely a stronger effect on him than all the contusions which he had received before. An effect, however, widely different; for so soft and balmy was it, that, had all his former blows been stabs, it would for some minutes have prevented his feeling their smart.

The company now moved backwards, and soon arrived where Thwackum had got Mr. Blifil again on his legs. Here we cannot suppress a pious wish, that all quarrels were to be decided by those weapons only with which Nature, knowing what is proper for us, hath supplied us; and that cold iron was to be used in digging no bowels but those of the earth. Then would war, the pastime of monarchs, be almost inoffensive, and battles between great armies might be fought at the particular desire of several ladies of quality; who, together with the kings themselves, might be actual spectators of the conflict. Then might the field be this moment well strewn with human carcasses, and the next, the dead men, or infinitely the greatest part of them, might get up, like Mr. Bayes's troops, and march off either at the sound of a drum or fiddle, as should be previously agreed on.

I would avoid, if possible, treating this matter ludicrously, lest grave men and politicians, whom I know to be offended at a jest, may cry pish at it; but, in reality, might not a battle be as well decided by the greater number of broken heads, bloody noses, and black eyes, as by the greater heaps of mangled and murdered human bodies? Might not towns be contended for in the same manner? Indeed, this may be thought too detrimental a scheme to the French interest, since they would thus lose the advantage they have over other nations in the superiority of their engineers; but when I consider the gallantry and generosity of that people, I am persuaded they would never decline putting themselves upon a par with their adversary; or, as the phrase is, making themselves his match.

But such reformatations are rather to be wished than hoped for: I shall content myself, therefore, with this short hint, and return to my narrative.

Western began now to inquire into the original rise of this quarrel. To which neither Blifil nor Jones gave any answer; but Thwackum said surlily, "I believe the cause is not far off; if you beat the bushes well you will find her."—"Find her!" replied Western: "what! have you been fighting for a wench?"—"Ask the gentleman in his waistcoat there," said Thwackum: "he best knows." "Nay then," cried Western, "it is a wench certainly.—Ah, Tom, Tom, thou art a liquorish dog. But come, gentlemen, be all friends, and go home with me, and make final peace over a bottle." "I ask your pardon, sir," said Thwackum: "it is no such slight matter for a man of my character to be thus injuriously treated, and buffeted by a boy, only because I would have done my duty, in endeavouring to detect and bring to justice a wanton harlot; but, indeed, the principal fault lies in Mr. Allworthy and yourself; for if you put the laws in execution, as you ought to do, you will soon rid the country of these vermin."

"I would as soon rid the country of foxes," cries Western. "I think we ought to encourage the recruiting those numbers which we are every day losing in the war.—But where is she? Prithce, Tom, show me." He then began to beat about, in the same language and in the same manner as if he had been beating for a hare; and at last cried out, "Soho! Puss is not far off. Here's her form, upon my soul; I believe I may cry stole away." And indeed so he might; for he had now discovered the

place whence the poor girl had, at the beginning of the fray, stolen away, upon as many feet as a hare generally uses in travelling.

Sophia now desired her father to return home; saying, she found herself very faint, and apprehended a relapse. The squire immediately complied with his daughter's request (for he was the fondest of parents). He earnestly endeavoured to prevail with the whole company to go and sup with him: but Blifil and Thwackum absolutely refused; the former saying, there were more reasons than he could then mention, why he must decline the honour; and the latter declaring (perhaps rightly) that it was not proper for a person of his function to be seen at any place in his present condition.

Jones was incapable of refusing the pleasure of being with his Sophia; so on he marched with squire Western and his ladies, the parson bringing up the rear. The latter had, indeed, offered to tarry with his brother Thwackum, professing his regard for the cloth would not permit him to depart; but Thwackum would not accept the favour, and, with no great civility, pushed him after Mr. Western.

Thus ended this bloody fray; and thus shall end the fifth book of this history.

BOOK VI.

CONTAINING ABOUT THREE WEEKS.

CHAPTER I.

Of Love.

IN our last book we have been obliged to deal pretty much with the passion of love; and in our succeeding book shall be forced to handle this subject still more largely. It may not therefore in this place be improper to apply ourselves to the examination of that modern doctrine, by which certain philosophers, among many other wonderful discoveries, pretend to have found out, that there is no such passion in the human breast.

Whether these philosophers be the same with that surprising sect, who are honourably mentioned by the late Dr. Swift, as having, by the mere force of genius alone, without the least assistance of any kind of learning, or even reading, discovered that profound and invaluable secret that there is no God; or whether they are not rather the same with those who some years since very much alarmed the world, by showing that there were no such things as virtue or goodness really existing in human nature, and who deduced our best actions from pride, I will not here presume to determine. In reality, I am inclined to suspect, that all these several finders of truth, are the very identical men who are by others called the finders of gold. The method used in both these searches after truth and after gold, being indeed one and the same, viz., the searching, rummaging, and examining into a nasty place; indeed, in the former instances, into the nastiest of all places, A BAD MIND.

But though in this particular, and perhaps in their success, the truth-finder and the gold-finder may very properly be compared together; yet in modesty, surely, there can be no comparison between the two; for who ever heard of a gold-finder that had the impudence or folly to assert, from the ill success of his search, that there was no such thing as gold in the world? whereas the truth-finder, having raked out that jakes, his own mind, and being there capable of tracing no ray of divinity, nor any thing virtuous, or good, or lovely, or loving, very fairly, honestly, and logically concludes that no such thing exists in the whole creation.

To avoid, however, all contention, if possible,

with these philosophers, if they will be called so; and to show our own disposition to accommodate matters peaceably between us, we shall here make them some concessions, which may possibly put an end to the dispute.

First, we will grant that many minds, and perhaps those of the philosophers, are entirely free from the least traces of such a passion.

Secondly, that what was is commonly called love, namely, the desire of satisfying a voracious appetite with a certain quantity of delicate white human flesh, is by no means that passion for which I here contend. This is indeed more properly hunger; and as no glutton is ashamed to apply the word love to his appetite, and to say he *LOVES* such and such dishes; so may the lover of this kind, with equal propriety, say, he *HUNGERS* after such and such women.

Thirdly, I will grant, which I believe will be a most acceptable concession, that this love for which I am an advocate, though it satisfies itself in a much more delicate manner, doth nevertheless seek its own satisfaction as much as the grossest of all our appetites.

And, lastly, that this love, when it operates towards one of a different sex, is very apt, towards its complete gratification to call in the aid of that hunger which I have mentioned above; and which it is so far from abating, that it heightens all its delights to a degree scarce imaginable by those who have never been susceptible of any other emotions than what have proceeded from appetite alone.

In return to all these concessions, I desire of the philosophers to grant, that there is in some (I believe in many) human breasts a kind and benevolent disposition, which is gratified by contributing to the happiness of others. That in this gratification alone, as in friendship, in parental and filial affection, as indeed in general philanthropy, there is a great and exquisite delight. That if we will not call such disposition love, we have no name for it. That though the pleasures arising from such pure love may be heightened and sweetened by the assistance of amorous desires, yet the former can subsist alone, nor are they destroyed by the intervention of the latter. Lastly, that esteem and gratitude are the proper motives to love, as youth and beauty are to desire and, therefore, though such desire may naturally cease, when age or sickness overtakes its object; yet these can have no effect on love, nor ever shake or remove, from a good mind, that sensation or passion which hath gratitude and esteem for its basis.

To deny the existence of a passion of which we often see manifest instances, seems to be very strange and absurd; and can indeed proceed only from that self-admonition which we have mentioned above: but how unfair is this? Doth the man who recognises in his own heart no traces of avarice or ambition, conclude, therefore, that there are no such passions in human nature? Why will we not modestly observe the same rule in judging of the good, as well as the evil of others? Or why, in any case, will we, as Shakspeare phrases it, "put the world in our own person?"

Predominant vanity is, I am afraid, too much concerned here. This is one instance of that adulation which we bestow on our own minds, and this almost universally. For there is scarce any man, how much soever he may despise the character of a flatterer, but will condescend in the meanest manner to flatter himself.

To those therefore I apply for the truth of the above observations, whose own minds can bear testimony to what I have advanced.

Examine your heart, my good reader, and resolve

whether you do believe these matters with me. If you do, you may now proceed to their exemplification in the following pages: if you do not, you have, I assure you, already read more than you have understood; and it would be wiser to pursue your business, or your pleasures (such as they are), than to throw away any more of your time in reading what you can neither taste nor comprehend. To treat of the effects of love to you, must be as absurd as to discourse on colours to a man born blind; since possibly your idea of love may be as absurd as that which we are told such blind man once entertained of the colour scarlet; that colour seemed to him to be very much like the sound of a trumpet: and love probably may, in your opinion, very greatly resemble a dish of soup, or a sirloin of roast-beef.

CHAPTER II.

The character of Mrs. Western. Her great learning and knowledge of the world, and an instance of the deep penetration which she derived from those advantages.

THE reader hath seen Mr. Western, his sister, and daughter, with young Jones, and the parson, going together to Mr. Western's house, where the greater part of the company spent the evening with much joy and festivity. Sophia was indeed the only grave person; for as to Jones, though love had now gotten entire possession of his heart, yet the pleasing reflection on Mr. Allworthy's recovery, and the presence of his mistress, joined to some tender looks which she now and then could not refrain from giving him, so elevated our hero, that he joined the mirth of the other three, who were perhaps as good-humoured people as any in the world.

Sophia retained the same gravity of countenance the next morning at breakfast; whence she retired likewise earlier than usual, leaving her father and aunt together. The squire took no notice of this change in his daughter's disposition. To say the truth, though he was somewhat of a politician, and had been twice a candidate in the county interest at an election, he was a man of no great observation. His sister was a lady of a different turn. She had lived about the court, and had seen the world. Hence she had acquired all that knowledge which the said world usually communicates; and was a perfect mistress of manners, customs, ceremonies, and fashions. Nor did her erudition stop here. She had considerably improved her mind by study; she had not only read all the modern plays, operas, oratorios, poems, and romances—in all which she was a critic; but had gone through Rapin's History of England, Eachard's Roman History, and many French *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire*: to these she had added most of the political pamphlets and journals published within the last twenty years. From which she had attained a very competent skill in politics, and could discourse very learnedly on the affairs of Europe. She was, moreover, excellently well skilled in the doctrine of amour, and knew better than any body who and who were together; a knowledge which she the more easily attained, as her pursuit of it was never diverted by any affairs of her own; for either she had no inclinations, or they had never been solicited; which last is indeed very probable; for her masculine person, which was near six feet high, added to her manner and learning, possibly prevented the other sex from regarding her, notwithstanding her petticoats, in the light of a woman. However, as she had considered the matter scientifically, she perfectly well knew, though she had never practised them, all the arts which fine ladies use when they desire to give encouragement,

or to conceal liking, with all the long appendage of smiles, ogles, glances, &c., as they are at present practised in the beau-monde. To sum the whole, no species of disguise or affectation had escaped her notice; but as to the plain simple workings of honest nature, as she had never seen any such, she could know but little of them.

By means of this wonderful sagacity, Mrs. Western had now, as she thought, made a discovery of something in the mind of Sophia. The first hint of this she took from the behaviour of the young lady in the field of battle; and the suspicion which she then conceived, was greatly corroborated by some observations which she had made that evening and the next morning. However, being greatly cautious to avoid being found in a mistake, she carried the secret a whole fortnight in her bosom, giving only some oblique hints, by simpering, winks, nods, and now and then dropping an obscure word, which indeed sufficiently alarmed Sophia, but did not at all affect her brother.

Being at length, however, thoroughly satisfied of the truth of her observation, she took an opportunity, one morning, when she was alone with her brother, to interrupt one of his whistles in the following manner:—

“Pray, brother, have you not observed something very extraordinary in my niece lately?”—“No, not I,” answered Western; “is anything the matter with the girl?”—“I think there is,” replied she; “and something of much consequence too.”—“Why, she doth not complain of anything,” cries Western; “and she hath had the small-pox.”—“Brother,” returned she, “girls are liable to other distempers besides the small-pox, and sometimes possibly to much worse.” Here Western interrupted her with much earnestness, and begged her, if anything ailed his daughter, to acquaint him immediately; adding, “she knew he loved her more than his own soul, and that he would send to the world’s end for the best physician to her.” Nay, nay, answered she, smiling, “the distemper is not so terrible; but I believe, brother, you are convinced I know the world, and I promise you I was never more deceived in my life, if my niece be not most desperately in love.”—“How! in love!” cries Western in a passion; “in love, without acquainting me! I’ll disinherit her; I’ll turn her out of doors, stark naked, without a farthing. Is all my kindness vor’ur, and vondness ou’r come to this, to fall in love without asking me leave?”—“But you will not,” answered Mrs. Western, “turn this daughter, whom you love better than your own soul, out of doors, before you know whether you shall approve her choice. Suppose she should have fixed on the very person whom you yourself would wish, I hope you will not be angry then?”—“No, no,” cries Western, “that would make a difference. If she marries the man I would ha’ her, she may love whom she pleases, I shan’t trouble my head about that.” “That is spoken,” answered the sister, “like a sensible man; but I believe the very person she hath chosen would be the very person you would choose for her. I will disclaim all knowledge of the world, if it is not so; and I believe, brother, you will allow I have some.”—“Why, lookee, sister,” said Western, “I do believe you have as much as any woman; and to be sure those are women’s matters. You know I don’t love to hear you talk about politics; they belong to us, and petticoats should not meddle: but come, who is the man?”—“Marry!” said she, “you may find him out yourself if you please. You, who are so great a politician, can be at no great loss. The judgment which can penetrate into the cabinets of

princes, and discover the secret springs which move the great state wheels in all the political machines of Europe, must surely, with very little difficulty, find out what passes in the rude uninformed mind of a girl.”—“Sister,” cries the squire, “I have often warn’d you not to talk the court gibberish to me. I tell you, I don’t understand the lingo; but I can read a journal, or the London Evening Post. Perhaps, indeed, there may be now and tan a verse which I can’t make much of, because half the letters are left out; yet I know very well what is meant by that, and that our affairs don’t go so well as they should do, because of bribery and corruption.”—“I pity your country ignorance from my heart,” cries the lady.—“Do you?” answered Western; “and I pity your town learning; I had rather be anything than a courtier, and a Presbyterian, and a Hanoverian too, as some people, I believe, are.”—“If you mean me,” answered she, “you know I am a woman, brother; and it signifies nothing what I am. Besides—”—“I do know you are a woman,” cries the squire, “and its well for thee that art one; if hadst been a man, I promise thee I had lent thee a flick long ago.”—“Ay, there,” said she, “in that flick lies all your fancied superiority. Your bodies, and not your brains, are stronger than ours. Believe me it is well for you that you are able to beat us; or, such is the superiority of our understanding, we should make all of you what the brave, and wise, and witty, and polite are already,—our slaves.”—“I am glad I know your mind,” answered the squire. But we’ll talk more of this matter another time. At present, do tell me what man it is you mean about my daughter.”—“Hold a moment,” said she, “while I digest that sovereign contempt I have for your sex; or else I ought to be angry too with you. There—I have made a shift to gulp it down. And now, good politic sir, what think you of Mr. Blifil? Did she not faint away on seeing him lie breathless on the ground? Did she not, after he was recovered, turn pale again the moment we came up to that part of the field where he stood? And pray what else should be the occasion of all her melancholy that night at supper, the next morning, and indeed ever since?”—“Fore George!” cries the squire, “now you mind me on’t, I remember it all. It is certainly so, and I am glad on’t with all my heart. I knew Sophy was a good girl, and would not fall in love to make me angry. I was never more rejoiced in my life; for nothing can lie so handy together as our two estates. I had this matter in my head some time ago: for certainly the two estates are in a manner joined together in matrimony already, and it would be a thousand pities to part them. It is true, indeed, there be larger estates in the kingdom, but not in this county, and I had rather bate something, than marry my daughter among strangers and foreigners. Besides, most o’ zuch great estates be in the hands of lords, and I hate the very name of *themmun*. Well but, sister, what would you advise me to do; for I tell you women know these matters better than we do?”—“Oh, your humble servant, sir,” answered the lady: “we are obliged to you for allowing us a capacity in anything. Since you are pleased, then, most politic sir, to ask my advice, I think you may propose the match to Allworthy yourself. There is no indecorum in the proposal’s coming from the parent of either side. King Alcinous, in Mr. Pope’s *Odyssey*, offers his daughter to Ulysses. I need not caution so politic a person not to say that your daughter is in love; that would indeed be against all rules.”—“Well,” said the squire, “I will propose it; but I shall certainly lend un a flick, if

he should refuse me." "Fear not," cries Mrs. Western; "the match is too advantageous to be refused." "I don't know that," answered the squire: "Allworthy is a queer b—ch, and money hath no effect o'un." "Brother," said the lady, "your politics astonish me. Are you really to be imposed on by professions? Do you think Mr. Allworthy hath more contempt for money than other men because he professes more? Such credulity would better become one of us weak women, than that wise sex which heaven hath formed for politicians. Indeed, brother, you would make a fine plenipo to negotiate with the French. They would soon persuade you, that they take towns out of mere defensive principles." "Sister," answered the squire, with much scorn, "let your friends at court answer for the towns taken; as you are a woman, I shall lay no blame upon you; for I suppose they are wiser than to trust women with secrets." He accompanied this with so sarcastical a laugh, that Mrs. Western could bear no longer. She had been all this time fretted in a tender part (for she was indeed very deeply skilled in these matters, and very violent in them), and therefore, burst forth in a rage, declared her brother to be both a clown and a block-head, and that she would stay no longer in his house.

The squire, though perhaps he had never read Machiavel, was, however, in many points, a perfect politician. He strongly held all those wise tenets, which are so well inculcated in that Politico-Peripatetic school of Exchange-alley. He knew the just value and only use of money, viz., to lay it up. He was likewise well skilled in the exact value of reversions, expectations, &c., and had often considered the amount of his sister's fortune, and the chance which he or his posterity had of inheriting it. This he was infinitely too wise to sacrifice to a trifling resentment. When he found, therefore, he had carried matters too far, he began to think of reconciling them; which was no very difficult task, as the lady had great affection for her brother, and still greater for her niece; and though too susceptible of an affront offered to her skill in politics, on which she much valued herself, was a woman of a very extraordinary good and sweet disposition.

Having first, therefore, laid violent hands on the horses, for whose escape from the stable no place but the window was left open, he next applied himself to his sister; softened and soothed her, by unsaying all he had said, and by assertions directly contrary to those which had incensed her. Lastly, he summoned the eloquence of Sophia to his assistance, who, besides a most graceful and winning address, had the advantage of being heard with great favour and partiality by her aunt.

The result of the whole was a kind smile from Mrs. Western, who said, "Brother, you are absolutely a perfect Croat; but as those have their use in the army of the empress queen, so you likewise have some good in you. I will therefore once more sign a treaty of peace with you, and see that you do not infringe it on your side; at least, as you are so excellent a politician, I may expect you will keep your leagues, like the French, till your interest calls upon you to break them."

CHAPTER III.

Containing two defiances to the critics.

THE squire having settled matters with his sister, as we have seen in the last chapter, was so greatly impatient to communicate the proposal to Allworthy, that Mrs. Western had the utmost difficulty to pre-

vent him from visiting that gentleman in his sickness, for this purpose.

Mr. Allworthy had been engaged to dine with Mr. Western at the time when he was taken ill. He was therefore no sooner discharged out of the custody of physic, but he thought (as was usual with him on all occasions, both the highest and the lowest) of fulfilling his engagement.

In the interval between the time of the dialogue in the last chapter, and this day of public entertainment, Sophia had, from certain obscure hints thrown out by her aunt, collected some apprehension that the sagacious lady suspected her passion for Jones. She now resolved to take this opportunity of wiping out all such suspicion, and for that purpose to put an entire constraint on her behaviour.

First, she endeavoured to conceal a throbbing melancholy heart with the utmost sprightliness in her countenance, and the highest gaiety in her manner. Secondly, she addressed her whole discourse to Mr. Blifil, and took not the least notice of poor Jones the whole day.

The squire was so delighted with this conduct of his daughter, that he scarce ate any dinner, and spent almost the whole time in watching opportunities of conveying signs of his approbation by winks and nods to his sister; who was not at first altogether so pleased with what she saw as was her brother.

In short, Sophia so greatly overacted her part, that her aunt was at first staggered, and began to suspect some affection in her niece; but as she was herself a woman of great art, so she soon attributed this to extreme art in Sophia. She remembered the many hints she had given her niece concerning her being in love, and imagined the young lady had taken this way to rally her out of her opinion, by an overacted civility; a notion that was greatly corroborated by the excessive gaiety with which the whole was accompanied. We cannot here avoid remarking, that this conjecture would have been better founded had Sophia lived ten years in the air of Grosvenor Square, where young ladies do learn a wonderful knack of rallying and playing with that passion, which is a mighty serious thing in woods and groves an hundred miles distant from London.

To say the truth, in discovering the deceit of others, it matters much that our own art be wound up, if I may use the expression, in the same key with theirs: for very artful men sometimes miscarry by fancying others wiser, or, in other words, greater knaves than they really are. As this observation is pretty deep, I will illustrate it by the following short story. Three countrymen were pursuing a Wiltshire thief through Brentford. The simplest of them seeing "The Wiltshire House," written under a sign, advised his companions to enter it, for there most probably they would find their countryman. The second, who was wiser, laughed at this simplicity; but the third, who was wiser still, answered, "Let us go in, however, for he may think we should not suspect him of going amongst his own countrymen." They accordingly went in and searched the house, and by that means missed overtaking the thief, who was at that time but a little way before them; and who, as they all knew, but had never once reflected, could not read.

The reader will pardon a digression in which so invaluable a secret is communicated, since every gamester will agree how necessary it is to know exactly the play of another, in order to countermine him. This will, moreover, afford a reason why the wiser man, as is often seen, is the bubble of the

weaker, and why many simple and innocent characters are so generally misunderstood and misrepresented; but what is most material, this will account for the deceit which Sophia put on her politic aunt.

Dinner being ended, and the company retired into the garden, Mr. Western, who was thoroughly convinced of the certainty of what his sister had told him, took Mr. Allworthy aside, and very bluntly proposed a match between Sophia and young Mr. Blifil.

Mr. Allworthy was not one of those men whose hearts flutter at any unexpected and sudden tidings of worldly profit. His mind was, indeed, tempered with that philosophy which becomes a man and a Christian. He affected no absolute superiority to all pleasure and pain, to all joy and grief; but was not at the same time to be discomposed and ruffled by every accidental blast, by every smile or frown of fortune. He received, therefore, Mr. Western's proposal without any visible emotion, or without any alteration of countenance. He said the alliance was such as he sincerely wished; then launched forth into a very just encomium on the young lady's merit; acknowledged the offer to be advantageous in point of fortune; and after thanking Mr. Western for the good opinion he had professed of his nephew, concluded, that if the young people liked each other, he should be very desirous to complete the affair.

Western was a little disappointed at Mr. Allworthy's answer, which was not so warm as he expected. He treated the doubt whether the young people might like one another with great contempt, saying, "That parents were the best judges of proper matches for their children; that for his part he should insist on the most resigned obedience from his daughter; and if any young fellow could refuse such a bedfellow, he was his humble servant, and hoped there was no harm done."

Allworthy endeavoured to soften this resentment by many eulogiums on Sophia, declaring he had no doubt but that Mr. Blifil would very gladly receive the offer; but all was ineffectual: he could obtain no other answer from the squire but—"I say no more—I humbly hope there's no harm done—that's all." Which words he repeated at least a hundred times before they parted.

Allworthy was too well acquainted with his neighbour to be offended at this behaviour; and though he was so averse to the rigour which some parents exercise on their children in the article of marriage, that he had resolved never to force his nephew's inclinations, he was nevertheless much pleased with the prospect of this union; for the whole country resounded the praises of Sophia, and he had himself greatly admired the uncommon endowments of both her mind and person. To which I believe we may add, the consideration of her vast fortune, which, though he was too sober to be intoxicated with it, he was too sensible to despise.

And here, in defiance of all the barking critics in the world, I must and will introduce a digression concerning true wisdom, of which Mr. Allworthy was in reality as great a pattern as he was of goodness.

True wisdom then, notwithstanding all which Mr. Hogarth's poor poet may have writ against riches, and in spite of all which any rich well-fed divine may have preached against pleasure, consists not in the contempt of either of these. A man may have as much wisdom in the possession of an affluent fortune, as any beggar in the streets; or may enjoy a handsome wife or a hearty friend, and still remain as wise as any sour popish recluse, who buries all his

social faculties, and starves his belly while he well lashes his back.

To say truth, the wisest man is the likeliest to possess all worldly blessings in an eminent degree; for as that moderation which wisdom describes is the surest way to useful wealth, so can it alone qualify us to taste many pleasures. The wise man gratifies every appetite and every passion, while the fool sacrifices all the rest to pall and satiate one.

It may be objected, that very wise men have been notoriously avaricious. I answer, not wise in that instance. It may likewise be said, That the wisest men have been in their youth immoderately fond of pleasure. I answer, They were not wise then.

Wisdom, in short, whose lessons have been represented as so hard to learn by those who never were at her school, only teaches us to extend a simple maxim universally known and followed even in the lowest life, a little farther than that life carries it. And this is, not to buy at too dear a price.

Now, whoever takes this maxim abroad with him into the grand market of the world, and constantly applies it to honours, to riches, to pleasures, and to every other commodity which that market affords, is, I will venture to affirm, a wise man, and must be so acknowledged in the worldly sense of the word; for he makes the best of bargains, since in reality he purchases every thing at the price only of a little trouble, and carries home all the good things I have mentioned, while he keeps his health, his innocence, and his reputation, the common prices which are paid for them by others, entire and to himself.

From this moderation, likewise, he learns two other lessons, which complete his character. First, never to be intoxicated when he hath made the best bargain, nor dejected when the market is empty, or when its commodities are too dear for his purchase.

But I must remember on what subject I am writing, and not trespass too far on the patience of a good-natured critic. Here, therefore, I put an end to the chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

Containing sundry curious matters.

As soon as Mr. Allworthy returned home, he took Mr. Blifil apart, and after some preface, communicated to him the proposal which had been made by Mr. Western, and at the same time informed him how agreeable this match would be to himself.

The charms of Sophia had not made the least impression on Blifil; not that his heart was pre-engaged; neither was he totally insensible of beauty, or had any aversion to women; but his appetites were by nature so moderate, that he was able, by philosophy, or by study, or by some other method, easily to subdue them; and as to that passion which we have treated of in the first chapter of this book, he had not the least tincture of it in his whole composition.

But though he was so entirely free from that mixed passion, of which we there treated, and of which the virtues and beauty of Sophia formed so notable an object; yet was he altogether as well furnished with some other passions, that promised themselves very full gratification in the young lady's fortune. Such were avarice and ambition, which divided the dominion of his mind between them. He had more than once considered the possession of this fortune as a very desirable thing, and had entertained some distant views concerning it; but his own youth, and that of the young lady, and in-

deed principally a reflection that Mr. Western might marry again, and have more children, had restrained him from too hasty or eager a pursuit.

This last and most material objection was now in great measure removed, as the proposal came from Mr. Western himself. Blifil, therefore, after a very short hesitation, answered Mr. Allworthy, that matrimony was a subject on which he had not yet thought; but that he was so sensible of his friendly and fatherly care, that he should in all things submit himself to his pleasure.

Allworthy was naturally a man of spirit, and his present gravity arose from true wisdom and philosophy, not from any original phlegm in his disposition; for he had possessed much fire in his youth, and had married a beautiful woman for love. He was not therefore greatly pleased with this cold answer of his nephew; nor could he help launching forth into the praises of Sophia, and expressing some wonder that the heart of a young man could be impregnable to the force of such charms, unless it was guarded by some prior affection.

Blifil assured him he had no such guard; and then proceeded to discourse so wisely and religiously on love and marriage, that he would have stopped the mouth of a parent much less devoutly inclined than was his uncle. In the end, the good man was satisfied that his nephew, far from having any objections to Sophia, had that esteem for her, which in sober and virtuous minds is the sure foundation of friendship and love. And as he doubted not but the lover would, in a little time, become altogether as agreeable to his mistress, he foresaw great happiness arising to all parties by so proper and desirable an union. With Mr. Blifil's consent therefore he wrote the next morning to Mr. Western, acquainting him that his nephew had very thankfully and gladly received the proposal, and would be ready to wait on the young lady, whenever she should be pleased to accept his visit.

Western was much pleased with this letter, and immediately returned an answer; in which without having mentioned a word to his daughter, he appointed that very afternoon for opening the scene of courtship.

As soon as he had dispatched this messenger, he went in quest of his sister, whom he found reading and expounding the Gazette to parson Supple. To this exposition he was obliged to attend near a quarter of an hour, though with great violence to his natural impetuosity, before he was suffered to speak. At length, however, he found an opportunity of acquainting that lady, that he had business of great consequence to impart to her; to which she answered, "Brother, I am entirely at your service. Things look so well in the north, that I was never in a better humour."

The parson then withdrawing, Western acquainted her with all which had passed, and desired her to communicate the affair to Sophia, which she readily and cheerfully undertook; though perhaps her brother was a little obliged to that agreeable northern aspect which had so delighted her, that he heard no comment on his proceedings; for they were certainly somewhat too hasty and violent.

CHAPTER V.

In which is related what passed between Sophia and her aunt. SOPHIA was in her chamber, reading, when her aunt came in. The moment she saw Mrs. Western, she shut the book with so much eagerness, that the good lady could not forbear asking her, What book that was which she seemed so much afraid of showing?

"Upon my word, madam," answered Sophia, "it is a book which I am neither ashamed nor afraid to own I have read. It is the production of a young lady of fashion, whose good understanding, I think, doth honour to her sex, and whose good heart is an honour to human nature." Mrs. Western then took up the book, and immediately after threw it down, saying,—“Yes, the author is of a very good family; but she is not much among people one knows. I have never read it; for the best judges say, there is not much in it.”—“I dare not, madam, set up my own opinion,” says Sophia, “against the best judges, but there appears to me a great deal of human nature in it; and in many parts so much true tenderness and delicacy, that it hath cost me many a tear.”—“Ay, and do you love to cry then?” says the aunt. “I love a tender sensation,” answered the niece, “and would pay the price of a tear for it at any time.”—“Well, but show me,” said the aunt, “what you was reading when I came in; there was something very tender in that, I believe, and very loving too. You blush, my dear Sophia. Ah! child, you should read books which would teach you a little hypocrisy, which would instruct you how to hide your thoughts a little better.”—“I hope, madam,” answered Sophia, “I have no thoughts which I ought to be ashamed of discovering.”—“Ashamed! no,” cries the aunt, “I don't think you have any thoughts which you ought to be ashamed of; and yet, child, you blushed just now when I mentioned the word loving. Dear Sophy, be assured you have not one thought which I am not well acquainted with; as well, child, as the French are with our motions, long before we put them in execution. Did you think, child, because you have been able to impose upon your father, that you could impose upon me? Do you imagine I did not know the reason of your overacting all that friendship for Mr. Blifil yesterday? I have seen a little too much of the world, to be so deceived. Nay, nay, do not blush again. I tell you it is a passion you need not be ashamed of. It is a passion I myself approve, and have already brought your father into the approbation of. Indeed, I solely consider your inclination; for I would always have that gratified, if possible, though one may sacrifice higher prospects. Come, I have news which will delight your very soul. Make me your confident, and I will undertake you shall be happy to the very extent of your wishes.” “La, madam,” says Sophia, looking more foolishly than ever she did in her life, “I know not what to say—why, madam, should you suspect?”—“Nay, no dishonesty,” returned Mrs. Western. “Consider, you are speaking to one of your own sex, to an aunt, and I hope you are convinced you speak to a friend. Consider, you are only revealing to me what I know already, and what I plainly saw yesterday, through that most artful of all disguises, which you had put on, and which must have deceived any one who had not perfectly known the world. Lastly, consider it is a passion which I highly approve.” “La, madam,” says Sophia, “you come upon one so unawares, and on a sudden. To be sure, madam, I am not blind—and certainly, if it be a fault to see all human perfections assembled together—but is it possible my father and you, madam, can see with my eyes?” “I tell you,” answered the aunt, “we do entirely approve; and this very afternoon your father hath appointed for you to receive your lover.” “My father, this afternoon!” cries Sophia, with the blood starting from her face.—“Yes, child,” said the aunt, “this afternoon. You know the impetuosity of my brother's temper. I acquainted him with the passion which I first dis-

covered in you that evening when you fainted away in the field. I saw it in your fainting. I saw it immediately upon your recovery. I saw it that evening at supper, and the next morning at breakfast; (you know, child, I have seen the world). Well, I no sooner acquainted my brother, but he immediately wanted to propose it to Allworthy. He proposed it yesterday, Allworthy consented (as to be sure he must with joy), and this afternoon, I tell you, you are to put on all your best airs." "This afternoon!" cries Sophia. "Dear aunt, you frighten me out of my senses." "O, my dear," said the aunt, "you will soon come to yourself again; for he is a charming young fellow, that's the truth on't." "Nay, I will own," says Sophia, "I know none with such perfections. So brave, and yet so gentle; so witty, yet so inoffensive; so humane, so civil, so genteel, so handsome! What signifies his being base born, when compared with such qualifications as these?" "Base born? What do you mean?" said the aunt, "Mr. Blifil base born!" Sophia turned instantly pale at this name, and faintly repeated it. Upon which the aunt cried, "Mr. Blifil—ay, Mr. Blifil, of whom else have we been talking?" "Good heavens," answered Sophia, ready to sink, "of Mr. Jones, I thought; I am sure I know no other who deserves—" "I protest," cries the aunt, "you frighten me in your turn. Is it Mr. Jones, and not Mr. Blifil, who is the object of your affection?" "Mr. Blifil!" repeated Sophia. "Sure it is impossible you can be in earnest; if you are, I am the most miserable woman alive." Mrs. Western now stood a few moments silent, while sparks of fiery rage flashed from her eyes. At length, collecting all her force of voice, she thundered forth in the following articulate sounds:

"And is it possible you can think of disgracing your family by allying yourself to a bastard? Can the blood of the Westerns submit to such contamination? If you have not sense sufficient to restrain such monstrous inclinations, I thought the pride of our family would have prevented you from giving the least encouragement to so base an affection; much less did I imagine you would ever have had the assurance to own it to my face."

"Madam," answered Sophia, trembling, "what I have said you have extorted from me. I do not remember to have ever mentioned the name of Mr. Jones with approbation to any one before; nor should I now had I not conceived he had had your approbation. Whatever were my thoughts of that poor, unhappy young man, I intended to have carried them with me to my grave—to that grave where now, I find, I am only to seek repose."—Here she sunk down in her chair, drowned in her tears, and, in all the moving silence of unutterable grief, presented a spectacle which must have affected almost the hardest heart.

All this tender sorrow, however, raised no compassion in her aunt. On the contrary, she now fell into the most violent rage.—"And I would rather," she cried, in a most vehement voice, "follow you to your grave, than I would see you disgrace yourself and your family by such a match. O Heavens! could I have ever suspected that I should live to hear a niece of mine declare a passion for such a fellow? You are the first,—yes, Miss Western, you are the first of your name who ever entertained so grovelling a thought. A family so noted for the prudence of its women"—here she ran on a full quarter of an hour, till, having exhausted her breath rather than her rage, she concluded with threatening to go immediately and acquaint her brother.

Sophia then threw herself at her feet, and laying

hold of her hands, begged her with tears to conceal what she had drawn from her; urging the violence of her father's temper, and protesting that no inclination of hers should ever prevail with her to do anything which might offend him.

Mrs. Western stood a moment looking at her, and then, having recollected herself, said, "That on one consideration only she would keep the secret from her brother; and this was, that Sophia should promise to entertain Mr. Blifil that very afternoon as her lover, and to regard him as the person who was to be her husband."

Poor Sophia was too much in her aunt's power to deny her anything positively; she was obliged to promise that she would see Mr. Blifil, and be as civil to him as possible; but begged her aunt that the match might not be hurried on. She said, "Mr. Blifil was by no means agreeable to her, and she hoped her father would be prevailed on not to make her the most wretched of women."

Mrs. Western assured her, "That the match was entirely agreed upon, and that nothing could or should prevent it. I must own," said she, "I looked on it as on a matter of indifference; nay, perhaps, had some scruples about it before, which were actually got over by my thinking it highly agreeable to your own inclinations; but now I regard it as the most eligible thing in the world: nor shall there be, if I can prevent it, a moment of time lost on the occasion."

Sophia replied, "Delay at least, Madam, I may expect from both your goodness and my father's. Surely you will give me time to endeavour to get the better of so strong a disinclination as I have at present to this person."

The aunt answered, "She knew too much of the world to be so deceived; that as she was sensible another man had her affections, she should persuade Mr. Western to hasten the match as much as possible. It would be bad politics, indeed," added she, "to protract a siege when the enemy's army is at hand, and in danger of relieving it. No, no, Sophy," said she, "as I am convinced you have a violent passion which you can never satisfy with honour, I will do all I can to put your honour out of the care of your family: for when you are married those matters will belong only to the consideration of your husband. I hope, child, you will always have prudence enough to act as becomes you; but if you should not, marriage hath saved many a woman from ruin."

Sophia well understood what her aunt meant; but did not think proper to make her an answer. However, she took a resolution to see Mr. Blifil, and to behave to him as civilly as she could, for on that condition only she obtained a promise from her aunt to keep secret the liking which her ill fortune, rather than any scheme of Mrs. Western, had unhappily drawn from her.

CHAPTER VI.

Containing a dialogue between Sophia and Mrs. Honour, which may a little relieve those tender affections which the foregoing scene may have raised in the mind of a good-natured reader.

MRS. WESTERN having obtained that promise from her niece which we have seen in the last chapter, withdrew; and presently after arrived Mrs. Honour. She was at work in a neighbouring apartment, and had been summoned to the keyhole by some vociferation in the preceding dialogue, where she had continued during the remaining part of it. At her entry into the room, she found Sophia standing motionless, with the tears trickling from her eyes. Upon which

she immediately ordered a proper quantity of tears into her own eyes, and then began, "O Gemini, my dear lady, what is the matter?"—"Nothing," cries Sophia, "Nothing! O dear madam!" answers Honour, "you must not tell me that, when your la'ship is in this taking, and when there hath been such a preamble between your la'ship and madam Western."—"Don't tease me," cries Sophia; "I tell you nothing is the matter. Good heavens! why was I born!"—"Nay, madam," says Mrs. Honour, "you shall never persuade me that your la'ship can lament yourself so for nothing. To be sure, I am but a servant; but to be sure I have been always faithful to your la'ship, and to be sure I would serve your la'ship with my life."—"My dear Honour," says Sophia, "'tis not in thy power to be of any service to me. I am irretrievably undone."—"Heaven forbid!" answered the waiting-woman: "but if I can't be of any service to you, pray tell me, madam,—it will be some comfort to me to know,—pray, dear ma'am, tell me what's the matter."—"My father," cries Sophia, "is going to marry me to a man I both despise and hate."—"O dear, ma'am," answered the other, "who is this wicked man? for to be sure he is very bad, or your la'ship would not despise him."—"His name is poison to my tongue," replied Sophia: "thou wilt know it too soon." Indeed, to confess the truth, she knew it already, and therefore was not very inquisitive as to that point. She then proceeded thus: "I don't pretend to give your la'ship advice, wherefore your la'ship knows much better than I can pretend to, being but a servant; but, i-fackins! no father in England should marry me against my consent. And, to be sure, the 'squire is so good, that if he did but know your la'ship despises and hates the young man, to be sure he would not desire you to marry him. And if your la'ship would but give me leave to tell my master so. To be sure, it would be more proper to come from your own mouth; but as your la'ship doth not care to foul your tongue with his nasty name"—"You are mistaken, Honour," says Sophia; "my father was determined before he ever thought fit to mention it to me."—"More shame for him," cries Honour "you are to go to bed to him, and not master: and thof a man may be a very proper man, yet every woman mayn't think him handsome alike. I am sure my master would never act in this manner of his own head. I wish some people would trouble themselves only with what belongs to them; they would not, I believe, like to be served so, if it was their own case; for though I am a maid, I can easily believe as how all men are not equally agreeable. And what signifies your la'ship having so great a fortune, if you can't please yourself with the man you think most handsomest? Well, I say nothing; but to be sure it is pity some folks had not been better born; nay, as for that matter, I should not mind it myself; but then there is not so much money: and what of that? your la'ship hath money enough for both; and where can your la'ship bestow your fortune better? for to be sure every one must allow that he is the most handsomest, charmingest, finest, tallest, properest man in the world."—"What do you mean by running on in this manner to me?" cries Sophia, with a very grave countenance. "Have I ever given any encouragement for these liberties?"—"Nay, ma'am, I ask pardon; I meant no harm," answered she; "but to be sure the poor gentleman hath run in my head ever since I saw him this morning. To be sure, if your la'ship had but seen him just now, you must have pitied him. Poor gentleman! I wishes some misfortune hath not happened to him; for he hath been walking about

with his arms across, and looking so melancholy, all this morning: I vow and protest it made me almost cry to see him."—"To see whom?" says Sophia. "Poor Mr. Jones," answered Honour. "See him! why, where did you see him?" cries Sophia. "By the canal, ma'am," says Honour. "There he hath been walking all this morning, and at last there he laid himself down: I believe he lies there still. To be sure, if it had not been for my modesty, being a maid, as I am, I should have gone and spoke to him. Do, ma'am, let me go and see, only for a fancy, whether he is there still."—"Pugh!" says Sophia. "There! no, no: what should he do there? He is gone before this time, to be sure. Besides, why—what—why should you go to see?—besides, I want you for something else. Go, fetch me my hat and gloves. I shall walk with my aunt in the grove before dinner." Honour did immediately as she was bid, and Sophia put her hat on; when, looking in the glass, she fancied the ribbon with which her hat was tied did not become her, and so sent her maid back again for a ribbon of a different colour; and then giving Mrs. Honour repeated charges not to leave her work on any account, as she said it was in violent haste, and must be finished that very day, she muttered something more about going to the grove, and then sallied out the contrary way, and walked, as fast as her tender trembling limbs could carry her, directly towards the canal.

Jones had been there as Mrs. Honour had told her; he had indeed spent two hours there that morning in melancholy contemplation on his Sophia, and had gone out from the garden at one door the moment she entered it at another. So that those unlucky minutes which had been spent in changing the ribbons, had prevented the lovers from meeting at this time;—a most unfortunate accident, from which my fair readers will not fail to draw a very wholesome lesson. And here I strictly forbid all male critics to intermeddle with a circumstance which I have recounted only for the sake of the ladies, and upon which they only are at liberty to comment.

CHAPTER VII.

A picture of formal courtship in miniature, as it always ought to be drawn, and a scene of a tenderer kind painted at full length.

It was well remarked by one (and perhaps by more), that misfortunes do not come single. This wise maxim was verified by Sophia, who was not only disappointed of seeing the man she loved, but had the vexation of being obliged to dress herself out, in order to receive a visit from the man she hated.

That afternoon Mr. Western, for the first time, acquainted his daughter with his intention; telling her, he knew very well that she had heard it before from her aunt. Sophia looked very grave upon this, nor could she prevent a few pearls from stealing into her eyes. "Come, come," says Western, "none of your maidenish airs; I know all; I assure you sister hath told me all."

"Is it possible," says Sophia, "that my aunt can have betrayed me already?"—"Ay, ay," says Western; "betrayed you! ay. Why, you betrayed yourself yesterday at dinner. You showed your fancy very plainly, I think. But you young girls never know what you would be at. So you cry because I am going to marry you to the man you are in love with! Your mother, I remember, whimpered and whined just in the same manner; but it was all over within twenty-four hours after we were married: Mr. Blifil is a brisk young man, and will soon put an end to your squeamishness. Come, cheer up, cheer up: I expect un every minute."

Sophia was now convinced that her aunt had behaved honourably to her; and she determined to go through that disagreeable afternoon with as much resolution as possible, and without giving the least suspicion in the world to her father.

Mr. Blifil soon arrived; and Mr. Western soon after withdrawing, left the young couple together.

Here a long silence of near a quarter of an hour ensued; for the gentleman who was to begin the conversation had all the unbecoming modesty which consists in bashfulness. He often attempted to speak, and as often suppressed his words just at the very point of utterance. At last out they broke in a torrent of far-fetched and high-strained compliments, which were answered on her side by down-cast looks, half bows, and civil monosyllables. Blifil, from his inexperience in the ways of women, and from his conceit of himself, took this behaviour for a modest assent to his courtship; and when, to shorten a scene which she could no longer support, Sophia rose up and left the room, he imputed that, too, merely to bashfulness, and comforted himself that he should soon have enough of her company.

He was indeed perfectly well satisfied with his prospect of success; for as to that entire and absolute possession of the heart of his mistress which romantic lovers require, the very idea of it never entered his head. Her fortune and her person were the sole objects of his wishes, of which he made no doubt soon to obtain the absolute property; as Mr. Western's mind was so earnestly bent on the match; and as he well knew the strict obedience which Sophia was always ready to pay to her father's will, and the greater still which her father would exact, if there was occasion. This authority, therefore, together with the charms which he fancied in his own person and conversation, could not fail, he thought, of succeeding with a young lady, whose inclinations were, he doubted not, entirely disengaged.

Of Jones he certainly had not even the least jealousy; and I have often thought it wonderful that he had not. Perhaps he imagined the character which Jones bore all over the country (how justly, let the reader determine), of being one of the wildest fellows in England, might render him odious to a lady of the most exemplary modesty. Perhaps his suspicions might be laid asleep by the behaviour of Sophia, and of Jones himself, when they were all in company together. Lastly, and indeed principally, he was well assured there was not another self in the case. He fancied that he knew Jones to the bottom, and had in reality a great contempt for his understanding, for not being more attached to his own interest. He had no apprehension that Jones was in love with Sophia; and as for any lucrative motives, he imagined they would sway very little with so silly a fellow. Blifil, moreover, thought the affair of Molly Seagrim still went on, and indeed believed it would end in marriage; for Jones really loved him from his childhood, and had kept no secret from him, till his behaviour on the sickness of Mr. Allworthy had entirely alienated his heart; and it was by means of the quarrel which had ensued on this occasion, and which was not yet reconciled, that Mr. Blifil knew nothing of the alteration which had happened in the affection which Jones had formerly borne towards Molly.

From these reasons therefore, Mr. Blifil saw no bar to his success with Sophia. He concluded her behaviour was like that of all other young ladies on a first visit from a lover, and it had indeed entirely answered his expectations.

Mr. Western took care to waylay the lover at his exit from his mistress. He found him so elevated

with his success, so enamoured with his daughter, and so satisfied with her reception of him, that the old gentleman began to caper and dance about his hall, and by many other antic actions to express the extravagance of his joy; for he had not the least command over any of his passions; and that which had at any time the ascendant in his mind hurried him to the wildest excesses.

As soon as Blifil was departed, which was not till after many hearty kisses and embraces bestowed on him by Western, the good squire went instantly in quest of his daughter, whom he no sooner found than he poured forth the most extravagant raptures, bidding her choose what clothes and jewels she pleased; and declaring that he had no other use for fortune but to make her happy. He then caressed her again and again with the utmost profusion of fondness, called her by the most endearing names, and protested she was his only joy on earth.

Sophia perceiving her father in this fit of affection, which she did not absolutely know the reason of (for fits of fondness were not unusual to him, though this was rather more violent than ordinary), thought she should never have a better opportunity of disclosing herself than at present, as far at least as regarded Mr. Blifil; and she too well foresaw the necessity which she should soon be under of coming to a full explanation. After having thanked the squire, therefore, for all his professions of kindness, she added, with a look full of inexpressible softness, "And is it possible my papa can be so good to place all his joy in his Sophy's happiness?" which Western having confirmed by a great oath, and a kiss; she then laid hold of his hand, and, falling on her knees, after many warm and passionate declarations of affection and duty, she begged him, "not to make her the most miserable creature on earth by forcing her to marry a man whom she detested. This I entreat of you, dear sir," said she, "for your sake, as well as my own, since your are so very kind to tell me your happiness depends on mine."—"How! what!" says Western, staring wildly. "Oh! sir," continued she, "not only your poor Sophy's happiness; her very life, her being, depends upon your granting her request. I cannot live with Mr. Blifil. To force me into this marriage would be killing me."—"You can't live with Mr. Blifil!" says Western. "No, upon my soul I can't," answered Sophia. "Then die and be d—d," cries he, spurning her from him. "Oh! sir," cries Sophia, catching hold of the skirt of his coat, "take pity on me, I beseech you. Don't look and say such cruel—Can you be unmoved while you see your Sophy in this dreadful condition? Can the best of fathers break my heart? Will he kill me by the most painful, cruel, lingering death?"—"Pooh! pooh!" cries the squire; "all stuff and nonsense; all maidenish tricks. Kill you, indeed! Will marriage kill you?"—"Oh! sir," answered Sophia, "such a marriage is worse than death. He is not even indifferent; I hate and detest him."—"If you detest un never so much," cries Western, "you shall ha'un." This he bound by an oath too shocking to repeat; and after many violent asseverations, concluded in these words: "I am resolved upon the match, and unless you consent to it I will not give you a groat, not a single farthing; no though I saw you expiring with famine in the street, I would not relieve you with a morsel of bread. This is my fixed resolution, and so I leave you to consider on it." He then broke from her with such violence, that her face dashed against the floor; and he burst directly out of the room, leaving poor Sophia prostrate on the ground.

When Western came into the hall, he there found Jones; who seeing his friend looking wild, pale, and almost breathless, could not forbear inquiring the reason of all these melancholy appearances. Upon which the squire immediately acquainted him with the whole matter, concluding with bitter denunciations against Sophia, and very pathetic lamentations of the misery of all fathers who are so unfortunate as to have daughters.

Jones, to whom all the resolutions which had been taken in favour of Blifil were yet a secret, was at first almost struck dead with this relation; but recovering his spirits a little, mere despair, as he afterwards said, inspired him to mention a matter to Mr. Western, which seemed to require more impudence than a human forehead was ever gifted with. He desired leave to go to Sophia, that he might endeavour to obtain her concurrence with her father's inclinations.

If the squire had been as quicksighted as he was remarkable for the contrary, passion might at present very well have blinded him. He thanked Jones for offering to undertake the office, and said, "Go, go, prithee, try what canst do;" and then swore many execrable oaths that he would turn her out of doors unless she consented to the match.

CHAPTER VIII.

The meeting between Jones and Sophia.

JONES departed instantly in quest of Sophia, whom he found just risen from the ground, where her father had left her, with the tears trickling from her eyes, and the blood running from her lips. He presently ran to her, and with a voice full at once of tenderness and terror, cried, "O my Sophia, what means this dreadful sight?" She looked softly at him for a moment before she spoke, and then said, "Mr. Jones, for heaven's sake how came you here?—Leave me, I beseech you, this moment."—"Do not," says he, "impose so harsh a command upon me—my heart bleeds faster than those lips. O Sophia, how easily could I drain my veins to preserve one drop of that dear blood."—"I have too many obligations to you already," answered she, "for sure you meant them such." Here she looked at him tenderly almost a minute, and then bursting into an agony, cried, "Oh, Mr. Jones, why did you save my life? my death would have been happier for us both."—"Happier for us both!" cried he. "Could racks or wheels kill me so painfully as Sophia's—I cannot bear the dreadful sound. Do I live but for her?" Both his voice and looks were full of inexpressible tenderness when he spoke these words; and at the same time he laid gently hold of her hand, which she did not withdraw from him; to say the truth, she hardly knew what she did or suffered. A few moments now passed in silence between these lovers, while his eyes were eagerly fixed on Sophia, and hers declining towards the ground: at last she recovered strength enough to desire him again to leave her, for that her certain ruin would be the consequence of their being found together; adding, "Oh, Mr. Jones, you know not, you know not what hath passed this cruel afternoon."—"I know all, my Sophia," answered he; "your cruel father hath told me all, and he himself hath sent me hither to you."—"My father sent you to me!" replied she: "sure you dream."—"Would to Heaven," cries he, "it was but a dream! Oh, Sophia, your father hath sent me to you, to be an advocate for my odious rival, to solicit you in his favour. I took any means to get access to you. O speak to me, Sophia! comfort my bleeding heart. Sure no one ever loved, ever doated

like me. Do not unkindly withhold this dear, this soft, this gentle hand—one moment, perhaps, tears you for ever from me—nothing less than this cruel occasion could, I believe, have ever conquered the respect and awe with which you have inspired me." She stood a moment silent, and covered with confusion; then lifting up her eyes gently towards him, she cried, "What would Mr. Jones have me say?"—"O do but promise," cries he, "that you never will give yourself to Blifil."—"Name not," answered she, "the detested sound. Be assured I never will give him what is in my power to withhold from him."—"Now then," cries he, "while you are so perfectly kind, go a little farther, and add that I may hope."—"Alas!" says she, "Mr. Jones, whither will you drive me? What hope have I to bestow? You know my father's intentions."—"But I know," answered he, "your compliance with them cannot be compelled."—"What," says she, "must be the dreadful consequence of my disobedience? My own ruin is my least concern. I cannot bear the thoughts of being the cause of my father's misery."—"He is himself the cause," cries Jones, "by exacting a power over you which Nature hath not given him. Think on the misery which I am to suffer if I am to lose you, and see on which side pity will turn the balance."—"Think of it!" replied she: "can you imagine I do not feel the ruin which I must bring on you, should I comply with your desire? It is that thought which gives me resolution to bid you fly from me for ever, and avoid your own destruction."—"I fear no destruction," cries he, "but the loss of Sophia. If you will save me from the most bitter agonies, recall that cruel sentence. Indeed, I can never part with you, indeed I cannot."

The lovers now stood both silent and trembling, Sophia being unable to withdraw her hand from Jones, and he almost as unable to hold it; when the scene, which I believe some of my readers will think had lasted long enough, was interrupted by one of so different a nature, that we shall reserve the relation of it for a different chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

Being of a much more tempestuous kind than the former.

BEFORE we proceed with what now happened to our lovers, it may be proper to recount what had passed in the hall during their tender interview.

Soon after Jones had left Mr. Western in the manner above mentioned, his sister came to him, and was presently informed of all that had passed between her brother and Sophia relating to Blifil.

This behaviour in her niece the good lady construed to be an absolute breach of the condition on which she had engaged to keep her love for Mr. Jones a secret. She considered herself, therefore, at full liberty to reveal all she knew to the squire, which she immediately did in the most explicit terms, and without any ceremony or preface.

The idea of a marriage between Jones and his daughter, had never once entered into the squire's head, either in the warmest minutes of his affection towards that young man, or from suspicion, or on any other occasion. He did indeed consider a parity of fortune and circumstances to be physically as necessary an ingredient in marriage, as difference of sexes, or any other essential; and had no more apprehension of his daughter falling in love with a poor man, than with any animal of a different species.

He became, therefore, like one thunderstruck at his sister's relation. He was, at first, incapable of making any answer, having been almost deprived of his breath by the violence of the surprise. This,

however, soon returned, and, as is usual in other cases after an intermission, with redoubled force and fury.

The first use he made of the power of speech, after his recovery from the sudden effects of his astonishment, was to discharge a round volley of oaths and imprecations. After which he proceeded hastily to the apartment where he expected to find the lovers, and murmured, or rather indeed roared forth, intentions of revenge every step he went.

As when two doves, or two wood-pigeons, or as when Strephon and Phyllis (for that comes nearest to the mark) are retired into some pleasant solitary grove, to enjoy the delightful conversation of Love, that bashful boy, who cannot speak in public, and is never a good companion to more than two at a time; here, while every object is serene, should hoarse thunder burst suddenly through the shattered clouds, and rumbling roll along the sky, the frightened maid starts from the mossy bank or verdant turf, the pale livery of death succeeds the red regimentals in which Love had before dressed her cheeks, fear shakes her whole frame, and her lover scarce supports her trembling tottering limbs.

Or as when two gentlemen, strangers to the wondrous wit of the place, are cracking a bottle together at some inn or tavern at Salisbury, if the great Dowdy, who acts the part of a madman as well as some of his setters-on do that of a fool, should rattle his chains, and dreadfully hum forth the grumbling catch along the gallery; the frightened strangers stand aghast; scared at the horrid sound, they seek some place of shelter from the approaching danger; and if the well-barred windows did admit their exit, would venture their necks to escape the threatening fury now coming upon them.

So trembled poor Sophia, so turned she pale at the noise of her father, who, in a voice most dreadful to hear, came on swearing, cursing, and vowing the destruction of Jones. To say the truth, I believe the youth himself would, from some prudent considerations, have preferred another place of abode at this time, had his terror on Sophia's account given him liberty to reflect a moment on what any otherwise concerned himself than as his love made him partake whatever affected her.

And now the squire, having burst open the door, beheld an object which instantly suspended all his fury against Jones; this was the ghastly appearance of Sophia, who had fainted away in her lover's arms. This tragical sight Mr. Western no sooner beheld, than all his rage forsook him; he roared for help with his utmost violence; ran first to his daughter, then back to the door calling for water, and then back again to Sophia, never considering in whose arms she then was, nor perhaps once recollecting that there was such a person in the world as Jones; for indeed I believe the present circumstances of his daughter were now the sole consideration which employed his thoughts.

Mrs. Western and a great number of servants soon came to the assistance of Sophia with water, cordials, and everything necessary on those occasions. These were applied with such success, that Sophia in a very few minutes began to recover, and all the symptoms of life to return. Upon which she was presently led off by her own maid and Mrs. Western: nor did that good lady depart without leaving some wholesome admonitions with her brother, on the dreadful effects of his passion, or, as she pleased to call it, madness.

The squire, perhaps, did not understand this good advice, as it was delivered in obscure hints, shrugs, and notes of admiration: at least if he did under-

stand it, he profited very little by it; for no sooner was he cured of his immediate fears for his daughter, than he relapsed into his former phrenzy, which must have produced an immediate battle with Jones, had not parson Supple, who was a very strong man, been present, and by mere force restrained the squire from acts of hostility.

The moment Sophia was departed, Jones advanced in a very suppliant manner to Mr. Western, whom the parson held in his arms, and begged him to be pacified; for that, while he continued in such a passion, it would be impossible to give him any satisfaction.

"I wull have satisfaction o'thee," answered the squire; "so doff thy clothes. *At unt* half a man, and I'll lick thee as well as wast ever licked in thy life." He then bespattered the youth with abundance of that language which passes between country gentlemen who embrace opposite sides of the question; with frequent applications to him to salute that part which is generally introduced into all controversies that arise among the lower orders of the English gentry at horse-races, cock-matches, and other public places. Allusions to this part are likewise often made for the sake of the jest. And here, I believe, the wit is generally misunderstood. In reality, it lies in desiring another to kiss your a—for having just before threatened to kick his; for I have observed very accurately, that no one ever desires you to kick that which belongs to himself, nor offers to kiss this part in another.

It may likewise seem surprising that in the many thousand kind invitations of this sort, which every one who hath conversed with country gentlemen must have heard, no one, I believe, hath ever seen a single instance where the desire hath been complied with;—a great instance of their want of politeness; for in town nothing can be more common than for the finest gentlemen to perform this ceremony every day to their superiors, without having that favour once requested of them.

To ail such wit, Jones very calmly answered, "Sir, this usage may perhaps cancel every other obligation you have conferred on me; but there is one you can never cancel; nor will I be provoked by your abuse to lift my hand against the father of Sophia."

At these words the squire grew still more outrageous than before; so that the parson begged Jones to retire; saying, "You behold, sir, how he waxeth wroth at your abode here; therefore let me pray you not to tarry any longer. His anger is too much kindled for you to commune with him at present. You had better, therefore, conclude your visit, and refer what matters you have to urge in your behalf to some other opportunity."

Jones accepted this advice with thanks, and immediately departed. The squire now regained the liberty of his hands, and so much temper as to express some satisfaction in the restraint which had been laid upon him; declaring that he should certainly have beat his brains out; and adding, "It would have vexed one confoundedly to have been hanged for such a rascal."

The parson now began to triumph in the success of his peace-making endeavours, and proceeded to read a lecture against anger, which might perhaps rather have tended to raise than to quiet that passion in some hasty minds. This lecture he enriched with many valuable quotations from the ancients, particularly from Seneca; who hath indeed so well handled this passion, that none but a very angry man can read him without great pleasure and profit. The doctor concluded this harangue with the famous

story of Alexander and Clitus; but as I find that entered in my common-place under title Drunkenness, I shall not insert it here.

The squire took no notice of this story, nor perhaps of anything he said; for he interrupted him before he had finished, by calling for a tankard of beer; observing (which is perhaps as true as any observation on this fever of the mind) that anger makes a man dry.

No sooner had the squire swallowed a large draught than he renewed the discourse on Jones, and declared a resolution of going the next morning early to acquaint Mr. Allworthy. His friend would have dissuaded him from this, from the mere motive of good-nature; but his dissuasion had no other effect than to produce a large volley of oaths and curses, which greatly shocked the pious ears of Supple; but he did not dare to remonstrate against a privilege which the squire claimed as a freeborn Englishman. To say truth, the parson submitted to please his palate at the squire's table, at the expense of suffering now and then this violence to his ears. He contented himself with thinking he did not promote this evil practice, and that the squire would not swear an oath the less, if he never entered within his gates. However, though he was not guilty of ill manners by rebuking a gentleman in his own house, he paid him off obliquely in the pulpit; which had not, indeed, the good effect of working a reformation in the squire himself; yet it so far operated on his conscience, that he put the laws very severely in execution against others, and the magistrate was the only person in the parish who could swear with impunity.

CHAPTER X.

In which Mr. Western visits Mr. Allworthy.

MR. ALLWORTHY was now retired from breakfast with his nephew, well satisfied with the report of the young gentleman's successful visit to Sophia, (for he greatly desired the match, more on account of the young lady's character than of her riches) when Mr. Western broke abruptly in upon them, and without any ceremony began as follows:—

"There, you have done a fine piece of work truly! You have brought up your bastard to a fine purpose; not that I believe you had any hand in it neither, that is, as a man may say, designedly; but there is a fine kettle of fish made on't up at our house." "What can be the matter, Mr. Western?" says Allworthy. "O, matter enow of all conscience: my daughter has fallen in love with your bastard, that's all; but I won't ge her a hapeny, not the twentieth part of a brass varden. I always thought what would come o' breeding up a bastard like a gentleman, and letting un come about to vok's houses. Its well vor un I could not get at un: I'd a lick'd un; I'd a spoil'd his caterwauling; I'd a taught the son of a whore to meddle with meat for his master. He shan't ever have a morsel of meat of mine, or a varden to by it: if she will ha un, one smock shall be her portion. I'd sooner give my estate to the sinking fund, that it may be sent to Hanover to corrupt our nation with." "I am heartily sorry," cries Allworthy. "Pox o' your sorrow," says Western; "it will do me abundance of good when I have lost my only child, my poor Sophy, that was the joy of my heart, and all the hope and comfort of my age; but I am resolved I will turn her out o'doors; she shall beg, and starve, and rot in the streets. Not one hapeny, not a hapeny shall she ever hae o' mine. The son of a bitch was always good at finding a hare sitting, an

be rotted to'n: I little thought what puss he was looking after; but it shall be the worst he ever vound in his life. She shall be no better than car-rion: the skin o'er is all he shall ha, and zu you may tell un." "I am in amazement," cries Allworthy, "at what you tell me, after what passed between my nephew and the young lady no longer ago than yesterday." "Yes, sir," answered Western, "it was after what passed between your nephew and she that the whole matter came out. Mr. Blifil there was no sooner gone, than the son of a whore came lurching about the house. Little did I think when I used to love him for a sportsman, that he was all the while a poaching after my daughter." "Why, truly," says Allworthy, "I could wish you had not given him so many opportunities with her; and you will do me the justice to acknowledge that I have always been averse to his staying so much at your house, though I own I had no suspicion of this kind." "Why, zounds," cries Western, "who could have thought it? What the devil had she to do wi'n? He did not come there a courting to her; he came there a hunting with me." "But was it possible," says Allworthy, "that you should never discern any symptoms of love between them, when you have seen them so often together?" "Never in my life, as I hope to be zaved," cries Western: "I never so much as zeed him kiss her in all my life; and so far from courting her, he used rather to be more silent when she was in company than at any other time; and as for the girl, she was always less civil to'n than to any young man that came to the house. As to that matter, I am not more easy to be deceived than another; I would not have you think I am, neighbour." Allworthy could scarce refrain laughter at this; but he resolved to do a violence to himself; for he perfectly well knew mankind, and had too much good-breeding and good-nature to offend the squire in his present circumstances. He then asked Western what he would have him do upon this occasion. To which the other answered, "That he would have him keep the rascal away from his house, and that he would go and lock up the wench; for he was resolved to make her marry Mr. Blifil in spite of her teeth." He then shook Blifil by the hand, and swore he would have no other son-in-law. Presently after he took his leave; saying his house was in such disorder that it was necessary for him to make haste home, to take care his daughter did not give him the slip; and as for Jones, he swore if he caught him at his house, he would qualify him to run for the geldings' plate.

When Allworthy and Blifil were again left together, a long silence ensued between them; all which interval the young gentleman filled up with sighs, which proceeded partly from disappointment, but more from hatred; for the success of Jones was much more grievous to him than the loss of Sophia.

At length his uncle asked him what he was determined to do, and he answered in the following words:—"Alas! sir, can it be a question what step a lover will take, when reason and passion point different ways? I am afraid it is too certain he will, in that dilemma, always follow the latter. Reason dictates to me, to quit all thoughts of a woman who places her affections on another; my passion bids me hope she may in time change her inclinations in my favour. Here, however, I conceive an objection to be raised, which, if it could not fully be answered, would totally deter me from any further pursuit. I mean the injustice of endeavouring to supplant another in a heart of which he seems

already in possession ; but the determined resolution of Mr. Western shows that, in this case, I shall, by so doing, promote the happiness of every party ; not only that of the parent, who will thus be preserved from the highest degree of misery, but of both the others, who must be undone by this match. The lady, I am sure, will be undone in every sense ; for, besides the loss of most part of her own fortune, she will be not only married to a beggar, but the little fortune which her father cannot withhold from her will be squandered on that wench, with whom I know he yet converses. Nay, that is a trifle ; for I know him to be one of the worst men in the world ; for had my dear uncle known what I have hitherto endeavoured to conceal, he must have long since abandoned so profligate a wretch." "How!" said Allworthy ; "hath he done anything worse than I already know? Tell me, I beseech you?" "No," replied Blifil ; it is now past, and perhaps he may have repented of it." "I command you, on your duty," said Allworthy, "to tell me what you mean." "You know, sir," says Blifil, "I never disobeyed you ; but I am sorry I mentioned it, since it may now look like revenge, whereas I thank Heaven, no such motive ever entered my heart ; and if you oblige me to discover it, I must be his petitioner to you for your forgiveness." "I will have no conditions," answered Allworthy ; "I think I have shown tenderness enough towards him, and more perhaps than you ought to thank me for." "More, indeed, I fear, than he deserved," cried Blifil ; "for in the very day of your utmost danger, when myself and all the family were in tears, he filled the house with riot and debauchery. He drank, and sung, and roared ; and when I gave him a gentle hint of the indecency of his actions, he fell into a violent passion, swore many oaths, called me rascal, and struck me." "How!" cries Allworthy ; "did he dare to strike you?" "I am sure," cries Blifil, "I have forgiven him that long ago. I wish I could so easily forget his ingratitude to the best of benefactors ; and yet even that I hope you will forgive him, since he must have certainly been possessed with the devil : for that very evening, as Mr. Thwackum and myself were taking the air in the fields, and exulting in the good symptoms which then first began to discover themselves, we unluckily saw him engaged with a wench in a manner not fit to be mentioned. Mr. Thwackum, with more boldness than prudence, advanced to rebuke him, when (I am sorry to say it) he fell upon the worthy man, and beat him so outrageously that I wish he may yet have recovered his bruises. Nor was I without my share of the effects of his malice, while I endeavoured to protect my tutor ; but that I have long forgiven ; nay, I prevailed with Mr. Thwackum to forgive him too, and not to inform you of a secret which I feared might be fatal to him. And now, sir, since I have unadvisedly dropped a hint of this matter, and your commands have obliged me to discover the whole, let me intercede with you for him." "O child!" said Allworthy, "I know not whether I should blame or applaud your goodness, in concealing such villany a moment : but where is Mr. Thwackum? Not that I want any confirmation of what you say ; but I will examine all the evidence of this matter, to justify to the world the example I am resolved to make of such a monster.

Thwackum was now sent for, and presently appeared. He corroborated every circumstance which the other had deposed ; nay, he produced the record upon his breast, where the handwriting of Mr. Jones remained very legible in black and blue. He concluded with declaring to Mr. Allworthy, that he

should have long since informed him of this matter, had not Mr. Blifil, by the most earnest interpositions, prevented him. "He is," says he, "an excellent youth : though such forgiveness of enemies is carrying the matter too far."

In reality, Blifil had taken some pains to prevail with the parson, and to prevent the discovery at that time ; for which he had many reasons. He knew that the minds of men are apt to be softened and relaxed from their usual severity by sickness. Besides, he imagined that if the story was told when the fact was so recent, and the physician about the house, who might have unravelled the real truth, he should never be able to give it the malicious turn which he intended. Again, he resolved to hoard up this business, till the indiscretion of Jones should afford some additional complaints ; for he thought the joint weight of many facts falling upon him together, would be the most likely to crush him ; and he watched, therefore, some such opportunity as that with which fortune had now kindly presented him. Lastly, by prevailing with Thwackum to conceal the matter for a time, he knew he should confirm an opinion of his friendship to Jones, which he had greatly laboured to establish in Mr. Allworthy.

CHAPTER XI.

A short chapter ; but which contains sufficient matter to affect the good-natured reader.

It was Mr. Allworthy's custom never to punish any one, not even to turn away a servant, in a passion. He resolved therefore to delay passing sentence on Jones till the afternoon.

The poor young man attended at dinner, as usual ; but his heart was too much loaded to suffer him to eat. His grief too was a good deal aggravated by the unkind looks of Mr. Allworthy ; whence he concluded that Western had discovered the whole affair between him and Sophia ; but as to Mr. Blifil's story, he had not the least apprehension ; for of much the greater part he was entirely innocent ; and for the residue, as he had forgiven and forgotten it himself, so he suspected no remembrance on the other side. When dinner was over, and the servants departed, Mr. Allworthy began to harangue. He set forth, in a long speech, the many iniquities of which Jones had been guilty, particularly those which this day had brought to light ; and concluded by telling him, "That unless he could clear himself of the charge, he was resolved to banish him his sight for ever."

Many disadvantages attended poor Jones in making his defence ; nay, indeed, he hardly knew his accusation ; for as Mr. Allworthy, in recounting the drunkenness, &c. while he lay ill, out of modesty, sunk everything that related particularly to himself, which indeed principally constituted the crime, Jones could not deny the charge. His heart was, besides, almost broken already ; and his spirits were so sunk, that he could say nothing for himself ; but acknowledged the whole, and, like a criminal in despair, threw himself upon mercy ; concluding, "That though he must own himself guilty of many follies and inadvertencies, he hoped he had done nothing to deserve what would be to him the greatest punishment in the world."

Allworthy answered, "That he had forgiven him too often already, in compassion to his youth, and in hopes of his amendment : that he now found he was an abandoned reprobate, and such as it would be criminal in any one to support and encourage. Nay," said Mr. Allworthy to him, "your audacious attempt to steal away the young lady, calls upon me

to justify my own character in punishing you. The world, who have already censured the regard I have shown for you, may think, with some colour at least of justice, that I connive at so base and barbarous an action—an action of which you must have known my abhorrence; and which, had you had any concern for my ease and honour, as well as for my friendship, you would never have thought of undertaking. Fie upon it, young man! indeed there is scarce any punishment equal to your crimes, and I can scarce think myself justifiable in what I am now going to bestow on you. However, as I have educated you like a child of my own, I will not turn you naked into the world. When you open this paper, therefore, you will find something which may enable you, with industry, to get an honest livelihood; but if you employ it to worse purposes, I shall not think myself obliged to supply you farther, being resolved, from this day forward, to converse no more with you on any account. I cannot avoid saying, there is no part of your conduct which I resent more than your ill-treatment of that good young man (meaning Blifil), who hath behaved with so much tenderness and honour towards you.”

These last words were a dose almost too bitter to be swallowed. A flood of tears now gushed from the eyes of Jones, and every faculty of speech and motion seem to have deserted him. It was some time before he was able to obey Allworthy's peremptory commands of departing; which he at length did, having first kissed his hands with a passion difficult to be affected; and as difficult to be described.

The reader must be very weak, if, when he considers the light in which Jones then appeared to Mr. Allworthy, he should blame the rigour of his sentence. And yet all the neighbourhood, either from this weakness, or from some worse motive, condemned this justice and severity as the highest cruelty. Nay, the very persons who had before censured the good man for the kindness and tenderness shown to a bastard (his own, according to the general opinion), now cried out as loudly against turning his own child out of doors. The women especially were unanimous in taking the part of Jones, and raised more stories on the occasion than I have room, in this chapter, to set down.

One thing must not be omitted, that, in their censures on this occasion, none ever mentioned the sum contained in the paper which Allworthy gave Jones, which was no less than five hundred pounds; but all agreed that he was sent away pennyless, and some said naked, from the house of his inhuman father.

CHAPTER XII.

Containing love-letters, &c.

JONES was commanded to leave the house immediately, and told, that his clothes and every thing else should be sent to him whithersoever he should order them.

He accordingly set out, and walked above a mile, not regarding, and indeed scarce knowing whither he went. At length a little brook obstructing his passage, he threw himself down by the side of it; nor could he help muttering with some little indignation, “Sure my father will not deny me this place to rest in!”

Here he presently fell into the most violent agonies, tearing his hair from his head, and using most other actions which generally accompany fits of madness, rage, and despair.

When he had in this manner vented the first emo-

tions of passion, he began to come a little to himself. His grief now took another turn, and discharged itself in a gentler way, till he became at last cool enough to reason with his passion, and to consider what steps were proper to be taken in his deplorable condition.

And now the great doubt was, how to act with regard to Sophia. The thoughts of leaving her almost rent his heart asunder; but the consideration of reducing her to ruin and beggary still racked him, if possible, more; and if the violent desire of possessing her person could have induced him to listen one moment to this alternative, still he was by no means certain of her resolution to indulge his wishes at so high an expense. The resentment of Mr. Allworthy, and the injury he must do to his quiet, argued strongly against this latter; and lastly, the apparent impossibility of his success, even if he would sacrifice all these considerations to it, came to his assistance; and thus honour at last backed with despair, with gratitude to his benefactor, and with real love to his mistress, got the better of burning desire, and he resolved rather to quit Sophia, than pursue her to ruin.

It is difficult for any who have not felt it, to conceive the glowing warmth which filled his breast on the first contemplation of this victory over his passion. Pride flattered him so agreeably, that his mind perhaps enjoyed perfect happiness; but this was only momentary: Sophia soon returned to his imagination, and allayed the joy of his triumph with no less bitter pangs than a good-natured general must feel, when he surveys the bleeding heaps, at the price of whose blood he hath purchased his laurels; for thousands of tender ideas lay murdered before our conqueror.

Being resolved, however, to pursue the paths of this giant honour, as the gigantic poet Lee calls it, he determined to write a farewell letter to Sophia; and accordingly proceeded to a house not far off, where, being furnished with proper materials, he wrote as follows:—

“MADAM,

“WHEN you reflect on the situation in which I write, I am sure your good-nature will pardon any inconsistency or absurdity which my letter contains; for every thing here flows from a heart so full, that no language can express its dictates.

“I have resolved, madam, to obey your commands, in flying for ever from your dear, your lovely sight. Cruel indeed those commands are; but it is cruelty which proceeds from fortune, not from my Sophia. Fortune hath made it necessary, necessary to your preservation, to forget there ever was such a wretch as I am.

“Believe me, I would not hint all my sufferings to you, if I imagined they could possibly escape your ears. I know the goodness and tenderness of your heart, and would avoid giving you any of those pains which you always feel for the miserable. O let nothing, which you shall hear of my hard fortune, cause a moment's concern! for, after the loss of you, every thing is to me a trifle.

“O Sophia! it is hard to leave you; it is harder still to desire you to forget me; yet the sincerest love obliges me to both. Pardon my conceiving that any remembrance of me can give you disquiet; but if I am so gloriously wretched, sacrifice me every way to your relief. Think I never loved you; or think truly how little I deserve you; and learn to scorn me for a presumption which can never be too severely punished.—I am unable to say more.—May guardian angels protect you for ever!”

He was now searching his pockets for his wax,

but found none, nor indeed any thing else, therein; for in truth he had, in his frantic disposition, tossed every thing from him, and amongst the rest, his pocket-book, which he had received from Mr. Allworthy, which he had never opened, and which now first occurred to his memory.

The house supplied him with a wafer for his present purpose, with which having sealed his letter, he returned hastily towards the brook side, in order to search for the things which he had there lost. In his way he met his old friend Black George, who heartily condoled with him on his misfortune; for this had already reached his ears, and indeed those of all the neighbourhood.

Jones acquainted the gamekeeper with his loss, and he as readily went back with him to the brook, where they searched every tuft of grass in the meadow, as well where Jones had not been as where he had been; but all to no purpose, for they found nothing: for indeed, though the things were then in the meadow, they omitted to search the only place where they were deposited; to wit, in the pockets of the said George; for he had just before found them, and being luckily apprised of their value, had very carefully put them up for his own use.

The gamekeeper having exerted as much diligence in quest of the lost goods, as if he had hoped to find them, desired Mr. Jones to recollect if he had been in no other place: "For sure," said he, "if you had lost them here so lately, the things must have been here still; for this is a very unlikely place for any one to pass by." And indeed it was by great accident that he himself had passed through that field, in order to lay wires for hares, with which he was to supply a poulterer at Bath the next morning.

Jones now gave over all hopes of recovering his loss, and almost all thoughts concerning it, and turning to Black George, asked him earnestly if he would do him the greatest favour in the world?

George answered with some hesitation, "Sir, you know you may command me whatever is in my power, and I heartily wish it was in my power to do you any service." In fact, the question staggered him; for he had, by selling game, amassed a pretty good sum of money in Mr. Western's service, and was afraid that Jones wanted to borrow some small matter of him; but he was presently relieved from his anxiety, by being desired to convey a letter to Sophia, which with great pleasure he promised to do. And indeed I believe there are few favours which he would not have gladly conferred on Mr. Jones; for he bore as much gratitude towards him as he could, and was as honest as men who love money better than any other thing in the universe, generally are.

Mrs. Honour was agreed by both to be the proper means by which this letter should pass to Sophia. They then separated; the gamekeeper returned home to Mr. Western's, and Jones walked to an alehouse at half a mile's distance, to wait for his messenger's return.

George no sooner came home to his master's house than he met with Mrs. Honour; to whom, having first sounded her with a few previous questions, he delivered the letter for her mistress, and received at the same time another from her, for Mr. Jones; which Honour told him she had carried all that day in her bosom, and began to despair of finding any means of delivering it.

The gamekeeper returned hastily and joyfully to Jones, who, having received Sophia's letter from him, instantly withdrew, and eagerly breaking it open, read as follows:

"SIR,

"It is impossible to express what I have felt since I saw you. Your submitting, on my account, to such cruel insults from my father, lays me under an obligation I shall ever own. As you know his temper, I beg you will, for my sake, avoid him. I wish I had any comfort to send you; but believe this, that nothing but the last violence shall ever give my hand or heart where you would be sorry to see them bestowed."

Jones read this letter a hundred times over, and kissed it a hundred times as often. His passion now brought all tender desires back into his mind. He repented that he had writ to Sophia in the manner we have seen above; but he repented more that he had made use of the interval of his messenger's absence to write and dispatch a letter to Mr. Allworthy, in which he had faithfully promised and bound himself to quit all thoughts of his love. However, when his cool reflections returned, he plainly perceived that his case was neither mended nor altered by Sophia's billet, unless to give him some little glimpse of hope, from her constancy, of some favourable accident hereafter. He therefore resumed his resolution, and taking leave of Black George, set forward to a town about five miles distant, whither he had desired Mr. Allworthy, unless he pleased to revoke his sentence, to send his things after him.

CHAPTER XIII.

The behaviour of Sophia on the present occasion; which none of her sex will blame, who are capable of behaving in the same manner. And the discussion of a knotty point in the court of conscience.

SOPHIA had passed the last twenty-four hours in no very desirable manner. During a large part of them she had been entertained by her aunt with lectures of prudence, recommending to her the example of the polite world, where love (so the good lady said) is at present entirely laughed at, and where women consider matrimony, as men do offices of public trust, only as the means of making their fortunes, and of advancing themselves in the world. In commenting on which text Mrs. Western had displayed her eloquence during several hours.

These sagacious lectures, though little suited either to the taste or inclination of Sophia, were, however, less irksome to her than her own thoughts, that formed the entertainment of the night, during which she never once closed her eyes.

But though she could neither sleep nor rest in her bed, yet, having no avocation from it, she was found there by her father at his return from Allworthy's, which was not till past ten o'clock in the morning. He went directly up to her apartment, opened the door, and seeing she was not up, cried, "Oh! you are safe then, and I am resolved to keep you so." He then locked the door, and delivered the key to Honour, having first given her the strictest charge, with great promises of rewards for her fidelity, and most dreadful menaces of punishment in case she should betray her trust.

Honour's orders were, not to suffer her mistress to come out of her room without the authority of the squire himself, and to admit none to her but him and her aunt; but she was herself to attend her with whatever Sophia pleased, except only pen, ink, and paper, of which she was forbidden the use.

The squire ordered his daughter to dress herself and attend him at dinner; which she obeyed; and having sat the usual time, was again conducted to her prison.

In the evening the gaoler Honour brought her the letter which she received from the gamekeeper. Sophia read it very attentively twice or thrice over, and then threw herself upon the bed, and burst into a flood of tears. Mrs. Honour expressed great astonishment at this behaviour in her mistress; nor could she forbear very eagerly begging to know the cause of this passion. Sophia made her no answer for some time, and then, starting suddenly up, caught her maid by the hand, and cried, "O Honour! I am undone." "Marry forbid," cries Honour: "I wish the letter had been burnt before I had brought it to your la'ship. I'm sure I thought it would have comforted your la'ship, or I would have seen it at the devil before I would have touched it." "Honour," says Sophia, "you are a good girl, and it is vain to attempt concealing longer my weakness from you; I have thrown away my heart on a man who hath forsaken me." "And is Mr. Jones," answered the maid, "such a perfidy man?" "He hath taken his leave of me," says Sophia, "for ever in that letter. Nay, he hath desired me to forget him. Could he have desired that if he had loved me? Could he have borne such a thought? Could he have written such a word?" "No, certainly, ma'am," cries Honour; "and to be sure, if the best man in England was to desire me to forget him, I'd take him at his word. Marry, come up! I am sure your la'ship hath done him too much honour ever to think on him;—a young lady who may take her choice of all the young men in the country. And to be sure, if I may be so presumptuous as to offer my poor opinion, there is young Mr. Blifil, who, besides that he is come of honest parents, and will be one of the greatest squires all hereabouts, he is to be sure, in my poor opinion, a more handsomer and a more politer man by half; and besides, he is a young gentleman of a sober character, and who may defy any of the neighbours to say black is his eye; he follows no dirty trollops, nor can any bastards be laid at his door. Forget him, indeed! I thank Heaven I myself am not so much at my last prayers as to suffer any man to bid me forget him twice. If the best he that wears a head was for to go for to offer to say such an affronting word to me, I would never give him my company afterwards, if there was another young man in the kingdom. And as I was saying, to be sure, there is young Mr. Blifil." "Name not his detested name," cries Sophia. "Nay, Ma'am," says Honour, "if your la'ship doth not like him, there be more jolly handsome young men that would court your la'ship, if they had but the least encouragement. I don't believe there is arrow young gentleman in this county, or in the next to it, that if your la'ship was but to look as if you had a mind to him, would not come about to make his offers directly." "What a wretch dost thou imagine me," cries Sophia, "by affronting my ears with such stuff! I detest all mankind." "Nay, to be sure, Ma'am," answered Honour, "your la'ship hath had enough to give you a surfeit of them. To be used ill by such a poor, beggarly, bastards fellow."—"Hold your blasphemous tongue," cries Sophia; "how dare you mention his name with disrespect before me? He use me ill! No, his poor bleeding heart suffered more when he writ the cruel words than mine from reading them. O, he is all heroic virtue and angelic goodness. I am ashamed of the weakness of my own passion, for blaming what I ought to admire. O, Honour! it is my good only which he consults. To my interest he sacrifices both himself and me. The apprehension of ruining me hath driven him to despair." "I am very glad," says Honour, "to hear your la'ship takes that into

your consideration; for to be sure, it must be nothing less than ruin to give your mind to one that is turned out of doors, and is not worth a farthing in the world." "Turned out of doors!" cries Sophia hastily: "how! what dost thou mean?" "Why, to be sure, ma'am, my master no sooner told squire Allworthy about Mr. Jones having offered to make love to your la'ship than the squire stripped him stark naked, and turned him out of doors!" "Ha!" says Sophia, "I have been the cursed, wretched cause of his destruction! Turned naked out of doors! Here, Honour, take all the money I have; take the rings from my fingers. Here, my watch: carry him all. Go find him immediately." "For Heaven's sake, ma'am," answered Mrs. Honour, "do but consider, if my master should miss any of these things, I should be made to answer for them. Therefore let me beg your la'ship not to part with your watch and jewels. Besides, the money, I think, is enough of all conscience; and as for that, master can never know anything of the matter." "Here, then," cries Sophia, "take every farthing I am worth, find him out immediately, and give it him. Go, go, lose not a moment."

Mrs. Honour departed according to orders, and finding Black George below stairs, delivered him the purse, which contained sixteen guineas, being, indeed, the whole stock of Sophia; for though her father was very liberal to her, she was much too generous to be rich.

Black George having received the purse, set forward towards the alehouse; but in the way a thought occurred to him, whether he should not detain this money likewise. His conscience, however, immediately started at this suggestion, and began to upbraid him with ingratitude to his benefactor. To this his avarice answered, That his conscience should have considered the matter before, when he deprived poor Jones of his 500*l*. That having quietly acquiesced in what was of so much greater importance, it was absurd, if not downright hypocrisy, to affect any qualms at this trifle. In return to which, Conscience, like a good lawyer, attempted to distinguish between an absolute breach of trust, as here, where the goods were delivered, and a bare concealment of what was found, as in the former case. Avarice presently treated this with ridicule, called it a distinction without a difference, and absolutely insisted that when once all pretensions of honour and virtue were given up in any one instance, that there was no precedent for resorting to them upon a second occasion. In short, poor Conscience had certainly been defeated in the argument, had not Fear stepped in to her assistance, and very strenuously urged that the real distinction between the two actions, did not lie in the different degrees of honour but of safety: for that the secreting the 500*l*. was a matter of very little hazard; whereas the detaining the sixteen guineas was liable to the utmost danger of discovery.

By this friendly aid of Fear, Conscience obtained a complete victory in the mind of Black George, and, after making him a few compliments on his honesty, forced him to deliver the money to Jones.

CHAPTER XIV.

A short chapter, containing a short dialogue between squire Western and his sister.

MRS. WESTERN had been engaged abroad all that day. The squire met her at her return home; and when she inquired after Sophia, he acquainted her that he had secured her safe enough. "She is locked up in chamber," cries he, "and Honour keeps the key." As his looks were full of prodi-

gious wisdom and sagacity when he gave his sister this information, it is probable he expected much applause from her for what he had done; but how was he disappointed when, with a most disdainful aspect, she cried, "Sure, brother, you are the weakest of all men. Why will you not confide in me for the management of my niece? Why will you interpose? You have now undone all that I have been spending my breath in order to bring about. While I have been endeavouring to fill her mind with maxims of prudence, you have been provoking her to reject them. English women, brother, I thank heaven, are no slaves. We are not to be locked up like the Spanish and Italian wives. We have as good a right to liberty as yourselves. We are to be convinced by reason and persuasion only, and not governed by force. I have seen the world, brother, and know what arguments to make use of; and if your folly had not prevented me, should have prevailed with her to form her conduct by those rules of prudence and discretion which I formerly taught her." "To be sure," said the squire, "I am always in the wrong." "Brother," answered the lady, "you are not in the wrong, unless when you meddle with matters beyond your knowledge. You must agree that I have seen most of the world; and happy had it been for my niece if she had not been taken from under my care. It is by living at home with you that she hath learnt romantic notions of love and nonsense." "You don't imagine," I hope, cries the squire, "that I have taught her any such things." "Your ignorance, brother," returned she, "as the great Milton says, almost subdues my patience."* "D——n Milton!" answered the squire: "if he had the impudence to say so to my face, I'd lent him a douse, tho' he was never so great a man. Patience! An you come to that, sister, I have more occasion of patience, to be used like an overgrown schoolboy, as I am by you. Do you think no one hath any understanding, unless he hath been about at court? Pox! the world is come to a fine pass indeed, if we are all fools, except a parcel of round-heads and Hanover rats. Pox! I hope the times are a coming that we shall make fools of them, and every man shall enjoy his own. That's all, sister; and every man shall enjoy his own. I hope to see it, sister, before the Hanover rats have eat up all our corn, and left us nothing but turnips to feed upon."—"I protest, brother," cries she, "you are now got beyond my understanding. Your jargon of turnips and Hanover rats is to me perfectly unintelligible."—"I believe," cries he, "you don't care to hear o'em; but the country interest may succeed one day or other for all that."—"I wish," answered the lady, "you would think a little of your daughter's interest; for believe me, she is in greater danger than the nation."—"Just now," said he, "you chid me for thinking on her, and would ha' her left to you."—"And if you will promise to interpose no more," answered she, "I will, out of my regard to my niece, undertake the charge." "Well, do then," said the squire, "for you know I always agreed, that women are the properest to manage women."

Mrs. Western then departed, muttering something with an air of disdain, concerning women and management of the nation. She immediately repaired to Sophia's apartment, who was now, after a day's confinement, released again from her captivity.

* The reader may, perhaps, subdue his own patience, if he searches for this in Milton.

BOOK VII.

CONTAINING THREE DAYS.

CHAPTER I.

A comparison between the world and the stage.

THE world hath been often compared to the theatre; and many grave writers, as well as the poets, have considered human life as a great drama, resembling, in almost every particular, those scenical representations which Thespis is first reported to have invented, and which have been since received with so much approbation and delight in all polite countries.

This thought hath been carried so far, and is become so general, that some words proper to the theatre, and which were at first metaphorically applied to the world, are now indiscriminately and literally spoken of both; thus stage and scene are by common use grown as familiar to us, when we speak of life in general, as when we confine ourselves to dramatic performances: and when transactions behind the curtain are mentioned, St. James's is more likely to occur to our thoughts than Drury-lane.

It may seem easy enough to account for all this, by reflecting that the theatrical stage is nothing more than a representation, or, as Aristotle calls it, an imitation of what really exists; and hence, perhaps, we might fairly pay a very high compliment to those who by their writings or actions have been so capable of imitating life, as to have their pictures in a manner confounded with, or mistaken for, the originals.

But, in reality, we are not so fond of paying compliments to these people, whom we use as children frequently do the instruments of their amusement; and have much more pleasure in hissing and buffeting them, than in admiring their excellence. There are many other reasons which have induced us to see this analogy between the world and the stage.

Some have considered the larger part of mankind in the light of actors, as personating characters no more their own, and to which in fact they have no better title, than the player hath to be in earnest thought the king or emperor whom he represents. Thus the hypocrite may be said to be a player; and indeed the Greeks called them both by one and the same name.

The brevity of life hath likewise given occasion to this comparison. So the immortal Shakspeare—

———Life's a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more.

For which hackneyed quotation I will make the reader amends by a very noble one, which few, I believe, have read. It is taken from a poem called the Deity, published about nine years ago, and long since buried in oblivion; a proof that good books, no more than good men, do always survive the bad.

From Thee* all human actions take their springs,
The rise of empires and the fall of kings!
See the vast Theatre of Time display'd,
While o'er the scene succeeding heroes tread!
With pomp the shining images succeed,
What leaders triumph, and what monarchs bleed!
Perform the parts thy providence assign'd,
Their pride, their passions, to thy ends inclin'd:
Awhile they glitter in the face of day,
Then at thy nod the phantoms pass away;
No traces left of all the busy scene,
But that remembrance says—*The things have been!*

In all these, however, and in every other similitude of life to the theatre, the resemblance hath been always taken from the stage only. None, as

* The Deity.

I remember, have at all considered the audience at this great drama.

But as Nature often exhibits some of her best performances to a very full house, so will the behaviour of her spectators no less admit the above-mentioned comparison than that of her actors. In this vast theatre of time are seated the friend and the critic; here are claps and shouts, hisses and groans; in short, every thing which was ever seen or heard at the theatre-royal.

Let us examine this in one example; for instance, in the behaviour of the great audience on that scene which Nature was pleased to exhibit in the twelfth chapter of the preceding book, where she introduced Black George running away with the 500*l.* from his friend and benefactor.

Those who sat in the world's upper gallery treated that incident, I am well convinced, with their usual vociferation; and every term of scurrilous reproach was most probably vented on that occasion.

If we had descended to the next order of spectators, we should have found an equal degree of abhorrence, though less of noise and scurrility; yet here the good women gave Black George to the devil, and many of them expected every minute that the cloven-footed gentleman would fetch his own.

The pit, as usual, was no doubt divided: those who delight in heroic virtue and perfect character objected to the producing such instances of villany, without punishing them very severely for the sake of example. Some of the author's friends cried, "Look'ee, gentlemen, the man is a villain, but it is nature for all that." And all the young critics of the age, the clerks, apprentices, &c., called it low, and fell a groaning.

As for the boxes, they behaved with their accustomed politeness. Most of them were attending to something else. Some of those few who regarded the scene at all, declared he was a bad kind of man; while others refused to give their opinion, till they had heard that of the best judges.

Now we, who are admitted behind the scenes of this great theatre of nature (and no author ought to write any thing besides dictionaries and spelling-books who hath not this privilege), can censure the action, without conceiving any absolute detestation of the person whom perhaps Nature may not have designed to act an ill part in all her dramas; for in this instance life most exactly resembles the stage, since it is often the same person who represents the villain and the hero; and he who engages your admiration to-day will probably attract your contempt to-morrow. As Garrick, whom I regard in tragedy to be the greatest genius the world hath ever produced, sometimes condescends to play the fool; so did Scipio the Great, and Lælius the Wise, according to Horace, many years ago; nay, Cicero reports them to have been "incredibly childish." These, it is true, played the fool, like my friend Garrick, in jest only; but several eminent characters have, in numberless instances of their lives, played the fool egregiously in earnest; so far as to render it a matter of some doubt whether their wisdom or folly was predominant; or whether they were better entitled to the applause or censure, the admiration or contempt, the love or hatred, of mankind.

Those persons, indeed, who have passed any time behind the scenes of this great theatre, and are thoroughly acquainted not only with the several disguises which are there put on, but also with the fantastic and capricious behaviour of the Passions, who are the managers and directors of this theatre (for as to Reason, the patentee, he is known to be a very idle fellow and seldom to exert himself), may

most probably have learned to understand the famous *nil admirari* of Horace, or in the English phrase, to stare at nothing.

A single bad act no more constitutes a villain in life, than a single bad part on the stage. The passions, like the managers of a playhouse, often force men upon parts without consulting their judgment, and sometimes without any regard to their talents. Thus the man, as well as the player, may condemn what he himself acts; nay, it is common to see vice sit as awkwardly on some men, as the character of Iago would on the honest face of Mr. William Mills.

Upon the whole, then, the man of candour and of true understanding is never hasty to condemn. He can censure an imperfection, or even a vice, without rage against the guilty party. In a word, they are the same folly, the same childishness, the same ill-breeding, and the same ill-nature, which raise all the clamours and uproars both in life and on the stage. The worst of men generally have the words rogue and villain most in their mouths, as the lowest of all wretches are the aptest to cry out low in the pit.

CHAPTER II.

Containing a conversation which Mr. Jones had with himself.

JONES received his effects from Mr. Allworthy's early in the morning, with the following answer to his letter:—

"SIR,

"I AM commanded by my uncle to acquaint you, that as he did not proceed to those measures he had taken with you without the greatest deliberation, and after the fullest evidence of your unworthiness, so will it be always out of your power to cause the least alteration in his resolution. He expresses great surprise at your presumption in saying you have resigned all pretensions to a young lady, to whom it is impossible you should ever have had any, her birth and fortune having made her so infinitely your superior. Lastly, I am commanded to tell you, that the only instance of your compliance with my uncle's inclinations which he requires, is, your immediately quitting this country. I cannot conclude this without offering you my advice, as a christian, that you would seriously think of amending your life. That you may be assisted with grace so to do, will be always the prayer of

"your humble servant,

"W. BLIFIL."

Many contending passions were raised in our hero's mind by this letter; but the tender prevailed at last over the indignant and irascible, and a flood of tears came seasonably to his assistance, and possibly prevented his misfortunes from either turning his head, or bursting his heart.

He grew, however, soon ashamed of indulging this remedy; and starting up, he cried, "Well, then, I will give Mr. Allworthy the only instance he requires of my obedience. I will go this moment—but whither?—why, let Fortune direct; since there is no other who thinks it of any consequence what becomes of this wretched person, it shall be a matter of equal indifference to myself. Shall I alone regard what no other—Ha! have I not reason to think there is another?—one whose value is above that of the whole world!—I may, I must imagine my Sophia is not indifferent of what becomes of me. Shall I then leave this only friend—and such a friend? Shall I not stay with her?—Where—how can I stay with her? Have I any hopes of ever seeing her, though she was as desirous as myself, without exposing her to the wrath of her father?

and to what purpose? Can I think of soliciting such a creature to consent to her own ruin? Shall I indulge any passion of mine at such a price? Shall I lurk about this country like a thief, with such intentions?—No, I disdain, I detest the thought. Farewell, Sophia; farewell, most lovely, most beloved—.” Here passion stopt his mouth, and found a vent at his eyes.

And now having taken a resolution to leave the country, he began to debate with himself whither he should go. The world, as Milton phrases it, lay all before him; and Jones, no more than Adam, had any man to whom he might resort for comfort or assistance. All his acquaintance were the acquaintance of Mr. Allworthy; and he had no reason to expect any countenance from them, as that gentleman had withdrawn his favour from him. Men of great and good characters should indeed be very cautious how they discard their dependents; for the consequence to the unhappy sufferer is being discarded by all others.

What course of life to pursue, or to what business to apply himself, was a second consideration: and here the prospect was all a melancholy void. Every profession, and every trade, required length of time, and what was worse, money; for matters are so constituted, that “nothing out of nothing” is not a truer maxim in physics than in politics; and every man who is greatly destitute of money, is on that account entirely excluded from all means of acquiring it.

At last the Ocean, that hospitable friend to the wretched, opened her capacious arms to receive him; and he instantly resolved to accept her kind invitation. To express myself less figuratively, he determined to go to sea.

This thought indeed no sooner suggested itself, than he eagerly embraced it; and having presently hired horses, he set out for Bristol to put it in execution.

But before we attend him on this expedition, we shall resort awhile to Mr. Western’s, and see what further happened to the charming Sophia.

CHAPTER III.

Containing several dialogues.

THE morning in which Mr. Jones departed, Mrs. Western summoned Sophia into her apartment; and having first acquainted her that she had obtained her liberty of her father, she proceeded to read her a long lecture on the subject of matrimony; which she treated not as a romantic scheme of happiness arising from love, as it hath been described by the poets; nor did she mention any of those purposes for which we are taught by divines to regard it as instituted by sacred authority; she considered it rather as a fund in which prudent women deposit their fortunes to the best advantage, in order to receive a larger interest for them than they could have elsewhere.

When Mrs. Western had finished, Sophia answered, “That she was very incapable of arguing with a lady of her aunt’s superior knowledge and experience, especially on a subject which she had so very little considered, as this of matrimony.”

“Argue with me, child!” replied the other; “I do not indeed expect it. I should have seen the world to very little purpose truly, if I am to argue with one of your years. I have taken this trouble, in order to instruct you. The ancient philosophers, such as Socrates, Alcibiades, and others, did not use to argue with their scholars. You are to consider me, child, as Socrates, not asking your opinion, but

only informing you of mine.” From which last words the reader may possibly imagine, that this lady had read no more of the philosophy of Socrates, than she had of that of Alcibiades; and indeed we cannot resolve his curiosity as to this point.

“Madam, cries Sophia, “I have never presumed to controvert any opinion of yours; and this subject, as I said, I have never yet thought of, and perhaps never may.”

“Indeed, Sophy,” replied the aunt, “this dissimulation with me is very foolish. The French shall as soon persuade me that they take foreign towns in defence only of their own country, as you can impose on me to believe you have never yet thought seriously of matrimony. How can you, child, affect to deny that you have considered of contracting an alliance, when you so well know I am acquainted with the party with whom you desire to contract it?—an alliance as unnatural, and contrary to your interest, as a separate league with the French would be to the interest of the Dutch! But however, if you have not hitherto considered of this matter, I promise you it is now high time, for my brother is resolved immediately to conclude the treaty with Mr. Blifil; and indeed I am a sort of guarantee in the affair, and have promised your concurrence.”

“Indeed, madam,” cries Sophia, “this is the only instance in which I must disobey both yourself and my father. For this is a match which requires very little consideration in me to refuse.”

“If I was not as great a philosopher as Socrates himself,” returned Mrs. Western, “you would overcome my impatience. What objection can you have to the young gentleman?”

“A very solid objection, in my opinion,” says Sophia,—“I hate him.”

“Will you never learn a proper use of words?” answered the aunt. “Indeed, child, you should consult Bailey’s Dictionary. It is impossible you should hate a man from whom you have received no injury. By hatred, therefore, you mean no more than dislike, which is no sufficient objection against your marrying of him. I have known many couples, who have entirely disliked each other, lead very comfortable genteel lives. Believe me, child, I know these things better than you. You will allow me, I think, to have seen the world, in which I have not an acquaintance who would not rather be thought to dislike her husband than to like him. The contrary is such out of fashion romantic nonsense, that the very imagination of it is shocking.”

“Indeed, madam,” replied Sophia, “I shall never marry a man I dislike. If I promise my father never to consent to any marriage contrary to his inclinations, I think I may hope he will never force me into that state contrary to my own.”

“Inclinations!” cries the aunt with some warmth. “Inclinations! I am astonished at your assurance. A young woman of your age, and unmarried, to talk of inclinations! But whatever your inclinations may be, my brother is resolved; nay, since you talk of inclinations, I shall advise him to hasten the treaty. Inclinations!”

Sophia then flung herself upon her knees, and tears began to trickle from her shining eyes. She entreated her aunt, “to have mercy upon her, and not to resent so cruelly her unwillingness to make herself miserable;” often urging, “that she alone was concerned, and that her happiness only was at stake.”

As a bailiff, when well authorised by his writ, having possessed himself of the person of some unhappy debtor, views all his tears without concern:

in vain the wretched captive attempts to raise compassion; in vain the tender wife bereft of her companion, the little prattling boy, or frightened girl, are mentioned as inducements to reluctance. The noble bumtrap, blind and deaf to every circumstance of distress, greatly rises above all the motives to humanity, and into the hands of the gaoler resolves to deliver his miserable prey.

Not less blind to the tears, or less deaf to every entreaty of Sophia was the politic aunt, nor less determined was she to deliver over the trembling maid into the arms of the gaoler Blifil. She answered with great impetuosity, "So far, madam, from your being concerned alone, your concern is the least, or surely the least important. It is the honour of your family which is concerned in this alliance; you are only the instrument. Do you conceive, mistress, that an intermarriage between kingdoms, as when a daughter of France is married into Spain, the princess herself is alone considered in the match? No! it is a match between two kingdoms, rather than between two persons. The same happens in great families such as ours. The alliance between the families is the principal matter. You ought to have a greater regard for the honour of your family than for your own person; and if the example of a princess cannot inspire you with these noble thoughts, you cannot surely complain at being used no worse than all princesses are used."

"I hope, madam," cries Sophia, with a little elevation of voice, "I shall never do any thing to dishonour my family; but as for Mr. Blifil, whatever may be the consequence, I am resolved against him, and no force shall prevail in his favour."

Western, who had been within hearing during the greater part of the preceding dialogue, had now exhausted all his patience; he therefore entered the room in a violent passion, crying, "D—n me then if shatunt ha'un, d—n me if shatunt, that's all—that's all; d—n me if shatunt."

Mrs. Western had collected a sufficient quantity of wrath for the use of Sophia; but she now transferred it all to the squire. "Brother," said she, "it is astonishing that you will interfere in a matter which you had totally left to my negociation. Regard to my family hath made me take upon myself to be the mediating power, in order to rectify those mistakes in policy which you have committed in your daughter's education. For, brother, it is you—it is your preposterous conduct which hath eradicated all the seeds that I had formerly sown in her tender mind. It is you yourself who have taught her disobedience."—"Blood!" cries the squire, foaming at the mouth, "you are enough to conquer the patience of the devil! Have I ever taught my daughter disobedience?—Here she stands; speak honestly, girl, did ever I bid you be disobedient to me? Have not I done every thing to humour and to gratify you, and to make you obedient to me? And very obedient to me she was when a little child, before you took her in hand and spoiled her, by filling her head with a pack of court notions. Why,—why,—why,—did I not overhear you telling her she must behave like a princess? You have made a Whig of the girl; and how should her father, or any body else, expect any obedience from her?" "Brother," answered Mrs. Western, with an air of great disdain, "I cannot express the contempt I have for your politics of all kinds; but I will appeal likewise to the young lady herself, whether I have ever taught her any principles of disobedience. On the contrary, niece, have I not endeavoured to inspire you with a true idea of the several relations in which

a human creature stands in society? Have I not taken infinite pains to show you, that the law of nature hath enjoined a duty on children to their parents? Have I not told you what Plato says on that subject?—a subject on which you was so notoriously ignorant when you came first under my care, that I verily believe you did not know the relation between a daughter and a father."—" 'Tis a lie," answered Western. "The girl is no such fool, as to live to eleven years old without knowing that she was her father's relation."—"O! more than Gothic ignorance," answered the lady. "And as for your manners, brother, I must tell you, they deserve a cane."—"Why then you may gi' it me, if you think you are able," cries the squire; "nay, I suppose your niece there will be ready enough to help you."—"Brother," said Mrs. Western, "though I despise you beyond expression, yet I shall endure your insolence no longer; so I desire my coach may be got ready immediately, for I am resolved to leave your house this very morning."—"And a good riddance too," answered he; "I can bear your insolence no longer, an you come to that. Blood! it is almost enough of itself to make my daughter undervalue my sense, when she hears you telling me every minute you despise me."—"It is impossible, it is impossible," cries the aunt; "no one can undervalue such a boor."—"Boar," answered the squire, "I am no boar; no, nor ass; no, nor rat neither, madam. Remember that—I am no rat. I am a true Englishman, and not of your Hanover breed, that have eat up the nation."—"Thou art one of those wise men," cries she, "whose nonsensical principles have undone the nation; by weakening the hands of our government at home, and by discouraging our friends and encouraging our enemies abroad."—"Ho! are you come back to your politics?" cries the squire: "as for those I despise them as much as I do a f—t." Which last words he accompanied and graced with the very action, which, of all others, was the most proper to it. And whether it was this word or the contempt expressed for her politics, which most affected Mrs. Western, I will not determine; but she flew into the most violent rage, uttered phrases improper to be here related, and instantly burst out of the house. Nor did her brother or her niece think proper either to stop or to follow her; for the one was so much possessed by concern, and the other by anger, that they were rendered almost motionless.

The squire, however, sent after his sister the same holloa which attends the departure of a hare, when she is first started before the hounds. He was indeed a great master of this kind of vociferation, and had a holloa proper for most occasions in life.

Women who, like Mrs. Western, know the world, and have applied themselves to philosophy and politics, would have immediately availed themselves of the present disposition of Mr. Western's mind, by throwing in a few artful compliments to his understanding at the expense of his absent adversary; but poor Sophia was all simplicity. By which word we do not intend to insinuate to the reader, that she was silly, which is generally understood as a synonymous term with simple; for she was indeed a most sensible girl, and her understanding was of the first rate; but she wanted all that useful art which females convert to so many good purposes in life, and which, as it rather arises from the heart than from the head, is often the property of the silliest of women.

CHAPTER IV.

A picture of a country gentlewoman taken from the life.

MR. WESTERN having finished his holloa, and taken a little breath, began to lament, in very pathetic terms, the unfortunate condition of men, who are, says he, "always whipped in by the humours of some d—n'd b— or other. I think I was hard run enough by your mother for one man; but after giving her a dodge, here's another b— follows me upon the foil; but curse my jacket if I will be run down in this manner by any o'um."

Sophia never had a single dispute with her father, till this unlucky affair of Blifil, on any account, except in defence of her mother, who she had loved most tenderly, though she lost her in the eleventh year of her age. The squire, to whom that poor woman had been a faithful upper-servant all the time of their marriage, had returned that behaviour by making what the world calls a good husband. He very seldom swore at her (perhaps not above once a week) and never beat her: she had not the least occasion for jealousy, and was perfect mistress of her time; for she was never interrupted by her husband, who was engaged all the morning in his field exercises, and all the evening with bottle companions. She scarce indeed ever saw him but at meals; where she had the pleasure of carving those dishes which he had before attended at the dressing. From these meals she retired about five minutes after the other servants, having only stayed to drink "the king over the water." Such were, it seems, Mr. Western's orders; for it was a maxim with him, that women should come in with the first dish, and go out after the first glass. Obedience to these orders was perhaps no difficult task; for the conversation (if it may be called so) was seldom such as could entertain a lady. It consisted chiefly of halloaing, singing, relations of sporting adventures, b—d—y, and abuse of women and of the government.

These, however, were the only seasons when Mr. Western saw his wife; for when he repaired to her bed, he was generally so drunk that he could not see; and in the sporting season he always rose from her before it was light. Thus was she perfect mistress of her time, and had besides a coach and four usually at her command; though unhappily indeed the badness of the neighbourhood and of the roads made this of little use; for none who had set much value on their necks would have passed through the one, or who had set any value on their hours, would have visited the other. Now to deal honestly with the reader, she did not make all the return expected to so much indulgence; for she had been married against her will by a fond father, the match having been rather advantageous on her side; for the squire's estate was upwards of 3000*l.* a year, and her fortune no more than a bare 8000*l.* Hence perhaps she had contracted a little gloominess of temper, for she was rather a good servant than a good wife; nor had she always the gratitude to return the extraordinary degree of roaring mirth, with which the squire received her, even with a good-humoured smile. She would, moreover, sometimes interfere with matters which did not concern her, as the violent drinking of her husband, which in the gentlest terms she would take some of the few opportunities he gave her of remonstrating against. And once in her life she very earnestly entreated him to carry her for two months to London, which he peremptorily denied; nay, was angry with his wife for the request ever after, being well assured that all the husbands in London are cuckolds.

For this last, and many other good reasons, Western at length heartily hated his wife; and as he never concealed this hatred before her death, so he never forgot it afterwards; but when anything in the least soured him, as a bad scenting day, or a distemper among his hounds, or any other such misfortune, he constantly vented his spleen by invectives against the deceased, saying, "If my wife was alive now, she would be glad of this."

These invectives he was especially desirous of throwing forth before Sophia; for as he loved her more than he did any other, so he was really jealous that she had loved her mother better than him. And this jealousy Sophia seldom failed of heightening on these occasions; for he was not contented with violating her ears with the abuse of her mother, but endeavoured to force an explicit approbation of all this abuse; with which desire he never could prevail upon her by any promise or threats to comply.

Hence some of my readers will, perhaps, wonder that the squire had not hated Sophia as much as he had hated her mother; but I must inform them, that hatred is not the effect of love, even through the medium of jealousy. It is, indeed, very possible for jealous persons to kill the objects of their jealousy, but not to hate them. Which sentiment being a pretty hard morsel, and bearing something of the air of a paradox, we shall leave the reader to chew the cud upon it to the end of the chapter.

CHAPTER V.

The generous behaviour of Sophia towards her aunt.

SOPHIA kept silence during the foregoing speech of her father, nor did she once answer otherwise than with a sigh; but as he understood none of the language, or, as he called it, lingo of the eyes, so he was not satisfied without some further approbation of his sentiments, which he now demanded of his daughter; telling her, in the usual way, "he expected she was ready to take the part of everybody against him, as she had always done that of the b—— her mother." Sophia remaining still silent, he cried out, "What, art dumb? why dost unt speak? Was not thy mother a d—d b— to me? answer me that. What, I suppose you despise your father too, and don't think him good enough to speak to?"

"For heaven's sake, sir," answered Sophia, "do not give so cruel a turn to my silence. I am sure I would sooner die than be guilty of any disrespect towards you; but how can I venture to speak, when every word must either offend my dear papa, or convict me of the blackest ingratitude as well as impiety to the memory of the best of mothers; for such I am certain, my mamma was always to me?"

"And your aunt, I suppose, is the best of sisters too!" replied the squire. "Will you be so kind as to allow that she is a b—? I may fairly insist upon that, I think?"

"Indeed, sir," says Sophia, "I have great obligations to my aunt. She hath been a second mother to me."

"And a second wife to me too," returned Western; "so you will take her part too! You won't confess that she hath acted the part of the vilest sister in the world?"

"Upon my word, sir," cries Sophia, "I must belie my heart wickedly if I did. I know my aunt and you differ very much in your ways of thinking; but I have heard her a thousand times express the greatest affection for you; and I am convinced, so far from her being the worst sister in the world, there are very few who love a brother better."

"The English of all which is," answered the

squire, "that I am in the wrong. Ay, certainly. Ay, to be sure the woman is in the right, and the man in the wrong always."

"Pardon me, sir," cries Sophia. "I do not say so."

"What don't you say?" answered the father: "you have the impudence to say she's in the right; doth it not follow then of course that I am in the wrong? And perhaps I am in the wrong to suffer such a presbyterian Hanoverian b— to come into my house. She may 'dite me of a plot for anything I know, and give my estate to the government."

"So far, sir, from injuring you or your estate," says Sophia, "if my aunt had died yesterday, I am convinced she would have left you her whole fortune."

Whether Sophia intended it or no, I shall not presume to assert; but certain it is, these last words penetrated very deep into the ears of her father, and produced a much more sensible effect than all she had said before. He received the sound with much the same action as a man receives a bullet in his head. He started, staggered, and turned pale. After which he remained silent above a minute, and then began in the following hesitating manner: "Yesterday! she would have left me her estate yesterday! would she? Why yesterday, of all the days in the year? I suppose if she dies to-morrow, she will leave it to somebody else, and perhaps out of the family."—"My aunt, Sir," cries Sophia, "hath very violent passions, and I can't answer what she may do under their influence."

"You can't!" returned the father; "and pray who hath been the occasion of putting her into those violent passions? Nay, who hath actually put her into them? Was not you and she hard at it before I came into the room? Besides, was not all our quarrel about you? I have not quarrelled with sister this many years but upon your account; and now you would throw the whole blame upon me, as thof I should be the occasion of her leaving the estate out o' the family. I could have expected no better indeed; this is like the return you make to all the rest of my fondness."

"I beseech you then," cries Sophia, "upon my knees I beseech you, if I have been the unhappy occasion of this difference, that you will endeavour to make it up with my aunt, and not suffer her to leave your house in this violent rage of anger: she is a very good-natured woman, and a few civil words will satisfy her. Let me entreat you, sir."

"So I must go and ask pardon for your fault, must I?" answered Western. "You have lost the hare, and I must draw every way to find her again? Indeed, if I was certain"—Here he stopped, and Sophia throwing in more entreaties, at length prevailed upon him; so that after venting two or three bitter sarcastical expressions against his daughter, he departed as fast as he could to recover his sister, before her equipage could be gotten ready.

Sophia then returned to her chamber of mourning, where she indulged herself (if the phrase may be allowed me) in all the luxury of tender grief. She read over more than once the letter which she had received from Jones; her muff too was used on this occasion; and she bathed both these, as well as herself, with her tears. In this situation the friendly Mrs. Honour exerted her utmost abilities to comfort her afflicted mistress. She ran over the names of many young gentlemen: and having greatly commended their parts and persons, assured Sophia that she might take her choice of any. These methods must have certainly been used with some success in

disorders of the like kind, or so skilful a practitioner as Mrs. Honour would never have ventured to apply them; nay, I have heard that the college of chambermaids hold them to be as sovereign remedies as any in the female dispensary; but whether it was that Sophia's disease differed inwardly from those cases with which it agreed in external symptoms, I will not assert; but, in fact, the good waiting-woman did more harm than good, and at last so incensed her mistress (which was no easy matter) that with an angry voice she dismissed her from her presence.

CHAPTER VI.

Containing great variety of matter.

THE squire overtook his sister just as she was stepping into the coach, and partly by force, and partly by solicitations, prevailed upon her to order her horses back into their quarters. He succeeded in this attempt without much difficulty; for the lady was, as we have already hinted, of a most placable disposition, and greatly loved her brother, though she despised his parts, or rather his little knowledge of the world.

Poor Sophia, who had first set on foot this reconciliation, was now made the sacrifice to it. They both concurred in their censures on her conduct; jointly declared war against her, and directly proceeded to counsel, how to carry it on in the most vigorous manner. For this purpose, Mrs. Western proposed not only an immediate conclusion of the treaty with Allworthy, but as immediately to carry it into execution; saying, "That there was no other way to succeed with her niece, but by violent methods, which she was convinced Sophia had not sufficient resolution to resist. By violent," says she, "I mean rather, hasty measures; for as to confinement or absolute force, no such things must or can be attempted. Our plan must be concerted for a surprise, and not for a storm."

These matters were resolved on, when Mr. Blifil came to pay a visit to his mistress. The squire no sooner heard of his arrival, than he stepped aside, by his sister's advice, to give his daughter orders for the proper reception of her lover; which he did with the most bitter execrations and denunciations of judgment on her refusal.

The impetuosity of the squire bore down all before him; and Sophia, as her aunt very wisely foresaw, was not able to resist him. She agreed, therefore, to see Blifil, though she had scarce spirits or strength sufficient to utter her assent. Indeed, to give a peremptory denial to a father whom she so tenderly loved, was no easy task. Had this circumstance been out of the case, much less resolution than what she was really mistress of, would, perhaps, have served her; but it is no unusual thing to ascribe those actions entirely to fear, which are in a great measure produced by love.

In pursuance, therefore, of her father's peremptory commands, Sophia now admitted Mr. Blifil's visit. Scenes like this, when painted at large, afford, as we have observed, very little entertainment to the reader. Here, therefore, we shall strictly adhere to a rule of Horace; by which writers are directed to pass over all those matters which they despair of placing in a shining light;—a rule, we conceive, of excellent use as well to the historian as to the poet; and which, if followed, must at least have this good effect, that many a great evil (for so all great books are called) would thus be reduced to a small one.

It is possible, the great art used by Blifil at this

interview would have prevailed on Sophia to have made another man in his circumstances her confidant, and to have revealed the whole secret of her heart to him; but she had contracted so ill an opinion of this young gentleman, that she was resolved to place no confidence in him; for simplicity, when set on its guard, is often a match for cunning. Her behaviour to him, therefore, was entirely forced, and indeed such as is generally prescribed to virgins upon the second formal visit from one who is appointed for their husband.

But though Blifil declared himself to the squire perfectly satisfied with his reception; yet that gentleman, who, in company with his sister, had overheard all, was not so well pleased. He resolved, in pursuance of the advice of the sage lady, to push matters as forward as possible; and addressing himself to his intended son-in-law in the hunting phrase, he cried, after a loud holloa, "Follow her, boy, follow her; run in, run; that's it, honeys. Dead, dead, dead. Never be bashful, nor stand shall I, shall I? Allworthy and I can finish all matters between us this afternoon, and let us ha' the wedding to-morrow."

Blifil having conveyed the utmost satisfaction into his countenance, answered, "As there is nothing, sir, in this world which I so eagerly desire as an alliance with your family, except my union with the most amiable and deserving Sophia, you may easily imagine how impatient I must be to see myself in possession of my two highest wishes. If I have not therefore importuned you on this head, you will impute it only to my fear of offending the lady, by endeavouring to hurry on so blessed an event faster than a strict compliance with all the rules of decency and decorum will permit. But if by your interest, sir, she might be induced to dispense with any formalities——"

"Formalities! with a pox!" answered the squire, "Pooh, all stuff and nonsense! I tell thee, she shall ha' thee to-morrow; you will know the world better hereafter, when you come to my age. Women never gi' their consent, man, if they can help it, 'tis not the fashion. If I had stayed for her mother's consent, I might have been a bachelor to this day.—To her, to her, co to her, that's it, you jolly dog. I tell thee shat ha' her to-morrow morning."

Blifil suffered himself to be overpowered by the forcible rhetoric of the squire; and it being agreed that Western should close with Allworthy that very afternoon, the lover departed home, having first earnestly begged that no violence might be offered to the lady by his haste, in the same manner as a popish inquisitor begs the lay power to do no violence to the heretic delivered over to it, and against whom the church hath passed sentence.

And, to say the truth, Blifil had passed sentence against Sophia; for, however pleased he had declared himself to Western with his reception, he was by no means satisfied, unless it was that he was convinced of the hatred and scorn of his mistress; and this had produced no less reciprocal hatred and scorn in him. It may, perhaps, be asked, Why then did he not put an immediate end to all further courtship? I answer for that very reason, as well as for several others equally good, which we shall now proceed to open to the reader.

Though Mr. Blifil was not of the complexion of Jones, nor ready to eat every woman he saw; yet he was far from being destitute of that appetite which is said to be the common property of all animals. With this, he had likewise that distinguishing taste, which serves to direct men in their choice of the object or food of their several appetites; and

this taught him to consider Sophia as a most delicious morsel, indeed to regard her with the same desires which an ortolan inspires into the soul of an epicure. Now the agonies which affected the mind of Sophia, rather augmented than impaired her beauty; for her tears added brightness to her eyes, and her breasts rose higher with her sighs. Indeed, no one hath seen beauty in its highest lustre, who hath never seen it in distress. Blifil therefore looked on this human ortolan with greater desire than when he viewed her last; nor was his desire at all lessened by the aversion which he discovered in her to himself. On the contrary, this served rather to heighten the pleasure he proposed in rifling her charms, as it added triumph to lust; nay, he had some further views, from obtaining the absolute possession of her person, which we detest too much even to mention; and revenge itself was not without its share in the gratifications which he promised himself. The rivalling poor Jones, and supplanting him in her affections, added another spur to his pursuit, and promised another additional rapture to his enjoyment.

Besides all these views, which to some scrupulous persons may seem to savour too much of malevolence, he had one prospect, which few readers will regard with any great abhorrence. And this was the estate of Mr. Western; which was all to be settled on his daughter and her issue; for so extravagant was the affection of that fond parent, that, provided his child would but consent to be miserable with the husband he chose, he cared not at what price he purchased him.

For these reasons Mr. Blifil was so desirous of the match that he intended to deceive Sophia, by pretending love to her; and to deceive her father and his own uncle, by pretending he was beloved by her. In doing this he availed himself of the piety of Thwackum, who held, that if the end proposed was religious (as surely matrimony is), it mattered not how wicked were the means. As to other occasions, he used to apply the philosophy of Square, which taught, that the end was immaterial, so that the means were fair and consistent with moral rectitude. To say truth, there were few occurrences in life on which he could not draw advantage from the precepts of one or other of those great masters.

Little deceit was indeed necessary to be practised on Mr. Western; who thought the inclinations of his daughter of as little consequence as Blifil himself conceived them to be; but as the sentiments of Mr. Allworthy were of a very different kind, so it was absolutely necessary to impose on him. In this, however, Blifil was so well assisted by Western, that he succeeded without difficulty; for as Mr. Allworthy had been assured by her father that Sophia had a proper affection for Blifil, and that all which he had suspected concerning Jones was entirely false, Blifil had nothing more to do than to confirm these assertions; which he did with such equivocations, that he preserved a salvo for his conscience; and had the satisfaction of conveying a lie to his uncle, without the guilt of telling one. When he was examined touching the inclinations of Sophia by Allworthy, who said, "He would on no account be accessary to forcing a young lady into a marriage contrary to her own will;" he answered, "That the real sentiments of young ladies were very difficult to be understood; that her behaviour to him was full as forward as he wished it, and that if he could believe her father, she had all the affection for him which any lover could desire. As for Jones," said he, "whom I am loth to call villain, though his behaviour to you, sir, sufficiently justifies the appellation, his own vanity, or perhaps some wicked views,

might make him boast of a falsehood ; for if there had been any reality in miss Western's love to him, the greatness of her fortune would never have suffered him to desert her, as you are well informed he hath. Lastly, sir, I promise you I would not myself, for any consideration, no, not for the whole world, consent to marry this young lady, if I was not persuaded she had all the passion for me which I desire she should have."

This excellent method of conveying a falsehood with the heart only, without making the tongue guilty of an untruth, by the means of equivocation and imposture, hath quieted the conscience of many a notable deceiver; and yet, when we consider that it is Omniscience on which these endeavour to impose, it may possibly seem capable of affording only a very superficial comfort; and that this artful and refined distinction between communicating a lie, and telling one, is hardly worth the pains it costs them.

Allworthy was pretty well satisfied with what Mr. Western and Mr. Blifil told him; and the treaty was now, at the end of two days, concluded. Nothing then remained previous to the office of the priest, but the office of the lawyers, which threatened to take up so much time, that Western offered to bind himself by all manner of covenants, rather than defer the happiness of the young couple. Indeed, he was so very earnest and pressing, that an indifferent person might have concluded he was more a principal in this match than he really was; but this eagerness was natural to him on all occasions; and he conducted every scheme he undertook in such a manner, as if the success of that alone was sufficient to constitute the whole happiness of his life.

The joint importunities of both father and son-in-law would probably have prevailed on Mr. Allworthy, who brooked but ill any delay of giving happiness to others, had not Sophia herself prevented it, and taken measures to put a final end to the whole treaty, and to rob both church and law of those taxes which these wise bodies have thought proper to receive from the propagation of the human species in a lawful manner. Of which in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

A strange resolution of Sophia, and a more strange stratagem of Mrs. Honour.

THOUGH Mrs. Honour was principally attached to her own interest, she was not without some little attachment to Sophia. To say truth, it was very difficult for any one to know that young lady without loving her. She therefore no sooner heard a piece of news, which she imagined to be of great importance to her mistress, than, quite forgetting the anger which she had conceived two days before, at her unpleasant dismissal from Sophia's presence, she ran hastily to inform her of the news.

The beginning of her discourse was as abrupt as her entrance into the room. "O dear ma'am!" says she, "what doth your la'ship think? To be sure I am frightened out of my wits; and yet I thought it my duty to tell your la'ship, though perhaps it may make you angry, for we servants don't always know what will make our ladies angry; for, to be sure, everything is always laid to the charge of a servant. When our ladies are out of humour, to be sure we must be scolded; and to be sure I should not wonder if your la'ship should be out of humour; nay, it must surprise you certainly, ay, and shock you too."—"Good Honour, let me know it without any longer preface," says Sophia; "there are few things, I promise you, which will surprise, and

fewer which will shock me."—"Dear ma'am," answered Honour, "to be sure, I overheard my master talking to parson Supple about getting a licence this very afternoon; and to be sure I heard him say, your la'ship should be married to-morrow morning." Sophia turned pale at these words, and repeated eagerly "to-morrow morning!"—"Yes, ma'am," replied the trusty waiting-woman, "I will take my oath I heard my master say so."—"Honour," says Sophia, "you have both surprised and shocked me to such a degree that I have scarce any breath or spirits left. What is to be done in my dreadful situation?"—"I wish I was able to advise your la'ship," says she. "Do advise me," cried Sophia; "pray, dear Honour, advise me. Think what you would attempt if it was your own case."—"Indeed, ma'am," cries Honour, "I wish your la'ship and I could change situations; that is, I mean without hurting your la'ship; for to be sure I don't wish you so bad as to be a servant; but because that if so be it was my case, I should find no manner of difficulty in it; for, in my poor opinion, young squire Blifil is a charming, sweet, handsome man."—"Don't mention such stuff," cries Sophia. "Such stuff!" repeated Honour; "why, there. Well, to be sure, what's one man's meat is another man's poison, and the same is altogether as true of women."—"Honour," says Sophia, "rather than submit to be the wife of that contemptible wretch, I would plunge a dagger into my heart."—"O lud, ma'am!" answered the other, "I am sure you frighten me out of my wits now. Let me beseech your la'ship not to suffer such wicked thoughts to come into your head. O lud! to be sure I tremble every inch of me. Dear ma'am, consider, that to be denied christian burial, and to have your corpse buried in the highway, and a stake drove through you, as farmer Halfpenny was served at Ox Cross; and, to be sure, his ghost hath walked there ever since, for several people have seen him. To be sure it can be nothing but the devil which can put such wicked thoughts into the head of anybody; for certainly it is less wicked to hurt all the world than one's own dear self; and so I have heard said by more parsons than one. If your la'ship hath such a violent aversion, and hates the young gentleman so very bad, that you can't bear to think of going into bed to him; for to be sure there may be such antipathies in nature, and one had lieverer touch a toad than the flesh of some people."—

Sophia had been too much wrapt in contemplation to pay any great attention to the foregoing excellent discourse of her maid; interrupting her therefore, without making any answer to it, she said, "Honour, I am come to a resolution. I am determined to leave my father's house this very night; and if you have the friendship for me which you have often professed, you will keep me company."—"That I will, ma'am, to the world's end," answered Honour; "but I beg your la'ship to consider the consequence before you undertake any rash action. Where can your la'ship possibly go?"—"There is," replied Sophia, "a lady of quality in London, a relation of mine, who spent several months with my aunt in the country; during all which time she treated me with great kindness, and expressed so much pleasure in my company, that she earnestly desired my aunt to suffer me to go with her to London. As she is a woman of very great note, I shall easily find her out, and I make no doubt of being very well and kindly received by her."—"I would not have your la'ship too confident of that," cries Honour; "for the first lady I lived with used to invite people very earnestly to her house; but if she heard

afterwards they were coming she used to get out of the way. Besides, though this lady would be very glad to see your la'ship, as to be sure any body would be glad to see your la'ship, yet when she hears your la'ship is run away from my master—"You are mistaken, Honour," says Sophia: "she looks upon the authority of a father in a much lower light than I do; for she pressed me violently to go to London with her, and when I refused to go without my father's consent, she laughed me to scorn, called me silly country girl, and said, I should make a pure loving wife, since I could be so dutiful a daughter. So I have no doubt but she will both receive me and protect me too, till my father, finding me out of his power, can be brought to some reason."

"Well, but, ma'am," answered Honour, "how doth your la'ship think of making your escape? Where will you get any horses or conveyance? For as for your own horse, as all the servants know a little how matters stand between my master and your la'ship, Robin will be hanged before he will suffer it to go out of the stable without my master's express orders." "I intend to escape," said Sophia, "by walking out of the doors when they are open. I thank heaven my legs are very able to carry me. They have supported me many a long evening after a fiddle, with no very agreeable partner: and surely they will assist me in running from so detestable a partner for life."—"Oh heaven, ma'am! doth your la'ship know what you are saying?" cries Honour; "would you think of walking about the country by night and alone?"—"Not alone," answered the lady; "you have promised to bear me company."—"Yes, to be sure," cries Honour, "I will follow your la'ship through the world; but your la'ship had almost as good be alone; for I should not be able to defend you, if any robbers, or other villains, should meet with you. Nay, I should be in as horrible a fright as your la'ship; for to be certain, they would ravish us both. Besides, ma'am, consider how cold the nights are now: we shall be frozen to death."—"A good brisk pace," answered Sophia, "will preserve us from the cold; and if you cannot defend me from a villain, Honour, I will defend you; for I will take a pistol with me. There are two always charged in the hall."—"Dear ma'am, you frighten me more and more," cries Honour: "sure your la'ship would not venture to fire it off! I had rather run any chance than your la'ship should do that."—"Why so?" says Sophia, smiling: "would not you, Honour, fire a pistol at any one who should attack your virtue?"—"To be sure, ma'am," cries Honour, "one's virtue is a dear thing, especially to us poor servants; for it is our livelihood, as a body may say: yet I mortally hate fire-arms; for so many accidents happen by them."—"Well, well," says Sophia, "I believe I may ensure your virtue at a very cheap rate, without carrying any arms with us; for I intend to take horses at the very first town we come to, and we shall hardly be attacked in our way thither. Look'ee, Honour, I am resolved to go; and if you will attend me, I promise you I will reward you to the very utmost of my power."

This last argument had a stronger effect on Honour than all the preceding. And since she saw her mistress so determined, she desisted from any further dissuasions. They then entered into a debate on ways and means of executing their project. Here a very stubborn difficulty occurred, and this was the removal of their effects, which was much more easily got over by the mistress than by the

maid; for when a lady hath once taken a resolution to run to a lover, or to run from him, all obstacles are considered as trifles. But Honour was inspired by no such motive; she had no raptures to expect, nor any terrors to shun; and besides the real value of her clothes, in which consisted a great part of her fortune, she had a capricious fondness for several gowns, and other things; either because they became her, or because they were given her by such a particular person; because she had bought them lately, or because she had had them long; or for some other reason equally good; so that she could not endure the thoughts of leaving the poor things behind her exposed to the mercy of Western, who, she doubted not, would in his rage make them suffer martyrdom.

The ingenious Mrs. Honour having applied all her oratory to dissuade her mistress from her purpose, when she found her positively determined, at last started the following expedient to remove her clothes, viz., to get herself turned out of doors that very evening. Sophia highly approved this method, but doubted how it might be brought about. "O, ma'am," cries Honour, "your la'ship may trust that to me; we servants very well know how to obtain this favour of our masters and mistresses; though sometimes, indeed, where they owe us more wages than they can readily pay, they will put up with all our affronts, and will hardly take any warning we can give them; but the squire is none of those; and since your la'ship is resolved upon setting out to-night, I warrant I get discharged this afternoon." It was then resolved that she should pack up some linen and a night-gown for Sophia, with her own things; and as for all her other clothes, the young lady abandoned them with no more remorse than the sailor feels when he throws over the goods of others, in order to save his own life.

CHAPTER VIII.

Containing scenes of altercation, of no very uncommon kind.

MRS. HONOUR had scarce sooner parted from her young lady, than something (for I would not, like the old woman in Quivedo, injure the devil by any false accusation, and possibly he might have no hand in it),—but something, I say, suggested itself to her, that by sacrificing Sophia and all her secrets to Mr. Western, she might probably make her fortune. Many considerations urged this discovery. The fair prospect of a handsome reward for so great and acceptable a service to the squire, tempted her avarice; and again, the danger of the enterprise she had undertaken; the uncertainty of its success; night, cold, robbers, ravishers, all alarmed her fears. So forcibly did all these operate upon her, that she was almost determined to go directly to the squire, and lay open the whole affair. She was, however, too upright a judge to decree on one side, before she had heard the other. And here, first, a journey to London appeared very strongly in support of Sophia. She eagerly longed to see a place in which she fancied charms short only of those which a raptured saint imagines in heaven. In the next place, as she knew Sophia to have much more generosity than her master, so her fidelity promised her a greater reward than she could gain by treachery. She then cross-examined all the articles which had raised her fears, on the other side, and found, on fairly sifting the matter, that there was very little in them. And now both scales being reduced to a pretty even balance, her love to her mistress being

thrown into the scale of her integrity, made that rather preponderate, when a circumstance struck upon her imagination which might have had a dangerous effect, had its whole weight been fairly put into the other scale. This was the length of time which must intervene before Sophia would be able to fulfil her promises; for though she was entitled to her mother's fortune at the death of her father, and to the sum of 3000*l.* left her by an uncle when she came of age; yet these were distant days, and many accidents might prevent the intended generosity of the young lady; whereas the rewards she might expect from Mr. Western were immediate. But while she was pursuing this thought the good genius of Sophia, or that which presided over the integrity of Mrs. Honour, or perhaps mere chance, sent an accident in her way, which at once preserved her fidelity, and even facilitated the intended business.

Mrs. Western's maid claimed great superiority over Mrs. Honour on several accounts. First, her birth was higher; for her great-grandmother by the mother's side was a cousin, not far removed, to an Irish peer. Secondly, her wages were greater. And lastly, she had been at London, and had of consequence seen more of the world. She had always behaved, therefore, to Mrs. Honour with that reserve, and had always exacted of her those marks of distinction, which every order of females preserves and requires in conversation with those of an inferior order. Now as Honour did not at all times agree with this doctrine, but would frequently break in upon the respect which the other demanded, Mrs. Western's maid was not at all pleased with her company; indeed, she earnestly longed to return home to the house of her mistress, where she domineered at will over all the other servants. She had been greatly, therefore, disappointed in the morning, when Mrs. Western had changed her mind on the very point of departure; and had been in what is vulgarly called a glouting humour ever since.

In this humour, which was none of the sweetest, she came into the room where Honour was debating with herself in the manner we have above related. Honour no sooner saw her, than she addressed her in the following obliging phrase: "Soh, madam, I find we are to have the pleasure of your company longer, which I was afraid the quarrel between my master and your lady would have robbed us of."—"I don't know, madam," answered the other, "what you mean by we and us. I assure you I do not look on any of the servants in this house to be proper company for me. I am company, I hope, for their betters every day in the week. I do not speak on your account, Mrs. Honour; for you are a civilised young woman; and when you have seen a little more of the world, I should not be ashamed to walk with you in St. James's Park."—"Hoity toity!" cries Honour, "madam is in her airs, I protest. Mrs. Honour, forsooth! sure, madam, you might call me by my surname; for though my lady calls me Honour, I have a surname as well as other folks. Ashamed to walk with me, quotha! marry, as good as yourself, I hope."—"Since you make such a return to my civility," said the other, "I must acquaint you, Mrs. Honour, that you are not so good as me. In the country, indeed, one is obliged to take up with all kind of trumpery; but in town I visit none but the women of quality. Indeed, Mrs. Honour, there is some difference, I hope between you and me."—"I hope so too," answered Honour: there is some difference in our ages, and—I think in our persons." Upon speaking which last words, she

strutted by Mrs. Western's maid with the most provoking air of contempt; turning up her nose, tossing her head, and violently brushing the hoop of her competitor with her own. The other lady put on one of her most malicious sneers, and said, "Creature! you are below my anger; and it is beneath me to give ill words to such an audacious saucy trollop; but, hussy, I must tell you, your breeding shows the meanness of your birth as well as of your education; and both very properly qualify you to be the mean serving woman of a country girl."—"Don't abuse my lady," cries Honour: "I won't take that of you; she's as much better than yours as she is younger, and ten thousand times more handsomer."

Here ill luck, or rather good luck, sent Mrs. Western to see her maid in tears, which began to flow plentifully at her approach; and of which being asked the reason by her mistress, she presently acquainted her that her tears were occasioned by the rude treatment of that creature there—meaning Honour. "And, madam," continued she, "I could have despised all she said to me; but she hath had the audacity to affront your ladyship, and to call you ugly—Yes, madam, she called you ugly old cat, to my face. I could not bear to hear your ladyship called ugly."—"Why do you repeat her impudence so often?" said Mrs. Western. And then turning to Mrs. Honour, she asked her "How she had the assurance to mention her name with disrespect?"—"Disrespect, madam!" answered Honour; "I never mentioned your name at all: I said somebody was not as handsome as my mistress, and to be sure you know that as well as I."—"Hussy," replied the lady, "I will make such a saucy trollop as yourself know that I am not a proper subject of your discourse. And if my brother doth not discharge you this moment, I will never sleep in his house again. I will find him out, and have you discharged this moment."—"Discharged!" cries Honour; "and suppose I am: there are more places in the world than one. Thank heaven, good servants need not want places; and if you turn away all who do not think you handsome, you will want servants very soon; let me tell you that."

Mrs. Western spoke, or rather thundered, in answer; but as she was hardly articulate, we cannot be very certain of the identical words; we shall therefore omit inserting a speech which at best would not greatly redound to her honour. She then departed in search of her brother, with a countenance so full of rage, that she resembled one of the furies rather than a human creature.

The two chambermaids being again left alone, began a second bout at altercation, which soon produced a combat of a more active kind. In this the victory belonged to the lady of inferior rank, but not without some loss of blood, of hair, and of lawn and muslin.

CHAPTER IX.

The wise demeanour of Mr. Western in the character of a magistrate. A hint to justices of peace, concerning the necessary qualifications of a clerk; with extraordinary instances of paternal madness and filial affection.

LOGICIANS sometimes prove too much by an argument, and politicians often overreach themselves in a scheme. Thus had it like to have happened to Mrs. Honour, who, instead of recovering the rest of her clothes, had liked to have stopped even those she had on her back from escaping; for the squire no sooner heard of her having abused his sister, than

he swore twenty oaths he would send her to Bridewell.

Mrs. Western was a very good-natured woman, and ordinarily of a forgiving temper. She had lately remitted the trespass of a stage-coachman, who had overturned her postchaise into a ditch; nay, she had even broken the law, in refusing to prosecute a highwayman who had robbed her, not only of a sum of money, but of her ear-rings; at the same time d—ning her, and saying, "Such handsome b—s as you don't want jewels to set them off, and be d—n'd to you." But now, so uncertain are our tempers, and so much do we at different times differ from ourselves, she would hear of no mitigation; nor could all the affected penitence of Honour, nor all the entreaties of Sophia for her own servant, prevail with her to desist from earnestly desiring her brother to execute justiceship (for it was indeed a syllable more than justice) on the wench.

But luckily the clerk had a qualification, which no clerk to a justice of peace ought ever to be without, namely, some understanding in the law of this realm. He therefore whispered in the ear of the justice that he would exceed his authority by committing the girl to Bridewell, as there had been no attempt to break the peace; "for I am afraid, sir," says he, "you cannot legally commit any one to Bridewell only for ill-breeding."

In matters of high importance, particularly in cases relating to the game, the justice was not always attentive to these admonitions of his clerk; for, indeed, in executing the laws under that head, many justices of peace suppose they have a large discretionary power, by virtue of which, under the notion of searching for and taking away engines for the destruction of the game, they often commit trespasses, and sometimes felony, at their pleasure.

But this offence was not of quite so high a nature, nor so dangerous to the society. Here, therefore, the justice behaved with some attention to the advice of his clerk; for, in fact, he had already had two informations exhibited against him in the king's bench, and had no curiosity to try a third.

The squire, therefore, putting on a most wise and significant countenance, after a preface of several hums and hahs, told his sister, that upon more mature deliberation, he was of opinion, that "as there was no breaking up of the peace, such as the law," says he, "calls breaking open a door, or breaking a hedge, or breaking a head, or any such sort of breaking, the matter did not amount to a felonious kind of a thing, nor trespasses, nor damages, and, therefore, there was no punishment in the law for it."

Mrs. Western said, "she knew the law much better; that she had known servants very severely punished for affronting their masters;" and then named a certain justice of the peace in London, "who," she said, "would commit a servant to Bridewell at any time when a master or mistress desired it."

"Like enough," cries the squire; "it may be so in London; but the law is different in the country." Here followed a very learned dispute between the brother and sister concerning the law, which we would insert, if we imagined many of our readers could understand it. This was, however, at length referred by both parties to the clerk, who decided it in favour of the magistrate; and Mrs. Western was, in the end, obliged to content herself with the satisfaction of having Honour turned away; to which Sophia herself very readily and cheerfully consented.

Thus Fortune, after having diverted herself, according to custom, with two or three frolics, at last

disposed all matters to the advantage of our heroine; who indeed succeeded admirably well in her deceit, considering it was the first she had ever practised. And, to say the truth, I have often concluded, that the honest part of mankind would be much too hard for the knavish, if they could bring themselves to incur the guilt, or thought it worth their while to take the trouble.

Honour acted her part to the utmost perfection. She no sooner saw herself secure from all danger of Bridewell, a word which had raised most horrible ideas in her mind, than she resumed those airs which her terrors before had a little abated; and laid down her place, with as much affectation of content, and indeed of contempt, as was ever practised at the resignation of places of much greater importance. If the reader pleases, therefore, we choose rather to say she resigned—which hath, indeed, been always held a synonymous expression with being turned out, or turned away.

Mr. Western ordered her to be very expeditious in packing; for his sister declared she would not sleep another night under the same roof with so impudent a slut. To work therefore she went, and that so earnestly, that everything was ready early in the evening; when, having received her wages, away packed she, bag and baggage, to the great satisfaction of every one, but of none more than of Sophia; who, having appointed her maid to meet her at a certain place not far from the house, exactly at the dreadful and ghostly hour of twelve, began to prepare for her own departure.

But first she was obliged to give two painful audiences, the one to her aunt, and the other to her father. In these Mrs. Western herself began to talk to her in a more peremptory style than before: but her father treated her in so violent and outrageous a manner, that he frightened her into an affected compliance with his will; which so highly pleased the good squire, that he changed his frowns into smiles, and his menaces into promises: he vowed his whole soul was wrapt in hers; that her consent (for so he construed the words, "you know, sir, I must not, nor can, refuse to obey any absolute command of yours") had made him the happiest of mankind. He then gave her a large bank bill to dispose of in any trinkets she pleased, and kissed and embraced her in the fondest manner, while tears of joy trickled from those eyes which a few moments before had darted fire and rage against the dear object of all his affection.

Instances of this behaviour in parents are so common, that the reader, I doubt not, will be very little astonished at the whole conduct of Mr. Western. If he should, I own I am not able to account for it; since that he loved his daughter most tenderly, is, I think, beyond dispute. So indeed have many others, who have rendered their children most completely miserable by the same conduct; which, though it is almost universal in parents, hath always appeared to me to be the most unaccountable of all the absurdities which ever entered into the brain of that strange prodigious creature man.

The latter part of Mr. Western's behaviour had so strong an effect on the tender heart of Sophia, that it suggested a thought to her, which not all the sophistry of her politic aunt, nor all the menaces of her father, had ever once brought into her head. She revered her father so piously, and loved him so passionately, that she had scarce ever felt more pleasing sensations, than what arose from the share she frequently had of contributing to his amusement, and sometimes, perhaps, to higher gratifications; for he never could contain the delight of

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hearing her commended, which he had the satisfaction of hearing almost every day of her life. The idea, therefore, of the immense happiness she should convey to her father by her consent to this match, made a strong impression on her mind. Again, the extreme piety of such an act of obedience worked very forcibly, as she had a very deep sense of religion. Lastly, when she reflected how much she herself was to suffer, being indeed to become little less than a sacrifice, or a martyr, to filial love and duty, she felt an agreeable tickling in a certain little passion, which though it bears no immediate affinity either to religion or virtue, is often so kind as to lend great assistance in executing the purposes of both.

Sophia was charmed with the contemplation of so heroic an action, and began to compliment herself with much premature flattery, when Cupid, who lay hid in the muff, suddenly crept out, and like Punchinello in a puppet-show, kicked all out before him. In truth (for we scorn to deceive our reader, or to vindicate the character of our heroine by ascribing her actions to supernatural impulse) the thoughts of her beloved Jones, and some hopes (however distant) in which he was very particularly concerned, immediately destroyed all which filial love, piety, and pride had, with their joint endeavours, been labouring to bring about.

But before we proceed any farther with Sophia, we must now look back to Mr. Jones.

CHAPTER X.

Containing several matters, natural enough perhaps, but low. THE reader will be pleased to remember, that we left Mr. Jones, in the beginning of this book, on his road to Bristol; being determined to seek his fortune at sea, or rather, indeed, to fly away from his fortune on shore.

It happened (a thing not very unusual), that the guide who undertook to conduct him on his way, was unluckily unacquainted with the road; so that having missed his right track, and being ashamed to ask information, he rambled about backwards and forwards till night came on, and it began to grow dark. Jones suspecting what had happened, acquainted the guide with his apprehensions; but he insisted on it, that they were in the right road, and added, it would be very strange if he should not know the road to Bristol; though, in reality, it would have been much stranger if he had known it, having never passed through it in his life before.

Jones had not such implicit faith in his guide, but that on their arrival at a village he inquired of the first fellow he saw, whether they were in the road to Bristol. "Whence did you come?" cries the fellow. "No matter," says Jones, a little hastily; "I want to know if this be the road to Bristol?"—"The road to Bristol!" cries the fellow, scratching his head: "Why, measter, I believe you will hardly get to Bristol this way to-night."—"Prithee, friend, then," answered Jones, "do tell us which is the way."—"Why, measter," cries the fellow, "you must be come out of your road the Lord knows whither; for thick way goeth to Gloucester."—"Well, and which way goes to Bristol?" said Jones. "Why, you be going away from Bristol," answered the fellow. "Then," said Jones, "we must go back again?"—"Ay, you must," said the fellow. "Well, and when we come back to the top of the hill, which way must we take?"—"Why, you must keep the straight road."—"But I remember there are two roads, one to the right and the other to the left."—"Why, you must keep the right-

hand road, and then go straight vorwards; only remember to turn vurst to your right, and then to your left again, and then to your right, that brings you to the squire's; and then you must keep straight vorwards, and turn to the left."

Another fellow now came up, and asked which way the gentlemen were going; of which being informed by Jones, he first scratched his head, and then leaning upon a pole he had in his hand, began to tell him, "That he must keep the right-hand road for about a mile, or a mile and a half, or such a matter, and then he must turn short to the left, which would bring him round by measter Jin Bearn's."—"But which is Mr. John Bearn's?" says Jones. "O Lord!" cries the fellow, "why, don't you know measter Jin Bearn's? Whence then did you come?"

These two fellows had almost conquered the patience of Jones, when a plain well-looking man (who was indeed a quaker) accosted him thus: "Friend, I perceive thou hast lost thy way; and if thou wilt take my advice, thou wilt not attempt to find it to-night. It is almost dark, and the road is difficult to hit; besides, there have been several robberies committed lately between this and Bristol. Here is a very creditable good house just by, where thou mayest find good entertainment for thyself and thy cattle till morning." Jones, after a little persuasion, agreed to stay in this place till the morning, and was conducted by his friend to the public-house.

The landlord, who was a very civil fellow, told Jones, "he hoped he would excuse the badness of his accommodation; for that his wife was gone from home, and had locked up almost everything, and carried the keys along with her." Indeed the fact was, that a favourite daughter of hers was just married, and had gone that morning home with her husband; and that she and her mother together had almost stript the poor man of all his goods, as well as money; for though he had several children, this daughter only, who was the mother's favourite, was the object of her consideration; and to the humour of this one child she would with pleasure have sacrificed all the rest, and her husband into the bargain.

Though Jones was very unfit for any kind of company, and would have preferred being alone, yet he could not resist the importunities of the honest quaker; who was the more desirous of sitting with him, from having remarked the melancholy which appeared both in his countenance and behaviour; and which the poor quaker thought his conversation might in some measure relieve.

After they had past some time together, in such a manner that my honest friend might have thought himself at one of his silent meetings, the quaker began to be moved by some spirit or other, probably that of curiosity, and said, "Friend, I perceive some sad disaster hath befallen thee; but pray be of comfort. Perhaps thou has lost a friend. If so, thou must consider we are all mortal. And why shouldst thou grieve, when thou knowest thy grief will do thy friend no good? We are all born to affliction. I myself have my sorrow as well as thee, and most probably greater sorrows. Though I have a clear estate of 100*l.* a year, which is as much as I want, and I have a conscience, I thank the Lord, void of offence; my constitution is sound and strong, and there is no man can demand a debt of me, nor accuse me of an injury; yet, friend, I should be concerned to think thee as miserable as myself."

Here the quaker ended with a deep sigh; and Jones presently answered, "I am very sorry, sir,

for your unhappiness whatever is the occasion of it"—"Ah! friend," replied the quaker, "one only daughter is the occasion; one who was my greatest delight upon earth, and who within this week is run away from me, and is married against my consent. I had provided her a proper match, a sober man and one of substance; but she, forsooth, would choose for herself, and away she is gone with a young fellow not worth a groat. If she had been dead, as I suppose thy friend is, I should have been happy."—"That is very strange, sir," said Jones. "Why, would it not be better for her to be dead, than to be a beggar?" replied the quaker: "for, as I told you, the fellow is not worth a groat; and surely she cannot expect that I shall ever give her a shilling. No, as she hath married for love, let her live on love if she can; let her carry her love to market, and see whether any one will change it into silver, or even into halfpence."—"You know your own concerns best, sir," said Jones. "It must have been," continued the quaker, "a long premeditated scheme to cheat me: for they have known one another from their infancy; and I always preached to her against love, and told her a thousand times over it was all folly and wickedness. Nay, the cunning slut pretended to hearken to me, and to despise all wantonness of the flesh; and yet at last broke out at a window two pair of stairs: for I began, indeed, a little to suspect her, and had locked her up carefully, intending the very next morning to have married her up to my liking. But she disappointed me within a few hours, and escaped away to the lover of her own choosing; who lost no time, for they were married and bedded and all within an hour.

But it shall be the worst hour's work for them both that ever they did; for they may starve, or beg, or steal together, for me. I will never give either of them a farthing." Here Jones starting up, cried, "I really must be excused: I wish you would leave me."—"Come, come, friend," said the quaker, "don't give way to concern. You see there are other people miserable besides yourself."—"I see there are madmen, and fools, and villains in the world," cries Jones. "But let me give you a piece of advice: send for your daughter and son-in-law home, and don't be yourself the only cause of misery to one you pretend to love."—"Send for her and her husband home!" cries the quaker, loudly; "I would sooner send for the two greatest enemies I have in the world!"—"Well, go home yourself, or where you please," said Jones, "for I will sit no longer in such company."—"Nay, friend," answered the quaker, "I scorn to impose my company on any one." He then offered to pull money from his pocket, but Jones pushed him with some violence out of the room.

The subject of the quaker's discourse had so deeply affected Jones, that he stared very wildly all the time he was speaking. This the quaker had observed, and this, added to the rest of his behaviour, inspired honest Broadbrim with a conceit, that his companion was in reality out of his senses. Instead of resenting the affront, therefore, the quaker was moved with compassion for his unhappy circumstances; and having communicated his opinion to the landlord, he desired him to take great care of his guest, and to treat him with the highest civility.

"Indeed," says the landlord, "I shall use no such civility towards him; for it seems, for all his laced waistcoat there, he is no more a gentleman than myself, but a poor parish bastard, bred up at a great squire's about thirty miles off, and now turned out of doors (not for any good to be sure).

I shall get him out of my house as soon as possible. If I do lose my reckoning, the first loss is always the best. It is not above a year ago that I lost a silver spoon."

"What dost thou talk of a parish bastard, Robin?" answered the quaker. "Thou must certainly be mistaken in thy man."

"Not at all," replied Robin: "the guide, who knows him very well, told it me." For, indeed, the guide had no sooner taken his place at the kitchen fire, than he acquainted the whole company with all he knew or had ever heard concerning Jones.

The quaker was no sooner assured by this fellow of the birth and low fortune of Jones, than all compassion for him vanished; and the honest plain man went home fired with no less indignation than a duke would have felt at receiving an affront from such a person.

The landlord himself conceived an equal disdain for his guest; so that when Jones rung the bell in order to retire to bed, he was acquainted that he could have no bed there. Besides disdain of the mean condition of his guest, Robin entertained violent suspicion of his intentions, which were, he supposed, to watch some favourable opportunity of robbing the house. In reality, he might have been very well eased of these apprehensions, by the prudent precautions of his wife and daughter, who had already removed everything which was not fixed to the freehold; but he was by nature suspicious, and had been more particularly so since the loss of his spoon. In short the dread of being robbed totally absorbed the comfortable consideration that he had nothing to lose.

Jones being assured that he could have no bed, very contentedly betook himself to a great chair made with rushes, when sleep, which had lately shunned his company in much better apartments, generously paid him a visit in his humble cell.

As for the landlord, he was prevented by his fears from retiring to rest. He returned therefore to the kitchen fire, whence he could survey the only door which opened into the parlour, or rather hole, where Jones was seated; and as for the window to that room, it was impossible for any creature larger than a cat to have made his escape through it.

CHAPTER XI.

The adventure of a company of soldiers.

THE landlord having taken his seat directly opposite to the door of the parlour, determined to keep guard there the whole night. The guide and another fellow remained long on duty with him, though they neither knew his suspicions, nor had any of their own. The true cause of their watching did, indeed, at length, put an end to it; for this was no other than the strength and goodness of the beer, of which having tippled a very large quantity, they grew at first very noisy and vociferous, and afterwards fell both asleep.

But it was not in the power of liquor to compose the fears of Robin. He continued still waking in his chair, with his eyes fixed stedfastly on the door which led into the apartment of Mr. Jones, till a violent thundering at his outward gate called him from his seat, and obliged him to open it; which he had no sooner done, than his kitchen was immediately full of gentlemen in red coats, who all rushed upon him in as tumultuous a manner as if they intended to take his little castle by storm.

The landlord was now forced from his post to furnish his numerous guests with beer, which they

called for with great eagerness; and upon his second or third return from the cellar, he saw Mr. Jones standing before the fire in the midst of the soldiers; for it may easily be believed, that the arrival of so much good company should put an end to any sleep, unless that from which we are to be awakened only by the last trumpet.

The company having now pretty well satisfied their thirst, nothing remained but to pay the reckoning, a circumstance often productive of much mischief and discontent among the inferior rank of gentry, who are apt to find great difficulty in assessing the sum, with exact regard to distributive justice, which directs that every man shall pay according to the quantity which he drinks. This difficulty occurred upon the present occasion; and it was the greater, as some gentlemen had, in their extreme hurry, marched off, after their first draught, and had entirely forgot to contribute any thing towards the said reckoning.

A violent dispute now arose, in which every word may be said to have been deposed upon oath; for the oaths were at least equal to all the other words spoken. In this controversy the whole company spoke together, and every man seemed wholly bent to extenuate the sum which fell to his share; so that the most probable conclusion which could be foreseen was, that a large portion of the reckoning would fall to the landlord's share to pay, or (what is much the same thing) would remain unpaid.

All this while Mr. Jones was engaged in conversation with the serjeant; for that officer was entirely unconcerned in the present dispute, being privileged by immemorial custom from all contribution.

The dispute now grew so very warm that it seemed to draw towards a military decision, when Jones stepping forward, silenced all their clamours at once, by declaring that he would pay the whole reckoning, which indeed amounted to no more than three shillings and fourpence.

This declaration procured Jones the thanks and applause of the whole company. The terms honourable, noble, and worthy gentleman, resounded through the room; nay, my landlord himself began to have a better opinion of him, and almost to disbelieve the account which the guide had given.

The serjeant had informed Mr. Jones that they were marching against the rebels, and expected to be commanded by the glorious duke of Cumberland. By which the reader may perceive (a circumstance which we have not thought necessary to communicate before) that this was the very time when the late rebellion was at the highest; and indeed the banditti were now marched into England, intending, as it was thought, to fight the king's forces, and to attempt pushing forward to the metropolis.

Jones had some heroic ingredients in his composition, and was a hearty well-wisher to the glorious cause of liberty, and of the protestant religion. It is no wonder, therefore, that in circumstances which would have warranted a much more romantic and wild undertaking, it should occur to him to serve as a volunteer in this expedition.

Our commanding officer had said all in his power to encourage and promote this good disposition, from the first moment he had been acquainted with it. He now proclaimed the noble resolution aloud, which was received with great pleasure by the whole company, who all cried out, "God bless king George and your honour;" and then added, with many oaths, "We will stand by you both to the last drops of our blood."

The gentleman who had been all night tippling at the alehouse, was prevailed on by some arguments

which a corporal had put into his hand, to undertake the same expedition. And now the portmanteau belonging to Mr. Jones being put up in the baggage-cart, the forces were about to move forwards; when the guide, stepping up to Jones, said, "Sir, I hope you will consider that the horses have been kept out all night, and we have travelled a great ways out of our way." Jones was surprised at the impudence of this demand, and acquainted the soldiers with the merits of his cause, who were all unanimous in condemning the guide for his endeavours to put upon a gentleman. Some said, he ought to be tied neck and heels; others that he deserved to run the gantlope; and the serjeant shook his cane at him, and wished he had him under his command, swearing heartily he would make an example of him.

Jones contented himself however with a negative punishment, and walked off with his new comrades, leaving the guide to the poor revenge of cursing and reviling him; in which latter the landlord joined, saying, "Ay, ay, he is a pure one, I warrant you. A pretty gentleman, indeed, to go for a soldier! He shall wear a laced waistcoat truly. It is an old proverb and a true one, All is not gold that glisters. I am glad my house is well rid of him."

All that day the serjeant and the young soldier marched together; and the former, who was an arch fellow, told the latter many entertaining stories of his campaigns, though in reality he had never made any; for he was but lately come into the service, and had, by his own dexterity, so well ingratiated himself with his officers, that he had promoted himself to a halberd; chiefly indeed by his merit in recruiting, in which he was most excellently well skilled.

Much mirth and festivity passed among the soldiers during their march. In which the many occurrences that had passed at their last quarters were remembered, and every one, with great freedom, made what jokes he pleased on his officers, some of which were of the coarser kind, and very near bordering on scandal. This brought to our hero's mind the custom which he had read of among the Greeks and Romans, of indulging, on certain festivals and solemn occasions, the liberty to slaves, of using an uncontrolled freedom of speech towards their masters.

Our little army, which consisted of two companies of foot, were now arrived at the place where they were to halt that evening. The serjeant then acquainted his lieutenant, who was the commanding officer, that they had picked up two fellows in that day's march, one of which, he said, was as fine a man as ever he saw (meaning the tippler), for that he was near six feet, well proportioned, and strongly limbed; and the other (meaning Jones) would do well enough for the rear rank.

The new soldiers were now produced before the officer, who having examined the six-foot man, he being first produced, came next to survey Jones: at the first sight of whom, the lieutenant could not help showing some surprise; for besides that he was very well dressed, and was naturally genteel, he had a remarkable air of dignity in his look, which is rarely seen among the vulgar, and is indeed not inseparably annexed to the features of their superiors.

"Sir," said the lieutenant, "my serjeant informs me that you are desirous of enlisting in the company I have at present under my command; if so, sir, we shall very gladly receive a gentleman who promises to do much honour to the company by bearing arms in it."

Jones answered: "That he had not mentioned anything of enlisting himself; that he was most

zealously attached to the glorious cause for which they were going to fight, and was very desirous of serving as a volunteer;" concluding with some compliments to the lieutenant, and expressing the great satisfaction he should have in being under his command.

The lieutenant returned his civility, commended his resolution, shook him by the hand, and invited him to dine with himself and the rest of the officers.

CHAPTER XII.

The adventure of a company of officers.

THE lieutenant, whom we mentioned in the preceding chapter, and who commanded this party, was now near sixty years of age. He had entered very young into the army, and had served in the capacity of an ensign at the battle of Tannieres; here he had received two wounds, and had so well distinguished himself, that he was by the Duke of Marlborough advanced to be a lieutenant, immediately after that battle.

In this commission he had continued ever since, viz., near forty years; during which time he had seen vast numbers preferred over his head, and had now the mortification of being commanded by boys, whose fathers were at nurse when he first entered into the service.

Nor was this ill success in his profession solely owing to his having no friends among the men in power. He had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of his colonel, who for many years continued in the command of this regiment. Nor did he owe the implacable ill-will which this man bore him to any neglect or deficiency as an officer, nor indeed to any fault in himself; but solely to the indiscretion of his wife, who was a very beautiful woman, and who, though she was remarkably fond of her husband, would not purchase his preferment at the expense of certain favours which the colonel required of her.

The poor lieutenant was more peculiarly unhappy in this, that while he felt the effects of the enmity of his colonel, he neither knew, nor suspected, that he really bore him any; for he could not suspect an ill-will for which he was not conscious of giving any cause; and his wife, fearing what her husband's nice regard to his honour might have occasioned, contented herself with preserving her virtue without enjoying the triumphs of her conquest.

This unfortunate officer (for so I think he may be called) had many good qualities, besides his merit in his profession; for he was a religious, honest, good-natured man; and had behaved so well in his command, that he was highly esteemed and beloved not only by the soldiers of his own company, but by the whole regiment.

The other officers who marched with him were a French lieutenant, who had been long enough out of France to forget his own language, but not long enough in England to learn ours, so that he really spoke no language at all, and could barely make himself understood on the most ordinary occasions. There were likewise two ensigns, both very young fellows; one of whom had been bred under an attorney, and the other was son to the wife of a nobleman's butler.

As soon as dinner was ended, Jones informed the company of the merriment which had passed among the soldiers upon their march; "and yet," says he, "notwithstanding all their vociferation, I dare swear they will behave more like Grecians than Trojans when they come to the enemy."—"Grecians and Trojans!" says one of the ensigns, "who the

devil are they? I have heard of all the troops in Europe, but never of any such as these."

"Don't pretend to more ignorance than you have, Mr. Northerton," said the worthy lieutenant. "I suppose you have heard of the Greeks and Trojans, though perhaps you never read Pope's Homer: who, I remember, now the gentleman mentions it, compares the march of the Trojans to the cackling of geese, and greatly commends the silence of the Grecians. And upon my honour there is great justice in the cadet's observation."

"Begar, me remember dem ver well," said the French lieutenant: "me ave read them at school in dans Madam Daciere, des Greek, des Trojan, dey fight for von woman,—ouy, ouy, me ave read all dat."

"D—n Homo with all my heart," says Northerton; "I have the marks of him on my a—yet. There's Thomas, of our regiment, always carries a Homo in his pocket; d—n me, if ever I come at it, if I don't burn it. And there's Corderius, another d—n'd son of a whore, that hath got me many a flogging."

"Then you have been at school, Mr. Northerton?" said the lieutenant.

"Ay, d—n me, have I," answered he; "the devil take my father for sending me thither! The old put wanted to make a parson of me, but d—n me, thinks I to myself, I'll nick you there, old cull; the devil a smack of your nonsense shall you ever get into me. There's Jemmy Oliver, of our regiment, he narrowly escaped being a pimp too, and that would have been a thousand pities; for d—n me if he is not one of the prettiest fellows in the whole world; but he went farther than I with the old cull, for Jemmy can neither write nor read."

"You give your friend a very good character," said the lieutenant, "and a very deserved one, I dare say. But prithee, Northerton, leave off that foolish as well as wicked custom of swearing; for you are deceived, I promise you, if you think there is wit or politeness in it. I wish, too, you would take my advice, and desist from abusing the clergy. Scandalous names, and reflections cast on any body of men, must be always unjustifiable; but especially so, when thrown on so sacred a function: for to abuse the body is to abuse the function itself; and I leave to you to judge how inconsistent such behaviour is in men who are going to fight in defence of the protestant religion."

Mr. Adderly, which was the name of the other ensign, had sat hitherto kicking his heels and humming a tune, without seeming to listen to the discourse; he now answered, "*O, Monsieur, on ne parle pas de la religion dans la guerre.*"—"Well said, Jack," cries Northerton: "if la religion was the only matter, the parsons should fight their own battles for me."

"I don't know, gentlemen," said Jones, "what may be your opinion; but I think no man can engage in a nobler cause than that of his religion; and I have observed, in the little I have read of history, that no soldiers have fought so bravely as those who have been inspired with a religious zeal: for my own part, though I love my king and country, I hope, as well as any man in it; yet the protestant interest is no small motive to my becoming a volunteer in the cause."

Northerton now winked on Adderly, and whispered to him sily, "Smoke the prig, Adderly, smoke him." Then turning to Jones, said to him, "I am very glad, sir, you have chosen our regiment to be a volunteer in; for if our parson should at any time take a cup too much, I find you can supply

his place. I presume, sir, you have been at the university; may I crave the favour to know what college?"

"Sir," answered Jones, "so far from having been at the university, I have even had the advantage of yourself, for I was never at school."

"I presumed," cries the ensign, "only upon the information of your great learning."—"Oh! sir," answered Jones, "it is as possible for a man to know something without having been at school, as it is to have been at school and to know nothing."

"Well said, young volunteer," cries the lieutenant. Upon my word, Northerton, you had better let him alone; for he will be too hard for you."

Northerton did not very well relish the sarcasm of Jones; but he thought the provocation was scarce sufficient to justify a blow, or a rascal, or scoundrel, which were the only repartees that suggested themselves. He was, therefore, silent at present; but resolved to take the first opportunity of returning the jest by abuse.

It now came to the turn of Mr. Jones to give a toast, as it is called; who could not refrain from mentioning his dear Sophia. This he did the more readily, as he imagined it utterly impossible that any one present could guess the person he meant.

But the lieutenant, who was the toast master, was not contented with Sophia only. He said, he must have her surname; upon which Jones hesitated a little, and presently after named miss Sophia Western. Ensign Northerton declared he would not drink her health in the same round with his own toast, unless somebody would vouch for her. "I knew one Sophy Western," says he, "that was lain with by half the young fellows at Bath; and perhaps this is the same woman." Jones very solemnly assured him of the contrary; asserting that the young lady he named was one of great fashion and fortune. "Ay, ay," says the ensign, "and so she is: d—n me, it is the same woman; and I'll hold half a dozen of burgundy, Tom French of our regiment brings her into company with us at any tavern in Bridges-street." He then proceeded to describe her person exactly (for he had seen her with her aunt) and concluded with saying, "that her father had a great estate in Somersetshire."

The tenderness of lovers can ill brook the least jesting with the names of their mistresses. However, Jones, though he had enough of the lover and of the hero too in his disposition, did not resent these slanders as hastily as, perhaps, he ought to have done. To say the truth, having seen but little of this kind of wit, he did not readily understand it, and for a long time imagined Mr. Northerton had really mistaken his charmer for some other. But now, turning to the ensign with a stern aspect, he said, "Pray, sir, choose some other subject for your wit; for I promise you I will bear no jesting with this lady's character." "Jesting!" cries the other, "d—n me if ever I was more in earnest in my life. Tom French of our regiment had both her and her aunt at Bath." "Then I must tell you in earnest," cries Jones, "that you are one of the most impudent rascals upon earth."

He had no sooner spoken these words, than the ensign, together with a volley of curses, discharged a bottle full at the head of Jones, which hitting him a little above the right temple, brought him instantly to the ground.

The conqueror perceiving the enemy to lie motionless before him, and blood beginning to flow pretty plentifully from his wound, began now to think of quitting the field of battle, where no more

honour was to be gotten; but the lieutenant interposed, by stepping before the door, and thus cut off his retreat.

Northerton was very importunate with the lieutenant for his liberty; urging the ill consequences of his stay, asking him, what he could have done less? "Zounds!" says he, "I was but in jest with the fellow. I never heard any harm of miss Western in my life." "Have not you?" said the lieutenant; "then you richly deserve to be hanged, as well for making such jests, as for using such a weapon: you are my prisoner, sir; nor shall you stir from hence till a proper guard comes to secure you."

Such an ascendant had our lieutenant over this ensign, that all that fervency of courage which had levelled our poor hero with the floor, would scarce have animated the said ensign to have drawn his sword against the lieutenant, had he then had one dangling at his side: but all the swords being hung up in the room, were, at the very beginning of the fray, secured by the French officer. So that Mr. Northerton was obliged to attend the final issue of this affair.

The French gentleman and Mr. Adderly, at the desire of their commanding officer had raised up the body of Jones; but as they could perceive but little (if any) sign of life in him, they again let him fall. Adderly damning him for having blooded his waistcoat; and the Frenchman declaring, "Begar, me no tush the Engliseman de mort: me have heard de Englise lay, law, what you call, hang up de man dat tush him last."

When the good lieutenant applied himself to the door, he applied himself likewise to the bell; and the drawer immediately attending, he dispatched him for a file of musqueteers and a surgeon. These commands, together with the drawer's report of what he had himself seen, not only produced the soldiers, but presently drew up the landlord of the house, his wife, and servants, and, indeed, every one else who happened at that time to be in the inn.

To describe every particular, and to relate the whole conversation of the ensuing scene, is not within my power, unless I had forty pens, and could, at once, write with them altogether, as the company now spoke. The reader must, therefore, content himself with the most remarkable incidents, and perhaps he may very well excuse the rest.

The first thing done was securing the body of Northerton, who being delivered into the custody of six men with a corporal at their head, was by them conducted from a place which he was very willing to leave, but it was unluckily to a place whither he was very unwilling to go. To say the truth, so whimsical are the desires of ambition, the very moment this youth had attained the above-mentioned honour, he would have been well contented to have retired to some corner of the world, where the fame of it should never have reached his ears.

It surprises us, and so perhaps, it may the reader, that the lieutenant, a worthy and good man, should have applied his chief care, rather to secure the offender, than to preserve the life of the wounded person. We mention this observation, not with any view of pretending to account for so odd a behaviour, but lest some critic should hereafter plume himself on discovering it. We would have these gentlemen know we can see what is odd in characters as well as themselves, but it is our business to relate facts as they are; which, when we have done, it is the part of the learned and sagacious reader to consult that original book of nature, whence every passage in our work is transcribed, though we quote not always the particular page for its authority.

The company which now arrived were of a different disposition. They suspended their curiosity concerning the person of the ensign, till they should see him hereafter in a more engaging attitude. At present, their whole concern and attention were employed about the bloody object on the floor; which being placed upright in a chair, soon began to discover some symptoms of life and motion. These were no sooner perceived by the company (for Jones was at first generally concluded to be dead) than they all fell at once to prescribing for him (for as none of the physical order was present, every one there took that office upon him).

Bleeding was the unanimous voice of the whole room; but unluckily there was no operator at hand; every one then cried, "Call the barber;" but none stirred a step. Several cordials were likewise prescribed in the same ineffective manner; till the landlord ordered up a tankard of strong beer, with a toast, which he said was the best cordial in England.

The person principally assistant on this occasion, indeed the only one who did any service, or seemed likely to do any, was the landlady: she cut off some of her hair, and applied it to the wound to stop the blood; she fell to chafing the youth's temples with her hand; and having expressed great contempt for her husband's prescription of beer, she despatched one of her maids to her own closet for a bottle of brandy, of which, as soon as it was brought, she prevailed on Jones, who was just returned to his senses, to drink a very large and plentiful draught.

Soon afterwards arrived the surgeon, who having viewed the wound, having shaken his head, and blamed every thing which was done, ordered his patient instantly to bed; in which place we think proper to leave him some time to his repose, and shall here, therefore, put an end to this chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

Containing the great address of the landlady, the great learning of a surgeon, and the solid skill in casuistry of the worthy lieutenant.

WHEN the wounded man was carried to his bed, and the house began again to clear up from the hurry which this accident had occasioned, the landlady thus addressed the commanding officer: "I am afraid, sir," said she, "this young man did not behave himself as well as he should do to your honours; and if he had been killed, I suppose he had but his deserts: to be sure, when gentlemen admit inferior parsons into their company, they oft to keep their distance; but, as my first husband used to say, few of 'em know how to do it. For my own part, I am sure I should not have suffered any fellows to *include* themselves into gentlemen's company; but I thoft he had been an officer himself, till the serjeant told me he was but a recruit."

"Landlady," answered the lieutenant, "you mistake the whole matter. The young man behaved himself extremely well, and is, I believe, a much better gentleman than the ensign who abused him. If the young fellow dies, the man who struck him will have most reason to be sorry for it; for the regiment will get rid of a very troublesome fellow, who is a scandal to the army; and if he escapes from the hands of justice, blame me, madam, that's all."

"Ay! ay! good lack-a-day!" said the landlady; "who could have thoft it? Ay, ay, ay, I am satisfied your honour will see justice done; and to be sure it oft to be to every one. Gentlemen oft not to kill poor folks without answering for it. A poor man hath a soul to be saved, as well as his betters."

"Indeed, madam," said the lieutenant, "you do

the volunteer wrong: I dare swear he is more of a gentleman than the officer."

"Ay!" cried the landlady; "why, look you there, now: well, my first husband was a wise man; he used to say, you can't always know the inside by the outside. Nay, that might have been well enough too; for I never *saw'd* him till he was all over blood. Who would have thoft it? mayhap, some young gentleman crossed in love. Good lack-a-day, if he should die, what a concern it will be to his parents! why sure the devil must possess the wicked wretch to do such an act. To be sure, he is a scandal to the army, as your honour says; for most of the gentlemen of the army that ever I saw, are quite different sort of people, and look as if they would scorn to spill any christian blood as much as any men: I mean, that is, in a civil way, as my first husband used to say. To be sure, when they come into the wars, there must be bloodshed: but that they are not to be blamed for. The more of our enemies they kill there, the better: and I wish, with all my heart, they could kill every mother's son of them."

"O fie, madam!" said the lieutenant, smiling; "*all* is rather too bloody-minded a wish."

"Not at all, sir," answered she; "I am not at all bloody-minded, only to our enemies; and there is no harm in that. To be sure it is natural for us to wish our enemies dead, that the wars may be at an end, and our taxes be lowered; for it is a dreadful thing to pay as we do. Why now, there is above forty shillings for window-lights, and yet we have stopt up all we could; we have almost blinded the house, I am sure. Says I to the excise-man, says I, I think you oft to favour us; I am sure we are very good friends to the government: and so we are for sartain, for we pay a mint of money to 'um. And yet I often think to myself the government doth not imagine itself more obliged to us, than to those that don't pay 'um a farthing. Ay, ay, it is the way of the world."

She was proceeding in this manner when the surgeon entered the room. The lieutenant immediately asked how his patient did. But he resolved him only by saying, "Better, I believe, than he would have been by this time, if I had not been called; and even as it is, perhaps it would have been lucky if I could have been called sooner."—"I hope, sir," said the lieutenant, "the skull is not fractured."—"Hum," cries the surgeon: "fractures are not always the most dangerous symptoms. Contusions and lacerations are often attended with worse phenomena, and with more fatal consequences, than fractures. People who know nothing of the matter conclude, if the skull is not fractured, all is well; whereas, I had rather see a man's skull broke all to pieces, than some contusions I have met with."—"I hope," says the lieutenant, "there are no such symptoms here."—"Symptoms," answered the surgeon, "are not always regular nor constant. I have known very unfavourable symptoms in the morning change to favourable ones at noon, and return to unfavourable again at night. Of wounds, indeed, it is rightly and truly said, *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*. I was once, I remember, called to a patient who had received a violent contusion in his tibia, by which the exterior cutis was lacerated, so that there was a profuse sanguinary discharge; and the interior membranes were so divellicated, that the os or bone very plainly appeared through the aperture of the vulnus or wound. Some febrile symptoms intervening at the same time (for the pulse was exuberant and indicated much phlebotomy), I apprehended an imme-

diate mortification. To prevent which, I presently made a large orifice in the vein of the left arm, whence I drew twenty ounces of blood; which I expected to have found extremely sily and glutinous, or indeed coagulated, as it is in pleuretic complaints; but, to my surprise, it appeared rosy and florid, and its consistency differed little from the blood of those in perfect health. I then applied a fomentation to the part, which highly answered the intention; and after three or four times dressing, the wound began to discharge a thick pus or matter, by which means the cohesion—— But perhaps I do not make myself perfectly well understood?" — "No really," answered the lieutenant, "I cannot say I understand a syllable."—"Well, sir," said the surgeon, "then I shall not tire your patience; in short, within six weeks my patient was able to walk upon his legs as perfectly as he could have done before he received the contusion."—"I wish, sir," said the lieutenant, "you would be so kind only to inform me, whether the wound this young gentleman hath had the misfortune to receive, is likely to prove mortal."—"Sir," answered the surgeon, "to say whether a wound will prove mortal or not at first dressing, would be very weak and foolish presumption: we are all mortal, and symptoms often occur in a cure which the greatest of our profession could never foresee."—"But do you think him in danger?" says the other. "In danger! ay, surely," cries the doctor: "who is there among us, who, in the most perfect health, can be said not to be in danger? Can a man, therefore, with so bad a wound as this be said to be out of danger? All I can say at present is, that it is well I was called as I was, and perhaps it would have been better if I had been called sooner. I will see him again early in the morning; and in the mean time let him be kept extremely quiet, and drink liberally of water-gruel." "Won't you allow him sack-whey?" said the landlady. "Ay, ay, sack-whey," cries the doctor, "if you will, provided it be very small."—"And a little chicken broth too?" added she.—"Yes, yes, chicken broth," said the doctor, "is very good."—"Mayn't I make him some jellies too?" said the landlady. "Ay, ay," answered the doctor; "jellies are very good for wounds, for they promote cohesion." And indeed it was lucky she had not named soup or high sauces, for the doctor would have complied, rather than have lost the custom of the house.

The doctor was no sooner gone, than the landlady began to trumpet forth his fame to the lieutenant, who had not, from their short acquaintance, conceived quite so favourable an opinion of his physical abilities as the good woman, and all the neighbourhood, entertained (and perhaps very rightly); for though I am afraid the doctor was a little of a coxcomb, he might be nevertheless very much of a surgeon.

The lieutenant having collected from the learned discourse of the surgeon that Mr. Jones was in great danger, gave orders for keeping Mr. Northerton under a very strict guard, designing in the morning to attend him to a justice of peace, and to commit the conducting the troops to Gloucester to the French lieutenant, who, though he could neither read, write, nor speak any language, was, however, a good officer.

In the evening, our commander sent a message to Mr. Jones, that if a visit would not be troublesome, he would wait on him. This civility was very kindly and thankfully received by Jones, and the lieutenant accordingly went up to his room, where he found the wounded man much better than he expected; nay, Jones assured his friend, that if he

had not received express orders to the contrary from the surgeon, he should have got up long ago; for he appeared to himself to be as well as ever, and felt no other inconvenience from his wound but an extreme soreness on that side of his head.

"I should be very glad," quoth the lieutenant, "if you was as well as you fancy yourself, for then you could be able to do yourself justice immediately; for when a matter can't be made up, as in case of a blow, the sooner you take him out the better; but I am afraid you think yourself better than you are, and he would have too much advantage over you."

"I'll try, however," answered Jones, "if you please, and will be so kind to lend me a sword, for I have none here of my own."

"My sword is heartily at your service, my dear boy," cries the lieutenant, kissing him; "you are a brave lad, and I love your spirit; but I fear your strength; for such a blow, and so much loss of blood, must have very much weakened you; and though you feel no want of strength in your bed, yet you most probably would after a thrust or two. I can't consent to your taking him out to-night; but I hope you will be able to come up with us before we get many days' march advance; and I give you my honour you shall have satisfaction, or the man who hath injured you shan't stay in our regiment."

"I wish," said Jones, "it was possible to decide this matter to-night: now you have mentioned it to me, I shall not be able to rest."

"Oh, never think of it," returned the other: "a few days will make no difference. The wounds of honour are not like those in your body: they suffer nothing by the delay of cure. It will be altogether as well for you to receive satisfaction a week hence as now."

"But suppose," says Jones, "I should grow worse, and die of the consequences of my present wound?"

"Then your honour," answered the lieutenant, "will require no reparation at all. I myself will do justice to your character, and testify to the world your intention to have acted properly, if you had recovered."

"Still," replied Jones, "I am concerned at the delay. I am almost afraid to mention it to you who are a soldier; but though I have been a very wild young fellow, still in my most serious moments, and at the bottom, I am really a christian."

"So am I too, I assure you," said the officer; "and so zealous a one, that I was pleased with you at dinner for taking up the cause of your religion; and I am a little offended with you now, young gentleman, that you should express a fear of declaring your faith before any one."

"But how terrible must it be," cries Jones, "to any one who is really a christian, to cherish malice in his breast, in opposition to the command of Him who hath expressly forbid it? How can I bear to do this on a sick-bed? Or how shall I make up my account, with such an article as this in my bosom against me?"

"Why, I believe there is such a command," cries the lieutenant; "but a man of honour can't keep it. And you must be a man of honour, if you will be in the army. I remember I once put the case to our chaplain over a bowl of punch, and he confessed there was much difficulty in it; but he said, he hoped there might be a latitude granted to soldiers in this one instance; and to be sure it is our duty to hope so; for who would bear to live without his honour? No, no, my dear boy, be a good christian

as long as you live ; but be a man of honour too, and never put up an affront ; not all the books, nor all the parsons in the world, shall ever persuade me to that. I love my religion very well, but I love my honour more. There must be some mistake in the wording of the text, or in the translation, or in understanding it, or somewhere or other. But however that be, a man must run the risk, for he must preserve his honour. So compose yourself to-night, and I promise you you shall have an opportunity of doing yourself justice." Here he gave Jones a hearty buss, shook him by the hand, and took his leave.

But though the lieutenant's reasoning was very satisfactory to himself, it was not entirely so to his friend. Jones therefore having revolved this matter much in his thoughts, at last came to a resolution, which the reader will find in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIV.

A most dreadful chapter indeed ; and which few readers ought to venture upon in an evening, especially when alone.

JONES swallowed a large mess of chicken, or rather cock, broth, with a very good appetite, as indeed he would have done the cock it was made of, with a pound of bacon into the bargain ; and now, finding in himself no deficiency of either health or spirit, he resolved to get up and seek his enemy.

But first he sent for the serjeant, who was his first acquaintance among these military gentlemen. Unluckily that worthy officer having, in a literal sense, taken his fill of liquor, had been some time retired to his bolster, where he was snoring so loud that it was not easy to convey a noise in at his ears capable of drowning that which issued from his nostrils.

However, as Jones persisted in his desire of seeing him, a vociferous drawer at length found means to disturb his slumbers, and to acquaint him with the message. Of which the serjeant was no sooner made sensible, than he arose from his bed, and having his clothes already on, immediately attended. Jones did not think fit to acquaint the serjeant with his design ; though he might have done it with great safety, for the halberdier was himself a man of honour, and had killed his man. He would therefore have faithfully kept this secret, or indeed any other which no reward was published for discovering. But as Jones knew not those virtues in so short an acquaintance, his caution was perhaps prudent and commendable enough.

He began therefore by acquainting the serjeant, that as he was now entered into the army, he was ashamed of being without what was perhaps the most necessary implement of a soldier ; namely, a sword ; adding, that he should be infinitely obliged to him, if he could procure one. "For which," says he, "I will give you any reasonable price ; nor do I insist upon its being silver hilted ; only a good blade, and such as may become a soldier's thigh."

The serjeant, who well knew what had happened, and had heard that Jones was in a very dangerous condition, immediately concluded, from such a message, at such a time of night, and from a man in such a situation, that he was light-headed. Now as he had his wit (to use that word in its common signification) always ready, he bethought himself of making his advantage of this humour in this sick man. "Sir," says he, "I believe I can fit you. I have a most excellent piece of stuff by me. It is not indeed silver-hilted, which, as you say, doth not become a soldier ; but the handle is decent enough, and the blade one of the best in Europe. It is a blade that—a blade that—in short, I will fetch it

you this instant, and you shall see it and handle it. I am glad to see your honour so well with all my heart."

Being instantly returned with the sword, he delivered it to Jones, who took it and drew it ; and then told the serjeant it would do very well, and bid him name his price.

The serjeant now began to harangue in praise of his goods. He said (nay he swore very heartily), "that the blade was taken from a French officer, of very high rank, at the battle of Dettingen. I took it myself," says he, "from his side, after I had knocked him o' the head. The hilt was a golden one. That I sold to one of our fine gentlemen ; for there are some of them, an't please your honour, who value the hilt of a sword more than the blade."

Here the other stopped him, and begged him to name a price. The serjeant, who thought Jones absolutely out of his senses, and very near his end, was afraid lest he should injure his family by asking too little. However, after a moment's hesitation, he contented himself with naming twenty guineas, and swore he would not sell it for less to his own brother.

"Twenty guineas!" says Jones, in the utmost surprise : "sure you think I am mad, or that I never saw a sword in my life. Twenty guineas, indeed ! I did not imagine you would endeavour to impose upon me. Here, take the sword—No, now I think on't, I will keep it myself, and show it your officer in the morning, acquainting him, at the same time, what a price you asked me for it."

The serjeant, as we have said, had always his wit (*in sensu prædicto*) about him, and now plainly saw that Jones was not in the condition he had apprehended him to be ; he now, therefore, counterfeited as great surprise as the other had shown, and said, "I am certain, sir, I have not asked you so much out of the way. Besides, you are to consider, it is the only sword I have, and I must run the risk of my officer's displeasure, by going without one myself. And truly, putting all this together, I don't think twenty shillings was so much out of the way."

"Twenty shillings!" cries Jones ; "why you just now asked me twenty guineas."—"How!" cries the serjeant : "sure your honour must have mistaken me : or else I mistook myself—and indeed I am but half awake. Twenty guineas, indeed ! no wonder your honour flew into such a passion. I say twenty guineas too. No, no, I mean twenty shillings, I assure you. And when your honour comes to consider every thing, I hope you will not think that so extravagant a price. It is indeed true, you may buy a weapon which looks as well for less money. But"—

Here Jones interrupted him, saying, "I will be so far from making any words with you, that I will give you a shilling more than your demand." He then gave him a guinea, bid him return to his bed, and wished him a good march ; adding, he hoped to overtake them before the division reached Worcester.

The serjeant very civilly took his leave, very satisfied with his merchandise, and not a little pleased with his dexterous recovery from that false step into which his opinion of the sick man's light-headedness had betrayed him.

As soon as the serjeant was departed, Jones rose from his bed, and dressed himself entirely, putting on even his coat, which, as its colour was white, showed very visibly the streams of blood which had flowed down it ; and now, having grasped his new-purchased sword in his hand, he was going to issue forth, when the thought of what he was about to un-

dertake laid suddenly hold of him, and he began to reflect that in a few minutes he might possibly deprive a human being of life, or might lose his own. "Very well," said he, "and in what cause do I venture my life? Why, in that of my honour. And who is this human being? A rascal who hath injured and insulted me without provocation. But is not revenge forbidden by Heaven? Yes, but it is enjoined by the world. Well, but shall I obey the world in opposition to the express commands of Heaven? Shall I incur the Divine displeasure rather than be called—ha—coward—scoundrel?—I'll think no more; I am resolved, and must fight him."

The clock had now struck twelve, and every one in the house were in their beds, except the sentinel who stood to guard Northerton, when Jones softly opening his door, issued forth in pursuit of his enemy, of whose place of confinement he had received a perfect description from the drawer. It is not easy to conceive a much more tremendous figure than he now exhibited. He had on, as we have said, a light-coloured coat, covered with streams of blood. His face, which missed that very blood, as well as twenty ounces more drawn from him by the surgeon, was pallid. Round his head was a quantity of bandage, not unlike a turban. In the right hand he carried a sword, and in the left a candle. So that the bloody Banquo was not worthy to be compared to him. In fact, I believe a more dreadful apparition was never raised in a church-yard, nor in the imagination of any good people met in a winter evening over a Christmas fire in Somersetshire.

When the sentinel first saw our hero approach, his hair began gently to lift up his grenadier cap; and in the same instant his knees fell to blows with each other. Presently his whole body was seized with worse than an ague fit. He then fired his piece, and fell flat on his face.

Whether fear or courage was the occasion of his firing, or whether he took aim at the object of his terror, I cannot say. If he did, however, he had the good fortune to miss his man.

Jones seeing the fellow fall, guessed the cause of his fright, at which he could not forbear smiling, not in the least reflecting on the danger from which he had just escaped. He then passed by the fellow, who still continued in the posture in which he fell, and entered the room where Northerton, as he had heard, was confined. Here, in a solitary situation, he found—an empty quart pot standing on the table, on which some beer being spilt, it looked as if the room had lately been inhabited; but at present it was entirely vacant.

Jones then apprehended it might lead to some other apartment; but upon searching all around it, he could perceive no other door than that at which he entered, and where the sentinel had been posted. He then proceeded to call Northerton several times by his name; but no one answered; nor did this serve to any other purpose than to confirm the sentinel in his terrors, who was now convinced that the volunteer was dead of his wounds, and that his ghost was come in search of the murderer: he now lay in all the agonies of horror; and I wish, with all my heart, some of those actors, who are hereafter to represent a man frightened out of his wits, had seen him, that they might be taught to copy nature, instead of performing several antic tricks and gestures, for the entertainment and applause of the galleries.

Perceiving the bird was flown, at least despairing to find him, and rightly apprehending that the report of the firelock would alarm the whole house, our hero now blew out his candle, and gently stole

back again to his chamber, and to his bed; whither he would not have been able to have gotten undiscovered, had any other person been on the same staircase, save only one gentleman who was confined to his bed by the gout; for before he could reach the door to his chamber, the hall where the sentinel had been posted was half full of people, some in their shirts, and others not half dressed, all very earnestly inquiring of each other what was the matter.

The soldier was now found lying in the same place and posture in which we just now left him. Several immediately applied themselves to raise him, and some concluded him dead; but they presently saw their mistake, for he not only struggled with those who laid their hands on him, but fell a roaring like a bull. In reality, he imagined so many spirits or devils were handling him; for his imagination being possessed with the horror of an apparition, converted every object he saw or felt into nothing but ghosts and spectres.

At length he was overpowered by numbers, and got upon his legs; when candles being brought, and seeing two or three of his comrades present, he came a little to himself; but when they asked him what was the matter? he answered, "I am a dead man, that's all, I am a dead man, I can't recover it, I have seen him."—"What hast thou seen, Jack?" says one of the soldiers. "Why, I have seen the young volunteer that was killed yesterday." He then imprecated the most heavy curses on himself, if he had not seen the volunteer, all over blood, vomiting fire out of his mouth and nostrils, pass by him into the chamber where ensign Northerton was, and then seizing the ensign by the throat, fly away with him in a clap of thunder.

This relation met with a gracious reception from the audience. All the women present believed it firmly, and prayed Heaven to defend them from murder. Amongst the men too, many had faith in the story; but others turned it into derision and ridicule; and a serjeant who was present answered very coolly, "Young man, you will hear more of this, for going to sleep and dreaming on your post."

The soldier replied, "You may punish me if you please; but I was as broad awake as I am now; and the devil carry me away, as he hath the ensign, if I did not see the dead man, as I tell you, with eyes as big and as fiery as two large flambeaux."

The commander of the forces, and the commander of the house, were now both arrived; for the former being awake at the time, and hearing the sentinel fire his piece, thought it his duty to rise immediately, though he had no great apprehensions of any mischief; whereas the apprehensions of the latter were much greater, lest her spoons and tankards should be upon the march, without having received any such orders from her.

Our poor sentinel, to whom the sight of this officer was not much more welcome than the apparition, as he thought it, which he had seen before, again related the dreadful story, and with many additions of blood and fire: but he had the misfortune to gain no credit with either of the last-mentioned persons; for the officer, though a very religious man, was free from all terrors of this kind; besides, having so lately left Jones in the condition we have seen, he had no suspicion of his being dead. As for the landlady, though not over religious, she had no kind of aversion to the doctrine of spirits; but there was a circumstance in the tale which she well knew to be false, as we shall inform the reader presently.

But whether Northerton was carried away in

thunder or fire, or in whatever other manner he was gone, it was now certain that his body was no longer in custody. Upon this occasion, the lieutenant formed a conclusion not very different from what the serjeant is just mentioned to have made before, and immediately ordered the sentinel to be taken prisoner. So that, by a strange reverse of fortune (though not very uncommon in a military life), the guard became the guarded.

CHAPTER XV.

The conclusion of the foregoing adventure.

BESIDES the suspicion of sleep, the lieutenant harboured another and worse doubt against the poor sentinel, and this was, that of treachery; for as he believed not one syllable of the apparition, so he imagined the whole to be an invention, formed only to impose upon him, and that the fellow had in reality been bribed by Northerton to let him escape. And this he imagined the rather, as the fright appeared to him the more unnatural in one who had the character of as brave and bold a man as any in the regiment, having been in several actions, having received several wounds, and, in a word, having behaved himself always like a good and valiant soldier.

That the reader, therefore, may not conceive the least ill opinion of such a person, we shall not delay a moment in rescuing his character from the imputation of this guilt.

Mr. Northerton then, as we have before observed, was fully satisfied with the glory which he had obtained from this action. He had perhaps seen, or heard, or guessed, that envy is apt to attend fame. Not that I would here insinuate that he was heathenishly inclined to believe in, or to worship the goddess Nemesis; for, in fact, I am convinced he never heard of her name. He was, besides, of an active disposition, and had a great antipathy to those close winter quarters in the castle of Gloucester, for which a justice of peace might possibly give him a billet. Nor was he moreover free from some uneasy meditations on a certain wooden edifice, which I forbear to name, in conformity to the opinion of mankind, who, I think, rather ought to honour than to be ashamed of this building, as it is, or at least might be made, of more benefit to society than almost any other public erection. In a word, to hint at no more reasons for his conduct, Mr. Northerton was desirous of departing that evening, and nothing remained for him but to contrive the *quomodo*, which appeared to be a matter of some difficulty.

Now this young gentleman, though somewhat crooked in his morals, was perfectly straight in his person, which was extremely strong and well made. His face too was accounted handsome by the generality of women, for it was broad and ruddy, with tolerably good teeth. Such charms did not fail making an impression on my landlady, who had no little relish for this kind of beauty. She had, indeed, a real compassion for the young man; and hearing from the surgeon that affairs were like to go ill with the volunteer, she suspected they might hereafter wear no benign aspect with the ensign. Having obtained, therefore, leave to make him a visit, and finding him in a very melancholy mood, which she considerably heightened by telling him there were scarce any hopes of the volunteer's life, she proceeded to throw forth some hints, which the other readily and eagerly taking up, they soon came to a right understanding; and it was at length agreed that the ensign should, at a certain signal, ascend

the chimney, which communicating very soon with that of the kitchen, he might there again let himself down; for which she would give him an opportunity by keeping the coast clear.

But lest our readers, of a different complexion, should take this occasion of too hastily condemning all compassion as a folly, and pernicious to society, we think proper to mention another particular which might possibly have some little share in this action. The ensign happened to be at this time possessed of the sum of fifty pounds, which did indeed belong to the whole company; for the captain having quarrelled with his lieutenant, had entrusted the payment of his company to the ensign. This money, however, he thought proper to deposit in my landlady's hand, possibly by way of bail or security that he would hereafter appear and answer to the charge against him; but whatever were the conditions, certain it is, that she had the money and the ensign his liberty.

The reader may perhaps expect, from the compassionate temper of this good woman, that when she saw the poor sentinel taken prisoner for a fact of which she knew him innocent, she should immediately have interposed in his behalf; but whether it was that she had already exhausted all her compassion in the above-mentioned instance, or that the features of this fellow, though not very different from those of the ensign, could not raise it, I will not determine; but, far from being an advocate for the present prisoner, she urged his guilt to his officer, declaring, with uplifted eyes and hands, that she would not have had any concern in the escape of a murderer for all the world.

Every thing was now once more quiet, and most of the company returned again to their beds; but the landlady, either from the natural activity of her disposition, or from her fear for her plate, having no propensity to sleep, prevailed with the officers, as they were to march within little more than an hour, to spend that time with her over a bowl of punch.

Jones had lain awake all this while, and had heard great part of the hurry and bustle that had passed, of which he had now some curiosity to know the particulars. He therefore applied to his bell, which he rung at least twenty times without any effect; for my landlady was in such high mirth with her company, that no clapper could be heard there but her own; and the drawer and chambermaid, who were sitting together in the kitchen (for neither durst he sit up nor she lie in bed alone), the more they heard the bell ring the more they were frightened, and as it were nailed down in their places.

At last, at a lucky interval of chat, the sound reached the ears of our good landlady, who presently sent forth her summons, which both her servants instantly obeyed. "Joe," says the mistress, "don't you hear the gentleman's bell ring? Why don't you go up?"—"It is not my business," answered the drawer, "to wait upon the chambers,—it is Betty Chambermaid's."—"If you come to that," answered the maid, "it is not my business to wait upon gentlemen. I have done it, indeed, sometimes; but the devil fetch me if ever I do again, since you make your preambles about it." The bell still ringing violently, their mistress fell into a passion, and swore, if the drawer did not go up immediately, she would turn him away that very morning. "If you do, madam," says he, "I can't help it. I won't do another servant's business." She then applied herself to the maid, and endeavoured to prevail by gentle means; but all in vain: Betty was as inflexible as Joe. Both insisted it was not their business, and they would not do it.

The lieutenant then fell a laughing, and said, "Come, I will put an end to this contention;" and then turning to the servants, commended them for their resolution in not giving up the point; but added, he was sure, if one would consent to go the other would. To which proposal they both agreed in an instant, and accordingly went up very lovingly and close together. When they were gone, the lieutenant appeased the wrath of the landlady, by satisfying her why they were both so unwilling to go alone.

They returned soon after, and acquainted their mistress, that the sick gentleman was so far from being dead, that he spoke as heartily as if he was well; and that he gave his service to the captain, and should be very glad of the favour of seeing him before he marched.

The good lieutenant immediately complied with his desires, and sitting down by his bed-side, acquainted him with the scene which had happened below, concluding with his intentions to make an example of the sentinel.

Upon this Jones related to him the whole truth, and earnestly begged him not to punish the poor soldier, "who, I am confident," says he, "is as innocent of the ensign's escape, as he is of forging any lie, or of endeavouring to impose on you."

The lieutenant hesitated a few moments, and then answered: "Why, as you have cleared the fellow of one part of the charge, so it will be impossible to prove the other, because he was not the only sentinel. But I have a good mind to punish the rascal for being a coward. Yet who knows what effect the terror of such an apprehension may have? and, to say the truth, he hath always behaved well against an enemy. Come, it is a good thing to see any sign of religion in these fellows; so I promise you he shall be set at liberty when we march. But hark, the general beats. My dear boy, give me another buss. Don't discompose nor hurry yourself; but remember the christian doctrine of patience, and I warrant you will soon be able to do yourself justice, and to take an honourable revenge on the fellow who hath injured you." The lieutenant then departed, and Jones endeavoured to compose himself to rest.

BOOK VIII.

CONTAINING ABOVE TWO DAYS.

CHAPTER I.

A wonderful long chapter concerning the marvellous; being much the longest of all our introductory chapters.

As we are now entering upon a book in which the course of our history will oblige us to relate some matters of a more strange and surprising kind than any which have hitherto occurred, it may not be amiss, in the prolegomenous, or introductory chapter, to say something of that species of writing which is called the marvellous. To this we shall, as well for the sake of ourselves, as of others, endeavour to set some certain bounds, and indeed nothing can be more necessary, as critics* of different complexions are here apt to run into very different extremes; for while some are, with M. Dacier, ready to allow, that the same thing which is impossible may be yet probable†, others have so little historic or poetic faith, that they believe nothing to be either possible

or probable, the like to which have not occurred to their own observation.

First, then, I think it may very reasonably be required of every writer, that he keeps within the bounds of possibility; and still remembers that what it is not possible for man to perform, it is scarce possible for man to believe he did perform. This conviction perhaps gave birth to many stories of the ancient heathen deities (for most of them are of poetical original). The poet, being desirous to indulge a wanton and extravagant imagination, took refuge in that power, of the extent of which his readers were no judges, or rather which they imagined to be infinite, and consequently they could not be shocked at any prodigies related of it. This hath been strongly urged in defence of Homer's miracles; and it is perhaps a defence; not, as Mr. Pope would have it, because Ulysses told a set of foolish lies to the Phæacians, who were a very dull nation; but because the poet himself wrote to heathens, to whom poetical fables were articles of faith. For my own part, I must confess, so compassionate is my temper, I wish Polypheme had confined himself to his milk diet, and preserved his eye; nor could Ulysses be much more concerned than myself, when his companions were turned into swine by Circe, who showed I think, afterwards, too much regard for man's flesh to be supposed capable of converting it into bacon. I wish, likewise, with all my heart, that Homer could have known the rule prescribed by Horace, to introduce supernatural agents as seldom as possible. We should not then have seen his gods coming on trivial errands, and often behaving themselves so as not only to forfeit all title to respect, but to become the objects of scorn and derision. A conduct which must have shocked the credulity of a pious and sagacious heathen; and which could never have been defended, unless by agreeing with a supposition to which I have been sometimes almost inclined, that this most glorious poet, as he certainly was, had an intent to burlesque the superstitious faith of his own age and country.

But I have rested too long on a doctrine which can be of no use to a christian writer; for as he cannot introduce into his works any of that heavenly host which make a part of his creed, so it is horrid puerility to search the heathen theology for any of those deities who have been long since dethroned from their immortality. Lord Shaftesbury observes, that nothing is more cold than the invocation of a muse by a modern; he might have added, that nothing can be more absurd. A modern may with much more elegance invoke a ballad, as some have thought Homer did, or a mug of ale, with the author of Hudibras; which latter may perhaps have inspired much more poetry, as well as prose, than all the liquors of Hippocrene or Helicon.

The only supernatural agents which can in any manner be allowed to us moderns, are ghosts; but of these I would advise an author to be extremely sparing. These are indeed like arsenic, and other dangerous drugs in physic, to be used with the utmost caution; nor would I advise the introduction of them at all in those works, or by those authors, to which, or to whom, a horse-laugh in the reader would be any great prejudice or mortification.

As for elves and fairies, and other such mummery, I purposely omit the mention of them, as I should be very unwilling to confine within any bounds those surprising imaginations, for whose vast capacity the limits of human nature are too narrow; whose works are to be considered as a new creation; and who have consequently just right to do what they will with their own.

* By this word here, and in most other parts of our work, we mean every reader in the world.

† It is happy for M. Dacier that he was not an Irishman.

Man therefore is the highest subject (unless on very extraordinary occasions indeed) which presents itself to the pen of our historian, or of our poet; and, in relating his actions, great care is to be taken that we do not exceed the capacity of the agent we describe.

Nor is possibility alone sufficient to justify us; we must keep likewise within the rules of probability. It is, I think, the opinion of Aristotle; or if not, it is the opinion of some wise man, whose authority will be as weighty when it is as old, "That it is no excuse for a poet who relates what is incredible, that the thing related is really matter of fact." This may perhaps be allowed true with regard to poetry, but it may be thought impracticable to extend it to the historian; for he is obliged to record matters as he finds them, though they may be of so extraordinary a nature as will require no small degree of historical faith to swallow them. Such was the successful armament of Xerxes described by Herodotus, or the successful expedition of Alexander related by Arrian. Such of later years was the victory of Agincourt obtained by Harry the Fifth, or that of Narva won by Charles the Twelfth of Sweden. All which instances, the more we reflect on them, appear still the more astonishing.

Such facts, however, as they occur in the thread of the story, nay, indeed, as they constitute the essential parts of it, the historian is not only justifiable in recording as they really happened, but indeed would be unpardonable should he omit or alter them. But there are other facts not of such consequence nor so necessary, which, though ever so well attested, may nevertheless be sacrificed to oblivion in complaisance to the scepticism of a reader. Such is that memorable story of the ghost of George Villiers, which might with more propriety have been made a present of to Dr. Drelincourt, to have kept the ghost of Mrs. Neal company, at the head of his Discourse upon Death, than have been introduced into so solemn a work as the History of the Rebellion.

To say the truth, if the historian will confine himself to what really happened, and utterly reject any circumstance, which, though never so well attested, he must be well assured is false, he will sometimes fall into the marvellous, but never into the incredible. He will often raise the wonder and surprise of his reader, but never that incredulous hatred mentioned by Horace. It is by falling into fiction, therefore, that we generally offend against this rule, of deserting probability, which the historian seldom, if ever, quits, till he forsakes his character and commences a writer of romance. In this, however, those historians who relate public transactions, have the advantage of us who confine ourselves to scenes of private life. The credit of the former is by common notoriety supported for a long time; and public records, with the concurrent testimony of many authors, bear evidence to their truth in future ages. Thus a Trajan and an Antoninus, a Nero and a Caligula, have all met with the belief of posterity; and no one doubts but that men so very good, and so very bad, were once the masters of mankind.

But we who deal in private character, who search into the most retired recesses, and draw forth examples of virtue and vice from holes and corners of the world, are in a more dangerous situation. As we have no public notoriety, no concurrent testimony, no records to support and corroborate what we deliver, it becomes us to keep within the limits not only of possibility, but of probability too; and this more especially in painting what is greatly good and amiable. Knavery and folly, though never so ex-

orbitant, will more easily meet with assent; for ill-nature adds great support and strength to faith.

Thus we may, perhaps, with little danger, relate the history of Fisher; who having long owed his bread to the generosity of Mr. Derby, and having one morning received a considerable bounty from his hands, yet, in order to possess himself of what remained in his friend's scrutoire, concealed himself in a public office of the Temple, through which there was a passage into Mr. Derby's chambers. Here he overheard Mr. Derby for many hours solacing himself at an entertainment which he that evening gave his friends, and to which Fisher had been invited. During all this time, no tender, no grateful reflections arose to restrain his purpose; but when the poor gentleman had let his company out through the office, Fisher came suddenly from his lurking place, and walking softly behind his friend into his chamber, discharged a pistol-ball into his head. This may be believed when the bones of Fisher are as rotten as his heart. Nay, perhaps, it will be credited, that the villain went two days afterwards with some young ladies to the play of Hamlet; and with an unaltered countenance heard one of the ladies, who little suspected how near she was to the person, cry out, "Good God! if the man that murdered Mr. Derby was now present!" manifesting in this a more seared and callous conscience than even Nero himself; of whom we are told by Suetonius, "that the consciousness of his guilt, after the death of his mother, became immediately intolerable, and so continued; nor could all the congratulations of the soldiers, of the senate, and the people, allay the horrors of his conscience."

But now, on the other hand, should I tell my reader, that I had known a man whose penetrating genius had enabled him to raise a large fortune in a way where no beginning was chalked out to him; that he had done this with the most perfect preservation of his integrity, and not only without the least injustice or injury to any one individual person, but with the highest advantage to trade, and a vast increase of the public revenue; that he had expended one part of the income of this fortune in discovering a taste superior to most, by works where the highest dignity was united with the purest simplicity, and another part in displaying a degree of goodness superior to all men, by acts of charity to objects whose only recommendations were their merits, or their wants; that he was most industrious in searching after merit in distress, most eager to relieve it, and then as careful (perhaps too careful) to conceal what he had done; that his house, his furniture, his gardens, his table, his private hospitality, and his public beneficence, all denoted the mind from which they flowed, and were all intrinsically rich and noble, without tinsel, or external ostentation; that he filled every relation in life with the most adequate virtue; that he was most piously religious to his Creator, most zealously loyal to his sovereign; a most tender husband to his wife, a kind relation, a munificent patron, a warm and firm friend, a knowing and a cheerful companion, indulgent to his servants, hospitable to his neighbours, charitable to the poor, and benevolent to all mankind. Should I add to these the epithets of wise, brave, elegant, and indeed every other amiable epithet in our language, I might surely say,

—*Quis credet? nemo Hercule! nemo;
Vel duo, vel nemo;*

and yet I know a man who is all I have here described. But a single instance (and I really know not such another) is not sufficient to justify us, while we are writing to thousands who never heard

of the person, nor of any thing like him. Such *rare aves* should be remitted to the epitaph writer, or to some poet who may condescend to hitch him in a distich, or to slide him into a rhyme with an air of carelessness and neglect, without giving any offence to the reader.

In the last place, the action should be such as may not only be within the compass of human agency, and which human agents may probably be supposed to do; but they should be likely for the very actors and characters themselves to have performed; for what may be only wonderful and surprising in one man, may become improbable, or indeed impossible, when related of another.

This last requisite is what the dramatic critics call conservation of character; and it requires a very extraordinary degree of judgment, and a most exact knowledge of human nature.

It is admirably remarked by a most excellent writer, that zeal can no more hurry a man to act in direct opposition to itself, than a rapid stream can carry a boat against its own current. I will venture to say, that for a man to act in direct contradiction to the dictates of his nature, is, if not impossible, as improbable and as miraculous as any thing which can well be conceived. Should the best parts of the story of M. Antoninus be ascribed to Nero, or should the worst incidents of Nero's life be imputed to Antoninus, what would be more shocking to believe than either instance! whereas both these being related of their proper agent, constitute the truly marvellous.

Our modern authors of comedy have fallen almost universally into the error here hinted at; their heroes generally are notorious rogues, and their heroines abandoned jades, during the first four acts; but in the fifth, the former become very worthy gentlemen, and the latter women of virtue and discretion: nor is the writer often so kind as to give himself the least trouble to reconcile or account for this monstrous change and incongruity. There is, indeed, no other reason to be assigned for it, than because the play is drawing to a conclusion; as if it was no less natural in a rogue to repent in the last act of a play, than in the last of his life; which we perceive to be generally the case at Tyburn, a place which might indeed close the scene of some comedies with much propriety, as the heroes in these are most commonly eminent for those very talents which not only bring men to the gallows, but enable them to make an heroic figure when they are there.

Within these few restrictions, I think, every writer may be permitted to deal as much in the wonderful as he pleases; nay, if he thus keeps within the rules of credibility, the more he can surprise the reader, the more he will engage his attention, and the more he will charm him. As a genius of the highest rank observes in his fifth chapter of the *Bathos*, "The great art of all poetry is to mix truth with fiction, in order to join the credible with the surprising."

For though every good author will confine himself within the bounds of probability, it is by no means necessary that his characters, or his incidents, should be trite, common, or vulgar; such as happen in every street, or in every house, or which may be met with in the home articles of a newspaper. Nor must he be inhibited from showing many persons and things, which may possibly have never fallen within the knowledge of great part of his readers. If the writer strictly observes the rules above mentioned, he hath discharged his part; and is then entitled to some faith from his reader, who is indeed guilty of critical infidelity if he disbelieves

him. For want of a portion of such faith, I remember the character of a young lady of quality, which was condemned on the stage for being unnatural, by the unanimous voice of a very large assembly of clerks and apprentices; though it had the previous suffrages of many ladies of the first rank; one of whom, very eminent for her understanding, declared it was the picture of half the young people of her acquaintance.

CHAPTER II.

In which the landlady pays a visit to Mr. Jones.

WHEN Jones had taken leave of his friend the lieutenant, he endeavoured to close his eyes, but all in vain; his spirits were too lively and wakeful to be lulled to sleep. So having amused, or rather tormented himself with the thoughts of his Sophia till it was open daylight, he called for some tea; upon which occasion my landlady herself vouchsafed to pay him a visit.

This was indeed the first time she had seen him, or at least had taken any notice of him; but as the lieutenant had assured her that he was certainly some young gentleman of fashion, she now determined to show him all the respect in her power; for, to speak truly, this was one of those houses where gentlemen, to use the language of advertisements, meet with civil treatment for their money.

She had no sooner begun to make his tea, than she likewise began to discourse:—"La! sir," said she, "I think it is great pity that such a pretty young gentleman should undervalue himself so, as to go about with these soldier fellows. They call themselves gentlemen, I warrant you; but, as my first husband used to say, they should remember it is we that pay them. And to be sure it is very hard upon us to be obliged to pay 'um, and to keep 'um too, as we publicans are. I had twenty of 'um last night, besides officers: nay, for matter o' that, I had rather have the soldiers than officers: for nothing is ever good enough for those sparks; and I am sure, if you was to see the bills; la! sir, it is nothing. I have had less trouble, I warrant you, with a good squire's family, where we take forty or fifty shillings of a night, besides horses. And yet I warrants me, there is narrow a one of all those officer fellows but looks upon himself to be as good as arrow a squire of 500*l.* a year. To be sure it doth me good to hear their men run about after 'um, crying your honour, and your honour. Marry come up with such honour, and an ordinary at a shilling a head. Then there's such swearing among 'um, to be sure, it frightens me out o' my wits: I thinks nothing can ever prosper with such wicked people. And here one of 'um has used you in so barbarous a manner. I thought indeed how well the rest would secure him; they all hang together; for if you had been in danger of death, which I am glad to see you are not, it would have been all as one to such wicked people. They would have let the murderer go. Laud have mercy upon 'um! I would not have such a sin to answer for, for the whole world. But though you are likely, with the blessing, to recover, there is laa for him yet; and if you will employ lawyer Small, I darest be sworn he'll make the fellow fly the country for him; though perhaps he'll have fled the country before; for it is here to-day and gone to-morrow with such chaps. I hope, however, you will learn more wit for the future, and return back to your friends; I warrant they are all miserable for your loss; and if they was but to know what had happened—La, my seeming! I would not for the world they should Come, come, we know

very well what all the matter is; but if one won't, another will; so pretty a gentleman need never want a lady. I am sure, if I was as you, I would see the finest she that ever wore a head hanged, before I would go for a soldier for her.—Nay, don't blush so" (for indeed he did to a violent degree). "Why, you thought, sir, I knew nothing of the matter, I warrant you about madam Sophia."—"How," says Jones, starting up, "do you know my Sophia?"—"Do I! ay marry," cries the landlady: "many's the time hath she lain in this house."—"With her aunt, I suppose," says Jones. "Why, there it is now," cries the landlady. "Ay, ay, ay, I know the old lady very well. And a sweet young creature is madam Sophia, that's the truth on't."—"A sweet creature," cries Jones; "O heavens!"

Angels are painted fair to look like her.
There's in her all that we believe of heav'n,
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

"And could I ever have imagined that you had known my Sophia!"—"I wish," said the landlady, you knew half so much of her. What would you have given to have sat by her bed-side? What a delicious neck she hath! Her lovely limbs have stretched themselves in that very bed you now lie in."—"Here!" cries Jones: "hath Sophia ever laid here?"—"Ay, ay, here; there, in that very bed," says the landlady; "where I wish you had her this moment; and she may wish so too, for anything I know to the contrary, for she hath mentioned your name to me."—"Ha!" cries he; "did she ever mention her poor Jones? You flatter me now: I can never believe so much."—"Why, then," answered she, "as I hope to be saved, and may the devil fetch me if I speak a syllable more than the truth, I have heard her mention Mr. Jones; but in a civil and modest way, I confess; yet I could perceive she thought a great deal more than she said."—"O my dear woman!" cries Jones, "her thoughts of me I shall never be worthy of. Oh, she is all gentleness, kindness, goodness! Why was such a rascal as I born, ever to give her soft bosom a moment's uneasiness? Why am I cursed? I, who would undergo all the plagues and miseries which any demon ever invented for mankind to procure her any good; nay, torture itself could not be misery to me, did I but know that she was happy."—"Why, look you there now," says the landlady; "I told her you was a constant lover."—"But pray, madam, tell me when or where you knew anything of me; for I never was here before, nor do I remember ever to have seen you."—"Nor is it possible you should," answered she; "for you was a little thing when I had you in my lap at the squire's."—"How, the squire's?" says Jones: "what, do you know that great and good Mr. Allworthy then?"—"Yes, marry, do I," says she: "who in the country doth not?"—"The fame of his goodness indeed," answered Jones, "must have extended further than this; but heaven only can know him—can know that benevolence which it copied from itself, and sent upon earth as its own pattern. Mankind are as ignorant of such divine goodness, as they are unworthy of it; but none so unworthy of it as myself. I, who was raised by him to such a height; taken in, as you well must know, a poor base-born child, adopted by him, and treated as his own son, to dare by my follies to disoblige him, to draw his vengeance upon me. Yes, I deserve it all; for I will never be so ungrateful as ever to think he hath done an act of injustice by me. No, I deserve to be turned out of doors, as I am. And now, madam," says he, "I believe you will not blame me for turning soldier,

especially with such a fortune as this in my pocket." At which words he shook a purse, which had but very little in it, and which still appeared to the landlady to have less.

My good landlady was (according to vulgar phrase) struck all of a heap by this relation. She answered coldly, "That to be sure people were the best judges what was most proper for their circumstances. But hark," says she, "I think I hear somebody call. Coming! coming! the devil's in all our volk; nobody hath any ears. I must go down stairs; if you want any more breakfast the maid will come up. Coming!" At which words, without taking any leave, she flung out of the room; for the lower sort of people are very tenacious of respect; and though they are contented to give this gratis to persons of quality, yet they never confer it on those of their own order without taking care to be well paid for their pains.

CHAPTER III.

In which the surgeon makes his second appearance.

BEFORE we proceed any further, that the reader may not be mistaken in imagining the landlady knew more than she did, nor surprised that she knew so much, it may be necessary to inform him that the lieutenant had acquainted her that the name of Sophia had been the occasion of the quarrel; and as for the rest of her knowledge, the sagacious reader will observe how she came by it in the preceding scene. Great curiosity was indeed mixed with her virtues; and she never willingly suffered any one to depart from her house, without inquiring as much as possible into their names, families, and fortunes.

She was no sooner gone than Jones, instead of animadverting on her behaviour, reflected that he was in the same bed which he was informed had held his dear Sophia. This occasioned a thousand fond and tender thoughts, which we would dwell longer upon, did we not consider that such kind of lovers will make a very inconsiderable part of our readers. In this situation the surgeon found him, when he came to dress his wound. The doctor perceiving, upon examination, that his pulse was disordered, and hearing that he had not slept, declared that he was in great danger; for he apprehended a fever was coming on, which he would have prevented by bleeding, but Jones would not submit, declaring he would lose no more blood; "and, doctor," says he, "if you will be so kind only to dress my head, I have no doubt of being well in a day or two."

"I wish," answered the surgeon, "I could assure your being well in a month or two. Well, indeed! No, no, people are not so soon well of such contusions; but, sir, I am not at this time of day to be instructed in my operations by a patient, and I insist on making a revulsion before I dress you."

Jones persisted obstinately in his refusal, and the doctor at last yielded; telling him at the same time that he would not be answerable for the ill consequence, and hoped he would do him the justice to acknowledge that he had given him a contrary advice; which the patient promised he would.

The doctor retired into the kitchen, where, addressing himself to the landlady, he complained bitterly of the undutiful behaviour of his patient, who would not be blooded, though he was in a fever.

"It is an eating fever then," says the landlady; "for he hath devoured two swinging buttered toasts this morning for breakfast."

"Very likely," says the doctor: "I have known people eat in a fever; and it is very easily accounted

for; because the acidity occasioned by the febrile matter may stimulate the nerves of the diaphragm, and thereby occasion a craving which will not be easily distinguishable from a natural appetite; but the aliment will not be concreted, nor assimilated into chyle, and so will corrode the vascular orifices, and thus will aggravate the febrile symptoms. Indeed, I think the gentleman in a very dangerous way, and, if he is not blooded, I am afraid will die."

"Every man must die some time or other," answered the good woman; "it is no business of mine. I hope, doctor, you would not have me hold him while you bleed him. But, hark'ee, a word in your ear; I would advise you, before you proceed too far, to take care who is to be your paymaster."

"Paymaster!" said the doctor, staring; "why, I've a gentleman under my hands, have I not?"

"I imagined so as well as you," said the landlady; "but, as my first husband used to say, every thing is not what it looks to be. He is an arrant scrub, I assure you. However, take no notice that I mentioned any thing to you of the matter; but I think people in business oft always to let one another know such things."

"And have I suffered such a fellow as this," cries the doctor, in a passion, "to instruct me? Shall I hear my practice insulted by one who will not pay me? I am glad I have made this discovery in time. I will see now whether he will be blooded or no." He then immediately went up stairs, and flinging open the door of the chamber with much violence, awaked poor Jones from a very sound nap, into which he was fallen, and, what was still worse, from a delicious dream concerning Sophia.

"Will you be blooded or no?" cries the doctor, in a rage. "I have told you my resolution already," answered Jones, "and I wish with all my heart you had taken my answer; for you have awaked me out of the sweetest sleep which I ever had in my life."

"Ay, ay," cries the doctor; many a man hath dozed away his life. Sleep is not always good, no more than food; but remember, I demand of you for the last time, will you be blooded?"—"I answer you for the last time," said Jones, "I will not."—"Then I wash my hands of you," cries the doctor; "and I desire you to pay me for the trouble I have had already. Two journeys at 5s. each, two dressings at 5s. more, and half a crown for phlebotomy."—"I hope," said Jones, "you don't intend to leave me in this condition."—"Indeed but I shall," said the other. "Then," said Jones, "you have used me rascally, and I will not pay you a farthing."—"Very well," cries the doctor; "the first loss is the best. What a pox did my landlady mean by sending for me to such vagabonds!" At which words he flung out of the room, and his patient turning himself about soon recovered his sleep; but his dream was unfortunately gone.

CHAPTER IV.

In which is introduced one of the pleasantest barbers that was ever recorded in history, the barber of Bagdad, or he in Don Quixote, not excepted.

THE clock had now struck five when Jones awaked from a nap of seven hours, so much refreshed, and in such perfect health and spirits, that he resolved to get up and dress himself; for which purpose he unlocked his portmanteau, and took out clean linen, and a suit of clothes; but first he slipped on a frock, and went down into the kitchen to bespeak something that might pacify certain tumults he found rising within his stomach.

Meeting the landlady, he accosted her with great civility, and asked, "What he could have for dinner?"—"For dinner!" says she; "it is an odd time of day to think about dinner. There is nothing dressed in the house, and the fire is almost out."—"Well, but," says he, "I must have something to eat, and it is almost indifferent to me what; for, to tell you the truth, I was never more hungry in my life."—"Then," says she, "I believe there is a piece of cold buttock and carrot, which will fit you."—"Nothing better," answered Jones; "but I should be obliged to you, if you would let it be fried." To which the landlady consented, and said, smiling, "she was glad to see him so well recovered;" for the sweetness of our hero's temper was almost irresistible; besides, she was really no ill-humoured woman at the bottom; but she loved money so much, that she hated every thing which had the semblance of poverty.

Jones now returned in order to dress himself, while his dinner was preparing, and was, according to his orders, attended by the barber.

This barber, who went by the name of Little Benjamin, was a fellow of great oddity and humour, which had frequently let him into small inconveniences, such as slaps in the face, kicks in the breech, broken bones, &c. For every one doth not understand a jest; and those who do are often displeased with being themselves the subjects of it. This vice was, however, incurable in him; and though he had often smarted for it, yet if ever he conceived a joke, he was certain to be delivered of it, without the least respect of persons, time or place.

He had a great many other particularities in his character, which I shall not mention, as the reader will himself very easily perceive them, on his farther acquaintance with this extraordinary person.

Jones being impatient to be dressed, for a reason which may be easily imagined, though the shaver was very tedious in preparing his suds, and begged him to make haste; to which the other answered with much gravity, for he never discomposed his muscles on any account, "*festina lentè*, is a proverb which I learned long before I ever touched a razor."—"I find, friend, you are a scholar," replied Jones. "A poor one," said the barber, "*non omnia possumus omnes*."—"Again!" said Jones; "I fancy you are good at capping verses."—"Excuse me, sir," said the barber, "*non tanto me dignor honore*." And then proceeding to his operation, "sir," said he, "since I have dealt in suds, I could never discover more than two reasons for shaving; the one is to get a beard, and the other to get rid of one. I conjecture, sir, it may not be long since you shaved, from the former of these motives. Upon my word, you have had good success; for one may say of your beard, that it is *tendenti gravior*."—"I conjecture," says Jones, "that thou art a very comical fellow."—"You mistake me widely, sir," said the barber: "I am too much addicted to the study of philosophy; *hinc illæ lacrymæ*, sir; that's my misfortune. Too much learning hath been my ruin."—"Indeed," says Jones, "I confess, friend, you have more learning than generally belongs to your trade; but I can't see how it can have injured you."—"Alas! sir," answered the shaver, "my father disinherited me for it. He was a dancing-master; and because I could read before I could dance, he took an aversion to me, and left every farthing among his other children.—Will you please to have your temples—O la! I ask your pardon, I fancy there is *hiatus in manuscriptis*. I heard you was going to the wars; but I find it was a mistake."—"Why do you conclude so?" says Jones. "Sure,

sir," answered the barber, "you are too wise a man to carry a broken head thither; for that would be carrying coals to Newcastle."

"Upon my word," cries Jones, "thou art a very odd fellow, and I like thy humour extremely; I shall be very glad if thou wilt come to me after dinner, and drink a glass with me; I long to be better acquainted with thee."

"O dear sir!" said the barber, "I can do you twenty times as great a favour, if you will accept of it."—"What is that, my friend?" cries Jones. "Why, I will drink a bottle with you if you please; for I dearly love good-nature; and as you have found me out to be a comical fellow, so I have no skill in physiognomy, if you are not one of the best-natured gentlemen in the universe." Jones now walked down stairs neatly dressed, and perhaps the fair Adonis was not a lovelier figure; and yet he had no charms for my landlady; for as that good woman did not resemble Venus at all in her person, so neither did she in her taste. Happy had it been for Nancy the chambermaid, if she had seen with the eyes of her mistress, for that poor girl fell so violently in love with Jones in five minutes, that her passion afterwards cost her many a sigh. This Nancy was extremely pretty, and altogether as coy; for she had refused a drawer, and one or two young farmers in the neighbourhood, but the bright eyes of our hero thawed all her ice in a moment.

When Jones returned to the kitchen, his cloth was not yet laid; nor indeed was there any occasion it should, his dinner remaining in *statu quo*, as did the fire which was to dress it. This disappointment might have put many a philosophical temper into a passion; but it had no such effect on Jones. He only gave the landlady a gentle rebuke, saying, "Since it was so difficult to get it heated he would eat the beef cold." But now the good woman, whether moved by compassion, or by shame, or by whatever other motive, I cannot tell, first gave her servants a round scold for disobeying the orders which she had never given, and then bidding the drawer lay a napkin in the Sun, she set about the matter in good earnest, and soon accomplished it.

This Sun, into which Jones was now conducted, was truly named, as *lucus a non lucendo*; for it was an apartment into which the sun had scarce ever looked. It was indeed the worst room in the house; and happy was it for Jones that it was so. However, he was now too hungry to find any fault; but having once satisfied his appetite, he ordered the drawer to carry a bottle of wine into a better room, and expressed some resentment at having been shown into a dungeon.

The drawer having obeyed his commands, he was, after some time, attended by the barber, who would not indeed have suffered him to wait so long for his company had he not been listening in the kitchen to the landlady, who was entertaining a circle that she had gathered round her with the history of poor Jones, part of which she had extracted from his own lips, and the other part was her own ingenious composition; for she said "he was a poor parish boy, taken into the house of squire Allworthy, where he was bred up as an apprentice, and now turned out of doors for his misdeeds, particularly for making love to his young mistress, and probably for robbing the house; for how else should he come by the little money he hath; and this," says she, "is your gentleman, forsooth!"—"A servant of squire Allworthy!" says the barber; "what's his name?"—"Why he told me his name was Jones," says she: "perhaps he goes by a wrong name. Nay, and he told me, too, that the squire had maintained him as

his own son, tho' he had quarrelled with him now." "And if his name be Jones, he told you the truth," says the barber; "for I have relations who live in that country; nay, and some people say he is his son."—"Why doth he not go by the name of his father?"—"I can't tell that," said the barber; "many people's sons don't go by the name of their father."—"Nay," said the landlady, "if I thought he was a gentleman's son, tho' he was a by-blow, I should behave to him in another guess manner; for many of these by-blows come to be great men, and, as my poor first husband used to say, never affront any customer that's a gentleman."

CHAPTER V.

A dialogue between Mr. Jones and the barber.

THIS conversation passed partly while Jones was at dinner in his dungeon, and partly while he was expecting the barber in the parlour. And, as soon as it was ended, Mr. Benjamin, as we have said, attended him, and was very kindly desired to sit down. Jones then filling out a glass of wine, drank his health by the appellation of *doctissime tonsorum*. "*Ago tibi gratias, domine*," said the barber; and then looking very steadfastly at Jones, he said, with great gravity, and with a seeming surprise, as if he had recollected a face he had seen before, "Sir, may I crave the favour to know if your name is not Jones?" To which the other answered, "That it was."—"Proh deum atque hominum fidem!" says the barber; "how strangely things come to pass! Mr. Jones, I am your most obedient servant. I find you do not know me, which indeed is no wonder, since you never saw me but once, and then you was very young. Pray, sir, how doth the good squire Allworthy? how doth *ille optimus omnium patronus*?"—"I find," said Jones, "you do indeed know me; but I have not the like happiness of recollecting you."—"I do not wonder at that," cries Benjamin; "but I am surprised I did not know you sooner, for you are not in the least altered. And pray, sir, may I, without offence, inquire whither you are travelling this way?"—"Fill the glass, Mr. barber," said Jones, "and ask no more questions." "Nay, sir," answered Benjamin, "I would not be troublesome; and I hope you don't think me a man of an impertinent curiosity, for that is a vice which nobody can lay to my charge; but I ask pardon; for when a gentleman of your figure travels without his servants, we may suppose him to be, as we say, *in casu incognito*, and perhaps I ought not to have mentioned your name."—"I own," says Jones, "I did not expect to have been so well known in this country as I find I am; yet, for particular reasons, I shall be obliged to you if you will not mention my name to any other person till I am gone from hence."—"Pauca verba," answered the barber; "and I wish no other here knew you but myself; for some people have tongues; but I promise you I can keep a secret. My enemies will allow me that virtue."—"And yet that is not the characteristic of your profession, Mr. barber," answered Jones. "Alas! sir," replied Benjamin, "*Non si male nunc et olim sic erit*. I was not born nor bred a barber, I assure you. I have spent most of my time among gentlemen, and though I say it, I understand something of gentility. And if you had thought me as worthy of your confidence as you have some other people, I should have shown you I could have kept a secret better. I should not have degraded your name in a public kitchen; for indeed, sir, some people have not used you well; for besides making a public proclamation

of what you told them of a quarrel between yourself and squire Allworthy, they added lies of their own, things which I knew to be lies."—"You surprise me greatly," cries Jones. "Upon my word, sir," answered Benjamin, "I tell the truth, and I need not tell you my landlady was the person. I am sure it moved me to hear the story, and I hope it is all false; for I have a great respect for you, I do assure you I have, and have had ever since the good-nature you showed to Black George, which was talked of all over the country, and I received more than one letter about it. Indeed, it made you beloved by everybody. You will pardon me, therefore; for it was real concern at what I heard made me ask many questions; for I have no impertinent curiosity about me: but I love good-nature, and thence became *amoris abundantia erga te*."

Every profession of friendship easily gains credit with the miserable; it is no wonder therefore, if Jones, who, besides his being miserable, was extremely open-hearted, very readily believed all the professions of Benjamin, and received him into his bosom. The scraps of Latin, some of which Benjamin applied properly enough, though it did not savour of profound literature, seemed yet to indicate something superior to a common barber; and so indeed did his whole behaviour. Jones therefore believed the truth of what he had said, as to his origin and education; and at length, after much entreaty, he said, "Since you have heard, my friend, so much of my affairs, and seem so desirous to know the truth, if you will have the patience to hear it, I will inform you of the whole."—"Patience!" cries Benjamin, "that I will, if the chapter was never so long; and I am very much obliged to you for the honour you do me."

Jones now began, and related the whole history, forgetting only a circumstance or two, namely, every thing which passed on that day in which he had fought with Thwackum; and ended with his resolution to go to sea, till the rebellion in the North had made him change his purpose, and had brought him to the place where he then was.

Little Benjamin, who had been all attention, never once interrupted the narrative; but when it was ended he could not help observing, that there must be surely something more invented by his enemies, and told Mr. Allworthy against him, or so good a man would never have dismissed one he had loved so tenderly in such a manner. To which Jones answered, "He doubted not but such villainous arts had been made use of to destroy him."

And surely it was scarce possible for any one to have avoided making the same remark with the barber, who had not indeed heard from Jones one single circumstance upon which he was condemned; for his actions were not now placed in those injurious lights in which they had been misrepresented to Allworthy; nor could he mention those many false accusations which had been from time to time preferred against him to Mr. Allworthy; for with none of these he was himself acquainted. He had likewise, as we have observed, omitted many material facts in his present relation. Upon the whole, indeed, every thing now appeared in such favourable colours to Jones, that malice itself would have found it no easy matter to fix any blame upon him.

Not that Jones desired to conceal or to disguise the truth; nay, he would have been more unwilling to have suffered any censure to fall on Mr. Allworthy for punishing him, than on his own actions for deserving it; but, in reality, so it happened, and so it always will happen; for let a man be ever so honest, the account of his own conduct will, in spite

of himself, be so very favourable, that his vices will come purified through his lips, and, like foul liquors well strained, will leave all their foulness behind. For though the facts themselves may appear, yet so different will be the motives, circumstances, and consequences, when a man tells his own story, and when his enemy tells it, that we scarce can recognise the facts to be one and the same.

Though the barber had drank down this story with greedy ears, he was not yet satisfied. There was a circumstance behind which his curiosity, cold as it was, most eagerly longed for. Jones had mentioned the fact of his amour, and of his being the rival of Blifil, but had cautiously concealed the name of the young lady. The barber, therefore, after some hesitation, and many hums and hahs, at last begged leave to crave the name of the lady, who appeared to be the principal cause of all this mischief. Jones paused a moment, and then said, "Since I have trusted you with so much, and since, I am afraid, her name is become too public already on this occasion, I will not conceal it from you. Her name is Sophia Western."

"*Proh deum atque hominum fidem!* Squire Western hath a daughter grown a woman!"—"Ay, and such a woman," cries Jones, "that the world cannot match. No eye ever saw any thing so beautiful; but that is her least excellence. Such sense! such goodness! O, I could praise her for ever, and yet should omit half her virtues!"—"Mr. Western a daughter grown up!" cries the barber: "I remember the father a boy; well, *Tempus edax rerum*."

The wine being now at an end, the barber pressed very eagerly to be his bottle; but Jones absolutely refused, saying, "He had already drank more than he ought: and that he now chose to retire to his room, where he wished he could procure himself a book."—"A book!" cries Benjamin; "what book would you have? Latin or English? I have some curious books in both languages; such as *Erasmi Colloquia*, *Ovid de Tristibus*, *Gradus ad Parnassum*; and in English I have several of the best books, though some of them are a little torn; but I have a great part of Stowe's Chronicle; the sixth volume of Pope's Homer; the third volume of the Spectator; the second volume of Echard's Roman History; the Craftsman; Robinson Crusoe; Thomas à Kempis; and two volumes of Tom Brown's Works."

"Those last," cries Jones, "are books I never saw, so if you please lend me one of those volumes." The barber assured him he would be highly entertained, for he looked upon the author to have been one of the greatest wits that ever the nation produced. He then stepped to his house, which was hard by, and immediately returned; after which, the barber having received very strict injunctions of secrecy from Jones, and having sworn inviolably to maintain it, they separated; the barber went home, and Jones retired to his chamber.

CHAPTER VI.

In which more of the talents of Mr. Benjamin will appear, as well as who this extraordinary person was.

IN the morning Jones grew a little uneasy at the desertion of his surgeon, as he apprehended some inconvenience, or even danger, might attend the not dressing his wound; he inquired therefore of the drawer, what other surgeons were to be met with in that neighbourhood. The drawer told him, there was one not far off; but he had known him often refuse to be concerned after another had been sent for before him; "but, sir," says he, "if you will

take my advice, there is not a man in the kingdom can do your business better than the barber who was with you last night. We look upon him to be one of the ablest men at a cut in all this neighbourhood. For though he hath not been here above three months, he hath done several great cures."

The drawer was presently dispatched for Little Benjamin, who being acquainted in what capacity he was wanted, prepared himself accordingly, and attended: but with so different an air and aspect from that which he wore when his basin was under his arm, that he could scarce be known to be the same person."

"So, tonsor," says Jones, "I find you have more trades than one; how came you not to inform me of this last night?"—"A surgeon," answered Benjamin, with great gravity, "is a profession, not a trade. The reason why I did not acquaint you last night that I professed this art, was, that I then concluded you was under the hands of another gentleman, and I never love to interfere with my brethren in their business. *Ars omnibus communis*. But now, sir, if you please, I will inspect your head, and when I see into your skull, I will give my opinion of your case."

Jones had no great faith in this new professor; however, he suffered him to open the bandage and to look at his wound; which as soon as he had done, Benjamin began to groan and shake his head violently. Upon which Jones, in a peevish manner, bid him not play the fool, but tell him in what condition he found him. "Shall I answer you as a surgeon, or a friend?" said Benjamin, "As a friend, and seriously," said Jones. "Why then, upon my soul," cries Benjamin, "it would require a great deal of art to keep you from being well after a very few dressings; and if you will suffer me to apply some salve of mine, I will answer for the success." Jones gave his consent, and the plaster was applied accordingly.

"There, sir," cried Benjamin; "now I will, if you please, resume my former self; but a man is obliged to keep up some dignity in his countenance whilst he is performing these operations, or the world will not submit to be handled by him. You can't imagine, sir, of how much consequence a grave aspect is to a grave character. A barber may make you laugh, but a surgeon ought rather to make you cry."

"Mr. barber, or Mr. surgeon, or Mr. barber-surgeon," said Jones.—"O dear sir!" answered Benjamin, interrupting him, "*Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem*. You recall to my mind that cruel separation of the united fraternities, so much to the prejudice of both bodies, as all separations must be, according to the old adage, *Vis unita fortior*; which to be sure there are not wanting some of one or of the other fraternity who are able to construe. What a blow was this to me, who unite both in my own person!" "Well, by whatever name you please to be called," continued Jones, "you certainly are one of the oddest, most comical fellows I ever met with, and must have something very surprising in your story, which you must confess I have a right to hear."—"I do confess it," answered Benjamin, "and will very readily acquaint you with it, when you have sufficient leisure, for I promise you it will require a good deal of time." Jones told him, he could never be more at leisure than at present. "Well, then," said Benjamin, "I will obey you; but first I will fasten the door, that none may interrupt us." He did so, and then advancing with a solemn air to Jones, said: "I must begin by telling you, sir, that you yourself have

been the greatest enemy I ever had." Jones was a little startled at this sudden declaration. "I your enemy, sir!" says he, with much amazement, and some sternness in his look. "Nay, be not angry," said Benjamin, "for I promise you I am not. You are perfectly innocent of having intended me any wrong; for you was then an infant: but I shall, I believe, unriddle all this the moment I mention my name. Did you never hear, sir, of one Partridge, who had the honour of being reputed your father, and the misfortune of being ruined by that honour?" "I have, indeed, heard of that Partridge," says Jones, "and have always believed myself to be his son." "Well, sir," answered Benjamin, "I am that Partridge; but I here absolve you from all filial duty, for I do assure you, you are no son of mine." "How!" replied Jones, "and is it possible that a false suspicion should have drawn all the ill consequences upon you, with which I am too well acquainted?" "It is possible," cries Benjamin, "for it is so: but though it is natural enough for men to hate even the innocent causes of their sufferings, yet I am of a different temper. I have loved you ever since I heard of your behaviour to Black George, as I told you; and I am convinced, from this extraordinary meeting, that you are born to make me amends for all I have suffered on that account. Besides, I dreamt, the night before I saw you, that I stumbled over a stool without hurting myself; which plainly showed me something good was towards me: and last night I dreamt again, that I rode behind you on a milk-white mare, which is a very excellent dream, and betokens much good fortune, which I am resolved to pursue, unless you have the cruelty to deny me."

"I should be very glad, Mr. Partridge," answered Jones, "to have it in my power to make you amends for your sufferings on my account, though at present I see no likelihood of it; however, I assure you I will deny you nothing which is in my power to grant."

"It is in your power sure enough," replied Benjamin; "for I desire nothing more than leave to attend you in this expedition. Nay, I have so entirely set my heart upon it, that if you should refuse me, you will kill both a barber and a surgeon in one breath."

Jones answered, smiling, that he should be very sorry to be the occasion of so much mischief to the public. He then advanced many prudential reasons, in order to dissuade Benjamin (whom we shall hereafter call Partridge) from his purpose; but all were in vain. Partridge relied strongly on his dream of the milk-white mare. "Besides, sir," says he, "I promise you I have as good an inclination to the cause as any man can possibly have; and go I will, whether you permit me to go in your company or not."

Jones, who was as much pleased with Partridge as Partridge could be with him, and who had not consulted his own inclination but the good of the other in desiring him to stay behind, when he found his friend so resolute, at last gave his consent; but then recollecting himself, he said, "Perhaps, Mr. Partridge, you think I shall be able to support you, but I really am not;" and then taking out his purse, he told out nine guineas, which he declared were his whole fortune.

Partridge answered, "That his dependence was only on his future favour; for he was thoroughly convinced he would shortly have enough in his power. At present, sir," said he, "I believe I am rather the richer man of the two; but all I have is at your service, and at your disposal. I insist upon

your taking the whole, and I beg only to attend you in the quality of your servant; *Nil desperandum est Teucro duce et auspice Teucro*: but to this generous proposal concerning the money, Jones would by no means submit.

It was resolved to set out the next morning, when a difficulty arose concerning the baggage; for the portmanteau of Mr. Jones was too large to be carried without a horse.

"If I may presume to give my advice," says Partridge, "this portmanteau, with every thing in it, except a few shirts, should be left behind. Those I shall be easily able to carry for you, and the rest of your clothes will remain very safe locked up in my house."

This method was no sooner proposed than agreed to; and then the barber departed, in order to prepare every thing for his intended expedition.

CHAPTER VII.

Containing better reasons than any which have yet appeared for the conduct of Partridge; an apology for the weakness of Jones; and some further anecdotes concerning my landlady.

THOUGH Partridge was one of the most superstitious of men, he would hardly perhaps have desired to accompany Jones on his expedition merely from the omens of the joint-stool and white-mare, if his prospect had been no better than to have shared the plunder gained in the field of battle. In fact, when Partridge came to ruminate on the relation he had heard from Jones, he could not reconcile to himself that Mr. Allworthy should turn his son (for so he most firmly believed him to be) out of doors, for any reason which he had heard assigned. He concluded, therefore, that the whole was a fiction, and that Jones, of whom he had often from his correspondents heard the wildest character, had in reality run away from his father. It came into his head, therefore, that if he could prevail with the young gentleman to return back to his father he should by that means render a service to Allworthy, which would obliterate all his former anger; nay, indeed, he conceived that very anger was counterfeited, and that Allworthy had sacrificed him to his own reputation. And this suspicion indeed he well accounted for, from the tender behaviour of that excellent man to the foundling child; from his great severity to Partridge, who, knowing himself to be innocent, could not conceive that any other should think him guilty; lastly, from the allowance which he had privately received long after the annuity had been publicly taken from him, and which he looked upon as a kind of smart-money, or rather by way of atonement for injustice; for it is very uncommon, I believe, for men to ascribe the benefactions they receive to pure charity, when they can possibly impute them to any other motive. If he could by any means therefore persuade the young gentleman to return home, he doubted not but that he should again be received into the favour of Allworthy, and well rewarded for his pains; nay, and should be again restored to his native country; a restoration which Ulysses himself never wished more heartily than poor Partridge.

As for Jones, he was well satisfied with the truth of what the other had asserted, and believed that Partridge had no other inducements but love to him, and zeal for the cause; a blameable want of caution and diffidence in the veracity of others, in which he was highly worthy of censure. To say the truth, there are but two ways by which men become possessed of this excellent quality. The one is from long experience, and the other is from nature; which

last, I presume, is often meant by genius, or great natural parts; and it is infinitely the better of the two, not only as we are masters of it much earlier in life, but as it is much more infallible and conclusive; for a man who hath been imposed on by ever so many, may still hope to find others more honest; whereas he who receives certain necessary admonitions from within, that this is impossible, must have very little understanding indeed, if he ever renders himself liable to be once deceived. As Jones had not this gift from nature, he was too young to have gained it by experience; for at the diffident wisdom which is to be acquired this way, we seldom arrive till very late in life; which is perhaps the reason why some old men are apt to despise the understandings of all those who are a little younger than themselves.

Jones spent most part of the day in the company of a new acquaintance. This was no other than the landlord of the house, or rather the husband of the landlady. He had but lately made his descent down stairs, after a long fit of the gout, in which distemper he was generally confined to his room during one half of the year; and during the rest, he walked about the house, smoked his pipe, and drank his bottle with his friends, without concerning himself in the least with any kind of business. He had been bred, as they call it, a gentleman; that is, bred up to do nothing; and had spent a very small fortune, which he inherited from an industrious farmer his uncle, in hunting, horse-racing, and cock-fighting, and had been married by my landlady for certain purposes, which he had long since desisted from answering; for which she hated him heartily. But as he was a surly kind of fellow, so she contented herself with frequently upbraiding him by disadvantageous comparisons with her first husband, whose praise she had eternally in her mouth; and as she was for the most part mistress of the profit, so she was satisfied to take upon herself the care and government of the family, and, after a long and successful struggle, to suffer her husband to be master of himself.

In the evening, when Jones retired to his room, a small dispute arose between this fond couple concerning him:—"What," says the wife, "you have been tippling with the gentleman, I see;"—"Yes," answered the husband, "we have cracked a bottle together, and a very gentlemanlike man he is, and hath a very pretty notion of horse-flesh. Indeed, he is young, and hath not seen much of the world; for I believe he hath been at very few horse-races."—"Oh o! he is one of your order, is he?" replies the landlady: "he must be a gentleman to be sure, if he is a horse-racer. The devil fetch such gentry! I am sure I wish I had never seen any of them. I have reason to love horse-racers truly!"—"That you have," says the husband; "for I was one, you know."—"Yes," answered she, "you are a pure one indeed. As my first husband used to say, I may put all the good I have ever got by you in my eyes, and see never the worse."—"D—n your first husband!" cries he. "Don't d—n a better man than yourself," answered the wife: "if he had been alive, you durst not have done it."—"Then you think," says he, "I have not so much courage as yourself; for you have d—n'd him often in my hearing."—"If I did," says she, "I have repented of it many's the good time and oft. And if he was so good to forgive me a word spoken in haste or so, it doth not become such a one as you to twitter me. He was a husband to me, he was; and if ever I did make use of an ill word or so in a passion, I never called him rascal: I should have told a lie, if I had

called him rascal." Much more she said, but not in his hearing; for having lighted his pipe, he staggered off as fast as he could. We shall therefore transcribe no more of her speech, as it approached still nearer and nearer to a subject too indelicate to find any place in this history.

Early in the morning Partridge appeared at the bed-side of Jones, ready equipped for the journey, with his knapsack at his back. This was his own workmanship; for besides his other trades, he was no indifferent tailor. He had already put up his whole stock of linen in it, consisting of four shirts, to which he now added eight for Mr. Jones; and then packing up the portmanteau, he was departing with it towards his own house, but was stopped in his way by the landlady who refused to suffer any removals till after the payment of the reckoning.

The landlady was, as we have said, absolute governess in these regions; it was therefore necessary to comply with her rules; so the bill was presently writ out, which amounted to a much larger sum than might have been expected, from the entertainment which Jones had met with. But here we are obliged to disclose some maxims, which publicans hold to be the grand mysteries of their trade. The first is, If they have any thing good in their house (which indeed very seldom happens) to produce it only to persons who travel with great equipages. 2dly, To charge the same for the very worst provisions, as if they were the best. And lastly, If any of their guests call but for little, to make them pay a double price for everything they have; so that the amount by the head may be much the same.

The bill being made and discharged, Jones set forward with Partridge, carrying his knapsack; nor did the landlady condescend to wish him a good journey; for this was, it seems, an inn frequented by people of fashion; and I know not whence it is, but all those who get their livelihood by people of fashion, contract as much insolence to the rest of mankind, as if they really belonged to that rank themselves.

CHAPTER VIII.

Jones arrives at Gloucester, and goes to the Bell; the character of that house, and of a pettifogger which he there meets with.

MR. JONES and Partridge, or Little Benjamin (which epithet of Little was perhaps given him ironically, he being in reality near six feet high), having left their last quarters in the manner before described, travelled on to Gloucester without meeting any adventure worth relating.

Being arrived here, they chose for their house of entertainment the sign of the Bell, an excellent house indeed, and which I do most seriously recommend to every reader who shall visit this ancient city. The master of it is brother to the great preacher Whitefield; but is absolutely untainted with the pernicious principles of methodism, or of any other heretical sect. He is indeed a very honest plain man, and, in my opinion, not likely to create any disturbance either in church or state. His wife hath, I believe, had much pretension to beauty, and is still a very fine woman. Her person and deportment might have made a shining figure in the politest assemblies; but though she must be conscious of this and many other perfections, she seems perfectly contented with, and resigned to, that state of life to which she is called; and this resignation is entirely owing to the prudence and wisdom of her temper; for she is at present as free from any methodistical notions as her husband: I say at present; for she freely confesses that her brother's documents made

at first some impression upon her, and that she had put herself to the expense of a long hood, in order to attend the extraordinary emotions of the Spirit; but having found, during an experiment of three weeks, no emotion, she says, worth a farthing, she very wisely laid by her hood, and abandoned the sect. To be concise, she is a very friendly good-natured woman; and so industrious to oblige, that the guests must be of a very morose disposition who are not extremely well satisfied in her house.

Mrs. Whitefield happened to be in the yard when Jones and his attendant marched in. Her sagacity soon discovered in the air of our hero something which distinguished him from the vulgar. She ordered her servants, therefore, immediately to show him into a room, and presently afterwards invited him to dinner with herself; which invitation he very thankfully accepted; for indeed much less agreeable company than that of Mrs. Whitefield, and a much worse entertainment than she had provided, would have been welcome after so long fasting and so long a walk.

Besides Mr. Jones and the good governess of the mansion, there sat down at table an attorney of Salisbury, indeed the very same who had brought the news of Mrs. Blifil's death to Mr. Allworthy, and whose name, which I think we did not before mention, was Dowling: there was likewise present another person, who styled himself a lawyer, and who lived somewhere near Linlinch, in Somersetshire. This fellow, I say, styled himself a lawyer, but was indeed a most vile pettifogger, without sense or knowledge of any kind; one of those who may be termed train-bearers to the law; a sort of supernumeraries in the profession, who are the hackneys of attorneys, and will ride more miles for half-a-crown than a postboy.

During the time of dinner, the Somersetshire lawyer recollected the face of Jones, which he had seen at Mr. Allworthy's; for he had often visited in that gentleman's kitchen. He therefore took occasion to inquire after the good family there with that familiarity which would have become an intimate friend or acquaintance of Mr. Allworthy; and indeed he did all in his power to insinuate himself to be such, though he had never had the honour of speaking to any person in that family higher than the butler. Jones answered all his questions with much civility, though he never remembered to have seen the pettifogger before; and though he concluded, from the outward appearance and behaviour of the man, that he usurped a freedom with his betters, to which he was by no means entitled.

As the conversation of fellows of this kind is of all others the most detestable to men of any sense, the cloth was no sooner removed than Mr. Jones withdrew, and a little barbarously left poor Mrs. Whitefield to do a penance, which I have often heard Mr. Timothy Harris, and other publicans of good taste, lament, as the severest lot annexed to their calling, namely, that of being obliged to keep company with their guests.

Jones had no sooner quitted the room, than the pettifogger, in a whispering tone, asked Mrs. Whitefield, "If she knew who that fine spark was?" She answered, "She had never seen the gentleman before."—"The gentleman, indeed!" replied the pettifogger; "a pretty gentleman, truly! Why, he's the bastard of a fellow who was hanged for horse-stealing. He was dropped at squire Allworthy's door, where one of the servants found him in a box so full of rain-water, that he would certainly have been drowned, had he not been reserved for another fate."—"Ay, ay, you need not mention it, I protest; we

understand what that fate is very well," cries Dowling, with a most facetious grin.—"Well," continued the other, "the squire ordered him to be taken in; for he is a timbersome man every body knows, and was afraid of drawing himself into a scrape; and there the bastard was bred up, and fed, and clothified all to the world like any gentleman; and there he got one of the servant-maids with child, and persuaded her to swear it to the squire himself; and afterwards he broke the arm of one Mr. Thwackum a clergyman, only because he reprimanded him for following whores; and afterwards he snapt a pistol at Mr. Blifil behind his back; and once, when squire Allworthy was sick, he got a drum, and beat it all over the house to prevent him from sleeping; and twenty other pranks he hath played, for all which, about four or five days ago, just before I left the country, the squire stripped him stark naked, and turned him out of doors."

"And very justly, too, I protest," cries Dowling; "I would turn my own son out of doors, if he was guilty of half as much. And pray what is the name of this pretty gentleman?"

"The name o' un?" answered Pettifogger; "why, he is called Thomas Jones."

"Jones!" answered Dowling a little eagerly; "what, Mr. Jones that lived at Mr. Allworthy's? was that the gentleman that dined with us?"—"The very same," said the other. "I have heard of the gentleman," cries Dowling, "often; but I never heard any ill character of him."—"And I am sure," says Mrs. Whitefield, "if half what this gentleman hath said be true, Mr. Jones hath the most deceitful countenance I ever saw; for sure his looks promise something very different; and I must say, for the little I have seen of him, he is as civil a well-bred man as you would wish to converse with."

Pettifogger calling to mind that he had not been sworn, as he usually was, before he gave his evidence, now bound what he declared with so many oaths and imprecations that the landlady's ears were shocked, and she put a stop to his swearing, by assuring him of her belief. Upon which he said, "I hope, madam, you imagine I would scorn to tell such things of any man, unless I knew them to be true. What interest have I in taking away the reputation of a man who never injured me? I promise you every syllable of what I have said is fact, and the whole country knows it."

As Mrs. Whitefield had no reason to suspect that the pettifogger had any motive or temptation to abuse Jones, the reader cannot blame her for believing what he so confidently affirmed with many oaths. She accordingly gave up her skill in physiognomy, and henceforwards conceived so ill an opinion of her guest, that she heartily wished him out of her house.

This dislike was now farther increased by a report which Mr. Whitefield made from the kitchen, where Partridge had informed the company, "That though he carried the knapsack, and contented himself with staying among the servants, while Tom Jones (as he called him) was regaling in the parlour, he was not his servant, but only a friend and companion and as good a gentleman as Mr. Jones himself."

Dowling sat all this while silent, biting his fingers, making faces, grinning, and looking wonderfully arch; at last he opened his lips, and protested that the gentleman looked like another sort of man. He then called for his bill with the utmost haste, declared he must be at Hereford that evening, lamented his great hurry of business, and wished he could divide himself into twenty pieces, in order to be at once in twenty places.

The pettifogger now likewise departed, and then Jones desired the favour of Mrs. Whitefield's company to drink tea with him; but she refused, and with a manner so different from that with which she had received him at dinner, that it a little surprised him. And now he soon perceived her behaviour totally changed; for instead of that natural affability which we have before celebrated, she wore a constrained severity on her countenance, which was so disagreeable to Mr. Jones, that he resolved, however late, to quit the house that evening.

He did indeed account somewhat unfairly for this sudden change; for besides some hard and unjust surmises concerning female fickleness and mutability, he began to suspect that he owed this want of civility to his want of horses; a sort of animals which, as they dirty no sheets, are thought in inns to pay better for their beds than their riders, and are therefore considered as the more desirable company; but Mrs. Whitefield, to do her justice, had a much more liberal way of thinking. She was perfectly well-bred, and could be very civil to a gentleman, though he walked on foot. In reality, she looked on our hero as a sorry scoundrel, and therefore treated him as such, for which not even Jones himself, had he known as much as the reader, could have blamed her; nay, on the contrary, he must have approved her conduct, and have esteemed her the more for the disrespect shown towards himself. This is indeed a most aggravating circumstance, which attends depriving men unjustly of their reputation; for a man who is conscious of having an ill character, cannot justly be angry with those who neglect and slight him; but ought rather to despise such as affect his conversation, unless where a perfect intimacy must have convinced them that their friend's character hath been falsely and injuriously aspersed.

This was not, however, the case of Jones; for as he was a perfect stranger to the truth, so he was with good reason offended at the treatment he received. He therefore paid his reckoning and departed, highly against the will of Mr. Partridge, who having remonstrated much against it to no purpose, at last condescended to take up his knapsack and to attend his friend.

CHAPTER IX.

Containing several dialogues between Jones and Partridge, concerning love, cold, hunger, and other matters; with the lucky and narrow escape of Partridge, as he was on the very brink of making a fatal discovery to his friend.

THE shadows began now to descend larger from the high mountains; the feathered creation had betaken themselves to their rest. Now the highest order of mortals were sitting down to their dinners, and the lowest order to their suppers. In a word, the clock struck five just as Mr. Jones took his leave of Gloucester; an hour at which (as it was now mid-winter) the dirty fingers of Night would have drawn her sable curtain over the universe, had not the moon forbid her, who now, with a face as broad and as red as those of some jolly mortals, who, like her, turn night into day, began to rise from her bed, where she had slumbered away the day, in order to sit up all night. Jones had not travelled far before he paid his compliments to that beautiful planet, and, turning to his companion, asked him if he had ever beheld so delicious an evening? Partridge making no ready answer to his question, he proceeded to comment on the beauty of the moon, and repeated some passages from Milton, who hath certainly excelled all other poets in his description

of the heavenly luminaries. He then told Partridge the story from the Spectator, of two lovers who had agreed to entertain themselves when they were at a great distance from each other, by repairing, at a certain fixed hour, to look at the moon; thus pleasing themselves with the thought that they were both employed in contemplating the same object at the same time. "Those lovers," added he, "must have had souls truly capable of feeling all the tenderness of the sublimest of all human passions."—"Very probably," cries Partridge: "but I envy them more, if they had bodies incapable of feeling cold; for I am almost frozen to death, and am very much afraid I shall lose a piece of my nose before we get to another house of entertainment. Nay, truly, we may well expect some judgment should happen to us for our folly in running away so by night from one of the most excellent inns I ever set my foot into. I am sure I never saw more good things in my life, and the greatest lord in the land cannot live better in his own house than he may there. And to forsake such a house, and go a rambling about the country, the Lord knows whither, *per devia rura viarum*. I say nothing for my part; but some people might not have charity enough to conclude we were in our sober senses."—"Fie upon it, Mr. Partridge!" says Jones, "have a better heart; consider you are going to face an enemy; and are you afraid of facing a little cold? I wish, indeed, we had a guide to advise which of these roads we should take."—"May I be so bold," says Partridge, "to offer my advice? *Interdum stultus opportuna loquitur*."—"Why, which of them," cries Jones, "would you recommend?"—"Truly neither of them," answered Partridge. "The only road we can be certain of finding, is the road we came. A good hearty pace will bring us back to Gloucester in an hour; but if we go forward, the Lord Harry knows when we shall arrive at any place; for I see at least fifty miles before me, and no house in all the way."—"You see, indeed, a very fair prospect," says Jones, "which receives great additional beauty from the extreme lustre of the moon. However, I will keep the left-hand track, as that seems to lead directly to those hills, which we were informed lie not far from Worcester. And here, if you are inclined to quit me, you may, and return back again; but for my part, I am resolved to go forward."

"It is unkind in you, sir," says Partridge, "to suspect me of any such intention. What I have advised hath been as much on your account as on my own: but since you are determined to go on, I am as much determined to follow. *I præsequar te*."

They now travelled some miles without speaking to each other, during which suspense of discourse Jones often sighed, and Benjamin groaned as bitterly, though from a very different reason. At length Jones made a full stop, and turning about, cries, "Who knows, Partridge, but the loveliest creature in the universe may have her eyes now fixed on that very moon which I behold at this instant?" "Very likely," sir, answered Partridge; "and if my eyes were fixed on a good sirloin of roast beef, the devil might take the moon and her horns into the bargain." "Did ever Tramontane make such an answer?" cries Jones. "Prithee, Partridge, wast thou ever susceptible of love in thy life, or hath time worn away all the traces of it from thy memory?" "Alack-a-day!" cries Partridge, "well would it have been for me if I had never known what love was. *Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem*. I am sure I have tasted all the

tenderness, and sublimities, and bitternesses of the passion." "Was your mistress unkind, then?" says Jones. "Very unkind, indeed, sir," answered Partridge; for she married me, and made me one of the most confounded wives in the world. However, heaven be praised, she's gone; and if I believed she was in the moon, according to a book I once read, which teaches that to be the receptacle of departed spirits, I would never look at it for fear of seeing her; but I wish, sir, that the moon was a looking-glass for your sake, and that Miss Sophia Western was now placed before it." "My dear Partridge," cries Jones, "what a thought was there! A thought which I am certain could never have entered into any mind but that of a lover. O Partridge! could I hope once again to see that face; but, alas! all those golden dreams are vanished for ever, and my only refuge from future misery is to forget the object of all my former happiness." "And do you really despair of ever seeing Miss Western again?" answered Partridge; "if you will follow my advice I will engage you shall not only see her but have her in your arms." "Ha! do not awaken a thought of that nature," cries Jones: "I have struggled sufficiently to conquer all such wishes already." "Nay," answered Partridge, "if you do not wish to have your mistress in your arms you are a most extraordinary lover indeed." "Well, well," says Jones, "let us avoid this subject; but pray what is your advice?" "To give it you in the military phrase, then," says Partridge, "as we are soldiers, 'To the right about.' Let us return the way we came; we may yet reach Gloucester to-night, though late; whereas, if we proceed, we are likely, for aught I see, to ramble about for ever without coming either to house or home." "I have already told you my resolution is to go on," answered Jones; "but I would have you go back. I am obliged to you for your company hither: and I beg you to accept a guinea as a small instance of my gratitude. Nay, it would be cruel in me to suffer you to go any farther; for, to deal plainly with you, my chief end and desire is a glorious death in the service of my king and country." "As for your money," replied Partridge, "I beg, sir, you will put it up; I will receive none of you at this time; for at present I am, I believe, the richer man of the two. And as your resolution is to go on, so mine is to follow you if you do. Nay, now my presence appears absolutely necessary to take care of you, since your intentions are so desperate; for I promise you my views are much more prudent; as you are resolved to fall in battle if you can, so I am resolved as firmly to come to no hurt if I can help it. And, indeed, I have the comfort to think there will be but little danger; for a popish priest told me the other day the business would soon be over, and he believed without a battle." "A popish priest!" cries Jones, "I have heard is not always to be believed when he speaks in behalf of his religion." "Yes, but so far," answered the other, "from speaking in behalf of his religion, he assured me the Catholics did not expect to be gainers by the change; for that prince Charles was as good a Protestant as any in England; and that nothing but regard to right made him and the rest of the popish party to be Jacobites."—"I believe him to be as much a Protestant as I believe he hath any right," says Jones; "and I make no doubt of our success, but not without a battle. So that I am not so sanguine as your friend the popish priest." "Nay, to be sure, sir," answered Partridge, "all the prophecies I have ever read speak of a great deal of blood to be spilt in the quarrel, and the miller with three thumbs, who is now alive, is

to hold the horses of three kings, up to his knees in blood. Lord, have mercy upon us all, and send better times!" "With what stuff and nonsense hast thou filled thy head!" answered Jones: "This too, I suppose, comes from the popish priest. Monsters and prodigies are the proper arguments to support monstrous and absurd doctrines. The cause of king George is the cause of liberty and true religion. In other words, it is the cause of common sense, my boy, and I warrant you will succeed, though Briarius himself was to rise again with his hundred thumbs, and to turn miller." Partridge made no reply to this. He was, indeed, cast into the utmost confusion by this declaration of Jones. For, to inform the reader of a secret, which we had no proper opportunity of revealing before, Partridge was in truth a Jacobite, and had concluded that Jones was of the same party, and was now proceeding to join the rebels. An opinion which was not without foundation. For the tall, long-sided dame, mentioned by Hudibras,—that many-eyed, many-tongued, many-mouthed, many-eared monster of Virgil, had related the story of the quarrel between Jones and the officer, with the usual regard to truth. She had, indeed, changed the name of Sophia into that of the Pretender, and had reported, that drinking his health was the cause for which Jones was knocked down. This Partridge had heard, and most firmly believed. 'Tis no wonder, therefore, that he had thence entertained the above-mentioned opinion of Jones; and which he had almost discovered to him before he found out his own mistake. And at this the reader will be the less inclined to wonder, if he pleases to recollect the doubtful phrase in which Jones first communicated his resolution to Mr. Partridge; and, indeed, had the words been less ambiguous, Partridge might very well have construed them as he did; being persuaded as he was that the whole nation were of the same inclination in their hearts: nor did it stagger him that Jones had travelled in the company of soldiers; for he had the same opinion of the army which he had of the rest of the people.

But however well affected he might be to James or Charles, he was still much more attached to Little Benjamin than to either; for which reason he no sooner discovered the principles of his fellow-traveller than he thought proper to conceal and outwardly give up his own to the man on whom he depended for the making his fortune, since he by no means believed the affairs of Jones to be so desperate as they really were with Mr. Allworthy; for as he had kept a constant correspondence with some of his neighbours since he left that country, he had heard much, indeed more than was true, of the great affection Mr. Allworthy bore this young man, who, as Partridge had been instructed, was to be that gentleman's heir, and whom, as we have said, he did not in the least doubt to be his son.

He imagined therefore that whatever quarrel was between them, it would be certainly made up at the return of Mr. Jones; an event from which he promised great advantages, if he could take this opportunity of ingratiating himself with that young gentleman; and if he could by any means be instrumental in procuring his return, he doubted not, as we have before said, but it would as highly advance him in the favour of Mr. Allworthy.

We have already observed, that he was a very good-natured fellow, and he hath himself declared the violent attachment he had to the person and character of Jones; but possibly the views which I have just before mentioned, might likewise have

some little share in prompting him to undertake this expedition, at least in urging him to continue it, after he had discovered that his master and himself, like some prudent fathers and sons, though they travelled together in great friendship, had embraced opposite parties. I am led into this conjecture, by having remarked, that though love, friendship, esteem, and such like, have very powerful operations in the human mind; interest, however, is an ingredient seldom omitted by wise men, when they would work others to their own purposes. This is indeed a most excellent medicine, and, like Ward's pill, flies at once to the particular part of the body on which you desire to operate, whether it be the tongue, the hand, or any other member, where it scarce ever fails of immediately producing the desired effect.

CHAPTER X.

In which our travellers meet with a very extraordinary adventure.

JUST as Jones and his friend came to the end of their dialogue in the preceding chapter, they arrived at the bottom of a very steep hill. Here Jones stopped short, and directing his eyes upwards, stood for a while silent. At length he called to his companion, and said, "Partridge, I wish I was at the top of this hill; it must certainly afford a most charming prospect, especially by this light; for the solemn gloom which the moon casts on all objects, is beyond expression beautiful, especially to an imagination which is desirous of cultivating melancholy ideas."—"Very probably," answered Partridge; "but if the top of the hill be properest to produce melancholy thoughts, I suppose the bottom is the likeliest to produce merry ones, and these I take to be much the better of the two. I protest you have made my blood run cold with the very mentioning the top of that mountain; which seems to me to be one of the highest in the world. No, no, if we look for any thing, let it be for a place under ground, to screen ourselves from the frost."—"Do so," said Jones; "let it be but within hearing of this place, and I will halloo to you at my return back."—"Surely, sir, you are not mad," said Partridge. "Indeed I am," answered Jones, "if ascending this hill be madness; but as you complain so much of the cold already, I would have you stay below. I will certainly return to you within an hour."—"Pardon me, sir," cries Partridge; "I have determined to follow you wherever you go." Indeed he was now afraid to stay behind; for though he was coward enough in all respects, yet his chief fear was that of ghosts, with which the present time of night, and the wildness of the place, extremely well suited.

At this instant Partridge espied a glimmering light through some trees, which seemed very near to them. He immediately cried out in a rapture, "Oh, sir! Heaven hath at last heard my prayers, and hath brought us to a house; perhaps it may be an inn. Let me beseech you, sir, if you have any compassion either for me or yourself, do not despise the goodness of Providence, but let us go directly to yon light. Whether it be a public-house or no, I am sure if they be christians that dwell there, they will not refuse a little house-room to persons in our miserable condition." Jones at length yielded to the earnest supplications of Partridge, and both together made directly towards the place whence the light issued.

They soon arrived at the door of this house, or cottage; for it might be called either, without much impropriety. Here Jones knocked several times

without receiving any answer from within; at which Partridge, whose head was full of nothing but of ghosts, devils, witches, and such like, began to tremble, crying, "Lord, have mercy upon us! surely the people must be all dead. I can see no light neither now, and yet I am certain I saw a candle burning but a moment before.—Well! I have heard of such things."—"What hast thou heard of?" said Jones. "The people are either fast asleep, or probably, as this is a lonely place, are afraid to open their door." He then began to vociferate pretty loudly, and at last an old woman opening an upper casement, asked Who they were, and what they wanted? Jones answered, They were travellers who had lost their way, and having seen a light in the window, had been led thither in hopes of finding some fire to warm themselves. "Whoever you are," cries the woman, "you have no business here; nor shall I open the door to any body at this time of night." Partridge, whom the sound of a human voice had recovered from his fright, fell to the most earnest supplications to be admitted for a few minutes to the fire, saying, he was almost dead with the cold; to which fear had indeed contributed equally with the frost. He assured her that the gentleman who spoke to her was one of the greatest squires in the country; and made use of every argument, save one, which Jones afterwards effectually added; and this was, the promise of half-a-crown;—a bribe too great to be resisted by such a person, especially as the genteel appearance of Jones, which the light of the moon plainly discovered to her, together with his affable behaviour, had entirely subdued those apprehensions of thieves which she had at first conceived. She agreed, therefore, at last, to let them in; where Partridge, to his infinite joy, found a good fire ready for his reception.

The poor fellow, however, had no sooner warmed himself, than those thoughts which were always uppermost in his mind, began a little to disturb his brain. There was no article of his creed in which he had a stronger faith than he had in witchcraft, nor can the reader conceive a figure more adapted to inspire this idea, than the old woman who now stood before him. She answered exactly to that picture drawn by Otway in his Orphan. Indeed, if this woman had lived in the reign of James the First, her appearance alone would have hanged her, almost without any evidence.

Many circumstances likewise conspired to confirm Partridge in his opinion. Her living, as he then imagined, by herself in so lonely a place; and in a house, the outside of which seemed much too good for her; but its inside was furnished in the most neat and elegant manner. To say the truth, Jones himself was not a little surprised at what he saw; for, besides the extraordinary neatness of the room, it was adorned with a great number of nicknacks and curiosities, which might have engaged the attention of a virtuoso.

While Jones was admiring these things, and Partridge sat trembling with the firm belief that he was in the house of a witch, the old woman said, "I hope, gentlemen, you will make what haste you can; for I expect my master presently, and I would not for double the money he should find you here."—"Then you have a master?" cried Jones. "Indeed, you will excuse me, good woman, but I was surprised to see all these fine things in your house."—"Ah, sir," said she, "if the twentieth part of these things were mine, I should think myself a rich woman. But pray, sir, do not stay much longer, for I look for him in every minute."—"Why sure he would not be angry with you," said Jones, "for doing a com-

mon act of charity?"—"Alack-a-day, sir!" said she, "he is a strange man, not at all like other people. He keeps no company with any body, and seldom walks out but by night, for he doth not care to be seen; and all the country people are as much afraid of meeting him; for his dress is enough to frighten those who are not used to it. They call him, the Man of the Hill (for there he walks by night), and the country people are not, I believe, more afraid of the devil himself. He would be terribly angry if he found you here."—"Pray, sir," says Partridge, "don't let us offend the gentleman; I am ready to walk, and was never warmer in my life. Do pray, sir, let us go. Here are pistols over the chimney: who knows whether they be charged or no, or what he may do with them?"—"Fear nothing, Partridge," cries Jones; "I will secure thee from danger."—"Nay, for matter o' that, he never doth any mischief," said the woman; "but to be sure it is necessary he should keep some arms for his own safety; for his house hath been beset more than once; and it is not many nights ago that we thought we heard thieves about it: for my own part, I have often wondered that he is not murdered by some villain or other, as he walks out by himself at such hours; but then, as I said, the people are afraid of him; and besides, they think, I suppose, he has nothing about him worth taking."—"I should imagine, by this collection of rarities," cries Jones, "that your master had been a traveller."—"Yes, sir," answered she, "he hath been a very great one: there be few gentlemen that know more of all matters than he. I fancy he hath been crossed in love, or whatever it is I know not; but I have lived with him above these thirty years, and in all that time he hath hardly spoke to six living people." She then again solicited their departure, in which she was backed by Partridge; but Jones purposely protracted the time, for his curiosity was greatly raised to see this extraordinary person. Though the old woman, therefore, concluded every one of her answers with desiring him to be gone, and Partridge proceeded so far as to pull him by the sleeve, he still continued to invent new questions, till the old woman, with an affrighted countenance, declared she heard her master's signal; and at the same instant more than one voice was heard without the door, crying "D—n your blood show us your money this instant. Your money, you villain, or we will blow your brains about your ears."

"O, good heaven!" cries the old woman, "some villains, to be sure, have attacked my master. O la! what shall I do? what shall I do?"—"How!" cries Jones, "how!—Are these pistols loaded?"—"O, good sir, there is nothing in them, indeed. O pray don't murder us, gentlemen!" (for in reality she now had the same opinion of those within as she had of those without). Jones made her no answer; but snatching an old broad sword which hung in the room, he instantly sallied out, where he found the old gentleman struggling with two ruffians, and begging for mercy. Jones asked no questions, but fell so briskly to work with his broad sword, that the fellows immediately quitted their hold; and without offering to attack our hero, betook themselves to their heels and made their escape; for he did not attempt to pursue them, being contented with having delivered the old gentleman; and indeed he concluded he had pretty well done their business, for both of them, as they ran off, cried out with bitter oaths that they were dead men.

Jones presently ran to lift up the old gentleman, who had been thrown down in the scuffle, expressing at the same time great concern lest he should have received any harm from the villains. The old man

stared a moment at Jones, and then cried, "No, sir, no, I have very little harm, I thank you. Lord have mercy upon me!"—"I see, sir," said Jones, "you are not free from apprehensions even of those who have had the happiness to be your deliverers; nor can I blame any suspicions which you may have; but indeed you have no real occasion for any; here are none but your friends present. Having missed our way this cold night, we took the liberty of warming ourselves at your fire, whence we were just departing when we heard you call for assistance, which, I must say, Providence alone seems to have sent you."—"Providence, indeed," cries the old gentleman. "if it be so."—"So it is, I assure you," cries Jones! "Here is your own sword, sir; I have used it in your defence, and now I return it into your own hand." The old man having received the sword, which was stained with the blood of his enemies, looked steadfastly at Jones during some moments, and then with a sigh cried out, "You will pardon me, young gentleman; I was not always of a suspicious temper, nor am I a friend to ingratitude."

"Be thankful then," cries Jones, "to that Providence to which you owe your deliverance: as to my part, I have only discharged the common duties of humanity, and what I would have done for any fellow-creature in your situation."—"Let me look at you a little longer," cries the old gentleman. "You are a human creature then? Well, perhaps you are. Come, pray walk into my little hut. You have been my deliverer indeed."

The old woman was distracted between the fears which she had of her master, and for him; and Partridge was, if possible, in a greater fright. The former of these, however, when she heard her master speak kindly to Jones, and perceived what had happened, came again to herself; but Partridge no sooner saw the gentleman than the strangeness of his dress infused greater terrors into that poor fellow than he had before felt, either from the strange description which he had heard, or from the uproar which had happened at the door.

To say the truth, it was an appearance which might have affected a more constant mind than that of Mr. Partridge. This person was of the tallest size, with a long beard as white as snow. His body was clothed with the skin of an ass, made something into the form of a coat. He wore likewise boots on his legs, and a cap on his head, both composed of the skin of some other animals.

As soon as the old gentleman came into his house, the old woman began her congratulations on his happy escape from the ruffians. "Yes," cried he, "I have escaped, indeed, thanks to my preserver."—"O the blessing on him!" answered she: "he is a good gentleman, I warrant him. I was afraid your worship would have been angry with me for letting him in; and to be certain I should not have done it, had not I seen by the moon-light, that he was a gentleman, and almost frozen to death. And to be certain it must have been some good angel that sent him hither, and tempted me to do it."

"I am afraid, sir," said the old gentleman to Jones, "that I have nothing in this house which you can either eat or drink, unless you will accept a dram of brandy; of which I can give you some most excellent, and which I have had by me these thirty years." Jones declined this offer in a very civil and proper speech, and then the other asked him, "Whither he was travelling when he missed his way?" saying, "I must own myself surprised to see such a person as you appear to be, journeying on foot at this time of night. I suppose, sir, you are a

gentleman of these parts; for you do not look like one who is used to travel far without horses?"

"Appearances," cried Jones, "are often deceitful; men sometimes look what they are not. I assure you I am not of this country; and whither I am travelling, in reality I scarce know myself."

"Whoever you are, or whithersoever you are going," answered the old man; "I have obligations to you which I can never return."

"I once more," replied Jones, "affirm that you have none; for there can be no merit in having hazarded that in your service on which I set no value; and nothing is so contemptible in my eyes as life."

"I am sorry, young gentleman," answered the stranger, "that you have any reason to be unhappy at your years."

"Indeed I am, sir," answered Jones, "the most unhappy of mankind."—"Perhaps you have had a friend, or a mistress?" replied the other. "How could you," cries Jones, "mention two words sufficient to drive me to distraction?"—"Either of them is enough to drive any man to distraction," answered the old man. "I inquire no farther, sir; perhaps my curiosity hath led me too far already."

"Indeed, sir," cries Jones, "I cannot censure a passion which I feel at this instant in the highest degree. You will pardon me when I assure you, that every thing which I have seen or heard since I first entered this house hath conspired to raise the greatest curiosity in me. Something very extraordinary must have determined you to this course of life, and I have reason to fear your own history is not without misfortunes."

Here the old gentleman again sighed, and remained silent for some minutes: at last, looking earnestly on Jones, he said, "I have read that a good countenance is a letter of recommendation; if so, none ever can be more strongly recommended than yourself. If I did not feel some yearnings towards you from another consideration, I must be the most ungrateful monster upon earth; and I am really concerned it is no otherwise in my power than by words to convince you of my gratitude."

Jones, after a moment's hesitation, answered, "That it was in his power by words to gratify him extremely. I have confessed a curiosity," said he, "sir; need I say how much obliged I should be to you, if you would condescend to gratify it? Will you suffer me therefore to beg, unless any consideration restrains you, that you would be pleased to acquaint me what motives have induced you thus to withdraw from the society of mankind, and to betake yourself to a course of life to which it sufficiently appears you were not born?"

"I scarce think myself at liberty to refuse you anything after what hath happened," replied the old man. "If you desire therefore to hear the story of an unhappy man, I will relate it to you. Indeed you judge rightly, in thinking there is commonly something extraordinary in the fortunes of those who fly from society; for however it may seem a paradox, or even a contradiction, certain it is, that great philanthropy chiefly inclines us to avoid and detest mankind; not on account so much of their private and selfish vices, but for those of a relative kind; such as envy, malice, treachery, cruelty, with every other species of malevolence. These are the vices which true philanthropy abhors, and which rather than see and converse with, she avoids society itself. However, without a compliment to you, you do not appear to me one of those whom I should shun or detest; nay, I must say, in what little hath dropt from you, there appears some parity in our

fortunes : I hope, however, yours will conclude more successfully."

Here some compliments passed between our hero and his host, and then the latter was going to begin his history, when Partridge interrupted him. His apprehensions had now pretty well left him, but some effects of his terrors remained ; he therefore reminded the gentleman of that excellent brandy which he had mentioned. This was presently brought, and Partridge swallowed a large bumper.

The gentleman then, without any further preface, began as you may read in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

In which the Man of the Hill begins to relate his history.

"I was born in a village of Somersetshire, called Mark, in the year 1657. My father was one of those whom they call gentlemen farmers. He had a little estate of about 300*l.* a year of his own, and rented another estate of near the same value. He was prudent and industrious, and so good a husbandman, that he might have led a very easy and comfortable life, had not an arrant vixen of a wife soured his domestic quiet. But though this circumstance perhaps made him miserable, it did not make him poor ; for he confined her almost entirely at home, and rather choose to bear eternal upbraidings in his own house, than to injure his fortune by indulging her in the extravagances she desired abroad.

"By this Xantippe," (so was the wife of Socrates called, said Partridge)—"by this Xantippe he had two sons, of which I was the younger. He designed to give us both good education ; but my elder brother, who, unhappily for him, was the favourite of my mother, utterly neglected his learning ; inso-much that, after having been five or six years at school with little or no improvement, my father, being told by his master that it would be to no purpose to keep him longer there, at last complied with my mother in taking him home from the hands of that tyrant, as she called his master ; though indeed he gave the lad much less correction than his idleness deserved, but much more, it seems, than the young gentleman liked, who constantly complained to his mother of his severe treatment, and she as constantly gave him a hearing."

"Yes, yes," cries Partridge, "I have seen such mothers ; I have been abused myself by them, and very unjustly ; such parents deserve correction as much as their children."

Jones chid the pedagogue for his interruption, and then the stranger proceeded.

"My brother now, at the age of fifteen, bade adieu to all learning, and to every thing else but to his dog and gun ; with which latter he became so expert, that, though perhaps you may think it incredible, he could not only hit a standing mark with great certainty, but hath actually shot a crow as it was flying in the air. He was likewise excellent at finding a hare sitting, and was soon reputed one of the best sportsmen in the country ; a reputation which both he and his mother enjoyed as much as if he had been thought the finest scholar.

"The situation of my brother made me at first think my lot the harder, in being continued at school : but I soon changed my opinion ; for as I advanced pretty fast in learning, my labours became easy, and my exercise so delightful, that holidays were my most unpleasant time ; for my mother, who never loved me, now apprehending that I had the greater share of my father's affection, and finding, or at least thinking, that I was more taken notice of by some gentlemen of learning, and particularly by

the parson of the parish, than my brother, she now hated my sight, and made home so disagreeable to me, that what is called by school-boys Black Monday, was to me the whitest in the whole year.

"Having at length gone through the school at Taunton, I was thence removed to Exeter college in Oxford, where I remained four years ; at the end of which an accident took me off entirely from my studies ; and hence I may truly date the rise of all which happened to me afterwards in life.

"There was at the same college with myself one sir George Gresham, a young fellow who was entitled to a very considerable fortune, which he was not, by the will of his father, to come into full possession of till he arrived at the age of twenty-five. However, the liberality of his guardians gave him little cause to regret the abundant caution of his father ; for they allowed him five hundred pounds a year while he remained at the university, where he kept his horses and his whore, and lived as wicked and as profligate a life as he could have done had he been never so entirely master of his fortune ; for besides the five hundred a year which he received from his guardians, he found means to spend a thousand more. He was above the age of twenty-one, and had no difficulty in gaining what credit he pleased.

"This young fellow, among many other tolerable bad qualities, had one very diabolical. He had a great delight in destroying and ruining the youth of inferior fortune, by drawing them into expenses which they could not afford so well as himself ; and the better, and worthier, and soberer any young man was, the greater pleasure and triumph had he in his destruction. Thus acting the character which is recorded of the devil, and going about seeking whom he might devour.

"It was my misfortune to fall into an acquaintance and intimacy with this gentleman. My reputation of diligence in my studies made me a desirable object of his mischievous intention ; and my own inclination made it sufficiently easy for him to effect his purpose ; for though I had applied myself with much industry to books, in which I took great delight, there were other pleasures in which I was capable of taking much greater ; for I was high-mettled, had a violent flow of animal spirits, was a little ambitious, and extremely amorous.

"I had not long contracted an intimacy with sir George before I became a partaker of all his pleasures ; and when I was once entered on that scene, neither my inclination nor my spirit would suffer me to play an under part. I was second to none of the company in any acts of debauchery ; nay, I soon distinguished myself so notably in all riots and disorders, that my name generally stood first in the roll of delinquents ; and instead of being lamented as the unfortunate pupil of sir George, I was now accused as the person who had misled and debauched that hopeful young gentleman ; for though he was the ringleader and promoter of all the mischief, he was never so considered. I fell at last under the censure of the vice-chancellor, and very narrowly escaped expulsion.

"You will easily believe, sir, that such a life as I am now describing must be incompatible with my further progress in learning ; and that in proportion as I addicted myself more and more to loose pleasure, I must grow more and more remiss in application to my studies. This was truly the consequence ; but this was not all. My expenses now greatly exceeded not only my former income, but those additions, which I extorted from my poor generous father, on pretences of sums being necessary for preparing

for my approaching degree of bachelor of arts. These demands, however, grew at last so frequent and exorbitant, that my father by slow degrees opened his ears to the accounts which he received from many quarters of my present behaviour, and which my mother failed not to echo very faithfully and loudly; adding, 'Ay, this is the fine gentleman, the scholar who doth so much honour to his family, and is to be the making of it. I thought what all this learning would come to. He is to be the ruin of us all, I find, after his elder brother hath been denied necessities for his sake, to perfect his education forsooth, for which he was to pay us such interest: I thought what the interest would come to,' with much more of the same kind; but I have, I believe, satisfied you with this taste.

"My father, therefore, began now to return remonstrances instead of money to my demands, which brought my affairs perhaps a little sooner to a crisis; but had he remitted me his whole income, you will imagine it could have sufficed a very short time to support one who kept pace with the expenses of sir George Gresham.

"It is more than possible that the distress I was now in for money, and the impracticability of going on in this manner, might have restored me at once to my senses and to my studies, had I opened my eyes before I became involved in debts from which I saw no hopes of ever extricating myself. This was indeed the great art of sir George, and by which he accomplished the ruin of many, whom he afterwards laughed at as fools and coxcombs, for vying, as he called it, with a man of his fortune. To bring this about, he would now and then advance a little money himself, in order to support the credit of the unfortunate youth with other people; till, by means of that very credit he was irretrievably undone.

"My mind being by these means grown as desperate as my fortune, there was scarce a wickedness which I did not meditate, in order for my relief. Self-murder itself became the subject of my serious deliberation; and I had certainly resolved on it, had not a more shameful, though perhaps less sinful, thought expelled it from my head."—Here he hesitated a moment, and then cried out, "I protest, so many years have not washed away the shame of this act, and I shall blush while I relate it." Jones desired him to pass over any thing that might give him pain in the relation; but Partridge eagerly cried out, "Oh, pray, sir, let us hear this; I had rather hear this than all the rest; as I hope to be saved, I will never mention a word of it." Jones was going to rebuke him, but the stranger prevented it by proceeding thus: "I had a chum, a very prudent, frugal, young lad, who, though he had no very large allowance, had by his parsimony heaped up upwards of forty guineas, which I knew he kept in his escrutoire. I took therefore an opportunity of purloining his key from his breeches-pocket while he was asleep, and thus made myself master of all his riches: after which I again conveyed his key into his pocket, and counterfeiting sleep,—though I never once closed my eyes, lay in bed till after he arose and went to prayers,—an exercise to which I had long been unaccustomed.

"Timorous thieves, by extreme caution, often subject themselves to discoveries, which those of a bolder kind escape. Thus it happened to me; for had I boldly broke open his escrutoire, I had, perhaps, escaped even his suspicion; but as it was plain that the person who robbed him had possessed himself of his key, he had no doubt, when he first missed his money, but that his chum was certainly the thief.

Now as he was of a fearful disposition, and much my inferior in strength, and I believe in courage, he did not dare to confront me with my guilt, for fear of worse bodily consequences which might happen to him. He repaired therefore immediately to the vice-chancellor, and upon swearing to the robbery, and to the circumstances of it, very easily obtained a warrant against one who had now so bad a character through the whole university.

"Luckily for me, I lay out of the college the next evening; for that day I attended a young lady in a chaise to Witney, where we staid all night; and in our return, the next morning, to Oxford, I met one of my cronies, who acquainted me with sufficient news concerning myself to make me turn my horse another way."

"Pray, sir, did he mention anything of the warrant?" said Partridge. But Jones begged the gentleman to proceed without regarding any impertinent questions; which he did as follows:—

"Having now abandoned all thoughts of returning to Oxford, the next thing which offered itself was a journey to London. I imparted this intention to my female companion, who at first remonstrated against it; but upon producing my wealth, she immediately consented. We then struck across the country, into the great Cirencester road, and made such haste, that we spent the next evening save one in London.

"When you consider the place where I now was, and the company with whom I was, you will, I fancy, conceive that a very short time brought me to an end of that sum of which I had so iniquitously possessed myself.

"I was now reduced to a much higher degree of distress than before: the necessities of life began to be numbered among my wants; and what made my case still the more grievous was, that my paramour, of whom I was now grown immoderately fond, shared the same distresses with myself. To see a woman love you in distress; to be unable to relieve her, and at the same time to reflect that you have brought her into this situation, is perhaps a curse of which no imagination can represent the horrors to those who have not felt it."—"I believe it from my soul," cries Jones, "and I pity you from the bottom of my heart:" he then took two or three disorderly turns about the room, and at last begged pardon, and flung himself into his chair, crying, "I thank Heaven, I have escaped that!"

"This circumstance," continued the gentleman, "so severely aggravated the horrors of my present situation, that they became absolutely intolerable. I could with less pain endure the raging in my own natural unsatisfied appetites, even hunger or thirst, than I could submit to leave ungratified the most whimsical desires of a woman on whom I so extravagantly doted, that, though I knew she had been the mistress of half my acquaintance, I firmly intended to marry her. But the good creature was unwilling to consent to an action which the world might think so much to my disadvantage. And as, possibly, she compassionated the daily anxieties which she must have perceived me to suffer on her account, she resolved to put an end to my distress. She soon, indeed, found means to relieve me from my troublesome and perplexed situation; for while I was distracted with various inventions to supply her with pleasures, she very kindly—betrayed me to one of her former lovers at Oxford, by whose care and diligence I was immediately apprehended and committed to gaol.

"Here I first began seriously to reflect on the miscarriages of my former life; on the errors I had

been guilty of; on the misfortunes which I had brought on myself; and on the grief which I must have occasioned to one of the best of fathers. When I added to all these the perfidy of my mistress, such was the horror of my mind, that life, instead of being longer desirable, grew the object of my abhorrence; and I could have gladly embraced death as my dearest friend, if it had offered itself to my choice unattended by shame.

"The time of the assizes soon came, and I was removed by habeas corpus to Oxford, where I expected certain conviction and condemnation; but, to my great surprise, none appeared against me, and I was, at the end of the sessions, discharged for want of prosecution. In short, my chum had left Oxford, and whether from indolence, or from what other motive, I am ignorant, had declined concerning himself any further in the affair."

"Perhaps," cries Partridge, "he did not care to have your blood upon his hands; and he was in the right on't. If any person was to be hanged upon my evidence, I should never be able to lie alone afterwards, for fear of seeing his ghost."

"I shall shortly doubt, Partridge," says Jones, "whether thou art more brave or wise."—"You may laugh at me, sir, if you please," answered Partridge; "but if you will hear a very short story which I can tell, and which is most certainly true, perhaps you may change your opinion. In the parish where I was born——" Here Jones would have silenced him; but the stranger interceded that he might be permitted to tell his story, and in the mean time promised to recollect the remainder of his own.

Partridge then proceeded thus: "In the parish where I was born, there lived a farmer whose name was Bridle, and he had a son named Francis, a good hopeful young fellow: I was at the grammar-school with him, where I remember he was got into Ovid's Epistles, and he could construe you three lines together sometimes without looking into a dictionary. Besides all this, he was a very good lad, never missed church o' Sundays, and was reckoned one of the best psalm-singers in the whole parish. He would indeed now and then take a cup too much, and that was the only fault he had."—"Well, but come to the ghost," cries Jones. "Never fear, sir; I shall come to him soon enough," answered Partridge. "You must know, then, that farmer Bridle lost a mare, a sorrel one, to the best of my remembrance; and so it fell out that this young Francis shortly afterward being at a fair at Hindon, and as I think it was on——, I can't remember the day; and being as he was, what should he happen to meet but a man on his father's mare. Frank called out presently, stop thief; and it being in the middle of the fair, it was impossible, you know, for the man to make his escape. So they apprehended him and carried him before the justice: I remember it was Justice Willoughby, of Noyle, a very worthy good gentleman; and he committed him to prison, and bound Frank in recognisance, I think they call it,—hard word compounded of *re* and *cognosco*; but it differs in its meaning from the use of the simple, as many other compounds do. Well, at last down came my Lord Justice Page to hold the assizes; and so the fellow was had up, and Frank was had up for a witness. To be sure, I shall never forget the face of the judge, when he began to ask him what he had to say against the prisoner. He made poor Frank tremble and shake in his shoes. 'Well you, fellow,' says my lord, 'what have you to say? Don't stand humming and hawing, but speak out.' But, however, he soon turned altogether as civil to Frank,

and began to thunder at the fellow; and when he asked him if he had anything to say for himself,' the fellow said, he had found the horse. 'Ay!' answered the judge, 'thou art a lucky fellow: I have travelled the circuit these forty years, and never found a horse in my life: but I'll tell thee what, friend, thou wast more lucky than thou didst know of; for thou didst not only find a horse, but a halter too, I promise thee.' To be sure, I shall never forget the word. Upon which every body fell a laughing, as how could they help it? Nay, and twenty other jests he made, which I can't remember now. There was something about his skill in horse-flesh which made all the folks laugh. To be certain, the judge must have been a very brave man, as well as a man of much learning. It is indeed charming sport to hear trials for life and death. One thing I own I thought a little hard, that the prisoner's counsel was not suffered to speak for him, though he desired only to be heard one very short word; but my lord would not hearken to him, though he suffered a counsellor to talk against him for above half an hour. I thought it hard, I own, that there should be so many of them; my lord, and the court, and the jury, and the counsellors, and the witnesses, all upon one poor man, and he too in chains. Well, the fellow was hanged, as to be sure it could be no otherwise, and poor Frank could never be easy about it. He never was in the dark alone, but he fancied he saw the fellow's spirit."—"Well, and is this thy story?" cries Jones. "No, no," answered Partridge. "O Lord have mercy upon me! I am just now coming to the matter; for one night, coming from the alehouse, in a long, narrow, dark lane, there he ran directly up against him; and the spirit was all in white, and fell upon Frank; and Frank, who is a sturdy lad, fell upon the spirit again, and there they had a tussel together, and poor Frank was dreadfully beat: indeed he made a shift at last to crawl home; but what with the beating, and what with the fright, he lay ill above a fortnight; and all this is most certainly true, and the whole parish will bear witness to it."

The stranger smiled at this story, and Jones burst into a loud fit of laughter; upon which Partridge cried, "Ay, you may laugh, sir; and so did some others, particularly a squire, who is thought to be no better than an atheist; who, forsooth, because there was a calf with a white face found dead in the same lane the next morning, would fain have it that the battle was between Frank and that, as if a calf would set upon a man. Besides, Frank told me he knew it to be a spirit, and could swear to him in any court in christendom; and he had not drank above a quart or two, or such a matter of liquor, at the time. Lud have mercy upon us, and keep us all from dipping our hands in blood, I say!"

"Well, sir," said Jones to the stranger, "Mr. Partridge hath finished his story, and I hope will give you no future interruption, if you will be so kind to proceed." He then resumed his narration; but as he hath taken breath for a while, we think proper to give it to our reader, and shall therefore put an end to this chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

In which the Man of the Hill continues his history.

"I HAD now regained my liberty," said the stranger; "but I had lost my reputation; for there is a wide difference between the case of a man who is barely acquitted of a crime in a court of justice, and of him who is acquitted in his own heart, and in the opinion of the people. I was conscious of my guilt, and

ashamed to look any one in the face; so resolved to leave Oxford the next morning, before the daylight discovered me to the eyes of any beholders.

"When I had got clear of the city, it first entered into my head to return home to my father, and endeavour to obtain his forgiveness; but as I had no reason to doubt his knowledge of all that had past, and as I was well assured of his great aversion to all acts of dishonesty, I could entertain no hopes of being received by him, especially since I was too certain of all the good offices in the power of my mother; nay, had my father's pardon been as sure, as I conceived his resentment to be, I yet question whether I could have had the assurance to behold him, or whether I could, upon any terms, have submitted to live and converse with those who, I was convinced, knew me to have been guilty of so base an action.

"I hastened therefore back to London, the best retirement of either grief or shame, unless for persons of a very public character; for here you have the advantage of solitude without its disadvantage, since you may be alone and in company at the same time; and while you walk or sit unobserved, noise, hurry, and a constant succession of objects, entertain the mind, and prevent the spirits from preying on themselves, or rather on grief or shame, which are the most unwholesome diet in the world; and on which (though there are many who never taste either but in public) there are some who can feed very plentifully and very fatally when alone.

"But as there is scarce any human good without its concomitant evil, so there are people who find an inconvenience in this unobserving temper of mankind; I mean persons who have no money; for as you are not put out of countenance, so neither are you clothed or fed by those who do not know you. And a man may be as easily starved in Leadenhall-market as in the deserts of Arabia.

"It was at present my fortune to be destitute of that great evil, as it is apprehended to be by several writers, who I suppose were overburthened with it, namely, money."—"With submission, sir," said Partridge, "I do not remember any writers who have called it *malorum*; but *irritamenta malorum*. *Effodiuntur opes, irritamenta malorum*."—"Well, sir," continued the stranger, "whether it be an evil, or only the cause of evil, I was entirely void of it, and at the same time of friends, and, as I thought, of acquaintance; when one evening, as I was passing through the Inner Temple, very hungry, and very miserable, I heard a voice on a sudden hailing me with great familiarity by my christian name; and upon my turning about, I presently recollected the person who so saluted me to have been my fellow-collegiate; one who had left the university above a year, and long before any of my misfortunes had befallen me. This gentleman, whose name was Watson, shook me heartily by the hand; and expressing great joy at meeting me, proposed our immediately drinking a bottle together. I first declined the proposal, and pretended business, but as he was very earnest and pressing, hunger at last overcame my pride, and I fairly confessed to him I had no money in my pocket; yet not without framing a lie for an excuse, and imputing it to my having changed my breeches that morning. Mr. Watson answered, 'I thought, Jack, you and I had been too old acquaintance for you to mention such a matter.' He then took me by the arm, and was pulling me along; but I gave him very little trouble, for my own inclinations pulled me much stronger than he could do.

"We then went into the Friars, which you know

is the scene of all mirth and jollity. Here when we arrived at the tavern, Mr. Watson applied himself to the drawer only, without taking the least notice of the cook; for he had no suspicion but that I had dined long since. However, as the case was really otherwise, I forged another falsehood, and told my companion I had been at the further end of the city on business of consequence, and had snapped up a mutton-chop in haste; so that I was again hungry, and wished he would add a beef-steak to his bottle."—"Some people," cries Partridge, "ought to have good memories; or did you find just money enough in your breeches to pay for the mutton-chop?"—"Your observation is right," answered the stranger, "and I believe such blunders are inseparable from all dealing in untruth.—But to proceed—I began now to feel myself extremely happy. The meat and wine soon revived my spirits to a high pitch, and I enjoyed much pleasure in the conversation of my old acquaintance, the rather as I thought him entirely ignorant of what had happened at the university since his leaving it.

"But he did not suffer me to remain long in this agreeable delusion; for taking a bumper in one hand, and holding me by the other, 'Here, my boy,' cries he, 'here's wishing you joy of your being so honourably acquitted of that affair laid to your charge.' I was thunderstruck with confusion at those words, which Watson observing, proceeded thus: 'Nay, never be ashamed, man; thou hast been acquitted, and no one now dares call thee guilty; but, prithee, do tell me, who am thy friend—I hope thou didst really rob him? for rat me if it was not a meritorious action to strip such a sneaking, pitiful rascal; and instead of the two hundred guineas, I wish you had taken as many thousand. Come, come, my boy, don't be shy of confessing to me: you are not now brought before one of the pimps. D—m me if I don't honour you for it; for, as I hope for salvation, I would have made no manner of scruple of doing the same thing.'

"This declaration a little relieved my abashment; and as wine had now somewhat opened my heart, I very freely acknowledged the robbery, but acquainted him that he had been misinformed as to the sum taken, which was little more than a fifth part of what he had mentioned.

"'I am sorry for it with all my heart,' quoth he, 'and I wish thee better success another time. Though, if you will take my advice, you shall have no occasion to run any such risk. Here,' said he, taking some dice out of his pocket, 'here's the stuff. Here are the implements; here are the little doctors which cure the distempers of the purse. Follow but my counsel, and I will show you a way to empty the pocket of a queer cull without any danger of the nubbing cheat.'

"Nubbing cheat!" cries Partridge: "Pray, sir, what is that?"

"Why that, sir," says the stranger, "is a cant phrase for the gallows; for as gamesters differ little from highwaymen in their morals, so do they very much resemble them in their language.

"We had now each drank our bottle, when Mr. Watson said, the board was sitting, and that he must attend, earnestly pressing me at the same time to go with him and try my fortune. I answered he knew that was at present out of my power, as I had informed him of the emptiness of my pocket. To say the truth, I doubted not from his many strong expressions of friendship, but that he would offer to lend me a small sum for that purpose, but he answered, 'Never mind that, man; e'en boldly run a levant' [Partridge was going to inquire the mean-

ing of that word, but Jones stopped his mouth] : but be circumspect as to the man. I will tip you the proper person, which may be necessary, as you do not know the town, nor can distinguish a rum cull from a queer one.'

"The bill was now brought, when Watson paid his share, and was departing. I reminded him, not without blushing, of my having no money. He answered, That signifies nothing; score it behind the door, or make a bold brush and take no notice.—Or—stay,' says he; 'I will go down stairs first, and then do you take up my money, and score the whole reckoning at the bar, and I will wait for you at the corner.' I expressed some dislike at this, and hinted my expectations that he would have deposited the whole; but he swore he had not another sixpence in his pocket.

"He then went down, and I was prevailed on to take up the money and follow him, which I did close enough to hear him tell the drawer the reckoning was upon the table. The drawer passed by me up stairs; but I made such haste into the street, that I heard nothing of his disappointment, nor did I mention a syllable at the bar, according to my instructions.

"We now went directly to the gaming-table, where Mr. Watson, to my surprise, pulled out a large sum of money and placed it before him, as did many others; all of them, no doubt, considering their own heaps as so many decoy birds, which were to entice and draw over the heaps of their neighbours.

"Here it would be tedious to relate all the freaks which Fortune, or rather the dice, played in this her temple. Mountains of gold were in a few moments reduced to nothing at one part of the table, and rose as suddenly in another. The rich grew in a moment poor, and the poor as suddenly became rich; so that it seemed a philosopher could no where have so well instructed his pupils in the contempt of riches, at least he could no where have better inculcated the uncertainty of their duration.

"For my own part, after having considerably improved my small estate, I at last entirely demolished it. Mr. Watson too, after much variety of luck, rose from the table in some heat, and declared he had lost a cool hundred, and would play no longer. Then coming up to me, he asked me to return with him to the tavern; but I positively refused, saying, I would not bring myself a second time into such a dilemma, and especially as he had lost all his money and was now in my own condition. 'Pooh!' says he, 'I have just borrowed a couple of guineas of a friend, and one of them is at your service.' He immediately put one of them into my hand, and I no longer resisted his inclination.

"I was at first a little shocked at returning to the same house whence we had departed in so unhandsome a manner; but when the drawer, with very civil address, told us, 'he believed we had forgot to pay our reckoning,' I became perfectly easy, and very readily gave him a guinea, bid him pay himself, and acquiesced in the unjust charge which had been laid on my memory.

"Mr. Watson now bespoke the most extravagant supper he could well think of; and though he had contented himself with simple claret before, nothing now but the most precious Burgundy would serve his purpose.

"Our company was soon increased by the addition of several gentlemen from the gaming-table; most of whom, as I afterwards found, came not to the tavern to drink, but in the way of business; for the true gamesters pretended to be ill, and refused

their glass, while they plied heartily two young fellows, who were to be afterwards pillaged, as indeed they were without mercy. Of this plunder I had the good fortune to be a sharer, though I was not yet let into the secret.

"There was one remarkable accident attended this tavern play; for the money by degrees totally disappeared; so that though at the beginning the table was half covered with gold, yet before the play ended, which it did not till the next day, being Sunday, at noon, there was scarce a single guinea to be seen on the table; and this was the stranger as every person present, except myself, declared he had lost; and what was become of the money, unless the devil himself carried it away, is difficult to determine."

"Most certainly he did," says Partridge, "for evil spirits can carry away anything without being seen, though there were never so many folk in the room; and I should not have been surprised if he had carried away all the company of a set of wicked wretches, who were at play in sermon-time. And I could tell you a true story, if I would, where the devil took a man out of bed from another man's wife, and carried him away through the keyhole of the door. I've seen the very house where it was done, and nobody hath lived in it these thirty years."

Though Jones was a little offended by the impertinence of Partridge, he could not however avoid smiling at his simplicity. The stranger did the same, and then proceeded with his story, as will be seen in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

In which the foregoing story is farther continued.

"My fellow-collegiate had now entered me in a new scene of life. I soon became acquainted with the whole fraternity of sharpers, and was let into their secrets; I mean, into the knowledge of those gross cheats which are proper to impose upon the raw and unexperienced; for there are some tricks of a finer kind, which are known only to a few of the gang, who are at the head of their profession; a degree of honour beyond my expectation; for drink, to which I was immoderately addicted, and the natural warmth of my passions, prevented me from arriving at any great success in an art which requires as much coolness as the most austere school of philosophy.

"Mr. Watson, with whom I now lived in the closest amity, had unluckily the former failing to a very great excess; so that instead of making a fortune by his profession, as some others did, he was alternately rich and poor, and was often obliged to surrender to his cooler friends, over a bottle which they never tasted, that plunder that he had taken from culls at the public table.

"However, we both made a shift to pick up an uncomfortable livelihood; and for two years I continued of the calling; during which time I tasted all the varieties of fortune, sometimes flourishing in affluence, and at others being obliged to struggle with almost incredible difficulties. To-day wallowing in luxury, and to-morrow reduced to the coarsest and most homely fare. My fine clothes being often on my back in the evening, and at the pawnshop the next morning.

"One night, as I was returning penniless from the gaming-table, I observed a very great disturbance, and a large mob gathered together in the street. As I was in no danger from pickpockets, I ventured into the crowd, where upon inquiry I

found that a man had been robbed and very ill used by some ruffians. The wounded man appeared very bloody, and seemed scarce able to support himself on his legs. As I had not therefore been deprived of my humanity by my present life and conversation, though they had left me very little of either honesty or shame, I immediately offered my assistance to the unhappy person, who thankfully accepted it, and, putting himself under my conduct, begged me to convey him to some tavern, where he might send for a surgeon, being as he said faint with loss of blood. He seemed indeed highly pleased at finding one who appeared in the dress of a gentleman; for as to all the rest of the company present, their outside was such that he could not wisely place any confidence in them.

"I took the poor man by the arm, and led him to the tavern where we kept our rendezvous, as it happened to be the nearest at hand. A surgeon happening luckily to be in the house, immediately attended, and applied himself to dressing his wounds, which I had the pleasure to hear were not likely to be mortal.

"The surgeon having very expeditiously and dexterously finished his business, began to inquire in what part of the town the wounded man lodged; who answered, 'That he was come to town that very morning; that his horse was at an inn in Piccadilly, and that he had no other lodging, and very little or no acquaintance in town.'

"This surgeon, whose name I have forgot, though I remember it began with an R, had the first character in his profession, and was serjeant-surgeon to the king. He had moreover many good qualities, and was a very generous good-natured man, and ready to do any service to his fellow-creatures. He offered his patient the use of his chariot to carry him to his inn, and at the same time whispered in his ear, 'That if he wanted any money, he would furnish him.'

"The poor man was not now capable of returning thanks for this generous offer; for having had his eyes for some time steadfastly on me, he threw himself back in his chair, crying, 'Oh, my son! my son!' and then fainted away.

"Many of the people present imagined this accident had happened through his loss of blood; but I, who at the same time began to recollect the features of my father, was now confirmed in my suspicion, and satisfied that it was he himself who appeared before me. I presently ran to him, raised him in my arms, and kissed his cold lips with the utmost eagerness. Here I must draw a curtain over a scene which I cannot describe; for though I did not lose my being, as my father for awhile did, my senses were however so overpowered with affright and surprise, that I am a stranger to what passed during some minutes, and indeed till my father had again recovered from his swoon, and I found myself in his arms, both tenderly embracing each other, while the tears trickled apace down the cheeks of each of us.

"Most of those present seemed affected by this scene, which we, who might be considered as the actors in it, were desirous of removing from the eyes of all spectators as fast as we could; my father therefore accepted the kind offer of the surgeon's chariot, and I attended him in it to his inn.

"When we were alone together, he gently upbraided me with having neglected to write to him during so long a time, but entirely omitted the mention of that crime which had occasioned it. He then informed me of my mother's death, and insisted on my returning home with him, saying, 'That he

had long suffered the greatest anxiety on my account; that he knew not whether he had most feared my death or wished it, since he had so many more dreadful apprehensions for me. At last he said, a neighbouring gentleman, who had just recovered a son from the same place, informed him where I was; and that to reclaim me from this course of life was the sole cause of his journey to London.' He thanked Heaven he had succeeded so far as to find me out by means of an accident which had like to have proved fatal to him; and had the pleasure to think he partly owed his preservation to my humanity, with which he professed himself to be more delighted than he should have been with my filial piety, if I had known that the object of all my care was my own father.

"Vice had not so depraved my heart as to excite in it an insensibility of so much paternal affection, though so unworthily bestowed. I presently promised to obey his commands in my return home with him, as soon as he was able to travel, which indeed he was in a very few days, by the assistance of that excellent surgeon who had undertaken his cure.

"The day preceding my father's journey (before which time I scarce ever left him), I went to take my leave of some of my most intimate acquaintance, particularly of Mr. Watson, who dissuaded me from burying myself, as he called it, out of a simple compliance with the fond desires of a foolish old fellow. Such solicitations, however, had no effect, and I once more saw my own home. My father now greatly solicited me to think of marriage; but my inclinations were utterly averse to any such thoughts. I had tasted of love already, and perhaps you know the extravagant excesses of that most tender and most violent passion."—Here the old gentleman paused, and looked earnestly at Jones; whose countenance, within a minute's space, displayed the extremities of both red and white. Upon which the old man, without making any observations, renewed his narrative.

"Being now provided with all the necessaries of life, I betook myself once again to study, and that with a more inordinate application than I had ever done formerly. The books which now employed my time solely were those, as well ancient as modern, which treat of true philosophy, a word which is by many thought to be the subject only of farce and ridicule. I now read over the works of Aristotle and Plato, with the rest of those inestimable treasures which ancient Greece had bequeathed to the world.

"These authors, though they instructed me in no science by which men may promise to themselves to acquire the least riches or worldly power, taught me, however, the art of despising the highest acquisitions of both. They elevate the mind, and steel and harden it against the capricious invasions of fortune. They not only instruct in the knowledge of Wisdom, but confirm men in her habits, and demonstrate plainly, that this must be our guide, if we propose ever to arrive at the greatest worldly happiness, or to defend ourselves, with any tolerable security, against the misery which everywhere surrounds and invests us.

"To this I added another study, compared to which, all the philosophy taught by the wisest heathens is little better than a dream, and is indeed as full of vanity as the silliest jester ever pleased to represent it. This is that divine wisdom which is alone to be found in the Holy Scriptures; for they impart to us the knowledge and assurance of things much more worthy our attention than all which

this world can offer to our acceptance; of things which Heaven itself hath condescended to reveal to us, and to the smallest knowledge of which the highest human wit unassisted could never ascend. I began now to think all the time I had spent with the best heathen writers was little more than labour lost: for, however pleasant and delightful their lessons may be, or however adequate to the right regulation of our conduct with respect to this world only; yet, when compared with the glory revealed in Scripture, their highest documents will appear as trifling, and of as little consequence, as the rules by which children regulate their childish little games and pastimes. True it is, that philosophy makes us wiser, but christianity makes us better men. Philosophy elevates and steels the mind, christianity softens and sweetens it. The former makes us the objects of human admiration, the latter of divine love. That insures us a temporal, but this an eternal happiness.—But I am afraid I tire you with my rhapsody.”

“Not at all,” cries Partridge; “Lud forbid we should be tired with good things!”

“I had spent,” continued the stranger, “about four years in the most delightful manner to myself, totally given up to contemplation, and entirely unembarrassed with the affairs of the world, when I lost the best of fathers, and one whom I so entirely loved, that my grief at his loss exceeds all description. I now abandoned my books, and gave myself up for a whole month to the effects of melancholy and despair. Time, however, the best physician of the mind, at length brought me relief.”—“Ay, ay; *Tempus edax rerum*,” said Partridge.—“I then,” continued the stranger, “betook myself again to my former studies, which I may say perfected my cure; for philosophy and religion may be called the exercises of the mind, and when this is disordered, they are as wholesome as exercise can be to a distempered body. They do indeed produce similar effects with exercise; for they strengthen and confirm the mind, till man becomes, in the noble strain of Horace—

*Fortis, et in seipso totus teres atque rotundus,
Externi ne quid valeat per lavē morari;
In quem manca ruit semper Fortuna.”* *

Here Jones smiled at some conceit which intruded itself into his imagination; but the stranger, I believe, perceived it not, and proceeded thus:—

“My circumstances were now greatly altered by the death of that best of men; for my brother, who was now become master of the house, differed so widely from me in his inclinations, and our pursuits in life had been so very various, that we were the worst of company to each other: but what made our living together still more disagreeable, was the little harmony which could subsist between the few who resorted to me, and the numerous train of sportsmen who often attended my brother from the field to the table; for such fellows, besides the noise and nonsense with which they persecute the ears of sober men, endeavour always to attack them with affront and contempt. This was so much the case, that neither I myself, nor my friends, could ever sit down to a meal with them without being treated with derision, because we were unacquainted with the phrases of sportsmen. For men of true learning, and almost universal knowledge, always compassionate the ignorance of others; but fellows who excel in some little, low, contemptible art, are always

* Firm in himself, who on himself relies,
Polish'd and round, who runs his proper course
And breaks misfortunes with superior force.
MR. FRANCIS.

certain to despise those who are unacquainted with that art.

“In short, we soon separated, and I went, by the advice of a physician, to drink the Bath waters; for my violent affliction, added to a sedentary life, had thrown me into a kind of paralytic disorder, for which those waters are accounted an almost certain cure. The second day after my arrival, as I was walking by the river, the sun shone so intensely hot (though it was early in the year), that I retired to the shelter of some willows, and sat down by the river side. Here I had not been seated long before I heard a person on the other side of the willows sighing and bemoaning himself bitterly. On a sudden, having uttered a most impious oath, he cried, ‘I am resolved to bear it no longer,’ and directly threw himself into the water. I immediately started, and ran towards the place, calling at the same time as loudly as I could for assistance. An angler happened luckily to be a fishing a little below me, though some very high sedge had hid him from my sight. He immediately came up, and both of us together, not without some hazard of our lives, drew the body to the shore. At first we perceived no sign of life remaining; but having held the body up by the heels (for we soon had assistance enough), it discharged a vast quantity of water at the mouth, and at length began to discover some symptoms of breathing, and a little afterwards to move both its hands and its legs.

“An apothecary, who happened to be present among others, advised that the body, which seemed now to have pretty well emptied itself of water, and which began to have many convulsive motions, should be directly taken up, and carried into a warm bed. This was accordingly performed, the apothecary and myself attending.

“As we were going towards an inn, for we knew not the man’s lodgings, luckily a woman met us, who, after some violent screaming, told us that the gentleman lodged at her house.

“When I had seen the man safely deposited there, I left him to the care of the apothecary; who, I suppose, used all the right methods with him, for the next morning I heard he had perfectly recovered his senses.

“I then went to visit him, intending to search out, as well as I could, the cause of his having attempted so desperate an act, and to prevent, as far as I was able, his pursuing such wicked intentions for the future. I was no sooner admitted into his chamber, than we both instantly knew each other; for who should this person be, but my good friend Mr. Watson! Here I will not trouble you with what passed at our first interview; for I would avoid prolixity as much as possible.”—“Pray let us hear all,” cries Partridge; “I want mightily to know what brought him to Bath.”

“You shall hear every thing material,” answered the stranger; and then proceeded to relate what we shall proceed to write, after we have given a short breathing-time to both ourselves and the reader.

CHAPTER XIV.

In which the Man of the Hill concludes his history.

“MR. WATSON,” continued the stranger, “very freely acquainted me, that the unhappy situation of his circumstances, occasioned by a tide of ill luck, had in a manner forced him to a resolution of destroying himself.

“I now began to argue very seriously with him, in opposition to this heathenish, or indeed diabolical,

principle of the lawfulness of self-murder; and said every thing which occurred to me on the subject; but, to my great concern, it seemed to have very little effect on him. He seemed not at all to repent of what he had done, and gave me reason to fear he would soon make a second attempt of the like horrible kind.

"When I had finished my discourse, instead of endeavouring to answer my arguments, he looked me steadfastly in the face, and with a smile said, 'You are strangely altered, my good friend, since I remember you. I question whether any of your bishops could make a better argument against suicide than you have entertained me with; but unless you can find somebody who will lend me a cool hundred, I must either hang, or drown, or starve; and, in my opinion, the last death is the most terrible of the three.'

"I answered him very gravely, that I was indeed altered since I had seen him last. That I had found leisure to look into my follies, and to repent of them. I then advised him to pursue the same steps; and at last concluded with an assurance that I myself would lend him a hundred pound, if it would be of any service to his affairs, and he would not put it into the power of a die to deprive him of it.

"Mr. Watson, who seemed almost composed in slumber by the former part of my discourse, was roused by the latter. He seized my hand eagerly, gave me a thousand thanks, and declared I was a friend indeed; adding, that he hoped I had a better opinion of him than to imagine he had profited so little by experience, as to put any confidence in those damned dice which had so often deceived him. 'No, no,' cries he; 'let me but once handsomely be set up again, and if ever Fortune makes a broken merchant of me afterwards, I will forgive her.'

"I very well understood the language of setting up, and broken merchant. I therefore said to him, with a very grave face, Mr. Watson, you must endeavour to find out some business or employment, by which you may procure yourself a livelihood; and I promise you, could I see any probability of being repaid hereafter, I would advance a much larger sum than what you have mentioned, to equip you in any fair and honourable calling; but as to gaming, besides the baseness and wickedness of making it a profession, you are really, to my own knowledge, unfit for it, and it will end in your certain ruin.

"'Why now, that's strange,' answered he; 'neither you, nor any of my friends, would ever allow me to know any thing of the matter, and yet I believe I am as good a hand at every game as any of you all; and I heartily wish I was to play with you only for your whole fortune: I should desire no better sport, and I would let you name your own game into the bargain: but come, my dear boy, have you the hundred in your pocket?'

"I answered I had only a bill of 50*l.*, which I delivered him, and promised to bring him the rest next morning; and after giving him a little more advice, took my leave.

"I was indeed better than my word; for I returned to him that very afternoon. When I entered the room, I found him sitting up in his bed at cards with a notorious gamester. This sight, you will imagine, shocked me not a little; to which I may add the mortification of seeing my bill delivered by him to his antagonist, and thirty guineas only given in exchange for it.

"The other gamester presently quitted the room,

and then Watson declared he was ashamed to see me; 'but,' says he, 'I find luck runs so damnably against me, that I will resolve to leave off play for ever. I have thought of the kind proposal you made me ever since, and I promise you there shall be no fault in me, if I do not put it into execution.'

"Though I had no great faith in *his* promises, I produced him the remainder of the hundred in consequence of *my own*; for which he gave me a note, which was all I ever expected to see in return for my money.

"We were prevented from any further discourse at present by the arrival of the apothecary; who, with much joy in his countenance, and without even asking his patient how he did, proclaimed there was great news arrived in a letter to himself, which he said would shortly be public, 'That the duke of Monmouth was landed in the west with a vast army of Dutch; and that another vast fleet hovered over the coast of Norfolk, and was to make a descent there, in order to favour the duke's enterprise with a diversion on that side.'

"This apothecary was one of the greatest politicians of his time. He was more delighted with the most paltry packet, than with the best patient, and the highest joy he was capable of, he received from having a piece of news in his possession an hour or two sooner than any other person in the town. His advices, however, were seldom authentic; for he would swallow almost any thing as a truth,—a humour which many made use of to impose upon him.

"Thus it happened with what he at present communicated; for it was known within a short time afterwards that the duke was really landed, but that his army consisted only of a few attendants; and as to the diversion in Norfolk, it was entirely false.

"The apothecary staid no longer in the room than while he acquainted us with his news; and then, without saying a syllable to his patient on any other subject, departed to spread his advices all over the town.

"Events of this nature in the public are generally apt to eclipse all private concerns. Our discourse therefore now became entirely political. For my own part, I had been for some time very seriously affected with the danger to which the protestant religion was so visibly exposed under a popish prince, and thought the apprehension of it alone sufficient to justify that insurrection; for no real security can ever be found against the persecuting spirit of popery, when armed with power, except the depriving it of that power, as woful experience presently showed. You know how king James behaved after getting the better of this attempt; how little he valued either his royal word, or coronation-oath, or the liberties and rights of his people. But all had not the sense to foresee this at first; and therefore the duke of Monmouth was weakly supported; yet all could feel when the evil came upon them; and therefore all united, at last, to drive out that king, against whose exclusion a great party among us had so warmly contended during the reign of his brother, and for whom they now fought with such zeal and affection."

"What you say," interrupted Jones, "is very true; and it has often struck me, as the most wonderful thing I ever read of in history, that so soon after this convincing experience which brought our whole nation to join so unanimously in expelling king James, for the preservation of our religion and liberties, there should be a party among us mad enough to desire the placing his family again on the throne." "You are not in earnest!" answered

the old man; "there can be no such party. As bad an opinion as I have of mankind, I cannot believe them infatuated to such a degree. There may be some hot-headed papists led by their priests to engage in this desperate cause, and think it a holy war; but that protestants, that are members of the Church of England, should be such apostates, such *felos de se*, I cannot believe it; no, no, young man, unacquainted as I am with what has passed in the world for the last thirty years, I cannot be so imposed upon as to credit so foolish a tale; but I see you have a mind to sport with my ignorance."—"Can it be possible," replied Jones, "that you have lived so much out of the world as not to know that during that time there have been two rebellions in favour of the son of king James, one of which is now actually raging in the very heart of the kingdom." At these words the old gentleman started up, and, in a most solemn tone of voice, conjured Jones by his Maker to tell him if what he said was really true; which the other solemnly affirming, he walked several turns about the room in a profound silence, then cried, then laughed, and at last fell down on his knees, and blessed God, in a loud thanksgiving prayer, for having delivered him from all society with human nature, which could be capable of such monstrous extravagancies. After which, being reminded by Jones that he had broke off his story, he resumed it again in this manner:—

"As mankind, in the days I was speaking of, were not yet arrived at that pitch of madness which I find they are capable of now, and which, to be sure, I have only escaped by living alone, and at a distance from the contagion, there was a considerable rising in favour of Monmouth; and my principles strongly inclining me to take the same part, I determined to join him; and Mr. Watson, from different motives concurring in the same resolution (for the spirit of a gamester will carry a man as far upon such an occasion as the spirit of patriotism), we soon provided ourselves with all necessaries, and went to the duke at Bridgewater.

"The unfortunate event of this enterprise, you are, I conclude, as well acquainted with as myself. I escaped, together with Mr. Watson, from the battle at Sedgemoor, in which action I received a slight wound. We rode nearly forty miles together on the Exeter road, and then abandoned our horses, scrambled as well as we could through the fields and by-roads, till we arrived at a little wild hut on a common, where a poor old woman took all the care of us she could, and dressed my wound with salve, which quickly healed it."

"Pray, sir, where was the wound?" says Partridge. The stranger satisfied him it was in his arm, and then continued his narrative. "Here, sir," said he, "Mr. Watson left me the next morning, in order, as he pretended, to get us some provision from the town of Collumpton; but—can I relate it, or can you believe it?—this Mr. Watson, this friend, this base, barbarous, treacherous villain, betrayed me to a party of horse belonging to king James, and at his return delivered me into their hands.

"The soldiers, being six in number, had now seized me, and were conducting me to Taunton gaol; but neither my present situation, nor the apprehensions of what might happen to me, were half so irksome to my mind as the company of my false friend, who, having surrendered himself, was likewise considered as a prisoner, though he was better treated, as being to make his peace at my expense. He at first endeavoured to excuse his treachery; but when he received nothing but scorn and upbraiding from me, he soon changed his note

abused me as the most atrocious and malicious rebel, and laid all his own guilt to my charge, who, as he declared, had solicited, and even threatened him, to make him take up arms against his gracious as well as lawful sovereign.

"This false evidence (for in reality he had been much the forwarder of the two) stung me to the quick, and raised an indignation scarce conceivable by those who have not felt it. However, fortune at length took pity on me; for as we were got a little beyond Wellington, in a narrow lane, my guards received a false alarm, that near fifty of the enemy were at hand; upon which they shifted for themselves, and left me and my betrayer to do the same. That villain immediately ran from me, and I am glad he did, or I should have certainly endeavoured, though I had no arms, to have executed vengeance on his baseness.

"I was now once more at liberty; and immediately withdrawing from the highway into the fields, I travelled on, scarce knowing which way I went, and making it my chief care to avoid all public roads and all towns—nay, even the most homely houses; for I imagined every human creature whom I saw desirous of betraying me.

"At last, after rambling several days about the country, during which the fields afforded me the same bed and the same food which nature bestows on our savage brothers of the creation, I at length arrived at this place, where the solitude and wildness of the country invited me to fix my abode. The first person with whom I took up my habitation was the mother of this old woman, with whom I remained concealed till the news of the glorious revolution put an end to all my apprehensions of danger, and gave me an opportunity of once more visiting my own home, and of inquiring a little into my affairs, which I soon settled as agreeably to my brother as to myself; having resigned everything to him, for which he paid me the sum of a thousand pounds, and settled on me an annuity for life.

"His behaviour in this last instance, as in all others, was selfish and ungenerous. I could not look on him as my friend, nor indeed did he desire that I should; so I presently took my leave of him, as well as of my other acquaintance; and from that day to this, my history is little better than a blank."

"And is it possible, sir," said Jones, "that you can have resided here from that day to this?"—"O no, sir," answered the gentleman; "I have been a great traveller, and there are few parts of Europe with which I am not acquainted."—"I have not, sir," cried Jones, "the assurance to ask it of you now; indeed it would be cruel, after so much breath as you have already spent: but you will give me leave to wish for some further opportunity of hearing the excellent observations which a man of your sense and knowledge of the world must have made in so long a course of travels."—"Indeed, young gentleman," answered the stranger, "I will endeavour to satisfy your curiosity on this head likewise, as far as I am able." Jones attempted fresh apologies, but was prevented; and while he and Partridge sat with greedy and impatient ears, the stranger proceeded as in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XV.

A brief history of Europe; and a curious discourse between Mr. Jones and the Man of the Hill.

"In Italy the landlords are very silent. In France they are more talkative, but yet civil. In Germany and Holland they are generally very impertinent. And as for their honesty, I believe it is pretty equal

in all those countries. The *laquais à louange* are sure to lose no opportunity of cheating you; and as for the postilions, I think they are pretty much alike all the world over. These, sir, are the observations on men which I made in my travels; for these were the only men I ever conversed with. My design, when I went abroad, was to divert myself by seeing the wondrous variety of prospects, beasts, birds, fishes, insects, and vegetables, with which God has been pleased to enrich the several parts of this globe; a variety which, as it must give great pleasure to a contemplative beholder, so doth it admirably display the power, and wisdom, and goodness of the Creator. Indeed, to say the truth, there is but one work in his whole creation that doth him any dishonour, and with that I have long since avoided holding any conversation."

"You will pardon me," cries Jones; "but I have always imagined that there is in this very work you mention as great variety as in all the rest; for, besides the difference of inclination, customs and climates have, I am told, introduced the utmost diversity into human nature."

"Very little indeed," answered the other: "those who travel in order to acquaint themselves with the different manners of men might spare themselves much pains by going to a carnival at Venice; for there they will see at once all which they can discover in the several courts of Europe. The same hypocrisy, the same fraud; in short, the same follies and vices dressed in different habits. In Spain, these are equipped with much gravity; and in Italy, with vast splendour. In France, a knave is dressed like a fop; and in the northern countries, like a sloven. But human nature is everywhere the same, everywhere the object of detestation and scorn."

"As for my own part, I passed through all these nations as you perhaps may have done through a crowd at a show,—jostling to get by them, holding my nose with one hand, and defending my pockets with the other, without speaking a word to any of them, while I was pressing on to see what I wanted to see; which, however entertaining it might be in itself, scarce made me amends for the trouble the company gave me."

"Did not you find some of the nations among which you travelled less troublesome to you than others?" said Jones. "O yes," replied the old man: "the Turks were much more tolerable to me than the Christians; for they are men of profound taciturnity, and never disturb a stranger with questions. Now and then indeed they bestow a short curse upon him, or spit in his face as he walks the streets, but then they have done with him; and a man may live an age in their country without hearing a dozen words from them. But of all the people I ever saw, heaven defend me from the French! With their damned prate and civilities, and doing the honour of their nation to strangers (as they are pleased to call it), but indeed setting forth their own vanity; they are so troublesome, that I had infinitely rather pass my life with the Hottentots than set my foot in Paris again. They are nasty people, but their nastiness is mostly without; whereas, in France, and some other nations that I won't name, it is all within, and makes them stink much more to my reason than that of Hottentots does to my nose."

"Thus, sir, I have ended the history of my life; for as to all that series of years during which I have lived retired here, it affords no variety to entertain you, and may be almost considered as one day. The retirement has been so complete, that I could hardly have enjoyed a more absolute solitude in the deserts of the Thebais than here in the midst of this popu-

lous kingdom. As I have no estate, I am plagued with no tenants or stewards: my annuity is paid me pretty regularly, as indeed it ought to be; for it is much less than what I might have expected in return for what I gave up. Visits I admit none; and the old woman who keeps my house knows that her place entirely depends upon her saving me all the trouble of buying the things that I want, keeping off all solicitation or business from me, and holding her tongue whenever I am within hearing. As my walks are all by night, I am pretty secure in this wild unfrequented place from meeting any company. Some few persons I have met by chance, and sent them home heartily frightened, as from the oddness of my dress and figure they took me for a ghost or a hobgoblin. But what has happened to-night shows that even here I cannot be safe from the villany of men; for without your assistance I had not only been robbed, but very probably murdered."

Jones thanked the stranger for the trouble he had taken in relating his story, and then expressed some wonder how he could possibly endure a life of such solitude; "in which," says he, "you may well complain of the want of variety. Indeed I am astonished how you have filled up, or rather killed, so much of your time."

"I am not at all surprised," answered the other, "that to one whose affections and thoughts are fixed on the world my hours should appear to have wanted employment in this place: but there is one single act, for which the whole life of man is infinitely too short: what time can suffice for the contemplation and worship of that glorious, immortal, and eternal Being, among the works of whose stupendous creation not only this globe, but even those numberless luminaries which we may here behold spangling all the sky, though they should many of them be suns lighting different systems of worlds, may possibly appear but as a few atoms opposed to the whole earth which we inhabit? Can a man who by divine meditations is admitted as it were into the conversation of this ineffable, incomprehensible Majesty, think days, or years, or ages, too long for the continuance of so ravishing an honour? Shall the trifling amusements, the palling pleasures, the silly business of the world, roll away our hours too swiftly from us; and shall the pace of time seem sluggish to a mind exercised in studies so high, so important, and so glorious? As no time is sufficient, so no place is improper, for this great concern. On what object can we cast our eyes which may not inspire us with ideas of his power, of his wisdom, and of his goodness? It is not necessary that the rising sun should dart his fiery glories over the eastern horizon; nor that the boisterous winds should rush from their caverns, and shake the lofty forest; nor that the opening clouds should pour their deluges on the plains: it is not necessary, I say, that any of these should proclaim his majesty: there is not an insect, not a vegetable, of so low an order in the creation as not to be honoured with bearing marks of the attributes of its great Creator; marks not only of his power, but of his wisdom and goodness. Man alone, the king of this globe, the last and greatest work of the Supreme Being, below the sun; man alone hath basely dishonoured his own nature; and by dishonesty, cruelty, ingratitude, and treachery, hath called his Maker's goodness in question, by puzzling us to account how a benevolent being should form so foolish and so vile an animal. Yet this is the being from whose conversation you think, I suppose, that I have been unfortunately restrained, and without whose blessed society, life, in your opinion, must be tedious and insipid."

"In the former part of what you said," replied Jones, "I most heartily and readily concur; but I believe, as well as hope, that the abhorrence which you express for mankind in the conclusion, is much too general. Indeed, you here fall into an error, which in my little experience I have observed to be a very common one, by taking the character of mankind from the worst and basest among them; whereas, indeed, as an excellent writer observes, nothing should be esteemed as characteristic of a species, but what is to be found among the best and most perfect individuals of that species. This error, I believe, is generally committed by those who from want of proper caution in the choice of their friends and acquaintance, have suffered injuries from bad and worthless men; two or three instances of which are very unjustly charged on all human nature."

"I think I had experience enough of it," answered the other: "my first mistress and my first friend betrayed me in the basest manner, and in matters which threatened to be the worst of consequences,—even to bring me to a shameful death."

"But you will pardon me," cries Jones, "if I desire you to reflect who that mistress and who that friend were. What better, my good sir, could be expected in love derived from the stews, or in friendship first produced and nourished at the gaming-table? To take the characters of women from the former instance, or of men from the latter, would be as unjust as to assert that air is a nauseous and unwholesome element, because we find it so in a jakes. I have lived but a short time in the world, and yet have known men worthy of the highest friendship, and women of the highest love."

"Alas! young man," answered the stranger, "you have lived, you confess, but a very short time in the world: I was somewhat older than you when I was of the same opinion."

"You might have remained so still," replied Jones, "if you had not been unfortunate, I will venture to say incautious, in the placing your affections. If there was, indeed, much more wickedness in the world than there is, it would not prove such general assertions against human nature, since much of this arrives by mere accident, and many a man who commits evil is not totally bad and corrupt in his heart. In truth, none seem to have any title to assert human nature to be necessarily and universally evil, but those whose own minds afford them one instance of this natural depravity; which is not, I am convinced, your case."

"And such," said the stranger, "will be always the most backward to assert any such thing. Knaves will no more endeavour to persuade us of the baseness of mankind, than a highwayman will inform you that there are thieves on the road. This would, indeed, be a method to put you on your guard, and to defeat their own purposes. For which reason, though knaves, as I remember, are very apt to abuse particular persons, yet they never cast any reflection on human nature in general." The old gentleman spoke this so warmly, that as Jones despaired of making a convert, and was unwilling to offend, he returned no answer.

The day now began to send forth its first streams of light, when Jones made an apology to the stranger for having staid so long, and perhaps detained him from his rest. The stranger answered, "He never wanted rest less than at present; for that day and night were indifferent seasons to him; and that he commonly made use of the former for the time of his repose, and of the latter for his walks and lucubrations. However," said he, "it is now a most

lovely morning, and if you can bear any longer to be without your own rest or food, I will gladly entertain you with the sight of some very fine prospects which I believe you have not yet seen."

Jones very readily embraced this offer, and they immediately set forward together from the cottage. As for Partridge, he had fallen into a profound repose just as the stranger had finished his story; for his curiosity was satisfied, and the subsequent discourse was not forcible enough in its operation to conjure down the charms of sleep. Jones therefore left him to enjoy his nap; and as the reader may perhaps be at this season glad of the same favour, we will here put an end to the eighth book of our history.

BOOK IX.

CONTAINING TWELVE HOURS.

CHAPTER I.

Of those who lawfully may, and of those who may not, write such histories as this.

AMONG other good uses for which I have thought proper to institute these several introductory chapters, I have considered them as a kind of mark or stamp, which may hereafter enable a very indifferent reader to distinguish what is true and genuine in this historic kind of writing, from what is false and counterfeit. Indeed, it seems likely that some such mark may shortly become necessary, since the favourable reception which two or three authors have lately procured for their works of this nature from the public, will probably serve as an encouragement to many others to undertake the like. Thus a swarm of foolish novels and monstrous romances will be produced, either to the great impoverishing of booksellers, or to the great loss of time and depravation of morals in the reader; nay, often to the spreading of scandal and calumny, and to the prejudice of the characters of many worthy and honest people.

I question not but the ingenious author of the Spectator was principally induced to prefix Greek and Latin mottos to every paper, from the same consideration of guarding against the pursuit of those scribblers, who having no talents of a writer but what is taught by the writing-master, are yet not more afraid nor ashamed to assume the same titles with the greatest genius, than their good brother in the fable was of braying in the lion's skin.

By the device therefore of his motto, it became impracticable for any man to presume to imitate the Spectators, without understanding at least one sentence in the learned languages. In the same manner I have now secured myself from the imitation of those who are utterly incapable of any degree of reflection, and whose learning is not equal to an essay.

I would not be here understood to insinuate, that the greatest merit of such historical productions can ever lie in these introductory chapters; but, in fact, those parts which contain mere narrative only, afford much more encouragement to the pen of an imitator, than those which are composed of observation and reflection. Here I mean such imitators as Rowe was of Shakspeare, or as Horace hints some of the Romans were of Cato, by bare feet and sour faces.

To invent good stories, and to tell them well, are possibly very rare talents, and yet I have observed few persons who have scrupled to aim at both; and if we examine the romances and novels with which the world abounds, I think we may fairly conclude, that most of the authors would not have attempted

to show their teeth (if the expression may be allowed me) in any other way of writing; nor could indeed have strung together a dozen sentences on any other subject whatever. *Scribimus indocti doctique passim*,* may be more truly said of the historian and biographer, than of any other species of writing; for all the arts and sciences (even criticism itself) require some little degree of learning and knowledge. Poetry, indeed, may perhaps be thought an exception; but then it demands numbers, or something like numbers; whereas, to the composition of novels and romances, nothing is necessary but paper, pens, and ink, with the manual capacity of using them. This I conceive, their productions show to be the opinion of the authors themselves; and this must be the opinion of their readers, if indeed there be any such.

Hence we are to derive that universal contempt which the world, who always denominate the whole from the majority, have cast on all historical writers who do not draw their materials from records. And it is the apprehension of this contempt that hath made us so cautiously avoid the term romance, a name with which we might otherwise have been well enough contented. Though, as we have good authority for all our characters, no less indeed than the vast authentic doomsday-book of nature, as is elsewhere hinted, our labours have sufficient title to the name of history. Certainly they deserve some distinction from these works, which one of the wittiest of men regarded only as proceeding from a *pruritus*, or indeed rather from a looseness of the brain.

But besides the dishonour which is thus cast on one of the most useful as well as entertaining of all kinds of writing, there is just reason to apprehend, that by encouraging such authors we shall propagate much dishonour of another kind; I mean to the characters of many good and valuable members of society; for the dullest writers, no more than the dullest companions, are always inoffensive. They have both enough of language to be indecent and abusive. And surely if the opinion just above cited be true, we cannot wonder that works so nastily derived should be nasty themselves, or have a tendency to make others so.

To prevent therefore, for the future, such intemperate abuses of leisure, of letters, and of the liberty of the press, especially as the world seems at present to be more than usually threatened with them, I shall here venture to mention some qualifications, every one of which are in a pretty high degree necessary to this order of historians.

The first is, genius, without a full vein of which no study, says Horace, can avail us. By genius I would understand that power or rather those powers of the mind, which are capable of penetrating into all things within our reach and knowledge, and of distinguishing their essential differences. These are no other than invention and judgment; and they are both called by the collective name of genius, as they are of those gifts of nature which we bring with us into the world. Concerning each of which many seem to have fallen into very great errors; for by invention, I believe, is generally understood a creative faculty, which would indeed prove most romance writers to have the highest pretensions to it; whereas by invention is really meant no more (and so the word signifies) than discovery, or finding out; or to explain it at large, a quick and sagacious penetration into the true essence of all the objects of our contemplation. This, I think, can rarely exist with-

out the concomitancy of judgment; for how we can be said to have discovered the true essence of two things, without discerning their difference, seems to me hard to conceive. Now this last is the undisputed province of judgment, and yet some few men of wit have agreed with all the dull fellows in the world in representing these two to have been seldom or never the property of one and the same person.

But though they should be so, they are not sufficient for our purpose, without a good share of learning; for which I could again cite the authority of Horace, and of many others, if any was necessary to prove that tools are of no service to a workman, when they are not sharpened by art, or when he wants rules to direct him in his work, or hath no matter to work upon. All these uses are supplied by learning; for nature can only furnish us with capacity, or, as I have chose to illustrate it, with the tools of our profession; learning must fit them for use, must direct them in it, and, lastly, must contribute part at least of the materials. A competent knowledge of history and of the belles-lettres is here absolutely necessary; and without this share of knowledge at least, to affect the character of an historian, is as vain as to endeavour at building a house without timber or mortar, or brick or stone. Homer and Milton, though they added the ornament of numbers to their works, were both historians of our order, and masters of all the learning of their times.

Again, there is another sort of knowledge, beyond the power of learning to bestow, and this is to be had by conversation. So necessary is this to the understanding the characters of men, that none are more ignorant of them than those learned pedants whose lives have been entirely consumed in colleges, and among books; for however exquisitely human nature may have been described by writers, the true practical system can be learned only in the world. Indeed the like happens in every other kind of knowledge. Neither physic nor law are to be practically known from books. Nay, the farmer, the planter, the gardener, must perfect by experience what he hath acquired the rudiments of by reading. How accurately soever the ingenious Mr. Miller may have described the plant, he himself would advise his disciple to see it in the garden. As we must perceive, that after the nicest strokes of a Shakspeare or a Jonson, of a Wycherly or an Otway, some touches of nature will escape the reader, which the judicious action of a Garrick, or a Cibber, or a Clive,* can convey to him; so, on the real stage, the character shows himself in a stronger and bolder light than he can be described. And if this be the case in those fine and nervous descriptions which great authors themselves have taken from life, how much more strongly will it hold when the writer himself takes his lines not from nature, but from books? Such characters are only the faint copy of a copy, and can have neither the justness nor spirit of an original.

Now this conversation in our historian must be universal, that is, with all ranks and degrees of men; for the knowledge of what is called high life will not instruct him in low; nor, *à converso*, will his being acquainted with the inferior part of mankind teach him the manners of the superior. And though

* There is a peculiar propriety in mentioning this great actor, and these two most justly celebrated actresses, in this place, as they have all formed themselves on the study of nature only, and not on the imitation of their predecessors. Hence they have been able to excel all who have gone before them; a degree of merit which the servile herd of imitators can never possibly arrive at.

*—Each desperate blockhead dares to write:
Verse is the trade of every living wight. FRANCIS.

it may be thought that the knowledge of either may sufficiently enable him to describe at least that in which he hath been conversant, yet he will even here fall greatly short of perfection; for the follies of either rank do in reality illustrate each other. For instance, the affectation of high life appears more glaring and ridiculous from the simplicity of the low; and again, the rudeness and barbarity of this latter, strikes with much stronger ideas of absurdity, when contrasted with, and opposed to, the politeness which controls the former. Besides, to say the truth, the manners of our historian will be improved by both these conversations; for in the one he will easily find examples of plainness, honesty, and sincerity; in the other of refinement, elegance, and a liberality of spirit; which last quality I myself have scarce ever seen in men of low birth and education.

Nor will all the qualities I have hitherto given my historian avail him, unless he have what is generally meant by a good heart, and be capable of feeling. The author who will make me weep, says Horace, must first weep himself. In reality, no man can paint a distress well which he doth not feel while he is painting it; nor do I doubt, but that the most pathetic and affecting scenes have been written with tears. In the same manner it is with the ridiculous. I am convinced I never make my reader laugh heartily but where I have laughed before him; unless it should happen at any time, that instead of laughing with me he should be inclined to laugh at me. Perhaps this may have been the case at some passages in this chapter, from which apprehension I will here put an end to it.

CHAPTER II.

Containing a very surprising adventure indeed, which Mr. Jones met with in his walk with the Man of the Hill.

AURORA now first opened her casement, *Anglicè* the day began to break, when Jones walked forth in company with the stranger, and mounted Mazard Hill; of which they had no sooner gained the summit than one of the most noble prospects in the world presented itself to their view, and which we would likewise present to the reader, but for two reasons: first, we despair of making those who have seen this prospect admire our description; secondly, we very much doubt whether those who have not seen it would understand it.

Jones stood for some minutes fixed in one posture, and directing his eyes towards the south; upon which the old gentleman asked, What he was looking at with so much attention? "Alas! sir," answered he with a sigh, "I was endeavouring to trace out my own journey hither. Good heavens! what a distance is Gloucester from us! What a vast track of land must be between me and my own home!"—"Ay, ay, young gentleman," cries the other, "and by your sighing, from what you love better than your own home, or I am mistaken. I perceive now the object of your contemplation is not within your sight, and yet I fancy you have a pleasure in looking that way." Jones answered with a smile, "I find, old friend, you have not yet forgot the sensations of your youth. I own my thoughts were employed as you have guessed."

They now walked to that part of the hill which looks to the north-west, and which hangs over a vast and extensive wood. Here they were no sooner arrived than they heard at a distance the most violent screams of a woman, proceeding from the wood below them. Jones listened a moment, and then, without saying a word to his companion (for indeed

the occasion seemed sufficiently pressing) ran, or rather slid, down the hill, and, without the least apprehension or concern for his own safety, made directly to the thicket, whence the sound had issued.

He had not entered far into the wood before he beheld a most shocking sight indeed, a woman stripped half naked, under the hands of a ruffian, who had put his garter round her neck, and was endeavouring to draw her up to a tree. Jones asked no questions at this interval, but fell instantly upon the villain, and made such good use of his trusty oaken stick that he laid him sprawling on the ground before he could defend himself, indeed almost before he knew he was attacked; nor did he cease the prosecution of his blows till the woman herself begged him to forbear, saying, she believed he had sufficiently done his business.

The poor wretch then fell upon her knees to Jones, and gave him a thousand thanks for her deliverance. He presently lifted her up, and told her he was highly pleased with the extraordinary accident which had sent him thither for her relief, where it was so improbable she should find any; adding, that Heaven seemed to have designed him as the happy instrument of her protection. "Nay," answered she, "I could almost conceive you to be some good angel; and, to say the truth, you look more like an angel than a man in my eye." Indeed he was a charming figure; and if a very fine person, and a most comely set of features, adorned with youth, health, strength, freshness, spirit and good-nature, can make a man resemble an angel, he certainly had that resemblance.

The redeemed captive had not altogether so much of the human-angelic species: she seemed to be at least of the middle age, nor had her face much appearance of beauty; but her clothes being torn from all the upper part of her body, her breasts, which were well formed and extremely white, attracted the eyes of her deliverer, and for a few moments they stood silent, and gazing at each other; till the ruffian on the ground beginning to move, Jones took the garter which had been intended for another purpose, and bound both his hands behind him. And now, on contemplating his face, he discovered, greatly to his surprise, and perhaps not a little to his satisfaction, the very person to be no other than ensign Northerton. Nor had the ensign forgotten his former antagonist, whom he knew the moment he came to himself. His surprise was equal to that of Jones; but I conceive his pleasure was rather less on this occasion.

Jones helped Northerton upon his legs, and then looking him steadfastly in the face, "I fancy, sir," said he, "you did not expect to meet me any more in this world, and I confess I had as little expectation to find you here. However, fortune, I see, hath brought us once more together, and hath given me satisfaction for the injury I have received, even without my own knowledge."

"It is very much like a man of honour, indeed," answered Northerton, "to take satisfaction by knocking a man down behind his back. Neither am I capable of giving you satisfaction here, as I have no sword; but if you dare behave like a gentleman, let us go where I can furnish myself with one, and I will do by you as a man of honour ought."

"Doth it become such a villain as you are," cries Jones, "to contaminate the name of honour by assuming it? But I shall waste no time in discourse with you. Justice requires satisfaction of you now, and shall have it." Then turning to the woman, he asked her, if she was near her home; or if not

whether she was acquainted with any house in the neighbourhood, where she might procure herself some decent clothes, in order to proceed to a justice of the peace.

She answered she was an entire stranger in that part of the world. Jones then recollecting himself, said, he had a friend near who would direct them; indeed, he wondered at his not following; but, in fact, the good Man of the Hill, when our hero departed, sat himself down on the brow, where, though he had a gun in his hand, he with great patience and unconcern had attended the issue.

Jones then stepping without the wood, perceived the old man sitting as we have just described him; he presently exerted his utmost agility, and with surprising expedition ascended the hill.

The old man advised him to carry the woman to Upton, which, he said, was the nearest town, and there he would be sure of furnishing her with all manner of conveniences. Jones having received his direction to the place, took his leave of the Man of the Hill, and, desiring him to direct Partridge the same way, returned hastily to the wood.

Our hero, at his departure to make this inquiry of his friend, had considered, that as the ruffian's hands were tied behind him, he was incapable of executing any wicked purposes on the poor woman. Besides, he knew he should not be beyond the reach of her voice, and could return soon enough to prevent any mischief. He had moreover declared to the villain, that if he attempted the least insult, he would be himself immediately the executioner of vengeance on him. But Jones unluckily forgot, that though the hands of Northerton were tied, his legs were at liberty; nor did he lay the least injunction on the prisoner that he should not make what use of these he pleased. Northerton therefore having given no parole of that kind, thought he might without any breach of honour depart; not being obliged, as he imagined, by any rules, to wait for a formal discharge. He therefore took up his legs, which were at liberty, and walked off through the wood, which favoured his retreat; nor did the woman, whose eyes were perhaps rather turned towards her deliverer, once think of his escape, or give herself any concern or trouble to prevent it.

Jones therefore, at his return, found the woman alone. He would have spent some time in searching for Northerton, but she would not permit him; earnestly entreating that he would accompany her to the town whither they had been directed. "As to the fellow's escape," said she, "it gives me no uneasiness; for philosophy and christianity both preach up forgiveness of injuries. But for you, sir, I am concerned at the trouble I give you; nay, indeed, my nakedness may well make me ashamed to look you in the face; and if it was not for the sake of your protection, I should wish to go alone."

Jones offered her his coat; but, I know not for what reason, she absolutely refused the most earnest solicitations to accept it. He then begged her to forget both the causes of her confusion. "With regard to the former," says he, "I have done no more than my duty in protecting you; and as for the latter, I will entirely remove it, by walking before you all the way; for I would not have my eyes offend you, and I could not answer for my power of resisting the attractive charms of so much beauty."

Thus our hero and the redeemed lady walked in the same manner as Orpheus and Eurydice marched heretofore; but though I cannot believe that Jones was designedly tempted by his fair one to look behind him, yet as she frequently wanted his assistance

to help her over stiles, and had besides many trips and other accidents, he was often obliged to turn about. However, he had better fortune than what attended poor Orpheus, for he brought his companion, or rather follower, safe into the famous town of Upton.

CHAPTER III.

The arrival of Mr. Jones with his lady at the inn; with a very full description of the battle of Upton.

THOUGH the reader, we doubt not, is very eager to know who this lady was, and how she fell into the hands of Mr. Northerton, we must beg him to suspend his curiosity for a short time, as we are obliged, for some very good reasons which hereafter perhaps he may guess, to delay his satisfaction a little longer.

Mr. Jones and his fair companion no sooner entered the town, than they went directly to that inn which in their eyes presented the fairest appearance to the street. Here Jones, having ordered a servant to show a room above stairs, was ascending, when the dishevelled fair, hastily following, was laid hold on by the master of the house, who cried, "Heyday, where is that beggar wench going? Stay below stairs, I desire you." But Jones at that instant thundered from above, "Let the lady come up," in so authoritative a voice, that the good man instantly withdrew his hands, and the lady made the best of her way to the chamber.

Here Jones wished her joy of her safe arrival, and then departed, in order, as he promised, to send the landlady up with some clothes. The poor woman thanked him heartily for all his kindness, and said, she hoped she should see him again soon, to thank him a thousand times more. During this short conversation, she covered her white bosom as well as she could possibly with her arms; for Jones could not avoid stealing a sly peep or two, though he took all imaginable care to avoid giving any offence.

Our travellers had happened to take up their residence at a house of exceeding good repute, whither Irish ladies of strict virtue, and many northern lasses of the same predicament, were accustomed to resort in their way to Bath. The landlady therefore would by no means have admitted any conversation of a disreputable kind to pass under her roof. Indeed, so foul and contagious are all such proceedings, that they contaminate the very innocent scenes where they are committed, and give the name of a bad house, or of a house of ill repute, to all those where they are suffered to be carried on.

Not that I would intimate that such strict chastity as was preserved in the temple of Vesta can possibly be maintained at a public inn. My good landlady did not hope for such a blessing, nor would any of the ladies I have spoken of, or indeed any others of the most rigid note, have expected or insisted on any such thing. But to exclude all vulgar concubinage, and to drive all whores in rags from within the walls, is within the power of every one. This my landlady very strictly adhered to, and this her virtuous guests, who did not travel in rags, would very reasonably have expected of her.

Now it required no very blameable degree of suspicion to imagine that Mr. Jones and his ragged companion had certain purposes in their intention, which, though tolerated in some christian countries, connived at in others, and practised in all, are however as expressly forbidden as murder, or any other horrid vice, by that religion which is universally believed in those countries. The landlady, therefore, had no sooner received an intimation of the entrance

of the above-said persons, than she began to meditate the most expeditious means for their expulsion. In order to this, she had provided herself with a long and deadly instrument, with which, in times of peace, the chambermaid was wont to demolish the labours of the industrious spider. In vulgar phrase, she had taken up the broomstick, and was just about to sally from the kitchen, when Jones accosted her with a demand of a gown and other vestments, to cover the half-naked woman up-stairs.

Nothing can be more provoking to the human temper, nor more dangerous to that cardinal virtue, patience, than solicitations of extraordinary offices of kindness on behalf of those very persons with whom we are highly incensed. For this reason Shakspeare hath artfully introduced his Desdemona soliciting favours for Cassio of her husband, as the means of inflaming, not only his jealousy, but his rage, to the highest pitch of madness; and we find the unfortunate Moor less able to command his passion on this occasion, than even when he beheld his valued present to his wife in the hands of his supposed rival. In fact, we regard these efforts as insults on our understanding, and to such the pride of man is very difficultly brought to submit.

My landlady, though a very good-tempered woman, had, I suppose, some of this pride in her composition, for Jones had scarce ended his request, when she fell upon him with a certain weapon, which, though it be neither long, nor sharp, nor hard, nor indeed threatens from its appearance with either death or wound, hath been however held in great dread and abhorrence by many wise men,—nay, by many brave ones; insomuch, that some who have dared to look into the mouth of a loaded cannon, have not dared to look into a mouth where this weapon was brandished; and rather than run the hazard of its execution, have contented themselves with making a most pitiful and sneaking figure in the eyes of all their acquaintance.

To confess the truth, I am afraid Mr. Jones was one of these; for though he was attacked and violently belaboured with the aforesaid weapon, he could not be provoked to make any resistance; but in a most cowardly manner applied, with many entreaties to his antagonist to desist from pursuing her blows; in plain English, he only begged her with the utmost earnestness to hear him; but before he could obtain his request, my landlord himself entered into the fray, and embraced that side of the cause which seemed to stand very little in need of assistance.

There are a sort of heroes who are supposed to be determined in their choosing or avoiding a conflict by the character and behaviour of the person whom they are to engage. These are said to know their men, and Jones, I believe, knew his woman; for though he had been so submissive to her, he was no sooner attacked by her husband, than he demonstrated an immediate spirit of resentment, and enjoined him silence under a very severe penalty; no less than that, I think, of being converted into fuel for his own fire.

The husband, with great indignation, but with a mixture of pity, answered, "You must pray first to be made able. I believe I am a better man than yourself; ay, every way, that I am;" and presently proceeded to discharge half-a-dozen whores at the lady above stairs, the last of which had scarce issued from his lips, when a swinging blow from the cudgel that Jones carried in his hand assaulted him over the shoulders.

It is a question whether the landlord or the landlady was the most expeditious in returning this blow.

My landlord, whose hands were empty, fell to with his fist, and the good wife, uplifting her broom and aiming at the head of Jones, had probably put an immediate end to the fray, and to Jones likewise, had not the descent of this broom been prevented,—not by the miraculous intervention of any heathen deity, but by a very natural though fortunate accident, viz. by the arrival of Partridge; who entered the house at that instant (for fear had caused him to run every step from the hill), and who, seeing the danger which threatened his master or companion (which you choose to call him), prevented so sad a catastrophe, by catching hold of the landlady's arm, as it was brandished aloft in the air.

The landlady soon perceived the impediment which prevented her blow; and being unable to rescue her arm from the hands of Partridge, she let fall the broom; and then leaving Jones to the discipline of her husband, she fell with the utmost fury on that poor fellow, who had already given some intimation of himself, by crying, "Zounds! do you intend to kill my friend?"

Partridge, though not much addicted to battle, would not however stand still when his friend was attacked; nor was he much displeased with that part of the combat which fell to his share; he therefore returned my landlady's blows as soon as he received them: and now the fight was obstinately maintained on all parts, and it seemed doubtful to which side Fortune would incline, when the naked lady, who had listened at the top of the stairs to the dialogue which preceded the engagement, descended suddenly from above, and without weighing the unfair inequality of two to one, fell upon the poor woman who was boxing with Partridge; nor did that great champion desist, but rather redoubled his fury, when he found fresh succours were arrived to his assistance.

Victory must now have fallen to the side of the travellers (for the bravest troops must yield to numbers) had not Susan the chambermaid come luckily to support her mistress. This Susan was as two-handed a wench (according to the phrase) as any in the country, and would, I believe, have beat the famed Thalestris herself, or any of her subject Amazons; for her form was robust and manlike, and every way made for such encounters. As her hands and arms were formed to give blows with great mischief to an enemy, so was her face as well contrived to receive blows without any great injury to herself, her nose being already flat to her face; her lips were so large, that no swelling could be perceived in them, and moreover they were so hard, that a fist could hardly make any impression on them. Lastly, her cheek-bones stood out, as if nature had intended them for two bastions to defend her eyes in those encounters for which she seemed so well calculated, and to which she was most wonderfully well inclined,

This fair creature entering the field of battle, immediately filed to that wing where her mistress maintained so unequal a fight with one of either sex. Here she presently challenged Partridge to single combat. He accepted the challenge, and a most desperate fight began between them.

Now the dogs of war being let loose, began to lick their bloody lips; now Victory, with golden wings, hung hovering in the air; now Fortune, taking her scales from her shelf, began to weigh the fates of Tom Jones, his female companion, and Partridge, against the landlord, his wife, and maid; all which hung in exact balance before her; when a good-natured accident put suddenly an end to the bloody fray, with which half of the combatants had

already sufficiently feasted. This accident was the arrival of a coach and four; upon which my landlord and landlady immediately desisted from fighting, and at their entreaty obtained the same favour of their antagonists: but Susan was not so kind to Partridge; for that Amazonian fair having overthrown and bestrid her enemy, was now cuffing him lustily with both her hands, without any regard to his request of a cessation of arms, or to those loud exclamations of murder which he roared forth.

No sooner, however, had Jones quitted the landlord, than he flew to the rescue of his defeated companion, from whom he with much difficulty drew off the enraged chambermaid: but Partridge was not immediately sensible of his deliverance, for he still lay flat on the floor, guarding his face with his hands; nor did he cease roaring till Jones had forced him to look up, and to perceive that the battle was at an end.

The landlord, who had no visible hurt, and the landlady, hiding her well-scratched face with her handkerchief, ran both hastily to the door to attend the coach, from which a young lady and her maid now alighted. These the landlady presently ushered into that room where Mr. Jones had at first deposited his fair prize, as it was the best apartment in the house. Hither they were obliged to pass through the field of battle, which they did with the utmost haste, covering their faces with their handkerchiefs, as desirous to avoid the notice of any one. Indeed their caution was quite unnecessary; for the poor unfortunate Helen, the fatal cause of all the bloodshed, was entirely taken up in endeavouring to conceal her own face, and Jones was no less occupied in rescuing Partridge from the fury of Susan; which being happily effected, the poor fellow immediately departed to the pump to wash his face, and to stop that bloody torrent which Susan had plentifully set a flowing from his nostrils.

CHAPTER IV.

In which the arrival of a man of war puts a final end to hostilities, and causes the conclusion of a firm and lasting peace between all parties.

A SERJEANT and a file of musqueteers, with a deserter in their custody, arrived about this time. The serjeant presently inquired for the principal magistrate of the town, and was informed by my landlord, that he himself was vested in that office. He then demanded his billets, together with a mug of beer, and complaining it was cold, spread himself before the kitchen fire.

Mr. Jones was at this time comforting the poor distressed lady, who sat down at a table in the kitchen, and leaning her head upon her arm, was bemoaning her misfortunes; but lest my fair readers should be in pain concerning a particular circumstance, I think proper here to acquaint them, that before she had quitted the room above stairs, she had so well covered herself with a pillowbeer which she there found, that her regard to decency was not in the least violated by the presence of so many men as were now in the room.

One of the soldiers now went up to the serjeant, and whispered something in his ear; upon which he steadfastly fixed his eyes on the lady, and having looked at her for near a minute, he came up to her, saying, "I ask pardon, madam; but I am certain I am not deceived; you can be no other person than captain Waters's lady?"

The poor woman, who in her present distress had very little regarded the face of any person present, no sooner looked at the serjeant, than she presently recollected him, and calling him by his name, an-

swered, "That she was indeed the unhappy person he imagined her to be;" but added, "I wonder any one should know me in this disguise." To which the serjeant replied, "He was very much surprised to see her ladyship in such a dress, and was afraid some accident had happened to her."—"An accident hath happened to me, indeed," says she, "and I am highly obliged to this gentleman" (pointing to Jones) "that it was not a fatal one, or that I am now living to mention it."—"Whatever the gentleman hath done," cries the serjeant, "I am sure the captain will make him amends for it; and if I can be of any service, your ladyship may command me, and I shall think myself very happy to have it in my power to serve your ladyship; and so indeed may any one, for I know the captain will reward them for it."

The landlady, who heard from the stairs all that passed between the serjeant and Mrs. Waters, came hastily down, and running directly up to her, began to ask pardon for the offences she had committed, begging that all might be imputed to ignorance of her quality: for, "Lud! madam," says she, "how should I have imagined that a lady of your fashion would appear in such a dress? I am sure, madam, if I had once suspected that your ladyship was your ladyship, I would sooner have burnt my tongue out, than have said what I have said; and I hope your ladyship will accept of a gown, till you can get your own clothes."

"Prithee, woman," says Mrs. Waters, "cease your impertinence: how can you imagine I should concern myself about any thing which comes from the lips of such low creatures as yourself? But I am surprised at your assurance in thinking, after what is passed, that I will condescend to put on any of your dirty things. I would have you know, creature, I have a spirit above that."

Here Jones interfered, and begged Mrs. Waters to forgive the landlady, and to accept her gown: "for I must confess," cries he, "our appearance was a little suspicious when first we came in; and I am well assured all this good woman did was, as she professed, out of regard to the reputation of her house."

"Yes, upon my truly was it," says she: "the gentleman speaks very much like a gentleman, and I see very plainly is so; and to be certain the house is well known to be a house of as good reputation as any on the road, and though I say it, is frequented by gentry of the best quality, both Irish and English. I defy any body to say black is my eye, for that matter. And, as I was saying, if I had known your ladyship to be your ladyship, I would as soon have burnt my fingers as have affronted your ladyship; but truly where gentry come and spend their money, I am not willing that they should be scandalised by a set of poor shabby vermin, that, wherever they go, leave more lice than money behind them; such folks never raise my compassion, for to be certain it is foolish to have any for them; and if our justices did as they ought, they would be all whipped out of the kingdom, for to be certain it is what is most fitting for them. But as for your ladyship, I am heartily sorry your ladyship hath had a misfortune, and if your ladyship will do me the honour to wear my clothes till you can get some of your ladyship's own, to be certain the best I have is at your ladyship's service."

Whether cold, shame, or the persuasions of Mr. Jones prevailed most on Mrs. Waters, I will not determine, but she suffered herself to be pacified by this speech of my landlady, and retired with that good woman, in order to apparel herself in a decent manner.

My landlord was likewise beginning his oration to Jones, but was presently interrupted by that generous youth, who shook him heartily by the hand, and assured him of entire forgiveness, saying, "If you are satisfied, my worthy friend, I promise you I am;" and indeed, in one sense, the landlord had the better reason to be satisfied; for he had received a bellyfull of drubbing, whereas Jones had scarce felt a single blow.

Partridge, who had been all this time washing his bloody nose at the pump, returned into the kitchen at the instant when his master and the landlord were shaking hands with each other. As he was of a peaceable disposition, he was pleased with those symptoms of reconciliation; and though his face bore some marks of Susan's fist, and many more of her nails, he rather chose to be contented with his fortune in the last battle than to endeavour at bettering it in another.

The heroic Susan was likewise well contented with her victory, though it had cost her a black eye, which Partridge had given her at the first onset. Between these two, therefore, a league was struck, and those hands which had been the instruments of war became now the mediators of peace.

Matters were thus restored to a perfect calm; at which the serjeant, though it may seem so contrary to the principles of his profession, testified his approbation. "Why now, that's friendly," said he; "d—n me, I hate to see two people bear ill-will to one another after they have had a tussel. The only way when friends quarrel is to see it out fairly in a friendly manner, as a man may call it, either with a fist, or sword, or pistol, according as they like, and then let it be all over; for my own part, d—n me if ever I love my friend better than when I am fighting with him! To bear malice is more like a Frenchman than an Englishman."

He then proposed a libation as a necessary part of the ceremony at all treaties of this kind. Perhaps the reader may here conclude that he was well versed in ancient history; but this, though highly probable, as he cited no authority to support the custom, I will not affirm with any confidence. Most likely indeed it is, that he founded his opinion on very good authority, since he confirmed it with many violent oaths.

Jones no sooner heard the proposal than, immediately agreeing with the learned serjeant, he ordered a bowl, or rather a large mug, filled with the liquor used on these occasions, to be brought in, and then began the ceremony himself. He placed his right hand in that of the landlord, and, seizing the bowl with his left, uttered the usual words, and then made his libation. After which, the same was observed by all present. Indeed, there is very little need of being particular in describing the whole form, as it differed so little from those libations of which so much is recorded in ancient authors and their modern transcribers. The principal difference lay in two instances; for, first, the present company poured the liquor only down their throats; and, secondly, the serjeant, who officiated as priest, drank the last; but he preserved, I believe, the ancient form in swallowing much the largest draught of the whole company, and in being the only person present who contributed nothing towards the libation besides his good offices in assisting at the performance.

The good people now ranged themselves round the kitchen fire, where good humour seemed to maintain an absolute dominion; and Partridge not only forgot his shameful defeat, but converted hunger into thirst, and soon became extremely face-

tious. We must however quit this agreeable assembly for a while, and attend Mr. Jones to Mrs. Waters's apartment, where the dinner which he had now bespoke was on the table. Indeed, it took no long time in preparing, having been all dressed three days before, and required nothing more from the cook than to warm it over again.

CHAPTER V.

An apology for all heroes who have good stomachs, with a description of a battle of the amorous kind.

HEROES, notwithstanding the high ideas which, by the means of flatterers, they may entertain of themselves, or the world may conceive of them, have certainly more of mortal than divine about them. However elevated their minds may be, their bodies at least (which is much the major part of most) are liable to the worst infirmities, and subject to the vilest offices, of human nature. Among these latter, the act of eating, which hath by several wise men been considered as extremely mean and derogatory from the philosophic dignity, must be in some measure performed by the greatest prince, hero, or philosopher upon earth; nay, sometimes Nature hath been so frolicsome as to exact of these dignified characters a much more exorbitant share of this office than she hath obliged those of the lowest order to perform.

To say the truth, as no known inhabitant of this globe is really more than man, so none need be ashamed of submitting to what the necessities of man demand; but when those great personages I have just mentioned condescend to aim at confining such low offices to themselves—as when, by hoarding or destroying, they seem desirous to prevent any others from eating—then they surely become very low and despicable.

Now, after this short preface, we think it no disparagement to our hero to mention the immoderate ardour with which he laid about him at this season. Indeed, it may be doubted whether Ulysses, who by the way seems to have had the best stomach of all the heroes in that eating poem of the *Odyssey*, ever made a better meal. Three pounds at least of that flesh which formerly had contributed to the composition of an ox was now honoured with becoming part of the individual Mr. Jones.

This particular we thought ourselves obliged to mention, as it may account for our hero's temporary neglect of his fair companion, who ate but very little, and was indeed employed in considerations of a very different nature, which passed unobserved by Jones, till he had entirely satisfied that appetite which a fast of twenty-four hours had procured him; but his dinner was no sooner ended than his attention to other matters revived; with these matters therefore we shall now proceed to acquaint the reader.

Mr. Jones, of whose personal accomplishments we have hitherto said very little, was, in reality, one of the handsomest young fellows in the world. His face, besides being the picture of health, had in it the most apparent marks of sweetness and good-nature. These qualities were indeed so characteristic in his countenance, that, while the spirit and sensibility in his eyes, though they must have been perceived by an accurate observer, might have escaped the notice of the less discerning, so strongly was this good-nature painted in his look, that it was remarked by almost every one who saw him.

It was, perhaps, as much owing to this as to a very fine complexion that his face had a delicacy in it almost inexpressible, and which might have

given him an air rather too effeminate, had it not been joined to a most masculine person and mien : which latter had as much in them of the Hercules as the former had of the Adonis. He was besides active, genteel, gay, and good-humoured ; and had a flow of animal spirits which enlivened every conversation where he was present.

When the reader hath duly reflected on these many charms which all centered in our hero, and considers at the same time the fresh obligations which Mrs. Waters had to him, it will be a mark more of prudery than candour to entertain a bad opinion of her because she conceived a very good opinion of him.

But, whatever censures may be passed upon her, it is my business to relate matters of fact with veracity. Mrs. Waters had, in truth, not only a good opinion of our hero, but a very great affection for him. To speak out boldly at once, she was in love, according to the present universally-received sense of that phrase, by which love is applied indiscriminately to the desirable objects of all our passions, appetites, and senses, and is understood to be that preference which we give to one kind of food rather than to another.

But though the love to these several objects may possibly be one and the same in all cases, its operations however must be allowed to be different ; for, how much soever we may be in love with an excellent sirloin of beef, or bottle of Burgundy ; with a damask rose, or Cremona fiddle ; yet do we never smile, nor ogle, nor dress, nor flatter, nor endeavour by any other arts or tricks to gain the affection of the said beef, &c. Sigh indeed we sometimes may ; but it is generally in the absence, not in the presence, of the beloved object. For otherwise we might possibly complain of their ingratitude and deafness, with the same reason as Pasiphaë doth of her bull, whom she endeavoured to engage by all the coquetry practised with good success in the drawing-room on the much more sensible as well as tender hearts of the fine gentlemen there.

The contrary happens in that love which operates between persons of the same species, but of different sexes. Here we are no sooner in love than it becomes our principal care to engage the affection of the object beloved. For what other purpose indeed are our youth instructed in all the arts of rendering themselves agreeable ? If it was not with a view to this love, I question whether any of those trades which deal in setting off and adorning the human person would procure a livelihood. Nay, those great polishers of our manners, who are by some thought to teach what principally distinguishes us from the brute creation, even dancing-masters themselves, might possibly find no place in society. In short, all the graces which young ladies and young gentlemen too learn from others, and the many improvements which, by the help of a looking-glass, they add of their own, are in reality those very *spicula et faces amoris* so often mentioned by Ovid ; or, as they are sometimes called in our own language, the whole artillery of love.

Now Mrs. Waters and our hero had no sooner sat down together than the former began to play this artillery upon the latter. But here, as we are about to attempt a description hitherto unassayed either in prose or verse, we think proper to invoke the assistance of certain aerial beings, who will, we doubt not, come kindly to our aid on this occasion.

“ Say then, ye Graces ! you that inhabit the heavenly mansions of Seraphina’s countenance ; for you are truly divine, are always in her presence, and well know all the arts of charming ; say,

what were the weapons now used to captivate the heart of Mr. Jones.”

“ First, from two lovely blue eyes, whose bright orbs flashed lightning at their discharge, flew forth two pointed ogles ; but, happily for our hero, hit only a vast piece of beef which he was then conveying into his plate, and harmless spent their force. The fair warrior perceived their miscarriage, and immediately from her fair bosom drew forth a deadly sigh. A sigh which none could have heard unmoved, and which was sufficient at once to have swept off a dozen beaux ; so soft, so sweet, so tender, that the insinuating air must have found its subtle way to the heart of our hero, had it not luckily been driven from his ears by the coarse bubbling of some bottled ale, which at that time he was pouring forth. Many other weapons did she assay ; but the god of eating (if there be any such deity, for I do not confidently assert it) preserved his votary ; or perhaps it may not be *dignus vindice nodus*, and the present security of Jones may be accounted for by natural means ; for, as love frequently preserves from the attacks of hunger, so may hunger possibly, in some cases, defend us against love.

“ The fair one, enraged at her frequent disappointments, determined on a short cessation of arms. Which interval she employed in making ready every engine of amorous warfare for the renewing of the attack when dinner should be over.

“ No sooner then was the cloth removed than she again began her operations. First, having planted her right eye sidewise against Mr. Jones, she shot from its corner a most penetrating glance ; which, though great part of its force was spent before it reached our hero, did not vent itself absolutely without effect. This the fair one perceiving, hastily withdrew her eyes, and levelled them downwards, as if she was concerned for what she had done ; though by this means she designed only to draw him from his guard, and indeed to open his eyes, through which she intended to surprise his heart. And now, gently lifting up those two bright orbs which had already begun to make an impression on poor Jones, she discharged a volley of small charms at once from her whole countenance in a smile. Not a smile of mirth, nor of joy ; but a smile of affection, which most ladies have always ready at their command, and which serves them to show at once their good-humour, their pretty dimples, and their white teeth.

“ This smile our hero received full in his eyes, and was immediately staggered with its force. He then began to see the designs of the enemy, and indeed to feel their success. A parley now was set on foot between the parties ; during which the artful fair so slyly and imperceptibly carried on her attack, that she had almost subdued the heart of our hero before she again repaired to acts of hostility. To confess the truth, I am afraid Mr. Jones maintained a kind of Dutch defence, and treacherously delivered up the garrison, without duly weighing his allegiance to the fair Sophia. In short, no sooner had the amorous parley ended, and the lady had unmasked the royal battery, by carelessly letting her handkerchief drop from her neck, than the heart of Mr. Jones was entirely taken, and the fair conqueror enjoyed the usual fruits of her victory.”

Here the Graces think proper to end their description, and here we think proper to end the chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

A friendly conversation in the kitchen, which had a very common, though not very friendly, conclusion.

WHILE our lovers were entertaining themselves in the manner which is partly described in the foregoing chapter, they were likewise furnishing out an entertainment for their good friends in the kitchen. And this in a double sense, by affording them matter for their conversation, and, at the same time, drink to enliven their spirits.

There were now assembled round the kitchen fire, besides my landlord and landlady, who occasionally went backward and forward, Mr. Partridge, the serjeant, and the coachman who drove the young lady and her maid.

Partridge having acquainted the company with what he had learnt from the Man of the Hill concerning the situation in which Mrs. Waters had been found by Jones, the serjeant proceeded to that part of her history which was known to him. He said she was the wife of Mr. Waters, who was a captain in their regiment, and had often been with him at quarters. "Some folks," says he, "used indeed to doubt whether they were lawfully married in a church or no. But, for my part, that's no business of mine: I must own, if I was put to my corporal oath, I believe she is little better than one of us; and I fancy the captain may go to heaven when the sun shines upon a rainy day. But if he does, that is neither here nor there; for he won't want company. And the lady, to give the devil his due, is a very good sort of lady, and loves the cloth, and is always desirous to do strict justice to it; for she hath begged off many a poor soldier, and, by her good-will, would never have any of them punished. But yet, to be sure, ensign Northerton and she were very well acquainted together at our last quarters; that is the very right and truth of the matter. But the captain he knows nothing about it; and as long as there is enough for him too, what does it signify? He loves her not a bit the worse, and I am certain would run any man through the body that was to abuse her; therefore I won't abuse her, for my part. I only repeat what other folks say; and, to be certain, what everybody says, there must be some truth in."—"Ay, ay, a great deal of truth, I warrant you," cries Partridge; "*Veritas odium parit.*"—"All a parcel of scandalous stuff," answered the mistress of the house. "I am sure, now she is dressed, she looks like a very good sort of lady, and she behaves herself like one; for she gave me a guinea for the use of my clothes."—"A very good lady indeed!" cries the landlord; "and if you had not been a little too hasty, you would not have quarrelled with her as you did at first."—"You need mention that with my truly!" answered she: "if it had not been for your nonsense, nothing had happened. You must be meddling with what did not belong to you, and throw in your fool's discourse."—"Well, well," answered he; "what's past cannot be mended, so there's an end of the matter."—"Yes," cries she, "for this once; but will it be mended ever the more hereafter? This is not the first time I have suffered for your numscull's pate. I wish you would always hold your tongue in the house, and meddle only in matters without doors, which concern you. Don't you remember what happened about seven years ago?"—"Nay, my dear," returned he, "don't rip up old stories. Come, come, all's well, and I am sorry for what I have done." The landlady was going to reply, but was prevented by the peace-making

serjeant, sorely to the displeasure of Partridge, who was a great lover of what is called fun, and a great promoter of those harmless quarrels which tend rather to the production of comical than tragical incidents.

The serjeant asked Partridge whither he and his master were travelling? "None of your magisters," answered Partridge; "I am no man's servant, I assure you; for, though I have had misfortunes in the world, I write gentleman after my name; and, as poor and simple as I may appear now, I have taught grammar-school in my time; *sed hei mihi! non sum quod sui.*"—"No offence, I hope, sir," said the serjeant; "where, then, if I may venture to be so bold, may you and your friend be travelling?"—"You have now denominated us right," says Partridge. "*Amici sumus.* And I promise you my friend is one of the greatest gentlemen in the kingdom" (at which words both landlord and landlady pricked up their ears). "He is the heir of squire Allworthy."—"What, the squire who doth so much good all over the country?" cries my landlady. "Even he," answered Partridge.—"Then I warrant," says she, "he'll have a swingeing great estate hereafter."—"Most certainly," answered Partridge.—"Well," replied the landlady, "I thought the first moment I saw him he looked like a good sort of gentleman; but my husband here, to be sure, is wiser than anybody."—"I own, my dear," cries he, "it was a mistake."—"A mistake, indeed!" answered she; "but when did you ever know me to make such mistakes?"—"But how comes it, sir," cries the landlord, "that such a great gentleman walks about the country afoot?"—"I don't know," returned Partridge; "great gentlemen have humours sometimes. He hath now a dozen horses and servants at Gloucester; and nothing would serve him, but last night, it being very hot weather, he must cool himself with a walk to yon high hill, whither I likewise walked with him to bear him company; but if ever you catch me there again: for I was never so frightened in all my life. We met with the strangest man there."—"I'll be hanged," cries the landlord, "if it was not the Man of the Hill, as they call him; if indeed he be a man; but I know several people who believe it is the devil that lives there."—"Nay, nay, like enough," says Partridge; "and now you put me in the head of it, I verily and sincerely believe it was the devil, though I could not perceive his cloven foot: but perhaps he might have the power given him to hide that, since evil spirits can appear in what shapes they please."—"And pray, sir," says the serjeant, "no offence I hope; but pray what sort of a gentleman is the devil? For I have heard some of our officers say there is no such person; and that it is only a trick of the parsons, to prevent their being broke; for, if it was publicly known that there was no devil, the parsons would be of no more use than we are in time of peace."—"Those officers," says Partridge, "are very great scholars, I suppose."—"Not much of schollards neither," answered the serjeant; "they have not half your learning, sir, I believe; and, to be sure, I thought there must be a devil, notwithstanding what they said, though one of them was a captain; for methought, thinks I to myself, if there be no devil, how can wicked people be sent to him? and I have read all that upon a book."—"Some of your officers," quoth the landlord, "will find there is a devil, to their shame, I believe. I don't question but he'll pay off some old scores upon my account. Here was one quartered upon me half a year, who had the con-

science to take up one of my best beds, though he hardly spent a shilling a day in the house, and suffered his men to roast cabbages at the kitchen fire, because I would not give them a dinner on a Sunday. Every good christian must desire there should be a devil for the punishment of such wretches."—"Harkee, landlord," said the serjeant, "don't abuse the cloth, for I won't take it."—"D—n the cloth!" answered the landlord, "I have suffered enough by them."—"Bear witness, gentlemen," says the serjeant, "he curses the king, and that's high treason."—"I curse the king! you villain," said the landlord. "Yes, you did," cries the serjeant; "you cursed the cloth, and that's cursing the king. It's all one and the same; for every man who curses the cloth would curse the king if he durst; so for matter o'that, it's all one and the same thing."—"Excuse me there, Mr. Serjeant," quoth Partridge, "that's a *non sequitur*."—"None of your outlandish lingo," answered the serjeant, leaping from his seat; "I will not sit still and hear the cloth abused."—"You mistake me, friend," cries Partridge. "I did not mean to abuse the cloth; I only said your conclusion was a *non sequitur*."*—"You are another," cries the serjeant, "an you come to that. No more a *sequitur* than yourself. You are a pack of rascals, and I'll prove it; for I will fight the best man of you all for twenty pound." This challenge effectually silenced Partridge, whose stomach for drubbing did not so soon return after the hearty meal which he had lately been treated with; but the coachman, whose bones were less sore, and whose appetite for fighting was somewhat sharper, did not so easily brook the affront, of which he conceived some part at least fell to his share. He started therefore from his seat, and, advancing to the serjeant, swore he looked on himself to be as good a man as any in the army, and offered to box for a guinea. The military man accepted the combat, but refused the wager; upon which both immediately stripped and engaged, till the driver of horses was so well mauled by the leader of men, that he was obliged to exhaust his small remainder of breath in begging for quarter.

The young lady was now desirous to depart, and had given orders for her coach to be prepared; but all in vain, for the coachman was disabled from performing his office for that evening. An ancient heathen would perhaps have imputed this disability to the god of drink, no less than to the god of war; for, in reality, both the combatants had sacrificed as well to the former deity as to the latter. To speak plainly, they were both dead drunk, nor was Partridge in a much better situation. As for my landlord, drinking was his trade; and the liquor had no more effect on him than it had on any other vessel in his house.

The mistress of the inn, being summoned to attend Mr. Jones and his companion at their tea, gave a full relation of the latter part of the foregoing scene; and at the same time expressed great concern for the young lady, "who," she said, "was under the utmost uneasiness at being prevented from pursuing her journey. She is a sweet pretty creature," added she, "and I am certain I have seen her face before. I fancy she is in love, and running away from her friends. Who knows but some young gentleman or other may be expecting her, with a heart as heavy as her own?"

Jones fetched a hearty sigh at those words; of which, though Mrs. Waters observed it, she took no

notice while the landlady continued in the room; but, after the departure of that good woman, she could not forbear giving our hero certain hints of her suspecting some very dangerous rival in his affections. The awkward behaviour of Mr. Jones on this occasion convinced her of the truth, without his giving her a direct answer to any of her questions; but she was not nice enough in her amours to be greatly concerned at the discovery. The beauty of Jones highly charmed her eye; but, as she could not see his heart, she gave herself no concern about it. She could feast heartily at the table of love, without reflecting that some other already had been, or hereafter might be, feasted with the same repast. A sentiment which, if it deals but little in refinement, deals, however, much in substance; and is less capricious, and perhaps less ill-natured and selfish, than the desires of those females who can be contented enough to abstain from the possession of their lovers, provided they are sufficiently satisfied that no one else possesses them.

CHAPTER VII.

Containing a fuller account of Mrs. Waters, and by what means she came into that distressful situation from which she was rescued by Jones.

THOUGH Nature hath by no means mixed up an equal share either of curiosity or vanity in every human composition, there is perhaps no individual to whom she hath not allotted such a proportion of both as requires much arts, and pains too, to subdue and keep under;—a conquest, however, absolutely necessary to every one who would in any degree deserve the characters of wisdom or good breeding.

As Jones, therefore, might very justly be called a well-bred man, he had stifled all that curiosity which the extraordinary manner in which he had found Mrs. Waters must be supposed to have occasioned. He had, indeed, at first thrown out some few hints to the lady; but, when he perceived her industriously avoiding any explanation, he was contented to remain in ignorance, the rather as he was not without suspicion that there were some circumstances which must have raised her blushes, had she related the whole truth.

Now, since it is possible that some of our readers may not so easily acquiesce under the same ignorance, and as we are very desirous to satisfy them all, we have taken uncommon pains to inform ourselves of the real fact, with the relation of which we shall conclude this book.

This lady, then, had lived some years with one Captain Waters, who was a captain in the same regiment to which Mr. Northerton belonged. She passed for that gentleman's wife, and went by his name; and yet, as the serjeant said, there were some doubts concerning the reality of their marriage, which we shall not at present take upon us to resolve.

Mrs. Waters, I am sorry to say it, had for some time contracted an intimacy with the above-mentioned ensign, which did no great credit to her reputation. That she had a remarkable fondness for that young fellow is most certain; but whether she indulged this to any very criminal lengths is not so extremely clear, unless we will suppose that women never grant every favour to a man but one, without granting him that one also.

The division of the regiment to which Captain Waters belonged had two days preceded the march of that company to which Mr. Northerton was the ensign; so that the former had reached Worcester

* This word, which the serjeant unhappily mistook for an affront, is a term in logic, and means that the conclusion doth not follow from the premises.

the very day after the unfortunate rencounter between Jones and Northerton which we have before recorded.

Now, it had been agreed between Mrs. Waters and the captain that she should accompany him in his march as far as Worcester, where they were to take their leave of each other, and she was thence to return to Bath, where she was to stay till the end of the winter's campaign against the rebels.

With this agreement Mr. Northerton was made acquainted. To say the truth, the lady had made him an assignation at this very place, and promised to stay at Worcester till his division came thither; with what view, and for what purpose, must be left to the reader's divination; for, though we are obliged to relate facts, we are not obliged to do a violence to our nature by any comments to the disadvantage of the loveliest part of the creation.

Northerton no sooner obtained a release from his captivity, as we have seen, than he hasted away to overtake Mrs. Waters; which, as he was a very active nimble fellow, he did at the last-mentioned city, some few hours after captain Waters had left her. At his first arrival he made no scruple of acquainting her with the unfortunate accident; which he made appear very unfortunate indeed, for he totally extracted every particle of what could be called fault, at least in a court of honour, though he left some circumstances which might be questionable in a court of law.

Women, to their glory be it spoken, are more generally capable of that violent and apparently disinterested passion of love, which seeks only the good of its object, than men. Mrs. Waters, therefore, was no sooner apprised of the danger to which her lover was exposed, than she lost every consideration besides that of his safety; and this being a matter equally agreeable to the gentleman, it became the immediate subject of debate between them.

After much consultation on this matter, it was at length agreed that the ensign should go across the country to Hereford, whence he might find some conveyance to one of the sea-ports in Wales, and thence might make his escape abroad. In all which expedition Mrs. Waters declared she would bear him company; and for which she was able to furnish him with money, a very material article to Mr. Northerton, she having then in her pocket three bank notes to the amount of 90*l.*, besides some cash, and a diamond ring of pretty considerable value on her finger. All which she, with the utmost confidence, revealed to this wicked man, little suspecting she should by these means inspire him with a design of robbing her. Now, as they must, by taking horses from Worcester, have furnished any pursuers with the means of hereafter discovering their route, the ensign proposed, and the lady presently agreed, to make their first stage on foot; for which purpose the hardness of the frost was very seasonable.

The main part of the lady's baggage was already at Bath, and she had nothing with her at present besides a very small quantity of linen, which the gallant undertook to carry in his own pockets. All things, therefore, being settled in the evening, they arose early the next morning, and at five o'clock departed from Worcester, it being then above two hours before day, but the moon, which was then at the full, gave them all the light she was capable of affording.

Mrs. Waters was not of that delicate race of women who are obliged to the invention of vehicles for the capacity of removing themselves from one place to another, and with whom consequently a coach is reckoned among the necessities of life.

Her limbs were indeed full of strength and agility, and, as her mind was no less animated with spirit, she was perfectly able to keep pace with her nimble lover.

Having travelled on for some miles in a high road, which Northerton said he was informed led to Hereford, they came at the break of day to the side of a large wood, where he suddenly stopped, and, affecting to meditate a moment with himself, expressed some apprehensions from travelling any longer in so public a way. Upon which he easily persuaded his fair copmanion to strike with him into a path which seemed to lead directly through the wood, and which at length brought them both to the bottom of Mazzard Hill.

Whether the execrable scheme which he now attempted to execute was the effect of previous deliberation, or whether it now first came into his head, I cannot determine. But, being arrived in this lonely place, where it was very improbable he should meet with any interruption, he suddenly slipped his garter from his leg, and, laying violent hands on the poor woman, endeavoured to perpetrate that dreadful and detestable fact which we have before commemorated, and which the providential appearance of Jones did so fortunately prevent.

Happy was it for Mrs. Waters that she was not of the weakest order of females; for no sooner did she perceive, by his tying a knot in his garter, and by his declarations, what his hellish intentions were, than she stood stoutly to her defence, and so strongly struggled with her enemy, screaming all the while for assistance, that she delayed the execution of the villain's purpose several minutes, by which means Mr. Jones came to her relief at that very instant when her strength failed and she was totally overpowered, and delivered her from the ruffian's hands, with no other loss than that of her clothes, which were torn from her back, and of the diamond ring, which during the contention either dropped from her finger or was wrenched from it by Northerton.

Thus, reader, we have given thee the fruits of a very painful inquiry which for thy satisfaction we have made into this matter. And here we have opened to thee a scene of folly, as well as villany, which we could scarce have believed a human creature capable of being guilty of, had we not remembered that this fellow was at that time firmly persuaded that he had already committed a murder, and had forfeited his life to the law. As he concluded therefore that his only safety lay in flight, he thought the possessing himself of this poor woman's money and ring would make him amends for the additional burthen he was to lay on his conscience.

And here, reader, we must strictly caution thee that thou dost not take any occasion, from the misbehaviour of such a wretch as this, to reflect on so worthy and honourable a body of men as are the officers of our army in general. Thou wilt be pleased to consider that this fellow, as we have already informed thee, had neither the birth nor education of a gentleman, nor was a proper person to be enrolled among the number of such. If, therefore, his baseness can justly reflect on any besides himself, it must be only on those who gave him his commission.

BOOK X.

IN WHICH THE HISTORY GOES FORWARD ABOUT
TWELVE HOURS.

CHAPTER I.

Containing instructions very necessary to be perused by
modern critics.

READER, it is impossible we should know what sort of person thou wilt be; for, perhaps, thou may'st be as learned in human nature as Shakspeare himself was, and, perhaps, thou may'st be no wiser than some of his editors. Now, lest this latter should be the case, we think proper, before we go any farther together, to give thee a few wholesome admonitions; that thou may'st not as grossly misunderstand and misrepresent us, as some of the said editors have misunderstood and misrepresented their author.

First, then, we warn thee not too hastily to condemn any of the incidents in this our history as impertinent and foreign to our main design, because thou dost not immediately conceive in what manner such incident may conduce to that design. This work may, indeed, be considered as a great creation of our own; and for a little reptile of a critic to presume to find fault with any of its parts, without knowing the manner in which the whole is connected, and before he comes to the final catastrophe, is a most presumptuous absurdity. The allusion and metaphor we have here made use of, we must acknowledge to be infinitely too great for our occasion; but there is, indeed, no other, which is at all adequate to express the difference between an author of the first rate and a critic of the lowest.

Another caution we would give thee, my good reptile, is, that thou dost not find out too near a resemblance between certain characters here introduced; as, for instance, between the landlady who appears in the seventh book and her in the ninth. Thou art to know, friend, that there are certain characteristics in which most individuals of every profession and occupation agree. To be able to preserve these characteristics, and at the same time to diversify their operations, is one talent of a good writer. Again, to mark the nice distinction between two persons actuated by the same vice or folly is another; and, as this last talent is found in very few writers, so is the true discernment of it found in as few readers; though, I believe, the observation of this forms a very principal pleasure in those who are capable of the discovery; every person, for instance, can distinguish between Sir Epicure Mammoth and Sir Fopling Flutter; but to note the difference between Sir Fopling Flutter and Sir Courtly Nice requires a more exquisite judgment: for want of which, vulgar spectators of plays very often do great injustice in the theatre; where I have sometimes known a poet in danger of being convicted as a thief, upon much worse evidence than the resemblance of hands hath been held to be in the law. In reality, I apprehend every amorous widow on the stage would run the hazard of being condemned as a servile imitation of Dido, but that happily very few of our playhouse critics understand enough of Latin to read Virgil.

In the next place, we must admonish thee, my worthy friend (for, perhaps, thy heart may be better than thy head), not to condemn a character as a bad one, because it is not perfectly a good one. If thou dost delight in these models of perfection, there are books enough written to gratify thy taste; but, as we have not, in the course of our conversation, ever happened to meet with any such person, we have not

chosen to introduce any such here. To say the truth, I a little question whether mere man ever arrived at this consummate degree of excellence, as well as whether there hath ever existed a monster bad enough to verify that

—*nulla virtute redemptum*
A vitiis—•

in Juvenal; nor do I, indeed, conceive the good purposes served by inserting characters of such angelic perfection, or such diabolical depravity, in any work of invention; since, from contemplating either, the mind of man is more likely to be overwhelmed with sorrow and shame than to draw any good uses from such patterns; for in the former instance he may be both concerned and ashamed to see a pattern of excellence in his nature, which he may reasonably despair of ever arriving at; and in contemplating the latter he may be no less affected with those uneasy sensations, at seeing the nature of which he is a partaker degraded into so odious and detestable a creature.

In fact, if there be enough of goodness in a character to engage the admiration and affection of a well-disposed mind, though there should appear some of those little blemishes, *quas humana parum cavit natura*, they will raise our compassion rather than our abhorrence. Indeed, nothing can be of more moral use than the imperfections which are seen in examples of this kind; since such form a kind of surprise, more apt to affect and dwell upon our minds than the faults of very vicious and wicked persons. The foibles and vices of men, in whom there is great mixture of good, become more glaring objects from the virtues which contrast them and show their deformity; and, when we find such vices attended with their evil consequence to our favourite characters, we are not only taught to shun them for our own sake, but to hate them for the mischiefs they have already brought on those we love.

And now, my friend, having given you these few admonitions, we will, if you please, once more set forward with our history.

CHAPTER II.

Containing the arrival of an Irish gentleman, with very extraordinary adventures which ensued at the inn.

Now the little trembling hare, which the dread of all her numerous enemies, and chiefly of that cunning, cruel, carnivorous animal, man, had confined all the day to her lurking-place, sports wantonly o'er the lawns; now on some hollow tree the owl, shrill chorister of the night, hoots forth notes which might charm the ears of some modern connoisseurs in music; now, in the imagination of the half-drunk clown, as he staggers through the churchyard, or rather charnelyard, to his home, fear paints the bloody hobgoblin; now thieves and ruffians are awake, and honest watchmen fast asleep; in plain English, it was now midnight; and the company at the inn, as well those who have been already mentioned in this history, as some others who arrived in the evening, were all in bed. Only Susan Chambermaid was now stirring, she being obliged to wash the kitchen before she retired to the arms of the fond expecting hostler.

In this posture were affairs at the inn when a gentleman arrived there post. He immediately alighted from his horse, and, coming up to Susan, inquired of her, in a very abrupt and confused manner, being almost out of breath with eagerness,

* Whose vices are not allayed with a single virtue.

Whether there was any lady in the house? The hour of night, and the behaviour of the man, who stared very wildly at the time, a little surprised Susan, so that she hesitated before she made any answer; upon which the gentleman, with redoubled eagerness, begged her to give him a true information, saying, He had lost his wife, and was come in pursuit of her. "Upon my shoul," cries he, "I have been near catching her already in two or three places, if I had not found her gone just as I came up with her. If she be in the house, do carry me up in the dark and show her to me; and if she be gone away before me, do tell me which way I shall go after her to meet her, and, upon my shoul, I will make you the richest poor woman in the nation." He then pulled out a handful of guineas, a sight which would have bribed persons of much greater consequence than this poor wench to much worse purposes.

Susan, from the account she had received of Mrs. Waters, made not the least doubt but that she was the very identical stray whom the right owner pursued. As she concluded, therefore, with great appearance of reason, that she never could get money in an honest way than by restoring a wife to her husband, she made no scruple of assuring the gentleman that the lady he wanted was then in the house; and was presently afterwards prevailed upon (by very liberal promises, and some earnest paid into her hands) to conduct him to the bedchamber of Mrs. Waters.

It hath been a custom long established in the polite world, and that upon very solid and substantial reasons, that a husband shall never enter his wife's apartment without first knocking at the door. The many excellent uses of this custom need scarce be hinted to a reader who hath any knowledge of the world; for by this means the lady hath time to adjust herself, or to remove any disagreeable object out of the way; for there are some situations in which nice and delicate women would not be discovered by their husbands.

To say the truth, there are several ceremonies instituted among the polished part of mankind, which, though they may, to coarser judgments, appear as matters of mere form, are found to have much of substance in them, by the more discerning; and lucky would it have been had the custom above mentioned been observed by our gentleman in the present instance. Knock, indeed, he did at the door, but not with one of those gentle raps which is usual on such occasions. On the contrary, when he found the door locked, he flew at it with such violence, that the lock immediately gave way, the door burst open, and he fell headlong into the room.

He had no sooner recovered his legs than forth from the bed, upon his legs likewise, appeared—with shame and sorrow we are obliged to proceed—our hero himself, who, with a menacing voice, demanded of the gentleman who he was, and what he meant by daring to burst open his chamber in that outrageous manner.

The gentleman at first thought he had committed a mistake, and was going to ask pardon and retreat, when, on a sudden, as the moon shone very bright, he cast his eyes on stays, gowns, petticoats, caps, ribbons, stockings, garters, shoes, clogs, &c., all which lay in a disordered manner on the floor. All these, operating on the natural jealousy of his temper, so enraged him, that he lost all power of speech; and, without returning any answer to Jones, he endeavoured to approach the bed.

Jones immediately interposing, a fierce contention

arose, which soon proceeded to blows on both sides. And now Mrs. Waters (for we must confess she was in the same bed) being, I suppose, awakened from her sleep, and seeing two men fighting in her bedchamber, began to scream in the most violent manner, crying out murder! robbery! and more frequently rape! which last, some, perhaps, may wonder she should mention, who do not consider that these words of exclamation are used by ladies in a fight, as fa, la, la, ra, da, &c., are in music, only as the vehicles of sound, and without any fixed ideas.

Next to the lady's chamber was deposited the body of an Irish gentleman who arrived too late at the inn to have been mentioned before. This gentleman was one of those whom the Irish call a calabaro, or cavalier. He was a younger brother of a good family, and, having no fortune at home, was obliged to look abroad in order to get one; for which purpose he was proceeding to the Bath, to try his luck with cards and the women.

This young fellow lay in bed reading one of Mrs. Behn's novels; for he had been instructed by a friend that he would find no more effectual method of recommending himself to the ladies than the improving his understanding, and filling his mind with good literature. He no sooner, therefore, heard the violent uproar in the next room, than he leapt from his bolster, and, taking his sword in one hand, and the candle which burnt by him in the other, he went directly to Mrs. Waters's chamber.

If the sight of another man in his shirt at first added some shock to the decency of the lady, it made her presently amends by considerably abating her fears; for no sooner had the calabaro entered the room than he cried out, "Mr. Fitzpatrick, what the devil is the meaning of this?" Upon which the other immediately answered, "O, Mr. Macklachlan! I am rejoiced you are here.—This villain hath debauched my wife, and is got into bed with her."—"What wife?" cries Macklachlan; "do not I know Mrs. Fitzpatrick very well, and don't I see that the lady, whom the gentleman who stands here in his shirt is lying in bed with, is none of her?"

Fitzpatrick, now perceiving, as well by the glimpse he had of the lady, as by her voice, which might have been distinguished at a greater distance than he now stood from her, that he had made a very unfortunate mistake, began to ask many pardons of the lady; and then, turning to Jones, he said, "I would have you take notice I do not ask your pardon, for you have bate me; for which I am resolved to have your blood in the morning."

Jones treated this menace with much contempt; and Mr. Macklachlan answered, "Indeed, Mr. Fitzpatrick, you may be ashamed of your own self, to disturb people at this time of night; if all the people in the inn were not asleep, you would have awakened them as you have me. The gentleman has served you very rightly. Upon my conscience, though I have no wife, if you had treated her so, I would have cut your throat."

Jones was so confounded with his fears for his lady's reputation, that he knew neither what to say or do; but the invention of women is, as hath been observed, much readier than that of men. She recollected that there was a communication between her chamber and that of Mr. Jones; relying, therefore, on his honour and her own assurance, she answered, "I know not what you mean, villains! I am wife to none of you. Help! Rape! Murder! Rape!"—And now, the landlady coming into the room, Mrs. Waters fell upon her with the utmost virulence, saying, "She thought herself in a sober inn, and not in a

bawdy-house; but that a set of villains had broke into her room, with an intent upon her honour, if not upon her life; and both, she said, were equally dear to her."

The landlady now began to roar as loudly as the poor woman in bed had done before. She cried "She was undone, and that the reputation of her house, which was never blown upon before, was utterly destroyed." Then, turning to the men, she cried, "What, in the devil's name, is the reason of all this disturbance in the lady's room?" Fitzpatrick, hanging down his head, repeated, "That he had committed a mistake, for which he heartily asked pardon," and then retired with his countryman. Jones, who was too ingenious to have missed the hint given him by his fair one, boldly asserted, "That he had run to her assistance upon hearing the door broke open; with what design he could not conceive, unless of robbing the lady; which, if they intended, he said, he had the good fortune to prevent." "I never had a robbery committed in my house since I have kept it," cries the landlady: "I would have you to know, sir, I harbour no highwaymen here; I scorn the word, tho' I say it. None but honest, good gentlefolks, are welcome to my house; and, I thank good luck, I have always had enow of such customers; indeed as many as I could entertain. Here hath been my lord——," and then she repeated over a catalogue of names and titles, many of which we might, perhaps, be guilty of a breach of privilege by inserting.

Jones, after much patience, at length interrupted her, by making an apology to Mrs. Waters, for having appeared before her in his shirt, assuring her "That nothing but a concern for her safety could have prevailed on him to do it." The reader may inform himself of her answer, and, indeed, of her whole behaviour to the end of the scene, by considering the situation which she affected, it being that of a modest lady, who was awakened out of her sleep by three strange men in her chamber. This was the part which she undertook to perform; and, indeed, she executed it so well, that none of our theatrical actresses could exceed her, in any of their performances, either on or off the stage.

And hence, I think, we may very fairly draw an argument, to prove how extremely natural virtue is to the fair sex; for, though there is not, perhaps, one in ten thousand who is capable of making a good actress, and even among these we rarely see two who are equally able to personate the same character, yet this of virtue they can all admirably well put on; and as well those individuals who have it not, as those who possess it, can all act it to the utmost degree of perfection.

When the men were all departed, Mrs. Waters, recovering from her fear, recovered likewise from her anger, and spoke in much gentler accents to the landlady, who did not so readily quit her concern for the reputation of the house, in favour of which she began again to number the many great persons who had slept under her roof; but the lady stopped her short, and, having absolutely acquitted her of having had any share in the past disturbance, begged to be left to her repose, which, she said, she hoped to enjoy unmolested during the remainder of the night. Upon which the landlady, after much civility and many curtsies, took her leave.

CHAPTER III.

A dialogue between the landlady and Susan the chambermaid, proper to be read by all innkeepers and their servants; with the arrival, and affable behaviour of a beautiful young lady; which may teach persons of condition how they may acquire the love of the whole world.

THE landlady, remembering that Susan had been

the only person out of bed when the door was burst open, resorted presently to her, to inquire into the first occasion of the disturbance, as well as who the strange gentleman was, and when and how he arrived.

Susan related the whole story, which the reader knows already, varying the truth only in some circumstances, as she saw convenient, and totally concealing the money which she had received. But whereas her mistress had, in the preface to her inquiry, spoken much in compassion for the fright which the lady had been in concerning any intended depredations on her virtue, Susan could not help endeavouring to quiet the concern which her mistress seemed to be under on that account, by swearing heartily she saw Jones leap out from her bed.

The landlady fell into a violent rage at these words. "A likely story, truly," cried she, "that a woman should cry out, and endeavour to expose herself, if that was the case! I desire to know what better proof any lady can give of her virtue than her crying out, which, I believe, twenty people can witness for her she did? I beg, madam, you would spread no such scandal of any of my guests; for it will not only reflect on them, but upon the house; and I am sure no vagabonds, nor wicked beggarly people, come here."

"Well," says Susan, "then I must not believe my own eyes." "No, indeed, must you not always," answered her mistress; "I would not have believed my own eyes against such good gentlefolks. I have not had a better supper ordered this half-year than they ordered last night; and so easy and good-humoured were they, that they found no fault with my Worcestershire perry, which I sold them for champagne; and to be sure it is as well tasted and as wholesome as the best champagne in the kingdom, otherwise I would scorn to give it 'em; and they drank me two bottles. No, no, I will never believe any harm of such sober good sort of people."

Susan being thus silenced, her mistress proceeded to other matters. "And so you tell me," continued she, "that the strange gentleman came post, and there is a footman without with the horses; why, then, he is certainly some of your great gentlefolks too. Why did you not ask him whether he'd have any supper? I think he is in the other gentleman's room; go up and ask whether he called. Perhaps he'll order something when he finds anybody stirring in the house to dress it. Now don't commit any of your usual blunders, by telling him the fire's out, and the fowls alive. And if he should order mutton, don't blab out that we have none. The butcher, I know, killed a sheep just before I went to bed, and he never refuses to cut it up warm when I desire it. Go, remember there's all sorts of mutton and fowls; go, open the door with, Gentlemen, d'ye call? and if they say nothing, ask what his honour will be pleased to have for supper? Don't forget his honour. Go; if you don't mind all these matters better, you'll never come to anything."

Susan departed, and soon returned with an account that the two gentlemen were got both into the same bed. "Two gentlemen," says the landlady, "in the same bed! that's impossible; they are two errant scrubs, I warrant them; and I believe young Squire Allworthy guessed right, that the fellow intended to rob her ladyship; for, if he had broke open the lady's door with any of the wicked designs of a gentleman, he would never have sneaked away to another room to save the expense of a supper and a bed to himself. They are certainly thieves, and their searching after a wife is nothing but a pretence."

In these censures my landlady did Mr. Fitz-

patrick great injustice; for he was really born a gentleman, though not worth a groat; and though, perhaps, he had some few blemishes in his heart as well as in his head, yet being a sneaking or a nig-gardly fellow was not one of them. In reality, he was so generous a man, that, whereas he had received a very handsome fortune with his wife, he had now spent every penny of it, except some little pittance which was settled upon her; and, in order to possess himself of this, he had used her with such cruelty, that, together with his jealousy, which was of the bitterest kind, it had forced the poor woman to run away from him.

This gentleman then being well tired with his long journey from Chester in one day, with which, and some good dry blows he had received in the scuffle, his bones were so sore, that, added to the soreness of his mind, it had quite deprived him of any appetite for eating. And being now so violently disappointed in the woman whom, at the maid's instance, he had mistaken for his wife, it never once entered into his head that she might nevertheless be in the house, though he had erred in the first person he had attacked. He therefore yielded to the dissuasions of his friend from searching any farther after her that night, and accepted the kind offer of part of his bed.

The footmen and post-boy were in a different disposition. They were more ready to order than the landlady was to provide; however, after being pretty well satisfied by them of the real truth of the case, and that Mr. Fitzpatrick was no thief, she was at length prevailed on to set some cold meat before them, which they were devouring with great greediness, when Partridge came into the kitchen. He had been first awaked by the hurry which we have before seen; and while he was endeavouring to compose himself again on his pillow, a screech-owl had given him such a serenade at his window, that he leaped in a most horrible affright from his bed, and, huddling on his clothes with great expedition, ran down to the protection of the company, whom he heard talking below in the kitchen.

His arrival detained my landlady from returning to her rest; for she was just about to leave the other two guests to the care of Susan; but the friend of young Squire Allworthy was not to be so neglected, especially as he called for a pint of wine to be mulled. She immediately obeyed, by putting the same quantity of perry to the fire; for this readily answered to the name of every kind of wine.

The Irish footman was retired to bed, and the post-boy was going to follow; but Partridge invited him to stay and partake of his wine, which the lad very thankfully accepted. The schoolmaster was indeed afraid to return to bed by himself; and as he did not know how soon he might lose the company of my landlady, he was resolved to secure that of the boy, in whose presence he apprehended no danger from the devil or any of his adherents.

And now arrived another post-boy at the gate; upon which Susan, being ordered out, returned, introducing two young women in riding habits, one of which was so very richly laced, that Partridge and the post-boy instantly started from their chairs, and my landlady fell to her curtsies, and her ladyships, with great eagerness.

The lady in the rich habit said, with a smile of great condescension, "If you will give me leave, madam, I will warm myself a few minutes at your kitchen fire, for it is really very cold; but I must insist on disturbing no one from his seat." This was spoken on account of Partridge, who had retreated to the other end of the room, struck with the utmost awe and astonishment at the splendour

of the lady's dress. Indeed, she had a much better title to respect than this; for she was one of the most beautiful creatures in the world.

The lady earnestly desired Partridge to return to his seat; but could not prevail. She then pulled off her gloves, and displayed to the fire two hands which had every property of snow in them, except that of melting. Her companion, who was indeed her maid, likewise pulled off her gloves, and discovered what bore an exact resemblance, in cold and colour, to a piece of frozen beef.

"I wish, madam," quoth the latter, "your ladyship would not think of going any farther to-night. I am terribly afraid your ladyship will not be able to bear the fatigue."

"Why sure," cries the landlady, "her ladyship's honour can never intend it. O, bless me! farther to-night, indeed! let me beseech your ladyship not to think on't—But, to be sure, your ladyship can't. What will your honour be pleased to have for supper? I have mutton of all kinds, and some nice chicken."

"I think, madam," said the lady, "it would be rather breakfast than supper; but I can't eat anything; and, if I stay, shall only lie down for an hour or two. However, if you please, madam, you may get me a little sack-whey, made very small and thin."

"Yes, madam," cries the mistress of the house, "I have some excellent white wine." "You have no sack, then," says the lady. "Yes, an't please your honour, I have; I may challenge the country for that—but let me beg your ladyship to eat something."

"Upon my word, I can't eat a morsel," answered the lady; "and I shall be much obliged to you if you will please to get my apartment ready as soon as possible; for I am resolved to be on horse-back again in three hours."

"Why, Susan," cries the landlady, "is there a fire lit yet in the Wild-goose? I am sorry, madam, all my best rooms are full. Several people of the first quality are now in bed. Here's a great young squire, and many other great gentle-folks of quality." Susan answered, "That the Irish gentlemen were got into the Wild-goose."

"Was ever anything like it?" says the mistress; "why the devil would you not keep some of the best rooms for the quality, when you know scarce a day passes without some calling here?—If they be gentlemen, I am certain, when they know it is for her ladyship, they will get up again."

"Not upon my account," says the lady; "I will have no person disturbed for me. If you have a room that is commonly decent, it will serve me very well, though it be never so plain. I beg, madam, you will not give yourself so much trouble on my account." "O, madam!" cries the other, "I have several good rooms for that matter, but none good enough for your honour's ladyship. However, as you are so condescending to take up with the best I have, do, Susan, get a fire in the Rose this minute. Will your ladyship be pleased to go up now, or stay till the fire is lighted?" "I think I have sufficiently warmed myself," answered the lady; "so, if you please, I will go now; I am afraid I have kept people, and particularly that gentleman (meaning Partridge), too long in the cold already. Indeed, I cannot bear to think of keeping any person from the fire this dreadful weather."—She then departed with her maid, the landlady marching with two lighted candles before her.

When that good woman returned, the conversation in the kitchen was all upon the charms of the young lady. There is indeed in perfect beauty

a power which none almost can withstand; for my landlady, though she was not pleased at the negative given to the supper, declared she had never seen so lovely a creature. Partridge ran out into the most extravagant encomiums on her face, though he could not refrain from paying some compliments to the gold lace on her habit; the post-boy sung forth the praises of her goodness, which were likewise echoed by the other post-boy, who was now come in. "She's a true good lady, I warrant her," says he; "for she hath mercy upon dumb creatures; for she asked me every now and then upon the journey, if I did not think she should hurt the horses by riding too fast? and when she came in she charged me to give them as much corn as ever they would eat."

Such charms are there in affability, and so sure is it to attract the praises of all kinds of people. It may indeed be compared to the celebrated Mrs. Hussey.* It is equally sure to set off every female perfection to the highest advantage, and to palliate and conceal every defect. A short reflection, which we could not forbear making in this place, where my reader hath seen the loveliness of an affable deportment; and truth will now oblige us to contrast it, by showing the reverse.

CHAPTER IV.

Containing infallible nostrums for procuring universal disesteem and hatred.

THE lady had no sooner laid herself on her pillow than the waiting-woman returned to the kitchen to regale with some of those dainties which her mistress had refused.

The company, at her entrance, showed her the same respect which they had before paid to her mistress, by rising; but she forgot to imitate her, by desiring them to sit down again. Indeed, it was scarce possible they should have done so, for she placed her chair in such a posture as to occupy almost the whole fire. She then ordered a chicken to be broiled that instant, declaring, if it was not ready in a quarter of an hour, she would not stay for it. Now, though the said chicken was then at roost in the stable, and required the several ceremonies of catching, killing, and picking, before it was brought to the gridiron, my landlady would nevertheless have undertaken to do all within the time; but the guest, being unfortunately admitted behind the scenes, must have been witness to the *fourberie*; the poor woman was therefore obliged to confess that she had none in the house; "but, madam," said she, "I can get any kind of mutton in an instant from the butcher's."

"Do you think, then," answered the waiting-gentlewoman, "that I have the stomach of a horse, to eat mutton at this time of night? Sure you people that keep inns imagine your betters are like yourselves. Indeed, I expect to get nothing at this wretched place. I wonder my lady would stop at it. I suppose none but tradesmen and graziers ever call here." The landlady fired at this indignity offered to her house; however, she suppressed her temper, and contented herself with saying, "Very good quality frequented it, she thanked heaven!" "Don't tell me," cries the other, "of quality! I believe I know more of people of quality than such as you.—But, prithee, without troubling me with any of your impertinence, do tell me what I can have for supper; for, though I cannot eat horse-flesh, I am really hungry." "Why truly, madam," answered

* A celebrated mantua-maker in the Strand, famous for setting off the shapes of women.

the landlady, "you could not take me again at such a disadvantage; for I must confess I have nothing in the house, unless a cold piece of beef, which indeed a gentleman's footman and the post-boy have almost cleared to the bone." "Woman," said Mrs. Abigail (so for shortness we will call her), "I entreat you not to make me sick. If I had fasted a month, I could not eat what had been touched by the fingers of such fellows. Is there nothing neat or decent to be had in this horrid place?" "What think you of some eggs and bacon, madam?" said the landlady. "Are your eggs new laid? are you certain they were laid to-day? and let me have the bacon cut very nice and thin; for I can't endure anything that's gross.—Prithee, try if you can do a little tolerably for once, and don't think you have a farmer's wife, or some of those creatures, in the house."—The landlady began then to handle her knife; but the other stopped her, saying, "Good woman, I must insist upon your first washing your hands; for I am extremely nice, and have been always used from my cradle to have everything in the most elegant manner."

The landlady, who governed herself with much difficulty, began now the necessary preparations; for as to Susan, she was utterly rejected, and with such disdain, that the poor wench was as hard put to it to restrain her hands from violence as her mistress had been to hold her tongue. This indeed Susan did not entirely; for, though she literally kept it within her teeth, yet there it muttered many "marry-come-ups, as good flesh and blood as yourself;" with other such indignant phrases.

While the supper was preparing, Mrs. Abigail began to lament she had not ordered a fire in the parlour; but, she said, that was now too late. "However," said she, "I have novelty to recommend a kitchen; for I do not believe I ever eat in one before." Then, turning to the post-boys, she asked them, "Why they were not in the stable with their horses? If I must eat my hard fare here, madam," cries she to the landlady, "I beg the kitchen may be kept clear, that I may not be surrounded with all the blackguards in town: as for you, sir," says she to Partridge, "you look somewhat like a gentleman, and may sit still if you please; I don't desire to disturb anybody but mob."

"Yes, yes, madam," cries Partridge, "I am a gentleman, I do assure you, and I am not so easily to be disturbed. *Non semper vox casualis est verbo nominativus.*" This Latin she took to be some affront, and answered, "You may be a gentleman, sir; but you don't show yourself as one to talk Latin to a woman." Partridge made a gentle reply, and concluded with more Latin; upon which she tossed up her nose, and contented herself by abusing him with the name of a great scholar.

The supper being now on the table, Mrs. Abigail eat very heartily for so delicate a person; and, while a second course of the same was by her order preparing, she said, "And so, madam, you tell me your house is frequented by people of great quality?"

The landlady answered in the affirmative, saying, "There were a great many very good quality and gentlefolks in it now. There's young squire Allworthy, as that gentleman there knows."

"And pray who is this young gentleman of quality, this young squire Allworthy?" said Abigail.

"Who should he be," answered Partridge, "but the son and heir of the great squire Allworthy, of Somersetshire?"

"Upon my word," said she, "you tell me strange news; for I know Mr. Allworthy of Somersetshire very well, and I know he hath no son alive."

The landlady pricked up her ears at this, and Partridge looked a little confounded. However, after a short hesitation, he answered, "Indeed, madam, it is true, everybody doth not know him to be squire Allworthy's son; for he was never married to his mother; but his son he certainly is, and will be his heir too, as certainly as his name is Jones." At that word, Abigail let drop the bacon which she was conveying to her mouth, and cried out, "You surprise me, sir! Is it possible Mr. Jones should be now in the house?" "*Quare non?*" answered Partridge, "it is possible, and it is certain."

Abigail now made haste to finish the remainder of her meal, and then repaired back to her mistress, when the conversation passed which may be read in the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

Showing who the amiable lady, and her unamiable maid were.

As in the month of June, the damask rose, which chance hath planted among the lilies, with their candid hue mixes his vermilion; or, as some play-some heifer in the pleasant month of May diffuses her odoriferous breath over the flowery meadows; or as, in the blooming month of April, the gentle, constant dove, perched on some fair bough, sits meditating on her mate; so, looking a hundred charms and breathing as many sweets, her thoughts being fixed on her Tommy, with a heart as good and innocent as her face was beautiful, Sophia (for it was she herself) lay reclining her lovely head on her hand, when her maid entered the room, and, running directly to the bed, cried, "Madam—madam—who doth your ladyship think is in the house?" Sophia, starting up, cried, "I hope my father hath not overtaken us." "No, madam, it is one worth a hundred fathers; Mr. Jones himself is here at this very instant." "Mr. Jones!" says Sophia, "it is impossible! I cannot be so fortunate." Her maid averred the fact, and was presently detached by her mistress to order him to be called; for she said she was resolved to see him immediately.

Mrs. Honour had no sooner left the kitchen in the manner we have before seen than the landlady fell severely upon her. The poor woman had indeed been loading her heart with foul language for some time, and now it scoured out of her mouth, as filth doth from a mud-cart, when the board which confines it is removed. Partridge likewise shovelled in his share of calumny, and (what may surprise the reader) not only bespattered the maid, but attempted to sully the lily-white character of Sophia herself. "Never a barrel the better herring," cries he, "*Noscitur à socio*, is a true saying. It must be confessed, indeed, that the lady in the fine garments is the civiller of the two; but I warrant neither of them are a bit better than they should be. A couple of Bath trulls, I'll answer for them; your quality don't ride about at this time o'night without servants." "Sbodlikins, and that's true," cries the landlady, "you have certainly hit upon the very matter; for quality don't come into a house without bespeaking a supper, whether they eat or no."

While they were thus discoursing, Mrs. Honour returned and discharged her commission, by bidding the landlady immediately wake Mr. Jones, and tell him a lady wanted to speak with him. The landlady referred her to Partridge, saying, "he was the squire's friend: but, for her part, she never called men-folks, especially gentlemen," and then walked sullenly out of the kitchen. Honour applied herself to Partridge; but he refused, "for my friend," cries he, "went to bed very late, and he would be

very angry to be disturbed so soon." Mrs. Honour insisted still to have him called, saying, "she was sure, instead of being angry, that he would be to the highest degree delighted when he knew the occasion." "Another time, perhaps, he might," cries Partridge; "but *non omnia possumus omnes*. One woman is enough at once for a reasonable man." "What do you mean by one woman, fellow?" cries Honour. "None of your fellow," answered Partridge. He then proceeded to inform her plainly that Jones was in bed with a wench, and made use of an expression too indelicate to be here inserted; which so enraged Mrs. Honour, that she called him jackanapes, and returned in a violent hurry to her mistress, whom she acquainted with the success of her errand, and with the account she had received; which, if possible, she exaggerated, being as angry with Jones as if he had pronounced all the words that came from the mouth of Partridge. She discharged a torrent of abuse on the master, and advised her mistress to quit all thoughts of a man who had never shown himself deserving of her. She then ripped up the story of Molly Seagrim, and gave the most malicious turn to his formerly quitting Sophia herself; which, I must confess, the present incident not a little countenanced.

The spirits of Sophia were too much dissipated by concern to enable her to stop the torrent of her maid. At last, however, she interrupted her, saying, "I never can believe this; some villain hath belied him. You say you had it from his friend; but surely it is not the office of a friend to betray such secrets." "I suppose," cries Honour, "the fellow is his pimp; for I never saw so ill-looking a villain. Besides, such profligate rakes as Mr. Jones are never ashamed of these matters."

To say the truth, this behaviour of Partridge was a little inexcusable; but he had not slept off the effect of the dose which he swallowed the evening before; which had, in the morning, received the addition of above a pint of wine, or indeed rather of malt spirits; for the perry was by no means pure. Now, that part of his head which Nature designed for the reservoir of drink being very shallow, a small quantity of liquor overflowed it, and opened the sluices of his heart; so that all the secrets there deposited run out. These sluices were indeed, naturally, very ill-secured. To give the best-natured turn we can to his disposition, he was a very honest man; for, as he was the most inquisitive of mortals, and eternally prying into the secrets of others, so he very faithfully paid them by communicating, in return, everything within his knowledge.

While Sophia, tormented with anxiety, knew not what to believe, nor what resolution to take, Susan arrived with the sack-whey. Mrs. Honour immediately advised her mistress, in a whisper, to pump this wench, who probably could inform her of the truth. Sophia approved it, and began as follows: "Come hither, child; now answer me truly what I am going to ask you, and I promise you I will very well reward you. Is there a young gentleman in this house, a handsome young gentleman, that ——" Here Sophia blushed and was confounded. "A young gentleman," cries Honour, "that came hither in company with that saucy rascal who is now in the kitchen?" Susan answered, "There was."—"Do you know anything of any lady?" continues Sophia, "any lady? I don't ask you whether she is handsome or no; perhaps she is not; that's nothing to the purpose; but do you know of any lady?" "La! madam," cries Honour, "you will make a very bad examiner. Hark'ee, child," says she, "is not that young gentleman now

in bed with some nasty trull or other?" Here Susan smiled, and was silent. "Answer the question, child," says Sophia, "and here's a guinea for you."—"A guinea! madam," cries Susan; "la, what's a guinea? If my mistress should know it I shall certainly lose my place that very instant." "Here's another for you," says Sophia, "and I promise you faithfully your mistress shall never know it." Susan, after a very short hesitation, took the money, and told the whole story, concluding with saying, "If you have any great curiosity, madam, I can steal softly into his room, and see whether he be in his own bed or no." She accordingly did this by Sophia's desire, and returned with an answer in the negative.

Sophia now trembled and turned pale. Mrs. Honour begged her to be comforted, and not to think any more of so worthless a fellow. "Why there," says Susan, "I hope, madam, your ladyship won't be offended; but pray, madam, is not your ladyship's name Madam Sophia Western?" "How is it possible you should know me?" answered Sophia. "Why that man, that the gentlewoman spoke of, who is in the kitchen, told about you last night. But I hope your ladyship is not angry with me." "Indeed, child," said she, "I am not; pray tell me all, and I promise you I'll reward you." "Why, madam," continued Susan, "that man told us all in the kitchen that Madam Sophia Western—indeed I don't know how to bring it out."—Here she stopped, till, having received encouragement from Sophia, and being vehemently pressed by Mrs. Honour, she proceeded thus:—"He told us, madam, though to be sure it is all a lie, that your ladyship was dying for love of the young squire, and that he was going to the wars to get rid of you. I thought to myself then he was a false-hearted wretch; but, now, to see such a fine, rich, beautiful lady as you be, forsaken for such an ordinary woman; for to be sure so she is, and another man's wife into the bargain. It is such a strange unnatural thing, in a manner."

Sophia gave her a third guinea, and, telling her she would certainly be her friend if she mentioned nothing of what had passed, nor informed any one who she was, dismissed the girl, with orders to the post-boy to get the horses ready immediately.

Being now left alone with her maid, she told her trusty waiting-woman, "That she never was more easy than at present. I am now convinced," said she, "he is not only a villain, but a low despicable wretch. I can forgive all rather than his exposing my name in so barbarous a manner. That renders him the object of my contempt. Yes, Honour, I am now easy; I am indeed; I am very easy;" and then she burst into a violent flood of tears.

After a short interval spent by Sophia, chiefly in crying, and assuring her maid that she was perfectly easy, Susan arrived with an account that the horses were ready, when a very extraordinary thought suggested itself to our young heroine, by which Mr. Jones would be acquainted with her having been at the inn, in a way which, if any sparks of affection for her remained in him, would be at least some punishment for his faults.

The reader will be pleased to remember a little muff, which hath had the honour of being more than once remembered already in this history. This muff, ever since the departure of Mr. Jones, had been the constant companion of Sophia by day, and her bedfellow by night; and this muff she had at this very instant upon her arm; whence she took it off with great indignation, and, having writ her name with the pencil upon a piece of paper which she

pinned to it, she bribed the maid to convey it into the empty bed of Mr. Jones, in which, if he did not find it, she charged her to take some method of conveying it before his eyes in the morning.

Then, having paid for what Mrs. Honour had eaten, in which bill was included an account for what she herself might have eaten, she mounted her horse, and, once more assuring her companion that she was perfectly easy, continued her journey.

CHAPTER VI.

Containing, among other things, the ingenuity of Partridge, the madness of Jones, and the folly of Fitzpatrick.

It was now past five in the morning, and other company began to rise and come to the kitchen, among whom were the serjeant and the coachman, who, being thoroughly reconciled, made a libation, or, in the English phrase, drank a hearty cup together.

In this drinking nothing more remarkable happened than the behaviour of Partridge, who, when the serjeant drank a health to King George, repeated only the word King; nor could he be brought to utter more; for though he was going to fight against his own cause, yet he could not be prevailed upon to drink against it.

Mr. Jones, being now returned to his own bed (but from whence he returned we must beg to be excused from relating), summoned Partridge from this agreeable company, who, after a ceremonious preface, having obtained leave to offer his advice, delivered himself as follows:—

"It is, sir, an old saying, and a true one, that a wise man may sometimes learn counsel from a fool; I wish, therefore, I might be so bold as to offer you my advice, which is to return home again, and leave these *horrida bella*, these bloody wars, to fellows who are contented to swallow gunpowder, because they have nothing else to eat. Now, everybody knows your honour wants for nothing at home; when that's the case, why should any man travel abroad?"

"Partridge," cries Jones, "thou art certainly a coward; I wish, therefore, thou wouldst return home thyself, and trouble me no more."

"I ask your honour's pardon," cries Partridge; I spoke on your account more than my own; for as to me, Heaven knows my circumstances are bad enough, and I am so far from being afraid, that I value a pistol, or a blunderbuss, or any such thing, no more than a pop-gun. Every man must die once, and what signifies the manner how? besides, perhaps I may come off with the loss only of an arm or a leg. I assure you, sir, I was never less afraid in my life; and so, if your honour is resolved to go on, I am resolved to follow you. But, in that case, I wish I might give my opinion. To be sure, it is a scandalous way of travelling, for a great gentleman like you to walk afoot. No where are two or three good horses in the stable, which the landlord will certainly make no scruple of trusting you with; but, if he should, I can easily contrive to take them; and, let the worst come to the worst, the king would certainly pardon you, as you are going to fight in his cause."

Now, as the honesty of Partridge was equal to his understanding, and both dealt only in small matters, he would never have attempted a roguery of this kind, had he not imagined it altogether safe; for he was one of those who have more consideration of the gallows than of the fitness of things; but, in reality, he thought he might have committed this felony without any danger; for, besides that he doubted not but the name of Mr. Allworthy would suffi-

ciently quiet the landlord, he conceived they should be altogether safe, whatever turn affairs might take; as Jones, he imagined, would have friends enough on one side, and as his friends would as well secure him on the other.

When Mr. Jones found that Partridge was in earnest in this proposal, he very severely rebuked him, and that in such bitter terms, that the other attempted to laugh it off, and presently turned the discourse to other matters; saying, he believed they were then in a bawdy-house, and that he had with much ado prevented two wenches from disturbing his honour in the middle of the night. "Heyday!" says he, "I believe they got into your chamber whether I would or no; for here lies the muff of one of them on the ground." Indeed, as Jones returned to his bed in the dark, he had never perceived the muff on the quilt, and, in leaping into his bed, he had tumbled it on the floor. This Partridge now took up, and was going to put into his pocket, when Jones desired to see it. The muff was so very remarkable, that our hero might possibly have recollected it without the information annexed. But his memory was not put to that hard office; for at the same instant he saw and read the words *Sophia Western* upon the paper which was pinned to it. His looks now grew frantic in a moment, and he eagerly cried out, "Oh Heavens! how came this muff here?" "I know no more than your honour," cried Partridge; "but I saw it upon the arm of one of the women who would have disturbed you, if I would have suffered them." "Where are they?" cries Jones, jumping out of bed, and laying hold of his clothes. "Many miles off, I believe, by this time," said Partridge. And now Jones, upon further inquiry, was sufficiently assured that the bearer of this muff was no other than the lovely *Sophia* herself.

The behaviour of Jones on this occasion, his thoughts, his looks, his words, his actions, were such as beggar all description. After many bitter execrations on Partridge, and not fewer on himself, he ordered the poor fellow, who was frightened out of his wits, to run down and hire him horses at any rate; and a very minutes afterwards, having shuffled on his clothes, he hastened down stairs to execute the orders himself, which he had just before given.

But before we proceed to what passed on his arrival in the kitchen, it will be necessary to recur to what had there happened since Partridge had first left it on his master's summons.

The serjeant was just marched off with his party, when the two Irish gentlemen arose, and came down stairs; both complaining that they had been so often waked by the noises in the inn, that they had never once been able to close their eyes all night.

The coach which had brought the young lady and her maid, and which, perhaps, the reader may have hitherto concluded was her own, was, indeed, a returned coach belonging to Mr. King, of Bath, one of the worthiest and honestest men that ever dealt in horse-flesh, and whose coaches we heartily recommend to all our readers who travel that road. By which means they may, perhaps, have the pleasure of riding in the very coach, and being driven by the very coachman, that is recorded in this history.

The coachman, having but two passengers, and hearing Mr. Macklachlan was going to Bath, offered to carry him thither at a very moderate price. He was induced to this by the report of the hostler, who said that the horse which Mr. Macklachlan had hired from Worcester would be much more pleased with returning to his friends there than to prosecute

a long journey; for that the said horse was rather a two-legged than a four-legged animal.

Mr. Macklachlan immediately closed with the proposal of the coachman, and, at the same time, persuaded his friend Fitzpatrick to accept of the fourth place in the coach. This conveyance the soreness of his bones made more agreeable to him than a horse; and, being well assured of meeting with his wife at Bath, he thought a little delay would be of no consequence.

Macklachlan, who was much the sharper man of the two, no sooner heard that this lady came from Chester, with the other circumstances which he learned from the hostler, than it came into his head that she might possibly be his friend's wife; and presently acquainted him with this suspicion, which had never once occurred to Fitzpatrick himself. To say the truth, he was one of those compositions which nature makes up in too great a hurry, and forgets to put any brains into their head.

Now it happens to this sort of men, as to bad hounds, who never hit off a fault themselves; but no sooner doth a dog of sagacity open his mouth than they immediately do the same, and, without the guidance of any scent, run directly forwards as fast as they are able. In the same manner, the very moment Mr. Macklachlan had mentioned his apprehension, Mr. Fitzpatrick instantly concurred, and flew directly up stairs, to surprise his wife, before he knew where she was; and unluckily (as *Fortune* loves to play tricks with those gentlemen who put themselves entirely under her conduct) ran his head against several doors and posts to no purpose. Much kinder was she to me, when she suggested the simile of the hounds, just before inserted; since the poor wife may, on these occasions, be so justly compared to a hunted hare. Like that little wretched animal, she pricks up her ears to listen after the voice of her pursuer; like her, flies away trembling when she hears it; and, like her, is generally overtaken and destroyed in the end.

This was not however the case at present; for, after a long fruitless search, Mr. Fitzpatrick returned to the kitchen, where, as if this had been a real chase, entered a gentleman hallooing as hunters do when the hounds are at a fault. He was just alighted from his horse, and had many attendants at his heels.

Here, reader, it may be necessary to acquaint thee with some matters, which, if thou dost know already, thou art wiser than I take thee to be. And this information thou shalt receive in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

In which are concluded the adventures that happened at the inn at Upton.

In the first place, then, this gentleman just arrived was no other than squire *Western* himself, who was come hither in pursuit of his daughter; and, had he fortunately been two hours earlier, he had not only found her, but his niece into the bargain; for such was the wife of Mr. Fitzpatrick, who had run away with her five years before, out of the custody of that sage lady, *Madam Western*.

Now this lady had departed from the inn much about the same time with *Sophia*; for, having been waked by the voice of her husband, she had sent up for the landlady, and, being by her apprized of the matter, had bribed the good woman, at an extravagant price, to furnish her with horses for her escape. Such prevalence had money in this family; and though the mistress would have turned away her maid for a corrupt hussy, if she had known as

much as the reader, yet she was no more proof against corruption herself than poor Susan had been.

Mr. Western and his nephew were not known to one another; nor indeed would the former have taken any notice of the latter if he had known him; for, this being a stolen match, and consequently an unnatural one in the opinion of the good squire, he had, from the time of her committing it, abandoned the poor young creature, who was then no more than eighteen, as a monster, and had never since suffered her to be named in his presence.

The kitchen was now a scene of universal confusion, Western inquiring after his daughter, and Fitzpatrick as eagerly after his wife, when Jones entered the room, unfortunately having Sophia's muff in his hand.

As soon as Western saw Jones, he set up the same holla as is used by sportsmen when their game is in view. He then immediately ran up and laid hold of Jones, crying, "We have got the dog fox, I warrant the bitch is not far off." The jargon which followed for some minutes, where many spoke different things at the same time, as it would be very difficult to describe, so it would be no less unpleasant to read.

Jones having, at length, shaken Mr. Western off, and some of the company having interfered between them, our hero protested his innocence as to knowing anything of the lady; when Parson Supple stepped up, and said, "It is folly to deny it; for why, the marks of guilt are in thy hands. I will myself asseverate and bind it by an oath, that the muff thou bearest in thy hand belongeth unto Madam Sophia; for I have frequently observed her, of later days, to bear it about her." "My daughter's muff!" cries the squire in a rage. "Hath he got my daughter's muff? bear witness the goods are found upon him. I'll have him before a justice of peace this instant. Where is my daughter, villain?" "Sir," said Jones, "I beg you would be pacified. The muff, I acknowledge, is the young lady's; but, upon my honour, I have never seen her." At these words Western lost all patience, and grew inarticulate with rage.

Some of the servants had acquainted Fitzpatrick who Mr. Western was. The good Irishman, therefore, thinking he had now an opportunity to do an act of service to his uncle, and by that means might possibly obtain his favour, stepped up to Jones, and cried out, "Upon my conscience, sir, you may be ashamed of denying your having seen the gentleman's daughter before my face, when you know I found you there upon the bed together." Then, turning to Western, he offered to conduct him immediately to the room where his daughter was; which offer being accepted, he, the squire, the parson, and some others, ascended directly to Mrs. Waters's chamber, which they entered with no less violence than Mr. Fitzpatrick had done before.

The poor lady started from her sleep with as much amazement as terror, and beheld at her bedside a figure which might very well be supposed to have escaped out of Bedlam. Such wildness and confusion were in the looks of Mr. Western; who no sooner saw the lady than he started back, showing sufficiently by his manner, before he spoke, that this was not the person sought after.

So much more tenderly do women value their reputation than their persons, that, though the latter seemed now in more danger than before, yet, as the former was secure, the lady screamed not with such violence as she had done on the other occasion. However, she no sooner found herself alone than she abandoned all thoughts of further repose; and,

as she had sufficient reason to be dissatisfied with her present lodging, she dressed herself with all possible expedition.

Mr. Western now proceeded to search the whole house, but to as little purpose as he had disturbed poor Mrs. Waters. He then returned disconsolate into the kitchen, where he found Jones in the custody of his servants.

This violent uproar had raised all the people in the house, though it was yet scarcely daylight. Among these was a grave gentleman, who had the honour to be in the commission of the peace for the county of Worcester. Of which Mr. Western was no sooner informed than he offered to lay his complaint before him. The justice declined executing his office, as he said he had no clerk present, nor no book about justice business; and that he could not carry all the law in his head about stealing away daughters, and such sort of things.

Here Mr. Fitzpatrick offered to lend him his assistance, informing the company he had been himself bred to the law. (And indeed he had served three years as clerk to an attorney in the north of Ireland, when, choosing a genteeler walk in life, he quitted his master, came over to England, and set up that business which requires no apprenticeship, namely, that of a gentleman, in which he had succeeded, as hath been already partly mentioned.)

Mr. Fitzpatrick declared that the law concerning daughters was out of the present case; that stealing a muff was undoubtedly felony, and the goods, being found upon the person, were sufficient evidence of the fact.

The magistrate, upon the encouragement of so learned a coadjutor, and upon the violent intercession of the squire, was at length prevailed upon to seat himself in the chair of justice, where being placed, upon viewing the muff which Jones still held in his hand, and upon the parson's swearing it to be the property of Mr. Western, he desired Mr. Fitzpatrick to draw up a commitment, which he said he would sign.

Jones now desired to be heard, which was at last, with difficulty, granted him. He then produced the evidence of Mr. Partridge, as to the finding it; but, what was still more, Susan deposed that Sophia herself had delivered the muff to her, and had ordered her to convey it into the chamber where Mr. Jones had found it.

Whether a natural love of justice, or the extraordinary comeliness of Jones, had wrought on Susan to make the discovery, I will not determine; but such were the effects of her evidence, that the magistrate, throwing himself back in his chair, declared that the matter was now altogether as clear on the side of the prisoner as it had before been against him: with which the parson concurred, saying, the Lord forbid he should be instrumental in committing an innocent person to durance. The justice then arose, acquitted the prisoner, and broke up the court.

Mr. Western now gave every one present a hearty curse, and, immediately ordering his horses, departed in pursuit of his daughter, without taking the least notice of his nephew Fitzpatrick, or returning any answer to his claim of kindred, notwithstanding all the obligations he had just received from that gentleman. In the violence, moreover, of his hurry, and of his passion, he luckily forgot to demand the muff of Jones: I say luckily; for he would have died on the spot rather than have parted with it.

Jones likewise, with his friend Partridge, set forward the moment he had paid his reckoning, in

quest of his lovely Sophia, whom he now resolved never more to abandon the pursuit of. Nor could he bring himself even to take leave of Mrs. Waters; of whom he detested the very thoughts, as she had been, though not designedly, the occasion of his missing the happiest interview with Sophia, to whom he now vowed eternal constancy.

As for Mrs. Waters, she took the opportunity of the coach which was going to Bath; for which place she set out in company with the two Irish gentlemen, the landlady kindly lending her her clothes; in return for which she was contented only to receive about double their value, as a recompence for their loan. Upon the road she was perfectly reconciled to Mr. Fitzpatrick, who was a very handsome fellow, and indeed did all she could to console him in the absence of his wife.

Thus ended the many odd adventures which Mr. Jones encountered at his inn at Upton, where they talk, to this day, of the beauty and lovely behaviour of the charming Sophia, by the name of the Somersetshire angel.

CHAPTER VIII.

In which the History goes backward.

BEFORE we proceed any farther in our history, it may be proper to look a little back, in order to account for the extraordinary appearance of Sophia and her father at the inn at Upton.

The reader may be pleased to remember that, in the ninth chapter of the seventh book of our history, we left Sophia, after a long debate between love and duty, deciding the cause, as it usually, I believe, happens, in favour of the former.

This debate had arisen, as we have there shown, from a visit which her father had just before made her, in order to force her consent to a marriage with Blifil; and which he had understood to be fully implied in her acknowledgment "that she neither must nor could refuse any absolute command of his."

Now from this visit the squire retired to his evening potation, overjoyed at the success he had gained with his daughter; and, as he was of a social disposition, and willing to have partakers in his happiness, the beer was ordered to flow very liberally into the kitchen; so that before eleven in the evening there was not a single person sober in the house, except only Mrs. Western herself and the charming Sophia.

Early in the morning a messenger was despatched to summon Mr. Blifil; for, though the squire imagined that young gentleman had been much less acquainted than he really was with the former aversion of his daughter, as he had not, however, yet received her consent, he longed impatiently to communicate it to him, not doubting but that the intended bride herself would confirm it with her lips. As to the wedding, it had the evening before been fixed, by the male parties, to be celebrated on the next morning save one.

Breakfast was now set forth in the parlour, where Mr. Blifil attended, and where the squire and his sister likewise were assembled; and now Sophia was ordered to be called.

O, Shakspeare! had I thy pen! O, Hogarth! had I thy pencil! then would I draw the picture of the poor serving-man, who, with pale countenance, staring eyes, chattering teeth, faltering tongue, and trembling limbs,

(E'en such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtains in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd)

entered the room, and declared,—That Madam Sophia was not to be found.

"Not to be found!" cries the squire, starting from his chair; "Zounds and d—nation! Blood and fury! Where, when, how, what—Not to be found! Where?"

"La! brother," said Mrs. Western, with true political coldness, "you are always throwing yourself into such violent passions for nothing. My niece, I suppose, is only walked out into the garden. I protest you are grown so unreasonable, that it is impossible to live in the house with you.

"Nay, nay," answered the squire, returning as suddenly to himself, as he had gone from himself; "if that be all the matter, it signifies not much; but, upon my soul, my mind misgave me when the fellow said she was not to be found." He then gave orders for the bell to be rung in the garden, and sat himself contentedly down.

No two things could be more the reverse of each other than were the brother and sister in most instances; particularly in this, That as the brother never foresaw any thing at a distance, but was most sagacious in immediately seeing every thing the moment it had happened; so the sister eternally foresaw at a distance, but was not so quick-sighted to objects before her eyes. Of both these the reader may have observed examples: and, indeed, both their several talents were excessive; for, as the sister often foresaw what never came to pass, so the brother often saw much more than was actually the truth.

This was not however the case at present. The same report was brought from the garden as before had been brought from the chamber, that Madam Sophia was not to be found.

The squire himself now sallied forth, and began to roar forth the name of Sophia as loudly, and in as hoarse a voice, as whilom did Hercules that of Hylas; and, as the poet tells us that the whole shore echoed back the name of that beautiful youth, so did the house, the garden, and all the neighbouring fields resound nothing but the name of Sophia, in the hoarse voices of the men, and in the shrill pipes of the women; while echo seemed so pleased to repeat the beloved sound, that, if there is really such a person, I believe Ovid hath belied her sex.

Nothing reigned for a long time but confusion; till at last the squire, having sufficiently spent his breath, returned to the parlour, where he found Mrs. Western and Mr. Blifil, and threw himself, with the utmost dejection in his countenance, into a great chair.

Here Mrs. Western began to apply the following consolation:

"Brother, I am sorry for what hath happened; and that my niece should have behaved herself in a manner so unbecoming her family; but it is all your own doings, and you have nobody to thank but yourself. You know she hath been educated always in a manner directly contrary to my advice, and now you see the consequence. Have I not a thousand times argued with you about giving my niece her own will? But you know I never could prevail upon you; and when I had taken so much pains to eradicate her headstrong opinions, and to rectify your errors in policy, you know she was taken out of my hands; so that I have nothing to answer for. Had I been trusted entirely with the care of her education, no such accident as this had ever befallen you; so that you must comfort yourself by thinking it was all your own doing; and, indeed, what else could be expected from such indulgence?"—

"Zounds! sister," answered he, "you are enough to make one mad. Have I indulged her? Have I given her her will?—It was no longer ago than last night that I threatened, if she disobeyed me, to confine her to her chamber upon bread and water as long as she lived.—You would provoke the patience of Job."

"Did ever mortal hear the like?" replied she. "Brother, if I had not the patience of fifty Jobs, you would make me forget all decency and decorum. Why would you interfere? Did I not beg you, did I not intreat you, to leave the whole conduct to me? You have defeated all the operations of the campaign by one false step. Would any man in his senses have provoked a daughter by such threats as these? How often have I told you that English women are not to be treated like Ciracessian* slaves. We have the protection of the world; we are to be won by gentle means only, and not to be hectorred, and bullied, and beat into compliance. I thank Heaven no Salique law governs here. Brother, you have a roughness in your manner which no woman but myself would bear. I do not wonder my niece was frightened and terrified into taking this measure; and, to speak honestly, I think my niece will be justified to the world for what she hath done. I repeat it to you again, brother, you must comfort yourself by rememb'ring that it is all your own fault. How often have I advised—" Here Western rose hastily from his chair, and, venting two or three horrid imprecations, ran out of the room.

When he was departed, his sister expressed more bitterness (if possible) against him than she had done while he was present; for the truth of which she appealed to Mr. Blifil, who, with great complacence, acquiesced entirely in all she said; but excused all the faults of Mr. Western, "as they must be considered," he said, "to have proceeded from the too inordinate fondness of a father, which must be allowed the name of an amiable weakness." "So much the more inexcusable," answered the lady; "for whom doth he ruin by his fondness but his own child?" To which Blifil immediately agreed.

Mrs. Western then began to express great confusion on the account of Mr. Blifil, and of the usage which he had received from a family to which he intended so much honour. On this subject she treated the folly of her niece with great severity; but concluded with throwing the whole on her brother, who, she said, was inexcusable to have proceeded so far without better assurances of his daughter's consent: "But he was (says she) always of a violent, headstrong temper; and I can scarce forgive myself for all the advice I have thrown away upon him."

After much of this kind of conversation, which, perhaps, would not greatly entertain the reader, was it here particularly related, Mr. Blifil took his leave and returned home, not highly pleased with his disappointment: which, however, the philosophy which he had acquired from Square, and the religion infused into him by Thwackum, together with somewhat else, taught him to bear rather better than more passionate lovers bear these kinds of evils.

CHAPTER IX.

The escape of Sophia.

It is now time to look after Sophia; whom the reader, if he loves her half so well as I do, will rejoice to find escaped from the clutches of her pas-

sionate father, and from those of her dispassionate lover.

Twelve times did the iron register of time beat on the sonorous bell-metal, summoning the ghosts to rise and walk their nightly round.—In plainer language, it was twelve o'clock, and all the family, as we have said, lay buried in drink and sleep, except only Mrs. Western, who was deeply engaged in reading a political pamphlet, and except our heroine, who now softly stole down stairs, and, having unbarred and unlocked one of the house-doors, sallied forth, and hastened to the place of appointment.

Notwithstanding the many pretty arts which ladies sometimes practise, to display their fears on every little occasion (almost as many as the other sex use to conceal theirs), certainly there is a degree of courage which not only becomes a woman, but is often necessary to enable her to discharge her duty. It is, indeed, the idea of fierceness, and not of bravery, which destroys the female character; for who can read the story of the justly celebrated Arria without conceiving as high an opinion of her gentleness and tenderness as of her fortitude? At the same time, perhaps, many a woman who shrieks at a mouse, or a rat, may be capable of poisoning a husband; or, what is worse, of driving him to poison himself.

Sophia, with all the gentleness which a woman can have, had all the spirit which she ought to have. When, therefore, she came to the place of appointment, and, instead of meeting her maid, as was agreed, saw a man ride directly up to her, she neither screamed out nor fainted away: not that her pulse then beat with its usual regularity; for she was, at first, under some surprise and apprehension: but these were relieved almost as soon as raised, when the man, pulling off his hat, asked her, in a very submissive manner, "If her ladyship did not expect to meet another lady?" And then proceeded to inform her that he was sent to conduct her to that lady.

Sophia could have no possible suspicion of any falsehood in this account: she therefore mounted resolutely behind the fellow, who conveyed her safe to a town about five miles distant, where she had the satisfaction of finding the good Mrs. Honour: for, as the soul of the waiting-woman was wrapped up in those very habiliments which used to enwrap her body, she could by no means bring herself to trust them out of her sight. Upon these, therefore, she kept guard in person, while she detached the aforesaid fellow after her mistress, having given him all proper instructions.

They now debated what course to take, in order to avoid the pursuit of Mr. Western, who they knew would send after them in a few hours. The London road had such charms for Honour, that she was desirous of going on directly; alleging that, as Sophia could not be missed till eight or nine the next morning, her pursuers would not be able to overtake her, even though they knew which way she had gone. But Sophia had too much at stake to venture anything to chance; nor did she dare trust too much to her tender limbs, in a contest which was to be decided only by swiftness. She resolved, therefore, to travel across the country, for at least twenty or thirty miles, and then to take the direct road to London. So, having hired horses to go twenty miles one way, when she intended to go twenty miles the other, she set forward with the same guide, behind whom she had ridden from her father's house; the guide having now taken up behind him, in the room of Sophia, a much heavier, as well as much less lovely burden;

* Possibly Circassian.

being, indeed, a huge portmanteau, well stuffed with those outside ornaments, by means of which the fair Honour hoped to gain many conquests, and, finally, to make her fortune in London city.

When they had gone about two hundred paces from the inn on the London road, Sophia rode up to the guide, and, with a voice much fuller of honey than was ever that of Plato, though his mouth is supposed to have been a bee-hive, begged him to take the first turning which led towards Bristol.

Reader, I am not superstitious, nor any great believer of modern miracles. I do not, therefore, deliver the following as a certain truth; for, indeed, I can scarce credit it myself: but the fidelity of an historian obliges me to relate what hath been confidently asserted. The horse, then, on which the guide rode, is reported to have been so charmed by Sophia's voice, that he made a full stop, and expressed an unwillingness to proceed any farther.

Perhaps, however, the fact may be true, and less miraculous than it hath been represented; since the natural cause seems adequate to the effect: for, as the guide at that moment desisted from a constant application of his armed right heel (for, like Hudibras, he wore but one spur), it is more than possible that this omission alone might occasion the beast to stop, especially as this was very frequent with him at other times.

But if the voice of Sophia had really an effect on the horse, it had very little on the rider. He answered somewhat surlily, "That measter had ordered him to go a different way, and that he should lose his place if he went any other than that he was ordered."

Sophia, finding all her persuasions had no effect, began now to add irresistible charms to her voice; charms which, according to the old proverb, makes the old mare trot, instead of standing still; charms! to which modern ages have attributed all that irresistible force which the ancients imputed to perfect oratory. In a word, she promised she would reward him to his utmost expectation.

The lad was not totally deaf to these promises; but he disliked their being indefinite: for, though perhaps he had never heard that word; yet that, in fact, was his objection. He said, "Gentlevolks did not consider the case of poor volks; that he had like to have been turned away the other day, for riding about the country with a gentleman from Squire Allworthy's, who did not reward him as he should have done."

"With whom?" says Sophia eagerly. "With a gentleman from Squire Allworthy's," repeated the lad; "the squire's son, I think they call 'un."—"Whither? which way did he go?" says Sophia.—"Why a little o' one side o' Bristol, about twenty miles off," answered the lad.—"Guide me," says Sophia, "to the same place, and I'll give thee a guinea, or two, if one is not sufficient."—"To be certain," said the boy, "it is honestly worth two, when your ladyship considers what a risk I run; but, however, if your ladyship will promise me the two guineas, I'll e'en venture: to be certain it is a sinful thing to ride about my measter's horses; but one comfort is, I can only be turned away, and two guineas will partly make me amends."

The bargain being thus struck, the lad turned aside into the Bristol road, and Sophia set forward in pursuit of Jones, highly contrary to the remonstrances of Mrs. Honour, who had much more desire to see London than to see Mr. Jones: for indeed she was not his friend with her mistress, as he had been guilty of some neglect in certain pecuniary civilities, which are by custom due to the waiting-

gentlewoman in all love affairs, and more especially in those of a clandestine kind. This we impute rather to the carelessness of his temper than to any want of generosity; but perhaps she derived it from the latter motive. Certain it is that she hated him very bitterly on that account, and resolved to take every opportunity of injuring him with her mistress. It was therefore highly unlucky for her, that she had gone to the very same town and inn whence Jones had started, and still more unlucky was she in having stumbled on the same guide, and on this accidental discovery which Sophia had made.

Our travellers arrived at Hambrook* at the break of day, where Honour was against her will charged to inquire the route which Mr. Jones had taken. Of this, indeed, the guide himself could have informed them; but Sophia, I know not for what reason, never asked him the question.

When Mrs. Honour had made her report from the landlord, Sophia, with much difficulty, procured some indifferent horses, which brought her to the inn where Jones had been confined rather by the misfortune of meeting with a surgeon than by having met with a broken head.

Here Honour, being again charged with a commission of inquiry, had no sooner applied herself to the landlady, and had described the person of Mr. Jones, than that sagacious woman began, in the vulgar phrase, to smell a rat. When Sophia therefore entered the room, instead of answering the maid, the landlady, addressing herself to the mistress, began the following speech: "Good-lack-a-day! why there now, who would have thought it? I protest the loveliest couple that ever eye beheld. I-fackins, madam, it is no wonder the squire run on so about your ladyship. He told me indeed you was the finest lady in the world, and to be sure so you be. Mercy on him, poor heart! I bepited him, so I did, when he used to hug his pillow, and call it his dear Madam Sophia. I did all I could to dissuade him from going to the wars: I told him there were men enow that were good for nothing else but to be killed, that had not the love of such fine ladies." "Sure," says Sophia, "the good woman is distracted." "No, no," cries the landlady, "I am not distracted. What, doth your ladyship think I don't know then? I assure you he told me all". "What saucy fellow," cries Honour, "told you anything of my lady?" "No saucy fellow," answered the landlady, "but the young gentleman you inquired after, and a very pretty young gentleman he is, and he loves Madam Sophia Western to the bottom of his soul." "He love my lady! I'd have you to know, woman, she is meat for his master."—"Nay, Honour," said Sophia, interrupting her, "don't be angry with the good woman; she intends no harm." "No, marry, don't I," answered the landlady, emboldened by the soft accents of Sophia; and then launched into a long narrative too tedious to be here set down, in which some passages dropped that gave a little offence to Sophia, and much more to her waiting-woman, who hence took occasion to abuse poor Jones to her mistress the moment they were alone together, saying "that he must be a very pitiful fellow, and could have no love for a lady, whose name he would thus prostitute in an ale-house."

Sophia did not see his behaviour in so very disadvantageous a light, and was perhaps more pleased with the violent raptures of his love (which the landlady exaggerated as much as she had done every other circumstance) than she was offended with the

* This was the village where Jones met the quaker.

rest; and indeed she imputed the whole to the extravagance, or rather ebullience, of his passion, and to the openness of his heart.

This incident, however, being afterwards revived in her mind, and placed in the most odious colours by Honour, served to heighten and give credit to those unlucky occurrences at Upton, and assisted the waiting-woman in her endeavours to make her mistress depart from that inn without seeing Jones.

The landlady finding Sophia intended to stay no longer than her horses were ready, and that without eating or drinking, soon withdrew; when Honour began to take her mistress to task (for indeed she used great freedom), and after a long harangue, in which she reminded her of her intention to go to London, and gave frequent hints of the impropriety of pursuing a young fellow, she at last concluded with this serious exhortation: "For heaven's sake, madam, consider what you are about, and whither you are going."

This advice to a lady who had already rode near forty miles, and in no very agreeable season, may seem foolish enough. It may be supposed she had well considered and resolved this already; nay, Mrs. Honour, by the hints she threw out, seemed to think so; and this I doubt not is the opinion of many readers, who have, I make no doubt, been long since well convinced of the purpose of our heroine, and have heartily condemned her for it as a wanton baggage.

But in reality this was not the case. Sophia had been lately so distracted between hope and fear, her duty and love to her father, her hatred to Blifil, her compassion, and (why should we not confess the truth?) her love for Jones; which last behaviour of her father, of her aunt, of every one else, and more particularly of Jones himself, had blown into a flame, that her mind was in that confused state which may be truly said to make us ignorant of what we do, or whither we go, or rather, indeed, indifferent as to the consequence of either.

The prudent and sage advice of her maid produced, however, some cool reflection; and she at length determined to go to Gloucester, and thence to proceed directly to London.

But, unluckily, a few miles before she entered that town, she met the hack-attorney, who, as is before mentioned, had dined there with Mr. Jones. This fellow, being well known to Mrs. Honour, stopped and spoke to her; of which Sophia at that time took little notice, more than to inquire who he was.

But, having had a more particular account from Honour of this man afterwards at Gloucester, and hearing of the great expedition he usually made in travelling, for which (as hath been before observed) he was particularly famous; recollecting, likewise, that she had overheard Mrs. Honour inform him that they were going to Gloucester, she began to fear lest her father might, by this fellow's means, be able to trace her to that city; wherefore, if she should there strike into the London road, she apprehended he would certainly be able to overtake her. She therefore altered her resolution; and, having hired horses to go a week's journey a way which she did not intend to travel, she again set forward after a light refreshment, contrary to the desire and earnest entreaties of her maid, and to the no less vehement remonstrances of Mrs. Whitefield, who, from good breeding, or perhaps from good-nature (for the poor young lady appeared much fatigued), pressed her very heartily to stay that evening at Gloucester.

Having refreshed herself only with some tea, and with lying about two hours on the bed, while her

horses were getting ready, she resolutely left Mrs. Whitefield's about eleven at night, and, striking directly into the Worcester road, within less than four hours arrived at that very inn where we last saw her.

Having thus traced our heroine very particularly back from her departure, till her arrival at Upton, we shall in a very words bring her father to the same place; who, having received the first scent from the post-boy, who conducted his daughter to Hambrook, very easily traced her afterwards to Gloucester; whence he pursued her to Upton, as he had learned Mr. Jones had taken that route (for Partridge, to use the squire's expression, left everywhere a strong scent behind him), and he doubted not in the least but Sophia travelled, or, as he phrased it, ran, the same way. He used indeed a very coarse expression, which need not be here inserted; as fox-hunters, who alone would understand it, will easily suggest it to themselves.

BOOK XI.

CONTAINING ABOUT THREE DAYS.

CHAPTER I.

A crust for the critics.

IN our last initial chapter we may be supposed to have treated that formidable set of men who are called critics with more freedom than becomes us; since they exact, and indeed generally receive, great condescension from authors. We shall in this, therefore, give the reasons of our conduct to this august body; and here we shall, perhaps, place them in a light in which they have not hitherto been seen.

This word critic is of Greek derivation, and signifies judgment. Hence I presume some persons who have not understood the original, and have seen the English translation of the primitive, have concluded that it meant judgment in the legal sense, in which it is frequently used as equivalent to condemnation.

I am the rather inclined to be of that opinion, as the greatest number of critics hath of late years been found amongst the lawyers. Many of these gentlemen, from despair, perhaps, of ever rising to the bench in Westminster-hall, have placed themselves on the benches at the playhouse, where they have exerted their judicial capacity, and have given judgment, *i. e.* condemned without mercy.

The gentlemen would, perhaps, be well enough pleased, if we were to leave them thus compared to one of the most important and honourable offices in the commonwealth, and, if we intended to apply to their favour, we would do so; but, as we design to deal very sincerely and plainly too with them, we must remind them of another officer of justice of a much lower rank; to whom, as they not only pronounce, but execute, their own judgment, they bear likewise some remote resemblance.

But in reality there is another light, in which these modern critics may, with great justice and propriety, be seen; and this is that of a common slanderer. If a person who pries into the characters of others, with no other design but to discover their faults, and to publish them to the world, deserves the title of a slanderer of the reputations of men, why should not a critic, who reads with the same malevolent view, be as properly styled the slanderer of the reputation of books?

Vice hath not, I believe, a more abject slave; society produces not a more odious vermin; nor can the devil receive a guest more worthy of him, nor possibly more welcome to him, than a slanderer.

The world, I am afraid, regards not this monster with half the abhorrence which he deserves; and I am more afraid to assign the reason of this criminal lenity shown towards him; yet it is certain that the thief looks innocent in the comparison; nay, the murderer himself can seldom stand in competition with his guilt: for slander is a more cruel weapon than a sword, as the wounds which the former gives are always incurable. One method, indeed, there is of killing, and that the basest and most execrable of all, which bears an exact analogy to the vice here declaimed against, and that is poison: a means of revenge so base, and yet so horrible, that it was once wisely distinguished by our laws from all other murders, in the peculiar severity of the punishment.

Besides the dreadful mischiefs done by slander, and the baseness of the means by which they are effected, there are other circumstances that highly aggravate its atrocious quality; for it often proceeds from no provocation, and seldom promises itself any reward, unless some black and infernal mind may propose a reward in the thoughts of having procured the ruin and misery of another.

Shakspeare hath nobly touched this vice, when he says,

"Who steals my purse steals trash, 'tis something, nothing,
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and hath been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which NOT ENRICHES HIM,
BUT MAKES ME POOR INDEED."

With all this my good reader will doubtless agree; but much of it will probably seem too severe, when applied to the slanderer of books. But let it here be considered that both proceed from the same wicked disposition of mind, and are alike void of the excuse of temptation. Nor shall we conclude the injury done this way to be very slight, when we consider a book as the author's offspring, and indeed as the child of his brain.

The reader who hath suffered his muse to continue hitherto in a virgin state can have but a very inadequate idea of this kind of paternal fondness. To such we may parody the tender exclamation of Macduff, "Alas! Thou hast written no book." But the author whose muse hath brought forth will feel the pathetic strain, perhaps will accompany me with tears (especially if his darling be already no more), while I mention the uneasiness with which the big muse bears about her burden, the painful labour with which she produces it, and, lastly, the care, the fondness, with which the tender father nourishes his favourite, till it be brought to maturity, and produced into the world.

Nor is there any paternal fondness which seems less to savour of absolute instinct, and which may so well be reconciled to worldly wisdom, as this. These children may most truly be called the riches of their father; and many of them have with true filial piety fed their parent in his old age: so that not only the affection, but the interest, of the author may be highly injured by these slanderers, whose poisonous breath brings his book to an untimely end.

Lastly, the slanderer of a book is, in truth, the slanderer of the author: for, as no one can call another bastard, without calling the mother a whore, so neither can any one give the names of sad stuff, horrid nonsense, &c., to a book, without calling the author a blockhead; which, though in a moral sense it is a preferable appellation to that of villain, is perhaps rather more injurious to his worldly interest.

Now, however ludicrous all this may appear to

some, others, I doubt not, will feel and acknowledge the truth of it; nay, may, perhaps, think I have not treated the subject with decent solemnity; but surely a man may speak truth with a smiling countenance. In reality, to depreciate a book maliciously, or even wantonly, is at least a very ill-natured office; and a morose snarling critic may, I believe, be suspected to be a bad man.

I will therefore endeavour, in the remaining part of this chapter, to explain the marks of this character, and to show what criticism I here intend to obviate: for I can never be understood, unless by the very persons here meant, to insinuate that there are no proper judges of writing, or to endeavour to exclude from the commonwealth of literature any of those noble critics to whose labours the learned world are so greatly indebted. Such were Aristotle, Horace, and Longinus, among the ancients, Dacier and Bossu among the French, and some perhaps among us; who have certainly been duly authorised to execute at least a judicial authority in *foro literario*.

But without ascertaining all the proper qualifications of a critic, which I have touched on elsewhere, I think I may very boldly object to the censures of any one passed upon works which he hath not himself read. Such censurers as these, whether they speak from their own guess or suspicion, or from the report and opinion of others, may properly be said to slander the reputation of the book they condemn.

Such may likewise be suspected of deserving this character, who, without assigning any particular faults, condemn the whole in general defamatory terms; such as vile, dull, d—d stuff, &c., and particularly by the use of the monosyllable low; a word which becomes the mouth of no critic who is not RIGHT HONOURABLE.

Again, though there may be some faults justly assigned in the work, yet, if those are not in the most essential parts, or if they are compensated by greater beauties, it will savour rather of the malice of a slanderer than of the judgment of a true critic to pass a severe sentence upon the whole, merely on account of some vicious part. This is directly contrary to the sentiments of Horace:

*Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura—*

But where the beauties, more in number, shine,
I am not angry, when a casual line
(That with some trivial faults unequal flows)
A careless hand or human frailty shows.

MR. FRANCIS.

For, as Martial says, *Aliter non fit, avite, liber*. No book can be otherwise composed. All beauty of character, as well as of countenance, and indeed of everything human, is to be tried in this manner. Cruel indeed would it be if such a work as this history, which hath employed some thousands of hours in the composing, should be liable to be condemned, because some particular chapter, or perhaps chapters, may be obnoxious to very just and sensible objections. And yet nothing is more common than the most rigorous sentence upon books supported by such objections, which, if they were rightly taken (and that they are not always), do by no means go to the merit of the whole. In the theatre especially, a single expression which doth not coincide with the taste of the audience, or with any individual critic of that audience, is sure to be hissed; and one scene which should be disapproved would hazard the whole piece. To write within such severe rules as these is as impossible as to live up to some splenetic opinions; and if we judge according to the sentiments of some critics, and of some christians, no

author will be saved in this world, and no man in the next.

CHAPTER II.

The adventures which Sophia met with after her leaving Upton.

OUR history, just before it was obliged to turn about and travel backwards, had mentioned the departure of Sophia and her maid from the inn; we shall now therefore pursue the steps of that lovely creature, and leave her unworthy lover a little longer to bemoan his ill-luck, or rather his ill-conduct.

Sophia having directed her guide to travel through bye-roads, across the country, they now passed the Severn, and had scarce got a mile from the inn, when the young lady, looking behind her, saw several horses coming after on full speed. This greatly alarmed her fears, and she called to the guide to put on as fast as possible.

He immediately obeyed her, and away they rode a full gallop. But the faster they went, the faster were they followed; and as the horses behind were somewhat swifter than those before, so the former were at length overtaken. A happy circumstance for poor Sophia; whose fears, joined to her fatigue, had almost overpowered her spirits; but she was now instantly relieved by a female voice, that greeted her in the softest manner, and with the utmost civility. This greeting Sophia, as soon as she could recover her breath, with like civility, and with the highest satisfaction to herself, returned.

The travellers who joined Sophia, and who had given her such terror, consisted, like her own company, of two females and a guide. The two parties proceeded three full miles together before any one offered again to open their mouths; when our heroine, having pretty well got the better of her fear (but yet being somewhat surprised that the other still continued to attend her, as she pursued no great road, and had already passed through several turnings), accosted the strange lady in a most obliging tone, and said, "She was very happy to find they were both travelling the same way." The other, who, like a ghost, only wanted to be spoke to, readily answered, "That the happiness was entirely hers; that she was a perfect stranger in that country, and was so overjoyed at meeting a companion of her own sex, that she had perhaps been guilty of an impertinence, which required great apology, in keeping pace with her." More civilities passed between these two ladies; for Mrs. Honour had now given place to the fine habit of the stranger, and had fallen into the rear. But, though Sophia had great curiosity to know why the other lady continued to travel on through the same bye-roads with herself, nay, though this gave her some uneasiness, yet fear, or modesty, or some other consideration, restrained her from asking the question.

The strange lady now laboured under a difficulty which appears almost below the dignity of history to mention. Her bonnet had been blown from her head not less than five times within the last mile; nor could she come at any ribbon or handkerchief to tie it under her chin. When Sophia was informed of this, she immediately supplied her with a handkerchief for this purpose; which while she was pulling from her pocket, she perhaps too much neglected the management of her horse, for the beast, now unluckily making a false step, fell upon his fore-legs, and threw his fair rider from his back.

Though Sophia came head foremost to the ground, she happily received not the least damage: and the same circumstances which had perhaps contributed to her fall now preserved her from confusion; for

the lane which they were then passing was narrow, and very much overgrown with trees, so that the moon could here afford very little light, and was moreover, at present, so obscured in a cloud, that it was almost perfectly dark. By these means the young lady's modesty, which was extremely delicate, escaped as free from injury as her limbs, and she was once more reinstated in her saddle, having received no other harm than a little fright by her fall.

Day-light at length appeared in its full lustre; and now the two ladies, who were riding over a common side by side, looking stedfastly at each other, at the same moment both their eyes became fixed; both their horses stopped, and, both speaking together, with equal joy pronounced, the one the name of Sophia, the other that of Harriet.

This unexpected encounter surprised the ladies much more than I believe it will the sagacious reader, who must have imagined that the strange lady could be no other than Mrs. Fitzpatrick, the cousin of Miss Western, whom we before mentioned to have sallied from the inn a few minutes after her.

So great was the surprise and joy which these two cousins conceived at this meeting (for they had formerly been most intimate acquaintance and friends, and had long lived together with their aunt Western), that it is impossible to recount half the congratulations which passed between them, before either asked a very natural question of the other, namely, whither she was going?

This at last, however, came first from Mrs. Fitzpatrick; but, easy and natural as the question may seem, Sophia found it difficult to give it a very ready and certain answer. She begged her cousin therefore to suspend all curiosity till they arrived at some inn, "which I suppose," says she, "can hardly be far distant; and, believe me, Harriet, I suspend as much curiosity on my side; for, indeed, I believe our astonishment is pretty equal."

The conversation which passed between these ladies on the road was, I apprehend, little worth relating; and less certainly was that between the two waiting-women; for they likewise began to pay their compliments to each other. As for the guides, they were debarred from the pleasure of discourse, the one being placed in the van, and the other obliged to bring up the rear.

In this posture they travelled many hours, till they came into a wide and well-beaten road, which, as they turned to the right, soon brought them to a very fair promising inn, where they all alighted: but so fatigued was Sophia, that, as she had sat her horse during the last five or six miles with great difficulty, so was she now incapable of dismounting from him without assistance. This the landlord, who had hold of her horse, presently perceiving, offered to lift her in his arms from her saddle; and she too readily accepted the tender of his service. Indeed fortune seems to have resolved to put Sophia to the blush that day, and the second malicious attempt succeeded better than the first; for my landlord had no sooner received the young lady in his arms, than his feet, which the gout had lately very severely handled, gave way, and down he tumbled; but, at the same time, with no less dexterity than gallantry, contrived to throw himself under his charming burden, so that he alone received any bruise from the fall; for the great injury which happened to Sophia was a violent shock given to her modesty by an immoderate grin, which, at her rising from the ground, she observed in the countenance of most of the by-standers. This made her suspect what had really happened,

and what we shall not here relate for the indulgence of those readers who are capable of laughing at the offence given to a young lady's delicacy. Accidents of this kind we have never regarded in a comical light; nor will we scruple to say that he must have a very inadequate idea of the modesty of a beautiful young woman, who would wish to sacrifice it to so paltry a satisfaction as can arise from laughter.

This fright and shock, joined to the violent fatigue which both her mind and body had undergone, almost overcame the excellent constitution of Sophia, and she had scarce strength sufficient to totter into the inn, leaning on the arm of her maid. Here she was no sooner seated than she called for a glass of water; but Mrs. Honour, very judiciously, in my opinion, changed it into a glass of wine.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick, hearing from Mrs. Honour that Sophia had not been in bed during the two last nights, and observing her to look very pale and wan with her fatigue, earnestly entreated her to refresh herself with some sleep. She was yet a stranger to her history, or her apprehensions; but, had she known both, she would have given the same advice; for rest was visibly necessary for her; and their long journey through bye-roads so entirely removed all danger of pursuit, that she was herself perfectly easy on that account.

Sophia was easily prevailed on to follow the counsel of her friend, which was heartily seconded by her maid. Mrs. Fitzpatrick likewise offered to bear her cousin company, which Sophia, with much complaisance, accepted.

The mistress was no sooner in bed than the maid prepared to follow her example. She began to make many apologies to her sister Abigail for leaving her alone in so horrid a place as an inn; but the other stopped her short, being as well inclined to a nap as herself, and desired the honour of being her bedfellow. Sophia's maid agreed to give her a share of her bed, but put in her claim to all the honour. So, after many curtsies and compliments, to bed together went the waiting-women, as their mistresses had done before them.

It was usual with my landlord (as indeed it is with the whole fraternity) to inquire particularly of all coachmen, footmen, postboys, and others, into the names of all his guests; what their estate was, and where it lay. It cannot therefore be wondered at that the many particular circumstances which attended our travellers, and especially their retiring all to sleep at so extraordinary and unusual an hour as ten in the morning, should excite his curiosity. As soon therefore as the guides entered the kitchen, he began to examine who the ladies were, and whence they came; but the guides, though they faithfully related all they knew, gave him very little satisfaction. On the contrary, they rather inflamed his curiosity than extinguished it.

This landlord had the character, among all his neighbours, of being a very sagacious fellow. He was thought to see farther and deeper into things than any man in the parish, the parson himself not excepted. Perhaps his look had contributed not a little to procure him this reputation; for there was in this something wonderfully wise and significant, especially when he had a pipe in his mouth; which, indeed, he seldom was without. His behaviour, likewise, greatly assisted in promoting the opinion of his wisdom. In his deportment he was solemn, if not sullen; and when he spoke, which was seldom, he always delivered himself in a slow voice; and, though his sentences were short, they were still in-

terrupted with many hums and ha's, ay, ays, and other expletives: so that, though he accompanied his words with certain explanatory gestures, such as shaking, or nodding the head, or pointing with his fore-finger, he generally left his hearers to understand more than he expressed; nay, he commonly gave them the hint that he knew much more than he thought proper to disclose. This last circumstance alone may, indeed, very well account for his character of wisdom; since men are strangely inclined to worship what they do not understand. A grand secret, upon which several imposers on mankind have totally relied for the success of their frauds.

This polite person, now taking his wife aside, asked her "what she thought of the ladies lately arrived?" "Think of them?" said the wife, "why what should I think of them?" "I know," answered he, "what I think. The guides tell strange stories. One pretends to be come from Gloucester, and the other from Upton; and neither of them, for what I can find, can tell whither they are going. But what people ever travel across the country from Upton hither, especially to London? And one of the maid-servants, before she alighted from her horse, asked if this was not the London road? Now I have put all these circumstances together, and whom do you think I have found them out to be?" "Nay," answered she, "you know I never pretend to guess at your discoveries."—"It is a good girl," replied he, chucking her under the chin; "I must own you have always submitted to my knowledge of these matters. Why, then, depend upon it; mind what I say,—depend upon it, they are certainly some of the rebel ladies, who, they say, travel with the young Chevalier; and have taken a roundabout way to escape the duke's army."

"Husband," quoth the wife, "you have certainly hit it; for one of them is dressed as fine as any princess; and, to be sure, she looks for all the world like one. — But yet, when I consider one thing,"—"When you consider," cries the landlord contemptuously—"Come, pray let's hear what you consider."—"Why, it is," answered the wife, "that she is too humble to be any very great lady: for, while our Betty was warming the bed, she called her nothing but child, and my dear, and sweetheart; and, when Betty offered to pull off her shoes and stockings, she would not suffer her, saying, she would not give her the trouble."

"Pugh!" answered the husband, "that is nothing. Dost think, because you have seen some great ladies rude and uncivil to persons below them, that none of them know how to behave themselves when they come before their inferiors? I think I know people of fashion when I see them—I think I do. Did not she call for a glass of water when she came in? Another sort of women would have called for a dram; you know they would. If she be not a woman of very great quality, sell me for a fool; and, I believe, those who buy me will have a bad bargain. Now, would a woman of her quality travel without a footman, unless upon some such extraordinary occasion?" "Nay, to be sure, husband," cries she, "you know these matters better than I, or most folk." "I think I do know something," said he. "To be sure," answered the wife, "the poor little heart looked so piteous, when she sat down in the chair, I protest I could not help having a compassion for her almost as much as if she had been a poor body. But what's to be done, husband? If an she be a rebel, I suppose you intend to betray her up to the court. Well,

she's a sweet-tempered, good-humoured lady, be she what she will, and I shall hardly refrain from crying when I hear she is hanged or beheaded." "Pooh!" answered the husband.—"But, as to what's to be done, it is not so easy a matter to determine. I hope, before she goes away, we shall have the news of a battle; for, if the Chevalier should get the better, she may gain us interest at court, and make our fortunes without betraying her." "Why, that's true," replied the wife; "and I heartily hope she will have it in her power. Certainly she's a sweet good lady; it would go horribly against me to have her come to any harm." "Pooh!" cries the landlord, "women are always so tender-hearted. Why, you would not harbour rebels, would you?" "No, certainly," answered the wife; "and as for betraying her, come what will on't, nobody can blame us. It is what anybody would do in our case."

While our politic landlord, who had not, we see, undeservedly the reputation of great wisdom among his neighbours, was engaged in debating this matter with himself (for he paid little attention to the opinion of his wife), news arrived that the rebels had given the duke the slip, and had got a day's march towards London; and soon after arrived a famous Jacobite squire, who, with great joy in his countenance, shook the landlord by the hand, saying "all's our own, boy, ten thousand honest Frenchmen are landed in Suffolk. Old England for ever! ten thousand French, my brave lad! I am going to tap away directly."

This news determined the opinion of the wise man, and he resolved to make his court to the young lady when she arose; for he had now (he said) discovered that she was no other than Madam Jenny Cameron herself.

CHAPTER III.

A very short chapter, in which however is a sun, a moon, a star, and an angel.

THE sun (for he keeps very good hours at this time of the year) had been some time retired to rest when Sophia arose greatly refreshed by her sleep; which, short as it was, nothing but her extreme fatigue could have occasioned; for, though she had told her maid, and perhaps herself too, that she was perfectly easy when she left Upton, yet it is certain her mind was a little affected with that malady which is attended with all the restless symptoms of a fever, and is perhaps the very distemper which physicians mean (if they mean anything) by the fever on the spirits.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick likewise left her bed at the same time; and, having summoned her maid, immediately dressed herself. She was really a very pretty woman, and, had she been in any other company but that of Sophia, might have been thought beautiful; but when Mrs. Honour of her own accord attended (for her mistress would not suffer her to be waked), and had equipped our heroine, the charms of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who had performed the office of the morning-star, and had preceded greater glories, shared the fate of that star, and were totally eclipsed the moment those glories shone forth.

Perhaps Sophia never looked more beautiful than she did at this instant. We ought not, therefore, to condemn the maid of the inn for her hyperbole, who, when she descended, after having lighted the fire, declared, and ratified it with an oath, that, if ever there was an angel upon earth, she was now above stairs.

Sophia had acquainted her cousin with her design to go to London; and Mrs. Fitzpatrick had agreed to accompany her; for the arrival of her husband at Upton had put an end to her design of going to Bath, or to her aunt Western. They had therefore no sooner finished their tea than Sophia proposed to set out, the moon then shining extremely bright, and as for the frost she defied it; nor had she any of those apprehensions which many young ladies would have felt at travelling by night; for she had, as we have before observed, some little degree of natural courage; and this her present sensations, which bordered somewhat on despair, greatly increased. Besides, as she had already travelled twice with safety by the light of the moon, she was the better emboldened to trust to it a third time.

The disposition of Mrs. Fitzpatrick was more timorous; for, though the greater terrors had conquered the less, and the presence of her husband had driven her away at so unseasonable an hour from Upton, yet, being now arrived at a place where she thought herself safe from his pursuit, these lesser terrors of I know not what operated so strongly, that she earnestly entreated her cousin to stay till the next morning, and not expose herself to the dangers of travelling by night.

Sophia, who was yielding to an excess, when she could neither laugh nor reason her cousin out of these apprehensions, at last gave way to them. Perhaps, indeed, had she known of her father's arrival at Upton, it might have been more difficult to have persuaded her; for as to Jones, she had, I am afraid, no great horror at the thoughts of being overtaken by him; nay, to confess the truth, I believe she rather wished than feared it; though I might honestly enough have concealed this wish from the reader, as it was one of those secret spontaneous emotions of the soul to which the reason is often a stranger.

When our young ladies had determined to remain all that evening in their inn they were attended by the landlady, who desired to know what their ladyships would be pleased to eat. Such charms were there in the voice, in the manner, and in the affable deportment of Sophia, that she ravished the landlady to the highest degree; and that good woman, concluding that she had attended Jenny Cameron, became in a moment a stanch Jacobite, and wished heartily well to the young Pretender's cause, from the great sweetness and affability with which she had been treated by his supposed mistress.

The two cousins began now to impart to each other their reciprocal curiosity to know what extraordinary accidents on both sides occasioned this so strange and unexpected meeting. At last Mrs. Fitzpatrick, having obtained of Sophia a promise of communicating likewise in her turn, began to relate what the reader, if he is desirous to know her history, may read in the ensuing chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

The history of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

MRS. FITZPATRICK, after a silence of a few moments, fetching a deep sigh, thus began:

"It is natural to the unhappy to feel a secret concern in recollecting those periods of their lives which have been most delightful to them. The remembrance of past pleasures affects us with a kind of tender grief, like what we suffer for departed friends; and the ideas of both may be said to haunt our imaginations.

"For this reason, I never reflect without sorrow on those days (the happiest far of my life) which we spent together when both were under the care of my aunt Western. Alas! why are Miss Graveairs and Miss Giddy no more? You remember, I am sure, when we knew each other by no other names. Indeed you gave the latter appellation with too much cause. I have since experienced how much I deserved it. You, my Sophia, was always my superior in everything, and I heartily hope you will be so in your fortune. I shall never forget the wise and matronly advice you once gave me, when I lamented being disappointed of a ball, though you could not be then fourteen years old.—O my Sophy, how blest must have been my situation, when I could think such a disappointment a misfortune; and when indeed it was the greatest I had ever known!"

"And yet, my dear Harriet," answered Sophia, "it was then a serious matter with you. Comfort yourself therefore with thinking, that whatever you now lament may hereafter appear as trifling and contemptible as a ball would at this time."

"Alas, my Sophia," replied the other lady, "you yourself will think otherwise of my present situation; for greatly must that tender heart be altered if my misfortunes do not draw many a sigh, nay, many a tear, from you. The knowledge of this should perhaps deter me from relating what I am convinced will so much affect you." Here Mrs. Fitzpatrick stopped, till, at the repeated entreaties of Sophia, she thus proceeded:

"Though you must have heard much of my marriage; yet, as matters may probably have been misrepresented, I will set out from the very commencement of my unfortunate acquaintance with my present husband; which was at Bath, soon after you left my aunt, and returned home to your father."

"Among the gay young fellows who were at this season at Bath, Mr. Fitzpatrick was one. He was handsome, *déagé*, extremely gallant, and in his dress exceeded most others. In short, my dear, if you was unluckily to see him now, I could describe him no better than by telling you he was the very reverse of everything which he is: for he hath rusticated himself so long, that he is become an absolute wild Irishman. But to proceed in my story: the qualifications which he then possessed so well recommended him, that, though the people of quality at that time lived separate from the rest of the company, and excluded them from all their parties, Mr. Fitzpatrick found means to gain admittance. It was perhaps no easy matter to avoid him; for he required very little or no invitation; and as, being handsome and genteel, he found it no very difficult matter to ingratiate himself with the ladies; so, he having frequently drawn his sword, the men did not care publicly to affront him. Had it not been for some such reason, I believe he would have been soon expelled by his own sex; for surely he had no strict title to be preferred to the English gentry; nor did they seem inclined to show him any extraordinary favour. They all abused him behind his back, which might probably proceed from envy; for by the women he was well received, and very particularly distinguished by them."

"My aunt, though no person of quality herself, as she had always lived about the court, was enrolled in that party; for, by whatever means you get into the polite circle, when you are once there, it is sufficient merit for you that you are there. This observation, young as you was, you could scarce avoid making from my aunt, who was free, or reserved, with all people, just as they had more or less of this merit."

"And this merit, I believe, it was, which principally recommended Mr. Fitzpatrick to her favour. In which he so well succeeded, that he was always one of her private parties. Nor was he backward in returning such distinction; for he soon grew so very particular in his behaviour to her, that the scandal club first began to take notice of it, and the better-disposed persons made a match between them. For my own part, I confess, I made no doubt but that his designs were strictly honourable, as the phrase is; that is, to rob a lady of her fortune by way of marriage. My aunt was, I conceived, neither young enough nor handsome enough to attract much wicked inclination; but she had matrimonial charms in great abundance."

"I was the more confirmed in this opinion from the extraordinary respect which he showed to myself from the first moment of our acquaintance. This I understood as an attempt to lessen, if possible, that disinclination which my interest might be supposed to give me towards the match; and I know not but in some measure it had that effect; for, as I was well contented with my own fortune, and of all people the least a slave to interested views, so I could not be violently the enemy of a man with whose behaviour to me I was greatly pleased; and the more so, as I was the only object of such respect; for he behaved at the same time to many women of quality without any respect at all."

"Agreeable as this was to me, he soon changed it into another kind of behaviour, which was perhaps more so. He now put on much softness and tenderness, and languished and sighed abundantly. At times, indeed, whether from art or nature I will not determine, he gave his usual loose to gaiety and mirth; but this was always in general company, and with other women; for even in a country-dance, when he was not my partner, he became grave, and put on the softest look imaginable the moment he approached me. Indeed he was in all things so very particular towards me, that I must have been blind not to have discovered it. And, and, and——"

"And you was more pleased still, my dear Harriet," cries Sophia; "you need not be ashamed," added she, sighing; "for sure there are irresistible charms in tenderness, which too many men are able to affect." "True," answered her cousin; "men, who in all other instances want common sense, are very Machiavels in the art of loving. I wish I did not know an instance.—Well, scandal now began to be as busy with me as it had before been with my aunt; and some good ladies did not scruple to affirm that Mr. Fitzpatrick had an intrigue with us both."

"But, what may seem astonishing, my aunt never saw, nor in the least seemed to suspect, that which was visible enough, I believe, from both our behaviours. One would indeed think that love quite puts out the eyes of an old woman. In fact, they so greedily swallow the addresses which are made to them, that, like an outrageous glutton, they are not at leisure to observe what passes amongst others at the same table. This I have observed in more cases than my own; and this was so strongly verified by my aunt, that, though she often found us together at her return from the pump, the least canting word of his, pretending impatience at her absence, effectually smothered all suspicion. One artifice succeeded with her to admiration. This was his treating me like a little child, and never calling me by any other name in her presence but that of pretty miss. This indeed did him some disservice with your humble servant; but I soon saw through it, especially as in her absence he behaved to me, as I have said, in a

different manner. However, if I was not greatly disobliged by a conduct of which I had discovered the design, I smarted very severely for it; for my aunt really conceived me to be what her lover (as she thought him) called me, and treated me, in all respects, as a perfect infant. To say the truth, I wonder she had not insisted on my again wearing leading-strings.

"At last, my lover (for so he was) thought proper, in a most solemn manner, to disclose a secret which I had known long before. He now placed all the love which he had pretended to my aunt to my account. He lamented, in very pathetic terms, the encouragement she had given him, and made a high merit of the tedious hours in which he had undergone her conversation.—What shall I tell you, my dear Sophia?—Then I will confess the truth. I was pleased with my man. I was pleased with my conquest. To rival my aunt delighted me; to rival so many other women charmed me. In short, I am afraid I did not behave as I should do, even upon the very first declaration—I wish I did not almost give him positive encouragement before we parted.

"The Bath now talked loudly—I might almost say, roared against me. Several young women affected to shun my acquaintance not so much, perhaps, from any real suspicion, as from a desire of banishing me from a company in which I too much engrossed their favourite man. And here I cannot omit expressing my gratitude to the kindness intended me by Mr. Nash, who took me one day aside, and gave me advice, which if I had followed, I had been a happy woman. 'Child,' says he, 'I am sorry to see the familiarity which subsists between you and a fellow who is altogether unworthy of you, and I am afraid will prove your ruin. As for your old stinking aunt, if it was to be no injury to you and my pretty Sophy Western, (I assure you I repeat his words,) 'I should be heartily glad that the fellow was in possession of all that belongs to her. I never advise old women: for, if they take it into their heads to go to the devil, it is no more possible, than worth while to keep them from him. Innocence and youth and beauty are worthy a better fate, and I would save them from his clutches. Let me advise you therefore, dear child, never suffer this fellow to be particular with you again.' Many more things he said to me, which I have now forgotten, and indeed I attended very little to them at that time; for inclination contradicted all he said; and, besides, I could not be persuaded that women of quality would condescend to familiarity with such a person as he described.

"But I am afraid, my dear, I shall tire you with a detail of so many minute circumstances. To be concise, therefore, imagine me married; imagine me with my husband, at the feet of my aunt; and then imagine the maddest woman in Bedlam, in a raving fit, and your imagination will suggest to you no more than what really happened.

"The very next day my aunt left the place, partly to avoid seeing Mr. Fitzpatrick or myself, and as much perhaps to avoid seeing any one else; for, though I am told she hath since denied everything stoutly, I believe she was then a little confounded at her disappointment. Since that time I have written to her many letters, but never could obtain an answer, which I must own sits somewhat the heavier, as she herself was, though undesignedly, the occasion of all my sufferings: for, had it not been under the colour of paying his addresses to her, Mr. Fitzpatrick would never have found sufficient opportunities to have engaged my heart, which, in other circumstances, I still flatter myself

would not have been an easy conquest to such a person. Indeed, I believe I should not have erred so grossly in my choice if I had relied on my own judgment; but I trusted totally to the opinion of others, and very foolishly took the merit of a man for granted whom I saw so universally well received by the women. What is the reason, my dear, that we, who have understandings equal to the wisest and greatest of the other sex, so often make choice of the silliest fellows for companions and favourites? It raises my indignation to the highest pitch to reflect on the numbers of women of sense who have been undone by fools." Here she paused a moment; but, Sophia making no answer, she proceeded as in the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

In which the history of Mrs. Fitzpatrick is continued.

"WE remained at Bath no longer than a fortnight after our wedding; for as to any reconciliation with my aunt, there were no hopes; and of my fortune not one farthing could be touched till I was of age, of which I now wanted more than two years. My husband therefore was resolved to set out for Ireland; against which I remonstrated very earnestly, and insisted on a promise which he had made me before our marriage that I should never take this journey against my consent; and indeed I never intended to consent to it; nor will any body, I believe, blame me for that resolution; but this, however, I never mentioned to my husband, and petitioned only for the reprieve of a month; but he had fixed the day, and to that day he obstinately adhered.

"The evening before our departure, as we were disputing this point with great eagerness on both sides, he started suddenly from his chair, and left me abruptly, saying he was going to the rooms. He was hardly out of the house when I saw a paper lying on the floor, which, I suppose, he had carelessly pulled from his pocket, together with his handkerchief. This paper I took up, and, finding it to be a letter, I made no scruple to open and read it; and indeed I read it so often that I can repeat it to you almost word for word. This then was the letter:

'To Mr. Brian Fitzpatrick.'

SIR,

'Yours received, and am surprised you should use me in this manner, as have never seen any of your cash, unless for one linsey-woolsey coat, and your bill is now upwards of 150*l*. Consider, sir, how often you have fobbed me off with your being shortly to be married to this lady and t'other lady; but I can neither live on hopes or promises, nor will my woollen-draper take any such in payment. You tell me you are secure of having either the aunt or the niece, and that you might have married the aunt before this, whose jointure you say is immense, but that you prefer the niece on account of her ready money. Pray, sir, take a fool's advice for once, and marry the first you can get. You will pardon my offering my advice, as you know I sincerely wish you well. Shall draw on you per next post, in favour of Messieurs John Drugget and company, at fourteen days, which doubt not your honouring, and am,

'Sir, your humble servant,

'SAM. COSGRAVE.'

"This was the letter, word for word. Guess, my dear girl—guess how this letter affected me. You prefer the niece on account of her ready money! If every one of these words had been a dagger, I could

with pleasure have stabbed them into his heart; but I will not recount my frantic behaviour on the occasion. I had pretty well spent my tears before his return home; but sufficient remains of them appeared in my swollen eyes. He threw himself sullenly into his chair, and for a long time we were both silent. At length, in a haughty tone, he said, 'I hope, madam, your servants have packed up all your things; for the coach will be ready by six in the morning.' My patience was totally subdued by this provocation, and I answered, 'No, sir, there is a letter still remains unpacked;' and then throwing it on the table I fell to upbraiding him with the most bitter language I could invent.

"Whether guilt, or shame, or prudence, restrained him I cannot say; but, though he is the most passionate of men, he exerted no rage on this occasion. He endeavoured, on the contrary, to pacify me by the most gentle means. He swore the phrase in the letter to which I principally objected was not his, nor had he ever written any such. He owned, indeed, the having mentioned his marriage, and that preference which he had given to myself, but denied with many oaths the having assigned any such reason. And he excused the having mentioned any such matter at all on account of the straits he was in for money, arising, he said, from his having too long neglected his estate in Ireland. And this, he said, which he could not bear to discover to me, was the only reason of his having so strenuously insisted on our journey. He then used several very endearing expressions, and concluded by a very fond caress, and many violent protestations of love.

"There was one circumstance which, though he did not appeal to it, had much weight with me in his favour, and that was the word jointure in the tailor's letter, whereas my aunt never had been married, and this Mr. Fitzpatrick well knew.—As I imagined, therefore, that the fellow must have inserted this of his own head, or from hearsay, I persuaded myself he might have ventured likewise on that odious line on no better authority. What reasoning was this, my dear? was I not an advocate rather than a judge?—But why do I mention such a circumstance as this, or appeal to it for the justification of my forgiveness?—In short, had he been guilty of twenty times as much, half the tenderness and fondness which he used would have prevailed on me to have forgiven him. I now made no farther objections to our setting out, which we did the next morning, and in little more than a week arrived at the seat of Mr. Fitzpatrick.

"Your curiosity will excuse me from relating any occurrences which passed during our journey; for it would indeed be highly disagreeable to travel it over again, and no less so to you to travel it over with me.

"This seat, then, is an ancient mansion-house: if I was in one of those merry humours in which you have so often seen me, I could describe it to you ridiculously enough. It looked as if it had been formerly inhabited by a gentleman. Here was room enough, and not the less room on account of the furniture; for indeed there was very little in it. An old woman, who seemed coeval with the building, and greatly resembled her whom Chamont mentions in the Orphan, received us at the gate, and in a howl scarce human, and to me unintelligible, welcomed her master home. In short, the whole scene was so gloomy and melancholy, that it threw my spirits into the lowest dejection; which my husband discerning, instead of relieving, increased by two or three malicious observations.

'There are good houses, madam,' says he, 'as you find, in other places besides England; but perhaps you had rather be in a dirty lodging at Bath.'

"Happy, my dear, is the woman who, in any state of life, hath a cheerful good-natured companion to support and comfort her! but why do I reflect on happy situations only to aggravate my own misery? my companion, far from clearing up the gloom of solitude, soon convinced me that I must have been wretched with him in any place, and in any condition. In a word, he was a surly fellow, a character perhaps you have never seen; for, indeed, no woman ever sees it exemplified but in a father, a brother, or a husband; and, though you have a father, he is not of that character. This surly fellow had formerly appeared to me the very reverse, and so he did still to every other person. Good heaven! how is it possible for a man to maintain a constant lie in his appearance abroad and in company, and to content himself with showing disagreeable truth only at home? Here, my dear, they make themselves amends for the uneasy restraint which they put on their tempers in the world; for I have observed, the more merry and gay and good-humoured my husband hath at any time been in company, the more sullen and morose he was sure to become at our next private meeting. How shall I describe his barbarity? To my fondness he was cold and insensible. My little comical ways, which you, my Sophy, and which others, have called so agreeable, he treated with contempt. In my most serious moments he sung and whistled; and whenever I was thoroughly dejected and miserable he was angry, and abused me: for, though he was never pleased with my good-humour, nor ascribed it to my satisfaction in him, yet my low spirits always offended him, and those he imputed to my repentance of having (as he said) married an Irishman.

"You will easily conceive, my dear Graveairs (I ask your pardon, I really forgot myself), that, when a woman makes an imprudent match in the sense of the world; that is, when she is not an arrant prostitute to pecuniary interest, she must necessarily have some inclination and affection for her man. You will as easily believe that this affection may possibly be lessened; nay, I do assure you, contempt will wholly eradicate it. This contempt I now began to entertain for my husband, whom I now discovered to be—I must use the expression—an arrant blockhead. Perhaps you will wonder I did not make this discovery long before; but women will suggest a thousand excuses to themselves for the folly of those they like: besides, give me leave to tell you, it requires a most penetrating eye to discern a fool through the disguises of gaiety and good breeding.

It will be easily imagined that, when I once despised my husband, as I confess to you I soon did, I must consequently dislike his company; and indeed I had the happiness of being very little troubled with it; for our house was now most elegantly furnished, our cellars well stocked, and dogs and horses provided in great abundance. As my gentleman therefore entertained his neighbours with great hospitality, so his neighbours resorted to him with great alacrity; and sports and drinking consumed so much of his time, that a small part of his conversation, that is to say, of his ill-humours, fell to my share.

"Happy would it have been for me if I could as easily have avoided all other disagreeable company; but, alas! I was confined to some which constantly

tormented me; and the more, as I saw no prospect of being relieved from them. These companions were my own racking thoughts, which plagued and in a manner haunted me night and day. In this situation I passed through a scene, the horrors of which can neither be painted nor imagined. Think, my dear, figure, if you can, to yourself, what I must have undergone. I became a mother by the man I scorned, hated, and detested. I went through all the agonies and miseries of a lying-in (ten times more painful in such a circumstance than the worst labour can be when one endures it for a man one loves) in a desert, or rather, indeed, a scene of riot and revel, without a friend, without a companion, or without any of those agreeable circumstances which often alleviate, and perhaps sometimes more than compensate, the sufferings of our sex at that season.

CHAPTER VI.

In which the mistake of the landlord throws Sophia into a dreadful consternation.

MRS. FITZPATRICK was proceeding in her narrative when she was interrupted by the entrance of dinner, greatly to the concern of Sophia; for the misfortunes of her friend had raised her anxiety, and left her no appetite but what Mrs. Fitzpatrick was to satisfy by her relation.

The landlord now attended with a plate under his arm, and with the same respect in his countenance and address which he would have put on had the ladies arrived in a coach and six.

The married lady seemed less affected with her own misfortunes than was her cousin; for the former eat very heartily, whereas the latter could hardly swallow a morsel. Sophia likewise showed more concern and sorrow in her countenance than appeared in the other lady; who, having observed these symptoms in her friend, begged her to be comforted, saying, "Perhaps all may yet end better than either you or I expect."

Our landlord thought he had now an opportunity to open his mouth, and was resolved not to omit it. "I am sorry, madam," cries he, "that your ladyship can't eat; for to be sure you must be hungry after so long fasting. I hope your ladyship is not uneasy at anything, for, as Madam there says, all may end better than anybody expects. A gentleman who was here just now brought excellent news; and perhaps some folks who have given other folks the slip may get to London before they are overtaken; and if they do, I make no doubt but they will find people who will be very ready to receive them."

All persons under the apprehension of danger convert whatever they see and hear into the objects of that apprehension. Sophia therefore immediately concluded, from the foregoing speech, that she was known and pursued by her father. She was now struck with the utmost consternation, and for a few minutes deprived of the power of speech; which she no sooner recovered than she desired the landlord to send his servants out of the room, and then, addressing herself to him, said, "I perceive, sir, you know who we are; but I beseech you—nay, I am convinced, if you have any compassion or goodness, you will not betray us."

"I betray your ladyship!" quoth the landlord; "no (and then he swore several very hearty oaths); I would sooner be cut into ten thousand pieces. I hate all treachery. I! I never betrayed any one in my life yet, and I am sure I shall not begin with so sweet a lady as your ladyship. All the world would very much blame me if I should, since it will be in

your ladyship's power so shortly to reward me. My wife can witness for me, I knew your ladyship the moment you came into the house: I said it was your honour, before I lifted you from your horse, and I shall carry the bruises I got in your ladyship's service to the grave; but what signified that, as long as I saved your ladyship? To be sure some people this morning would have thought of getting a reward; but no such thought ever entered into my head. I would sooner starve than take any reward for betraying your ladyship."

"I promise you, sir," says Sophia, "if it be ever in my power to reward you, you shall not lose by your generosity."

"Alack-a-day, madam!" answered the landlord; "in your ladyship's power! Heaven put it as much into your will! I am only afraid your honour will forget such a poor man as an innkeeper; but, if your ladyship should not, I hope you will remember what reward I refused—refused! that is, I would have refused, and to be sure it may be called refusing; for I might have had it certainly; and to be sure you might have been in some houses;—but, for my part, would not methinks for the world have your ladyship wrong me so much as to imagine I ever thought of betraying you, even before I heard the good news."

"What news, pray?" says Sophia, something eagerly.

"Hath not your ladyship heard it, then?" cries the landlord; "nay, like enough, for I heard it only a few minutes ago; and if I had never heard it, may the devil fly away with me this instant if I would have betrayed your honour! no, if I would, may I—" Here he subjoined several dreadful imprecations, which Sophia at last interrupted, and begged to know what he meant by the news.—He was going to answer, when Mrs. Honour came running into the room, all pale and breathless, and cried out, "Madam, we are all undone, all ruined, they are come, they are come!" These words almost froze up the blood of Sophia; but Mrs. Fitzpatrick asked Honour, who were come?—"Who?" answered she, "why, the French; several hundred thousands of them are landed, and we shall be all murdered and ravished."

As a miser, who hath, in some well-built city, a cottage, value twenty shillings, when at a distance he is alarmed with the news of fire, turns pale and trembles at his loss; but when he finds the beautiful palaces only are burnt, and his own cottage remains safe, he comes instantly to himself, and smiles at his good fortunes: or as (for we dislike something in the former simile) the tender mother, when terrified with the apprehension that her darling boy is drowned, is struck senseless and almost dead with consternation; but when she is told that little master is safe, and the Victory only, with twelve hundred brave men, gone to the bottom, life and sense again return, maternal fondness enjoys the sudden relief from all its fears, and the general benevolence, which at another time would have deeply felt the dreadful catastrophe, lies fast asleep in her mind;—so Sophia, than whom none was more capable of tenderly feeling the general calamity of her country, found such immediate satisfaction from the relief of those terrors she had of being overtaken by her father, that the arrival of the French scarce made any impression on her. She gently chid her maid for the fright into which she had thrown her, and said "she was glad it was no worse; for that she had feared somebody else was come."

"Ay, ay," quoth the landlord, smiling, "her ladyship knows better things; she knows the French are

our very best friends, and come over hither only for our good. They are the people who are to make Old England flourish again. I warrant her honour thought the duke was coming; and that was enough to put her into a fright. I was going to tell your ladyship the news.—His honour's majesty, Heaven bless him, hath given the duke the slip, and is marching as fast as he can to London, and ten thousand French are landed to join him on the road."

Sophia was not greatly pleased with this news, nor with the gentleman who related it; but, as she still imagined he knew her (for she could not possibly have any suspicion of the real truth), she durst not show any dislike. And now the landlord, having removed the cloth from the table, withdrew; but at his departure frequently repeated his hopes of being remembered hereafter.

The mind of Sophia was not at all easy under the supposition of being known at this house; for she still applied to herself many things which the landlord had addressed to Jenny Cameron; she therefore ordered her maid to pump out of him by what means he had become acquainted with her person, and who had offered him the reward for betraying her; she likewise ordered the horses to be in readiness by four in the morning, at which hour Mrs. Fitzpatrick promised to bear her company; and then, composing herself as well as she could, she desired that lady to continue her story.

CHAPTER VII.

In which Mrs. Fitzpatrick concludes her history.

WHILE Mrs. Honour, in pursuance of the commands of her mistress, ordered a bowl of punch, and invited my landlord and landlady to partake of it, Mrs. Fitzpatrick thus went on with her relation.

"Most of the officers who were quartered at a town in our neighbourhood were of my husband's acquaintance. Among these was a lieutenant, a very pretty sort of man, and who was married to a woman so agreeable both in her temper and conversation, that from our first knowing each other, which was soon after my lying-in, we were almost inseparable companions; for I had the good fortune to make myself equally agreeable to her.

"The lieutenant, who was neither a sot nor a sportsman, was frequently of our parties; indeed he was very little with my husband, and no more than good-breeding constrained him to be, as he lived almost constantly at our house. My husband often expressed much dissatisfaction at the lieutenant's preferring my company to his; he was very angry with me on that account, and gave me many a hearty curse for drawing away his companions; saying, 'I ought to be d—n'd for having spoiled one of the prettiest fellows in the world, by making a milksop of him.'

"You will be mistaken, my dear Sophia, if you imagine that the anger of my husband arose from my depriving him of a companion; for the lieutenant was not a person with whose society a fool could be pleased; and, if I should admit the possibility of this, so little right had my husband to place the loss of his companion to me, that I am convinced it was my conversation alone which induced him ever to come to the house. No, child, it was envy, the worst and most rancorous kind of envy, the envy of superiority of understanding. The wretch could not bear to see my conversation preferred to his, by a man of whom he could not entertain the least jealousy. O my dear Sophy, you are a woman of sense; if you marry a man, as is most probable you will, of less capacity than yourself,

make frequent trials of his temper before marriage, and see whether he can bear to submit to such a superiority. — Promise me, Sophy, you will take this advice; for you will hereafter find its importance." "It is very likely I shall never marry at all," answered Sophia; "I think, at least, I shall never marry a man in whose understanding I see any defects before marriage; and I promise you I would rather give up my own than see any such afterwards." "Give up your understanding!" replied Mrs. Fitzpatrick; "Oh, fie, child! I will not believe so meanly of you. Everything else I might myself be brought to give up; but never this. Nature would not have allotted this superiority to the wife in so many instances, if she had intended we should all of us have surrendered it to the husband. This, indeed, men of sense never expect of us; of which the lieutenant I have just mentioned was one notable example; for though he had a very good understanding, he always acknowledged (as was really true) that his wife had a better. And this, perhaps, was one reason of the hatred my tyrant bore her.

"Before he would be so governed by a wife, he said, especially such an ugly b— (for, indeed, she was not a regular beauty, but very agreeable and extremely genteel) he would see all the women upon earth at the devil, which was a very usual phrase with him. He said, he wondered what I could see in her to be so charmed with her company: since this woman, says he, hath come among us, there is an end of your beloved reading, which you pretended to like so much, that you could not afford time to return the visits of the ladies in this country; and I must confess I had been guilty of a little rudeness this way; for the ladies there are at least no better than the mere country ladies here; and I think I need make no other excuse to you for declining any intimacy with them.

"This correspondence, however, continued a whole year, even all the while the lieutenant was quartered in that town; for which I was contented to pay the tax of being constantly abused in the manner above mentioned by my husband; I mean when he was at home; for he was frequently absent a month at a time at Dublin, and once made a journey of two months to London: in all which journeys I thought it a very singular happiness that he never once desired my company; nay, by his frequent censures on men who could not travel, as he phrased it, without a wife tied up to their tail, he sufficiently intimated that, had I been never so desirous of accompanying him, my wishes would have been in vain; but, Heaven knows, such wishes were very far from my thoughts.

"At length my friend was removed from me, and I was again left to my solitude, to the tormenting conversation with my own reflections, and to apply to books for my only comfort. I now read almost all day long. — How many books do you think I read in three months?" "I can't guess, indeed, cousin," answered Sophia. "Perhaps half a score." "Half a score! half a thousand, child!" answered the other. "I read a good deal in Daniel's English History of France; a great deal in Plutarch's Lives, the Atalantas, Pope's Homer, Dryden's Plays, Chillingworth, the Countess D'Anois, and Locke's Human Understanding.

"During this interval I wrote three very supplicating, and, I thought, moving letters to my aunt; but, as I received no answer to any of them, my disdain would not suffer me to continue my application." — Here she stopped, and, looking earnestly at Sophia, said, "Methinks, my dear, I read something in your eyes which reproaches me of a neglect in

another place, where I should have met with a kinder return." "Indeed, dear Harriet," answered Sophia, "your story is an apology for any neglect; but, indeed, I feel that I have been guilty of a remissness, without so good an excuse.—Yet pray proceed; for I long, though I tremble, to hear the end."

Thus, then, Mrs. Fitzpatrick resumed her narrative:—"My husband now took a second journey to England, where he continued upwards of three months: during the greater part of this time I led a life which nothing but having led a worse could make me think tolerable; for perfect solitude can never be reconciled to a social mind, like mine, but when it relieves you from the company of those you hate. What added to my wretchedness was the loss of my little infant: not that I pretend to have had for it that extravagant tenderness of which I believe I might have been capable under other circumstances; but I resolved, in every instance, to discharge the duty of the tenderest mother; and this care prevented me from feeling the weight of that heaviest of all things, when it can be at all said to lie heavy on our hands."

"I had spent full ten weeks almost entirely by myself, having seen nobody all that time, except my servants and a very few visitors, when a young lady, a relation to my husband, came from a distant part of Ireland to visit me. She had stayed once before a week at my house, and then I gave her a pressing invitation to return; for she was a very agreeable woman, and had improved good natural parts by a proper education. Indeed, she was to me a welcome guest."

"A few days after her arrival, perceiving me in very low spirits, without inquiring the cause, which, indeed, she very well knew, the young lady fell to compassionating my case. She said, 'Though politeness had prevented me from complaining to my husband's relations of his behaviour, yet they all were very sensible of it, and felt great concern upon that account; but none more than herself.' And after some more general discourse on this head, which I own I could not forbear countenancing, at last, after much previous precaution and enjoined concealment, she communicated to me, as a profound secret—that my husband kept a mistress."

"You will certainly imagine I heard this news with the utmost insensibility—Upon my word, if you do, your imagination will mislead you. Contempt had not so kept down my anger to my husband, but that hatred rose again on this occasion. What can be the reason of this? Are we so abominably selfish, that we can be concerned at others having possession even of what we despise? or are we not rather abominably vain, and is not this the greatest injury done to our vanity? What think you, Sophia?"

"I don't know, indeed," answered Sophia; "I have never troubled myself with any of these deep contemplations; but I think the lady did very ill in communicating to you such a secret."

"And yet, my dear, this conduct is natural," replied Mrs. Fitzpatrick; "and, when you have seen and read as much as myself, you will acknowledge it to be so."

"I am sorry to hear it is natural," returned Sophia; "for I want neither reading nor experience to convince me that it is very dishonourable and very ill-natured: nay, it is surely as ill-bred to tell a husband or wife of the faults of each other as to tell them of their own."

"Well," continued Mrs. Fitzpatrick, "my husband at last returned; and, if I am thoroughly acquainted with my own thoughts, I hated him

now more than ever; but I despised him rather less: for certainly nothing so much weakens our contempt, as an injury done to our pride or our vanity."

"He now assumed a carriage to me so very different from what he had lately worn, and so nearly resembling his behaviour the first week of our marriage, that, had I now had any spark of love remaining, he might, possibly, have rekindled my fondness for him. But, though hatred may succeed to contempt, and may perhaps get the better of it, love, I believe, cannot. The truth is, the passion of love is too restless to remain contented without the gratification which it receives from its object: and one can no more be inclined to love without loving than we can have eyes without seeing. When a husband, therefore, ceases to be the object of this passion, it is most probable some other man—I say, my dear, if your husband grows indifferent to you—if you once come to despise him—I say,—that is,—if you have the passion of love in you—Lud! I have bewildered myself so—but one is apt, in these abstracted considerations, to lose the concatenation of ideas, as Mr. Locke says:—in short, the truth is,—in short, I scarce know what it is; but, as I was saying, my husband returned, and his behaviour, at first, greatly surprised me; but he soon acquainted me with the motive, and taught me to account for it. In a word, then, he had spent and lost all the ready money of my fortune; and, as he could mortgage his own estate no deeper, he was now desirous to supply himself with cash for his extravagance, by selling a little estate of mine, which he could not do without my assistance; and to obtain this favour was the whole and sole motive of all the fondness which he now put on."

"With this I peremptorily refused to comply. I told him, and I told him truly, that, had I been possessed of the Indies at our first marriage, he might have commanded it all; for it had been a constant maxim with me, that where a woman disposes of her heart she should always deposit her fortune; but, as he had been so kind, long ago, to restore the former into my possession, I was resolved likewise to retain what little remained of the latter."

"I will not describe to you the passion into which these words, and the resolute air in which they were spoken, threw him: nor will I trouble you with the whole scene which succeeded between us. Out came, you may be well assured, the story of the mistress; and out it did come, with all the embellishments which anger and disdain could bestow upon it."

"Mr. Fitzpatrick seemed a little thunderstruck with this, and more confused than I had seen him; though his ideas are always confused enough, heaven knows. He did not, however, endeavour to exculpate himself; but took a method which almost equally confounded me. What was this but recrimination? He affected to be jealous:—he may, for aught I know, be inclined enough to jealousy in his natural temper; nay, he must have had it from nature, or the devil must have put it into his head; for I defy all the world to cast a just aspersion on my character: nay, the most scandalous tongues have never dared censure my reputation. My fame, I thank heaven, hath been always as spotless as my life; and let falsehood itself accuse that if it dare. No, my dear Graveairs, however provoked, however ill-treated, however injured in my love, I have firmly resolved never to give the least room for censure on this account.—And yet, my dear, there are some people so malicious, some tongues so venomous, that

no innocence can escape them. The most undesigned word, the most accidental look, the least familiarity, the most innocent freedom, will be misconstrued, and magnified into I know not what, by some people. But I despise, my dear Graveairs, I despise all such slander. No such malice, I assure you, ever gave me an uneasy moment. No, no, I promise you I am above all that.—But where was I? O let me see, I told you my husband was jealous—And of whom, pray?—Why, of whom but the lieutenant I mentioned to you before? He was obliged to resort above a year and more back to find any object for this unaccountable passion, if, indeed he really felt any such, and was not an arrant counterfeit in order to abuse me.

“But I have tired you already with too many particulars. I will now bring my story to a very speedy conclusion. In short, then, after many scenes very unworthy to be repeated, in which my cousin engaged so heartily on my side, that Mr. Fitzpatrick at last turned her out of doors; when he found I was neither to be soothed nor bullied into compliance, he took a very violent method indeed. Perhaps you will conclude he beat me; but this, though he hath approached very near to it, he never actually did. He confined me to my room, without suffering me to have either pen, ink, paper, or book: and a servant every day made my bed, and brought me my food.

“When I had remained a week under this imprisonment, he made me a visit, and, with the voice of a schoolmaster, or, what is often much the same, of a tyrant, asked me, ‘If I would yet comply?’ I answered, very stoutly, ‘That I would die first.’ ‘Then so you shall, and be d—nd!’ cries he; ‘for you shall never go alive out of this room.’

“Here I remained a fortnight longer; and, to say the truth, my constancy was almost subdued, and I began to think of submission; when, one day, in the absence of my husband, who was gone abroad for some short time, by the greatest good fortune in the world, an accident happened.—I—at a time when I began to give way to the utmost despair—everything would be excusable at such a time—at that very time I received—But it would take up an hour to tell you all particulars.—In one word, then (for I will not tire you with circumstances), gold, the common key to all padlocks, opened my door, and set me at liberty.

“I now made haste to Dublin, where I immediately procured a passage to England; and was proceeding to Bath, in order to throw myself into the protection of my aunt, or of your father, or of any relation who would afford it me. My husband overtook me last night at the inn where I lay, and which you left a few minutes before me; but I had the good luck to escape him, and to follow you.

“And thus, my dear, ends my history: a tragical one, I am sure, it is to myself; but, perhaps, I ought rather to apologise to you for its dulness.”

Sophia heaved a deep sigh, and answered, “Indeed, Harriet, I pity you from my soul!—But what could you expect? Why, why, would you marry an Irishman?”

“Upon my word,” replied her cousin, “your censure is unjust. There are, among the Irish, men of as much worth and honour as any among the English: nay, to speak the truth, generosity of spirit is rather more common among them. I have known some examples there, too, of good husbands; and I believe these are not very plenty in England. Ask me, rather, what I could expect when I married a fool; and I will tell you a solemn truth; I did not know him to be so.”—“Can no man,” said Sophia, in a

very low and altered voice, “do you think, make a bad husband, who is not a fool?” “That,” answered the other, “is too general a negative; but none, I believe, is so likely as a fool to prove so. Among my acquaintance, the silliest fellows are the worst husbands; and I will venture to assert, as a fact, that a man of sense rarely behaves very ill to a wife who deserves very well.”

CHAPTER VIII.

A dreadful alarm in the inn, with the arrival of an unexpected friend of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

SOPHIA now, at the desire of her cousin, related—not what follows, but what hath gone before in this history: for which reason the reader will, I suppose, excuse me for not repeating it over again.

One remark, however, I cannot forbear making on her narrative, namely, that she made no more mention of Jones, from the beginning to the end, than if there had been no such person alive. This I will neither endeavour to account for nor to excuse. Indeed, if this may be called a kind of dishonesty, it seems the more inexcusable, from the apparent openness and explicit sincerity of the other lady.—But so it was.

Just as Sophia arrived at the conclusion of her story, there arrived in the room where the two ladies were sitting a noise, not unlike, in loudness, to that of a pack of hounds just let out from their kennel; nor, in shrillness, to cats, when caterwauling; or to screech owls; or, indeed, more like (for what animal can resemble a human voice?) to those sounds which, in the pleasant mansions of that gate which seems to derive its name from a duplicity of tongues, issue from the mouths, and sometimes from the nostrils, of those fair river nymphs, ycleped of old the Naiades; in the vulgar tongue translated oyster-wenches: for when, instead of the ancient libations of milk and honey and oil, the rich distillation from the juniper-berry, or, perhaps, from malt, hath, by the early devotion of their votaries, been poured forth in great abundance, should any daring tongue with unhallowed license profane, i. e. depreciate, the delicate fat Milton oyster, the plaice sound and firm, the flounder as much alive as when in the water, the shrimp as big as a prawn, the fine cod alive but a few hours ago, or any other of the various treasures which those water-deities who fish the sea and rivers have committed to the care of the nymphs, the angry Naiades lift up their immortal voices, and the profane wretch is struck deaf for his impiety.

Such was the noise which now burst from one of the rooms below; and soon the thunder, which long had rattled at a distance, began to approach nearer and nearer, till, having ascended by degrees up stairs, it at last entered the apartment where the ladies were. In short, to drop all metaphor and figure, Mrs. Honour, having scolded violently below stairs, and continued the same all the way up, came in to her mistress in a most outrageous passion, crying out, “What doth your ladyship think? Would you imagine that this impudent villain, the master of this house, hath had the impudence to tell me, nay, to stand it out to my face, that your ladyship is that nasty, stinking wh—re (Jenny Cameron they call her), that runs about the country with the Pretender? Nay, the lying, saucy villain had the assurance to tell me that your ladyship had owned yourself to be so: but I have clawed the rascal; I have left the marks of my nails in his impudent face. My lady! says I, you saucy scoundrel: my lady is meat for no pretenders. She is a young lady of as

good fashion, and family, and fortune, as any in Somersetshire. Did you never hear of the great squire Western, sirrah? She is his only daughter; she is——, and heiress to all his great estate. My lady to be called a nasty Scotch wh—re by such a varlet!—To be sure I wish I had knocked his brains out with the punch-bowl.”

The principal uneasiness with which Sophia was affected on this occasion Honour had herself caused, by having in her passion discovered who she was. However, as this mistake of the landlord sufficiently accounted for those passages which Sophia had before mistaken, she acquired some ease on that account; nor could she, upon the whole, forbear smiling. This enraged Honour, and she cried, “Indeed, madam, I did not think your ladyship would have made a laughing matter of it. To be called whore by such an impudent low rascal. Your ladyship may be angry with me, for aught I know, for taking your part, since proffered service, they say, stinks; but to be sure I could never bear to hear a lady of mine called whore.—Nor will I bear it. I am sure your ladyship is as virtuous a lady as ever set foot on English ground, and I will claw any villain’s eyes out who dares for to offer to presume for to say the least word to the contrary. Nobody ever could say the least ill of the character of any lady that ever I waited upon.”

Hinc illæ lachrymæ; in plain truth, Honour had as much love for her mistress as most servants have, that is to say—But besides this, her pride obliged her to support the character of the lady she waited on; for she thought her own was in a very close manner connected with it. In proportion as the character of her mistress was raised, hers likewise, as she conceived, was raised with it; and, on the contrary, she thought the one could not be lowered without the other.

On this subject, reader, I must stop a moment, to tell thee a story. “The famous Nell Gwynn, stepping one day, from a house where she had made a short visit, into her coach, saw a great mob assembled, and her footman all bloody and dirty; the fellow, being asked by his mistress the reason of his being in that condition, answered, I have been fighting, madam, with an impudent rascal who called your ladyship a wh—re.” “You blockhead,” replied Mrs. Gwynn, “at this rate you must fight every day of your life; why, you fool, all the world knows it.” “Do they?” cries the fellow, in a muttering voice, after he had shut the coach-door, “they shan’t call me a whore’s footman for all that.”

Thus the passion of Mrs. Honour appears natural enough, even if it were to be no otherwise accounted for; but, in reality, there was another cause of her anger; for which we must beg leave to remind our reader of a circumstance mentioned in the above simile. There are indeed certain liquors, which, being applied to our passions, or to fire, produce effects the very reverse of those produced by water, as they serve to kindle and inflame, rather than to extinguish. Among these, the generous liquor called punch is one. It was not, therefore, without reason, that the learned Dr. Cheney used to call drinking punch pouring liquid fire down your throat.

Now, Mrs. Honour had unluckily poured so much of this liquid fire down her throat, that the smoke of it began to ascend into her pericranium and blinded the eyes of Reason, which is there supposed to keep her residence, while the fire itself from the stomach easily reached the heart, and there inflamed the noble passion of pride. So that, upon the whole, we shall cease to wonder at the

violent rage of the waiting-woman; though at first sight we must confess the cause seems inadequate to the effect.

Sophia and her cousin both did all in their power to extinguish those flames which had roared so loudly all over the house. They at length prevailed; or, to carry the metaphor one step farther, the fire, having consumed all the fuel which the language affords, to wit, every reproachful term in it, at last went out of its own accord.

But, though tranquillity was restored above stairs, it was not so below; where my landlady, highly resenting the injury done to the beauty of her husband by the flesh-spades of Mrs. Honour, called aloud for revenge and justice. As to the poor man, who had principally suffered in the engagement, he was perfectly quiet. Perhaps the blood which he lost might have cooled his anger: for the enemy had not only applied her nails to his cheeks, but likewise her fist to his nostrils, which lamented the blow with tears of blood in great abundance. To this we may add reflections on his mistake; but indeed nothing so effectually silenced his resentment as the manner in which he now discovered his error; for as to the behaviour of Mrs. Honour, it had the more confirmed him in his opinion, but he was now assured by a person of great figure, and who was attended by a great equipage, that one of the ladies was a woman of fashion and his intimate acquaintance.

By the orders of this person, the landlord now ascended, and acquainted our fair travellers that a great gentleman below desired to do them the honour of waiting on them. Sophia turned pale, and trembled at this message, though the reader will conclude it was too civil, notwithstanding the landlord’s blunder, to have come from her father; but fear hath the common fault of a justice of peace, and is apt to conclude hastily from every slight circumstance, without examining the evidence on both sides.

To ease the reader’s curiosity, therefore, rather than his apprehensions, we proceed to inform him that an Irish peer had arrived very late that evening at the inn, in his way to London. This nobleman, having sallied from his supper at the hurricane before commemorated, had seen the attendant of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and, upon a short inquiry, was informed that her lady, with whom he was very particularly acquainted, was above. This information he had no sooner received than he addressed himself to the landlord, pacified him, and sent him up stairs with compliments rather civiler than those which were delivered.

It may perhaps be wondered at that the waiting-woman herself was not the messenger employed on this occasion; but we are sorry to say she was not at present qualified for that, or indeed for any other office. The rum (for so the landlord chose to call the distillation from malt) had basely taken the advantage of the fatigue which the poor woman had undergone, and had made terrible depredations on her noble faculties, at a time when they were very unable to resist the attack.

We shall not describe this tragical scene too fully; but we thought ourselves obliged, by that historic integrity which we profess, shortly to hint a matter which we would otherwise have been glad to have spared. Many historians, indeed, for want of this integrity, or of diligence, to say no worse, often leave the reader to find out these little circumstances in the dark, and sometimes to his great confusion and perplexity.

Sophia was very soon eased of her causeless

fright by the entry of the noble peer, who was not only an intimate acquaintance of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, but in reality a very particular friend of that lady. To say truth, it was by his assistance that she had been enabled to escape from her husband; for this nobleman had the same gallant disposition with those renowned knights of whom we read in heroic story, and had delivered many an imprisoned nymph from durance. He was indeed as bitter an enemy to the savage authority too often exercised by husbands and fathers, over the young and lovely of the other sex, as ever knight-errant was to the barbarous power of enchanters: nay, to say truth, I have often suspected that those very enchanters with which romance every where abounds were in reality no other than the husbands of those days; and matrimony itself was, perhaps, the enchanted castle in which the nymphs were said to be confined.

This nobleman had an estate in the neighbourhood of Fitzpatrick, and had been for some time acquainted with the lady. No sooner, therefore, did he hear of her confinement, than he earnestly applied himself to procure her liberty; which he presently effected, not by storming the castle, according to the example of ancient heroes, but by corrupting the governor, in conformity with the modern art of war, in which craft is held to be preferable to valour, and gold is found to be more irresistible than either lead or steel.

This circumstance, however, as the lady did not think it material enough to relate to her friend, we would not at that time impart it to the reader. We rather chose to leave him a while under a supposition that she had found, or coined, or by some very extraordinary, perhaps supernatural, means, had possessed herself of the money with which she had bribed her keeper, than to interrupt her narrative by giving a hint of what seemed to her of too little importance to be mentioned.

The peer, after a short conversation, could not forbear expressing some surprise at meeting the lady in that place; nor could he refrain from telling her he imagined she had been gone to Bath. Mrs. Fitzpatrick very freely answered, "That she had been prevented in her purpose by the arrival of a person she need not mention. In short," says she, "I was overtaken by my husband (for I need not affect to conceal what the world knows too well already). I had the good fortune to escape in a most surprising manner, and am now going to London with this young lady, who is a near relation of mine, and who hath escaped from as great a tyrant as my own."

His lordship, concluding that this tyrant was likewise a husband, made a speech full of compliments to both the ladies, and as full of invectives against his own sex; nor indeed did he avoid some oblique glances at the matrimonial institution itself, and at the unjust powers given by it to man over the more sensible and more meritorious part of the species. He ended his oration with an offer of his protection, and of his coach and six, which was instantly accepted by Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and at last, upon her persuasions, by Sophia.

Matters being thus adjusted, his lordship took his leave, and the ladies retired to rest, where Mrs. Fitzpatrick entertained her cousin with many high encomiums on the character of the noble peer, and enlarged very particularly on his great fondness for his wife; saying, she believed he was almost the only person of high rank who was entirely constant to the marriage bed. "Indeed," added she "my dear Sophy, that is a very rare virtue

amongst men of condition. Never expect it when you marry; for, believe me, if you do, you will certainly be deceived."

A gentle sigh stole from Sophia at these words, which perhaps contributed to form a dream of no very pleasant kind; but, as she never revealed this dream to any one, so the reader cannot expect to see it related here.

CHAPTER IX.

The morning introduced in some pretty writing. A stage-coach. The civility of chambermaids. The heroic temper of Sophia. Her generosity. The return to it. The departure of the company, and their arrival at London; with some remarks for the use of travellers.

THOSE members of society who are born to furnish the blessings of life now began to light their candles, in order to pursue their daily labours, for the use of those who are born to enjoy these blessings. The sturdy hind now attends the levee of his fellow-labourer the ox; the cunning artificer, the diligent mechanic, spring from their hard mattress; and now the bonny housemaid begins to repair the disordered drumroom, while the riotous authors of that disorder, in broken interrupted slumbers, tumble and toss, as if the hardness of down disquieted their repose.

In simple phrase, the clock had no sooner struck seven than the ladies were ready for their journey; and, at their desire, his lordship and his equipage were prepared to attend them.

And now a matter of some difficulty arose; and this was how his lordship himself should be conveyed; for though in stage-coaches, where passengers are properly considered as so much luggage, the ingenious coachman stows half a dozen with perfect ease into the place of four; for well he contrives that the fat hostess, or well-fed alderman, may take up no more room than the slim miss, or taper master; it being the nature of guts, when well squeezed, to give way, and to lie in a narrow compass; yet in these vehicles, which are called, for distinction sake, gentlemen's coaches, though they are often larger than the others, this method of packing is never attempted.

His lordship would have put a short end to the difficulty, by very gallantly desiring to mount his horse; but Mrs. Fitzpatrick would by no means consent to it. It was therefore concluded that the Abigails should, by turns, relieve each other on one of his lordship's horses, which was presently equipped with a side-saddle for that purpose.

Everything being settled at the inn, the ladies discharged their former guides, and Sophia made a present to the landlord, partly to repair the bruise which he had received under herself, and partly on account of what he had suffered under the hands of her enraged waiting-woman. And now Sophia first discovered a loss which gave her some uneasiness; and this was of the hundred pound bank-bill which her father had given her at the last meeting; and which, within a very inconsiderable trifle, was all the treasure she was at present worth. She searched everywhere, and shook and tumbled all her things to no purpose, the bill was not to be found: and she was at last fully persuaded that she had lost it from her pocket when she had the misfortune of tumbling from her horse in the dark lane, as before recorded: a fact that seemed the more probable, as she now recollected some discomposure in her pockets which had happened at that time, and the great difficulty with which she had drawn forth her handkerchief the

very instant before her fall, in order to relieve the distress of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

Misfortunes of this kind, whatever inconveniences they may be attended with, are incapable of subduing a mind in which there is any strength, without the assistance of avarice. Sophia, therefore, though nothing could be worse timed than this accident at such a season, immediately got the better of her concern, and, with her wonted serenity and cheerfulness of countenance, returned to her company. His lordship conducted the ladies into the vehicle, as he did likewise Mrs. Honour, who, after many civilities, and more dear madams, at last yielded to the well-bred importunities of her sister Abigail, and submitted to be complimented with the first ride in the coach; in which indeed she would afterwards have been contented to have pursued her whole journey, had not her mistress, after several fruitless intimations, at length forced her to take her turn on horseback.

The coach, now having received its company, began to move forwards, attended by many servants, and by two led captains, who had before rode with his lordship, and who would have been dismissed from the vehicle upon a much less worthy occasion than was this of accommodating two ladies. In this they acted only as gentlemen; but they were ready at any time to have performed the office of a footman, or indeed would have condescended lower, for the honour of his lordship's company, and for the convenience of his table.

My landlord was so pleased with the present he had received from Sophia, that he rather rejoiced in than regretted his bruise or his scratches. The reader will perhaps be curious to know the *quantum* of this present; but we cannot satisfy his curiosity. Whatever it was, it satisfied the landlord for his bodily hurt; but he lamented he had not known before how little the lady valued her money; "For to be sure," said he, "one might have charged every article double, and she would have made no cavil at the reckoning."

His wife however was far from drawing this conclusion; whether she really felt any injury done to her husband more than he did himself, I will not say: certain it is, she was much less satisfied with the generosity of Sophia. "Indeed," cries she, "my dear, the lady knows better how to dispose of her money than you imagine. She might very well think we should not put up such a business without some satisfaction, and the law would have cost her an infinite deal more than this poor little matter, which I wonder you would take." "You are always so bloodily wise," quoth the husband: "It would have cost her more, would it? dost fancy I don't know that as well as thee? but would any of that more, or so much, have come into our pockets? Indeed, if son Tom the lawyer had been alive, I could have been glad to have put such a pretty business into his hands. He would have got a good picking out of it; but I have no relation now who is a lawyer, and why should I go to law for the benefit of strangers?" "Nay, to be sure," answered she, "you must know best." "I believe I do," replied he. "I fancy, when money is to be got, I can smell it out as well as another. Everybody, let me tell you, would not have talked people out of this. Mind that, I say; everybody would not have cajoled this out of her, mind that." The wife then joined in the applause of her husband's sagacity; and thus ended the short dialogue between them on this occasion.

We will therefore take our leave of these good

people, and attend his lordship and his fair companions, who made such good expedition that they performed a journey of ninety miles in two days, and on the second evening arrived in London, without having encountered any one adventure on the road worthy the dignity of this history to relate. Our pen, therefore, shall imitate the expedition which it describes, and our history shall keep pace with the travellers who are its subject. Good writers will, indeed, do well to imitate the ingenious traveller in this instance, who always proportions his stay at any place to the beauties, elegances, and curiosities which it affords. At Eshur, at Stowe, at Wilton, at Estbury, and at Prior's Park, days are too short for the ravished imagination; while we admire the wonderful power of art in improving nature. In some of these, art chiefly engages our admiration; in others, nature and art contend for our applause; but, in the last, the former seems to triumph. Here Nature appears in her richest attire, and Art, dressed with the modestest simplicity, attends her benignant mistress. Here Nature indeed pours forth the choicest treasures which she hath lavished on this world; and here human nature presents you with an object which can be exceeded only in the other.

The same taste, the same imagination, which luxuriously riots in these elegant scenes, can be amused with objects of far inferior note. The woods, the rivers, the lawns of Devon and of Dorset, attract the eye of the ingenious traveller, and retard his pace, which delay he afterwards compensates by swiftly scouring over the gloomy heath of Bagshot, or that pleasant plain which extends itself westward from Stockbridge, where no other object than one single tree only in sixteen miles presents itself to the view, unless the clouds, in compassion to our tired spirits, kindly open their variegated mansions to our prospect.

Not so travels the money-meditating tradesman, the sagacious justice, the dignified doctor, the warm-clad grazier, with all the numerous offspring of wealth and dulness. On they jog, with equal pace, through the verdant meadows or over the barren heath, their horses measuring four miles and a half per hour with the utmost exactness; the eyes of the beast and of his master being alike directed forwards, and employed in contemplating the same objects in the same manner. With equal rapture the good rider surveys the proudest boasts of the architect, and those fair buildings with which some unknown name hath adorned the rich clothing town; where heaps of bricks are piled up as a kind of monument to show that heaps of money have been piled there before.

And now, reader, as we are in haste to attend our heroine, we will leave to thy sagacity to apply all this to the Bæotian writers, and to those authors who are their opposites. This thou wilt be abundantly able to perform without our aid. Bestir thyself therefore on this occasion; for, though we will always lend thee proper assistance in difficult places, as we do not, like some others, expect thee to use the arts of divination to discover our meaning, yet we shall not indulge thy laziness where nothing but thy own attention is required; for thou art highly mistaken if thou dost imagine that we intended, when we began this great work, to leave thy sagacity nothing to do; or that, without sometimes exercising this talent, thou wilt be able to travel through our pages with any pleasure or profit to thyself.

CHAPTER X.

Containing a hint or two concerning virtue, and a few more concerning suspicion.

OUR company, being arrived at London, were set down at his lordship's house, where, while they refreshed themselves after the fatigue of their journey, servants were despatched to provide a lodging for the two ladies; for, as her ladyship was not then in town, Mrs. Fitzpatrick would by no means consent to accept a bed in the mansion of the peer.

Some readers will, perhaps, condemn this extraordinary delicacy, as I may call it, of virtue, as too nice and scrupulous; but we must make allowances for her situation, which must be owned to have been very ticklish; and, when we consider the malice of censorious tongues, we must allow, if it was a fault, the fault was an excess on the right side, and which every woman who is in the self-same situation will do well to imitate. The most formal appearance of virtue, when it is only an appearance, may, perhaps, in very abstracted considerations, seem to be rather less commendable than virtue itself without this formality; but it will, however, be always more commended; and this, I believe, will be granted by all, that it is necessary, unless in some very particular cases, for every woman to support either the one or the other.

A lodging being prepared, Sophia accompanied her cousin for that evening; but resolved early in the morning to inquire after the lady into whose protection, as we have formerly mentioned, she had determined to throw herself when she quitted her father's house. And this she was the more eager in doing from some observations she had made during her journey in the coach.

Now, as we could by no means fix the odious character of suspicion on Sophia, we are almost afraid to open to our reader the conceits which filled her mind concerning Mrs. Fitzpatrick; of whom she certainly entertained at present some doubts; which, as they are very apt to enter into the bosoms of the worst of people, we think proper not to mention more plainly till we have first suggested a word or two to our reader touching suspicion in general.

Of this there have always appeared to me to be two degrees. The first of these I choose to derive from the heart, as the extreme velocity of its discernment seems to denote some previous inward impulse, and the rather as this superlative degree often forms its own objects; sees what is not, and always more than really exists. This is that quick-sighted penetration whose hawk's eyes no symptom of evil can escape; which observes not only upon the actions, but upon the words and looks, of men; and, as it proceeds from the heart of the observer, so it dives into the heart of the observed, and there espies evil, as it were, in the first embryo; nay, sometimes before it can be said to be conceived. An admirable faculty, if it were infallible; but, as this degree of perfection is not even claimed by more than one mortal being; so from the fallibility of such acute discernment have arisen many sad mischiefs and most grievous heart-aches to innocence and virtue. I cannot help, therefore, regarding this vast quick-sightedness into evil as a vicious excess, and as a very pernicious evil in itself. And I am the more inclined to this opinion, as I am afraid it always proceeds from a bad heart, for the reasons I have above mentioned, and for one more, namely, because I never knew it the property of a good one. Now, from this de-

gree of suspicion I entirely and absolutely acquit Sophia.

A second degree of this quality seems to arise from the head. This is, indeed, no other than the faculty of seeing what is before your eyes, and of drawing conclusions from what you see. The former of these is unavoidable by those who have any eyes, and the latter is perhaps no less certain and necessary a consequence of our having any brains. This is altogether as bitter an enemy to guilt as the former is to innocence: nor can I see it in an unamiable light, even though, through human fallibility, it should be sometimes mistaken. For instance, if a husband should accidentally surprise his wife in the lap or in the embraces of some of those pretty young gentlemen who profess the art of cuckold-making, I should not highly, I think, blame him for concluding something more than what he saw, from the familiarities which he really had seen, and which we are at least favourable enough to when we call them innocent freedoms. The reader will easily suggest great plenty of instances to himself: I shall add but one more, which, however unchristian it may be thought by some, I cannot help esteeming to be strictly justifiable; and this is a suspicion that a man is capable of doing what he hath done already, and that it is possible for one who hath been a villain once to act the same part again. And, to confess the truth, of this degree of suspicion I believe Sophia was guilty. From this degree of suspicion she had, in fact, conceived an opinion that her cousin was really not better than she should be.

The case, it seems, was this: Mrs. Fitzpatrick wisely considered that the virtue of a young lady is, in the world, in the same situation with a poor hare, which is certain, whenever it ventures abroad, to meet its enemies; for it can hardly meet any other. No sooner therefore was she determined to take the first opportunity of quitting the protection of her husband than she resolved to cast herself under the protection of some other man; and whom could she so properly choose to be her guardian as a person of quality, of fortune, of honour; and who, besides a gallant disposition which inclines men to knight-errantry, that is, to be the champions of ladies in distress, had often declared a violent attachment to herself, and had already given her all the instances of it in his power?

But, as the law hath foolishly omitted this office of vice-husband, or guardian to an eloped lady, and as malice is apt to denominate him by a more disagreeable appellation, it was concluded that his lordship should perform all such kind offices to the lady in secret, and without publicly assuming the character of her protector. Nay, to prevent any other person from seeing him in this light, it was agreed that the lady should proceed directly to Bath, and that his lordship should first go to London, and thence should go down to that place by the advice of his physicians.

Now all this Sophia very plainly understood, not from the lips or behaviour of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, but from the peer, who was infinitely less expert at retaining a secret than was the good lady; and perhaps the exact secrecy which Mrs. Fitzpatrick had observed on this head in her narrative served not a little to heighten those suspicions which were now risen in the mind of her cousin.

Sophia very easily found out the lady she sought; for indeed there was not a chairman in town to whom her house was not perfectly well known; and, as she received, in return of her first message, a most pressing invitation, she immediately accepted

it. Mrs. Fitzpatrick indeed did not desire her cousin to stay with her with more earnestness than civility required. Whether she had discerned and resented the suspicion above-mentioned, or from what other motive it arose, I cannot say; but certain it is, she was full as desirous of parting with Sophia as Sophia herself could be of going.

The young lady, when she came to take leave of her cousin, could not avoid giving her a short hint of advice. She begged her, for heaven's sake, to take care of herself, and to consider in how dangerous a situation she stood; adding, she hoped some method would be found of reconciling her to her husband. "You must remember, my dear," says she, "the maxim which my aunt Western hath so often repeated to us both; That whenever the matrimonial alliance is broke, and war declared between husband and wife, she can hardly make a disadvantageous peace for herself on any conditions. These are my aunt's very words, and she hath had a great deal of experience in the world." Mrs. Fitzpatrick answered, with a contemptuous smile, "Never fear me, child, take care of yourself; for you are younger than I. I will come and visit you in a few days; but, dear Sophy, let me give you one piece of advice: leave the character of Graveairs in the country, for, believe me, it will sit very awkwardly upon you in this town."

Thus the two cousins parted, and Sophia repaired directly to lady Bellaston, where she found a most hearty, as well as a most polite, welcome. The lady had taken a great fancy to her when she had seen her formerly with her aunt Western. She was indeed extremely glad to see her, and was no sooner acquainted with the reasons which induced her to leave the squire and fly to London than she highly applauded her sense and resolution; and after expressing the highest satisfaction in the opinion which Sophia had declared she entertained of her ladyship, by choosing her house for an asylum, she promised her all the protection which it was in her power to give.

As we have now brought Sophia into safe hands, the reader will, I apprehend, be contented to deposit her there a while, and to look a little after other personages, and particularly poor Jones, whom we have left long enough to do penance for his past offences, which, as is the nature of vice, brought sufficient punishment upon him themselves.

BOOK XII.

CONTAINING THE SAME INDIVIDUAL TIME WITH THE FORMER.

CHAPTER I.

Showing what is to be deemed plagiarism in a modern author, and what is to be considered as lawful prize.

THE learned reader must have observed that in the course of this mighty work, I have often translated passages out of the best ancient authors, without quoting the original, or without taking the least notice of the book from whence they were borrowed.

This conduct in writing is placed in a very proper light by the ingenious Abbé Bannier, in his preface to his *Mythology*, a work of great erudition and of equal judgment. "It will be easy," says he, "for the reader to observe that I have frequently had greater regard to him than to my own reputation: for an author certainly pays him a considerable compliment, when, for his sake, he suppresses learned quotations that come in his way, and which

would have cost him but the bare trouble of transcribing."

To fill up a work with these scraps may, indeed, be considered as a downright cheat on the learned world, who are by such means imposed upon to buy a second time, in fragments and by retail, what they have already in gross, if not in their memories, upon their shelves; and it is still more cruel upon the illiterate, who are drawn in to pay for what is of no manner of use to them. A writer who intermixes great quantity of Greek and Latin with his works, deals by the ladies and fine gentlemen in the same paltry manner with which they are treated by the auctioneers, who often endeavour so to confound and mix up their lots, that, in order to purchase the commodity you want, you are obliged at the same time to purchase that which will do you no service.

And yet, as there is no conduct so fair and disinterested but that it may be misunderstood by ignorance, and misrepresented by malice, I have been sometimes tempted to preserve my own reputation at the expense of my reader, and to transcribe the original, or at least to quote chapter and verse, whenever I have made use either of the thought or expression of another. I am, indeed, in some doubt that I have often suffered by the contrary method; and that, by suppressing the original author's name, I have been rather suspected of plagiarism than reputed to act from the amiable motive assigned by that justly celebrated Frenchman.

Now, to obviate all such imputations for the future, I do here confess and justify the fact. The ancients may be considered as a rich common, where every person who hath the smallest tenement in Parnassus hath a free right to fatten his muse. Or, to place it in a clearer light, we moderns are to the ancients what the poor are to the rich. By the poor here I mean that large and venerable body which, in English, we call the mob. Now, whoever hath had the honour to be admitted to any degree of intimacy with this mob, must well know that it is one of their established maxims to plunder and pillage their rich neighbours without any reluctance; and that this is held to be neither sin nor shame among them. And so constantly do they abide and act by this maxim, that, in every parish almost in the kingdom, there is a kind of confederacy ever carrying on against a certain person of opulence called the squire, whose property is considered as free-booty by all his poor neighbours; who, as they conclude that there is no manner of guilt in such depredations, look upon it as a point of honour and moral obligation to conceal, and to preserve each other from punishment on all such occasions.

In like manner are the ancients, such as Homer, Virgil, Horace, Cicero, and the rest, to be esteemed among us writers, as so many wealthy squires, from whom we, the poor of Parnassus, claim an immemorial custom of taking whatever we can come at. This liberty I demand, and this I am as ready to allow again to my poor neighbours in their turn. All I profess, and all I require of my brethren, is to maintain the same strict honesty among ourselves which the mob show to one another. To steal from one another is indeed highly criminal and indecent; for this may be strictly styled defrauding the poor (sometimes perhaps those who are poorer than ourselves), or, to see it under the most opprobrious colours, robbing the spital.

Since, therefore, upon the strictest examination, my own conscience cannot lay any such pitiful theft to my charge, I am contented to plead guilty to the former accusation; nor shall I ever scruple

to take to myself any passage which I shall find in an ancient author to my purpose, without setting down the name of the author from whence it was taken. Nay, I absolutely claim a property in all such sentiments the moment they are transcribed into my writings, and I expect all readers hence-forwards to regard them as purely and entirely my own. This claim, however, I desire to be allowed me only on condition that I preserve strict honesty towards my poor brethren, from whom, if ever I borrow any of that little of which they are possessed, I shall never fail to put their mark upon it, that it may be at all times ready to be restored to the right owner.

The omission of this was highly blameable in one Mr. Moore, who, having formerly borrowed some lines of Pope and company, took the liberty to transcribe six of them into his play of the Rival Modes. Mr. Pope, however, very luckily found them in the said play, and, laying violent hands on his own property, transferred it back again into his own works; and, for a further punishment, imprisoned the said Moore in the loathsome dungeon of the Dunciad, where his unhappy memory now remains, and eternally will remain, as a proper punishment for such his unjust dealings in the poetical trade.

CHAPTER II.

In which, though the squire doth not find his daughter, something is found which puts an end to his pursuit.

THE history now returns to the inn at Upton, whence we shall first trace the footsteps of Squire Western; for, as he will soon arrive at an end of his journey, we shall have then full leisure to attend our hero.

The reader may be pleased to remember that the said squire departed from the inn in great fury, and in that fury he pursued his daughter. The ostler having informed him that she had crossed the Severn, he likewise passed that river with his equipage, and rode full speed, vowing the utmost vengeance against poor Sophia, if he should but overtake her.

He had not gone far before he arrived at a cross-way. Here he called a short council of war, in which, after hearing different opinions, he at last gave the direction of his pursuit to fortune, and struck directly into the Worcester road.

In this road he proceeded about two miles, when he began to bemoan himself most bitterly, frequently crying out, "What pity is it! Sure never was so unlucky a dog as myself!" And then burst forth a volley of oaths and execrations.

The parson attempted to administer comfort to him on this occasion. "Sorrow not, sir," says he, "like those without hope. Howbeit we have not yet been able to overtake young madam, we may account it some good fortune that we have hitherto traced her course aright. Peradventure she will soon be fatigued with her journey, and will tarry in some inn, in order to renovate her corporeal functions; and in that case, in all moral certainty, you will very briefly be *compos voti*."

"Pogh! d—n the slut!" answered the squire, "I am lamenting the loss of so fine a morning for hunting. It is confounded hard to lose one of the best scenting days, in all appearance, which hath been this season, and especially after so long a frost."

Whether Fortune, who now and then shows some compassion in her wantonest tricks, might not take pity of the squire; and, as she had determined not to let him overtake his daughter, might not resolve to make him amends some other way, I will not

assert; but he had hardly uttered the words just before commemorated, and two or three oaths at their heels, when a pack of hounds began to open their melodious throats at a small distance from them, which the squire's horse and his rider both perceiving, both immediately pricked up their ears, and the squire, crying, "She's gone, she's gone! Damn me if she is not gone!" instantly clapped spurs to the beast, who little needed it, having indeed the same inclination with his master; and now the whole company, crossing into a corn-field, rode directly towards the hounds, with much hallooing and whooping, while the poor parson, blessing himself, brought up the rear.

Thus fable reports that the fair Grimalkin, whom Venus, at the desire of a passionate lover, converted from a cat into a fine woman, no sooner perceived a mouse than, mindful of her former sport, and still retaining her pristine nature, she leaped from the bed of her husband to pursue the little animal.

What are we to understand by this? Not that the bride was displeased with the embraces of her amorous bridegroom; for, though some have remarked that cats are subject to ingratitude, yet women and cats too will be pleased and pur on certain occasions. The truth is, as the sagacious Sir Roger L'Estrange observes, in his deep reflections, that, "if we shut Nature out at the door, she will come in at the window; and that puss, though a madam, will be a mouser still." In the same manner we are not to arraign the squire for any want of love for his daughter; for in reality he had a great deal; we are only to consider that he was a squire and a sportsman, and then we may apply the fable to him, and the judicious reflections likewise.

The hounds ran very hard, as it is called, and the squire pursued over hedge and ditch, with all his usual vociferation and alacrity, and with all his usual pleasure; nor did the thoughts of Sophia ever once intrude themselves to allay the satisfaction he enjoyed in the chase, and which, he said, was one of the finest he ever saw, and which he swore was very well worth going fifty miles for. As the squire forgot his daughter, the servants, we may easily believe, forgot their mistress; and the parson, after having expressed much astonishment, in Latin, to himself, at length likewise abandoned all farther thoughts of the young lady, and, jogging on at a distance behind, began to meditate a portion of doctrine for the ensuing Sunday.

The squire who owned the hounds was highly pleased with the arrival of his brother squire and sportsman: for all men approve merit in their own way, and no man was more expert in the field than Mr. Western, nor did any other better know how to encourage the dogs with his voice, and to animate the hunt with his holla.

Sportsmen, in the warmth of a chase, are too much engaged to attend to any manner of ceremony, nay, even to the offices of humanity: for, if any of them meet with an accident by tumbling into a ditch, or into a river, the rest pass on regardless, and generally leave him to his fate: during this time, therefore, the two squires, though often close to each other, interchanged not a single word. The master of the hunt, however, often saw and approved the great judgment of the stranger in drawing the dogs when they were at a fault, and hence conceived a very high opinion of his understanding, as the number of his attendants inspired no small reverence to his quality. As soon, therefore, as the sport was ended by the death of the little animal which had occasioned it, the two squires met, and in all squire-like greeting saluted each other.

The conversation was entertaining enough, and what we may perhaps relate in an appendix, or on some other occasion; but as it nowise concerns this history, we cannot prevail on ourselves to give it a place here. It concluded with a second chase, and that with an invitation to dinner. This being accepted, was followed by a hearty bout of drinking, which ended in as hearty a nap on the part of Squire Western.

Our squire was by no means a match either for his host, or for parson Supple, at his cups that evening; for which the violent fatigue of mind as well as body that he had undergone, may very well account, without the least derogation from his honour. He was indeed, according to the vulgar phrase, whistle drunk; for before he had swallowed the third bottle, he became so entirely overpowered, that though he was not carried off to bed till long after, the parson considered him as absent, and having acquainted the other squire with all relating to Sophia, he obtained his promise of seconding those arguments which he intended to urge the next morning for Mr. Western's return.

No sooner, therefore, had the good squire shaken off his evening, and began to call for his morning draught, and to summon his horses in order to renew his pursuit, than Mr. Supple began his dissuasives, which the host so strongly seconded, that they at length prevailed, and Mr. Western agreed to return home; being principally moved by one argument, viz., that he knew not which way to go, and might probably be riding farther from his daughter instead of towards her. He then took leave of his brother sportsman, and expressing great joy that the frost had broken (which might perhaps be no small motive to his hastening home), set forwards, or rather backwards, for Somersetshire; but not before he had first despatched part of his retinue in quest of his daughter, after whom he likewise sent a volley of the most bitter execrations which he could invent.

CHAPTER III.

The departure of Jones from Upton, with what passed between him and Partridge on the road.

AT length we are once more come to our hero; and, to say truth, we have been obliged to part with him so long, that, considering the condition in which we left him, I apprehend many of our readers have concluded we intended to abandon him for ever; he being at present in that situation in which prudent people usually desist from inquiring any farther after their friends, lest they should be shocked by hearing such friends had hanged themselves.

But, in reality, if we have not all the virtues, I will boldly say, neither have we all the vices of a prudent character; and though it is not easy to conceive circumstances much more miserable than those of poor Jones at present, we shall return to him, and attend upon him with the same diligence as if he was wantoning in the brightest beams of fortune.

Mr. Jones, then, and his companion Partridge, left the inn a few minutes after the departure of Squire Western, and pursued the same road on foot, for the hostler told them, that no horses were by any means at that time to be procured at Upton. On they marched with heavy hearts; for though their disquiet proceeded from very different reasons, yet displeased they were both; and if Jones sighed bitterly, Partridge grunted altogether as sadly at every step.

When they came to the cross-roads where the squire had stopped to take counsel, Jones stopped

likewise, and turning to Partridge, asked his opinion which track they should pursue. "Ah, sir," answered Partridge, "I wish your honour would follow my advice." "Why should I not?" replied Jones; "for it is now indifferent to me whither I go, or what becomes of me." "My advice, then," said Partridge, "is, that you immediately face about and return home; for who that hath such a home to return to as your honour, would travel thus about the country like a vagabond? I ask pardon, *sed vox ea sola reperta est.*"

"Alas!" cries Jones, "I have no home to return to;—but if my friend, my father, would receive me, could I bear the country from which Sophia is flown? Cruel Sophia! Cruel! No; let me blame myself!—No; let me blame thee. D—nation seize thee—fool—blockhead! thou hast undone me, and I will tear thy soul from thy body."—At which words he laid violent hands on the collar of poor Partridge, and shook him more heartily than an ague-fit, or his own fears had ever done before.

Partridge fell trembling on his knees, and begged for mercy, vowing he had meant no harm—when Jones, after staring wildly on him for a moment, quitted his hold, and discharged a rage on himself, that, had it fallen on the other, would certainly have put an end to his being, which indeed the very apprehension of it had almost effected.

We would bestow some pains here in minutely describing all the mad pranks which Jones played on this occasion, could we be well assured that the reader would take the same pains in perusing them; but as we are apprehensive that, after all the labour which we should employ in painting this scene, the said reader would be very apt to skip it entirely over, we have saved ourselves that trouble. To say the truth, we have, from this reason alone, often done great violence to the luxuriance of our genius, and have left many excellent descriptions out of our work, which would otherwise have been in it. And this suspicion, to be honest, arises, as is generally the case, from our own wicked heart; for we have, ourselves, been very often most horridly given to jumping, as we have run through the pages of voluminous historians.

Suffice it then simply to say, that Jones, after having played the part of a madman for many minutes, came, by degrees, to himself; which no sooner happened, than, turning to Partridge, he very earnestly begged his pardon for the attack he had made on him in the violence of his passion; but concluded, by desiring him never to mention his return again; for he was resolved never to see that country any more.

Partridge easily forgave, and faithfully promised to obey the injunction now laid upon him. And then Jones very briskly cried out, "Since it is absolutely impossible for me to pursue any farther the steps of my angel—I will pursue those of glory. Come on, my brave lad, now for the army:—it is a glorious cause, and I would willingly sacrifice my life in it, even though it was worth my preserving." And so saying, he immediately struck into the different road from that which the squire had taken, and, by mere chance, pursued the very same through which Sophia had before passed.

Our travellers now marched a full mile, without speaking a syllable to each other, though Jones, indeed, muttered many things to himself. As to Partridge he was profoundly silent; for he was not, perhaps, perfectly recovered from his former fright; besides, he had apprehensions of provoking his friend to a second fit of wrath, especially as he now began to entertain a conceit, which may not, per-

haps, create any great wonder in the reader. In short, he began now to suspect that Jones was absolutely out of his senses.

At length, Jones, being weary of soliloquy, addressed himself to his companion, and blamed him for his taciturnity; for which the poor man very honestly accounted, from his fear of giving offence. And now this fear being pretty well removed, by the most absolute promises of indemnity, Partridge again took the bridle from his tongue; which, perhaps, rejoiced no less at regaining its liberty than a young colt, when the bridle is slipped from his neck, and he is turned loose into the pastures.

As Partridge was inhibited from that topic which would have first suggested itself, he fell upon that which was next uppermost in his mind, namely, the Man of the Hill. "Certainly, sir," says he, "that could never be a man, who dresses himself and lives after such a strange manner, and so unlike other folks. Besides, his diet, as the old woman told me, is chiefly upon herbs, which is a fitter food for a horse than a christian: nay, landlord at Upton says that the neighbours thereabouts have very fearful notions about him. It runs strangely in my head that it must have been some spirit, who, perhaps, might be sent to forewarn us: and who knows but all that matter which he told us, of his going to fight, and of his being taken prisoner, and of the great danger he was in of being hanged, might be intended as a warning to us, considering what we were going about? besides, I dreamt of nothing all last night but of fighting; and methought the blood ran out of my nose, as liquor out of a tap. Indeed, sir, *infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem*."

"Thy story, Partridge," answered Jones, "is almost as ill applied as thy Latin. Nothing can be more likely to happen than death to men who go into battle. Perhaps we shall both fall in it,—and what then?" "What then!" replied Partridge; "Why then there is an end of us, is there not? when I am gone, all is over with me. What matters the cause to me, or who gets the victory, if I am killed? I shall never enjoy any advantage from it. What are all the ringing of bells, and bonfires, to one that is six foot under ground? there will be an end of poor Partridge." "And an end of poor Partridge," cries Jones, "there must be, one time or other. If you love Latin, I will repeat you some fine lines out of Horace, which would inspire courage in a coward.

*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori
Mors et fugacem persequitur virum
Nec parcat inbellis juvenæ
Poplitibus, timidoque tergo."*

"I wish you would construe them," cries Partridge; "for Horace is a hard author, and I cannot understand as you repeat them."

"I will repeat you a bad imitation, or rather paraphrase, of my own," said Jones; "for I am but an indifferent poet:

"Who would not die in his dear country's cause?
Since, if base fear his dastard step withdraws,
From death he cannot fly:—One common grave
Receives, at last, the coward and the brave."

"That's very certain," cries Partridge. "Ay, sure, *Mors omnibus communis*: but there is a great difference between dying in one's bed a great many years hence, like a good christian, with all our friends crying about us, and being shot to-day or to-morrow, like a mad dog; or, perhaps, hacked in twenty pieces with the sword, and that too before we have repented of all our sins. O Lord, have mercy upon us! to be sure the soldiers are a wicked kind of people. I never loved to have anything to

do with them. I could hardly bring myself ever to look upon them as christians. There is nothing but cursing and swearing among them. I wish your honour would repent: I heartily wish you would repent before it is too late; and not think of going among them.—Evil communication corrupts good manners. That is my principal reason. For as for that matter, I am no more afraid than another man, not I; as to matter of that. I know all human flesh must die; but yet a man may live many years for all that. Why, I am a middle-aged man now, and yet I may live a great number of years. I have read of several who have lived to be above a hundred, and some a great deal above a hundred. Not that I hope, I mean that I promise myself, to live to any such age as that, neither.—But if it be only to eighty or ninety. Heaven be praised, that is a great ways off yet; and I am not afraid of dying then, no more than another man; but, surely, to tempt death before a man's time is come seems to me downright wickedness and presumption. Besides, if it was to do any good indeed; but, let the cause be what it will, what mighty matter of good can two people do? and, for my part, I understand nothing of it. I never fired off a gun above ten times in my life; and then it was not charged with bullets. And for the sword, I never learned to fence, and know nothing of the matter. And then there are those cannons, which certainly it must be thought the highest presumption to go in the way of; and nobody but a madman—I ask pardon; upon my soul I meant no harm; I beg I may not throw your honour into another passion."

"Be under no apprehensions, Partridge," cries Jones; "I am now so well convinced of thy cowardice, that thou couldst not provoke me on any account." "Your honour," answered he, "may call me coward, or anything else you please. If loving to sleep in a whole skin makes a man a coward, *non immunes ab illis malis sumus*. I never read in my grammar that a man can't be a good man without fighting. *Vir bonus est quis? Qui consulta patrum, qui leges juraque servat*. Not a word of fighting; and I am sure the scripture is so much against it, that a man shall never persuade me he is a good christian, while he sheds christian blood."

CHAPTER IV.

The adventure of a beggarman.

Just as Partridge had uttered that good and pious doctrine, with which the last chapter concluded, they arrived at another cross-way, when a lame fellow in rags asked them for alms; upon which Partridge gave him a severe rebuke, saying, "Every parish ought to keep their own poor." Jones then fell a laughing, and asked Partridge, "if he was not ashamed, with so much charity in his mouth, to have no charity in his heart. Your religion," says he, "serves you only for an excuse for your faults, but is no incentive to your virtue. Can any man who is really a christian abstain from relieving one of his brethren in such a miserable condition?" And at the same time, putting his hand in his pocket, he gave the poor object a shilling.

"Master," cries the fellow, after thanking him, "I have a curious thing here in my pocket, which I found about two miles off, if your worship will please to buy it. I should not venture to pull it out to every one; but, as you are so good a gentleman, and so kind to the poor, you won't suspect a man of being a thief only because he is poor." He then pulled out a little gilt pocket-book, and delivered it into the hands of Jones.

Jones presently opened it, and (guess, reader, what he felt?) saw in the first page the words *Sophia Western*, written by her own fair hand. He no sooner read the name than he pressed it close to his lips; nor could he avoid falling into some very frantic raptures, notwithstanding his company; but, perhaps, these very raptures made him forget he was not alone.

While Jones was kissing and mumbling the book, as if he had an excellent brown buttered crust in his mouth, or as if he had really been a book-worm, or an author who had nothing to eat but his own works, a piece of paper fell from its leaves to the ground, which Partridge took up, and delivered to Jones, who presently perceived it to be a bank-bill. It was, indeed, the very bill which Western had given his daughter the night before her departure; and a Jew would have jumped to purchase it at five shillings less than 100*l*.

The eyes of Partridge sparkled at this news, which Jones now proclaimed aloud; and so did (though with somewhat a different aspect) those of the poor fellow who had found the book; and who (I hope from a principle of honesty) had never opened it: but we should not deal honestly by the reader if we omitted to inform him of a circumstance which may be here a little material, viz. that the fellow could not read.

Jones, who had felt nothing but pure joy and transport from the finding the book, was affected with a mixture of concern at this new discovery; for his imagination instantly suggested to him that the owner of the bill might possibly want it before he should be able to convey it to her. He then acquainted the finder that he knew the lady to whom the book belonged, and would endeavour to find her out as soon as possible, and return it her.

The pocket-book was a late present from Mrs. Western to her niece; it had cost five-and-twenty shillings, having been bought of a celebrated toyman; but the real value of the silver which it contained in its clasp was about eighteen-pence; and that price the said toyman, as it was altogether as good as when it first issued from his shop, would now have given for it. A prudent person would, however, have taken proper advantage of the ignorance of this fellow, and would not have offered more than a shilling, or perhaps sixpence, for it; nay, some perhaps would have given nothing, and left the fellow to his action of trover, which some learned serjeants may doubt whether he could, under these circumstances, have maintained.

Jones, on the contrary, whose character was on the outside of generosity, and may perhaps not very unjustly have been suspected of extravagance, without any hesitation gave a guinea in exchange for the book. The poor man, who had not for a long time before been possessed of so much treasure, gave Mr. Jones a thousand thanks, and discovered little less of transport in his muscles than Jones had before shown when he had first read the name of *Sophia Western*.

The fellow very readily agreed to attend our travellers to the place where he had found the pocket-book. Together, therefore, they proceeded directly thither; but not so fast as Mr. Jones desired; for his guide unfortunately happened to be lame, and could not possibly travel faster than a mile an hour. As this place, therefore, was at above three miles distance, though the fellow had said otherwise, the reader need not be acquainted how long they were in walking it.

Jones opened the book a hundred times during their walk, kissed it as often, talked much to him-

self, and very little to his companions. At all which the guide expressed some signs of astonishment to Partridge; who, more than once shook his head, and cried, poor gentleman! *orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano*.

At length they arrived at the very spot where *Sophia* unhappily dropped the pocket-book, and where the fellow had as happily found it. Here Jones offered to take leave of his guide, and to improve his pace; but the fellow, in whom that violent surprise and joy which the first receipt of the guinea had occasioned, was now considerably abated, and who had now had sufficient time to recollect himself, put on a discontented look, and, scratching his head, said, "He hoped his worship would give him something more. Your worship," said he, "will, I hope, take it into your consideration that if I had not been honest I might have kept the whole." And, indeed, this the reader must confess to have been true. "If the paper there," said he, "be worth 100*l*., I am sure the finding it deserves more than a guinea. Besides, suppose your worship should never see the lady, nor give it her—and, though your worship looks and talks very much like a gentleman, yet I have only your worship's bare word; and, certainly, if the right owner been't to be found, it all belongs to the first finder. I hope your worship will consider of all these matters: I am but a poor man, and therefore don't desire to have all; but it is but reasonable I should have my share. Your worship looks like a good man, and, I hope, will consider my honesty; for I might have kept every farthing, and nobody ever the wiser." "I promise thee, upon my honour," cries Jones, "that I know the right owner, and will restore it her." "Nay, your worship," answered the fellow, "may do as you please as to that; if you will but give me my share, that is, one-half of the money, your honour may keep the rest yourself if you please;" and concluded with swearing, by a very vehement oath, "that he would never mention a syllable of it to any man living."

"Lookee, friend," cries Jones, "the right owner shall certainly have again all that she lost; and as for any farther gratuity, I really cannot give it you at present; but let me know your name, and where you live, and it is more than possible you may hereafter have further reason to rejoice at this morning's adventure."

"I don't know what you mean by venture," cries the fellow; "it seems, I must venture whether you will return the lady her money or no; but I hope your worship will consider—" "Come, come," said Partridge, "tell his honour your name, and where you may be found; I warrant you will never repent having put the money into his hands." The fellow, seeing no hopes of recovering the possession of the pocket-book, at last complied in giving in his name and place of abode, which Jones writ upon a piece of paper with the pencil of *Sophia*; and then, placing the paper in the same page where she had writ her name, he cried out, "There, friend, you are the happiest man alive; I have joined your name to that of an angel." "I don't know anything about angels," answered the fellow; "but I wish you would give me a little more money, or else return me the pocket-book." Partridge now waxed wrath: he called the poor cripple by several vile and opprobrious names, and was absolutely proceeding to beat him, but Jones would not suffer any such thing: and now, telling the fellow he would certainly find some opportunity of serving him, Mr. Jones departed as fast as his heels would carry him; and Partridge,

into whom the thoughts of the hundred pound had infused new spirits, followed his leader; while the man, who was obliged to stay behind, fell to cursing them both, as well as his parents; "for had they," says he, "sent me to charity-school to learn to write and read and cast accounts, I should have known the value of these matters as well as other people."

CHAPTER V.

Containing more adventures which Mr. Jones and his companion met on the road.

OUR travellers now walked so fast, that they had very little time or breath for conversation; Jones meditating all the way on Sophia, and Partridge on the bank-bill, which, though it gave him some pleasure, caused him at the same time to repine at fortune, which, in all his walks, had never given him such an opportunity of showing his honesty. They had proceeded above three miles, when Partridge, being unable any longer to keep up with Jones, called to him, and begged him a little to slacken his pace: with this he was the more ready to comply, as he had for some time lost the footsteps of the horses, which the thaw had enabled him to trace for several miles, and he was now upon a wide common, where were several roads.

He here therefore stopped to consider which of these roads he should pursue; when on a sudden they heard the noise of a drum, that seemed at no great distance. This sound presently alarmed the fears of Partridge, and he cried out, "Lord have mercy upon us all; they are certainly a coming!" "Who is coming?" cries Jones; for fear had long since given place to softer ideas in his mind; and since his adventure with the lame man, he had been totally intent on pursuing Sophia, without entertaining one thought of an enemy. "Who?" cries Partridge, "why the rebels: but why should I call them rebels? they may be very honest gentlemen, for anything I know to the contrary. The devil take him that affronts them, I say; I am sure, if they have nothing to say to me, I will have nothing to say to them, but in a civil way. For Heaven's sake, sir, don't affront them if they should come, and perhaps they may do us no harm; but would it not be the wiser way to creep into some of yonder bushes, till they are gone by? What can two unarmed men do perhaps against fifty thousand? Certainly nobody but a madman; I hope your honour is not offended; but certainly no man who hath *mens sana in corpore sano* ——" Here Jones interrupted this torrent of eloquence, which fear had inspired, saying, "That by the drum he perceived they were near some town." He then made directly towards the place whence the noise proceeded, bidding Partridge "take courage, for that he would lead him into no danger;" and adding, "it was impossible the rebels should be so near."

Partridge was a little comforted with this last assurance; and though he would more gladly have gone the contrary way, he followed his leader, his heart beating time, but not after the manner of heroes, to the music of the drum, which ceased not till they had traversed the common, and were come into a narrow lane.

And now Partridge, who kept even pace with Jones, discovered something painted flying in the air, a very few yards before him, which fancying to be the colours of the enemy, he fell a bellowing, "O Lord, sir, here they are! there is the crown and coffin. Oh Lord! I never saw anything so terrible; and we are within gun-shot of them already."

Jones no sooner looked up, than he plainly perceived what it was which Partridge had thus mis-

taken. "Partridge," says he, "I fancy you will be able to engage this whole army yourself; for by the colours I guess what the drum was which we heard before, and which beats up for recruits to a puppet-show."

"A puppet-show!" answered Partridge, with most eager transport. "And is it really no more than that? I love a puppet-show of all the pastimes upon earth. Do, good sir, let us tarry and see it. Besides, I am quite famished to death; for it is now almost dark, and I have not eat a morsel since three o'clock in the morning."

They now arrived at an inn, or indeed an ale-house, where Jones was prevailed upon to stop, the rather as he had no longer any assurance of being in the road he desired. They walked both directly into the kitchen, where Jones began to inquire if no ladies had passed that way in the morning, and Partridge as eagerly examined into the state of their provisions; and indeed his inquiry met with the better success; for Jones could not hear news of Sophia; but Partridge, to his great satisfaction, found good reason to expect very shortly the agreeable sight of an excellent smoking dish of eggs and bacon.

In strong and healthy constitutions love hath a very different effect from what it causes in the puny part of the species. In the latter it generally destroys all that appetite which tends towards the conservation of the individual; but in the former, though it often induces forgetfulness, and a neglect of food, as well as of everything else; yet place a good piece of well-powdered buttock before a hungry lover, and he seldom fails very handsomely to play his part. Thus it happened in the present case; for though Jones perhaps wanted a prompter, and might have travelled much farther, had he been alone, with an empty stomach; yet no sooner did he sit down to the bacon and eggs, than he fell to as heartily and voraciously as Partridge himself.

Before our travellers had finished their dinner, night came on, and as the moon was now past the full, it was extremely dark. Partridge therefore prevailed on Jones to stay and see the puppet-show, which was just going to begin, and to which they were very eagerly invited by the master of the said show, who declared that his figures were the finest which the world had ever produced, and that they had given great satisfaction to all the quality in every town in England.

The puppet-show was performed with great regularity and decency. It was called the fine and serious part of the Provoked Husband; and it was indeed a very grave and solemn entertainment, without any low wit or humour, or jests; or, to do it no more than justice, without anything which could provoke a laugh. The audience were all highly pleased. A grave matron told the master she would bring her two daughters the next night, as he did not show any stuff; and an attorney's clerk and an exciseman both declared, that the characters of lord and lady Townley were well preserved, and highly in nature. Partridge likewise concurred with this opinion.

The master was so highly elated with these encomiums, that he could not refrain from adding some more of his own. He said, "The present age was not improved in anything so much as in their puppet-shows; which, by throwing out Punch and his wife Joan, and such idle trumpery, were at last brought to be a rational entertainment. I remember," said he, "when I first took to the business, there was a great deal of low stuff that did very well to make folks laugh; but was never calculated to

improve the morals of young people, which certainly ought to be principally aimed at in every puppet-show: for why may not good and instructive lessons be conveyed this way, as well as any other? My figures are as big as the life, and they represent the life in every particular; and I question not but people rise from my little drama as much improved as they do from the great." "I would by no means degrade the ingenuity of your profession," answered Jones, "but I should have been glad to have seen my old acquaintance master Punch, for all that; and so far from improving, I think, by leaving out him and his merry wife Joan, you have spoiled your puppet-show."

The dancer of wires conceived an immediate and high contempt for Jones, from these words. And with much disdain in his countenance, he replied, "Very probably, sir, that may be your opinion; but I have the satisfaction to know the best judges differ from you, and it is impossible to please every taste. I confess, indeed, some of the quality at Bath, two or three years ago, wanted mightily to bring Punch again upon the stage. I believe I lost some money for not agreeing to it; but let others do as they will; a little matter shall never bribe me to degrade my own profession, nor will I ever willingly consent to the spoiling the decency and regularity of my stage, by introducing any such low stuff upon it."

"Right, friend," cries the clerk, "you are very right. Always avoid what is low. There are several of my acquaintance in London, who are resolved to drive everything which is low from the stage." "Nothing can be more proper," cries the exciseman, pulling his pipe from his mouth. "I remember," added he, "(for I then lived with my lord) I was in the footman's gallery, the night when this play of the Provoked Husband was acted first. There was a great deal of low stuff in it about a country gentleman come up to town to stand for parliament-man; and there they brought a parcel of his servants upon the stage, his coachman I remember particularly; but the gentlemen in our gallery could not bear anything so low, and they damned it. I observe, friend, you have left all that matter out, and you are to be commended for it."

"Nay, gentlemen," cries Jones, "I can never maintain my opinion against so many; indeed, if the generality of his audience dislike him, the learned gentleman who conducts the show may have done very right in dismissing Punch from his service."

The master of the show then began a second harangue, and said much of the great force of example, and how much the inferior part of mankind would be deterred from vice, by observing how odious it was in their superiors; when he was unluckily interrupted by an incident, which, though perhaps we might have omitted it at another time, we cannot help relating at present, but not in this chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

From which it may be inferred that the best things are liable to be misunderstood and misinterpreted.

A VIOLENT uproar now arose in the entry, where my landlady was well cuffing her maid both with her fist and tongue. She had indeed missed the wench from her employment, and, after a little search, had found her on the puppet-show stage in company with the Merry Andrew, and in a situation not very proper to be described.

Though Grace (for that was her name) had forfeited all title to modesty; yet had she not impudence enough to deny a fact in which she was actually surprised; she, therefore, took another turn, and attempted to mitigate the offence. "Why

do you beat me in this manner, mistress?" cries the wench. "If you don't like my doings, you may turn me away. If I am a w—e" (for the other lady had liberally bestowed that appellation on her) "my betters are so as well as I. What was the fine lady in the puppet-show just now? I suppose she did not lie all night out from her husband for nothing."

The landlady now burst into the kitchen, and fell foul on both her husband and the poor puppet-mover. "Here, husband," says she, "you see the consequence of harbouring these people in your house. If one doth draw a little drink the more for them, one is hardly made amends for the litter they make; and then to have one's house made a bawdyhouse of by such lousy vermin. In short, I desire you would be gone to-morrow morning; for I will tolerate no more such doings. It is only the way to teach our servants idleness and nonsense; for to be sure nothing better can be learned by such idle shows as these. I remember when puppet-shows were made of good scripture stories, as Jephthah's Rash Vow, and such good things, and when wicked people were carried away by the devil. There was some sense in those matters; but as the parson told us last Sunday, nobody believes in the devil now-a-days; and here you bring about a parcel of puppets dressed up like lords and ladies, only to turn the heads of poor country wenches; and when their heads are once turned topsy-turvy, no wonder everything else is so."

Virgil, I think, tells us, that when the mob are assembled in a riotous and tumultuous manner, and all sorts of missile weapons fly about, if a man of gravity and authority appears amongst them, the tumult is presently appeased, and the mob, which when collected into one body, may be well compared to an ass, erect their long ears at the grave man's discourse.

On the contrary, when a set of grave men and philosophers are disputing; when wisdom herself may in a manner be considered as present, and administering arguments to the disputants; should a tumult arise among the mob, or should one scold, who is herself equal in noise to a mighty mob, appear among the said philosophers; their disputes cease in a moment, wisdom no longer performs her ministerial office, and the attention of every one is immediately attracted by the scold alone.

Thus the uproar aforesaid, and the arrival of the landlady, silenced the master of the puppet-show, and put a speedy and final end to that grave and solemn harangue, of which we have given the reader a sufficient taste already. Nothing indeed could have happened so very inopportune as this accident; the most wanton malice of fortune could not have contrived such another stratagem to confound the poor fellow, while he was so triumphantly descanting on the good morals inculcated by his exhibitions. His mouth was now as effectually stopped, as that of a quack must be, if, in the midst of a declamation on the great virtues of his pills and powders, the corpse of one of his martyrs should be brought forth, and deposited before the stage, as a testimony of his skill.

Instead, therefore, of answering my landlady, the puppet-show man ran out to punish his Merry-Andrew; and now the moon beginning to put forth her silver light, as the poets call it (though she looked at that time more like a piece of copper), Jones called for his reckoning, and ordered Partridge, whom my landlady had just awaked from a profound nap, to prepare for his journey; but Partridge, having lately carried two points, as my reader hath seen before, was emboldened to at-

tempt a third, which was to prevail with Jones to take up a lodging that evening in the house where he then was. He introduced this with an affected surprise at the intention which Mr. Jones declared of removing; and, after urging many excellent arguments against it, he at last insisted strongly that it could be to no manner of purpose whatever; for that, unless Jones knew which way the lady was gone, every step he took might very possibly lead him the farther from her; "for you find, sir," said he, "by all the people in the house, that she is not gone this way. How much better, therefore, would it be to stay till the morning, when we may expect to meet with somebody to inquire of?"

This last argument had indeed some effect on Jones, and while he was weighing it the landlord threw all the rhetoric of which he was master into the same scale. "Sure, sir," said he, "your servant gives you most excellent advice; for who would travel by night at this time of the year?" He then began in the usual style to trumpet forth the excellent accommodation which his house afforded; and my landlady likewise opened on the occasion—But, not to detain the reader with what is common to every host and hostess, it is sufficient to tell him Jones was at last prevailed on to stay and refresh himself with a few hours' rest, which indeed he very much wanted; for he had hardly shut his eyes since he had left the inn where the accident of the broken head had happened.

As soon as Jones had taken a resolution to proceed no farther that night, he presently retired to rest, with his two bedfellows, the pocket-book and the muff; but Partridge, who at several times had refreshed himself with several naps, was more inclined to eating than to sleeping, and more to drinking than to either.

And now the storm which Grace had raised being at an end, and my landlady being again reconciled to the puppet-man, who on his side forgave the indecent reflections which the good woman in her passion had cast on his performances, a face of perfect peace and tranquillity reigned in the kitchen; where sat assembled round the fire the landlord and landlady of the house, the master of the puppet-show, the attorney's clerk, the exciseman, and the ingenious Mr. Partridge; in which company passed the agreeable conversation which will be found in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

Containing a remark or two of our own, and many more of the good company assembled in the kitchen.

THOUGH the pride of Partridge did not submit to acknowledge himself a servant, yet he condescended in most particulars to imitate the manners of that rank. One instance of this was, his greatly magnifying the fortune of his companion, as he called Jones: such is a general custom with all servants among strangers, as none of them would willingly be thought the attendant on a beggar: for, the higher the situation of the master is, the higher consequently is that of the man in his own opinion; the truth of which observation appears from the behaviour of all the footmen of the nobility.

But, though title and fortune communicate a splendour all around them, and the footmen of men of quality and of estate think themselves entitled to a part of that respect which is paid to the quality and estates of their masters, it is clearly otherwise with regard to virtue and understanding. These advantages are strictly personal, and swallow themselves all the respect which is paid to them.

To say the truth, this is so very little, that they cannot well afford to let any others partake with them. As these therefore reflect no honour on the domestic, so neither is he at all dishonoured by the most deplorable want of both in his master. Indeed it is otherwise in the want of what is called virtue in a mistress, the consequence of which we have before seen: for in this dishonour there is a kind of contagion, which, like that of poverty, communicates itself to all who approach it.

Now for these reasons we are not to wonder that servants (I mean among the men only) should have so great regard for the reputation of the wealth of their masters, and little or none at all for their character in other points, and that, though they would be ashamed to be the footman of a beggar, they are not so to attend upon a rogue or a blockhead; and do consequently make no scruple to spread the fame of the iniquities and follies of their said masters as far as possible, and this often with great humour and merriment. In reality, a footman is often a wit as well as a beau, at the expense of the gentleman whose livery he wears.

After Partridge, therefore, had enlarged greatly on the vast fortune to which Mr. Jones was heir, he very freely communicated an apprehension, which he had begun to conceive the day before, and for which, as we hinted at that very time, the behaviour of Jones seemed to have furnished a sufficient foundation. In short, he was now well confirmed in an opinion that his master was out of his wits, with which opinion he very bluntly acquainted the good company round the fire.

With this sentiment the puppet-show man immediately coincided. "I own," said he, "the gentleman surprised me very much, when he talked so absurdly about puppet-shows. It is indeed hardly to be conceived that any man in his senses should be so much mistaken; what you say now accounts very well for all his monstrous notions. Poor gentleman! I am heartily concerned for him; indeed he hath a strange wildness about his eyes, which I took notice of before, though I did not mention it."

The landlord agreed with this last assertion, and likewise claimed the sagacity of having observed it. "And certainly," added he, "it must be so; for no one but a madman would have thought of leaving so good a house to ramble about the country at that time of night."

The exciseman, pulling his pipe from his mouth, said, "He thought the gentleman looked and talked a little wildly;" and then turning to Partridge, "if he be a madman," says he, "he should not be suffered to travel thus about the country; for possibly he may do some mischief. It is pity he was not secured and sent home to his relations."

Now some conceits of this kind were likewise lurking in the mind of Partridge; for, as he was now persuaded that Jones had run away from Mr. Allworthy, he promised himself the highest rewards if he could by any means convey him back. But fear of Jones, of whose fierceness and strength he had seen, and indeed felt, some instances, had however represented any such scheme as impossible to be executed, and had discouraged him from applying himself to form any regular plan for the purpose. But no sooner did he hear the sentiments of the exciseman than he embraced that opportunity of declaring his own, and expressed a hearty wish that such a matter could be brought about.

"Could be brought about!" says the exciseman; "why there is nothing easier."

"Ah! sir," answered Partridge! "you don't

know what a devil of a fellow he is. He can take me up with one hand, and throw me out at a window; and he would, too, if he did but imagine—"

"Pogh!" says the exciseman, "I believe I am as good a man as he. Besides, here are five of us."

"I don't know what five," cries the landlady, "my husband shall have nothing to do in it. Nor shall any violent hands be laid upon anybody in my house. The young gentleman is as pretty a young gentleman as ever I saw in my life, and I believe he is no more mad than any of us. What do you tell of his having a wild look with his eyes? they are the prettiest eyes I ever saw, and he hath the prettiest look with them; and a very modest civil young man he is. I am sure I have bepitied him heartily ever since the gentleman there in the corner told us he was crossed in love. Certainly that is enough to make any man, especially such a sweet young gentleman as he is, to look a little otherwise than he did before. Lady, indeed! what the devil would the lady have better than such a handsome man with a great estate? I suppose she is one of your quality folks, one of your Townly ladies that we saw last night in the puppet-show, who don't know what they would be at."

The attorney's clerk likewise declared he would have no concern in the business without the advice of counsel. "Suppose," says he, "an action of false imprisonment should be brought against us, what defence could we make? Who knows what may be sufficient evidence of madness to a jury? But I only speak upon my own account; for it don't look well for a lawyer to be concerned in these matters, unless it be as a lawyer. Juries are always less favourable to us than to other people. I don't therefore dissuade you, Mr. Thomson (to the exciseman), nor the gentleman, nor anybody else."

The exciseman shook his head at this speech, and the puppet-show man said, "Madness was sometimes a difficult matter for a jury to decide: for I remember," says he, "I was once present at a trial of madness, where twenty witnessess swore that the person was as mad as a March hare; and twenty others, that he was as much in his senses as any man in England.—And indeed it was the opinion of most people, that it was only a trick of his relations to rob the poor man of his right."

"Very likely!" cries the landlady. "I myself knew a poor gentleman who was kept in a mad-house all his life by his family, and they enjoyed his estate, but it did them no good; for, though the law gave it them, it was the right of another."

"Pogh!" cries the clerk, with great contempt, "who hath any right but what the law gives them? If the law gave me the best estate in the country, I should never trouble myself much who had the right."

"If it be so," says Partridge, "*Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.*"

My landlord, who had been called out by the arrival of a horseman at the gate, now returned into the kitchen, and with an affrighted countenance cried out, "What do you think, gentlemen? The rebels have given the duke the slip, and are got almost to London. It is certainly true, for a man on horseback just now told me so."

"I am glad of it with all my heart," cries Partridge; "then there will be no fighting in these parts."

"I am glad," cries the clerk, "for a better reason; for I would always have right take place."

"Ay, but," answered the landlord, "I have heard some people say this man hath no right."

"I will prove the contrary in a moment," cries the clerk; "if my father dies seized of a right; do

you mind me, seized of a right, I say; doth not that right descend to his son; and doth not one right descend as well as another?"

"But how can he have any right to make us papishes?" says the landlord.

"Never fear that," cries Partridge. "As to the matter of right, the gentleman there hath proved it as clear as the sun; and as to the matter of religion, it is quite out of the case. The papists themselves don't expect any such thing. A popish priest, whom I know very well, and who is a very honest man, told me upon his word and honour they had no such design."

"And another priest, of my acquaintance," said the landlady, "hath told me the same thing; but my husband is always so afraid of papishes. I know a great many papishes that are very honest sort of people, and spend their money very freely; and it is always a maxim with me, that one man's money is as good as another's."

"Very true, mistress," said the puppet-show man, "I don't care what religion comes; provided the Presbyterians are not uppermost; for they are enemies to puppet-shows."

"And so you would sacrifice your religion to your interest," cries the exciseman; "and are desirous to see popery brought in, are you?"

"Not I, truly," answered the other; "I hate popery as much as any man; but yet it is a comfort to one, that one should be able to live under it, which I could not do among Presbyterians. To be sure, every man values his livelihood first; that must be granted; and I warrant, if you would confess the truth, you are more afraid of losing your place than anything else; but never fear, friend, there will be an excise under another government as well as under this."

"Why, certainly," replied the exciseman, "I should be a very ill man if I did not honour the king, whose bread I eat. That is no more than natural, as a man may say: for what signifies it to me that there would be an excise-office under another government, since my friends would be out, and I could expect no better than to follow them? No, no, friend, I shall never be bubbled out of my religion in hopes only of keeping my place under another government; for I should certainly be no better, and very probably might be worse."

"Why, that is what I say," cries the landlord, "whenever folks say who knows what may happen? Odsooks! should not I be a blockhead to lend my money to I know not who, because mayhap he may return it again? I am sure it is safe in my own bureau, and there I will keep it."

The attorney's clerk had taken a great fancy to the sagacity of Partridge. Whether this proceeded from the great discernment which the former had into men, as well as things, or whether it arose from the sympathy between their minds; for they were both truly Jacobites in principle; they now shook hands heartily, and drank bumpers of strong beer to healths which we think proper to bury in oblivion.

These healths were afterwards pledged by all present, and even by my landlord himself, though reluctantly; but he could not withstand the menaces of the clerk, who swore he would never set his foot within his house again, if he refused. The bumpers which were swallowed on this occasion soon put an end to the conversation. Here, therefore, we will put an end to the chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

In which Fortune seems to have been in a better humour with Jones than we have hitherto seen her.

As there is no wholesomer, so perhaps there are few stronger, sleeping potions than fatigue. Of this Jones might be said to have taken a very large dose, and it operated very forcibly upon him. He had already slept nine hours, and might perhaps have slept longer, had he not been awakened by a most violent noise at his chamber-door, where the sound of many heavy blows was accompanied with many exclamations of murder. Jones presently leaped from his bed, where he found the master of the puppet-show belabouring the back and ribs of his poor Merry-Andrew, without either mercy or moderation.

Jones instantly interposed on behalf of the suffering party, and pinned the insulting conqueror up to the wall: for the puppet-show man was no more able to contend with Jones than the poor party-coloured jester had been to contend with this puppet-man.

But though the Merry-Andrew was a little fellow, and not very strong, he had nevertheless some choler about him. He therefore no sooner found himself delivered from the enemy, than he began to attack him with the only weapon at which he was his equal. From this he first discharged a volley of general abusive words, and thence proceeded to some particular accusations — “D—n your bl—d, you rascal,” says he, “I have not only supported you (for to me you owe all the money you get), but I have saved you from the gallows. Did you not want to rob the lady of her fine riding-habit, no longer ago than yesterday, in the back-lane here? Can you deny that you wished to have her alone in a wood to strip her—to strip one of the prettiest ladies that ever was seen in the world? and here you have fallen upon me, and have almost murdered me, for doing no harm to a girl as willing as myself, only because she likes me better than you.”

Jones no sooner heard this than he quitted the master, laying on him at the same time the most violent injunctions of forbearance from any further insult on the Merry-Andrew; and then taking the poor wretch with him into his own apartment, he soon learned tidings of his Sophia, whom the fellow, as he was attending his master with his drum the day before, had seen pass by. He easily prevailed with the lad to show him the exact place, and then having summoned Partridge, he departed with the utmost expedition.

It was almost eight of the clock before all matters could be got ready for his departure: for Partridge was not in any haste, nor could the reckoning be presently adjusted; and when both these were settled and over, Jones would not quit the place before he had perfectly reconciled all differences between the master and the man.

When this was happily accomplished, he set forwards, and was by the trusty Merry-Andrew conducted to the spot by which Sophia had passed; and then having handsomely rewarded his conductor, he again pushed on with the utmost eagerness, being highly delighted with the extraordinary manner in which he received his intelligence. Of this Partridge was no sooner acquainted, than he, with great earnestness, began to prophesy, and assured Jones that he would certainly have good success in the end: for, he said, “two such accidents could never have happened to direct him after his mistress, if Providence had not designed to bring them together at last.” And this was the first time that Jones lent any attention to the superstitious doctrines of his companion.

They had not gone above two miles when a violent storm of rain overtook them; and, as they happened to be at the same time in sight of an ale-house, Partridge, with much earnest entreaty, prevailed with Jones to enter, and weather the storm. Hunger is an enemy (if indeed it may be called one) which partakes more of the English than of the French disposition; for, though you subdue this never so often, it will always rally again in time; and so it did with Partridge, who was no sooner arrived within the kitchen, than he began to ask the same questions which he had asked the night before. The consequence of this was an excellent cold chine being produced upon the table, upon which not only Partridge, but Jones himself, made a very hearty breakfast, though the latter began to grow again uneasy, as the people of the house could give him no fresh information concerning Sophia.

Their meal being over, Jones was again preparing to sally, notwithstanding the violence of the storm still continued; but Partridge begged heartily for another mug; and at last casting his eyes on a lad at the fire, who had entered into the kitchen, and who at that instant was looking as earnestly at him, he turned suddenly to Jones, and cried, “Master, give me your hand, a single mug shan’t serve the turn this bout. Why, here’s more news of madam Sophia come to town. The boy there standing by the fire is the very lad that rode before her. I can swear to my own plaster on his face.”—“Heavens bless you, sir,” cries the boy, “it is your plaster sure enough; I shall have always reason to remember your goodness; for it hath almost cured me.”

At these words Jones started from his chair, and, bidding the boy follow him immediately, departed from the kitchen into a private apartment; for, so delicate was he with regard to Sophia, that he never willingly mentioned her name in the presence of many people; and, though he had, as it were, from the overflowings of his heart, given Sophia as a toast among the officers, where he thought it was impossible she should be known; yet, even there, the reader may remember how difficultly he was prevailed upon to mention her surname.

Hard therefore was it, and perhaps, in the opinion of many sagacious readers, very absurd and monstrous, that he should principally owe his present misfortune to the supposed want of that delicacy with which he so abounded; for, in reality, Sophia was much more offended at the freedoms which she thought (and not without good reason) he had taken with her name and character, than at any freedoms, in which, under his present circumstances, he had indulged himself with the person of another woman; and to say truth, I believe Honour could never have prevailed on her to leave Upton without her seeing Jones, had it not been for those two strong instances of a levity in his behaviour, so void of respect, and indeed so highly inconsistent with any degree of love and tenderness in great and delicate minds.

But so matters fell out, and so I must relate them; and if any reader is shocked at their appearing unnatural, I cannot help it. I must remind such persons that I am not writing a system, but a history, and I am not obliged to reconcile every matter to the received notions concerning truth and nature. But if this was never so easy to do, perhaps it might be more prudent in me to avoid it. For instance, as the fact at present before us now stands, without any comment of mine upon it, though it may at first sight offend some readers, yet, upon more mature consideration, it must please all; for wise and good men may consider what happened to Jones at Upton as a just punishment for his wickedness

with regard to women, of which it was indeed the immediate consequence; and silly and bad persons may comfort themselves in their vices, by flattering their own hearts that the characters of men are rather owing to accident than to virtue. Now, perhaps the reflections which we should be here inclined to draw would alike contradict both these conclusions, and would show that these incidents contribute only to confirm the great, useful, and uncommon doctrine, which it is the purpose of this whole work to inculcate, and which we must not fill up our pages by frequently repeating, as an ordinary parson fills his sermon by repeating his text at the end of every paragraph.

We are contented that it must appear, however unhappily Sophia had erred in her opinion of Jones, she had sufficient reason for her opinion; since, I believe, every other young lady would, in her situation, have erred in the same manner. Nay, had she followed her lover at this very time, and had entered this very alehouse the moment he was departed from it, she would have found the landlord as well acquainted with her name and person as the wench at Upton had appeared to be. For while Jones was examining his boy in whispers in an inner room, Partridge, who had no such delicacy in his disposition, was in the kitchen very openly catechising the other guide who had attended Mrs. Fitzpatrick; by which means the landlord, whose ears were open on all such occasions, became perfectly well acquainted with the tumble of Sophia from her horse, &c., with the mistake concerning Jenny Cameron, with the many consequences of the punch, and, in short, with almost everything which had happened at the inn whence we despatched our ladies in a coach-and-six when we last took our leave of them.

CHAPTER IX.

Containing little more than a few old observations.

JONES had been absent a full half-hour, when he returned into the kitchen in a hurry, desiring the landlord to let him know that instant what was to pay. And now the concern which Partridge felt at being obliged to quit the warm chimney-corner, and a cup of excellent liquor, was somewhat compensated by hearing that he was to proceed no farther on foot, for Jones, by golden arguments, had prevailed with the boy to attend him back to the inn whither he had before conducted Sophia; but to this however the lad consented, upon condition that the other guide would wait for him at the alehouse; because, as the landlord at Upton was an intimate acquaintance of the landlord at Gloucester, it might some time or other come to the ears of the latter that his horses had been let to more than one person; and so the boy might be brought to account for money which he wisely intended to put in his own pocket.

We were obliged to mention this circumstance, trifling as it may seem, since it retarded Mr. Jones a considerable time in his setting out; for the honesty of this latter boy was somewhat high—that is, somewhat high-priced, and would indeed have cost Jones very dear, had not Partridge, who, as we have said, was a very cunning fellow, artfully thrown in half-a-crown to be spent at that very alehouse, while the boy was waiting for his companion. This half-crown the landlord no sooner got scent of, than he opened after it with such vehement and persuasive outcry, that the boy was soon overcome, and consented to take half-a-crown more for his stay. Here we cannot help observing, that as there is so much of

policy in the lowest life, great men often overvalue themselves on those refinements in imposture, in which they are frequently excelled by some of the lowest of the human species.

The horses being now produced, Jones directly leaped into the side-saddle, on which his dear Sophia had rid. The lad, indeed, very civilly offered him the use of his; but he chose the side-saddle, probably because it was softer. Partridge, however, though full as effeminate as Jones, could not bear the thoughts of degrading his manhood; he therefore accepted the boy's offer: and now, Jones being mounted on the side-saddle of his Sophia, the boy on that of Mrs. Honour, and Partridge bestriding the third horse, they set forwards on their journey, and within four hours arrived at the inn where the reader hath already spent so much time. Partridge was in very high spirits during the whole way, and often mentioned to Jones the many good omens of his future success which had lately befriended him; and which the reader, without being the least superstitious, must allow to have been peculiarly fortunate. Partridge was moreover better pleased with the present pursuit of his companion than he had been with his pursuit of glory; and from these very omens, which assured the pedagogue of success, he likewise first acquired a clear idea of the amour between Jones and Sophia; to which he had before given very little attention, as he had originally taken a wrong scent concerning the reasons of Jones's departure; and as to what happened at Upton, he was too much frightened just before and after his leaving that place to draw any other conclusions from thence than that poor Jones was a downright madman: a conceit which was not at all disagreeable to the opinion he before had of his extraordinary wildness, of which, he thought, his behaviour on their quitting Gloucester so well justified all the accounts he had formerly received. He was now, however, pretty well satisfied with his present expedition, and henceforth began to conceive much worthier sentiments of his friend's understanding.

The clock had just struck three when they arrived, and Jones immediately bespoke post-horses; but unluckily there was not a horse to be procured in the whole place; which the reader will not wonder at when he considers the hurry in which the whole nation, and especially this part of it, was at this time engaged, when expresses were passing and repassing every hour of the day and night.

Jones endeavoured all he could to prevail with his former guide to escort him to Coventry; but he was inexorable. While he was arguing with the boy in the inn-yard, a person came up to him, and saluting him by his name, inquired how all the good family did in Somersetshire; and now Jones casting his eyes upon this person, presently discovered him to be Mr. Dowling, the lawyer, with whom he had dined at Gloucester, and with much courtesy returned his salutation.

Dowling very earnestly pressed Mr. Jones to go no further that night; and backed his solicitations with many unanswerable arguments, such as, that it was almost dark, that the roads were very dirty, and that he would be able to travel much better by day-light, with many others equally good, some of which Jones had probably suggested to himself before; but as they were then ineffectual, so they were still: and he continued resolute in his design, even though he should be obliged to set out on foot.

When the good attorney found he could not prevail on Jones to stay, he as strenuously applied him-

self to persuade the guide to accompany him. He urged many motives to induce him to undertake this short journey, and at last concluded with saying, "Do you think the gentleman won't very well reward you for your trouble?"

Two to one are odds at every other thing as well as at foot-ball. But the advantage which this united force hath in persuasion or entreaty must have been visible to a curious observer; for he must have often seen, that when a father, a master, a wife, or any other person in authority, have stoutly adhered to a denial against all the reasons which a single man could produce, they have afterwards yielded to the repetition of the same sentiments by a second or third person, who hath undertaken the cause, without attempting to advance anything new in its behalf. And hence, perhaps, proceeds the phrase of seconding an argument or a motion, and the great consequence this is of in all assemblies of public debate. Hence, likewise, probably it is, that in our courts of law we often hear a learned gentleman (generally a serjeant) repeating for an hour together what another learned gentleman, who spoke just before him, had been saying.

Instead of accounting for this, we shall proceed in our usual manner to exemplify it in the conduct of the lad above mentioned, who submitted to the persuasions of Mr. Dowling, and promised once more to admit Jones into his side-saddle; but insisted on first giving the poor creatures a good bait, saying, they had travelled a great way, and been rid very hard. Indeed this caution of the boy was needless; for Jones, notwithstanding his hurry and impatience, would have ordered this of himself; for he by no means agreed with the opinion of those who consider animals as mere machines, and, when they bury their spurs in the belly of their horse, imagine the spur and the horse to have an equal capacity of feeling pain.

While the beasts were eating their corn, or rather were supposed to eat it (for, as the boy was taking care of himself in the kitchen, the hostler took great care that his corn should not be consumed in the stable), Mr. Jones, at the earnest desire of Mr. Dowling, accompanied that gentleman into his room, where they sat down together over a bottle of wine.

CHAPTER X.

In which Mr. Jones and Mr. Dowling drink a bottle together.

MR. DOWLING, pouring out a glass of wine, named the health of the good squire Allworthy; adding, "If you please, sir, we will likewise remember his nephew and heir, the young squire: Come, sir, here's Mr. Blifil to you, a very pretty young gentleman; and who, I dare swear, will hereafter make a very considerable figure in his country. I have a borough for him myself in my eye."

"Sir," answered Jones, "I am convinced you don't intend to affront me, so I shall not resent it; but I promise you, you have joined two persons very improperly together; for one is the glory of the human species, and the other is a rascal, who dishonours the name of man."

Dowling stared at this. He said, "He thought both the gentlemen had a very unexceptionable character. As for squire Allworthy himself," says he, "I never had the happiness to see him; but all the world talks of his goodness. And, indeed, as to the young gentleman, I never saw him but once, when I carried him the news of the loss of his mother; and then I was so hurried, and drove, and

tore with the multiplicity of business, that I had hardly time to converse with him; but he looked so like a very honest gentleman, and behaved himself so prettily, that I protest I never was more delighted with any gentleman since I was born."

"I don't wonder," answered Jones, "that he should impose upon you in so short an acquaintance; for he hath the cunning of the devil himself, and you may live with him many years without discovering him. I was bred up with him from my infancy, and we were hardly ever asunder; but it is very lately only, that I have discovered half the villany which is in him. I own I never greatly liked him. I thought he wanted that generosity of spirit, which is the sure foundation of all that is great and noble in human nature. I saw a selfishness in him long ago which I despised; but it is lately, very lately, that I have found him capable of the basest and blackest designs; for, indeed, I have at last found out, that he hath taken an advantage of the openness of my own temper, and hath concerted the deepest project, by a long train of wicked artifice, to work my ruin, which at last he hath effected."

"Ay! ay!" cries Dowling; "I protest, then, it is a pity such a person should inherit the great estate of your uncle Allworthy."

"Alas, sir," cries Jones, "you do me an honour to which I have no title. It is true, indeed, his goodness once allowed me the liberty of calling him by a much nearer name; but as this was only a voluntary act of goodness, I can complain of no injustice when he thinks proper to deprive me of this honour; since the loss cannot be more unmerited than the gift originally was. I assure you, sir, I am no relation of Mr. Allworthy; and if the world, who are incapable of setting a true value on his virtue, should think, in his behaviour to me, he hath dealt hardly by a relation, they do an injustice to the best of men: for I—but I ask your pardon, I shall trouble you with no particulars relating to myself; only as you seemed to think me a relation of Mr. Allworthy, I thought proper to set you right in a matter that might draw some censures upon him, which I promise you I would rather lose my life than give occasion to."

"I protest, sir," says Dowling, "you talk very much like a man of honour; but instead of giving me any trouble, I protest it would give me great pleasure to know how you came to be thought a relation of Mr. Allworthy's, if you are not. Your horses won't be ready this half-hour, and as you have sufficient opportunity, I wish you would tell me how all that happened; for I protest it seems very surprising that you should pass for a relation of a gentleman, without being so."

Jones, who in the compliance of his disposition (though not in his prudence) a little resembled his lovely Sophia, was easily prevailed on to satisfy Mr. Dowling's curiosity, by relating the history of his birth and education, which he did, like Othello,

Even from his boyish years,

To th' very moment he was bade to tell:

the which to hear, Dowling, like Desdemona, did seriously incline;

He swore 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wonderous pitiful.

Mr. Dowling was indeed very greatly affected with this relation; for he had not divested himself of humanity by being an attorney. Indeed, nothing is more unjust than to carry our prejudices against a profession into private life, and to borrow our idea of a man from our opinion of his calling. Habit, it is true, lessens the horror of those actions which the profession makes necessary, and consequently

habitual; but in all other instances, Nature works in men of all professions alike; nay, perhaps, even more strongly with those who give her, as it were, a holiday, when they are following their ordinary business. A butcher, I make no doubt, would feel compunction at the slaughter of a fine horse; and though a surgeon can feel no pain in cutting off a limb, I have known him compassionate a man in a fit of the gout. The common hangman, who hath stretched the necks of hundreds, is known to have trembled at his first operation on a head: and the very professors of human blood-shedding, who, in their trade of war, butcher thousands, not only of their fellow professors, but often of women and children, without remorse; even these, I say, in times of peace, when drums and trumpets are laid aside, often lay aside all their ferocity, and become very gentle members of civil society. In the same manner an attorney may feel all the miseries and distresses of his fellow-creatures, provided he happens not to be concerned against them.

Jones, as the reader knows, was yet unacquainted with the very black colours in which he had been represented to Mr. Allworthy; and as to other matters he did not show them in the most disadvantageous light; for though he was unwilling to cast any blame on his former friend and patron; yet he was not very desirous of heaping too much upon himself. Dowling therefore observed, and not without reason, that very ill offices must have been done him by somebody: "For certainly," cries he, "the squire would never have disinherited you only for a few faults, which any young gentleman might have committed. Indeed, I cannot properly say disinherited: for to be sure by law you cannot claim as heir. That's certain; that nobody need go to counsel for. Yet when a gentleman had in a manner adopted you thus as his own son, you might reasonably have expected some very considerable part, if not the whole; nay, if you had expected the whole, I should not have blamed you: for certainly all men are for getting as much as they can, and they are not to be blamed on that account."

"Indeed you wrong me," said Jones; "I should have been contented with very little: I never had any view upon Mr. Allworthy's fortune; nay, I believe I may truly say, I never once considered what he could or might give me. This I solemnly declare, if he had done a prejudice to his nephew in my favour, I would have undone it again. I had rather enjoy my own mind than the fortune of another man. What is the poor pride arising from a magnificent house, a numerous equipage, a splendid table, and from all the other advantages or appearances of fortune, compared to the warm, solid content, the swelling satisfaction, the thrilling transports, and the exulting triumphs, which a good mind enjoys, in the contemplation of a generous, virtuous, noble, benevolent action? I envy not Blifil in the prospect of his wealth; nor shall I envy him in the possession of it. I would not think myself a rascal half an hour, to exchange situations. I believe, indeed, Mr. Blifil suspected me of the views you mention; and I suppose these suspicions, as they arose from the baseness of his own heart, so they occasioned his baseness to me. But, I thank Heaven, I know, I feel,—I feel my innocence, my friend; and I would not part with that feeling for the world.—For as long as I know I have never done, nor even designed, an injury to any being whatever,

*Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura,
Quod latus mundi nebulae, malusque
Jupiter urget.*

*Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis in terra dominibus negata;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.**

He then filled a bumper of wine, and drank it off to the health of his dear Lalage; and, filling Dowling's glass likewise up to the brim, insisted on his pledging him. "Why then here's Miss Lalage's health with all my heart," cries Dowling. I have heard her toasted often, I protest, though I never saw her; but they say she's extremely handsome."

Though the Latin was not the only part of this speech which Dowling did not perfectly understand; yet there was somewhat in it that made a very strong impression upon him. And though he endeavoured by winking, nodding, sneering, and grinning, to hide the impression from Jones (for we are as often ashamed of thinking right as of thinking wrong), it is certain he secretly approved as much of his sentiments as he understood, and really felt a very strong impulse of compassion for him. But we may possibly take some other opportunity of commenting upon this, especially if we should happen to meet Mr. Dowling any more in the course of our history. At present we are obliged to take our leave of that gentleman a little abruptly, in imitation of Mr. Jones; who was no sooner informed, by Partridge, that his horses were ready, than he deposited his reckoning, wished his companion a good night, mounted, and set forward towards Coventry, though the night was dark, and it just then began to rain very hard.

CHAPTER XI.

The disasters which befel Jones on his departure for Coventry; with the sage remarks of Partridge.

No road can be plainer than that from the place where they now were to Coventry; and though neither Jones, nor Partridge, nor the guide, had ever travelled it before, it would have been almost impossible to have missed their way, had it not been for the two reasons mentioned in the conclusion of the last chapter.

These two circumstances, however, happening both unfortunately to intervene, our travellers deviated into a much less frequented track; and after riding full six miles, instead of arriving at the stately spires of Coventry, they found themselves still in a very dirty lane, where they saw no symptoms of approaching the suburbs of a large city.

Jones now declared that they must certainly have lost their way; but this the guide insisted upon was impossible; a word which, in common conversation, is often used to signify not only improbable, but often what is really very likely, and, sometimes, what hath certainly happened; an hyperbolical violence like that which is so frequently offered to the words infinite and eternal; by the former of which it is usual to express a distance of half a yard, and by the latter, a duration of five minutes. And thus it is as usual to assert the impossibility of losing what is already actually lost. This was, in fact, the case at present; for, notwithstanding all the confident assertions of the lad to the contrary, it is

* Place me where never summer breeze
Unbinds the glebe, or warms the trees:
Where ever-lowering clouds appear,
And angry Jove deforms th' inclement year.

Place me beneath the burning ray,
Where rolls the rapid car of day;
Love and the nymph shall charm my toils,
The nymph who sweetly speaks, and sweetly smiles

MR. FRANCIS.

certain they were no more in the right road to Coventry, than the fraudulent, griping, cruel, canting miser is in the right road to heaven.

It is not, perhaps, easy for the reader, who hath never been in those circumstances, to imagine the horror with which darkness, rain, and wind, fill persons who have lost their way in the night; and who, consequently, have not the pleasant prospect of warm fires, dry clothes, and other refreshments, to support their minds in struggling with the inclemencies of the weather. A very imperfect idea of this horror will, however, serve sufficiently to account for the conceits which now filled the head of Partridge, and which we shall presently be obliged to open.

Jones grew more and more positive that they were out of their road; and the boy himself at last acknowledged he believed they were not in the right road to Coventry; though he affirmed, at the same time, it was impossible they should have missed the way. But Partridge was of a different opinion. He said, "When they first set out he imagined some mischief or other would happen.—Did not you observe, sir," said he to Jones, "that old woman who stood at the door just as you was taking horse? I wish you had given her a small matter, with all my heart; for she said then you might repent it; and at that very instant it began to rain, and the wind hath continued rising ever since. Whatever some people may think, I am very certain it is in the power of witches to raise the wind whenever they please. I have seen it happen very often in my time: and if ever I saw a witch in all my life, that old woman was certainly one. I thought so to myself at that very time; and if I had had any halfpence in my pocket, I would have given her some; for to be sure it is always good to be charitable to those sort of people, for fear what may happen; and many a person hath lost his cattle by saving a halfpenny."

Jones, though he was horridly vexed at the delay which this mistake was likely to occasion in his journey, could not help smiling at the superstition of his friend, whom an accident now greatly confirmed in his opinion. This was a tumble from his horse; by which, however, he received no other injury than what the dirt conferred on his clothes.

Partridge had no sooner recovered his legs, than he appealed to his fall, as conclusive evidence of all he had asserted; but Jones finding he was unhurt, answered with a smile: "This witch of yours, Partridge, is a most ungrateful jade, and doth not, I find, distinguish her friends from others in her resentment. If the old lady had been angry with me for neglecting her, I don't see why she should tumble you from your horse, after all the respect you have expressed for her."

"It is ill jesting," cries Partridge, "with people who have power to do these things; for they are often very malicious. I remember a farrier, who provoked one of them, by asking her when the time she had bargained with the devil for would be out; and within three months from that very day one of his best cows was drowned. Nor was she satisfied with that; for a little time afterwards he lost a barrel of his best drink: for the old witch pulled out the spigot, and let it run all over the cellar, the very first evening he had tapped it to make merry with some of his neighbours. In short, nothing ever thrived with him afterwards; for she worried the poor man so, that he took to drinking; and in a year or two his stock was seized, and he and his family are now come to the parish."

The guide, and perhaps his horse too, were both

so attentive to this discourse, that, either through want of care, or by the malice of the witch, they were now both sprawling in the dirt.

Partridge entirely imputed this fall, as he had done his own, to the same cause. He told Mr. Jones, "it would certainly be his turn next; and earnestly entreated him to return back, and find out the old woman, and pacify her. We shall very soon," added he, "reach the inn; for though we have seemed to go forward, I am very certain we are in the identical place in which we were an hour ago; and I dare swear, if it was day-light, we might now see the inn we set out from."

Instead of returning any answer to this sage advice, Jones was entirely attentive to what had happened to the boy, who received no other hurt than what had before fallen Partridge, and which his clothes very easily bore, as they had been for many years inured to the like. He soon regained his side-saddle, and by the hearty curses and blows which he bestowed on his horse, quickly satisfied Mr. Jones that no harm was done.

CHAPTER XII.

Relates that Mr. Jones continued his journey, contrary to the advice of Partridge, with what happened on that occasion.

THEY now discovered a light at some distance, to the great pleasure of Jones, and to the no small terror of Partridge, who firmly believed himself to be bewitched, and that this light was a Jack-with-a-lantern, or somewhat more mischievous.

But how were these fears increased, when, as they approached nearer to this light (or lights as they now appeared), they heard a confused sound of human voices; of singing, laughing, and hallooing, together with a strange noise that seemed to proceed from some instruments; but could hardly be allowed the name of music! indeed, to favour a little the opinion of Partridge, it might very well be called music bewitched.

It is impossible to conceive a much greater degree of horror than what now seized on Partridge; the contagion of which had reached the post-boy, who had been very attentive to many things that the other had uttered. He now, therefore, joined in petitioning Jones to return; saying he firmly believed what Partridge had just before said, that though the horses seemed to go on, they had not moved a step forwards during at least the last half-hour.

Jones could not help smiling in the midst of his vexation, at the fears of these poor fellows. "Either we advance," says he, "towards the lights, or the lights have advanced towards us; for we are now at a very little distance from them; but how can either of you be afraid of a set of people who appear only to be merry-making?"

"Merry-making, sir!" cries Partridge; "who could be merry-making at this time of night, and in such a place, and such weather? They can be nothing but ghosts or witches, or some evil spirits or other, that's certain."

"Let them be what they will," cries Jones, "I am resolved to go up to them, and inquire the way to Coventry. All witches, Partridge, are not such ill-natured hags as that we had the misfortune to meet with last."

"O Lord, sir," cries Partridge, "there is no knowing what humour they will be in; to be sure it is always best to be civil to them; but what if we should meet with something worse than witches, with evil spirits themselves?—Pray, sir, be advised; pray, sir, do. If you had read so many ter-

rible accounts as I have of these matters, you would not be so fool-hardy.—The Lord knows whither we have got already, or whither we are going; for sure such darkness was never seen upon earth, and I question whether it can be darker in the other world."

Jones put forwards as fast as he could, notwithstanding all these hints and cautions, and poor Partridge was obliged to follow; for though he hardly dared to advance, he dared still less to stay behind by himself.

At length they arrived at the place whence the lights and different noises had issued. This Jones perceived to be no other than a barn, where a great number of men and women were assembled, and diverting themselves with much apparent jollity.

Jones no sooner appeared before the great doors of the barn, which were open, than a masculine and very rough voice from within demanded, who was there?—To which Jones gently answered, a friend; and immediately asked the road to Coventry.

"If you are a friend," cries another of the men in the barn, "you had better alight till the storm is over" (for indeed it was now more violent than ever); you are very welcome to put up your horse; for there is sufficient room for him at the end of the barn."

"You are very obliging," returned Jones; "and I will accept your offer for a few minutes, whilst the rain continues; and here are two more who will be glad of the same favour." This was accorded with more good-will than it was accepted: for Partridge would rather have submitted to the utmost inclemency of the weather than have trusted to the clemency of those whom he took for hobgoblins; and the poor post-boy was now infected with the same apprehensions; but they were both obliged to follow the example of Jones; the one because he durst not leave his horse, and the other because he feared nothing so much as being left by himself.

Had this history been writ in the days of superstition, I should have had too much compassion for the reader to have left him so long in suspense, whether Beelzebub or Satan was about actually to appear in person, with all his hellish retinue; but as these doctrines are at present very unfortunate, and have but few, if any believers, I have not been much aware of conveying any such terrors. To say truth, the whole furniture of the infernal regions hath long been appropriated by the managers of play-houses, who seem lately to have lain them by as rubbish, capable only of affecting the upper gallery; a place in which few of our readers ever sit.

However, though we do not suspect raising any great terror on this occasion, we have reason to fear some other apprehensions may here arise in our reader, into which we would not willingly betray him; I mean that we are going to take a voyage into fairy-land, and to introduce a set of beings into our history, which scarce any one was ever childish enough to believe, though many have been foolish enough to spend their time in writing and reading their adventures.

To prevent, therefore, any such apprehensions, so prejudicial to the credit of an historian, who professes to draw his materials from nature only, we shall now proceed to acquaint the reader who these people were, whose sudden appearance had struck such terrors into Partridge, had more than half frightened the post-boy, and had a little surprised even Mr. Jones himself.

The people then assembled in this barn were no other than a company of Egyptians, or, as they are vulgarly called, gipsies, and they were now celebrating the wedding of one of their society.

It is impossible to conceive a happier set of people than appeared here to be met together. The utmost mirth, indeed, showed itself in every countenance; nor was their ball totally void of all order and decorum. Perhaps it had more than a country assembly is sometimes conducted with: for these people are subject to a formal government and laws of their own, and all pay obedience to one great magistrate, whom they call their king.

Greater plenty, likewise, was nowhere to be seen than what flourished in this barn. Here was indeed no nicety nor elegance, nor did the keen appetite of the guests require any. Here was good store of bacon, fowls, and mutton, to which every one present provided better sauce himself than the best and dearest French cook can prepare.

Æneas is not described under more consternation in the temple of Juno,

Dum stupet obtutuque hæret defixus in uno,

than was our hero at what he saw in this barn. While he was looking everywhere round him with astonishment, a venerable person approached him with many friendly salutations, rather of too hearty a kind to be called courtly. This was no other than the king of the gipsies himself. He was very little distinguished in dress from his subjects, nor had he any regalia of majesty to support his dignity; and yet there seemed (as Mr. Jones said) to be somewhat in his air which denoted authority, and inspired the beholders with an idea of awe and respect; though all this was perhaps imaginary in Jones; and the truth may be, that such ideas are incident to power, and almost inseparable from it.

There was somewhat in the open countenance and courteous behaviour of Jones which, being accompanied with much comeliness of person, greatly recommended him at first sight to every beholder. These were, perhaps, a little heightened in the present instance, by that profound respect which he paid to the king of the gipsies, the moment he was acquainted with his dignity, and which was the sweeter to his gipseian majesty, as he was not used to receive such homage from any but his own subjects.

The king ordered a table to be spread with the choicest of their provisions for his accommodation; and, having placed himself at his right hand, his majesty began to discourse with our hero in the following manner:—

"Me doubt not, sir, but you have often seen some of my people, who are what you call de parties detache: for dey go about everywhere; but me fancy you imagine not we be so considerable body as we be; and may be you will be surprise more when you hear de gipsy be as orderly and well govern people as any upon face of de earth.

"Me have honour, as me say, to be deir king, and no monarch can do boast of more dutiful subject, ne no more affectionate. How far me deserve deir good-will, me no say; but dis me can say, dat me never design anyting but to do dem good. Me sall no do boast of dat neider: for what can me do oderwise dan consider of de good of dose poor people who go about all day to give me always the best of what dey get. Dey love and honour me darefore, because me do love and take care of dem; dat is all, me know no oder reason.

"About a tousand or two tousand year ago, me cannot tell to a year or two, as can neider write nor read, dere was a great what you call,—a volution among de gipsy; for dere was de lord gipsy in dose deys; and dese lord did quarrel vid one anoder about de place; but de king of de gipsy did demolish dem all, and made all his subject

equal vid each oder; and since that time dey have agree very well: for dey no tink of being king, and may be it be better for dem as dey be; for me assure you it de ver troublesome ting to be king, and always to do justice; me have often wish to be de private gipsy when me have been forced to punish my dear friend and relation; for dough we never put to death, our punishments be ver severe. Dey make be gipsy ashamed of demselves, and dat be ver terrible punishment; me have scarce ever known de gipsy so punish do harm any more."

The king then proceeded to express some wonder that there was no such punishment as shame in other governments. Upon which Jones assured him to the contrary; for that there were many crimes for which shame was inflicted by the English laws, and that it was indeed one consequence of all punishment. "Dat be ver strange," said the king; "for me know and hear good deal of your people, dough me no live among dem; and me have often hear dat sham is de consequence and de cause too of many of your rewards. Are your rewards and punishments den de same ting?"

While his majesty was thus discoursing with Jones, a sudden uproar arose in the barn, and as it seems upon this occasion:—the courtesy of these people had by degrees removed all the apprehensions of Partridge, and he was prevailed upon not only to stuff himself with their food, but to taste some of their liquors, which by degrees entirely expelled all fear from his composition, and in its stead introduced much more agreeable sensations.

A young female gipsy, more remarkable for her wit than her beauty, had decoyed the honest fellow aside, pretending to tell his fortune. Now, when they were alone together in a remote part of the barn, whether it proceeded from the strong liquor, which is never so apt to inflame inordinate desire as after moderate fatigue; or whether the fair gipsy herself threw aside the delicacy and decency of her sex, and tempted the youth Partridge with express solicitations; but they were discovered in a very improper manner by the husband of the gipsy, who, from jealousy it seems, had kept a watchful eye over his wife, and had dogged her to the place, where he found her in the arms of her gallant.

To the great confusion of Jones, Partridge was now hurried before the king; who heard the accusation, and likewise the culprit's defence, which was indeed very trifling; for the poor fellow was confounded by the plain evidence which appeared against him, and had very little to say for himself. His majesty, then turning towards Jones, said, "Sir, you have hear what dey say; what punishment do you tink your man deserve?"

Jones answered, "He was sorry for what had happened, and that Partridge should make the husband all the amends in his power: he said, he had very little money about him at that time;" and, putting his hand into his pocket, offered the fellow a guinea. To which he immediately answered, "He hoped his honour would not think of giving him less than five."

This sum, after some altercation, was reduced to two; and Jones, having stipulated for the full forgiveness of both Partridge and the wife, was going to pay the money; when his majesty, restraining his hand, turned to the witness and asked him, "At what time he had discovered the criminals?" To which he answered, "That he had been desired by the husband to watch the motions of his wife from her first speaking to the stranger, and that he had never lost sight of her afterwards till the crime had been committed." The king then asked, "if the husband was with him all that time in his lurking-

place?" To which he answered in the affirmative. His Egyptian majesty then addressed himself to the husband as follows: "Me be sorry to see any gipsy dat have no more honour dan to sell de honour of his wife for money. If you had de love for your wife, you would have prevented dis matter, and not endeavour to make her de whore dat you might discover her. Me do order dat you have no money given you, for you deserve punishment, not reward; me do order derefore, dat you be de infamous gipsy, and do wear a pair of horns upon your forehead for one month, and dat your wife be called de whore, and pointed at all dat time; for you be de infamous gipsy, but she be no less de infamous whore."

The gipsies immediately proceeded to execute the sentence, and left Jones and Partridge alone with his majesty.

Jones greatly applauded the justice of the sentence: upon which the king turning to him said, "Me believe you be surprise: for me suppose you have ver bad opinion of my people; me suppose you tink us all de tieves."

"I must confess, sir," said Jones, "I have not heard so favourable an account of them as they seem to deserve."

"Me vil tell you," said the king, "how the difference is between you and us. My people rob your people, and your people rob one anoder."

Jones afterwards proceeded very gravely to sing forth the happiness of those subjects who live under such a magistrate.

Indeed their happiness appears to have been so complete, that we are aware some advocate for arbitrary power may hereafter quote the case of those people, as an instance of the great advantages which attend that government above all others.

And here we will make a concession, which would not perhaps have been expected from us, that no limited form of government is capable of rising to the same degree of perfection, or of producing the same benefits to society, with this. Mankind have never been so happy, as when the greatest part of the then known world was under the dominion of a single master; and this state of their felicity continued during the reigns of five successive princes.* This was the true era of the golden age, and the only golden age which ever had any existence, unless in the warm imaginations of the poets, from the expulsion from Eden down to this day.

In reality, I know but of one solid objection to absolute monarchy. The only defect in which excellent constitution seems to be, the difficulty of finding any man adequate to the office of an absolute monarch: for this indispensably requires three qualities very difficult, as it appears from history, to be found in princely natures: first, a sufficient quantity of moderation in the prince, to be contented with all the power which is possible for him to have. 2ndly, Enough of wisdom to know his own happiness. And, 3rdly, Goodness sufficient to support the happiness of others, when not only compatible with, but instrumental to his own.

Now if an absolute monarch, with all these great and rare qualifications, should be allowed capable of conferring the greatest good on society; it must be surely granted, on the contrary, that absolute power, vested in the hands of one who is deficient in them all, is likely to be attended with no less a degree of evil.

In short, our own religion furnishes us with adequate ideas of the blessing, as well as curse, which may attend absolute power. The pictures of heaven and of hell will place a very lively image of both be-

* Nerva, Trajan, Adrian, and the two Antonini.

fore our eyes; for though the prince of the latter can have no power but what he originally derives from the omnipotent Sovereign in the former, yet it plainly appears from scripture that absolute power in his infernal dominions is granted to their diabolical ruler. This is indeed the only absolute power which can by scripture be derived from heaven. If, therefore, the several tyrannies upon earth can prove any title to a divine authority, it must be derived from this original grant to the prince of darkness: and these subordinate deputations must consequently come immediately from him whose stamp they so expressly bear.

To conclude, as the examples of all ages show us that mankind in general desire power only to do harm, and, when they obtain it, use it for no other purpose; it is not consonant with even the least degree of prudence to hazard an alteration, where our hopes are poorly kept in countenance by only two or three exceptions out of a thousand instances to alarm our fears. In this case it will be much wiser to submit to a few inconveniences arising from the dispassionate deafness of laws, than to remedy them by applying to the passionate open ears of a tyrant.

Nor can the examples of the gipsies, though possibly they may have long been happy under this form of government, be here urged; since we must remember the very material respect in which they differ from all other people, and to which perhaps this their happiness is entirely owing, namely, that they have no false honours among them, and that they look on shame as the most grievous punishment in the world.

CHAPTER XIII.

A dialogue between Jones and Partridge.

THE honest lovers of liberty will, we doubt not, pardon that long digression into which we were led at the close of the last chapter, to prevent our history from being applied to the use of the most pernicious doctrine which priestcraft had ever the wickedness or the impudence to preach.

We will now proceed with Mr. Jones, who, when the storm was over, took leave of his Egyptian majesty, after many thanks for his courteous behaviour and kind entertainment, and set out for Coventry; to which place (for it was still dark) a gipsy was ordered to conduct him.

Jones having, by reason of his deviation, travelled eleven miles instead of six, and most of those through very execrable roads, where no expedition could have been made in quest of a midwife, did not arrive at Coventry till near twelve. Nor could he possibly get again into the saddle till past two; for post-horses were now not easy to get; nor were the hostler or post-boy in half so great a hurry as himself, but chose rather to imitate the tranquil disposition of Partridge; who, being denied the nourishment of sleep, took all opportunities to supply its place with every other kind of nourishment, and was never better pleased than when he arrived at an inn, nor ever more dissatisfied than when he was again forced to leave it.

Jones now travelled post; we will follow him, therefore, according to our custom, and to the rules of Longinus, in the same manner. From Coventry he arrived at Daventry, from Daventry at Stratford, and from Stratford at Dunstable, whither he came the next day a little after noon, and within a few hours after Sophia had left it; and though he was obliged to stay here longer than he wished, while a smith, with great deliberation, shod the post-horse

he was to ride, he doubted not but to overtake his Sophia before she should set out from St. Albans; at which place he concluded, and very reasonably, that his lordship would stop and dine.

And had he been right in this conjecture, he most probably would have overtaken his angel at the aforesaid place; but unluckily my lord had appointed a dinner to be prepared for him at his own house in London, and, in order to enable him to reach that place in proper time, he had ordered a relay of horses to meet him at St. Albans. When Jones therefore arrived there, he was informed that the coach-and-six had set out two hours before.

If fresh post-horses had been now ready, as they were not, it seemed so apparently impossible to overtake the coach before it reached London, that Partridge thought he had now a proper opportunity to remind his friend of a matter which he seemed entirely to have forgotten; what this was the reader will guess, when we inform him that Jones had eat nothing more than one poached egg since he had left the alehouse where he had first met the guide returning from Sophia; for with the gipsies he had feasted only his understanding.

The landlord so entirely agreed with the opinion of Mr. Partridge, that he no sooner heard the latter desire his friend to stay and dine, than he very readily put in his word, and retracting his promise before given of furnishing the horses immediately, he assured Mr. Jones he would lose no time in bespeaking a dinner, which, he said, could be got ready sooner than it was possible to get the horses up from grass, and to prepare them for their journey by a feed of corn.

Jones was at length prevailed on, chiefly by the latter argument of the landlord; and now a joint of mutton was put down to the fire. While this was preparing, Partridge, being admitted into the same apartment with his friend or master, began to harangue in the following manner.

"Certainly, sir, if ever man deserved a young lady, you deserve young Madam Western; for what a vast quantity of love must a man have, to be able to live upon it without any other food, as you do? I am positive I have eat thirty times as much within these last twenty-four hours as your honour, and yet I am almost famished; for nothing makes a man so hungry as travelling, especially in this cold raw weather. And yet I cannot tell how it is, but your honour is seemingly in perfect good health, and you never looked better nor fresher in your life. It must be certainly love that you live upon."

"And a very rich diet too, Partridge," answered Jones. "But did not fortune send me an excellent dainty yesterday? Dost thou imagine I cannot live more than twenty-four hours on this dear pocket-book?"

"Undoubtedly," cries Partridge, "there is enough in that pocket-book to purchase many a good meal. Fortune sent it to your honour very opportunely for present use, as your honour's money must be almost out by this time."

"What do you mean?" answered Jones; "I hope you don't imagine that I should be dishonest enough, even if it belonged to any other person, besides Miss Western——"

"Dishonest!" replied Partridge, "heaven forbid I should wrong your honour so much! but where's the dishonesty in borrowing a little for present spending, since you will be so well able to pay the lady hereafter? No, indeed, I would have your honour pay it again, as soon as it is convenient, by all means; but where can be the harm in making use of it now you want it? Indeed, if it belonged

to a poor body, it would be another thing; but so great a lady to be sure can never want it, especially now as she is along with a lord, who, it can't be doubted, will let her have whatever she hath need of. Besides, if she should want a little, she can't want the whole, therefore I would give her a little; but I would be hanged before I mentioned the having found it at first, and before I got some money of my own; for London, I have heard, is the very worst of places to be in without money. Indeed, if I had not known to whom it belonged, I might have thought it was the devil's money, and have been afraid to use it; but as you know otherwise, and came honestly by it, it would be an affront to fortune to part with it all again, at the very time when you want it most; you can hardly expect she should ever do you such another good turn; for *fortuna nunquam perpetuo est bona*. You will do as you please, notwithstanding all I say; but for my part, I would be hanged before I mentioned a word of the matter."

"By what I can see, Partridge," cries Jones, "hanging is a matter *non longè alienum à scævole studiis*." "You should say *alienus*," says Partridge. — "I remember the passage; it is an example under *communis, alienus, immunis, variis casibus serviunt*." "If you do remember it," cries Jones, "I find you don't understand it; but I tell thee, friend, in plain English, that he who finds another's property, and wilfully detains it from the known owner, deserves, *in foro conscientie*, to be hanged, no less than if he had stolen it. And as for this very identical bill, which is the property of my angel, and was once in her dear possession, I will not deliver it into any hands but her own, upon any consideration whatever, no, though I was as hungry as thou art, and had no other means to satisfy my craving appetite; this I hope to do before I sleep; but if it should happen otherwise, I charge thee, if thou would'st not incur my displeasure for ever, not to shock me any more by the bare mention of such detestable baseness."

"I should not have mentioned it now," cries Partridge, "if it had appeared so to me; for I am sure I scorn any wickedness as much as another; but perhaps you know better; and yet I might have imagined that I should not have lived so many years, and have taught school so long, without being able to distinguish between *fas et nefas*; but it seems we are all to live and learn. I remember my old schoolmaster, who was a prodigious great scholar, used often to say, *Polly matete cry town is my daskalon*. The English of which, he told us, was, That a child may sometimes teach his grandmother to suck eggs. I have lived to a fine purpose, truly, if I am to be taught my grammar at this time of day. Perhaps, young gentleman, you may change your opinion, if you live to my years: for I remember I thought myself as wise when I was a stripling of one or two and twenty as I am now. I am sure I always taught *alienus*, and my master read it so before me."

There were not many instances in which Partridge could provoke Jones, nor were there many in which Partridge himself could have been hurried out of his respect. Unluckily, however, they had both hit on one of these. We have already seen Partridge could not bear to have his learning attacked, nor could Jones bear some passage or other in the foregoing speech. And now, looking upon his companion with a contemptuous and disdainful air (a thing not usual with him), he cried, "Partridge, I see thou art a conceited old fool, and I wish thou art not likewise an old rogue. Indeed, if I was as well convinced of the latter as I am of the former, thou should'st travel no farther in my company."

The sage pedagogue was contented with the vent which he had already given to his indignation; and, as the vulgar phrase is, immediately drew in his horns. He said, he was sorry he had uttered anything which might give offence, for that he had never intended it; but *Nemo omnibus horis sapit*.

As Jones had the vices of a warm disposition, he was entirely free from those of a cold one; and if his friends must have confessed his temper to have been a little too easily ruffled, his enemies must at the same time have confessed, that it as soon subsided; nor did it at all resemble the sea, whose swelling is more violent and dangerous after a storm is over than while the storm itself subsists. He instantly accepted the submission of Partridge, shook him by the hand, and with the most benign aspect imaginable, said twenty kind things, and at the same time very severely condemned himself, though not half so severely as he will most probably be condemned by many of our good readers.

Partridge was now highly comforted, as his fears of having offended were at once abolished, and his pride completely satisfied by Jones having owned himself in the wrong, which submission he instantly applied to what had principally nettled him, and repeated in a muttering voice, "To be sure, sir, your knowledge may be superior to mine in some things; but as to the grammar, I think I may challenge any man living. I think, at least, I have that at my finger's end."

If anything could add to the satisfaction which the poor man now enjoyed, he received this addition by the arrival of an excellent shoulder of mutton, that at this instant came smoking to the table. On which, having both plentifully feasted, they again mounted their horses, and set forward for London.

CHAPTER XIV.

What happened to Mr. Jones in his journey from St. Albans.

THEY were got about two miles beyond Barnet, and it was now the dusk of the evening, when a genteel-looking man, but upon a very shabby horse, rode up to Jones, and asked him whether he was going to London? To which Jones answered in the affirmative. The gentleman replied, "I should be obliged to you, sir, if you will accept of my company; for it is very late, and I am a stranger to the road." Jones readily complied with the request; and on they travelled together, holding that sort of discourse which is usual on such occasions.

Of this, indeed, robbery was the principal topic: upon which subject the stranger expressed great apprehensions; but Jones declared he had very little to lose, and consequently as little to fear. Here Partridge could not forbear putting in his word. "Your honour," said he, "may think it a little, but I am sure, if I had a hundred-pound bank-note in my pocket, as you have, I should be very sorry to lose it; but, for my own part, I never was less afraid in my life; for we are four of us, and if we all stand by one another, the best man in England can't rob us. Suppose he should have a pistol, he can kill but one of us, and a man can die but once—That's my comfort, a man can die but once."

Besides the reliance on superior numbers, a kind of valour which hath raised a certain nation among the moderns to a high pitch of glory, there was another reason for the extraordinary courage which Partridge now discovered; for he had at present as much of that quality as was in the power of liquor to bestow.

Our company were now arrived within a mile of Highgate, when the stranger turned short upon Jones, and pulling out a pistol, demanded that little bank-note which Partridge had mentioned.

Jones was at first somewhat shocked at this unexpected demand; however, he presently recollected himself, and told the highwayman, all the money he had in his pocket was entirely at his service; and so saying, he pulled out upwards of three guineas, and offered to deliver it; but the other answered with an oath, That would not do. Jones answered coolly, he was very sorry for it, and returned the money into his pocket.

The highwayman then threatened, if he did not deliver the bank-note that moment, he must shoot him; holding his pistol at the same time very near to his breast. Jones instantly caught hold of the fellow's hand, which trembled so that he could scarce hold the pistol in it, and turned the muzzle from him. A struggle then ensued, in which the former wrested the pistol from the hand of his antagonist, and both came from their horses on the ground together, the highwayman upon his back, and the victorious Jones upon him.

The poor fellow now began to implore mercy of the conqueror: for, to say the truth, he was in strength by no means a match for Jones. "Indeed, sir," says he, "I could have no intention to shoot you; for you will find the pistol was not loaded. This is the first robbery I ever attempted, and I have been driven by distress to this."

At this instant, at about a hundred and fifty yards' distance, lay another person on the ground, roaring for mercy in a much louder voice than the highwayman. This was no other than Partridge himself, who, endeavouring to make his escape from the engagement, had been thrown from his horse, and lay flat on his face, not daring to look up, and expecting every minute to be shot.

In this posture he lay, till the guide, who was no otherwise concerned than for his horses, having secured the stumbling beast, came up to him, and told him his master had got the better of the highwayman.

Partridge leaped up at this news, and ran back to the place where Jones stood with his sword drawn in his hand to guard the poor fellow; which Partridge no sooner saw, than he cried out, "Kill the villain, sir, run him through the body, kill him this instant!"

Luckily, however, for the poor wretch, he had fallen into more merciful hands; for Jones having examined the pistol, and found it to be really unloaded, began to believe all the man had told him before Partridge came up; namely, that he was a novice in the trade, and that he had been driven to it by the distress he mentioned, the greatest indeed imaginable, that of five hungry children, and a wife lying in of a sixth, in the utmost want and misery. The truth of all which the highwayman most vehemently asserted, and offered to convince Mr. Jones of it, if he would take the trouble to go to his house, which was not above two miles off; saying, "That he desired no favour, but upon condition of proving all he had alleged."

Jones at first pretended that he would take the fellow at his word, and go with him, declaring that his fate should depend entirely on the truth of his story. Upon this the poor fellow immediately expressed so much alacrity, that Jones was perfectly satisfied with his veracity, and began now to entertain sentiments of compassion for him. He returned the fellow his empty pistol, advised him to think of honest means of relieving his distress,

and gave him a couple of guineas for the immediate support of his wife and his family; adding, "he wished he had more for his sake, for the hundred pound that had been mentioned was not his own."

Our readers will probably be divided in their opinions concerning this action; some may applaud it perhaps as an act of extraordinary humanity, while those of a more saturnine temper will consider it as a want of regard to that justice which every man owes his country. Partridge certainly saw it in that light; for he testified much dissatisfaction on the occasion, quoted an old proverb, and said, he should not wonder if the rogue attacked them again before they reached London.

The highwayman was full of expressions of thankfulness and gratitude. He actually dropped tears, or pretended so to do. He vowed he would immediately return home, and would never afterwards commit such a transgression: whether he kept his word or no, perhaps may appear hereafter.

Our travellers having remounted their horses, arrived in town without encountering any new mishap. On the road much pleasant discourse passed between Jones and Partridge, on the subject of their adventure: in which Jones expressed a great compassion for those highwaymen who are, by unavoidable distress, driven, as it were, to such illegal courses, as generally bring them to a shameful death: "I mean," said he, "those only whose highest guilt extends no farther than to robbery, and who are never guilty of cruelty nor insult to any person, which is a circumstance that, I must say to the honour of our country, distinguishes the robbers of England from those of all other nations; for murder is, amongst those, almost inseparably incident to robbery."

"No doubt," answered Partridge, "it is better to take away one's money than one's life; and yet it is very hard upon honest men, that they can't travel about their business without being in danger of these villains. And to be sure it would be better that all rogues were hanged out of the way, than that one honest man should suffer. For my own part, indeed, I should not care to have the blood of any of them on my own hands; but it is very proper for the law to hang them all. What right hath any man to take sixpence from me, unless I give it him? Is there any honesty in such a man?"

"No, surely," cries Jones, "no more than there is in him who takes the horses out of another man's stable, or who applies to his own use the money which he finds, when he knows the right owner."

These hints stopped the mouth of Partridge; nor did he open it again till Jones, having thrown some sarcastical jokes on his cowardice, he offered to excuse himself on the inequality of fire-arms, saying, "A thousand naked men are nothing to one pistol; for though it is true it will kill but one at a single discharge, yet who can tell but that one may be himself?"

BOOK XIII.

CONTAINING THE SPACE OF TWELVE DAYS.

CHAPTER I.

An invocation.

COME, bright love of fame, inspire my glowing breast: not thee I call, who, over swelling tides of blood and tears, dost bear the hero on to glory, while sighs of millions waft his spreading sails; but thee, fair, gentle maid, whom Mnesis, happy nymph, first on the banks of Hebrus did produce. Thee, whom

Mæonia educated, whom Mantua charmed, and who, on that fair hill which overlooks the proud metropolis of Britain, sat'st, with thy Milton, sweetly tuning the heroic lyre; fill my ravished fancy with the hopes of charming ages yet to come. Foretell me that some tender maid, whose grandmother is yet unborn, hereafter, when, under the fictitious name of Sophia, she reads the real worth which once existed in my Charlotte, shall from her sympathetic breast send forth the heaving sigh. Do thou teach me not only to foresee, but to enjoy, nay, even to feed on future praise. Comfort me by a solemn assurance, that when the little parlour in which I sit at this instant shall be reduced to a worse furnished box, I shall be read with honour by those who never knew nor saw me, and whom I shall neither know nor see.

And thou, much plumper dame, whom no airy forms nor phantoms of imagination clothe; whom the well-seasoned beef, and pudding richly stained with plumbs, delight: thee I call: of whom in a treckschuyte, in some Dutch canal, the fat ufrow gelt, impregnated by a jolly merchant of Amsterdam, was delivered: in Grub-street school didst thou suck in the elements of thy erudition. Here hast thou, in thy maturer age, taught poetry to tickle not the fancy, but the pride of the patron. Comedy from thee learns a grave and solemn air; while tragedy storms loud, and rends th' affrighted theatres with its thunder. To soothe thy wearied limbs in slumber, Alderman History tells his tedious tale; and, again, to awaken thee, Monsieur Romance performs his surprising tricks of dexterity. Nor less thy well-fed bookseller obeys thy influence. By thy advice the heavy, unread, folio lump, which long had dozed on the dusty shelf, piece-mealed into numbers, runs nimbly through the nation. Instructed by thee, some books, like quacks, impose on the world by promising wonders; while others turn beaux, and trust all their merits to a gilded outside. Come, thou jolly substance, with thy shining face, keep back thy inspiration, but hold forth thy tempting rewards; thy shining, chinking heap; thy quickly-convertible bank-bill, big with unseen riches; thy often-varying stock; the warm, the comfortable house; and, lastly, a fair portion of that bounteous mother, whose flowing breasts yield redundant sustenance for all her numerous offspring, did not some too greedily and wantonly drive their brethren from the teat. Come thou, and if I am too tasteless of thy valuable treasures, warm my heart with the transporting thought of conveying them to others. Tell me, that through thy bounty, the prattling babes, whose innocent play hath often been interrupted by my labours, may one time be amply rewarded for them.

And now, this ill-yoked pair, this lean shadow and this fat substance, have prompted me to write, whose assistance shall I invoke to direct my pen?

First, Genius; thou gift of Heaven; without whose aid in vain we struggle against the stream of nature. Thou who dost sow the generous seeds which art nourishes, and brings to perfection. Do thou kindly take me by the hand, and lead me through all the mazes, the winding labyrinths of nature. Initiate me into all those mysteries which profane eyes never beheld. Teach me, which to thee is no difficult task, to know mankind better than they know themselves. Remove that mist which dims the intellects of mortals, and causes them to adore men for their art, or to detest them for their cunning in deceiving others, when they are, in reality, the objects only of ridicule, for deceiving themselves. Strip off the thin disguise of wisdom

from self-conceit, of plenty from avarice, and of glory from ambition. Come, thou that hast inspired thy Aristophanes, thy Lucian, thy Cervantes, thy Rabelais, thy Molière, thy Shakspeare, thy Swift, thy Marivaux, fill my pages with humour; till mankind learn the good-nature to laugh only at the follies of others, and the humility to grieve at their own.

And thou, almost the constant attendant on true genius, Humanity, bring all thy tender sensations. If thou hast already disposed of them all between thy Allen and thy Lyttleton, steal them a little while from their bosoms. Not without these the tender scene is painted. From these alone proceed the noble, disinterested friendship, the melting love, the generous sentiment, the ardent gratitude, the soft compassion, the candid opinion; and all those strong energies of a good mind, which fill the moistened eyes with tears, the glowing cheeks with blood, and swell the heart with tides of grief, joy, and benevolence.

And thou, O Learning! (for without thy assistance nothing pure, nothing correct, can genius produce,) do thou guide my pen. Thee in thy favourite fields, where the limpid, gently-rolling Thames washes thy Etonian banks, in early youth I have worshipped. To thee, at thy birchen altar, with true Spartan devotion, I have sacrificed my blood. Come then, and from thy vast, luxuriant stores, in long antiquity piled up, pour forth the rich profusion. Open thy Mæonian and thy Mantuan coffers, with whatever else includes thy philosophic, thy poetic, and thy historical treasures, whether with Greek or Roman characters thou hast chosen to inscribe the ponderous chests: give me a while that key to all thy treasures, which to thy Warburton thou hast entrusted.

Lastly, come Experience, long conversant with the wise, the good, the learned, and the polite. Nor with them only, but with every kind of character, from the minister at his levee, to the bailiff in his spunging-house; from the duchess at her drum, to the landlady behind her bar. From thee only can the manners of mankind be known; to which the recluse pedant, however great his parts or extensive his learning may be, hath ever been a stranger.

Come all these, and more, if possible; for arduous is the task I have undertaken; and, without all your assistance, will, I find, be too heavy for me to support. But if you all smile on my labours I hope still to bring them to a happy conclusion.

CHAPTER II.

What befel Mr. Jones on his arrival in London.

THE learned Dr. Misaubin used to say; that the proper direction to him was, *To Dr. Misaubin, in the World*; intimating that there were few people in it to whom his great reputation was not known. And, perhaps, upon a very nice examination into the matter, we shall find that this circumstance bears no inconsiderable part among the many blessings of grandeur.

The great happiness of being known to posterity, with the hopes of which we so delighted ourselves in the preceding chapter, is the portion of few. To have the several elements which compose our names, as Sydenham expresses it, repeated a thousand years hence, is a gift beyond the power of title and wealth; and is scarce to be purchased, unless by the sword and the pen. But to avoid the scandalous imputation, while we yet live, of being *one whom nobody knows* (a scandal, by the bye, as

old as the days of Homer*), will always be the envied portion of those, who have a legal title either to honour or estate.

From that figure, therefore, which the Irish peer who brought Sophia to town hath already made in this history, the reader will conclude, doubtless, it must have been an easy matter to have discovered his house in London without knowing the particular street or square which he inhabited, since he must have been one *whom everybody knows*. To say the truth, so it would have been to any of those tradesmen who are accustomed to attend the regions of the great; for the doors of the great are generally no less easy to find than it is difficult to get entrance into them. But Jones, as well as Partridge, was an entire stranger in London; and as he happened to arrive first in a quarter of the town, the inhabitants of which have very little intercourse with the householders of Hanover or Grosvenor-square (for he entered through Gray's-inn-lane), so he rambled about some time before he could even find his way to those happy mansions where fortune segregates from the vulgar those magnanimous heroes, the descendants of ancient Britons, Saxons, or Danes, whose ancestors, being born in better days, by sundry kinds of merit, have entailed riches and honour on their posterity.

Jones, being at length arrived at those terrestrial Elysian fields, would now soon have discovered his lordship's mansion; but the peer unluckily quitted his former house when he went for Ireland; and as he was just entered into a new one, the fame of his equipage had not yet sufficiently blazed in the neighbourhood; so that, after a successful inquiry till the clock had struck eleven, Jones at last yielded to the advice of Partridge, and retreated to the Bull and Gate in Holborn, that being the inn where he had first alighted, and where he retired to enjoy that kind of repose which usually attends persons in his circumstances.

Early in the morning he again set forth in pursuit of Sophia; and many a weary step he took to no better purpose than before. At last, whether it was that Fortune relented, or whether it was no longer in her power to disappoint him, he came into the very street which was honoured by his lordship's residence; and, being directed to the house, he gave one gentle rap at the door.

The porter, who, from the modesty of the knock, had conceived no high idea of the person approaching, conceived but little better from the appearance of Mr. Jones, who was dressed in a suit of fustian, and had by his side the weapon formerly purchased of the serjeant; of which, though the blade might be composed of well-tempered steel, the handle was composed only of brass, and that none of the brightest. When Jones, therefore, inquired after the young lady who had come to town with his lordship, this fellow answered surlily, "That there were no ladies there." Jones then desired to see the master of the house; but was informed that his lordship would see nobody that morning. And upon growing more pressing the porter said, "he had positive orders to let no person in; but if you think proper," said he, "to leave your name, I will acquaint his lordship; and if you call another time you shall know when he will see you."

Jones now declared, "that he had very particular business with the young lady, and could not depart without seeing her." Upon which the porter, with no very agreeable voice or aspect, affirmed, "that there was no young lady in that house, and conse-

quently none could he see;" adding, "sure you are the strangest man I ever met with, for you will not take an answer."

I have often thought that, by the particular description of Cerberus, the porter of hell, in the 6th *Æneid*, Virgil might possibly intend to satirise the porters of the great men in his time; the picture, at least, resembles those who have the honour to attend at the doors of our great men. The porter in his lodge answers exactly to Cerberus in his den, and, like him, must be appeased by a sop before access can be gained to his master. Perhaps Jones might have seen him in that light, and have recollected the passage where the Sibyl, in order to procure an entrance for *Æneas*, presents the keeper of the Stygian avenue with such a sop. Jones, in like manner, now began to offer a bribe to the human Cerberus, which a footman, overhearing, instantly advanced, and declared, "if Mr. Jones would give him the sum proposed, he would conduct him to the lady." Jones instantly agreed, and was forthwith conducted to the lodging of Mrs. Fitzpatrick by the very fellow who had attended the ladies thither the day before.

Nothing more aggravates ill success than the near approach to good. The gamester, who loses his party at piquet by a single point, laments his bad luck ten times as much as he who never came within a prospect of the game. So in a lottery, the proprietors of the next numbers to that which wins the great prize are apt to account themselves much more unfortunate than their fellow-sufferers. In short, these kind of hairbreadth missings of happiness look like the insults of Fortune, who may be considered as thus playing tricks with us, and wantonly diverting herself at our expense.

Jones, who more than once already had experienced this frolicsome disposition of the heathen goddess, was now again doomed to be tantalised in the like manner; for he arrived at the door of Mrs. Fitzpatrick about ten minutes after the departure of Sophia. He now addressed himself to the waiting-woman belonging to Mrs. Fitzpatrick; who told him the disagreeable news, that the lady was gone, but could not tell him whither; and the same answer he afterwards received from Mrs. Fitzpatrick herself. For as that lady made no doubt but that Mr. Jones was a person detached from her uncle Western, in pursuit of his daughter, so she was too generous to betray her.

Though Jones had never seen Mrs. Fitzpatrick, yet he had heard that a cousin of Sophia was married to a gentleman of that name. This, however, in the present tumult of his mind, never once recurred to his memory; but when the footman, who had conducted him from his lordship's, acquainted him with the great intimacy between the ladies, and with their calling each other cousin, he then recollected the story of the marriage which he had formerly heard; and as he was presently convinced that this was the same woman, he became more surprised at the answer which he had received, and very earnestly desired leave to wait on the lady herself; but she as positively refused him that honour.

Jones, who, though he had never seen a court, was better bred than most who frequent it, was incapable of any rude or abrupt behaviour to a lady. When he had received, therefore, a pre-emptory denial, he retired for the present, saying to the waiting-woman, "That if this was an improper hour to wait on her lady, he would return in the afternoon; and that he then hoped to have the honour of seeing her." The civility with which he uttered this, added to the great comeliness of his person,

* See the 2d *Odyssey*, ver. 175.

made an impression on the waiting-woman, and she could not help answering; "Perhaps, sir, you may;" and, indeed, she afterwards said everything to her mistress, which she thought most likely to prevail on her to admit a visit from the handsome young gentleman; for so she called him.

Jones very shrewdly suspected that Sophia herself was now with her cousin, and was denied to him; which he imputed to her resentment of what had happened at Upton. Having, therefore, despatched Partridge to procure him lodgings, he remained all day in the street, watching the door where he thought his angel lay concealed; but no person did he see issue forth, except a servant of the house, and in the evening he returned to pay his visit to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, which that good lady at last condescended to admit.

There is a certain air of natural gentility, which it is neither in the power of dress to give, nor to conceal. Mr. Jones, as hath been before hinted, was possessed of this in a very eminent degree. He met, therefore, with a reception from the lady somewhat different from what his apparel seemed to demand; and after he had paid her his proper respects, was desired to sit down.

The reader will not, I believe, be desirous of knowing all the particulars of this conversation, which ended very little to the satisfaction of poor Jones. For though Mrs. Fitzpatrick soon discovered the lover (as all women have the eyes of hawks in those matters), yet she still thought it was such a lover, as a generous friend of the lady should not betray her to. In short, she suspected this was the very Mr. Blifil, from whom Sophia had flown; and all the answers which she artfully drew from Jones, concerning Mr. Allworthy's family, confirmed her in this opinion. She therefore strictly denied any knowledge concerning the place whither Sophia was gone; nor could Jones obtain more than a permission to wait on her again the next evening.

When Jones was departed Mrs. Fitzpatrick communicated her suspicion concerning Mr. Blifil to her maid; who answered, "Sure, madam, he is too pretty a man, in my opinion, for any woman in the world to run away from. I had rather fancy it is Mr. Jones."—"Mr. Jones!" said the lady, "what Jones?" For Sophia had not given the least hint of any such person in all their conversation; but Mrs. Honour had been much more communicative, and had acquainted her sister Abigail with the whole history of Jones, which this now again related to her mistress.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick no sooner received this information, than she immediately agreed with the opinion of her maid; and, what is very unaccountable, saw charms in the gallant, happy lover, which she had overlooked in the slighted squire. "Betty," says she, "you are certainly in the right: he is a very pretty fellow, and I don't wonder that my cousin's maid should tell you so many women are fond of him. I am sorry now I did not inform him where my cousin was; and yet, if he be so terrible a rake as you tell me, it is a pity she should ever see him any more; for what but her ruin can happen from marrying a rake and a beggar against her father's consent? I protest, if he be such a man as the wench described him to you, it is but an office of charity to keep her from him; and I am sure it would be unpardonable in me to do otherwise, who have tasted so bitterly of the misfortunes attending such marriages."

Here she was interrupted by the arrival of a visitor, which was no other than his lordship; and as nothing passed at this visit either new or extraordi-

nary, or any ways material to this history, we shall here put an end to this chapter.

CHAPTER III.

A project of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and her visit to Lady Bellaston.

WHEN Mrs. Fitzpatrick retired to rest, her thoughts were entirely taken up by her cousin Sophia and Mr. Jones. She was, indeed, a little offended with the former, for the disingenuity which she now discovered. In which meditation she had not long exercised her imagination before the following conceit suggested itself; that could she possibly become the means of preserving Sophia from this man, and of restoring her to her father, she should, in all human probability, by so great a service to the family, reconcile to herself both her uncle and her aunt Western.

As this was one of her most favourite wishes, so the hope of success seemed so reasonable, that nothing remained but to consider of proper methods to accomplish her scheme. To attempt to reason the case with Sophia did not appear to her one of those methods: for as Betty had reported from Mrs. Honour, that Sophia had a violent inclination to Jones, she conceived that to dissuade her from the match was an endeavour of the same kind, as it would be very heartily and earnestly to entreat a moth not to fly into a candle.

If the reader will please to remember that the acquaintance which Sophia had with Lady Bellaston was contracted at the house of Mrs. Western, and must have grown at the very time when Mrs. Fitzpatrick lived with this latter lady, he will want no information, that Mrs. Fitzpatrick must have been acquainted with her likewise. They were, besides, both equally her distant relations.

After much consideration, therefore, she resolved to go early in the morning to that lady, and endeavour to see her, unknown to Sophia, and to acquaint her with the whole affair. For she did not in the least doubt, but that the prudent lady, who had often ridiculed romantic love, and indiscreet marriages, in her conversation, would very readily concur in her sentiments concerning this match, and would lend her utmost assistance to prevent it.

This resolution she accordingly executed; and the next morning before the sun, she huddled on her clothes, and at a very unfashionable, unseasonable, unvisitable hour, went to lady Bellaston, to whom she got access, without the least knowledge or suspicion of Sophia, who, though not asleep, lay at that time awake in her bed, with Honour snoring by her side.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick made many apologies for an early, abrupt visit, at an hour when, she said, "she should not have thought of disturbing her ladyship, but upon business of the utmost consequence." She then opened the whole affair, told all she had heard from Betty; and did not forget the visit which Jones had paid to herself the preceding evening.

Lady Bellaston answered with a smile, "Then you have seen this terrible man, madam; pray, is he so very fine a figure as he is represented? for Etoff entertained me last night almost two hours with him. The wench I believe is in love with him by reputation." Here the reader will be apt to wonder; but the truth is, that Mrs. Etoff, who had the honour to pin and unpin the lady Bellaston, had received complete information concerning the said Mr. Jones, and had faithfully conveyed the same to her lady last night (or rather that morning) while she was undressing; on which accounts she had been detained in her office above the space of an hour and a half.

The lady indeed, though generally well enough pleased with the narratives of Mrs. Etoff at those seasons, gave an extraordinary attention to her account of Jones; for, Honour had described him as a very handsome fellow, and Mrs. Etoff, in her hurry, added so much to the beauty of his person to her report, that lady Bellaston began to conceive him to be a kind of miracle in nature.

The curiosity which her woman had inspired was now greatly increased by Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who spoke as much in favour of the person of Jones as she had before spoken in dispraise of his birth, character, and fortune.

When lady Bellaston had heard the whole, she answered gravely, "Indeed, madam, this is a matter of great consequence. Nothing can certainly be more commendable than the part you act; and I shall be very glad to have my share in the preservation of a young lady of so much merit, and for whom I have so much esteem."

"Doth not your ladyship think," says Mrs. Fitzpatrick eagerly, "that it would be the best way to write immediately to my uncle, and acquaint him where my cousin is?"

The lady pondered a little upon this, and thus answered,—"Why, no, madam, I think not. Di Western hath described her brother to me to be such a brute, that I cannot consent to put any woman under his power who hath escaped from it. I have heard he behaved like a monster to his own wife, for he is one of those wretches who think they have a right to tyrannise over us, and from such I shall ever esteem it the cause of my sex to rescue any woman who is so unfortunate to be under their power.—The business, dear cousin, will be only to keep Miss Western from seeing this young fellow, till the good company, which she will have an opportunity of meeting here, give her a proper turn."

"If he should find her out, madam," answered the other, "your ladyship may be assured he will leave nothing unattempted to come at her."

"But, madam," replied the lady, "it is impossible he should come here—though indeed it is possible he may get some intelligence where she is, and then may lurk about the house—I wish therefore I knew his person."

"Is there no way, madam, by which I could have a sight of him? for, otherwise, you know, cousin, she may contrive to see him here without my knowledge." Mrs. Fitzpatrick answered, "That he had threatened her with another visit that afternoon, and that, if her ladyship pleased to do her the honour of calling upon her then, she would hardly fail of seeing him between six and seven; and if he came earlier she would, by some means or other, detain him till her ladyship's arrival."—Lady Bellaston replied, "She would come the moment she could get from dinner, which she supposed would be by seven at farthest; for that it was absolutely necessary she should be acquainted with his person. Upon my word, madam," says she, "it was very good to take this care of miss Western; but common humanity, as well as regard to our family, requires it of us both; for it would be a dreadful match indeed."

Mrs. Fitzpatrick failed not to make a proper return to the compliment which lady Bellaston had bestowed on her cousin, and, after some little immaterial conversation, withdrew; and, getting as fast as she could into her chair, unseen by Sophia or Honour, returned home.

CHAPTER IV.

Which consists of visiting.

MR. JONES had walked within sight of a certain door

during the whole day, which, though one of the shortest appeared to him to be one of the longest in the whole year. At length, the clock having struck five, he returned to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who, though it was a full hour earlier than the decent time of visiting, received him very civilly; but still persisted in her ignorance concerning Sophia.

Jones, in asking for his angel, had dropped the word cousin; upon which Mrs. Fitzpatrick said, "Then, sir, you know we are related; and, as we are, you will permit me the right of inquiring into the particulars of your business with my cousin." Here Jones hesitated a good while, and at last answered, "He had a considerable sum of money of hers in his hands, which he desired to deliver to her. He then produced the pocket-book, and acquainted Mrs. Fitzpatrick with the contents, and with the method in which they came into his hands." He had scarce finished his story, when a most violent noise shook the whole house. To attempt to describe this noise to those who have heard it would be in vain; and to aim at giving any idea of it to those who have never heard the like, would be still more vain: for it may be truly said—

Non acuta
Sic geminant Corybantes æra.

The priests of Cybele do not so rattle their sounding brass.

In short, a footman knocked, or rather thundered, at the door. Jones was a little surprised at the sound, having never heard it before; but Mrs. Fitzpatrick very calmly said, that, as some company were coming, she could not make him any answer now; but if he pleased to stay till they were gone, she intimated she had something to say to him.

The door of the room now flew open, and, after pushing in her hoop sideways before her, entered lady Bellaston, who, having first made a very low curtsy to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and as low a one to Mr. Jones, was ushered to the upper end of the room.

We mention these minute matters for the sake of some country ladies of our acquaintance, who think it contrary to the rules of modesty to bend their knees to a man.

The company were hardly well settled, before the arrival of the peer lately mentioned caused a fresh disturbance, and a repetition of ceremonials.

These being over, the conversation began to be (as the phrase is) extremely brilliant. However, as nothing passed in it which can be thought material to this history, or, indeed, very material in itself, I shall omit the relation; the rather, as I have known some very fine polite conversation grow extremely dull, when transcribed into books, or repeated on the stage. Indeed, this mental repast is a dainty, of which those who are excluded from polite assemblies must be contented to remain as ignorant as they must of the several dainties of French cookery, which are served only at the tables of the great. To say the truth, as neither of these are adapted to every taste, they might both be often thrown away on the vulgar.

Poor Jones was rather a spectator of this elegant scene, than an actor in it; for though, in the short interval before the peer's arrival, lady Bellaston first, and afterwards Mrs. Fitzpatrick, had addressed some of their discourse to him; yet no sooner was the noble lord entered, than he engrossed the whole attention of the two ladies to himself; and as he took no more notice of Jones than if no such person had been present, unless by now and then staring at him, the ladies followed his example.

The company had now staid so long, that Mrs.

Fitzpatrick plainly perceived they all designed to stay out each other. She therefore resolved to rid herself of Jones, he being the visitant to whom she thought the least ceremony was due. Taking therefore an opportunity of a cessation of chat, she addressed herself gravely to him, and said, "Sir, I shall not possibly be able to give you an answer to-night as to that business; but if you please to leave word where I may send to you to-morrow——"

Jones had natural, but not artificial good-breeding. Instead therefore of communicating the secret of his lodgings to a servant, he acquainted the lady herself with it particularly, and soon after very ceremoniously withdrew.

He was no sooner gone than the great personages, who had taken no notice of him present, began to take much notice of him in his absence; but if the reader hath already excused us from relating the more brilliant part of this conversation, he will surely be very ready to excuse the repetition of what may be called vulgar abuse; though, perhaps, it may be material to our history to mention an observation of lady Bellaston, who took her leave in a few minutes after him, and then said to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, at her departure, "I am satisfied on the account of my cousin; she can be in no danger from this fellow."

Our history shall follow the example of lady Bellaston, and take leave of the present company, which was now reduced to two persons; between whom, as nothing passed, which in the least concerns us or our reader, we shall not suffer ourselves to be diverted by it from matters which must seem of more consequence to all those who are at all interested in the affairs of our hero.

CHAPTER V.

An adventure which happened to Mr. Jones at his lodgings, with some account of a young gentleman who lodged there, and of the mistress of the house, and her two daughters.

THE next morning, as early as it was decent, Jones attended at Mrs. Fitzpatrick's door, where he was answered that the lady was not at home; an answer which surprised him the more, as he had walked backwards and forwards in the street from break of day; and if she had gone out, he must have seen her. This answer, however, he was obliged to receive, and not only now, but to five several visits which he made her that day.

To be plain with the reader, the noble peer had from some reason or other, perhaps from a regard for the lady's honour, insisted that she should not see Mr. Jones, whom he looked on as a scrub, any more; and the lady had complied in making that promise to which we now see her so strictly adhere.

But as our gentle reader may possibly have a better opinion of the young gentleman than her ladyship, and may even have some concern, should it be apprehended that, during this unhappy separation from Sophia, he took up his residence either at an inn, or in the street; we shall now give an account of his lodging, which was indeed in a very reputable house, and in a very good part of the town.

Mr. Jones, then, had often heard Mr. Allworthy mention the gentlewoman at whose house he used to lodge when he was in town. This person, who, as Jones likewise knew, lived in Bond-street, was the widow of a clergyman, and was left by him, at his decease, in possession of two daughters, and of a complete set of manuscript sermons.

Of these two daughters, Nancy, the elder, was now arrived at the age of seventeen, and Betty, the younger, at that of ten.

Hither Jones had despatched Partridge, and in this house he was provided with a room for himself

in the second floor, and with one for Partridge in the fourth.

The first floor was inhabited by one of those young gentlemen, who, in the last age, were called men of wit and pleasure about town, and properly enough; for as men are usually denominated from their business or profession, so pleasure may be said to have been the only business or profession of those gentlemen to whom fortune had made all useful occupations unnecessary. Playhouses, coffeehouses, and taverns, were the scenes of their rendezvous. Wit and humour were the entertainment of their looser hours, and love was the business of their more serious moments. Wine and the muses conspire to kindle the brightest flames in their breasts; nor did they only admire, but some were able to celebrate the beauty they admired, and all to judge of the merit of such compositions.

Such, therefore, were properly called the men of wit and pleasure; but I question whether the same appellation may, with the same propriety, be given to those young gentlemen of our times, who have the same ambition to be distinguished for parts. Wit certainly they have nothing to do with. To give them their due, they soar a step higher than their predecessors, and may be called men of wisdom and vertù (take heed you do not read virtue). Thus at an age when the gentlemen above mentioned employ their time in toasting the charms of a woman, or in making sonnets in her praise; in giving their opinion of a play at the theatre, or of a poem at Will's or Button's; these gentlemen are considering of methods to bribe a corporation, or meditating speeches for the house of commons, or rather for the magazines. But the science of gaming is that which above all others employs their thoughts. These are the studies of their graver hours, while for their amusements they have the vast circle of connoisseurship, painting, music, statuary, and natural philosophy, or rather *unnatural*, which deals in the wonderful, and knows nothing of Nature, except her monsters and imperfections.

When Jones had spent the whole day in vain inquiries after Mrs. Fitzpatrick, he returned at last disconsolate to his apartment. Here, while he was venting his grief in private, he heard a violent uproar below stairs; and soon after a female voice begged him for heaven's sake to come and prevent murder. Jones, who was never backward on any occasion to help the distressed, immediately ran down stairs; when, stepping into the dining-room, whence all the noise issued, he beheld the young gentleman of wisdom and vertù just before mentioned, pinned close to the wall by his footman, and a young woman standing by, wringing her hands, and crying out, "He will be murdered! he will be murdered!" and, indeed, the poor gentleman seemed in some danger of being choked, when Jones flew hastily to his assistance, and rescued him, just as he was breathing his last, from the unmerciful clutches of the enemy.

Though the fellow had received several kicks and cuffs from the little gentleman, who had more spirit than strength, he had made it a kind of scruple of conscience to strike his master, and would have contented himself with only choking him; but towards Jones he bore no such respect: he no sooner therefore found himself a little roughly handled by his new antagonist, than he gave him one of those punches in the guts which, though the spectators at Broughton's amphitheatre have such exquisite delight in seeing them, convey but very little pleasure in the feeling.

The lusty youth had no sooner received this blow than he meditated a most grateful return; and now

ensued a combat between Jones and the footman, which was very fierce, but short; for this fellow was no more able to contend with Jones than his master had before been to contend with him.

And now, Fortune, according to her usual custom, reversed the face of affairs. The former victor lay breathless on the ground, and the vanquished gentleman had recovered breath enough to thank Mr. Jones for his seasonable assistance; he received likewise the hearty thanks of the young woman present, who was indeed no other than Miss Nancy, the eldest daughter of the house.

The footman having now recovered his legs, shook his head at Jones, and, with a sagacious look, cried,—"O d—n me, I'll have nothing more to do with you; you have been upon the stage, or I'm d—nably mistaken." And indeed we may forgive this his suspicion; for such was the agility and strength of our hero, that he was, perhaps, a match for one of the first-rate boxers, and could, with great ease, have beaten all the muffled* graduates of Mr. Broughton's school.

The master, foaming with wrath, ordered his man immediately to strip, to which the latter very readily agreed, on condition of receiving his wages. This condition was presently complied with, and the fellow was discharged.

And now the young gentleman, whose name was Nightingale, very strenuously insisted that his deliverer should take part of a bottle of wine with him; to which Jones, after much entreaty, consented, though more out of complaisance than inclination; for the uneasiness of his mind fitted him very little for conversation at this time. Miss Nancy likewise, who was the only female then in the house, her mamma and sister being both gone to the play, condescended to favour them with her company.

When the bottle and glasses were on the table the gentleman began to relate the occasion of the preceding disturbance.

"I hope, sir," said he to Jones, "you will not from this accident conclude, that I make a custom of striking my servants, for I assure you this is the first time I have been guilty of it in my remembrance, and I have passed by many provoking faults in this very fellow, before he could provoke me to it; but when you hear what hath happened this evening, you will, I believe, think me excusable. I happened to come home several hours before my usual time, when I found four gentlemen of the cloth at whist by my fire;—and my Hoyle, sir—my best Hoyle, which cost me a guinea, lying open on the table, with a quantity of porter spilt on one of the most material leaves of the whole book. This, you will allow, was provoking; but I said nothing till the rest of the honest company were gone, and then gave the fellow a gentle rebuke, who, instead of expressing any concern, made me a pert answer, "That servants must have their diversions as well as other people; that

he was sorry for the accident which had happened to the book, but that several of his acquaintance had bought the same for a shilling; and that I might stop as much in his wages, if I pleased." I now gave him a severer reprimand than before, when the rascal had the insolence to—In short, he imputed my early coming home to—In short, he cast a reflection—He mentioned the name of a young lady, in a manner—in such a manner that incensed me beyond all patience, and, in my passion, I struck him."

Jones answered, "That he believed no person living would blame him: for my part," said he, "I confess I should, on the last-mentioned provocation, have done the same thing."

Our company had not sat long before they were joined by the mother and daughter, at their return from the play. And now they all spent a very cheerful evening together; for all but Jones were heartily merry, and even he put on as much constrained mirth as possible. Indeed, half his natural flow of animal spirits, joined to the sweetness of his temper, was sufficient to make a most amiable companion; and notwithstanding the heaviness of his heart, so agreeable did he make himself on the present occasion, that, at their breaking up, the young gentleman earnestly desired his further acquaintance. Miss Nancy was well pleased with him; and the widow, quite charmed with her new lodger, invited him, with the other, next morning to breakfast.

Jones on his part was no less satisfied. As for Miss Nancy, though a very little creature, she was extremely pretty, and the widow had all the charms which can adorn a woman near fifty. As she was one of the most innocent creatures in the world, so she was one of the most cheerful. She never thought, nor spoke, nor wished any ill, and had constantly that desire of pleasing, which may be called the happiest of all desires in this, that it scarce ever fails of attaining its ends, when not disgraced by affectation. In short, though her power was very small, she was in her heart one of the warmest friends. She had been a most affectionate wife, and was a most fond and tender mother.

As our history doth not, like a newspaper, give great characters to people who never were heard of before, nor will ever be heard of again; the reader may hence conclude, that this excellent woman will hereafter appear to be of some importance in our history.

Nor was Jones a little pleased with the young gentleman himself, whose wine he had been drinking. He thought he discerned in him much good sense, though a little too much tainted with town-foppery; but what recommended him most to Jones were some sentiments of great generosity and humanity, which occasionally dropped from him; and particularly many expressions of the highest disinterestedness in the affair of love. On which subject the young gentleman delivered himself in a language which might have very well become an Arcadian shepherd of old, and which appeared very extraordinary when proceeding from the lips of a modern fine gentleman; but he was only one by imitation, and meant by nature for a much better character.

CHAPTER VI.

What arrived while the company were at breakfast, with some hints concerning the government of daughters.

OUR company brought together in the morning the same good inclinations towards each other, with which they had separated the evening be-

* Lest posterity should be puzzled by this epithet, I think proper to explain it by an advertisement which was published Feb. 1, 1747.

N.B. Mr. Broughton proposes, with proper assistance, to open an academy at his house in the Haymarket, for the instruction of those who are willing to be initiated in the mystery of boxing: where the whole theory and practice of that truly British art, with all the various stops, blows, cross-buttocks, &c., incident to combatants, will be fully taught and explained; and that persons of quality and distinction may not be deterred from entering into *A course of those lectures*, they will be given with the utmost tenderness and regard to the delicacy of the frame and constitution of the pupil, for which reason muffs are provided, that will effectually secure them from the inconveniency of black eyes, broken jaws, and bloody noses.

fore; but poor Jones was extremely disconsolate; for he had just received information from Partridge, that Mrs. Fitzpatrick had left her lodging, and that he could not learn whither she was gone. This news highly afflicted him, and his countenance, as well as his behaviour, in defiance of all his endeavours to the contrary, betrayed manifest indications of a disordered mind.

The discourse turned at present, as before, on love; and Mr. Nightingale again expressed many of those warm, generous, and disinterested sentiments upon this subject, which wise and sober men call romantic, but which wise and sober women generally regard in a better light. Mrs. Miller (for so the mistress of the house was called) greatly approved these sentiments; but when the young gentleman appealed to Miss Nancy, she answered only, "That she believed the gentleman who had spoke the least was capable of feeling most."

This compliment was so apparently directed to Jones, that we should have been sorry had he passed it by unregarded. He made her indeed a very polite answer, and concluded with an oblique hint, that her own silence subjected her to a suspicion of the same kind: for indeed she had scarce opened her lips either now or the last evening.

"I am glad, Nanny," says Mrs. Miller, the "gentleman hath made the observation; I protest I am almost of his opinion. What can be the matter with you, child? I never saw such an alteration. What is become of all your gaiety? Would you think sir, I used to call her my little prattler? She hath not spoken twenty words this week."

Here their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a maid-servant, who brought a bundle in her hand, which, she said, "was delivered by a porter for Mr. Jones." She added, "That the man immediately went away, saying, it required no answer."

Jones expressed some surprise on this occasion, and declared it must by some mistake; but the maid persisting that she was certain of the name, all the women were desirous of having the bundle immediately opened; which operation was at length performed by little Betsy, with the consent of Mr. Jones: and the contents were found to be a domino, a mask, and a masquerade ticket.

Jones was now more positive than ever in asserting, that these things must have been delivered by mistake; and Mrs. Miller herself expressed some doubt, and said, "She knew not what to think." But when Mr. Nightingale was asked, he delivered a very different opinion. "All I can conclude from it, sir," said he, "is, that you are a very happy man; for I make no doubt but these were sent you by some lady whom you will have the happiness of meeting at the masquerade."

Jones had not a sufficient degree of vanity to entertain any such flattering imagination; nor did Mrs. Miller herself give much assent to what Mr. Nightingale had said, till Miss Nancy having lifted up the domino, a card dropped from the sleeve, in which was written as follows:—

TO MR. JONES.

The queen of the fairies sends you this;
Use her favours not amiss.

Mrs. Miller and Miss Nancy now both agreed with Mr. Nightingale; nay, Jones himself was almost persuaded to be of the same opinion. And as no other lady but Mrs. Fitzpatrick, he thought, knew his lodging, he began to flatter himself with some hopes, that it came from her, and that he might possibly see his Sophia. These hopes had

surely very little foundation; but as the conduct of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, in not seeing him according to her promise, and in quitting her lodgings, had been very odd and unaccountable, he conceived some faint hopes, that she (of whom he had formerly heard a very whimsical character) might possibly intend to do him that service, in a strange manner which she declined doing by more ordinary methods. To say the truth, as nothing certain could be concluded from so odd and uncommon an incident, he had the greater latitude to draw what imaginary conclusions from it he pleased. As his temper therefore was naturally sanguine, he indulged it on this occasion, and his imagination worked up a thousand conceits, to favour and support his expectations of meeting his dear Sophia in the evening.

Reader, if thou hast any good wishes towards me, I will fully repay them by wishing thee to be possessed of this sanguine disposition of mind; since, after having read much and considered long on that subject of happiness which hath employed so many great pens, I am almost inclined to fix it in the possession of this temper; which puts us, in a manner, out of the reach of Fortune, and makes us happy without her assistance. Indeed, the sensations of pleasure it gives are much more constant as well as much keener, than those which that blind lady bestows; nature having wisely contrived, that some satiety and languor should be annexed to all our real enjoyments, lest we should be so taken up by them, as to be stopped from further pursuits. I make no manner of doubt but that, in this light, we may see the imaginary future chancellor just called to the bar, the archbishop in crape, and the prime minister at the tail of an opposition, more truly happy than those who are invested with all the power and profit of those respective offices.

Mr. Jones having now determined to go to the masquerade that evening, Mr. Nightingale offered to conduct him thither. The young gentleman, at the same time, offered tickets to Miss Nancy and her mother; but the good woman would not accept them. She said, "she did not conceive the harm which some people imagined in a masquerade; but that such extravagant diversions were proper only for persons of quality and fortune, and not for young women who were to get their living, and could, at best, hope to be married to a good tradesman."—"A tradesman!" cries Nightingale, "you shan't undervalue my Nancy. There is not a nobleman upon earth above her merit."—"O fie! Mr. Nightingale," answered Mrs. Miller, "you must not fill the girl's head with such fancies: but if it was her good luck" (says the mother with a simper) "to find a gentleman of your generous way of thinking, I hope she would make a better return to his generosity than to give her mind up to extravagant pleasures. Indeed, where young ladies bring great fortunes themselves, they have some right to insist on spending what is their own; and on that account I have heard the gentlemen say, a man has sometimes a better bargain with a poor wife, than with a rich one.—But let my daughters marry whom they will, I shall endeavour to make them blessings to their husbands:—I beg, therefore, I may hear of no more masquerades. Nancy is, I am certain, too good a girl to desire to go; for she must remember when you carried her thither last year, it almost turned her head; and she did not return to herself, or to her needle, in a month afterwards."

Though a gentle sigh, which stole from the bosom of Nancy, seemed to argue some secret disapprobation of these sentiments, she did not dare openly to oppose them. For as this good woman had all the tenderness, so she had preserved all the authority of a parent; and as her indulgence to the desires of her children was restrained only by her fears for their safety and future welfare, so she never suffered those commands which proceeded from such fears to be either disobeyed or disputed. And this the young gentleman, who had lodged two years in the house, knew so well, that he presently acquiesced in the refusal.

Mr. Nightingale, who grew every minute fonder of Jones, was very desirous of his company that day to dinner at the tavern, where he offered to introduce him to some of his acquaintance; but Jones begged to be excused, "as his clothes," he said, "were not yet come to town."

To confess the truth, Mr. Jones was now in a situation, which sometimes happens to be the case of young gentlemen of much better figure than himself. In short, he had not one penny in his pocket; a situation in much greater credit among the ancient philosophers than among the modern wise men who live in Lombard-street, or those who frequent White's chocolate-house. And, perhaps, the great honours which those philosophers have ascribed to an empty pocket may be one of the reasons of that high contempt in which they are held in the aforesaid street and chocolate-house.

Now if the ancient opinion, that men might live very comfortably on virtue only, be, as the modern wise men just above mentioned pretend to have discovered, a notorious error; no less false is, I apprehend, that position of some writers of romance, that a man can live altogether on love: for however delicious repasts this may afford to some of our senses or appetites, it is most certain it can afford none to others. Those, therefore, who have placed too great a confidence in such writers, have experienced their error when it was too late; and have found that love was no more capable of allaying hunger, than a rose is capable of delighting the ear, or a violin of gratifying the smell.

Notwithstanding, therefore, all the delicacies which love had set before him, namely, the hopes of seeing Sophia at the masquerade; on which, however ill-founded his imagination might be, he had voluptuously feasted during the whole day, the evening no sooner came than Mr. Jones began to languish for some food of a grosser kind. Partridge discovered this by intuition, and took the occasion to give some oblique hints concerning the bank-bill; and, when these were rejected with disdain, he collected courage enough once more to mention a return to Mr. Allworthy.

"Partridge," cries Jones, "you cannot see my fortune in a more desperate light than I see it myself; and I begin heartily to repent that I suffered you to leave a place where you was settled, and to follow me. However, I insist now on your returning home; and for the expense and trouble which you have so kindly put yourself to on my account, all the clothes I left behind in your care I desire you would take as your own. I am sorry I can make you no other acknowledgment."

He spoke these words with so pathetic an accent, that Partridge, among whose vices ill-nature or hardness of heart were not numbered, burst into tears; and after swearing he would not quit him in his distress, he began with the most earnest entreaties to urge his return home. "For heaven's sake, sir," says he, "do but consider; what can your

honour do?—how is it possible you can live in this town without money? Do what you will, sir, or go wherever you please, I am resolved not to desert you. But pray, sir, consider—do pray, sir, for your own sake, take it into your consideration; and I'm sure," says he, "that your own good sense will bid you return home."

"How often shall I tell thee," answered Jones, "that I have no home to return to? Had I any hopes that Mr. Allworthy's doors would be open to receive me, I want no distress to urge me—nay, there is no other cause upon earth, which could detain me a moment from flying to his presence; but, alas! that I am for ever banished from. His last words were—O, Partridge, they still ring in my ears—his last words were, when he gave me a sum of money,—what it was I know not, but considerable I'm sure it was—his last words were—'I am resolved from this day forward, on no account, to converse with you any more.'"

Here passion stopped the mouth of Jones, as surprise for a moment did that of Partridge; but he soon recovered the use of speech, and after a short preface, in which he declared he had no inquisitiveness in his temper, inquired what Jones meant by a considerable sum—he knew not how much—and what was become of the money.

In both these points he now received full satisfaction; on which he was proceeding to comment, when he was interrupted by a message from Mr. Nightingale, who desired his master's company in his apartment.

When the two gentlemen were both attired for the masquerade, and Mr. Nightingale had given orders for chairs to be sent for, a circumstance of distress occurred to Jones, which will appear very ridiculous to many of my readers. This was how to procure a shilling; but if such readers will reflect a little on what they have themselves felt from the want of a thousand pounds, or, perhaps, of ten or twenty, to execute a favourite scheme, they will have a perfect idea of what Mr. Jones felt on this occasion. For this sum, therefore, he applied to Partridge, which was the first he had permitted him to advance, and was the last he intended that poor fellow should advance in his service. To say the truth, Partridge had lately made no offer of this kind. Whether it was that he desired to see the bank-bill broke in upon, or that distress should prevail on Jones to return home, or from what other motive it proceeded, I will not determine.

CHAPTER VII.

Containing the whole humours of a masquerade.

OUR cavaliers now arrived at that temple, where Heydegger, the great Arbiter Deliciarum, the great high-priest of pleasure, presides; and, like other heathen priests, imposes on his votaries by the pretended presence of the deity, when in reality no such deity is there.

Mr. Nightingale, having taken a turn or two with his companion, soon left him, and walked off with a female, saying, "Now you are here, sir, you must beat about for your own game."

Jones began to entertain strong hopes that his Sophia was present; and these hopes gave him more spirits than the lights, the music, and the company; though these are pretty strong antidotes against the spleen. He now accosted ever woman he saw, whose stature, shape, or air, bore any resemblance to his angel. To all of whom he endeavoured to say something smart, in order to engage an answer, by which he might discover that voice

which he thought it impossible he should mistake. Some of these answered by a question, in a squeaking voice, Do you know me? Much the greater number said, I don't know you, sir, and nothing more. Some called him an impertinent fellow; some made him no answer at all; some said, Indeed I don't know your voice, and I shall have nothing to say to you; and many gave him as kind answers as he could wish, but not in the voice he desired to hear.

Whilst he was talking with one of these last (who was in the habit of a shepherdess) a lady in a domino came up to him, and slapping him on the shoulder, whispered him, at the same time, in the ear, "If you talk any longer with that trollop, I will acquaint Miss Western."

Jones no sooner heard that name, than, immediately quitting his former companion, he applied to the domino, begging and entreating her to show him the lady she had mentioned, if she was then in the room.

The mask walked hastily to the upper end of the innermost apartment before she spoke; and then, instead of answering him, sat down, and declared she was tired. Jones sat down by her, and still persisted in his entreaties: at last the lady coldly answered, "I imagined Mr. Jones had been a more discerning lover, than to suffer any disguise to conceal his mistress from him." "Is she here, then, madam?" replied Jones, with some vehemence. Upon which the lady cried,—“Hush, sir, you will be observed. I promise you, upon my honour, Miss Western is not here.”

Jones, now taking the mask by the hand, fell to entreating her in the most earnest manner, to acquaint him where he might find Sophia: and when he could obtain no direct answer, he began to upbraid her gently for having disappointed him the day before; and concluded, saying, "Indeed, my good fairy queen, I know your majesty very well, notwithstanding the affected disguise of your voice. Indeed, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, it is a little cruel to divert yourself at the expense of my torments."

The mask answered, "Though you have so ingeniously discovered me, I must still speak in the same voice, lest I should be known by others. And do you think, good sir, that I have no greater regard for my cousin, than to assist in carrying on an affair between you two, which must end in her ruin, as well as your own? Besides, I promise you, my cousin is not mad enough to consent to her own destruction, if you are so much her enemy as to tempt her to it."

"Alas, madam!" said Jones, "you little know my heart, when you call me an enemy of Sophia."

"And yet to ruin any one," cries the other, "you will allow, is the act of an enemy; and when by the same act you must knowingly and certainly bring ruin on yourself, is it not folly or madness, as well as guilt? Now, sir, my cousin hath very little more than her father will please to give her; very little for one of her fashion,—you know him, and you know your own situation."

Jones vowed he had no such design on Sophia, "That he would rather suffer the most violent of deaths than sacrifice her interest to his desires." He said, "he knew how unworthy he was of her, every way; that he had long ago resolved to quit all such aspiring thoughts, but that some strange accidents had made him desirous to see her once more, when he promised he would take leave of her for ever. No, madam," concluded he, "my love is not of that base kind which seeks its own satisfaction, at the expense of what is most dear to its ob-

ject. I would sacrifice everything to the possession of my Sophia, but Sophia herself."

Though the reader may have already conceived no very sublime idea of the virtue of the lady in the mask; and though possibly she may hereafter appear not to deserve one of the first characters of her sex; yet, it is certain, these generous sentiments made a strong impression upon her, and greatly added to the affection she had before conceived for our young hero.

The lady now, after silence of a few moments, said, "She did not see his pretensions to Sophia so much in the light of presumption, as of imprudence. Young fellows," says she, "can never have too aspiring thoughts. I love ambition in a young man, and I would have you cultivate it as much as possible. Perhaps you may succeed with those who are infinitely superior in fortune; nay, I am convinced there are women,—but don't you think me a strange creature, Mr. Jones, to be thus giving advice to a man with whom I am so little acquainted, and one with whose behaviour to me I have so little reason to be pleased?"

Here Jones began to apologise, and to hope he had not offended in anything he had said of her cousin.—To which the mask answered, "And are you so little versed in the sex, to imagine you can well affront a lady more than by entertaining her with your passion for another woman? If the fairy queen had conceived no better opinion of your gallantry, she would scarce have appointed you to meet her at the masquerade."

Jones had never less inclination to an amour than at present; but gallantry to the ladies was among his principles of honour; and he held it as much incumbent on him to accept a challenge to love, as if it had been a challenge to fight. Nay, his very love to Sophia made it necessary for him to keep well with the lady, as he made no doubt but she was capable of bringing him into the presence of the other.

He began therefore to make a very warm answer to her last speech, when a mask, in the character of an old woman, joined them. This mask was one of those ladies who go to a masquerade only to vent ill-nature, by telling people rude truths, and by endeavouring, as the phrase is, to spoil as much sport as they are able. This good lady, therefore, having observed Jones, and his friend, whom she well knew, in close consultation together in a corner of the room, concluded she could no where satisfy her spleen better than by interrupting them. She attacked them, therefore, and soon drove them from their retirement; nor was she contented with this, but pursued them to every place which they shifted to avoid her; till Mr. Nightingale, seeing the distress of his friend, at last relieved him, and engaged the old woman in another pursuit.

While Jones and his mask were walking together about the room, to rid themselves of the teaser, he observed his lady speak to several masks, with the same freedom of acquaintance as if they had been barefaced. He could not help expressing his surprise at this; saying, "Sure, madam, you must have infinite discernment, to know people in all disguises." To which the lady answered, "You cannot conceive anything more insipid and childish than a masquerade to the people of fashion, who in general know one another as well here as when they meet in an assembly or a drawing-room: nor will any woman of condition converse with a person with whom she is not acquainted. In short, the generality of persons whom you see here may more properly be said to kill time in this place than in any other; and

generally retire from hence more tired than from the longest sermon. To say the truth, I begin to be in that situation myself; and if I have any faculty at guessing, you are not much better pleased. I protest it would be almost charity in me to go home for your sake." "I know but one charity equal to it," cries Jones, "and that is to suffer me to wait on you home." "Sure," answered the lady, "you have a strange opinion of me, to imagine, that upon such an acquaintance, I would let you into my doors at this time of night. I fancy you impute the friendship I have shown my cousin to some other motive. Confess honestly; don't you consider this contrived interview as little better than a downright assignation? Are you used, Mr. Jones, to make these sudden conquests?" "I am not used, madam," said Jones, "to submit to such sudden conquests; but as you have taken my heart by surprise, the rest of my body hath a right to follow; so you must pardon me if I resolve to attend you wherever you go. He accompanied these words with some proper actions; upon which the lady, after a gentle rebuke, and saying their familiarity would be observed, told him, "She was going to sup with an acquaintance, whither she hoped he would not follow her; for if you should," said she, "I shall be thought an unaccountable creature, though my friend indeed is not censorious: yet I hope you won't follow me; I protest I shall not know what to say if you do."

The lady presently after quitted the masquerade, and Jones, notwithstanding the severe prohibition he had received, presumed to attend her. He was now reduced to the same dilemma we have mentioned before, namely, the want of a shilling, and could not relieve it by borrowing as before. He therefore walked boldly on after the chair in which his lady rode, pursued by a grand huzza, from all the chairmen present, who wisely take the best care they can to discountenance all walking afoot by their betters. Luckily, however, the gentry who attend at the Opera-house were too busy to quit their stations, and as the lateness of the hour prevented him from meeting many of their brethren in the street, he proceeded without molestation, in a dress, which, at another season, would have certainly raised a mob at his heels.

The lady was set down in a street not far from Hanover-square, where the door being presently opened, she was carried in, and the gentleman, without any ceremony, walked in after her.

Jones and his companion were now together in a very well-furnished and well-warmed room; when the female, still speaking in her masquerade voice, said, she was surprised at her friend, who must absolutely have forgot her appointment; at which, after venting much resentment, she suddenly expressed some apprehension from Jones, and asked him what the world would think of their having been alone together in a house at that time of night? But instead of a direct answer to so important a question, Jones began to be very importunate with the lady to unmask; and at length having prevailed, there appeared not Mrs. Fitzpatrick, but the lady Bellaston herself.

It would be tedious to give the particular conversation, which consisted of very common and ordinary occurrences, and which lasted from two till six o'clock in the morning. It is sufficient to mention all of it that is anywise material to this history. And this was a promise that the lady would endeavour to find out Sophia, and in a few days bring him to an interview with her, on condition that he would then take his leave of her. When this was thoroughly settled, and a second meeting in the even-

ing appointed at the same place, they separated; the lady returning to her house, and Jones to his lodgings.

CHAPTER VIII.

Containing a scene of distress, which will appear very extraordinary to most of our readers.

JONES having refreshed himself with a few hours' sleep, summoned Partridge to his presence; and delivering him a bank-note of fifty pounds, ordered him to go and change it. Partridge received this with sparkling eyes, though, when he came to reflect farther, it raised in him some suspicions not very advantageous to the honour of his master: to these the dreadful idea he had of the masquerade, the disguise in which his master had gone out and returned, and his having been abroad all night, contributed. In plain language, the only way he could possibly find to account for the possession of this note, was by robbery: and, to confess the truth, the reader, unless he should suspect it was owing to the generosity of lady Bellaston, can hardly imagine any other.

To clear, therefore, the honour of Mr. Jones, and to do justice to the liberality of the lady, he had really received this present from her, who, though she did not give much into the hackney charities of the age, such as building hospitals, &c., was not, however, entirely void of that christian virtue; and conceived (very rightly I think) that a young fellow of merit, without a shilling in the world, was no improper object of this virtue.

Mr. Jones and Mr. Nightingale had been invited to dine this day with Mrs. Miller. At the appointed hour, therefore, the two young gentlemen, with the two girls, attended in the parlour, where they waited from three till almost five before the good woman appeared. She had been out of town to visit a relation, of whom, at her return, she gave the following account.

"I hope, gentlemen, you will pardon my making you wait; I am sure if you knew the occasion—I have been to see a cousin of mine, about six miles off, who now lies in.—It should be a warning to all persons (says she, looking at her daughters) how they marry indiscreetly. There is no happiness in this world without a competency. O Nancy! how shall I describe the wretched condition in which I found your poor cousin? she hath scarce lain in a week, and there was she, this dreadful weather, in a cold room, without any curtains to her bed, and not a bushel of coals in her house to supply her with fire: her second son, that sweet little fellow, lies ill of a quinsey in the same bed with his mother; for there is no other bed in the house. Poor little Tommy! I believe, Nancy, you will never see your favourite any more; for he is really very ill. The rest of the children are in pretty good health: but Molly, I am afraid, will do herself an injury: she is but thirteen years old, Mr. Nightingale, and yet, in my life, I never saw a better nurse: she tends both her mother and her brother; and, what is wonderful in a creature so young, she shows all the cheerfulness in the world to her mother; and yet I saw her—I saw the poor child, Mr. Nightingale, turn about, and privately wipe the tears from her eyes." Here Mrs. Miller was prevented, by her own tears, from going on, and there was not, I believe, a person present who did not accompany her in them; at length she a little recovered herself, and proceeded thus: "In all this distress the mother supports her spirits in a surprising manner. The danger of her son sits heaviest upon her, and yet she endeavours as much as

possible to conceal even this concern, on her husband's account. Her grief, however, sometimes gets the better of all her endeavours; for she was always extravagantly fond of this boy, and a most sensible, sweet-tempered creature it is. I protest I was never more affected in my life than when I heard the little wretch, who is hardly yet seven years old, while his mother was wetting him with her tears, beg her to be comforted. 'Indeed, mamma,' cried the child, 'I shan't die; God Almighty, I'm sure, won't take Tommy away; let heaven be ever so fine a place, I had rather stay here and starve with you and my papa than go to it.' Pardon me, gentlemen, I can't help it" (says she, wiping her eyes), "such sensibility and affection in a child—And yet, perhaps, he is least the object of pity; for a day or two will, most probably, place him beyond the reach of all human evils. The father is, indeed, most worthy of compassion. Poor man, his countenance is the very picture of horror, and he looks like one rather dead than alive. Oh heavens! what a scene did I behold at my first coming into the room! The good creature was lying behind the bolster, supporting at once both his child and his wife. He had nothing on but a thin waistcoat; for his coat was spread over the bed, to supply the want of blankets.—When he rose up at my entrance, I scarce knew him. As comely a man, Mr. Jones, within this fortnight, as you ever beheld; Mr. Nightingale hath seen him. His eyes sunk, his face pale, with a long beard. His body shivering with cold, and worn with hunger too; for my cousin says she can hardly prevail upon him to eat.—He told me himself in a whisper—he told me—I can't repeat it—he said he could not bear to eat the bread his children wanted. And yet, can you believe it, gentlemen? in all this misery his wife has as good caudle as if she lay in the midst of the greatest affluence; I tasted it, and I scarce ever tasted better.—The means of procuring her this, he said, he believed was sent him by an angel from heaven. I know not what he meant; for I had not spirits enough to ask a single question.

"This was a love-match, as they call it, on both sides; that is, a match between two beggars. I must, indeed, say, I never saw a fonder couple; but what is their fondness good for, but to torment each other?" "Indeed, mamma," cries Nancy, "I have always looked on my cousin Anderson" (for that was her name) "as one of the happiest of women." "I am sure," says Mrs. Miller, "the case at present much otherwise; for any one might have discerned at the tender consideration of each other's sufferings makes the most intolerable part of their calamity, both to the husband and wife. Compared to which, hunger and cold, as they affect their own persons only, are scarce evils. Nay, the very children, the youngest, which is not two years old, excepted, feel in the same manner; for they are a most loving family, and, if they had but a bare competency, would be the happiest people in the world." "I never saw the least sign of misery at her house," replied Nancy; "I am sure my heart bleeds for what you now tell me."—"O child," answered the mother, "she hath always endeavoured to make the best of everything. They have always been in great distress; but, indeed, this absolute ruin hath been brought upon them by others. The poor man was bail for the villain his brother; and about a week ago, the very day before her lying-in, their goods were all carried away, and sold by an execution. He sent a letter to me of it by one of the bailiffs, which the villain never delivered.—What must he think of my suffering a week to pass before he heard of me?"

It was not with dry eyes that Jones heard this narrative; when it was ended he took Mrs. Miller apart with him into another room, and, delivering her his purse, in which was the sum of 50*l.*, desired her to send as much of it as she thought proper to these poor people. The look which Mrs. Miller gave Jones, on this occasion, is not easy to be described. She burst into a kind of agony of transport, and cried out—"Good heavens! is there such a man in the world?"—But, recollecting herself, she said, "Indeed I know one such; but can there be another?" "I hope, madam," cries Jones, "there are many who have common humanity; for to relieve such distresses in our fellow-creatures, can hardly be called more." Mrs. Miller then took ten guineas, which were the utmost he could prevail with her to accept, and said, "She would find some means of conveying them early the next morning;" adding, "that she had herself done some little matter for the poor people, and had not left them in quite so much misery as she found them."

They then returned to the parlour, where Nightingale expressed much concern at the dreadful situation of these wretches, whom indeed he knew; for he had seen them more than once at Mrs. Miller's. He inveighed against the folly of making oneself liable for the debts of others; vented many bitter execrations against the brother; and concluded with wishing something could be done for the unfortunate family. "Suppose, madam," said he, "you should recommend them to Mr. Allworthy? Or what think you of a collection? I will give them a guinea with all my heart."

Mrs. Miller made no answer; and Nancy, to whom her mother had whispered the generosity of Jones, turned pale upon the occasion; though, if either of them was angry with Nightingale, it was surely without reason. For the liberality of Jones, if he had known it, was not an example which he had any obligation to follow; and there are thousands who would not have contributed a single half-penny, as indeed he did not in effect, for he made no tender of anything; and therefore, as the others thought proper to make no demand, he kept his money in his pocket.

I have, in truth, observed, and shall never have a better opportunity than at present to communicate my observation, that the world are in general divided into two opinions concerning charity, which are the very reverse of each other. One party seems to hold, that all acts of this kind are to be esteemed as voluntary gifts, and, however little you give (if indeed no more than your good wishes), you acquire a great degree of merit in so doing. Others, on the contrary, appear to be as firmly persuaded, that beneficence is a positive duty, and that whenever the rich fall greatly short of their ability in relieving the distresses of the poor, their pitiful largesses are so far from being meritorious, that they have only performed their duty by halves, and are in some sense more contemptible than those who have entirely neglected it.

To reconcile these different opinions is not in my power. I shall only add, that the givers are generally of the former sentiment, and the receivers are almost universally inclined to the latter.

CHAPTER IX.

Which treats of matters of a very different kind from those in the preceding chapter

IN the evening Jones met his lady again, and a long conversation again ensued between them; but as it consisted only of the same ordinary occurrences as

before, we shall avoid mentioning particulars, which we despair of rendering agreeable to the reader; unless he is one whose devotion to the fair sex, like that of the papists to their saints, wants to be raised by the help of pictures. But I am so far from desiring to exhibit such pictures to the public, that I would wish to draw a curtain over those that have been lately set forth in certain French novels; very bungling copies of which have been presented us here under the name of translations.

Jones grew still more and more impatient to see Sophia; and finding, after repeated interviews with lady Bellaston, no likelihood of obtaining this by her means (for, on the contrary, the lady began to treat even the mention of the name of Sophia with resentment), he resolved to try some other method. He made no doubt but that lady Bellaston knew where his angel was, so he thought it most likely that some of her servants should be acquainted with the same secret. Partridge therefore was employed to get acquainted with those servants, in order to fish this secret out of them.

Few situations can be imagined more uneasy than that to which his poor master was at present reduced; for besides the difficulties he met with in discovering Sophia, besides the fears he had of having disobliterated her, and the assurance he had received from lady Bellaston of the resolution which Sophia had taken against him, and of her having purposely concealed herself from him, which he had sufficient reason to believe might be true; he had still a difficulty to combat, which it was not in the power of his mistress to remove, however kind her inclination might have been. This was the exposing of her to be disinherited of all her father's estate, the almost inevitable consequence of their coming together without a consent, which he had no hopes of ever obtaining.

Add to all these the many obligations which lady Bellaston, whose violent fondness we can no longer conceal, had heaped upon him; so that by her means he was now become one of the best-dressed men about town; and was not only relieved from those ridiculous distresses we have before mentioned, but was actually raised to a state of affluence beyond what he had ever known.

Now, though there are many gentlemen who very well reconcile it to their consciences to possess themselves of the whole fortune of a woman, without making her any kind of return; yet to a mind, the proprietor of which doth not deserve to be hanged, nothing is, I believe, more irksome than to support love with gratitude only; especially where inclination pulls the heart a contrary way. Such was the unhappy case of Jones; for though the virtuous love he bore to Sophia, and which left very little affection for any other woman, had been entirely out of the question, he could never have been able to have made any adequate return to the generous passion of this lady, who had indeed been once an object of desire, but was now entered at least into the autumn of life, though she wore all the gaiety of youth, both in her dress and manner; nay, she contrived still to maintain the roses in her cheeks; but these, like flowers forced out of season by art, had none of that lively blooming freshness with which Nature, at the proper time, bedecks her own productions. She had, besides, a certain imperfection, which renders some flowers, though very beautiful to the eye, very improper to be placed in a wilderness of sweets, and what above all others is most disagreeable to the breath of love.

Though Jones saw all these discouragements on the one side, he felt his obligations full as strongly

on the other; nor did he less plainly discern the ardent passion whence those obligations proceeded, the extreme violence of which if he failed to equal, he well knew the lady would think him ungrateful; and, what is worse, he would have thought himself so. He knew the tacit consideration upon which all her favours were conferred; and as his necessity obliged him to accept them, so his honour, he concluded, forced him to pay the price. This therefore he resolved to do, whatever misery it cost him, and to devote himself to her, from that great principle of justice, by which the laws of some countries oblige a debtor, who is no otherwise capable of discharging his debt, to become the slave of his creditor.

While he was meditating on these matters, he received the following note from the lady:—

“A very foolish, but a very perverse accident hath happened since our last meeting, which makes it improper I should see you any more at the usual place. I will, if possible, contrive some other place by to-morrow. In the mean time, adieu.”

This disappointment, perhaps, the reader may conclude was not very great; but if it was, he was quickly relieved; for in less than an hour afterwards another note was brought him from the same hand, which contained as follows:—

“I have altered my mind since I wrote; a change, which if you are no stranger to the tenderest of all passions, you will not wonder at. I am now resolved to see you this evening at my own house, whatever may be the consequence. Come to me exactly at seven; I dine abroad, but will be at home by that time. A day, I find, to those that sincerely love, seems longer than I imagined.

“If you should accidentally be a few moments before me, bid them shew you into the drawing-room.”

To confess the truth, Jones was less pleased with this last epistle than he had been with the former, as he was prevented by it from complying with the earnest entreaties of Mr. Nightingale, with whom he had now contracted much intimacy and friendship. These entreaties were to go with that young gentleman and his company to a new play, which was to be acted that evening, and which a very large party had agreed to damn, from some dislike they had taken to the author, who was a friend to one of Mr. Nightingale's acquaintance. And this sort of fun, our hero, we are ashamed to confess, would willingly have preferred to the above kind appointment; but his honour got the better of his inclination.

Before we attend him to this intended interview with the lady, we think proper to account for both the preceding notes, as the reader may possibly be not a little surprised at the imprudence of lady Bellaston, in bringing her lover to the very house where her rival was lodged.

First, then, the mistress of the house where these lovers had hitherto met, and who had been for some years a pensioner to that lady, was now become a methodist, and had that very morning waited upon her ladyship, and after rebuking her very severely for her past life, had positively declared, that she would, on no account, be instrumental in carrying on any of her affairs for the future.

The hurry of spirits into which this accident threw the lady made her despair of possibly finding any other convenience to meet Jones that evening; but as she began a little to recover from her uneasiness at the disappointment, she set her thoughts to work, when luckily it came into her head to propose to Sophia to go to the play, which was immediately

consented to, and a proper lady provided for her companion. Mrs. Honour was likewise despatched with Mrs. Etoff on the same errand of pleasure; and thus her own house was left free for the safe reception of Mr. Jones, with whom she promised herself two or three hours of uninterrupted conversation, after her return from the place where she dined, which was at a friend's house in a pretty distant part of the town, near her old place of assignation, where she had engaged herself before she was well apprised of the revolution that had happened in the mind and morals of her late confidante.

CHAPTER X.

A chapter which, though short, may draw tears from some eyes.

MR. JONES was just dressed to wait on lady Bellaston, when Mrs. Miller rapped at his door; and, being admitted, very earnestly desired his company below stairs, to drink tea in the parlour.

Upon his entrance into the room, she presently introduced a person to him, saying, "This, sir, is my cousin, who hath been so greatly beholden to your goodness, for which he begs to return you his sincerest thanks."

The man had scarce entered upon that speech which Mrs. Miller had so kindly prefaced, when both Jones and he, looking stedfastly at each other, showed at once the utmost tokens of surprise. The voice of the latter began instantly to falter; and, instead of finishing his speech, he sunk down into a chair, crying, "It is so, I am convinced it is so!"

"Bless me! what's the meaning of this?" cries Mrs. Miller; "you are not ill, I hope, cousin? Some water, a dram this instant."

"Be not frightened, madam," cries Jones, "I have almost as much need of a dram as your cousin. We are equally surprised at this unexpected meeting. Your cousin is an acquaintance of mine, Mrs. Miller."

"An acquaintance!" cries the man.—"Oh, heaven!"

"Ay, an acquaintance," repeated Jones, "and an honoured acquaintance too. When I do not love and honour the man who dares venture everything to preserve his wife and children from instant destruction, may I have a friend capable of disowning me in adversity?"

"O, you are an excellent young man," cries Mrs. Miller:—"Yes, indeed, poor creature! he hath ventured everything.—If he had not had one of the best of constitutions, it must have killed him."

"Cousin," cries the man, who had now pretty well recovered himself, "this is the angel from heaven whom I meant. This is he to whom, before I saw you, I owed the preservation of my Peggy. He it was to whose generosity every comfort, every support which I have procured for her, was owing. He is, indeed, the worthiest, bravest, noblest, of all human beings. O cousin, I have obligations to this gentleman of such a nature!"

"Mention nothing of obligations," cries Jones, eagerly; "not a word, I insist upon it, not a word" (meaning, I suppose, that he would not have him betray the affair of the robbery to any person). "If, by the trifle you have received from me, I have preserved a whole family, sure pleasure was never bought so cheap."

"O, sir!" cries the man, "I wish you could this instant see my house. If any person had ever a right to the pleasure you mention, I am convinced it is yourself. My cousin tells me she acquainted you with the distress in which she found us. That,

sir, is all greatly removed, and chiefly by your goodness.—My children have now a bed to lie on,—and they have—they have—eternal blessings reward you for it!—they have bread to eat. My little boy is recovered; my wife is out of danger, and I am happy. All, all owing to you, sir, and to my cousin here, one of the best of women. Indeed, sir, I must see you at my house.—Indeed my wife must see you, and thank you.—My children too must express their gratitude.—Indeed, sir, they are not without a sense of their obligation; but what is my feeling when I reflect to whom I owe, that they are now capable of expressing their gratitude.—O, sir, the little hearts which you have warmed had now been cold as ice without your assistance."

Here Jones attempted to prevent the poor man from proceeding; but indeed the overflowing of his own heart would of itself have stopped his words. And now Mrs. Miller likewise began to pour forth thanksgivings, as well in her own name, as in that of her cousin, and concluded with saying "She doubted not but such goodness would meet a glorious reward."

Jones answered, "He had been sufficiently rewarded already. Your cousin's account, madam," said he, "hath given me a sensation more pleasing than I have ever known. He must be a wretch who is unmoved at hearing such a story; how transporting then must be the thought of having happily acted a part in this scene! If there are men who cannot feel the delight of giving happiness to others, I sincerely pity them, as they are incapable of tasting what is, in my opinion, a greater honour, a higher interest, and a sweeter pleasure, than the ambitious, the avaricious, or the voluptuous man can ever obtain."

The hour of appointment being now come, Jones was forced to take a hasty leave, but not before he had heartily shaken his friend by the hand, and desired to see him again as soon as possible; promising, that he would himself take the first opportunity of visiting him at his own house. He then stepped into his chair, and proceeded to lady Bellaston's, greatly exulting in the happiness which he had procured to this poor family; nor could he forbear reflecting, without horror, on the dreadful consequences which must have attended them, had he listened rather to the voice of strict justice than to that of mercy, when he was attacked on the high road.

Mrs. Miller sung forth the praises of Jones during the whole evening, in which Mr. Anderson, while he stayed, so passionately accompanied her, that he was often on the very point of mentioning the circumstance of the robbery. However, he luckily recollected himself, and avoided an indiscretion which would have been so much the greater, as he knew Mrs. Miller to be extremely strict and nice in her principles. He was likewise well apprised of the loquacity of this lady; and yet such was his gratitude, that it had almost got the better both of discretion and shame, and made him publish that which would have defamed his own character, rather than omit any circumstances which might do the fullest honour to his benefactor.

CHAPTER XI.

In which the reader will be surprised.

MR. JONES was rather earlier than the time appointed, and earlier than the lady; whose arrival was hindered, not only by the distance of the place where she dined, but by some other cross accidents,

very vexatious to one in her situation of mind. He was accordingly shown into the drawing-room, where he had not been many minutes before the door opened, and in came—no other than Sophia herself, who had left the play before the end of the first act; for this, as we have already said, being a new play, at which two large parties met, the one to damn, and the other to applaud, a violent uproar and an engagement between the two parties, had so terrified our heroine, that she was glad to put herself under the protection of a young gentleman who safely conveyed her to her chair.

As lady Bellaston had acquainted her that she should not be at home till late, Sophia, expecting to find no one in the room, came hastily in, and went directly to the glass which almost fronted her, without once looking towards the upper end of the room, where the statue of Jones now stood motionless.—In this glass it was, after contemplating her own lovely face, that she first discovered the said statue; when, instantly turning about, she perceived the reality of the vision: upon which she gave a violent scream, and scarce preserved herself from fainting, till Jones was able to move to her, and support her in his arms.

To paint the looks or thoughts of either of these lovers, is beyond my power. As their sensations, from their mutual silence, may be judged to have been too big for their own utterance, it cannot be supposed that I should be able to express them: and the misfortune is, that few of my readers have been enough in love to feel by their own hearts what passed at this time in theirs.

After a short pause, Jones, with faltering accents, said—"I see, madam, you are surprised."—"Surprised!" answered she; "Oh heavens! Indeed, I am surprised. I almost doubt whether you are the person you seem."—"Indeed," cries he, "my Sophia, pardon me, madam, for this once calling you so, I am that very wretched Jones, whom fortune, after so many disappointments, hath, at last, kindly conducted to you. Oh! my Sophia, did you know the thousand torments I have suffered in this long, fruitless pursuit."—"Pursuit of whom?" said Sophia, a little recollecting herself, and assuming a reserved air.—"Can you be so cruel to ask that question?" cries Jones; "Need I say, of you?"—"Of me!" answered Sophia: "Hath Mr. Jones, then, any such important business with me?"—"To some, madam," cries Jones, "this might seem an important business" (giving her the pocket-book). "I hope, madam, you will find it of the same value as when it was lost." Sophia took the pocket-book, and was going to speak, when he interrupted her thus:—"Let us not, I beseech you, lose one of these precious moments which fortune hath so kindly sent us. O, my Sophia! I have business of a much superior kind. Thus, on my knees, let me ask your pardon."—"My pardon!" cries she: "Sure, sir, after what is past, you cannot expect, after what I have heard."—"I scarce know what I say," answered Jones. "By heavens! I scarce wish you should pardon me. O my Sophia! henceforth never cast away a thought on such a wretch as I am. If any remembrance of me should ever intrude to give a moment's uneasiness to that tender bosom, think of my unworthiness; and let the remembrance of what passed at Upton blot me for ever from your mind."

Sophia stood trembling all this while. Her face was whiter than snow, and her heart was throbbing through her stays. But, at the mention of Upton, a blush arose in her cheeks, and her eyes, which before she had scarce lifted up, were turned upon

Jones with a glance of disdain. He understood this silent reproach, and replied to it thus: "O my Sophia! my only love! you cannot hate or despise me more for what happened there than I do myself: but yet do me the justice to think that my heart was never unfaithful to you. That had no share in the folly I was guilty of; it was even then unalterably yours. Though I despaired of possessing you, nay, almost of ever seeing you more, I doted still on your charming idea, and could seriously love no other woman. But if my heart had not been engaged, she, into whose company I accidentally fell at that cursed place, was not an object of serious love. Believe me, my angel, I have never seen her from that day to this; and never intend or desire to see her again." Sophia, in her heart, was very glad to hear this; but forcing into her face an air of more coldness than she had yet assumed, "Why," said she, "Mr. Jones, do you take the trouble to make a defence where you are not accused? If I thought it worth while to accuse you, I have a charge of unpardonable nature indeed."—"What is it, for heaven's sake?" answered Jones, trembling and pale, expecting to hear of his amour with lady Bellaston. "Oh," said she, "how is it possible! can everything noble and everything base be lodged together in the same bosom?" Lady Bellaston, and the ignominious circumstance of having been kept, rose again in his mind, and stopped his mouth from any reply. "Could I have expected," proceeded Sophia, "such treatment from you? Nay, from any gentleman, from any man of honour? To have my name traduced in public; in inns, among the meanest vulgar! to have any little favours that my unguarded heart may have too lightly betrayed me to grant, boasted of there! nay, even to hear that you had been forced to fly from my love!"

Nothing could equal Jones's surprise at these words of Sophia; but yet, not being guilty, he was much less embarrassed how to defend himself than if she had touched that tender string at which his conscience had been alarmed. By some examination he presently found, that her supposing him guilty of so shocking an outrage against his love, and her reputation, was entirely owing to Partridge's talk at the inns before landlords and servants; for Sophia confessed to him it was from them that she received her intelligence. He had no very great difficulty to make her believe that he was entirely innocent of an offence so foreign to his character: but she had a great deal to hinder him from going instantly home, and putting Partridge to death, which he more than once swore he would do. This point being cleared up, they soon found themselves so well pleased with each other, that Jones quite forgot he had begun the conversation with conjuring her to give up all thoughts of him; and she was in a temper to have given ear to a petition of a very different nature; for before they were aware they had both gone so far, that he let fall some words that sounded like a proposal of marriage. To which she replied, "That, did not her duty to her father forbid her to follow her own inclinations, ruin with him would be more welcome to her than the most affluent fortune with another man." At the mention of the word ruin he started, let drop her hand, which he held for some time, and striking his breast with his own, cried out, "Oh, Sophia! can I then ruin thee? No; by heavens, no! I never will act so base a part. Dearest Sophia, whatever it costs me, I will renounce you; I will give you up; I will tear all such hopes from my heart as are inconsistent with your real good. My love I will ever retain, but it shall be in silence; it shall be at a distance

from you; it shall be in some foreign land; from whence no voice, no sigh of my despair, shall ever reach and disturb your ears. And when I am dead"—He would have gone on, but was stopped by a flood of tears which Sophia let fall in his bosom, upon which she leaned, without being able to speak one word. He kissed them off, which, for some moments, she allowed him to do without any resistance; but then recollecting herself, gently withdrew out of his arms; and, to turn the discourse from a subject too tender, and which she found she could not support, be-thought herself to ask him a question she never had time to put to him before, "How he came into that room?" He began to stammer, and would, in all probability, have raised her suspicions by the answer he was going to give, when, at once, the door opened, and in came Lady Bellaston.

Having advanced a few steps, and seeing Jones and Sophia together, she suddenly stopped; when, after a pause of a few moments, recollecting herself with admirable presence of mind, she said,—though with sufficient indications of surprise both in voice and countenance—"I thought, Miss Western, you had been at the play?"

Though Sophia had no opportunity of learning of Jones by what means he had discovered her, yet, as she had not the least suspicion of the real truth, or that Jones and lady Bellaston were acquainted, so she was very little confounded; and the less, as the lady had, in all their conversations on the subject, entirely taken her side against her father. With very little hesitation, therefore, she went through the whole story of what had happened at the playhouse, and the cause of her hasty return.

The length of this narrative gave lady Bellaston an opportunity of rallying her spirits, and of considering in what manner to act. And as the behaviour of Sophia gave her hopes that Jones had not betrayed her, she put on an air of good humour, and said, "I should not have broke in so abruptly upon you, Miss Western, if I had known you had company."

Lady Bellaston fixed her eyes on Sophia whilst she spoke these words. To which that poor young lady, having her face overspread with blushes and confusion, answered, in a stammering voice, "I am sure, madam, I shall always think the honour of your ladyship's company—" "I hope, at least," cries lady Bellaston, "I interrupt no business."—"No, madam," answered Sophia, "our business was at an end. Your ladyship may be pleased to remember I have often mentioned the loss of my pocket-book, which this gentleman, having very luckily found, was so kind to return it to me with the bill in it."

Jones, ever since the arrival of lady Bellaston, had been ready to sink with fear. He sat kicking his heels, playing with his fingers, and looking more like a fool, if it be possible, than a young booby squire, when he is first introduced into a polite assembly. He began, however, now to recover himself; and taking a hint from the behaviour of lady Bellaston, who he saw did not intend to claim any acquaintance with him, he resolved as entirely to affect the stranger on his part. He said, "Ever since he had the pocket-book in his possession, he had used great diligence in inquiring out the lady whose name was writ in it; but never till that day could be so fortunate to discover her."

Sophia had indeed mentioned the loss of her pocket-book to lady Bellaston; but as Jones, for some reason or other, had never once hinted to her that it was in his possession, she believed not one syllable of what Sophia now said, and wonderfully

admired the extreme quickness of the young lady in inventing such an excuse. The reason of Sophia's leaving the playhouse met with no better credit; and though she could not account for the meeting between these two lovers, she was firmly persuaded it was not accidental.

With an affected smile, therefore, she said, "Indeed, Miss Western, you have had very good luck in recovering your money. Not only as it fell into the hands of a gentleman of honour, but as he happened to discover to whom it belonged. I think you would not consent to have it advertised.—It was great good fortune, sir, that you found out to whom the note belonged."

"O madam," cries Jones, "it was enclosed in a pocket-book, in which the young lady's name was written."

"That was very fortunate, indeed," cries the lady:—"And it was no less so, that you heard Miss Western was at my house; for she is very little known."

Jones had at length perfectly recovered his spirits; and as he conceived he had now an opportunity of satisfying Sophia as to the question she had asked him just before lady Bellaston came in, he proceeded thus: "Why, madam," answered he, "it was by the luckiest chance imaginable I made this discovery. I was mentioning what I had found, and the name of the owner, the other night to a lady at the masquerade, who told me she believed she knew where I might see Miss Western; and if I would come to her house the next morning she would inform me. I went according to her appointment, but she was not at home; nor could I ever meet with her till this morning, when she directed me to your ladyship's house. I came accordingly, and did myself the honour to ask for your ladyship; and upon my saying that I had very particular business, a servant showed me into this room; where I had not been long before the young lady returned from the play."

Upon his mentioning the masquerade, he looked very slyly at lady Bellaston, without any fear of being remarked by Sophia; for she was visibly too much confounded to make any observations. This hint a little alarmed the lady, and she was silent; when Jones, who saw the agitations of Sophia's mind, resolved to take the only method of relieving her, which was by retiring; but, before he did this, he said, "I believe, madam, it is customary to give some reward on these occasions;—I must insist on a very high one for my honesty;—it is, madam, no less than the honour of being permitted to pay another visit here."

"Sir," replied the lady, "I make no doubt that you are a gentleman, and my doors are never shut to people of fashion."

Jones then, after proper ceremonials, departed, highly to his own satisfaction, and no less to that of Sophia; who was terribly alarmed lest lady Bellaston should discover what she knew already but too well.

Upon the stairs Jones met his old acquaintance, Mrs. Honour, who, notwithstanding all she had said against him, was now so well bred to behave with great civility. This meeting proved indeed a lucky circumstance, as he communicated to her the house where he lodged, with which Sophia was unacquainted.

CHAPTER XII.

In which the thirteenth book is concluded.

THE elegant lord Shaftesbury somewhere objects to telling too much truth : by which it may be fairly inferred, that, in some cases, to lie is not only excusable but commendable.

And surely there are no persons who may so properly challenge a right to this commendable deviation from truth, as young women in the affair of love ; for which they may plead precept, education, and above all, the sanction, nay, I may say the necessity of custom, by which they are restrained, not from submitting to the honest impulses of nature (for that would be a foolish prohibition) but from owning them.

We are not, therefore, ashamed to say, that our heroine now pursued the dictates of the above-mentioned right honourable philosopher. As she was perfectly satisfied then, that lady Bellaston was ignorant of the person of Jones, so she determined to keep her in that ignorance, though at the expense of a little fibbing.

Jones had not been long gone, before lady Bellaston cried, "Upon my word, a good pretty young fellow ; I wonder who he is ; for I don't remember ever to have seen his face before."

"Nor I neither, madam," cries Sophia. "I must say he behaved very handsomely in relation to my note."

"Yes ; and he is a very handsome fellow," said the lady : "don't you think so ?"

"I did not take much notice of him," answered Sophia, "but I thought he seemed rather awkward, and ungenteel than otherwise."

"You are extremely right," cries lady Bellaston : "you may see, by his manner, that he hath not kept good company. Nay, notwithstanding his returning your note, and refusing the reward, I almost question whether he is a gentleman.—I have always observed there is a something in persons well born, which others can never acquire.—I think I will give orders not to be at home to him."

"Nay, sure, madam," answered Sophia, "one can't suspect after what he hath done ;—besides, if your ladyship observed him, there was an elegance in his discourse, a delicacy, a prettiness of expression that, that—"

"I confess," said lady Bellaston, "the fellow hath words—And indeed, Sophia, you must forgive me, indeed you must."

"I forgive your ladyship!" said Sophia.

"Yes, indeed you must," answered she, laughing ; "for I had a horrible suspicion when I first came into the room—I vow you must forgive it ; but I suspected it was Mr. Jones himself."

"Did your ladyship indeed ?" cries Sophia, blushing, and affecting a laugh.

"Yes, I vow I did," answered she. "I can't imagine what put it into my head : for, give the fellow his due, he was genteelly dressed ; which, I think, dear Sophy, is not commonly the case with your friend."

"This raillery," cries Sophia, "is a little cruel, lady Bellaston, after my promise to your ladyship."

"Not at all, child," said the lady ;—"It would have been cruel before ; but after you promised me never to marry without your father's consent, in which you know is implied your giving up Jones, sure you can bear a little raillery on a passion which was pardonable enough in a young girl in the country, and of which you tell me you have so entirely got the better. What must I think, my dear Sophy, if you cannot bear a little ridicule even on his dress ?

I shall begin to fear you are very far gone indeed ; and almost question whether you have dealt ingenuously with me."

"Indeed, madam," cries Sophia, "your ladyship mistakes me, if you imagine I had any concern on his account."

"On his account!" answered the lady : "You must have mistaken me ; I went no farther than his dress ;—for I would not injure your taste by any other comparison—I don't imagine, my dear Sophy, if your Mr. Jones had been such a fellow as this—"

"I thought," says Sophia, "your ladyship had allowed him to be handsome"—

"Whom, pray ?" cried the lady, hastily.

"Mr. Jones," answered Sophia ;—and immediately recollecting herself, "Mr. Jones!—no, no ; I ask your pardon ;—I mean the gentleman who was just now here."

"O Sophy! Sophy!" cries the lady ; "this Mr. Jones, I am afraid, still runs in your head."

"Then, upon my honour, madam," said Sophia, "Mr. Jones is as entirely indifferent to me, as the gentleman who just now left us."

"Upon my honour," said lady Bellaston, "I believe it. Forgive me, therefore, a little innocent raillery ; but I promise you I will never mention his name any more."

And now the two ladies separated, infinitely more to the delight of Sophia than of lady Bellaston, who would willingly have tormented her rival a little longer, had not business of more importance called her away. As for Sophia, her mind was not perfectly easy under this first practice of deceit : upon which, when she retired to her chamber, she reflected with the highest uneasiness and conscious shame. Nor could the peculiar hardship of her situation, and the necessity of the case at all reconcile her mind to her conduct ; for the frame of her mind was too delicate to bear the thought of having been guilty of a falsehood, however qualified by circumstances. Nor did this thought once suffer her to close her eyes during the whole succeeding night.

BOOK XIV.

CONTAINING TWO DAYS.

CHAPTER I.

An essay to prove that an author will write the better for having some knowledge of the subject on which he writes.

As several gentlemen in these times, by the wonderful force of genius only, without the least assistance of learning, perhaps, without being well able to read, have made a considerable figure in the republic of letters ; the modern critics, I am told, have lately begun to assert, that all kind of learning is entirely useless to a writer ; and, indeed, no other than a kind of fetters on the natural sprightliness and activity of the imagination, which is thus weighed down, and prevented from soaring to those high flights which otherwise it would be able to reach.

This doctrine, I am afraid, is, at present, carried much too far : for why should writing differ so much from all other arts ? The nimbleness of a dancing-master is not at all prejudiced by being taught to move ; nor doth any mechanic, I believe, exercise his tools the worse by having learnt to use them. For my own part, I cannot conceive that Homer or Virgil would have writ with more fire, if instead of being masters of all the learning of their times, they had been as ignorant as most of the authors of the present age. Nor do I believe that all the imagination, fire, and judgment of Pitt, could have produced those orations that have made the senate of England, in these our times, a rival in eloquence to Greece

and Rome, if he had not been so well read in the writings of Demosthenes and Cicero, as to have transferred their whole spirit into his speeches, and, with their spirit, their knowledge too.

I would not here be understood to insist on the same fund of learning in any of my brethren, as Cicero persuades us is necessary to the composition of an orator. On the contrary, very little reading is, I conceive, necessary to the poet, less to the critic, and the least of all to the politician. For the first, perhaps, Byshe's Art of Poetry, and a few of our modern poets, may suffice; for the second, a moderate heap of plays; and, for the last, an indifferent collection of political journals.

No say the truth, I require no more than that a man should have some little knowledge of the subject on which he treats, according to the old maxim of law, *Quam quisque nōrit artem in eā se exerceat*. With this alone a writer may sometimes do tolerably well; and, indeed, without this, all the other learning in the world will stand him in little stead.

For instance, let us suppose that Homer and Virgil, Aristotle and Cicero, Thucydides and Livy, could have met all together, and have clubbed their several talents to have composed a treatise on the art of dancing: I believe it will be readily agreed they could not have equalled the excellent treatise which Mr. Essex hath given us on that subject, entitled, *The Rudiments of Genteel Education*. And, indeed, should the excellent Mr. Broughton be prevailed on to set fist to paper, and to complete the above-said rudiments, by delivering down the true principles of athletics, I question whether the world will have any cause to lament, that none of the great writers, either ancient or modern, have ever treated about that noble and useful art.

To avoid a multiplicity of examples in so plain a case, and to come at once to my point, I am apt to conceive, that one reason why many English writers have totally failed in describing the manners of upper life, may possibly be, that in reality they know nothing of it.

This is a knowledge unhappily not in the power of many authors to arrive at. Books will give us a very imperfect idea of it; nor will the stage a much better: the fine gentleman formed upon reading the former will almost always turn out a pedant, and he who forms himself upon the latter, a coxcomb.

Nor are the characters drawn from these models better supported. Vanbrugh and Congreve copied nature; but they who copy them draw as unlike the present age as Hogarth would do if he was to paint a rout or a drum in the dresses of Titian and of Vandyke. In short, imitation here will not do the business. The picture must be after Nature herself. A true knowledge of the world is gained only by conversation, and the manners of every rank must be seen in order to be known.

Now it happens that this higher order of mortals is not to be seen, like all the rest of the human species, for nothing, in the streets, shops, and coffee-houses: nor are they shown, like the upper rank of animals, for so much a-piece. In short, this is a sight to which no persons are admitted without one or other of these qualifications, viz. either birth or fortune, or, what is equivalent to both, the honourable profession of a gamester. And, very unluckily for the world, persons so qualified very seldom care to take upon themselves the bad trade of writing; which is generally entered upon by the lower and poorer sort, as it is a trade which many think requires no kind of stock to set up with.

Hence those strange monsters in lace and embroidery, in silks and brocades, with vast wigs and

hoops; which, under the name of lords and ladies, strut the stage, to the great delight of attorneys and their clerks in the pit, and of the citizens and their apprentices in the galleries; and which are no more to be found in real life than the centaur, the chimera, or any other creature of mere fiction. But to let my reader into a secret, this knowledge of upper life, though very necessary for preventing mistakes, is no very great resource to a writer whose province is comedy, or that kind of novels which, like this I am writing, is of the comic class.

What Mr. Pope says of women is very applicable to most in this station, who are, indeed, so entirely made up of form and affectation, that they have no character at all, at least none which appears. I will venture to say the highest life is much the duller, and affords very little humour or entertainment. The various callings in lower spheres produce the great variety of humorous characters; whereas here, except among the few who are engaged in the pursuit of ambition, and the fewer still who have a relish for pleasure, all is vanity and servile imitation. Dressing and cards, eating and drinking, bowing and curtsying, make up the business of their lives.

Some there are, however, of this rank upon whom passion exercises its tyranny, and hurries them far beyond the bounds which decorum prescribes; of these the ladies are as much distinguished by their noble intrepidity, and a certain superior contempt of reputation, from the frail ones of meaner degree, as a virtuous woman of quality is by the elegance and delicacy of her sentiments from the honest wife of a yeoman and shopkeeper. Lady Bellaston was of this intrepid character; but let not my country readers conclude from her, that this is the general conduct of women of fashion, or that we mean to represent them as such. They might as well suppose that every clergyman was represented by Thwackum, or every soldier by ensign Northerton.

There is not, indeed, a greater error than that which universally prevails among the vulgar, who, borrowing their opinion from some ignorant satirists, have affixed the character of lewdness to these times. On the contrary, I am convinced there never was less of love intrigue carried on among persons of condition than now. Our present women have been taught by their mothers to fix their thoughts only on ambition and vanity, and to despise the pleasures of love as unworthy their regard; and being afterwards, by the care of such mothers, married without having husbands, they seem pretty well confirmed in the justness of those sentiments; whence they content themselves, for the dull remainder of life, with the pursuit of more innocent, but I am afraid more childish amusements, the bare mention of which would ill suit with the dignity of this history. In my humble opinion, the true characteristic of the present beau monde is rather folly than vice, and the only epithet which it deserves is that of frivolous.

CHAPTER II.

Containing letters and other matters which attend amours.

JONES had not been long at home before he received the following letter:—

"I was never more surprised than when I found you was gone. When you left the room I little imagined you intended to have left the house without seeing me again. Your behaviour is all of a piece, and convinces me how much I ought to despise a heart which can doat upon an idiot; though I know not whether I should not admire her cunning more than her simplicity: wonderful both!

For though she understood not a word of what passed between us, yet she had the skill, the assurance, the — what shall I call it? to deny to my face that she knows you, or ever saw you before. — Was this a scheme laid between you, and have you been base enough to betray me? — O how I despise her, you, and all the world, but chiefly myself! for — I dare not write what I should afterwards run mad to read; but remember, I can detest as violently as I have loved."

Jones had but little time given him to reflect on this letter, before a second was brought him from the same hand; and this, likewise, we shall set down in the precise words.

"When you consider the hurry of spirits in which I must have writ, you cannot be surprised at any expressions in my former note. — Yet, perhaps, on reflection, they were rather too warm. At least I would, if possible, think all owing to the odious playhouse, and to the impertinence of a fool, which detained me beyond my appointment. — How easy is it to think well of those we love? — Perhaps you desire I should think so. I have resolved to see you to-night; so come to me immediately.

"P. S. — I have ordered to be at home to none but yourself.

"P. S. — Mr. Jones will imagine I shall assist him in his defence; for I believe he cannot desire to impose on me more than I desire to impose on myself.

"P. S. — Come immediately."

To men of intrigue I refer the determination, whether the angry or the tender letter gave the greatest uneasiness to Jones. Certain it is, he had no violent inclination to pay any more visits that evening, unless to one single person. However, he thought his honour engaged, and had not this been motive sufficient, he would not have ventured to blow the temper of lady Bellaston into that flame of which he had reason to think it susceptible, and of which he feared the consequence might be a discovery to Sophia, which he dreaded. After some discontented walks therefore about the room, he was preparing to depart, when the lady kindly prevented him, not by another letter, but by her own presence. She entered the room very disordered in her dress, and very discomposed in her looks, and threw herself into a chair, where, having recovered her breath, she said, — "You see, sir, when women have gone one length too far, they will stop at none. If any person would have sworn this to me a week ago, I would not have believed it of myself." "I hope, madam," said Jones, "my charming lady Bellaston will be as difficult to believe anything against one who is so sensible of the many obligations she hath conferred upon him." "Indeed!" says she, "sensible of obligations! Did I expect to hear such cold language from Mr. Jones?" "Pardon me, my dear angel," said he, "if, after the letters I have received, the terrors of your anger, though I know not how I have deserved it" — "And have I then," says she with a smile, "so angry a countenance? — Have I really brought a chiding face with me?" — "If there be honour in man," said he, "I have done nothing to merit your anger. — You remember the appointment you sent me; I went in pursuance." — "I beseech you," cried she, "do not run through the odious recital. — Answer me but one question, and I shall be easy. — Have you not betrayed my honour to her?" — Jones fell upon his knees, and began to utter the most violent protestations, when Partridge came dancing and capering into the room, like one drunk with joy, crying out, "She's found! she's

found! — Here, sir, here, she's here, — Mrs. Honour is upon the stairs." "Stop her a moment," cries Jones, — "Here, madam, step behind the bed, I have no other room nor closet, nor place on earth to hide you in; sure never was so damned an accident." — "D—n'd indeed!" said the lady as she went to her place of concealment; and presently afterwards in came Mrs. Honour. "Hey-day!" says she, "Mr. Jones, what's the matter? — That impudent rascal your servant would scarce let me come up stairs. I hope he hath not the same reason to keep me from you as he had at Upton. — I suppose you hardly expected to see me; but you have certainly bewitched my lady. Poor dear young lady! To be sure, I loves her as tenderly as if she was my own sister. Lord have mercy upon you, if you don't make her a good husband! and to be sure, if you do not, nothing can be bad enough for you." Jones begged her only to whisper, for that there was a lady dying in the next room. "A lady!" cries she; "ay, I suppose one of your ladies. — O Mr. Jones, there are too many of them in the world; I believe we are got into the house of one, for my lady Bellaston I darst to say is no better than she should be." — "Hush! hush!" cries Jones, "every word is overheard in the next room." "I don't care a farthing," cries Honour, "I speaks no scandal of any one; but to be sure the servants make no scruple of saying as how her ladyship meets men at another place — where the house goes under the name of a poor gentlewoman; but her ladyship pays the rent, and many's the good thing besides, they say, she hath of her." — Here Jones, after expressing the utmost uneasiness, offered to stop her mouth: — "Hey-day! why sure, Mr. Jones, you will let me speak; I speaks no scandal, for I only says what I heard from others, — and thinks I to myself, much good may it do the gentlewoman with her riches, if she comes by it in such a wicked manner. To be sure it is better to be poor and honest." "The servants are villains," cries Jones, "and abuse their lady unjustly." — "Ay, to be sure, servants are always villains, and so my lady says, and won't hear a word of it." — "No, I am convinced," says Jones, "my Sophia is above listening to such base scandal." "Nay, I believe it is no scandal, neither," cries Honour, "for why should she meet men at another house? — It can never be for any good: for if she had a lawful design of being courted, as to be sure any lady may lawfully give her company to men upon that account; why, where can be the sense?" — "I protest," cries Jones, "I can't hear all this of a lady of such honour, and a relation of Sophia; besides, you will distract the poor lady in the next room. — Let me entreat you to walk with me down stairs." — "Nay, sir, if you won't let me speak, I have done. — Here, sir, is a letter from my young lady, — what would some men give to have this? But, Mr. Jones, I think you are not over and above generous, and yet I have heard some servants say — but I am sure you will do me the justice to own I never saw the colour of your money." Here Jones hastily took the letter, and presently after slipped five pieces into her hand. He then returned a thousand thanks to his dear Sophia in a whisper, and begged her to leave him to read her letter: she presently departed, not without expressing much grateful sense of his generosity.

Lady Bellaston now came from behind the curtain. How shall I describe her rage? Her tongue was at first incapable of utterance; but streams of fire darted from her eyes, and well indeed they might, for her heart was all in a flame. And now as soon as her voice found way, instead of expressing any

indignation against Honour or her own servants, she began to attack poor Jones. "You see," said she, "what I have sacrificed to you; my reputation, my honour,—gone for ever! And what return have I found? Neglected, slighted for a country girl, for an idiot."—"What neglect, madam, or what slight," cries Jones, "have I been guilty of?"—"Mr. Jones," said she, "it is in vain to dissemble; if you will make me easy, you must entirely give her up; and as a proof of your intention, show me the letter."—"What letter, madam?" said Jones. "Nay, surely," said she, "you cannot have the confidence to deny your having received a letter by the hands of that trollop."—"And can your ladyship," cries he, "ask of me what I must part with my honour before I grant? Have I acted in such a manner by your ladyship? Could I be guilty of betraying this poor innocent girl to you, what security could you have that I should not act the same part by yourself? A moment's reflection will, I am sure, convince you that a man with whom the secrets of a lady are not safe must be the most contemptible of wretches."—"Very well," said she,—"I need not insist on your becoming this contemptible wretch in your own opinion; for the inside of the letter could inform me of nothing more than I know already. I see the footing you are upon."—Here ensued a long conversation, which the reader, who is not too curious, will thank me for not inserting at length. It shall suffice, therefore, to inform him, that lady Bellaston grew more and more pacified, and at length believed, or affected to believe, his protestations, that his meeting with Sophia that evening was merely accidental, and every other matter which the reader already knows, and which, as Jones set before her in the strongest light, it is plain that she had in reality no reason to be angry with him.

She was not, however, in her heart perfectly satisfied with his refusal to show her the letter; so deaf are we to the clearest reason, when it argues against our prevailing passions. She was, indeed, well convinced that Sophia possessed the first place in Jones's affections; and yet, haughty and amorous as this lady was, she submitted at last to bear the second place; or, to express it more properly in a legal phrase, was contented with the possession of that of which another woman had the reversion.

It was at length agreed that Jones should for the future visit at the house: for that Sophia, her maid, and all the servants, would place these visits to the account of Sophia; and that she herself would be considered as the person imposed upon.

This scheme was contrived by the lady, and highly relished by Jones, who was indeed glad to have a prospect of seeing his Sophia at any rate; and the lady herself was not a little pleased with the imposition on Sophia, which Jones, she thought, could not possibly discover to her for his own sake.

The next day was appointed for the first visit, and then, after proper ceremonials, the lady Bellaston returned home.

CHAPTER III.

Containing various matters.

JONES was no sooner alone than he eagerly broke open his letter, and read as follows:—

"Sir, it is impossible to express what I have suffered since you left this house; and as I have reason to think you intend coming here again, I have sent Honour, though so late at night, as she tells me she knows your lodgings, to prevent you. I charge you, by all the regard you have for me, not to think of visiting here; for it will certainly be discovered; nay, I almost doubt, from some things which have

dropped from her ladyship, that she is not already without some suspicion. Something favourable perhaps may happen; we must wait with patience; but I once more entreat you, if you have any concern for my ease, do not think of returning hither."

This letter administered the same kind of consolation to poor Jones, which Job formerly received from his friends. Besides disappointing all the hopes which he promised to himself from seeing Sophia, he was reduced to an unhappy dilemma, with regard to lady Bellaston; for there are some certain engagements, which, as he well knew, do very difficultly admit of any excuse for the failure; and to go, after the strict prohibition from Sophia, he was not to be forced by any human power. At length, after much deliberation, which during that night supplied the place of sleep, he determined to feign himself sick: for this suggested itself as the only means of failing the appointed visit, without incensing lady Bellaston, which he had more than one reason of desiring to avoid.

The first thing, however, which he did in the morning, was, to write an answer to Sophia, which he enclosed in one to Honour. He then despatched another to lady Bellaston, containing the above-mentioned excuse; and to this he soon received the following answer:—

"I am vexed that I cannot see you here this afternoon, but more concerned for the occasion; take great care of yourself, and have the best advice, and I hope there will be no danger.—I am so tormented all this morning with fools, that I have scarce a moment's time to write to you. Adieu.

"P. S.—I will endeavour to call on you this evening, at nine.—Be sure to be alone."

Mr. Jones now received a visit from Mrs. Miller, who, after some formal introduction, began the following speech:—"I am very sorry, sir, to wait upon you on such an occasion; but I hope you will consider the ill consequence which it must be to the reputation of my poor girls, if my house should once be talked of as a house of ill fame. I hope you won't think me, therefore, guilty of impertinence, if I beg you not to bring any more ladies in at that time of night. The clock had struck two before one of them went away."—"I do assure you, madam," said Jones, "the lady who was here last night, and who staid the latest (for the other only brought me a letter), is a woman of very great fashion, and my near relation."—"I don't know what fashion she is of," answered Mrs. Miller; "but I am sure no woman of virtue, unless a very near relation indeed, would visit a young gentleman at ten at night, and stay four hours in his room with him alone; besides, sir, the behaviour of her chairmen shows what she was; for they did nothing but make jests all the evening in the entry, and asked Mr. Partridge, in the hearing of my own maid, if madam intended to stay with his master all night; with a great deal of stuff not proper to be repeated. I have really a great respect for you, Mr. Jones, upon your own account; nay, I have a very high obligation to you for your generosity to my cousin. Indeed, I did not know how very good you had been till lately. Little did I imagine to what dreadful courses the poor man's distress had driven him. Little did I think, when you gave me the ten guineas, that you had given them to a highwayman! O heavens! what goodness have you shown! How have you preserved this family!—The character which Mr. Allworthy hath formerly given me of you was, I find, strictly true.—And indeed, if I had no obligation to you, my obligations to him are such, that, on his account, I should show you the utmost respect in

my power.—Nay, believe me, dear Mr. Jones, if my daughters' and my own reputation were out of the case, I should, for your own sake, be sorry that so pretty a young gentleman should converse with these women; but if you are resolved to do it, I must beg you to take another lodging; for I do not myself like to have such things carried on under my roof; but more especially upon the account of my girls, who have little, heaven knows, besides their characters, to recommend them." Jones started and changed colour at the name of Allworthy. "Indeed, Mrs. Miller," answered he, a little warmly, "I do not take this at all kind. I will never bring any slander on your house; but I must insist on seeing what company I please in my own room; and if that gives you any offence, I shall, as soon as I am able, look out for another lodging."—"I am sorry we must part then, sir," said she; "but I am convinced Mr. Allworthy himself would never come within my doors, if he had the least suspicion of my keeping an ill house."—"Very well, madam," said Jones.—"I hope, sir," said she, "you are not angry; for I would not for the world offend any of Mr. Allworthy's family. I have not slept a wink all night about this matter."—"I am sorry I have disturbed your rest, madam," said Jones, "but I beg you will send Partridge up to me immediately;" which she promised to do, and then with a very low curtsy retired.

As soon as Partridge arrived, Jones fell upon him in the most outrageous manner. "How often," said he, "am I to suffer for your folly, or rather for my own in keeping you? is that tongue of yours resolved upon my destruction?" "What have I done, sir?" answered affrighted Partridge. "Who was it gave you authority to mention the story of the robbery, or that the man you saw here was the person?" "I, sir?" cries Partridge. "Now don't be guilty of a falsehood in denying it," said Jones. "If I did mention such a matter," answered Partridge, "I am sure I thought no harm; for I should not have opened my lips, if it had not been to his own friends and relations, who, I imagined, would have let it go no farther." "But I have a much heavier charge against you," cries Jones, "than this. How durst you, after all the precautions I gave you, mention the name of Mr. Allworthy in this house?" Partridge denied that he ever had, with many oaths. "How else," said Jones, "should Mrs. Miller be acquainted that there was any connexion between him and me? And it is but this moment she told me she respected me on his account." "O Lord, sir," said Partridge, "I desire only to be heard out; and to be sure, never was anything so unfortunate: hear me but out, and you will own how wrongfully you have accused me. When Mrs. Honour came down stairs last night she met me in the entry, and asked me when my master had heard from Mr. Allworthy; and to be sure Mrs. Miller heard the very words; and the moment Madam Honour was gone, she called me into the parlour to her. 'Mr. Partridge,' says she, 'what Mr. Allworthy is it that the gentlewoman mentioned? is it the great Mr. Allworthy of Somersetshire?' 'Upon my word, madam,' says I, 'I know nothing of the matter.' 'Sure,' says she, 'your master is not the Mr. Jones I have heard Mr. Allworthy talk of?' 'Upon my word, madam,' says I, 'I know nothing of the matter.' 'Then,' says she, turning to her daughter Nancy, says she, 'as sure as tenpence this is the very young gentleman, and he agrees exactly with the squire's description.' The Lord above knows who it was told her: for I am the arrantest villain that ever walked upon two legs if ever it came out of my

mouth. I promise you, sir, I can keep a secret when I am desired. Nay, sir, so far was I from telling her anything about Mr. Allworthy, that I told her the very direct contrary; for, though I did not contradict it at that moment, yet, as second thoughts, they say, are best, so when I came to consider that somebody must have informed her, thinks I to myself, I will put an end to the story; and so I went back again into the parlour some time afterwards, and says I, upon my word, says I, whoever, says I, told you that this gentleman was Mr. Jones; that is, says I, that this Mr. Jones was that Mr. Jones, told you a confounded lie: and I beg, says I, you will never mention any such matter, says I; for my master, says I, will think I must have told you so; and I defy anybody in the house ever to say I mentioned any such word. To be certain, sir, it is a wonderful thing, and I have been thinking with myself ever since, how it was she came to know it; not but I saw an old woman here t'other day a begging at the door, who looked as like her we saw in Warwickshire, that caused all that mischief to us. To be sure it is never good to pass by an old woman without giving her something, especially if she looks at you; for all the world shall never persuade me but that they have a great power to do mischief, and to be sure I shall never see an old woman again, but I shall think to myself, *Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.*"

The simplicity of Partridge set Jones a laughing, and put a final end to his anger, which had indeed seldom any long duration in his mind; and, instead of commenting on his defence, he told him he intended presently to leave those lodgings, and ordered him to go and endeavour to get him others.

CHAPTER IV.

Which we hope will be very attentively perused by young people of both sexes.

PARTRIDGE had no sooner left Mr. Jones than Mr. Nightingale, with whom he had now contracted a great intimacy, came to him, and, after a short salutation, said, "So, Tom, I hear you had company very late last night. Upon my soul you are a happy fellow, who have not been in town above a fortnight, and can keep chairs waiting at your door till two in the morning." He then ran on with much commonplace raillery of the same kind, till Jones at last interrupted him, saying, "I suppose you have received all this information from Mrs. Miller, who hath been up here a little while ago to give me warning. The good woman is afraid, it seems, of the reputation of her daughters." "O! she is wonderfully nice," says Nightingale, "upon that account; if you remember, she would not let Nancy go with us to the masquerade." "Nay, upon my honour, I think she's in the right of it," says Jones: "however, I have taken her at her word, and have sent Partridge to look for another lodging." "If you will," says Nightingale, "we may, I believe, be again together; for, to tell you a secret, which I desire you won't mention in the family, I intend to quit the house to-day." "What, hath Mrs. Miller given you warning too, my friend?" cries Jones. "No," answered the other; "but the rooms are not convenient enough. Besides, I am grown weary of this part of the town. I want to be nearer the places of diversion; so I am going to Pall-mall." "And do you intend to make a secret of your going away?" said Jones. "I promise you," answered Nightingale, "I don't intend to bilk my lodgings; but I have a private reason for not taking a formal leave." "Not so private," answered Jones; "I promise you, I have seen it ever since the second

day of my coming to the house. Here will be some wet eyes on your departure. Poor Nancy, I pity her, faith! Indeed, Jack, you have played the fool with that girl. You have given her a longing, which I am afraid nothing will ever cure her of." Nightingale answered, "What the devil would you have me do? would you have me marry her to cure her?" "No," answered Jones, "I would not have had you make love to her, as you have often done in my presence. I have been astonished at the blindness of her mother in never seeing it." "Pugh, see it!" cries Nightingale. "What the devil should she see?" "Why, see," said Jones, "that you have made her daughter distractedly in love with you. The poor girl cannot conceal it a moment; her eyes are never off from you, and she always colours every time you come into the room. Indeed, I pity her heartily; for she seems to be one of the best-natured and honestest of human creatures." "And so," answered Nightingale, "according to your doctrine, one must not amuse oneself by any common gallantries with women, for fear they should fall in love with us." "Indeed, Jack," said Jones, "you wilfully misunderstand me; I do not fancy women are so apt to fall in love; but you have gone far beyond common gallantries." "What, do you suppose," says Nightingale, "that we have been a-bed together?" "No, upon my honour," answered Jones, very seriously, "I do not suppose so ill of you; nay, I will go farther, I do not imagine you have laid a regular premeditated scheme for the destruction of the quiet of a poor little creature, or have even foreseen the consequence: for I am sure thou art a very good-natured fellow; and such a one can never be guilty of a cruelty of that kind; but at the same time you have pleased your own vanity, without considering that this poor girl was made a sacrifice to it; and while you have had no design but of amusing an idle hour, you have actually given her reason to flatter herself that you had the most serious designs in her favour. Prithee, Jack, answer me honestly; to what have tended all those elegant and luscious descriptions of happiness arising from violent and mutual fondness? all those warm professions of tenderness, and generous disinterested love? Did you imagine she would not apply them? or, speak ingenuously, did not you intend she should?" "Upon my soul, Tom," cries Nightingale, "I did not think this was in thee. Thou wilt make an admirable parson. So I suppose you would not go to bed to Nancy now, if she would let you?" "No," cries Jones, "may I be d—n'd if I would." "Tom, Tom," answered Nightingale, "last night; remember last night——"

When every eye was closed, and the pale moon,
And silent stars, shone conscious of the theft."

"Lookee, Mr. Nightingale," said Jones, "I am no canting hypocrite, nor do I pretend to the gift of chastity, more than my neighbours. I have been guilty with woman, I own it; but am not conscious that I have ever injured any.—Nor would I, to procure pleasure to myself, be knowingly the cause of misery to any human being."

"Well, well," said Nightingale, "I believe you, and I am convinced you acquit me of any such thing."

"I do, from my heart," answered Jones, "of having debauched the girl, but not from having gained her affections."

"If I have," said Nightingale, "I am sorry for it; but time and absence will soon wear off such impressions. It is a receipt I must take myself; for, to confess the truth to you,—I never liked any girl half so much in my whole life; but I must let you into the whole secret, Tom. My father hath provided a match for me, with a woman I never saw;

and she is now coming to town, in order for me to make my addresses to her.

At these words Jones burst into a loud fit of laughter; when Nightingale cried,—"Nay, prithee, don't turn me into ridicule. The devil take me if I am not half mad about this matter! my poor Nancy! Oh! Jones, Jones, I wish I had a fortune in my own possession."

"I heartily wish you had," cries Jones; "for, if this be the case, I sincerely pity you both; but surely you don't intend to go away without taking your leave of her?"

"I would not," answered Nightingale, "undergo the pain of taking leave, for ten thousand pounds; besides, I am convinced, instead of answering any good purpose, it would only serve to inflame my poor Nancy the more. I beg, therefore, you would not mention a word of it to-day, and in the evening, or to-morrow morning, I intend to depart."

Jones promised he would not; and said, upon reflection he thought, as he had determined and was obliged to leave her, he took the most prudent method. He then told Nightingale he should be very glad to lodge in the same house with him; and it was accordingly agreed between them, that Nightingale should procure him either the ground floor, or the two pair of stairs; for the young gentleman himself was to occupy that which was between them.

This Nightingale, of whom we shall be presently obliged to say a little more, was in the ordinary transactions of life a man of strict honour, and, what is more rare among young gentlemen of the town, one of strict honesty too; yet in affairs of love he was somewhat loose in his morals; not that he was even here as void of principle as gentlemen sometimes are, and oftener affect to be; but it is certain he had been guilty of some indefensible treachery to women, and had, in a certain mystery, called making love, practised many deceits, which, if he had used in trade, he would have been counted the greatest villain upon earth.

But as the world, I know not well for what reason, agree to see this treachery in a better light, he was so far from being ashamed of his iniquities of this kind, that he gloried in them, and would often boast of his skill in gaining of women, and his triumphs over their hearts, for which he had before this time received some rebukes from Jones, who always expressed great bitterness against any misbehaviour to the fair part of the species, who, if considered, he said, as they ought to be, in the light of the dearest friends, were to be cultivated, honoured, and caressed with the utmost love and tenderness; but, if regarded as enemies, were a conquest of which a man ought rather to be ashamed than to value himself upon it.

CHAPTER V.

A short account of the history of Mrs. Miller.

JONES this day eat a pretty good dinner for a sick man, that is to say, the larger half of a shoulder of mutton. In the afternoon he received an invitation from Mrs. Miller to drink tea; for that good woman, having learned, either by means of Partridge, or by some other means natural or supernatural, that he had a connexion with Mr. Allworthy, could not endure the thoughts of parting with him in an angry manner.

Jones accepted the invitation; and no sooner was the tea-kettle removed, and the girls sent out of the room, than the widow, without much preface, began as follows: "Well, there are very surprising things

happen in this world; but certainly it is a wonderful business that I should have a relation of Mr. Allworthy in my house, and never know anything of the matter. Alas! sir, you little imagine what a friend that best of gentlemen hath been to me and mine. Yes, sir, I am not ashamed to own it; it is owing to his goodness that I did not long since perish for want, and leave my poor little wretches, two destitute, helpless, friendless orphans, to the care, or rather to the cruelty, of the world.

"You must know, sir, though I am now reduced to get my living by letting lodgings, I was born and bred a gentlewoman. My father was an officer in the army, and died in a considerable rank: but he lived up to his pay; and, as that expired with him, his family, at his death, became beggars. We were three sisters. One of us had the good luck to die soon after of the small-pox; a lady was so kind as to take the second out of charity, as she said, to wait upon her. The mother of this lady had been a servant to my grandmother; and, having inherited a vast fortune from her father, which he had got by pawnbroking, was married to a gentleman of great estate and fashion. She used my sister so barbarously, often upbraiding her with her birth and poverty, calling her in derision a gentlewoman, that I believe she at length broke the heart of the poor girl. In short, she likewise died within a twelvemonth after my father. Fortune thought proper to provide better for me, and within a month from his decease I was married to a clergyman, who had been my lover a long time before, and who had been very ill used by my father on that account: for though my poor father could not give any of us a shilling, yet he bred us up as delicately, considered us, and would have had us consider ourselves, as highly as if we had been the richest heiresses. But my dear husband forgot all this usage, and the moment we became fatherless he immediately renewed his addresses to me so warmly, that I, who always liked, and now more than ever esteemed him, soon complied. Five years did I live in a state of perfect happiness with that best of men, till at last—Oh! cruel! cruel fortune, that ever separated us, that deprived me of the kindest of husbands and my poor girls of the tenderest parent.—O my poor girls! you never knew the blessing which ye lost.—I am ashamed, Mr. Jones, of this womanish weakness; but I shall never mention him without tears." "I ought rather, madam," said Jones, "to be ashamed that I do not accompany you." "Well, sir," continued she, "I was now left a second time in a much worse condition than before: besides the terrible affliction I was to encounter, I had two children to provide for; and was, if possible, more penniless than ever; when that great, that good, that glorious man, Mr. Allworthy, who had some little acquaintance with my husband, accidentally heard of my distress, and immediately writ this letter to me. Here, sir, here it is; I put it into my pocket to show it to you. This is the letter, sir; I must and will read it to you.

"MADAM,

"I HEARTILY condole with you on your late grievous loss, which your own good sense, and the excellent lessons you must have learnt from the worthiest of men, will better enable you to bear than any advice which I am capable of giving. Nor have I any doubt that you, whom I have heard to be the tenderest of mothers, will suffer any immoderate indulgence of grief to prevent you from discharging your duty to those poor infants, who now alone stand in need of your tenderness.

"However, as you must be supposed at present

to be incapable of much worldly consideration, you will pardon my having ordered a person to wait on you, and to pay you twenty guineas, which I beg you will accept till I have the pleasure of seeing you, and believe me to be, madam, &c."

"This letter, sir, I received within a fortnight after the irreparable loss I have mentioned; and within a fortnight afterwards, Mr. Allworthy,—the blessed Mr. Allworthy, came to pay me a visit, when he placed me in the house where you now see me, gave me a large sum of money to furnish it, and settled an annuity of 50*l.* a-year upon me, which I have constantly received ever since. Judge, then, Mr. Jones, in what regard I must hold a benefactor, to whom I owe the preservation of my life, and of those dear children, for whose sake alone my life is valuable. Do not, therefore, think me impertinent, Mr. Jones (since I must esteem one for whom I know Mr. Allworthy hath so much value), if I beg you not to converse with these wicked women. You are a young gentleman, and do not know half their artful wiles. Do not be angry with me, sir, for what I said upon account of my house; you must be sensible it would be the ruin of my poor dear girls. Besides, sir, you cannot but be acquainted that Mr. Allworthy himself would never forgive my conniving at such matters, and particularly with you."

"Upon my word, madam," said Jones, "you need make no farther apology; nor do I in the least take anything ill you have said; but give me leave, as no one can have more value than myself for Mr. Allworthy, to deliver you from one mistake, which, perhaps, would not be altogether for his honour; I do assure you, I am no relation of his."

"Alas! sir," answered she, "I know you are not. I know very well who you are; for Mr. Allworthy hath told me all: but I do assure you, had you been twenty times his son, he could not have expressed more regard for you than he hath often expressed in my presence. You need not be ashamed, sir, of what you are; I promise you no good person will esteem you the less on that account. No, Mr. Jones, the words 'dishonourable birth' are nonsense, as my dear, dear husband used to say, unless the word 'dishonourable' be applied to the parents; for the children can derive no real dishonour from an act of which they are entirely innocent."

Here Jones heaved a deep sigh, and then said, "Since I perceive, madam, you really do know me, and Mr. Allworthy hath thought proper to mention my name to you; and since you have been so explicit with me as to your own affairs, I will acquaint you with some more circumstances concerning myself." And these Mrs. Miller having expressed great desire and curiosity to hear, he began and related to her his whole history, without once mentioning the name of Sophia.

There is a kind of sympathy in honest minds, by means of which they give an easy credit to each other. Mrs. Miller believed all which Jones told her to be true, and expressed much pity and concern for him. She was beginning to comment on the story, but Jones interrupted her; for, as the hour of assignation now drew nigh, he began to stipulate for a second interview with the lady that evening, which he promised should be the last at her house; swearing, at the same time, that she was one of great distinction, and that nothing but what was entirely innocent was to pass between them; and I do firmly believe he intended to keep his word.

Mrs. Miller was at length prevailed on, and Jones departed to his chamber, where he sat alone till twelve o'clock, but no lady Bellaston appeared.

As we have said that this lady had a great affection

for Jones, and as it must have appeared that she really had so, the reader may perhaps wonder at the first failure of her appointment, as she apprehended him to be confined by sickness, a season when friendship seems most to require such visits. This behaviour, therefore, in the lady, may, by some, be condemned as unnatural; but that is not our fault; for our business is only to record truth.

CHAPTER VI.

Containing a scene which we doubt not will affect all our readers.

MR. JONES closed not his eyes during all the former part of the night; not owing it to any uneasiness which he conceived at being disappointed by lady Bellaston; nor was Sophia herself, though most of his waking hours were justly to be charged to her account, the present cause of dispelling his slumbers. In fact, poor Jones was one of the best-natured fellows alive, and had all that weakness which is called compassion, and which distinguishes this imperfect character from that noble firmness of mind, which rolls a man, as it were, within himself, and like a polished bowl, enables him to run through the world without being once stopped by the calamities which happen to others. He could not help, therefore, compassionating the situation of poor Nancy, whose love for Mr. Nightingale seemed to him so apparent, that he was astonished at the blindness of her mother, who had more than once, the preceding evening, remarked to him the great change in the temper of her daughter, "who from being," she said, "one of the liveliest, merriest girls in the world, was, on a sudden, become all gloom and melancholy."

Sleep, however, at length got the better of all resistance; and now, as if he had already been a deity, as the ancients imagined, and an offended one too, he seemed to enjoy his dear-bought conquest.—To speak simply, and without any metaphor, Mr. Jones slept till eleven the next morning, and would, perhaps, have continued in the same quiet situation much longer, had not a violent uproar awakened him.

Partridge was now summoned, who, being asked what was the matter, answered, "That there was a dreadful hurricane below stairs; that Miss Nancy was in fits; and that the other sister, and the mother, were both crying and lamenting over her." Jones expressed much concern at this news; which Partridge endeavoured to relieve, by saying, with a smile, "he fancied the young lady was in no danger of death; for that Susan" (which was the name of the maid) "had given him to understand, it was nothing more than a common affair. In short," said he, "Miss Nancy hath had a mind to be as wise as her mother; that's all: she was a little hungry, it seems, and so sat down to dinner before grace was said; and so there is a child coming for the Foundling Hospital."—"Prithee, leave thy stupid jesting," cries Jones. "Is the misery of these poor wretches a subject of mirth? Go immediately to Mrs. Miller, and tell her I beg leave—Stay, you will make some blunder; I will go myself; for she desired me to breakfast with her." He then rose and dressed himself as fast as he could: and while he was dressing, Partridge, notwithstanding many severe rebukes, could not avoid throwing forth certain pieces of brutality, commonly called jests, on this occasion. Jones was no sooner dressed than he walked down stairs, and knocking at the door, was presently admitted by the maid, into the outward

parlour, which was as empty of company as it was of any apparatus for eating. Mrs. Miller was in the inner room with her daughter, whence the maid presently brought a message to Mr. Jones, "That her mistress hoped he would excuse the disappointment, but an accident had happened, which made it impossible for her to have the pleasure of his company at breakfast that day; and begged his pardon for not sending him up notice sooner." Jones desired, "she would give herself no trouble about anything so trifling as his disappointment; that he was heartily sorry for the occasion; and that if he could be of any service to her, she might command him."

He had scarce spoke these words, when Mrs. Miller, who heard them all, suddenly threw open the door, and coming out to him, in a flood of tears, said, "O, Mr. Jones! you are certainly one of the best young men alive. I give you a thousand thanks for your kind offer of your service; but, alas! sir, it is out of your power to preserve my poor girl.—O my child! my child! she is undone, she is ruined for ever!" "I hope, madam," said Jones, "no villain"—"O, Mr. Jones!" said she, "that villain who yesterday left my lodgings, hath betrayed my poor girl; hath destroyed her.—I know you are a man of honour. You have a good—a noble heart, Mr. Jones. The actions to which I have been myself a witness, could proceed from no other. I will tell you all: nay, indeed, it is impossible, after what hath happened, to keep it a secret. That Nightingale, that barbarous villain, hath undone my daughter. She is—she is—oh! Mr. Jones, my girl is with child by him; and in that condition he hath deserted her. Here! here, sir, is his cruel letter: read it, Mr. Jones, and tell me if such another monster lives."

The letter was as follows:

"DEAR NANCY,

"As I found it impossible to mention to you what, I am afraid, will be no less shocking to you, than it is to me, I have taken this method to inform you, that my father insists upon my immediately paying my addresses to a young lady of fortune, whom he hath provided for my—I need not write the detested word. Your own good understanding will make you sensible, how entirely I am obliged to an obedience, by which I shall be for ever excluded from your dear arms. The fondness of your mother may encourage you to trust her with the unhappy consequence of our love, which may be easily kept a secret from the world, and for which I will take care to provide, as I will for you. I wish you may feel less on this account than I have suffered; but summon all your fortitude to your assistance, and forgive and forget the man, whom nothing but the prospect of certain ruin could have forced to write this letter. I bid you forget me, I mean only as a lover; but the best of friends you shall ever find in your faithful, though unhappy,

J. N."

When Jones had read this letter, they both stood silent during a minute, looking at each other; at last he began thus: "I cannot express, madam, how much I am shocked at what I have read; yet let me beg you, in one particular, to take the writer's advice. Consider the reputation of your daughter."—"It is gone, it is lost, Mr. Jones," cried she, "as well as her innocence. She received the letter in a room full of company, and immediately swooning away upon opening it, the contents were known to every one present. But the loss of her reputation, bad as it is, is not the worst; I shall lose my child; she hath attempted twice to destroy her-

self already: and though she hath been hitherto prevented, vows she will not outlive it; nor could I myself outlive any accident of that nature.—What then will become of my little Betsy, a helpless infant orphan? and the poor little wretch will, I believe, break her heart at the miseries with which she sees her sister and myself distracted, while she is ignorant of the cause. O 'tis the most sensible, and best-natured little thing! The barbarous, cruel—hath destroyed us all. O my poor children! Is this the reward of all my cares? Is this the fruit of all my prospects? Have I so cheerfully undergone all the labours and duties of a mother? Have I been so tender of their infancy, so careful of their education? Have I been toiling so many years, denying myself even the conveniences of life, to provide some little sustenance for them, to lose one or both in such a manner? “Indeed, madam,” said Jones, with tears in his eyes, “I pity you from my soul.”—“O! Mr. Jones,” answered she, “even you, though I know the goodness of your heart, can have no idea of what I feel. The best, the kindest, the most dutiful of children! O my poor Nancy, the darling of my soul! the delight of my eyes! the pride of my heart! too much, indeed, my pride; for to those foolish, ambitious hopes, arising from her beauty, I owe her ruin. Alas! I saw with pleasure the liking which this young man had for her. I thought it an honourable affection; and flattered my foolish vanity with the thoughts of seeing her married to one so much her superior. And a thousand times in my presence, nay, often in yours, he hath endeavoured to soothe and encourage these hopes by the most generous expressions of disinterested love, which he hath always directed to my poor girl, and which I, as well as she, believed to be real. Could I have believed that these were only snares laid to betray the innocence of my child, and for the ruin of us all?”—At these words little Betsy came running into the room, crying, “Dear mamma, for heaven’s sake come to my sister; for she is in another fit, and my cousin can’t hold her.” Mrs. Miller immediately obeyed the summons; but first ordered Betsy to stay with Mr. Jones, and begged him to entertain her a few minutes, saying, in the most pathetic voice, “Good heaven! let me preserve one of my children at least.”

Jones, in compliance with this request, did all he could to comfort the little girl, though he was, in reality, himself very highly affected with Mrs. Miller’s story. He told her “Her sister would be soon very well again; that by taking on in that manner she would not only make her sister worse, but make her mother ill too.” “Indeed, sir,” says she, “I would not do anything to hurt them for the world. I would burst my heart rather than they should see me cry.—But my poor sister can’t see me cry.—I am afraid she will never be able to see me cry any more. Indeed, I can’t part with her; indeed, I can’t.—And then poor mamma too, what will become of her?—She says she will die too, and leave me: but I am resolved I won’t be left behind.” “And are you not afraid to die, my little Betsy?” said Jones. “Yes,” answered she, “I was always afraid to die; because I must have left my mamma, and my sister; but I am not afraid of going anywhere with those I love.”

Jones was so pleased with this answer, that he eagerly kissed the child; and soon after Mrs. Miller returned, saying, “She thanked heaven Nancy was now come to herself. And now, Betsy,” says she, “you may go in, for your sister is better, and longs to see you.” She then turned to Jones, and began to renew her apologies for having disappointed him of his breakfast.

“I hope, madam,” says Jones, “I shall have a more exquisite repast than any you could have provided for me. This, I assure you, will be the case, if I can do any service to this little family of love. But whatever success may attend my endeavours, I am resolved to attempt it. I am very much deceived in Mr. Nightingale, if, notwithstanding what hath happened, he hath not much goodness of heart at the bottom, as well as a very violent affection for your daughter. If this be the case, I think the picture which I shall lay before him will affect him. Endeavour, madam, to comfort yourself, and Miss Nancy, as well as you can. I will go instantly in quest of Mr. Nightingale; and I hope to bring you good news.”

Mrs. Miller fell upon her knees and invoked all the blessings of heaven upon Mr. Jones; to which she afterwards added the most passionate expressions of gratitude. He then departed to find Mr. Nightingale, and the good woman returned to comfort her daughter, who was somewhat cheered at what her mother told her; and both joined in resounding the praises of Mr. Jones.

CHAPTER VII.

The interview between Mr. Jones and Mr. Nightingale.

THE good or evil we confer on others very often, I believe, recoils on ourselves. For as men of a benign disposition enjoy their own acts of beneficence equally with those to whom they are done, so there are scarce any natures so entirely diabolical, as to be capable of doing injuries, without paying themselves some pangs, for the ruin they bring on their fellow-creatures.

Mr. Nightingale, at least, was not such a person. On the contrary, Jones found him in his new lodgings, sitting melancholy by the fire, and silently lamenting the unhappy situation in which he had placed poor Nancy. He no sooner saw his friend appear than he arose hastily so meet him; and after much congratulation said, “Nothing could be more opportune than this kind visit; for I was never more in the spleen in my life.”

“I am sorry,” answered Jones, “that I bring news very unlikely to relieve you; nay, what I am convinced must, of all other, shock you the most. However, it is necessary you should know it. Without further preface, then, I come to you, Mr. Nightingale, from a worthy family, which you have involved in misery and ruin.” Mr. Nightingale changed colour at these words; but Jones, without regarding it, proceeded, in the liveliest manner, to paint the tragical story with which the reader was acquainted in the last chapter.

Nightingale never once interrupted the narration, though he discovered violent emotions at many parts of it. But when it was concluded, after fetching a deep sigh, he said, “What you tell me, my friend, affects me in the tenderest manner. Sure there never was so cursed an accident as the poor girl’s betraying my letter. Her reputation might otherwise have been safe, and the affair might have remained a profound secret; and then the girl might have gone off never the worse; for many such things happen in this town: and if the husband should suspect a little, when it is too late, it will be his wiser conduct to conceal his suspicion both from his wife and the world.”

“Indeed, my friend,” answered Jones, “this could not have been the case with your poor Nancy. You have so entirely gained her affections, that it is the loss of you, and not of her reputation, which afflicts her, and will end in the destruction of her

and her family." "Nay, for that matter, I promise you," cries Nightingale, "she hath my affections so absolutely, that my wife, whoever she is to be, will have very little share in them." "And is it possible then," said Jones, "you can think of deserting her?" "Why, what can I do?" answered the other. "Ask Miss Nancy," replied Jones warmly. "In the condition to which you have reduced her, I sincerely think she ought to determine what reparation you shall make her. Her interest alone, and not yours, ought to be your sole consideration. But if you ask me what you shall do, what can you do less," cries Jones, "than fulfil the expectations of her family, and her own? Nay, I sincerely tell you, they were mine too, ever since I first saw you together. You will pardon me if I presume on the friendship you have favoured me with, moved as I am with compassion for those poor creatures. But your own heart will best suggest to you, whether you have never intended, by your conduct, to persuade the mother, as well as the daughter, into an opinion, that you designed honourably: and if so, though there may have been no direct promise of marriage in the case, I will leave to your own good understanding, how far you are bound to proceed."

"Nay, I must not only confess what you have hinted," said Nightingale; "but I am afraid even that very promise you mention I have given." "And can you, after owning that," said Jones, "hesitate a moment?" "Consider, my friend," answered the other; "I know you are a man of honour, and would advise no one to act contrary to its rules; if there were no other objection, can I, after this publication of her disgrace, think of such an alliance with honour?" "Undoubtedly," replied Jones, "and the very best and truest honour, which is goodness, requires it of you. As you mention a scruple of this kind, you will give me leave to examine it. Can you with honour be guilty of having under false pretences deceived a young woman and her family, and of having by these means treacherously robbed her of her innocence? Can you, with honour, be the knowing, the wilful occasion, nay, the artful contriver of the ruin of a human being? Can you, with honour, destroy the fame, the peace, nay, probably, both the life and soul too, of this creature? Can honour bear the thought, that this creature is a tender, helpless, defenceless, young woman? A young woman, who loves, who doats on you, who dies for you; who hath placed the utmost confidence in your promises; and to that confidence hath sacrificed everything which is dear to her? Can honour support such contemplations as these a moment?"

"Common sense, indeed," said Nightingale, "warrants all you say; but yet you well know the opinion of the world is so contrary to it, that, was I to marry a whore, though my own, I should be ashamed of ever showing my face again."

"Fie upon it, Mr. Nightingale!" said Jones, "do not call her by so ungenerous a name: when you promised to marry her she became your wife; and she hath sinned more against prudence than virtue. And what is this world which you would be ashamed to face but the vile, the foolish, and the profligate? Forgive me if I say such a shame must proceed from false modesty, which always attends false honour as its shadow.—But I am well assured there is not a man of real sense and goodness in the world who would not honour and applaud the action. But, admit no other would, would not your own heart, my friend, applaud it? And do not the warm, rapturous sensations, which we feel from the consciousness of an honest, noble, generous, bene-

volent action, convey more delight to the mind than the undeserved praise of millions? Set the alternative fairly before your eyes. On the one side, see this poor, unhappy, tender, believing girl, in the arms of her wretched mother, breathing her last. Hear her breaking heart in agonies, sighing out your name; and lamenting, rather than accusing, the cruelty which weighs her down to destruction. Paint to your imagination the circumstances of her fond despairing parent, driven to madness, or, perhaps, to death, by the loss of her lovely daughter. View the poor, helpless, orphan infant; and when your mind hath dwelt a moment only on such ideas, consider yourself as the cause of all the ruin of this poor, little, worthy, defenceless family. On the other side, consider yourself as relieving them from their temporary sufferings. Think with what joy, with what transports that lovely creature will fly to your arms. See her blood returning to her pale cheeks, her fire to her languid eyes, and raptures to her tortured breast. Consider the exultations of her mother, the happiness of all. Think of this little family made by one act of yours completely happy. Think of this alternative, and sure I am mistaken in my friend if it requires any long deliberation whether he will sink these wretches down for ever, or, by one generous, noble resolution, raise them all from the brink of misery and despair to the highest pitch of human happiness. Add to this but one consideration more; the consideration that it is your duty so to do—That the misery from which you will relieve these poor people is the misery which you yourself have wilfully brought upon them."

"O, my dear friend!" cries Nightingale, "I wanted not your eloquence to rouse me. I pity poor Nancy from my soul, and would willingly give anything in my power that no familiarities had ever passed between us. Nay, believe me, I had many struggles with my passion before I could prevail with myself to write that cruel letter, which hath caused all the misery in that unhappy family. If I had no inclinations to consult but my own, I would marry her to-morrow morning: I would, by heaven! but you will easily imagine how impossible it would be to prevail on my father to consent to such a match; besides, he hath provided another for me; and to-morrow, by his express command, I am to wait on the lady."

"I have not the honour to know your father," said Jones; "but, suppose he could be persuaded, would you yourself consent to the only means of preserving these poor people?" "As eagerly as I would pursue my happiness," answered Nightingale: "for I never shall find it in any other woman.—O, my dear friend! could you imagine what I have felt within these twelve hours for my poor girl, I am convinced she would not engross all your pity. Passion leads me only to her; and, if I had any foolish scruples of honour, you have fully satisfied them: could my father be induced to comply with my desires, nothing would be wanting to complete my own happiness or that of my Nancy."

"Then I am resolved to undertake it," said Jones. "You must not be angry with me, in whatever light it may be necessary to set this affair, which, you may depend on it, could not otherwise be long hid from him: for things of this nature make a quick progress when once they get abroad, as this unhappily hath already. Besides, should any fatal accident follow, as upon my soul I am afraid will, unless immediately prevented, the public would ring of your name in a manner which, if your father

hath common humanity, must offend him. If you will therefore tell me where I may find the old gentleman, I will not lose a moment in the business; which, while I pursue, you cannot do a more generous action than by paying a visit to the poor girl. You will find I have not exaggerated in the account I have given of the wretchedness of the family."

Nightingale immediately consented to the proposal; and now, having acquainted Jones with his father's lodging, and the coffee-house where he would most probably find him, he hesitated a moment, and then said, "My dear Tom, you are going to undertake an impossibility. If you knew my father you would never think of obtaining his consent.—Stay, there is one way—suppose you told him I was already married, it might be easier to reconcile him to the fact after it was done; and, upon my honour, I am so affected with what you have said, and I love my Nancy so passionately, I almost wish it was done, whatever might be the consequence."

Jones greatly approved the hint, and promised to pursue it. They then separated, Nightingale to visit his Nancy, and Jones in quest of the old gentleman.

CHAPTER VIII.

What passed between Jones and old Mr. Nightingale; with the arrival of a person not yet mentioned in this history.

NOTWITHSTANDING the sentiment of the Roman satirist, which denies the divinity of fortune, and the opinion of Seneca to the same purpose; Cicero, who was, I believe, a wiser man than either of them, expressly holds the contrary; and certain it is, there are some incidents in life so very strange and unaccountable, that it seems to require more than human skill and foresight in producing them.

Of this kind was what now happened to Jones, who found Mr. Nightingale the elder in so critical a minute, that Fortune, if she was really worthy all the worship she received at Rome, could not have contrived such another. In short, the old gentleman, and the father of the young lady whom he intended for his son, had been hard at it for many hours; and the latter was just now gone, and had left the former delighted with the thoughts that he had succeeded in a long contention, which had been between the two fathers of the future bride and bridegroom; in which both endeavoured to overreach the other, and, as it not rarely happens in such cases, both had retreated fully satisfied of having obtained the victory.

This gentleman, whom Mr. Jones now visited, was what they call a man of the world; that is to say, a man who directs his conduct in this world as one who, being fully persuaded there is no other, is resolved to make the most of this. In his early years he had been bred to trade; but, having acquired a very good fortune, he had lately declined his business; or, to speak more properly, had changed it from dealing in goods, to dealing only in money, of which he had always a plentiful fund at command, and of which he knew very well how to make a very plentiful advantage, sometimes of the necessities of private men, and sometimes of those of the public. He had indeed conversed so entirely with money, that it may be almost doubted, whether he imagined there was any other thing really existing in the world; this at least may be certainly averred, that he firmly believed nothing else to have any real value.

The reader will, I fancy, allow that Fortune could not have culled out a more improper person for Mr. Jones to attack with any probability of success; nor

could the whimsical lady have directed this attack at a more unseasonable time.

As money then was always uppermost in this gentleman's thoughts, so the moment he saw a stranger within his doors it immediately occurred to his imagination, that such stranger was either come to bring him money, or to fetch it from him. And according as one or other of these thoughts prevailed, he conceived a favourable or unfavourable idea of the person who approached him.

Unluckily for Jones, the latter of these was the ascendant at present; for as a young gentleman had visited him the day before, with a bill from his son for a play debt, he apprehended, at the first sight of Jones, that he was come on such another errand. Jones therefore had no sooner told him that he was come on his son's account than the old gentleman, being confirmed in his suspicion, burst forth into an exclamation, "That he would lose his labour." "Is it then possible, sir," answered Jones, "that you can guess my business?" "If I do guess it," replied the other, "I repeat again to you, you will lose your labour. What, I suppose, you are one of those sparks who lead my son into all those scenes of riot and debauchery, which will be his destruction? but I shall pay no more of his bills, I promise you. I expect he will quit all such company for the future. If I had imagined otherwise, I should not have provided a wife for him; for I would be instrumental in the ruin of nobody." "How, sir," said Jones, "and was this lady of your providing?" "Pray, sir," answered the old gentleman, "how comes it to be any concern of yours?"—"Nay, dear sir," replied Jones, "be not offended that I interest myself in what regards your son's happiness, for whom I have so great an honour and value. It was upon that very account I came to wait upon you. I can't express the satisfaction you have given me by what you say; for I do assure you your son is a person for whom I have the highest honour.—Nay, sir, it is not easy to express the esteem I have for you; who could be so generous, so good, so kind, so indulgent to provide such a match for your son; a woman, who, I dare swear, will make him one of the happiest men upon earth."

There is scarce anything which so happily introduces men to our good liking, as having conceived some alarm at their first appearance; when once those apprehensions begin to vanish we soon forget the fears which they occasioned, and look on ourselves as indebted for our present case to those very persons who at first raised our fears.

Thus it happened to Nightingale, who no sooner found that Jones had no demand on him, as he suspected, than he began to be pleased with his presence. "Pray, good sir," said he, "be pleased to sit down. I do not remember to have ever had the pleasure of seeing you before; but if you are a friend of my son, and have anything to say concerning this young lady, I shall be glad to hear you. As to her making him happy, it will be his own fault if she doth not. I have discharged my duty, in taking care of the main article. She will bring him a fortune capable of making any reasonable, prudent, sober man, happy." "Undoubtedly," cries Jones, "for she is in herself a fortune; so beautiful, so genteel, so sweet-tempered, and so well educated; she is indeed a most accomplished young lady; sings admirably well, and hath a most delicate hand at the harpsichord." "I did not know any of these matters," answered the old gentleman, "for

I never saw the lady: but I do not like her the worse for what you tell me; and I am the better pleased with her father for not laying any stress on these qualifications in our bargain. I shall always think it a proof of his understanding. A silly fellow would have brought in these articles as an addition to her fortune; but, to give him his due, he never mentioned any such matter; though to be sure they are no disparagements to a woman." "I do assure you, sir," cries Jones, "she hath them all in the most eminent degree: for my part, I own I was afraid you might have been a little backward, a little less inclined to the match; for your son told me you had never seen the lady; therefore I came, sir, in that case, to entreat you, to conjure you, as you value the happiness of your son, not to be averse to his match with a woman who hath not only all the good qualities I have mentioned, but many more."—"If that was your business, sir," said the old gentleman, "we are both obliged to you; and you may be perfectly easy; for I give you my word I was very well satisfied with her fortune." "Sir," answered Jones, "I honour you every moment more and more. To be so easily satisfied, so very moderate on that account, is a proof of the soundness of your understanding, as well as the nobleness of your mind."—"Not so very moderate, young gentleman, not so very moderate," answered the father—"Still more and more noble," replied Jones; "and give me leave to add, sensible: for sure it is little less than madness to consider money as the sole foundation of happiness. Such a woman as this with her little, her nothing of a fortune"—"I find," cries the old gentleman, "you have a pretty just opinion of money, my friend, or else you are better acquainted with the person of the lady than with her circumstances. Why, pray, what fortune do you imagine this lady to have?" "What fortune?" cries Jones, "why, too contemptible a one to be named for your son."—"Well, well, well," said the other, "perhaps he might have done better."—"That I deny," said Jones, "for she is one of the best of women."—"Ay, ay, but in point of fortune I mean," answered the other. "And yet, as to that now, how much do you imagine your friend is to have?"—"How much?" cries Jones, "how much? Why, at the utmost, perhaps 200*l*." "Do you mean to banter me, young gentleman?" said the father, a little angry. "No, upon my soul," answered Jones, "I am in earnest; nay, I believe I have gone to the utmost farthing. If I do the lady an injury, I ask her pardon." "Indeed you do," cries the father; "I am certain she hath fifty times that sum, and she shall produce fifty to that before I consent that she shall marry my son." "Nay," said Jones, "it is too late to talk of consent now; if she had not fifty farthings your son is married."—"My son married!" answered the old gentleman, with surprise. "Nay," said Jones, "I thought you was unacquainted with it." "My son married to Miss Harris!" answered he again. "To Miss Harris!" said Jones; "No, sir; to Miss Nancy Miller, the daughter of Mrs. Miller, at whose house he lodged; a young lady, who, though her mother is reduced to let lodgings—"—"Are you bantering, or are you in earnest?" cries the father, with a most solemn voice. "Indeed, sir," answered Jones, "I scorn the character of a banterer. I came to you in most serious earnest, imagining, as I find true, that your son had never dared acquaint you with a match so much inferior to him in point of fortune, though the reputa-

tion of the lady will suffer it no longer to remain a secret."

While the father stood like one struck suddenly dumb at this news, a gentleman came into the room, and saluted him by the name of brother.

But though these two were in consanguinity so nearly related, they were in their dispositions almost the opposites to each other. The brother who now arrived had likewise been bred to trade, in which he no sooner saw himself worth 6000*l*. than he purchased a small estate with the greatest part of it, and retired into the country; where he married the daughter of an unbeneficed clergyman; a young lady, who, though she had neither beauty nor fortune, had recommended herself to his choice entirely by her good humour, of which she possessed a very large share.

With this woman he had, during twenty-five years, lived a life more resembling the model which certain poets ascribe to the golden age, than any of those patterns which are furnished by the present times. By her he had four children, but none of them arrived at maturity, except only one daughter, whom, in vulgar language, he and his wife had spoiled; that is, had educated with the utmost tenderness and fondness, which she returned to such a degree, that she had actually refused a very extraordinary match with a gentleman a little turned of forty, because she could not bring herself to part with her parents.

The young lady whom Mr. Nightingale had intended for his son was a near neighbour of his brother, and an acquaintance of his niece; and in reality it was upon the account of his projected match that he was now come to town; not, indeed, to forward, but to dissuade his brother from a purpose which he conceived would inevitably ruin his nephew; for he foresaw no other event from a union with Miss Harris, notwithstanding the largeness of her fortune, as neither her person nor mind seemed to him to promise any kind of matrimonial felicity; for she was very tall, very thin, very ugly, very affected, very silly, and very ill-natured.

His brother, therefore, no sooner mentioned the marriage of his nephew with Miss Miller, than he expressed the utmost satisfaction; and when the father had very bitterly reviled his son, and pronounced sentence of beggary upon him, the uncle began in the following manner:

"If you was a little cooler, brother, I would ask you whether you love your son for his sake or for your own? You would answer, I suppose, and so I suppose you think, for his sake; and doubtless it is his happiness which you intended in the marriage you proposed for him.

"Now, brother, to prescribe rules of happiness to others hath always appeared to me very absurd, and to insist on doing this, very tyrannical. It is a vulgar error I know; but it is, nevertheless, an error. And if this be absurd in other things, it is mostly so in the affair of marriage, the happiness of which depends entirely on the affection which subsists between the parties.

"I have therefore always thought it unreasonable in parents to desire to choose for their children on this occasion; since to force affection is an impossible attempt; nay, so much doth love abhor force, that I know not whether, through an unfortunate but incurable perverseness in our natures, it may not be even impatient of persuasion.

"It is, however, true that, though a parent will not, I think, wisely prescribe, he ought to be con-

sulted on this occasion; and, in strictness, perhaps, should at least have a negative voice. My nephew, therefore, I own, in marrying, without asking your advice, hath been guilty of a fault. But, honestly speaking, brother, have you not a little promoted this fault? Have not your frequent declarations on this subject given him a moral certainty of your refusal, where there was any deficiency in point of fortune? Nay, doth not your present anger arise solely from that deficiency? And if he hath failed in his duty here, did you not as much exceed that authority when you absolutely bargained with him for a woman, without his knowledge, whom you yourself never saw, and whom, if you had seen and known as well as I, it must have been madness in you to have ever thought of bringing her into your family?

"Still I own my nephew in a fault; but surely it is not an unpardonable fault. He hath acted indeed without your consent, in a matter in which he ought to have asked it, but it is in a matter in which his interest is principally concerned; you yourself must and will acknowledge that you consulted his interest only, and if he unfortunately differed from you, and hath been mistaken in his notion of happiness, will you, brother, if you love your son, carry him still wider from the point? Will you increase the ill consequences of his simple choice? Will you endeavour to make an event certain misery to him, which may accidentally prove so? In a word, brother, because he hath put it out of your power to make his circumstances as affluent as you would, will you distress them as much as you can?"

By the force of the true catholic faith St. Anthony won upon the fishes. Orpheus and Amphion went a very little farther, and by the charms of music enchanted things merely inanimate. Wonderful, both! but neither history nor fable have ever yet ventured to record an instance of any one, who, by force of argument and reason, hath triumphed over habitual avarice.

Mr. Nightingale, the father, instead of attempting to answer his brother, contented himself with only observing, that they had always differed in their sentiments concerning the education of their children. "I wish," said he, "brother, you would have confined your care to your own daughter, and never have troubled yourself with my son, who hath, I believe, as little profited by your precepts, as by your example." For young Nightingale was his uncle's godson, and had lived more with him than with his father. So that the uncle had often declared he loved his nephew almost equally with his own child.

Jones fell into raptures with this good gentleman; and when, after much persuasion, they found the father grew still more and more irritated, instead of appeased, Jones conducted the uncle to his nephew at the house of Mrs. Miller.

CHAPTER IX.

Containing strange matters.

AT his return to his lodgings, Jones found the situation of affairs greatly altered from what they had been in at his departure. The mother, the two daughters, and young Mr. Nightingale, were now sat down to supper together, when the uncle was, at his own desire, introduced without any ceremony into the company, to all of whom he was well known; for he had several times visited his nephew at that house.

The old gentleman immediately walked up to Miss Nancy, saluted and wished her joy, as he did afterwards the mother and the other sister; and

lastly, he paid the proper compliments to his nephew, with the same good humour and courtesy, as if his nephew had married his equal or superior in fortune, with all the previous requisites first performed.

Miss Nancy and her supposed husband both turned pale, and looked rather foolish than otherwise upon the occasion; but Mrs. Miller took the first opportunity of withdrawing; and, having sent for Jones into the dining-room, she threw herself at his feet, and in a most passionate flood of tears, called him her good angel, the preserver of her poor little family, with many other respectful and endearing appellations, and made him every acknowledgment which the highest benefit can extract from the most grateful heart.

After the first gust of her passion was a little over, which she declared, if she had not vented, would have burst her, she proceeded to inform Mr. Jones that all matters were settled between Mr. Nightingale and her daughter, and that they were to be married the next morning; at which Mr. Jones having expressed much pleasure, the poor woman fell again into a fit of joy and thanksgiving, which he at length with difficulty silenced, and prevailed on her to return with him back to the company, whom they found in the same good humour in which they had left them.

This little society now passed two or three very agreeable hours together, in which the uncle, who was a very great lover of his bottle, had so well plied his nephew, that this latter, though not drunk, began to be somewhat flustered; and now Mr. Nightingale, taking the old gentleman with him up stairs into the apartment he had lately occupied, unbosomed himself as follows:—

"As you have been always the best and kindest of uncles to me, and as you have shown such unparalleled goodness in forgiving this match, which to be sure may be thought a little improvident, I should never forgive myself if I attempted to deceive you in anything." He then confessed the truth, and opened the whole affair.

"How, Jack?" said the old gentleman, "and are you really then not married to this young woman?" "No, upon my honour," answered Nightingale, "I have told you the simple truth." "My dear boy," cries the uncle, kissing him, "I am heartily glad to hear it. I was never better pleased in my life. If you had been married I should have assisted you as much as was in my power to have made the best of a bad matter; but there is a great difference between considering a thing which is already done and irrecoverable, and that which is yet to do. Let your reason have fair play, Jack, and you will see this match in so foolish and preposterous a light, that there will be no need of any dissuasive arguments." "How, sir?" replies young Nightingale, "is there this difference between having already done an act, and being in honour engaged to do it?" "Pugh!" said the uncle, "honour is a creature of the world's making, and the world hath the power of a creator over it, and may govern and direct as they please. Now you well know how trivial these breaches of contract are thought; even the grossest make but the wonder and conversation of a day. Is there a man who afterwards will be more backward in giving you his sister, or daughter? or is there any sister or daughter who would be more backward to receive you? Honour is not concerned in these engagements." "Pardon me, dear sir," cries Nightingale, "I can never think so; and not only honour, but conscience and humanity,

are concerned. I am well satisfied, that, was I now to disappoint the young creature, her death would be the consequence, and I should look upon myself as her murderer; nay, as her murderer by the cruelest of all methods, by breaking her heart." "Break her heart, indeed! no, no, Jack," cries the uncle, "the hearts of women are not so soon broke; they are tough, boy, they are tough." "But, sir," answered Nightingale, "my own affections are engaged, and I never could be happy with any other woman. How often have I heard you say, that children should be always suffered to choose for themselves, and that you would let my cousin Harriet do so!" "Why, ah," replied the old gentleman, "so I would have them; but then I would have them choose wisely.—Indeed, Jack, you must and shall leave the girl."—"Indeed, uncle," cries the other, "I must and will have her." "You will, young gentleman;" said the uncle; "I did not expect such a word from you. I should not wonder if you had used such language to your father, who hath always treated you like a dog, and kept you at the distance which a tyrant preserves over his subjects; but I, who have lived with you upon an equal footing, might surely expect better usage: but I know how to account for it all: it is all owing to your preposterous education, in which I have had too little share. There is my daughter, now, whom I have brought up as my friend, never doth anything without my advice, nor ever refuses to take it when I give it her." "You have never yet given her advice in an affair of this kind," said Nightingale; "for I am greatly mistaken in my cousin, if she would be very ready to obey even your most positive commands in abandoning her inclinations." "Don't abuse my girl," answered the old gentleman with some emotion; "don't abuse my Harriet. I have brought her up to have no inclinations contrary to my own. By suffering her to do whatever she pleases, I have inured her to a habit of being pleased to do whatever I like." "Pardon me, sir," said Nightingale, "I have not the least design to reflect on my cousin, for whom I have the greatest esteem; and indeed I am convinced you will never put her to so severe a trial, or lay such hard commands on her as you would do on me.—But, dear sir, let us return to the company; for they will begin to be uneasy at our long absence. I must beg one favour of my dear uncle, which is, that he would not say anything to shock the poor girl or her mother." "Oh! you need not fear me," answered he, "I understand myself too well to affront women; so I will readily grant you that favour; and in return I must expect another of you." "There are but few of your commands, sir," said Nightingale, "which I shall not very cheerfully obey." "Nay, sir, I ask nothing," said the uncle, "but the honour of your company home to my lodging, that I may reason the case a little more fully with you; for I would, if possible, have the satisfaction of preserving my family, notwithstanding the headstrong folly of my brother, who, in his own opinion, is the wisest man in the world."

Nightingale, who well knew his uncle to be as headstrong as his father, submitted to attend him home, and then they both returned back into the room, where the old gentleman promised to carry himself with the same decorum which he had before maintained.

CHAPTER X.

A short chapter, which concludes the book.

THE long absence of the uncle and nephew had occasioned some disquiet in the minds of all whom they had left behind them; and the more, as, during the preceding dialogue, the uncle had more than once elevated his voice, so as to be heard down stairs; which, though they could not distinguish what he said, had caused some evil foreboding in Nancy and her mother, and, indeed, even in Jones himself.

When the good company, therefore, again assembled, there was a visible alteration in all their faces; and the good-humour which, at their last meeting, universally shone forth in every countenance, was now changed into a much less agreeable aspect. It was a change, indeed, common enough to the weather in this climate, from sunshine to clouds, from June to December.

This alteration was not, however, greatly remarked by any present; for as they were all now endeavouring to conceal their own thoughts, and to act a part, they became all too busily engaged in the scene to be spectators of it. Thus neither the uncle nor nephew saw any symptoms of suspicion in the mother or daughter; nor did the mother or daughter remark the overacted complaisance of the old man, nor the counterfeit satisfaction which grinned in the features of the young one.

Something like this, I believe, frequently happens, where the whole attention of two friends being engaged in the part which each is to act, in order to impose on the other, neither sees nor suspects the arts practised against himself; and thus the thrust of both (to borrow no improper metaphor on the occasion) alike takes place.

From the same reason it is no unusual thing for both parties to be overreached in a bargain, though the one must be always the greater loser; as was he who sold a blind horse, and received a bad note in payment.

Our company in about half an hour broke up, and the uncle carried off his nephew; but not before the latter had assured Miss Nancy, in a whisper, that he would attend her early in the morning, and fulfil all his engagements.

Jones, who was the least concerned in this scene, saw the most. He did indeed suspect the very fact; for, besides observing the great alteration in the behaviour of the uncle, the distance he assumed, and his overstrained civility to Miss Nancy; the carrying off a bridegroom from his bride at that time of night was so extraordinary a proceeding that it could be accounted for only by imagining that young Nightingale had revealed the whole truth, which the apparent openness of his temper, and his being flustered with liquor, made too probable.

While he was reasoning with himself, whether he should acquaint these poor people with his suspicion, the maid of the house informed him that a gentlewoman desired to speak with him.—He went immediately out, and, taking the candle from the maid, ushered his visitant up stairs, who, in the person of Mrs. Honour, acquainted him with such dreadful news concerning his Sophia, that he immediately lost all consideration for every other person; and his whole stock of compassion was entirely swallowed up in reflections on his own misery, and on that of his unfortunate angel.

What this dreadful matter was, the reader will be informed, after we have first related the many preceding steps which produced it, and those will be the subject of the following book.

BOOK XV.

IN WHICH THE HISTORY ADVANCES ABOUT TWO DAYS.

CHAPTER I.

Too short to need a preface.

THERE are a set of religious, or rather moral writers, who teach that virtue is the certain road to happiness, and vice to misery, in this world. A very wholesome and comfortable doctrine, and to which we have but one objection, namely, that it is not true.

Indeed, if by virtue these writers mean the exercise of those cardinal virtues, which like good housewives stay at home, and mind only the business of their own family, I shall very readily concede the point; for so surely do all these contribute and lead to happiness, that I could almost wish, in violation of all the ancient and modern sages, to call them rather by the name of wisdom, than by that of virtue; for, with regard to this life, no system, I conceive, was wiser than that of the ancient Epicureans, who held this wisdom to constitute the chief good; nor foolisher than that of their opposites, those modern epicures, who place all felicity in the abundant gratification of every sensual appetite.

But if by virtue is meant (as I almost think it ought) a certain relative quality, which is always busying itself without doors, and seems as much interested in pursuing the good of others as its own; I cannot so easily agree that this is the surest way to human happiness; because I am afraid we must then include poverty and contempt, with all the mischiefs which backbiting, envy, and ingratitude, can bring on mankind, in our idea of happiness; nay, sometimes perhaps we shall be obliged to wait upon the said happiness to a jail; since many by the above virtue have brought themselves thither.

I have not now leisure to enter upon so large a field of speculation, as here seems opening upon me; my design was to wipe off a doctrine that lay in my way; since, while Mr. Jones was acting the most virtuous part imaginable in labouring to preserve his fellow-creatures from destruction, the devil, or some other evil spirit, one perhaps clothed in human flesh, was hard at work to make him completely miserable in the ruin of his Sophia.

This therefore would seem an exception to the above rule, if indeed it was a rule; but as we have in our voyage through life seen so many other exceptions to it, we choose to dispute the doctrine on which it is founded, which we don't apprehend to be christian, which we are convinced is not true, and which is indeed destructive of one of the noblest arguments that reason alone can furnish for the belief of immortality.

But as the reader's curiosity (if he hath any) must be now awake, and hungry, we shall provide to feed it as fast as we can.

CHAPTER II.

In which is opened a very black design against Sophia.

I REMEMBER a wise old gentleman who used to say, "When children are doing nothing, they are doing mischief." I will not enlarge this quaint saying to the most beautiful part of the creation in general; but so far I may be allowed, that when the effects of female jealousy do not appear openly in their proper colours of rage and fury, we may suspect that mischievous passion to be at work privately, and attempting to undermine, what it doth not attack above ground.

This was exemplified in the conduct of lady Bellaston, who, under all the smiles which she wore in

her countenance, concealed much indignation against Sophia; and as she plainly saw that this young lady stood between her and the full indulgence of her desires, she resolved to get rid of her by some means or other; nor was it long before a very favourable opportunity of accomplishing this presented itself to her.

The reader may be pleased to remember, that when Sophia was thrown into that consternation at the playhouse, by the wit and humour of a set of young gentlemen who call themselves the town, we informed him, that she had put herself under the protection of a young nobleman, who had very safely conducted her to her chair.

This nobleman, who frequently visited lady Bellaston, had more than once seen Sophia there, since her arrival in town, and had conceived a very great liking to her; which liking, as beauty never looks more amiable than in distress, Sophia had in this fright so increased, that he might now, without any great impropriety, be said to be actually in love with her.

It may easily be believed, that he would not suffer so handsome an occasion of improving his acquaintance with the beloved object as now offered itself, to elapse, when even good breeding alone might have prompted him to pay her a visit.

The next morning therefore, after this accident, he waited on Sophia, with the usual compliments, and hopes that she had received no harm from her last night's adventure.

As love, like fire, when once thoroughly kindled, is soon blown into a flame, Sophia in a very short time completed her conquest. Time now flew away unperceived, and the noble lord had been two hours in company with the lady, before it entered into his head that he had made too long a visit. Though this circumstance alone would have alarmed Sophia, who was somewhat more a mistress of computation at present; she had indeed much more pregnant evidence from the eyes of her lover of what passed within his bosom; nay, though he did not make any open declaration of his passion, yet many of his expressions were rather too warm, and too tender, to have been imputed to complaisance, even in the age when such complaisance was in fashion; the very reverse of which is well known to be the reigning mode at present.

Lady Bellaston had been apprised of his lordship's visit at his first arrival; and the length of it very well satisfied her, that things went, as she wished, and as indeed she had suspected the second time she saw this young couple together. This business she rightly, I think, concluded, that she should by no means forward by mixing in the company while they were together; she therefore ordered her servants, that when my lord was going, they should tell him she desired to speak with him; and employed the intermediate time in meditating how best to accomplish a scheme, which she made no doubt but his lordship would very readily embrace the execution of.

Lord Fellamar (for that was the title of this young nobleman) was no sooner introduced to her ladyship, than she attacked him in the following strain: "Bless me, my lord, are you here yet? I thought my servants had made a mistake, and let you go away; and I wanted to see you about an affair of some importance."—"Indeed, lady Bellaston," said he, "I don't wonder you are astonished at the length of my visit; for I have staid above two hours, and I did not think I had staid above half a one."—"What am I to conclude from thence, my lord?" said she. "The company must be very agreeable which can make time slide away so very

deceitfully."—"Upon my honour," said he, "the most agreeable I ever saw. Pray tell me, lady Bellaston, who is this blazing star which you have produced among us all of a sudden?"—"What blazing star, my lord?" said she, affecting a surprise. "I mean," said he, "the lady I saw here the other day, whom I had last night in my arms at the playhouse, and to whom I have been making that unreasonable visit."—"O my cousin Western!" said she; "why that blazing star, my lord, is the daughter of a country booby squire, and hath been in town about a fortnight, for the first time."—"Upon my soul," said he, "I should swear she had been bred up in a court; for besides her beauty, I never saw anything so genteel, so sensible, so polite."—"O brave!" cries the lady, "my cousin hath you, I find."—"Upon my honour," answered he, "I wish she had; for I am in love with her to distraction."—"Nay, my lord," said she, "it is not wishing yourself very ill neither, for she is a very great fortune: I assure you she is an only child, and her father's estate is a good 3000*l.* a-year." "Then I can assure you, madam," answered the lord, "I think her the best match in England." "Indeed, my lord," replied she, "if you like her, I heartily wish you had her." "If you think so kindly of me, madam," said he, "as she is a relation of yours, will you do me the honour to propose it to her father?" "And are you really then in earnest?" cries the lady, with an affected gravity. "I hope, madam," answered he, "you have a better opinion of me, than to imagine I would jest with your ladyship in an affair of this kind." "Indeed, then," said the lady, "I will most readily propose your lordship to her father; and I can, I believe, assure you of his joyful acceptance of the proposal; but there is a bar, which I am almost ashamed to mention; and yet it is one you will never be able to conquer. You have a rival, my lord, and a rival who, though I blush to name him, neither you, nor all the world, will ever be able to conquer." "Upon my word, lady Bellaston," cries he, "you have struck a damp to my heart, which hath almost deprived me of being." "Fie! my lord," said she, "I should rather hope I had struck fire into you. A lover, and talk of damps in your heart! I rather imagined you would have asked your rival's name, that you might have immediately entered the lists with him." "I promise you, madam," answered he, "there are very few things I would not undertake for your charming cousin: but pray, who is this happy man?"—"Why he is," said she, "what I am sorry to say most happy men with us are, one of the lowest fellows in the world. He is a beggar, a bastard, a foundling, a fellow in meaner circumstances than one of your lordship's footmen." "And is it possible," cried he, "that a young creature with such perfections should think of bestowing herself so unworthily?" "Alas! my lord," answered she, "consider the country—the bane of all young women is the country. There they learn a set of romantic notions of love, and I know not what folly, which this town and good company can scarce eradicate in a whole winter." "Indeed, madam," replied my lord, "your cousin is of too immense a value to be thrown away: such ruin as this must be prevented." "Alas!" cries she, "my lord, how can it be prevented? The family have already done all in their power; but the girl is, I think, intoxicated, and nothing less than ruin will content her. And to deal more openly with you, I expect every day to hear she is run away with him." "What you tell me, lady Bellaston," answered his lordship, "affects me most tenderly, and only raises my compassion, instead of lessening

my adoration of your cousin. Some means must be found to preserve so inestimable a jewel. Hath your ladyship endeavoured to reason with her?" Here the lady affected a laugh, and cried, "My dear lord, sure you know us better than to talk of reasoning a young woman out of her inclinations! These inestimable jewels are as deaf as the jewels they wear: time, my lord, time is the only medicine to cure their folly; but this is a medicine which I am certain she will not take; nay, I live in hourly horrors on her account. In short, nothing but violent methods will do." "What is to be done?" cries my lord; "what methods are to be taken?—Is there any method upon earth?—Oh! lady Bellaston! there is nothing which I would not undertake for such a reward."—"I really know not," answered the lady, after a pause; and then pausing again, she cried out,—"Upon my soul, I am at my wit's end on this girl's account.—If she can be preserved, something must be done immediately; and, as I say, nothing but violent methods will do.—If your lordship hath really this attachment to my cousin (and to do her justice, except in this silly inclination, of which she will soon see her folly, she is every way deserving), I think there may be one way, indeed it is a very disagreeable one, and what I am almost afraid to think of.—It requires a great spirit, I promise you." "I am not conscious, madam," said he, "of any defect there; nor am I, I hope, suspected of any such. It must be an egregious defect indeed, which could make me backward on this occasion." "Nay, my lord," answered she, "I am so far from doubting you, I am much more inclined to doubt my own courage; for I must run a monstrous risk. In short, I must place such a confidence in your honour as a wise woman will scarce ever place in a man on any consideration." In this point likewise my lord very well satisfied her; for his reputation was extremely clear, and common fame did him no more than justice, in speaking well of him. "Well, then," said she, "my lord,—I—I vow, I can't bear the apprehension of it.—No, it must not be.—At least every other method shall be tried. Can you get rid of your engagements, and dine here to-day? Your lordship will have an opportunity of seeing a little more of Miss Western.—I promise you we have no time to lose. Here will be nobody but lady Betty, and Miss Eagle, and colonel Hamstead, and Tom Edwards; they will all go soon,—and I shall be at home to nobody. Then your lordship may be a little more explicit. Nay, I will contrive some method to convince you of her attachment to this fellow." My lord made proper compliments, accepted the invitation, and then they parted to dress, it being now past three in the morning, or to reckon by the old style, in the afternoon.

CHAPTER III.

A further explanation of the foregoing design.

THOUGH the reader may have long since concluded lady Bellaston to be a member (and no inconsiderable one) of the great world, she was in reality a very considerable member of the little world; by which appellation was distinguished a very worthy and honourable society which not long since flourished in this kingdom.

Among other good principles upon which this society was founded, there was one very remarkable: for, as it was a rule of an honourable club of heroes, who assembled at the close of the late war, that all the members should every day fight once at least; so 'twas in this, that every member should, within the twenty-four hours, tell at least one merry fib, which

was to be propagated by all the brethren and sisterhood.

Many idle stories were told about this society, which from a certain quality may be, perhaps not unjustly, supposed to have come from the society themselves. As, that the devil was the president; and that he sat in person in an elbow chair at the upper end of the table; but, upon very strict inquiry, I find there is not the least truth in any of those tales, and that the assembly consisted in reality of a set of very good sort of people, and the fibs which they propagated were of a harmless kind, and tended only to produce mirth and good humour.

Edwards was likewise a member of this comical society. To him therefore lady Bellaston applied as a proper instrument for her purpose, and furnished him with a fib, which he was to vent whenever the lady gave him her cue; and this was not to be till the evening, when all the company but lord Fellamar and himself were gone, and while they were engaged in a rubber at whist.

To this time then, which was between seven and eight in the evening, we will convey our reader; when lady Bellaston, lord Fellamar, Miss Western, and Tom, being engaged at whist, and in the last game of their rubbers, Tom received his cue from lady Bellaston, which was, "I protest, Tom, you are grown intolerable lately; you used to tell us all the news of the town, and now you know no more of the world than if you lived out of it."

Mr. Edwards then began as follows: "The fault is not mine, madam; it lies in the dulness of the age, that doth nothing worth talking of.—O la! though now I think on't, there hath a terrible accident befallen poor colonel Wilcox.—Poor Ned.—You know him, my lord, everybody knows him; faith! I am very much concerned for him."

"What is it, pray?" says lady Bellaston.

"Why, he hath killed a man this morning in a duel, that's all."

His lordship, who was not in the secret, asked gravely, whom he had killed? To which Edwards answered, "A young fellow we none of us know; a Somersetshire lad just come to town, one Jones his name is; a near relation of one Mr. Allworthy, of whom your lordship I believe hath heard. I saw the lad lie dead in a coffee-house.—Upon my soul, he is one of the finest corpses I ever saw in my life!"

Sophia, who had just begun to deal as Tom had mentioned that a man was killed, stopped her hand, and listened with attention (for all stories of that kind affected her), but no sooner had he arrived at the latter part of the story than she began to deal again; and having dealt three cards to one, and seven to another and ten to a third, at last dropped the rest from her hand, and fell back in her chair.

The company behaved as usual on these occasions. The usual disturbance ensued, the usual assistance was summoned, and Sophia at last, as it is usual, returned again to life, and was soon after, at her earnest desire, led to her own apartment; where, at my lord's request, lady Bellaston acquainted her with the truth, attempted to carry it off as a jest of her own, and comforted her with repeated assurances, that neither his lordship nor Tom, though she had taught him the story, were in the true secret of the affair.

There was no farther evidence necessary to convince lord Fellamar how justly the case had been represented to him by lady Bellaston; and now, at her return into the room, a scheme was laid between these two noble persons, which, though it appeared in no very heinous light to his lordship (as he faithfully promised, and faithfully resolved too, to make

the lady all the subsequent amends in his power by marriage), yet many of our readers, we doubt not, will see with just detestation.

The next evening at seven was appointed for the fatal purpose, when lady Bellaston undertook that Sophia should be alone, and his lordship should be introduced to her. The whole family were to be regulated for the purpose, most of the servants despatched out of the house; and for Mrs. Honour, who, to prevent suspicion, was to be left with her mistress till his lordship's arrival, lady Bellaston herself was to engage her in an apartment as distant as possible from the scene of the intended mischief, and out of the hearing of Sophia.

Matters being thus agreed on, his lordship took his leave, and her ladyship retired to rest, highly pleased with a project, of which she had no reason to doubt the success, and which promised so effectually to remove Sophia from being any future obstruction to her amour with Jones, by a means of which she should never appear to be guilty, even if the fact appeared to the world; but this she made no doubt of preventing by huddling up a marriage, to which she thought the ravished Sophia would easily be brought to consent, and at which all the rest of her family would rejoice.

But affairs were not in so quiet a situation in the bosom of the other conspirator; his mind was tossed in all the distracting anxiety so nobly described by Shakspeare—

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is,
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream;
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.—

Though the violence of his passion had made him eagerly embrace the first hint of this design, especially as it came from a relation of the lady, yet when that friend to reflection, a pillow, had placed the action itself in all its natural black colours before his eyes, with all the consequences which must, and those which might, probably attend it, his resolution began to abate, or rather indeed to go over to the other side; and after a long conflict, which lasted a whole night, between honour and appetite, the former at length prevailed, and he determined to wait on lady Bellaston, and to relinquish the design.

Lady Bellaston was in bed, though very late in the morning, and Sophia sitting by her bedside, when the servant acquainted her that Lord Fellamar was below in the parlour; upon which her ladyship desired him to stay, and that she would see him presently; but the servant was no sooner departed than poor Sophia began to entreat her cousin not to encourage the visit of that odious lord (so she called him, though a little unjustly) upon her account. "I see his design," said she; "for he made downright love to me yesterday morning; but as I am resolved never to admit it, I beg your ladyship not to leave us alone together any more, and to order the servants that, if he inquires for me, I may be always denied to him."

"La! child," says lady Bellaston, "you country girls have nothing but sweethearts in your head; you fancy every man who is civil to you is making love. He is one of the most gallant young fellows about town, and I am convinced means no more than a little gallantry. Make love to you indeed! I wish with all my heart he would, and you must be an arrant mad woman to refuse him."

"But as I shall certainly be that mad woman," cries Sophia, "I hope his visits shall not be intruded upon me."

"O child!" said lady Bellaston, "you need not be so fearful; if you resolve to run away with that Jones, I know no person who can hinder you."

"Upon my honour, madam," cries Sophia, "your ladyship injures me. I will never run away with any man; nor will I ever marry contrary to my father's inclinations."

"Well, Miss Western," said the lady, "if you are not in a humour to see company this morning, you may retire to your own apartment; for I am not frightened at his lordship, and must send for him up into my dressing-room."

Sophia thanked her ladyship, and withdrew; and presently afterwards Fellamar was admitted up stairs.

CHAPTER IV.

By which it will appear how dangerous an advocate a lady is, when she applies her eloquence to an ill purpose.

WHEN lady Bellaston heard the young lord's scruples, she treated them with the same disdain with which one of those sages of the law, called Newgate solicitors, treats the qualms of conscience in a young witness. "My dear lord," said she, "you certainly want a cordial. I must send to lady Edgely for one of her best drams. Fie upon it! have more resolution. Are you frightened by the word rape? Or are you apprehensive——? Well! if the story of Helen was modern, I should think it unnatural. I mean the behaviour of Paris, not the fondness of the lady; for all women love a man of spirit. There is another story of the Sabine ladies,—and that too, I thank heaven, is very ancient. Your lordship, perhaps, will admire my reading; but I think Mr. Hook tells us, they made tolerable good wives afterwards. I fancy few of my married acquaintance were ravished by their husbands." "Nay, dear lady Bellaston," cried he, "don't ridicule me in this manner." "Why, my good lord," answered she, "do you think any woman in England would not laugh at you in her heart, whatever prudery she might wear in her countenance?—You force me to use a strange kind of language, and to betray my sex most abominably; but I am contented with knowing my intentions are good, and that I am endeavouring to serve my cousin; for I think you will make her a husband notwithstanding this; or, upon my soul, I would not even persuade her to fling herself away upon an empty title. She should not upbraid me hereafter with having lost a man of spirit; for that his enemies allow this poor young fellow to be."

Let those who have had the satisfaction of hearing reflections of this kind from a wife or a mistress, declare whether they are at all sweetened by coming from a female tongue. Certain it is, they sunk deeper into his lordship than anything which Demosthenes or Cicero could have said on the occasion.

Lady Bellaston, perceiving she had fired the young lord's pride, began now, like a true orator, to rouse other passions to its assistance. "My lord," says she, in a grave voice, "you will be pleased to remember, you mentioned this matter to me first; for I would not appear to you in the light of one who is endeavouring to put off my cousin upon you. Fourscore thousand pounds do not stand in need of an advocate to recommend them." "Nor doth Miss Western," said he, "require any recommendation from her fortune; for, in my opinion, no woman ever had half her charms." "Yes, yes, my lord," replied the lady, looking in the glass, "there have been women with more than half her charms, I assure you; not that I need lessen her on that account: she is a most delicious girl, that's certain; and within these few hours she will be in the arms of

one, who surely doth not deserve her, though I will give him his due, I believe he is truly a man of spirit."

"I hope so, madam," said my lord; "though I must own he doth not deserve her; for, unless heaven and your ladyship disappoint me, she shall within that time be in mine."

"Well spoken, my lord," answered the lady; "I promise you no disappointment shall happen from my side; and within this week I am convinced I shall call your lordship my cousin in public."

The remainder of this scene consisted entirely of raptures, excuses, and compliments, very pleasant to have heard from the parties; but rather dull when related at second hand. Here, therefore, we shall put an end to this dialogue, and hasten to the fatal hour when everything was prepared for the destruction of poor Sophia.

But this being the most tragical matter in our whole history, we shall treat it in a chapter by itself.

CHAPTER V.

Containing some matters which may affect, and others which may surprise, the reader.

THE clock had now struck seven, and poor Sophia, alone and melancholy, sat reading a tragedy. It was the Fatal Marriage; and she was now come to that part where the poor distressed Isabella disposes of her wedding-ring.

Here the book dropped from her hand, and a shower of tears ran down into her bosom. In this situation she had continued a minute, when the door opened, and in came lord Fellamar. Sophia started from her chair at his entrance; and his lordship advancing forwards, and making a low bow, said, "I am afraid, Miss Western, I break in upon you abruptly." "Indeed, my lord," says she, "I must own myself a little surprised at this unexpected visit." "If this visit be unexpected, madam," answered lord Fellamar, "my eyes must have been very faithless interpreters of my heart, when last I had the honour of seeing you; for surely you could not otherwise have hoped to detain my heart in your possession, without receiving a visit from its owner." Sophia, confused as she was, answered this bombast (and very properly I think) with a look of inconceivable disdain. My lord then made another and a longer speech of the same sort. Upon which Sophia, trembling, said, "Am I really to conceive your lordship to be out of your senses? Sure, my lord, there is no other excuse for such behaviour." "I am, indeed, madam, in the situation you suppose," cries his lordship; "and sure you will pardon the effects of a frenzy which you yourself have occasioned; for love hath so totally deprived me of reason, that I am scarce accountable for any of my actions." "Upon my word, my lord," said Sophia, "I neither understand your words nor your behaviour." "Suffer me then, madam," cries he, "at your feet to explain both, by laying open my soul to you, and declaring that I doat on you to the highest degree of distraction. O most adorable, most divine creature! what language can express the sentiments of my heart?" "I do assure you, my lord," said Sophia, "I shall not stay to hear any more of this." "Do not," cries he, "think of leaving me thus cruelly; could you know half the torments which I feel, that tender bosom must pity what those eyes have caused." Then fetching a deep sigh, and laying hold of her hand, he ran on for some minutes in a strain which would be little more pleasing to the reader than it was to the lady; and at last concluded with a de-

claration, "That if he was master of the world, he would lay it at her feet." Sophia then, forcibly pulling away her hand from his, answered with much spirit, "I promise you, sir, your world and its master I should spurn from me with equal contempt." She then offered to go; and lord Fellamar, again laying hold of her hand, said, "Pardon me, my beloved angel, freedoms which nothing but despair could have tempted me to take.—Believe me, could I have had any hope that my title and fortune, neither of them inconsiderable, unless when compared with your worth, would have been accepted, I had, in the humblest manner, presented them to your acceptance.—But I cannot lose you.—By heaven, I will sooner part with my soul!—You are, you must, you shall be only mine." "My lord," says she, "I entreat you to desist from a vain pursuit; for, upon my honour, I will never hear you on this subject. Let go my hand, my lord; for I am resolved to go from you this moment; nor will I ever see you more." "Then, madam," cries his lordship, "I must make the best use of this moment; for I cannot live, nor will I live without you."—"What do you mean, my lord?" said Sophia; "I will raise the family." "I have no fear, madam," answered he, "but of losing you, and that I am resolved to prevent, the only way which despair points to me."—He then caught her in his arms: upon which she screamed so loud, that she must have alarmed some one to her assistance, had not lady Bellaston taken care to remove all ears.

But a more lucky circumstance happened for poor Sophia; another noise now broke forth, which almost drowned her cries; for now the whole house rang with, "Where is she? D—n me, I'll unkennel her this instant. Show me her chamber, I say. Where is my daughter? I know she's in the house, and I'll see her if she's above ground. Show me where she is."—At which last words the door flew open, and in came squire Western, with his parson and a set of myrmidons at his heels.

How miserable must have been the condition of poor Sophia, when the enraged voice of her father was welcome to her ears? Welcome indeed it was, and luckily did he come; for it was the only accident upon earth which could have preserved the peace of her mind from being for ever destroyed.

Sophia, notwithstanding her fright, presently knew her father's voice; and his lordship, notwithstanding his passion, knew the voice of reason, which peremptorily assured him, it was not now a time for the perpetration of his villany. Hearing, therefore, the voice approach, and hearing likewise whose it was, (for as the squire more than once roared forth the word daughter, so Sophia, in the midst of her struggling, cried out upon her father,) he thought proper to relinquish his prey, having only disordered her handkerchief, and with his rude lips committed violence on her lovely neck.

If the reader's imagination doth not assist me, I shall never be able to describe the situation of these two persons when Western came into the room. Sophia tottered into her chair, where she sat disordered, pale, breathless, bursting with indignation at lord Fellamar, affrighted, and yet more rejoiced, at the arrival of her father.

His lordship sat down near her, with the bag of his wig hanging over one of his shoulders, the rest of his dress being somewhat disordered, and rather a greater proportion of linen than is usual appearing at his bosom. As to the rest, he was amazed, affrighted, vexed, and ashamed.

As to squire Western, he happened at this time

to be overtaken by an enemy, which very frequently pursues, and seldom fails to overtake, most of the country gentlemen in this kingdom. He was, literally speaking, drunk; which circumstance, together with his natural impetuosity, could produce no other effect than his running immediately up to his daughter, upon whom he fell foul with his tongue in the most inveterate manner; nay, he had probably committed violence with his hands, had not the parson interposed, saying, "For heaven's sake, sir, animadvert that you are in the house of a great lady. Let me beg you to mitigate your wrath; it should minister a fulness of satisfaction that you have found your daughter; for as to revenge, it belongeth not unto us. I discern great contrition in the countenance of the young lady. I stand assured, if you will forgive her, she will repent her of all past offences, and return unto her duty."

The strength of the parson's arms had at first been of more service than the strength of his rhetoric. However, his last words wrought some effect, and the squire answered, "I'll forgee her if she wull ha un. If wot ha un, Sophy, I'll forgee thee all. Why dost unt speak? Shat ha un! d—n me, shat ha un! Why dost unt answer? Was ever such a stubborn tuoad?"

"Let me entreat you, sir, to be a little more moderate," said the parson; "you frighten the young lady so, that you deprive her of all power of utterance."

"Power of mine a—," answered the squire. "You take her part then, do you? A pretty parson, truly, to side with an undutiful child! Yes, yes, I will gee you a living with a pox. I'll gee un to the devil sooner."

"I humbly crave your pardon," said the parson; "I assure your worship I meant no such matter."

My lady Bellaston now entered the room, and came up to the squire, who no sooner saw her, than, resolving to follow the instructions of his sister, he made her a very civil bow, in the rural manner, and paid her some of his best compliments. He then immediately proceeded to his complaints, and said, "There, my lady cousin; there stands the most undutiful child in the world; she hankers after a beggarly rascal, and won't marry one of the greatest matches in all England, that we have provided for her."

"Indeed, cousin Western," answered the lady, "I am persuaded you wrong my cousin. I am sure she hath a better understanding. I am convinced she will not refuse what she must be sensible is so much to her advantage."

This was a wilful mistake in lady Bellaston, for she well knew whom Mr. Western meant; though perhaps she thought he would easily be reconciled to his lordship's proposals.

"Do you hear there," quoth the squire, "what her ladyship says? All your family are for the match. Come, Sophy, be a good girl, and be dutiful, and make your father happy."

"If my death will make you happy, sir," answered Sophia, "you will shortly be so."

"It's a lie, Sophy; it's a d—n'd lie, and you know it," said the squire.

"Indeed, Miss Western," said lady Bellaston, "you injure your father; he hath nothing in view but your interest in this match; and I and all your friends must acknowledge the highest honour done to your family in the proposal."

"Ay, all of us," quoth the squire; "nay, it was no proposal of mine. She knows it was her aunt proposed it to me first.—Come, Sophy, once more let me beg you to be a good girl, and gee me your consent before your cousin."

"Let me give him your hand, cousin," said the lady. "It is the fashion now-a-days to dispense with time and long courtships."

"Pugh!" said the squire, "what signifies time; won't they have time enough to court afterwards? People may court very well after they have been a-bed together."

As lord Fellamar was very well assured that he was meant by lady Bellaston, so, never having heard nor suspected a word of Blifil, he made no doubt of his being meant by the father. Coming up, therefore, to the squire, he said, "Though I have not the honour, sir, of being personally known to you, yet, as I find I have the happiness to have my proposals accepted, let me intercede, sir, in behalf of the young lady, that she may not be more solicited at this time."

"You intercede, sir!" said the squire; "why, who the devil are you?"

"Sir, I am lord Fellamar," answered he, "and am the happy man whom I hope you have done the honour of accepting for a son-in-law."

"You are a son of a b——," replied the squire, for all your laced coat. You my son-in-law, and be d—n'd to you!"

"I shall take more from you, sir, than from any man," answered the lord; "but I must inform you that I am not used to hear such language without resentment."

"Resent my a——," quoth the squire. "Don't think I am afraid of such a fellow as thee art! because hast got a spit there dangling at thy side. Lay by your spit, and I'll give thee enough of meddling with what doth not belong to thee. I'll teach you to father-in-law me. I'll lick thy jacket."

"It's very well, sir," said my lord, "I shall make no disturbance before the ladies. I am very well satisfied. Your humble servant, sir; lady Bellaston, your most obedient."

His lordship was no sooner gone, than lady Bellaston, coming up to Mr. Western, said, "Bless me, sir, what have you done? You know not whom you have affronted; he is a nobleman of the first rank and fortune, and yesterday made proposals to your daughter; and such as I am sure you must accept with the highest pleasure."

"Answer for yourself, lady cousin," said the squire, "I will have nothing to do with any of your lords. My daughter shall have an honest country gentleman; I have pitched upon one for her,—and she shall ha' un.—I am sorry for the trouble she hath given your ladyship with all my heart." Lady Bellaston made a civil speech upon the word trouble; to which the squire answered,—"Why, that's kind,—and I would do as much for your ladyship. To be sure relations should do for one another. So I wish your ladyship a good night.—Come, madam, you must go along with me by fair means, or I'll have you carried down to the coach."

Sophia said she would attend him without force; but begged to go in a chair, for she said she should not be able to ride any other way.

"Prithee," cries the squire, "wout unt persuade me canst not ride in a coach, wouldst? That's a pretty thing surely! No, no, I'll never let thee out of my sight any more till art married, that I promise thee." Sophia told him, she saw he was resolved to break her heart. "O break thy heart and be d—n'd," quoth he, "if a good husband will break it. I don't value a brass varden, not a halfpenny, of any undutiful b— upon earth." He then took violent hold of her hand; upon which the parson once more interfered, begging him to use gentle methods. At that the squire thundered out a curse,

and bid the parson hold his tongue, saying, "At'nt in pulpit now! when art a got up there I never mind what dost say; but I won't be priest-ridden, nor taught how to behave myself by thee. I wish your ladyship a good-night. Come along, Sophy; be a good girl, and all shall be well. Shat ha' un, d—n me, shat ha' un!"

Mrs. Honour appeared below stairs, and with a low curtsy to the squire offered to attend her mistress; but he pushed her away, saying, "Hold, madam, hold, you come no more near my house." "And will you take my maid away from me?" said Sophia. "Yes, indeed, madam, will I," cries the squire: "you need not fear being without a servant; I will get you another maid, and a better maid than this, who, I'd lay five pounds to a crown, is no more a maid than my grannum. No, no, Sophy, she shall contrive no more escapes, I promise you." He then packed up his daughter and the parson into the hackney coach, after which he mounted himself, and ordered it to drive to his lodgings. In the way thither he suffered Sophia to be quiet, and entertained himself with reading a lecture to the parson on good manners, and a proper behaviour to his betters.

It is possible he might not so easily have carried off his daughter from lady Bellaston, had that good lady desired to have detained her; but, in reality, she was not a little pleased with the confinement into which Sophia was going; and as her project with lord Fellamar had failed of success, she was well contented that other violent methods were now going to be used in favour of another man.

CHAPTER VI.

By what means the squire came to discover his daughter.

THOUGH the reader, in many histories, is obliged to digest much more unaccountable appearances than this of Mr. Western, without any satisfaction at all; yet, as we dearly love to oblige him whenever it is in our power, we shall now proceed to show by what method the squire discovered where his daughter was.

In the third chapter, then, of the preceding book, we gave a hint (for it is not our custom to unfold at any time more than is necessary for the occasion) that Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who was very desirous of reconciling her uncle and aunt Western, thought she had a probable opportunity, by the service of preserving Sophia from committing the same crime which had drawn on herself the anger of her family. After much deliberation, therefore, she resolved to inform her aunt Western where her cousin was, and accordingly she writ the following letter, which we shall give the reader at length, for more reasons than one.

"HONOURED MADAM,

"THE occasion of my writing this will perhaps make a letter of mine agreeable to my dear aunt, for the sake of one of her nieces, though I have little reason to hope it will be so on the account of another.

"Without more apology, as I was coming to throw my unhappy self at your feet, I met, by the strangest accident in the world, my cousin Sophy, whose history you are better acquainted with than myself, though, alas! I know infinitely too much; enough indeed to satisfy me, that unless she is immediately prevented, she is in danger of running into the same fatal mischief, which, by foolishly and ignorantly refusing your most wise and prudent advice, I have unfortunately brought on myself.

"In short, I have seen the man, nay, I was most part of yesterday in his company, and a charming young fellow I promise you he is. By what accident he came acquainted with me is too tedious to tell you now; but I have this morning changed my lodgings to avoid him, lest he should by my means discover my cousin; for he doth not yet know where she is, and it is advisable he should not, till my uncle hath secured her.—No time therefore is to be lost; and I need only inform you, that she is now with lady Bellaston, whom I have seen, and who hath, I find, a design of concealing her from her family. You know, madam, she is a strange woman; but nothing could misbecome me more than to presume to give any hint to one of your great understanding and great knowledge of the world, besides barely informing you of the matter of fact.

"I hope, madam, the care which I have shown on this occasion for the good of my family will recommend me again to the favour of a lady who hath always exerted so much zeal for the honour and true interest of us all; and that it may be a means of restoring me to your friendship, which hath made so great a part of my former, and is so necessary to my future happiness. I am, with the utmost respect, honoured madam, your most dutiful obliged niece, and most obedient humble servant,

"HARRIET FITZPATRICK."

Mrs. Western was now at her brother's house, where she had resided ever since the flight of Sophia, in order to administer comfort to the poor squire in his affliction. Of this comfort, which she doled out to him in daily portions, we have formerly given a specimen.

She was now standing with her back to the fire, and, with a pinch of snuff in her hand, was dealing forth this daily allowance of comfort to the squire, while he smoked his afternoon pipe, when she received the above letter; which she had no sooner read than she delivered it to him, saying, "There, sir, there is an account of your lost sheep. Fortune hath again restored her to you, and if you will be governed by my advice, it is possible you may yet preserve her."

The squire had no sooner read the letter than he leaped from his chair, threw his pipe into the fire, and gave a loud huzza for joy. He then summoned his servants, called for his boots, and ordered the Chevalier and several other horses to be saddled, and that parson Supple should be immediately sent for. Having done this, he turned to his sister, caught her in his arms, and gave her a close embrace, saying, "Zounds! you don't seem pleased; one would imagine you was sorry I have found the girl."

"Brother," answered she, "the deepest politicians, who see to the bottom, discover often a very different aspect of affairs, from what swims on the surface. It is true, indeed, things do look rather less desperate than they did formerly in Holland, when Lewis the Fourteenth was at the gates of Amsterdam; but there is a delicacy required in this matter, which you will pardon me, brother, if I suspect you want. There is a decorum to be used with a woman of figure, such as lady Bellaston, brother, which requires a knowledge of the world superior, I am afraid, to yours."

"Sister," cries the squire, "I know you have no opinion of my parts; but I'll show you on this occasion who is a fool. Knowledge, quotha! I have not been in the country so long without having some knowledge of warrants and the law of the land. I know I may take my own wher-

ever I can find it. Show me my own daughter, and if I don't know how to come at her, I'll suffer you to call me a fool as long as I live. There be justices of peace in London, as well as in other places."

"I protest," cries she, "you make me tremble for the event of this matter, which, if you will proceed by my advice, you may bring to so good an issue. Do you really imagine, brother, that the house of a woman of figure is to be attacked by warrants and brutal justices of the peace? I will inform you how to proceed. As soon as you arrive in town, and have got yourself into a decent dress, (for indeed, brother, you have none at present fit to appear in,) you must send your compliments to lady Bellaston, and desire leave to wait on her. When you are admitted to her presence, as you certainly will be, and have told her your story, and have made proper use of my name (for I think you just know one another only by sight, though you are relations), I am confident she will withdraw her protection from my niece, who hath certainly imposed upon her. This is the only method.—Justices of peace, indeed! do you imagine any such event can arrive to a woman of figure in a civilised nation?"

"D—n their figures," cries the squire; "a pretty civilised nation, truly, where women are above the law. And what must I stand sending a parcel of compliments to a confounded whore, that keeps away a daughter from her own natural father? I tell you, sister, I am not so ignorant as you think me—I know you would have women above the law, but it is all a lie; I heard his lordship say at size's, that no one is above the law. But this of yours is Hanover law, I suppose."

"Mr. Western," said she, "I think you daily improve in ignorance.—I protest you are grown an arrant bear."

"No more a bear than yourself, sister Western," said the squire.—"Pox! you may talk of your civility an you will, I am sure you never show any to me. I am no bear, no, nor no dog neither, though I know somebody, that is something that begins with a b—; but pox! I will show you I have got more good manners than some folks."

"Mr. Western," answered the lady, "you may say what you please, *je vous mesprise de tout mon cœur*. I shall not therefore be angry.—Besides, as my cousin, with that odious Irish name, justly says, I have that regard for the honour and true interest of my family, and that concern for my niece, who is a part of it, that I have resolved to go to town myself upon this occasion; for indeed, indeed, brother, you are not a fit minister to be employed at a polite court.—Greenland—Greenland should always be the scene of the tramontane negociation."

"I thank Heaven," cries the squire, "I don't understand you now. You are got to your Hanoverian linguo. However, I'll show you I scorn to be behindhand in civility with you; and as you are not angry for what I have said, so I am not angry for what you have said. Indeed I have always thought it a folly for relations to quarrel; and if they do now and then give a hasty word, why, people should give and take; for my part, I never bear malice; and I take it very kind of you to go up to London; for I never was there but twice in my life, and then I did not stay above a fortnight at a time, and to be sure I can't be expected to know much of the streets and the folks in that time. I never denied that you know'd all these matters better than I. For me to dispute that would be all as

one as for you to dispute the management of a pack of dogs, or the finding a hare sitting, with me."—"Which I promise you," says she, "I never will."—"Well, and I promise you," returned he, "that I never will dispute t'other."

Here then a league was struck (to borrow a phrase from the lady) between the contending parties; and now the parson arriving, and the horses being ready, the squire departed, having promised his sister to follow her advice, and she prepared to follow him the next day.

But having communicated these matters to the parson on the road, they both agreed that the prescribed formalities might very well be dispensed with; and the squire, having changed his mind, proceeded in the manner we have already seen.

CHAPTER VII.

In which various misfortunes befel poor Jones.

AFFAIRS were in the aforesaid situation when Mrs. Honour arrived at Mrs. Miller's, and called Jones out from the company, as we have before seen, with whom, when she found herself alone, she began as follows:

"O, my dear sir! how shall I get spirits to tell you; you are undone, sir, and my poor lady's undone, and I am undone." "Hath anything happened to Sophia?" cries Jones, staring like a madman. "All that is bad," cries Honour: "Oh, I shall never get such another lady! Oh that I should ever live to see this day!" At these words Jones turned pale as ashes, trembled, and stammered; but Honour went on.—"O! Mr. Jones, I have lost my lady for ever." "How? what! for Heaven's sake, tell me. O, my dear Sophia!" "You may well call her so," said Honour; "she was the dearest lady to me. I shall never have such another place."—"D—n your place!" cries Jones; "where is—what—what is become of my Sophia?" "Ay, to be sure," cries she, "servants may be d—n'd. It signifies nothing what becomes of them, though they are turned away, and ruined ever so much. To be sure they are not flesh and blood like other people. No, to be sure, it signifies nothing what becomes of them." "If you have any pity, any compassion," cries Jones, "I beg you will instantly tell me what hath happened to Sophia?" "To be sure, I have more pity for you than you have for me," answered Honour; "I don't d—n you because you have lost the sweetest lady in the world. To be sure you are worthy to be pitied, and I am worthy to be pitied too: for, to be sure, if ever there was a good mistress—" "What hath happened?" cries Jones, in almost a raving fit. "What?—What?" said Honour: "Why, the worst that could have happened both for you and for me.—Her father is come to town, and hath carried her away from us both." Here Jones fell on his knees in thanksgiving that it was no worse. "No worse!" repeated Honour; "what could be worse for either of us? He carried her off, swearing she should marry Mr. Blifil; that's for your comfort; and, for poor me, I am turned out of doors." "Indeed, Mrs. Honour," answered Jones, "you frightened me out of my wits. I imagined some most dreadful sudden accident had happened to Sophia; something, compared to which, even the seeing her married to Blifil would be a trifle; but while there is life there are hopes, my dear Honour. Women in this land of liberty, cannot be married by actual brutal force." "To be sure, sir," said she, "that's true. There may be some hopes for you; but,

alack-a-day! what hopes are there for poor me? And, to be sure, sir, you must be sensible I suffer all this upon your account. All the quarrel the squire hath to me is for taking your part, as I have done, against Mr. Blifil." "Indeed, Mrs. Honour," answered he, "I am sensible of my obligations to you, and will leave nothing in my power undone to make you amends." "Alas! sir," said she, "what can make a servant amends for the loss of one place but the getting another altogether as good?" "Do not despair, Mrs. Honour," said Jones, "I hope to reinstate you again in the same." "Alack-a-day, sir," said she, "how can I flatter myself with such hopes when I know it is a thing impossible? for the squire is so set against me: and yet, if you should ever have my lady, as to be sure I now hopes heartily you will; for you are a generous, good-natured gentleman; and I am sure you loves her, and to be sure she loves you as dearly as her own soul; it is a matter in vain to deny it; because as why, everybody, that is in the least acquainted with my lady, must see it: for, poor dear lady, she can't dissemble; and if two people who loves one another a'n't happy, why who should be so? Happiness don't always depend upon what people has; besides, my lady has enough for both. To be sure, therefore, as one may say, it would be all the pity in the world to keep two such lovers asunder; nay, I am convinced, for my part, you will meet together at last; for, if it is to be, there is no preventing it. If a marriage is made in heaven, all the justices of peace upon earth can't break it off. To be sure I wishes that parson Supple had but a little more spirit, to tell the squire of his wickedness in endeavouring to force his daughter contrary to her liking; but then his whole dependence is on the squire; and so the poor gentleman, though he is a very religious good sort of man, and talks of the badness of such doings behind the squire's back, yet he dares not say his soul is his own to his face. To be sure I never saw him make so bold as just now; I was afraid the squire would have struck him. I would not have your honour be melancholy, sir, nor despair; things may go better, as long as you are sure of my lady, and that I am certain you may be; for she never will be brought to consent to marry any other man. Indeed I am terribly afraid the squire will do her a mischief in his passion, for he is a prodigious passionate gentleman; and I am afraid too the poor lady will be brought to break her heart, for she is as tender-hearted as a chicken. It is a pity, methinks, she had not a little of my courage. If I was in love with a young man, and my father offered to lock me up, I'd tear his eyes out but I'd come at him; but then there's a great fortune in the case, which it is in her father's power either to give her or not; that, to be sure, may make some difference."

Whether Jones gave strict attention to all the foregoing harangue, or whether it was for want of any vacancy in the discourse, I cannot determine; but he never once attempted to answer, nor did she once stop, till Partridge came running into the room, and informed him that the great lady was upon the stairs.

Nothing could equal the dilemma to which Jones was now reduced. Honour knew nothing of any acquaintance that subsisted between him and lady Bellaston, and she was almost the last person in the world to whom he would have communicated it. In this hurry and distress, he took (as is common enough) the worst course, and, instead of exposing her to the lady, which would have been of

little consequence, he chose to expose the lady to her; he therefore resolved to hide Honour, whom he had but just time to convey behind the bed, and to draw the curtains.

The hurry in which Jones had been all day engaged on account of his poor landlady and her family, the terrors occasioned by Mrs. Honour, and the confusion into which he was thrown by the sudden arrival of lady Bellaston, had altogether driven former thoughts out of his head; so that it never once occurred to his memory to act the part of a sick man; which, indeed, neither the gaiety of his dress, nor the freshness of his countenance, would have at all supported.

He received her ladyship therefore rather agreeably to her desires than to her expectations, with all the good humour he could muster in his countenance, and without any real or affected appearance of the least disorder.

Lady Bellaston no sooner entered the room, than she squatted herself down on the bed: "So, my dear Jones," said she, "you find nothing can detain me long from you. Perhaps I ought to be angry with you, that I have neither seen nor heard from you all day; for I perceive your distemper would have suffered you to come abroad: nay, I suppose you have not sat in your chamber all day dressed up like a fine lady to see company after a lying-in; but, however, don't think I intend to scold you; for I never will give you an excuse for the cold behaviour of a husband, by putting on the ill-humour of a wife."

"Nay, lady Bellaston," said Jones, "I am sure your ladyship will not upbraid me with neglect of duty, when I only waited for orders. Who, my dear creature, hath reason to complain? Who missed an appointment last night, and left an unhappy man to expect, and wish, and sigh, and languish?"

"Do not mention it, my dear Jones," cried she. "If you knew the occasion, you would pity me. In short, it is impossible to conceive what women of condition are obliged to suffer from the impertinence of fools, in order to keep up the farce of the world. I am glad, however, all your languishing and wishing have done you no harm; for you never looked better in your life. Upon my faith! Jones, you might at this instant sit for the picture of Adonis."

There are certain words of provocation which men of honour hold can properly be answered only by a blow. Among lovers possibly there may be some expressions which can be answered only by a kiss. Now the compliment which lady Bellaston now made Jones seems to be of this kind, especially as it was attended with a look, in which the lady conveyed more soft ideas than it was possible to express with her tongue.

Jones was certainly at this instant in one of the most disagreeable and distressed situations imaginable; for, to carry on the comparison we made use of before, though the provocation was given by the lady, Jones could not receive satisfaction, nor so much as offer to ask it, in the presence of a third person; seconds in this kind of duels not being according to the law of arms. As this objection did not occur to lady Bellaston, who was ignorant of any other woman being there but herself, she waited some time in great astonishment for an answer from Jones, who, conscious of the ridiculous figure he made, stood at a distance, and, not daring to give the proper answer, gave none at all. Nothing can be imagined more comic, nor yet more tragical, than this scene would have been if it had lasted much longer. The lady had already changed colour two or three times; had got up from the bed and sat

down again, while Jones was wishing the ground to sink under him, or the house to fall on his head, when an odd accident freed him from an embarrassment out of which neither the eloquence of a Cicero, nor the politics of a Machiavel, could have delivered him, without utter disgrace.

This was no other than the arrival of young Nightingale, dead drunk; or rather in that state of drunkenness which deprives men of the use of their reason, without depriving them of the use of their limbs.

Mrs. Miller and her daughters were in bed, and Partridge was smoking his pipe by the kitchen fire; so that he arrived at Mr. Jones's chamber-door without any interruption. This he burst open, and was entering without any ceremony, when Jones started from his seat and ran to oppose him, which he did so effectually, that Nightingale never came far enough within the door to see who was sitting on the bed.

Nightingale had in reality mistaken Jones's apartment for that in which himself had lodged; he therefore strongly insisted on coming in, often swearing that he would not be kept from his own bed. Jones, however, prevailed over him, and delivered him into the hands of Partridge, whom the noise on the stairs soon summoned to his master's assistance.

And now Jones was unwillingly obliged to return to his own apartment, where at the very instant of his entrance he heard lady Bellaston venting an exclamation, though not a very loud one; and at the same time saw her flinging herself into a chair in a vast agitation, which in a lady of a tender constitution would have been an hysterical fit.

In reality the lady, frightened with the struggle between the two men, of which she did not know what would be the issue, as she heard Nightingale swear many oaths he would come to his own bed, attempted to retire to her known place of hiding, which to her great confusion she found already occupied by another.

"Is this usage to be borne, Mr. Jones?" cries the lady.—"Basest of men!—What wretch is this to whom you have exposed me?" "Wretch!" cries Honour, bursting in a violent rage from her place of concealment—"Marry come up!—Wretch forsooth!—as poor a wretch as I am, I am honest; this is more than some folks who are richer can say."

Jones, instead of applying himself directly to take off the edge of Mrs. Honour's resentment, as a more experienced gallant would have done, fell to cursing his stars, and lamenting himself as the most unfortunate man in the world; and presently after, addressing himself to lady Bellaston, he fell to some very absurd protestations of innocence. By this time the lady, having recovered the use of her reason, which she had as ready as any woman in the world, especially on such occasions, calmly replied; "Sir, you need make no apologies, I see now who the person is; I did not at first know Mrs. Honour: but now I do, I can suspect nothing wrong between her and you; and I am sure she is a woman of too good sense to put any wrong constructions upon my visit to you; I have been always her friend, and it may be in my power to be much more hereafter."

Mrs. Honour was altogether as placable as she was passionate. Hearing, therefore, lady Bellaston assume the soft tone, she likewise softened hers.—"I'm sure, madam," says she, "I have been always ready to acknowledge your ladyship's friendships to me; sure I never had so good a friend as your ladyship—and to be sure, now I

see it is your ladyship that I spoke to, I could almost bite my tongue off for very mad.—I constructions upon your ladyship—to be sure it doth not become a servant as I am to think about such a great lady—I mean I was a servant: for indeed I am nobody's servant now, the more miserable wretch is me.—I have lost the best mistress——” Here Honour thought fit to produce a shower of tears.—“Don't cry, child,” says the good lady; “ways perhaps may be found to make you amends. Come to me to-morrow morning.” She then took up her fan which lay on the ground, and without even looking at Jones walked very majestically out of the room; there being a kind of dignity in the impudence of women of quality, which their inferiors vainly aspire to attain to in circumstances of this nature.

Jones followed her down stairs, often offering her his hand, which she absolutely refused him, and got into her chair without taking any notice of him as he stood bowing before her.

At his return up stairs, a long dialogue passed between him and Mrs. Honour, while she was adjusting herself after the discomposure she had undergone. The subject of this was his infidelity to her young lady; on which she enlarged with great bitterness; but Jones at last found means to reconcile her, and not only so, but to obtain a promise of most inviolable secrecy, and that she would the next morning endeavour to find out Sophia, and bring him a further account of the proceedings of the squire.

Thus ended this unfortunate adventure to the satisfaction only of Mrs. Honour; for a secret (as some of my readers will perhaps acknowledge from experience) is often a very valuable possession: and that not only to those who faithfully keep it, but sometimes to such as whisper it about till it come to the ears of every one except the ignorant person who pays for the supposed concealing of what is publicly known.

CHAPTER VIII.

Short and sweet.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the obligations she had received from Jones, Mrs. Miller could not forbear in the morning some gentle remonstrances for the hurricane which had happened the preceding night in his chamber. These were, however, so gentle and so friendly, professing, and indeed truly, to aim at nothing more than the real good of Mr. Jones himself, that he, far from being offended, thankfully received the admonition of the good woman, expressed much concern for what had passed, excused it as well as he could, and promised never more to bring the same disturbances into the house.

But though Mrs. Miller did not refrain from a short expostulation in private at their first meeting, yet the occasion of his being summoned down stairs that morning was of a much more agreeable kind, being indeed to perform the office of a father to Miss Nancy, and to give her in wedlock to Mr. Nightingale, who was now ready dressed, and full as sober as many of my readers will think a man ought to be who receives a wife in so imprudent a manner.

And here perhaps it may be proper to account for the escape which this young gentleman had made from his uncle, and for his appearance in the condition in which we have seen him the night before.

Now when the uncle had arrived at his lodgings with his nephew, partly to indulge his own incli-

nations (for he dearly loved his bottle), and partly to disqualify his nephew from the immediate execution of his purpose, he ordered wine to be set on the table; with which he so briskly plied the young gentleman, that this latter, who, though not much used to drinking, did not detest it so as to be guilty of disobedience or want of complaisance by refusing, was soon completely finished.

Just as the uncle had obtained this victory, and was preparing a bed for his nephew, a messenger arrived with a piece of news, which so entirely disconcerted and shocked him, that he in a moment lost all consideration for his nephew, and his whole mind became entirely taken up with his own concerns.

This sudden and afflicting news was no less than that his daughter had taken the opportunity of almost the first moment of his absence, and had gone off with a neighbouring young clergyman; against whom, though her father could have had but one objection, namely, that he was worth nothing, yet she had never thought proper to communicate her amour even to her father; and so artfully had she managed, that it had never been once suspected by any, till now that it was consummated.

Old Mr. Nightingale no sooner received this account, than in the utmost confusion he ordered a post-chaise to be instantly got ready, and, having recommended his nephew to the care of a servant, he directly left the house, scarce knowing what he did, nor whither he went.

The uncle thus departed, when the servant came to attend the nephew to bed, had waked him for that purpose, and had at last made him sensible that his uncle was gone, he, instead of accepting the kind offices tendered him, insisted on a chair being called; with this the servant, who had received no strict orders to the contrary, readily complied; and, thus being conducted back to the house of Mrs. Miller, he had staggered up to Mr. Jones's chamber, as hath been before recounted.

This bar of the uncle being now removed (though young Nightingale knew not as yet in what manner), and all parties being quickly ready, the mother, Mr. Jones, Mr. Nightingale, and his love, stepped into a hackney-coach, which conveyed them to Doctors' Commons; where miss Nancy was, in vulgar language, soon made an honest woman, and the poor mother became, in the purest sense of the word, one of the happiest of all human beings.

And now Mr. Jones, having seen his good offices to that poor woman and her family brought to a happy conclusion, began to apply himself to his own concerns; but here, lest many of my readers should censure his folly for thus troubling himself with the affairs of others, and lest some few should think he acted more disinterestedly than indeed he did, we think proper to assure our reader, that he was so far from being unconcerned in this matter, that he had indeed a very considerable interest in bringing it to that final consummation.

To explain this seeming paradox at once, he was one who could truly say with him in Terence, *Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto*. He was never an indifferent spectator of the misery or happiness of any one; and he felt either the one or the other in great proportion as he himself contributed to either. He could not, therefore, be the instrument of raising a whole family from the lowest state of wretchedness to the highest pitch of joy without conveying great felicity to himself; more perhaps than worldly men often purchase to themselves by undergoing the most severe labour, and often by wading through the deepest iniquity.

Those readers who are of the same complexion with him will perhaps think this short chapter contains abundance of matter; while others may probably wish, short as it is, that it had been totally spared as impertinent to the main design, which I suppose they conclude is to bring Mr. Jones to the gallows, or, if possible, to a more deplorable catastrophe.

CHAPTER IX.

Containing love-letters of several sorts.

MR. JONES, at his return home, found the following letters lying on his table, which he luckily opened in the order they were sent.

LETTER I.

"Surely I am under some strange infatuation; I cannot keep my resolutions a moment, however strongly made or justly founded. Last night I resolved never to see you more; this morning I am willing to hear if you can, as you say, clear up this affair. And yet I know that to be impossible. I have said everything to myself which you can invent.—Perhaps not. Perhaps your invention is stronger. Come to me, therefore, the moment you receive this. If you can forge an excuse I almost promise you to believe it. Betrayed too—I will think no more.—Come to me directly.—This is the third letter I have writ, the two former are burnt—I am almost inclined to burn this too—I wish I may preserve my senses.—Come to me presently."

LETTER II.

"If you ever expect to be forgiven, or even suffered within my doors, come to me this instant."

LETTER III.

"I now find you were not at home when my notes came to your lodgings. The moment you receive this let me see you;—I shall not stir out; nor shall anybody be let in but yourself. Sure nothing can detain you long."

Jones had just read over these three billets when Mr. Nightingale came into the room. "Well, Tom," said he, "any news from lady Bellaston, after last night's adventure?" (for it was now no secret to any one in that house who the lady was.) "The lady Bellaston?" answered Jones very gravely.—"Nay, dear Tom," cries Nightingale, "don't be so reserved to your friends. Though I was too drunk to see her last night, I saw her at the masquerade. Do you think I am ignorant who the queen of the fairies is?" "And did you really then know the lady at the masquerade?" said Jones. "Yes, upon my soul, did I," said Nightingale, "and have given you twenty hints of it since, though you seemed always so tender on that point, that I would not speak plainly. I fancy, my friend, by your extreme nicety in this matter, you are not so well acquainted with the character of the lady as with her person. Don't be angry, Tom, but upon my honour, you are not the first young fellow she hath debauched. Her reputation is in no danger, believe me."

Though Jones had no reason to imagine the lady to have been of the vestal kind when his amour began; yet, as he was thoroughly ignorant of the town, and had very little acquaintance in it, he had no knowledge of that character which is called a demirep; that is to say, a woman who intrigues with every man she likes, under the name and appearance of virtue; and who, though some over-nice ladies will not be seen with her, is visited (as

they term it) by the whole town; in short, whom everybody knows to be what nobody calls her.

When he found, therefore, that Nightingale was perfectly acquainted with his intrigue, and began to suspect that so scrupulous a delicacy as he had hitherto observed was not quite necessary on the occasion, he gave a latitude to his friend's tongue, and desired him to speak plainly what he knew, or had ever heard of the lady.

Nightingale, who, in many other instances, was rather too effeminate in his disposition, had a pretty strong inclination to tittle-tattle. He had no sooner, therefore, received a full liberty of speaking from Jones, than he entered upon a long narrative concerning the lady; which, as it contained many particulars highly to her dishonour, we have too great a tenderness for all women of condition to repeat. We would cautiously avoid giving an opportunity to the future commentators on our works, of making any malicious application, and of forcing us to be, against our will, the author of scandal, which never entered into our head.

Jones, having very attentively heard all that Nightingale had to say, fetched a deep sigh; which the other, observing, cried, "Heyday! why, thou art not in love, I hope! Had I imagined my stories would have affected you, I promise you should never have heard them." "O my dear friend!" cries Jones, "I am so entangled with this woman, that I know not how to extricate myself. In love, indeed! no, my friend, but I am under obligations to her, and very great ones. Since you know so much, I will be very explicit with you. It is owing, perhaps, solely to her, that I have not, before this, wanted a bit of bread. How can I possibly desert such a woman? and yet I must desert her, or be guilty of the blackest treachery to one who deserves infinitely better of me than she can; a woman, my Nightingale, for whom I have a passion which few can have an idea of. I am half distracted with doubts how to act." "And is this other, pray, an honourable mistress?" cries Nightingale. "Honourable!" answered Jones; "no breath ever yet durst sully her reputation. The sweetest air is not purer, the limpid stream not clearer, than her honour. She is all over, both in mind and body, consummate perfection. She is the most beautiful creature in the universe; and yet she is mistress of such noble, elevated qualities, that, though she is never from my thoughts, I scarce ever think of her beauty but when I see it."—"And can you, my good friend," cries Nightingale, "with such an engagement as this upon your hands, hesitate a moment about quitting such a—" "Hold," said Jones, "no more abuse of her; I detest the thought of ingratitude." "Pooh!" answered the other, "you are not the first upon whom she hath conferred obligations of this kind. She is remarkably liberal where she likes; though, let me tell you, her favours are so prudently bestowed, that they should rather raise a man's vanity than his gratitude." In short, Nightingale proceeded so far on this head, and told his friend so many stories of the lady, which he swore to the truth of, that he entirely removed all esteem for her from the breast of Jones; and his gratitude was lessened in proportion. Indeed, he began to look on all the favours he had received rather as wages than benefits, which depreciated not only her, but himself too in his own conceit, and put him quite out of humour with both. From this disgust, his mind, by a natural transition, turned towards Sophia; her virtue, her purity, her love to him, her sufferings on his account, filled all his thoughts, and made his commerce with lady Bel-

laston appear still more odious. The result of all was, that, though his turning himself out of her service, in which light he now saw his affair with her, would be the loss of his bread; yet he determined to quit her, if he could but find a handsome pretence: which being communicated to his friend, Nightingale considered a little, and then said, "I have it, my boy! I have found out a sure method; propose marriage to her, and I would venture hanging upon the success." "Marriage?" cries Jones. "Ay, propose marriage," answered Nightingale, "and she will declare off in a moment. I knew a young fellow whom she kept formerly, who made the offer to her in earnest, and was presently turned off for his pains."

Jones declared he could not venture the experiment. "Perhaps," said he, "she may be less shocked at this proposal from one man than from another. And if she should take me at my word, where am I then? caught in my own trap, and undone for ever." "No;" answered Nightingale, "not if I can give you an expedient by which you may at any time get out of the trap."—"What expedient can that be?" replied Jones. "This," answered Nightingale. "The young fellow I mentioned, who is one of the most intimate acquaintances I have in the world, is so angry with her for some ill offices she hath since done him, that I am sure he would, without any difficulty, give you a sight of her letters; upon which you may decently break with her; and declare off before the knot is tied, if she should really be willing to tie it, which I am convinced she will not."

After some hesitation, Jones, upon the strength of this assurance, consented; but, as he swore he wanted the confidence to propose the matter to her face, he wrote the following letter, which Nightingale dictated:—

"MADAM,

"I AM extremely concerned, that, by an unfortunate engagement abroad, I should have missed receiving the honour of your ladyship's commands the moment they came; and the delay which I must now suffer of vindicating myself to your ladyship greatly adds to this misfortune. O, lady Bellaston! what a terror have I been in for fear your reputation should be exposed by these perverse accidents! There is one only way to secure it. I need not name what that is. Only permit me to say, that as your honour is as dear to me as my own, so my sole ambition is to have the glory of laying my liberty at your feet; and believe me when I assure you, I can never be made completely happy without you generously bestow on me a legal right of calling you mine for ever.—I am, madam, with most profound respect your ladyship's most obliged, obedient, humble servant,

THOMAS JONES."

To this she presently returned the following answer:

"SIR,

"WHEN I read over your serious epistle, I could, from its coldness and formality, have sworn that you already had the legal right you mention; nay, that we had for many years composed that monstrous animal a husband and wife. Do you really then imagine me a fool? or do you fancy yourself capable of so entirely persuading me out of my senses, that I should deliver my whole fortune into your power, in order to enable you to support your pleasures at my expense? Are these the proofs of love which I expected? Is this the return for—but I scorn to upbraid you, and am in great admiration of your profound respect.

"P. S. I am prevented from revising:—Perhaps

I have said more than I meant.—Come to me at eight this evening."

Jones, by the advice of his privy-council, replied:

"MADAM,

"It is impossible to express how much I am shocked at the suspicion you entertain of me. Can lady Bellaston have conferred favours on a man whom she could believe capable of so base a design? or can she treat the most solemn tie of love with contempt? Can you imagine, madam, that if the violence of my passion, in an unguarded moment, overcame the tenderness which I have for your honour, I would think of indulging myself in the continuance of an intercourse which could not possibly escape long the notice of the world; and which, when discovered, must prove so fatal to your reputation? If such be your opinion of me, I must pray for a sudden opportunity of returning those pecuniary obligations, which I have been so unfortunate to receive at your hands; and for those of a more tender kind, I shall ever remain, &c." And so concluded in the very words with which he had concluded the former letter.

The lady answered as follows:

"I see you are a villain! and I despise you from my soul. If you come here I shall not be at home."

Though Jones was well satisfied with his deliverance from a thralldom which those who have ever experienced it will, I apprehend, allow to be none of the lightest, he was not, however, perfectly easy in his mind. There was in this scheme too much of fallacy to satisfy one who utterly detested every species of falsehood or dishonesty; nor would he, indeed, have submitted to put it in practice, had he not been involved in a distressful situation, where he was obliged to be guilty of some dishonour, either to the one lady or the other; and surely the reader will allow, that every good principle, as well as love, pleaded strongly in favour of Sophia.

Nightingale highly exulted in the success of his stratagem, upon which he received many thanks and much applause from his friend. He answered, "Dear Tom, we have conferred very different obligations on each other. To me you owe the regaining your liberty; to you I owe the loss of mine. But if you are as happy in the one instance as I am in the other, I promise you we are the two happiest fellows in England."

The two gentlemen were now summoned down to dinner, where Mrs. Miller, who performed herself the office of cook, had exerted her best talents to celebrate the wedding of her daughter. This joyful circumstance she ascribed principally to the friendly behaviour of Jones, her whole soul was fired with gratitude towards him, and all her looks, words, and actions, were so busied in expressing it, that her daughter, and even her new son-in-law, were very little objects of her consideration.

Dinner was just ended when Mrs. Miller received a letter; but as we have had letters enow in this chapter, we shall communicate its contents in our next.

CHAPTER X.

Consisting partly of facts, and partly of observations upon them.

THE letter then which arrived at the end of the preceding chapter, was from Mr. Allworthy, and the purport of it was, his intention to come immediately to town, with his nephew Blifil, and a desire to be accommodated with his usual lodgings, which were

the first floor for himself, and the second for his nephew.

The cheerfulness which had before displayed itself in the countenance of the poor woman was a little clouded on this occasion. This news did indeed a good deal disconcert her. To requite so disinterested a match with her daughter, by presently turning her new son-in-law out of doors, appeared to her very unjustifiable on the one hand; and on the other, she could scarce bear the thoughts of making any excuse to Mr. Allworthy, after all the obligations received from him, for depriving him of lodgings which were indeed strictly his due; for that gentleman, in conferring all his numberless benefits on others, acted by a rule diametrically opposite to what is practised by most generous people. He contrived, on all occasions, to hide his beneficence, not only from the world, but even from the object of it. He constantly used the words Lend and Pay, instead of Give; and by every other method he could invent, always lessened with his tongue the favours he conferred, while he was heaping them with both his hands. When he settled the annuity of 50*l.* a year therefore on Mrs. Miller, he told her, "it was in consideration of always having her first-floor when he was in town (which he scarce ever intended to be), but that she might let it at any other time, for that he would always send her a month's warning." He was now, however, hurried to town so suddenly, that he had no opportunity of giving such notice; and this hurry probably prevented him, when he wrote for his lodgings, adding, if they were then empty; for he would most certainly have been well satisfied to have relinquished them, on a less sufficient excuse than what Mrs. Miller could now have made.

But there are a sort of persons, who, as Prior excellently well remarks, direct their conduct by something

Beyond the fix'd and settled rules
Of vice and virtue in the schools,
Beyond the letter of the law.

To these it is so far from being sufficient that their defence would acquit them at the Old Bailey, that they are not even contented, though conscience, the severest of all judges, should discharge them. Nothing short of the fair and honourable will satisfy the delicacy of their minds; and if any of their actions fall short of this mark, they mope and pine, are as uneasy and restless as a murderer, who is afraid of a ghost, or of the hangman.

Mrs. Miller was one of these. She could not conceal her uneasiness at this letter; with the contents of which she had no sooner acquainted the company, and given some hints of her distress, than Jones, her good angel, presently relieved her anxiety. "As for myself, madam," said he, "my lodging is at your service at a moment's warning; and Mr. Nightingale, I am sure, as he cannot yet prepare a house fit to receive his lady, will consent to return to his new lodging, whither Mrs. Nightingale will certainly consent to go." With which proposal both husband and wife instantly agreed.

The reader will easily believe, that the cheeks of Mrs. Miller began again to glow with additional gratitude to Jones; but, perhaps, it may be more difficult to persuade him, that Mr. Jones having, in his last speech called her daughter Mrs. Nightingale (it being the first time that agreeable sound had ever reached her ears), gave the fond mother more satisfaction, and warmed her heart more towards Jones, than his having dissipated her present anxiety.

The next day was then appointed for the removal of the new-married couple, and of Mr. Jones, who

was likewise to be provided for in the same house with his friend. And now the serenity of the company was again restored, and they passed the day in the utmost cheerfulness, all except Jones, who, though he outwardly accompanied the rest in their mirth, felt many a bitter pang on the account of his Sophia, which were not a little heightened by the news of Mr. Blifil's coming to town (for he clearly saw the intention of his journey); and what greatly aggravated his concern was, that Mrs. Honour, who had promised to inquire after Sophia, and to make her report to him early the next evening, had disappointed him.

In the situation that he and his mistress were in at this time, there were scarce any grounds for him to hope that he should hear any good news; yet he was as impatient to see Mrs. Honour as if he had expected she would bring him a letter with an assignation in it from Sophia, and bore the disappointment as ill. Whether this impatience arose from that natural weakness of the human mind, which makes it desirous to know the worst, and renders uncertainty the most intolerable of pains; or whether he still flattered himself with some secret hopes, we will not determine. But that it might be the last, whoever has loved cannot but know. For of all the powers exercised by this passion over our minds, one of the most wonderful is that of supporting hope in the midst of despair. Difficulties, improbabilities, nay, impossibilities, are quite overlooked by it; so that to any man extremely in love, may be applied what Addison says of Cæsar,

"The Alps, and Pyrenæans, sink before him!"

Yet it is equally true, that the same passion will sometimes make mountains of molehills, and produce despair in the midst of hope; but these cold fits last not long in good constitutions. Which temper Jones was now in, we leave the reader to guess, having no exact information about it; but this is certain, that he had spent two hours in expectation, when, being unable any longer to conceal his uneasiness, he retired to his room; where his anxiety had almost made him frantic, when the following letter was brought from him Mrs. Honour, with which we shall present the reader *verbatim et literatim*.

"SIR,

"I SHUD sartenly haf kaled on you a cordin too mi prommiss haddunt itt bin that hur lashipp prevent mee; for to bee sur, Sir, you nose very well that evere persun must luk furst at ome, and sartenly such another offar mite not have ever hapned, so as I shud ave bin justly to blam, had I not expected of it when her lashipp was so veri kind as to offer to mak mee hur one uman without mi ever askin any such thing, to be sur shee is won of thee best ladis in thee wurd, and pepil who sase to the kontrari must bee veri wicket pepil in thare harts. To bee sur if ever I ave sad any thing of that kine it as bin thru ignorens, and I am hartili sorri for it. I nose your onur to be a genteelman of more onur and onesty, if I ever said ani such thing, to repete it to hurt a pore servant that as always add thee gratest respect in thee world for ure onur. To be sur won shud kepe wons tung within wons teeth, for no boddi nose what may hapen; and to bee sur if ani boddi ad tolde mee yesterday, that I shud haf bin in so gud a plase to day, I shud not haf beleevd it; for to be sur I never was a dremd of ani such thing, nor shud I ever have soft after ani other boddi's plase; but as her lashipp wass so kine of her one a cord too give it mee without askin, to be sur Mrs. Etoff herself, nor no other boddi can blam mee for exceptin

such a thing when it falls in my way. I beg you onur not to mention any thing of what I have said, for I wish you onur all the good luck in the world; and I don't question but that you will have Madam Sofia in the end; but as to myself you onur nose I cannot be of any farther service to you in that matter, now being under the command of another parson, and not my one mistress, I beg you onur to say nothing of what past, and believe me to be, sir, your onur's humble servant to command till death,

"HONOUR BLACKMORE."

Various were the conjectures which Jones entertained on this step of lady Bellaston; who, in reality, had little farther design than to secure within her own house the repository of a secret, which she chose should make no farther progress than it had made already; but mostly, she desired to keep it from the ears of Sophia; for though that young lady was almost the only one who would never have repeated it again, her ladyship could not persuade herself of this; since, as she now hated poor Sophia with most implacable hatred, she conceived a reciprocal hatred to herself to be lodged in the tender breast of our heroine, where no such passion had ever yet found an entrance.

While Jones was terrifying himself with the apprehension of a thousand dreadful machinations, and deep political designs, which he imagined to be at the bottom of the promotion of Honour, Fortune, who hitherto seems to have been an utter enemy to his match with Sophia, tried a new method to put a final end to it, by throwing a temptation in his way, which in his present desperate situation it seemed unlikely he should be able to resist.

CHAPTER XI.

Containing curious, but not unprecedented matter.

THERE was a lady, one Mrs. Hunt, who had often seen Jones at the house where he lodged, being intimately acquainted with the women there, and indeed a very great friend to Mrs. Miller. Her age was about thirty, for she owned six-and-twenty; her face and person very good only inclining a little too much to be fat. She had been married young by her relations to an old Turkey merchant, who, having got a great fortune, had left off trade. With him she lived without reproach, but not without pain, in a state of great self-denial, for about twelve years; and her virtue was rewarded by his dying and leaving her very rich. The first year of her widowhood was just at an end, and she had passed it in a good deal of retirement, seeing only a few particular friends, and dividing her time between her devotions and novels, of which she was always extremely fond. Very good health, a very warm constitution, and a good deal of religion, made it absolutely necessary for her to marry again; and she resolved to please herself in her second husband, as she had done her friends in the first. From her the following billet was brought to Jones:—

"SIR,

"FROM the first day I saw you, I doubt my eyes have told you too plainly that you were not indifferent to me; but neither my tongue nor my hand should have ever avowed it, had not the ladies of the family where you are lodged given me such a character of you, and told me such proofs of your virtue and goodness, as convince me you are not only the most agreeable, but the most worthy of men. I have also the satisfaction to hear from them, that neither my person, understanding, or character, are disagreeable to you. I have a fortune sufficient to make us both happy, but which cannot make me

so without you. In thus disposing of myself, I know I shall incur the censure of the world; but if I did not love you more than I fear the world, I should not be worthy of you. One only difficulty stops me: I am informed you are engaged in a commerce of gallantry with a woman of fashion. If you think it worth while to sacrifice that to the possession of me, I am yours; if not, forget my weakness, and let this remain an eternal secret between you and

"ARABELLA HUNT."

At the reading of this, Jones was put into a violent flutter. His fortune was then at a very low ebb, the source being stopped from which hitherto he had been supplied. Of all he had received from Lady Bellaston, not above five guineas remained; and that very morning he had been dunned by a tradesman for twice that sum. His honourable mistress was in the hands of her father, and he had scarce any hopes ever to get her out of them again. To be subsisted at her expense, from that little fortune she had independent of her father, went much against the delicacy both of his pride and his love. This lady's fortune would have been exceeding convenient to him, and he could have no objection to her in any respect. On the contrary, he liked her as well as he did any woman except Sophia. But to abandon Sophia, and marry another, that was impossible; he could not think of it upon any account. Yet why should he not, since it was plain she could not be his? Would it not be kinder to her, than to continue her longer engaged in a hopeless passion for him? Ought he not to do so in friendship to her? This notion prevailed some moments, and he had almost determined to be false to her from a high point of honour: but that refinement was not able to stand very long against the voice of nature, which cried in his heart that such friendship was treason to love. At last he called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote as follows to Mrs. Hunt:—

"MADAM,

"IT would be but a poor return to the favour you have done me to sacrifice any gallantry to the possession of you, and I would certainly do it, though I were not disengaged, as at present I am, from any affair of that kind. But I should not be the honest man you think me, if I did not tell you that my affections are engaged to another, who is a woman of virtue, and one that I never can leave, though it is probable I shall never possess her. God forbid that, in return for your kindness to me, I should do you such an injury as to give you my hand when I cannot give my heart. No; I had much rather starve than be guilty of that. Even though my mistress were married to another, I would not marry you unless my heart had entirely effaced all impressions of her. Be assured that your secret was not more safe in your own breast, than in that of your most obliged, and grateful humble servant,

"T. JONES."

When our hero had finished and sent this letter, he went to his scrutoire, took out Miss Western's muff, kissed it several times, and then strutted some turns about his room, with more satisfaction of mind than ever any Irishman felt in carrying off a fortune of fifty thousand pounds.

CHAPTER XII.

A discovery made by Partridge.

WHILE Jones was exulting in the consciousness of his integrity, Partridge came capering into the room, as was his custom when he brought, or fancied he brought, any good tidings. He had been despatched that morning by his master, with orders to

endeavour, by the servants of lady Bellaston, or by any other means, to discover whither Sophia had been conveyed; and he now returned, and with a joyful countenance told our hero that he had found the lost bird. "I have seen, sir," says he, "Black George, the gamekeeper, who is one of the servants whom the squire hath brought with him to town. I knew him presently, though I have not seen him these several years; but you know, sir, he is a very remarkable man, or, to use a purer phrase, he hath a most remarkable beard, the largest and blackest I ever saw. It was some time, however, before Black George could recollect me." "Well, but what is your good news?" cries Jones; "what do you know of my Sophia?" "You shall know presently, sir," answered Partridge, "I am coming to it as fast as I can. You are so impatient, sir, you would come at the infinitive mood before you can get to the imperative. As I was saying, sir, it was some time before he recollected my face."—"Confound your face!" cries Jones, "what of my Sophia?" "Nay, sir," answered Partridge, "I know nothing more of Madam Sophia than what I am going to tell you; and I should have told you all before this if you had not interrupted me; but if you look so angry at me you will frighten all of it out of my head, or, to use a purer phrase, out of my memory. I never saw you look so angry since the day we left Upton, which I shall remember if I was to live a thousand years."—"Well, pray go on in your own way," said Jones; "you are resolved to make me mad I find." "Not for the world," answered Partridge, "I have suffered enough for that already; which, as I said, I shall bear in my remembrance the longest day I have to live." "Well, but Black George?" cries Jones. "Well, sir, as I was saying, it was a long time before he could recollect me; for, indeed, I am very much altered since I saw him. *Non sum qualis eram*. I have had troubles in the world, and nothing alters a man so much as grief. I have heard it will change the colour of a man's hair in a night. However, at last, know me he did, that's sure enough; for we are both of an age, and were at the same charity school. George was a great dunce, but no matter for that; all men do not thrive in the world according to their learning. I am sure I have reason to say so; but it will be all one a thousand years hence. Well, sir,—where was I?—O—well, we no sooner knew each other, than, after many hearty shakes by the hand, we agreed to go to an alehouse and take a pot, and by good luck the beer was some of the best I have met with since I have been in town. Now, sir, I am coming to the point; for no sooner did I name you, and told him that you and I came to town together, and had lived together ever since, than he called for another pot, and swore he would drink to your health; and indeed he drank your health so heartily that I was overjoyed to see there was so much gratitude left in the world; and after we had emptied that pot I said I would be my pot too, and so we drank another to your health; and then I made haste home to tell you the news."

"What news?" cries Jones, "you have not mentioned a word of my Sophia!" "Bless me! I had like to have forgot that. Indeed, we mentioned a great deal about young Madam Western, and George told me all; that Mr. Blifil is coming to town in order to be married to her. He had best make haste then, says I, or somebody will have her before he comes; and, indeed, says I, Mr. Seagrim, it is a thousand pities somebody should not have her; for he certainly loves her above all the women

in the world. I would have both you and she know, that it is not for her fortune he follows her; for I can assure you, as to matter of that, there is another lady, one of much greater quality and fortune than she can pretend to, who is so fond of somebody that she comes after him day and night."

Here Jones fell into a passion with Partridge, for having, as he said, betrayed him; but the poor fellow answered, he had mentioned no name: "Besides, sir," said he, "I can assure you George is sincerely your friend, and wished Mr. Blifil at the devil more than once; nay, he said he would do anything in his power upon earth to serve you; and so I am convinced he will. Betray you, indeed! why, I question whether you have a better friend than George upon earth, except myself, or one that would go farther to serve you."

"Well," says Jones, a little pacified, "you say this fellow, who, I believe, indeed, is enough inclined to be my friend, lives in the same house with Sophia?"

"In the same house!" answered Partridge; "why, sir, he is one of the servants of the family, and very well dressed I promise you he is; if it was not for his black beard you would hardly know him."

"One service then at least he may do me," says Jones: "sure he can certainly convey a letter to my Sophia."

"You have hit the nail *ad unguem*," cries Partridge; "how came I not to think of it? I will engage he shall do it upon the very first mentioning."

"Well, then," said Jones, "do you leave me at present, and I will write a letter, which you shall deliver to him to-morrow morning; for I suppose you know where to find him."

"O yes, sir," answered Partridge, "I shall certainly find him again; there is no fear of that. The liquor is too good for him to stay away long. I make no doubt but he will be there every day he stays in town."

"So you don't know the street then where my Sophia is lodged?" cries Jones.

"Indeed, sir, I do," says Partridge.

"What is the name of the street?" cries Jones.

"The name, sir? why here, sir, just by," answered Partridge, "not above a street or two off. I don't, indeed, know the very name; for, as he never told me, if I had asked, you know, it might have put some suspicion into his head. No, no, sir, let me alone for that. I am too cunning for that, I promise you."

"Thou art most wonderfully cunning, indeed," replied Jones; however, I will write to my charmer, since I believe you will be cunning enough to find him to-morrow at the alehouse."

And, now, having dismissed the sagacious Partridge, Mr. Jones sat himself down to write, in which employment we shall leave him for a time. And here we put an end to the fifteenth book.

BOOK XVI.

CONTAINING THE SPACE OF FIVE DAYS.

CHAPTER I.

Of Prologues.

I HAVE heard of a dramatic writer who used to say, he would rather write a play than a prologue; in like manner, I think, I can with less pains write one of the books of this history than the prefatory chapter to each of them.

To say the truth, I believe many a hearty curse hath been devoted on the head of that author who first instituted the method of prefixing to his play that portion of matter which is called the prologue; and which at first was part of the piece itself, but of latter years hath had usually so little connexion with the drama before which it stands, that the prologue to one play might as well serve for any other. Those indeed of more modern date, seem all to be written on the same three topics, viz. an abuse of the taste of the town, a condemnation of all contemporary authors, and an eulogium on the performance just about to be represented. The sentiments in all these are very little varied, nor is it possible they should; and indeed I have often wondered at the great invention of authors, who have been capable of finding such various phrases to express the same thing.

In like manner I apprehend, some future historian (if any one shall do me the honour of imitating my manner) will, after much scratching his pate, bestow some good wishes on my memory, for having first established these several initial chapters; most of which, like modern prologues, may as properly be prefixed to any other book in this history as to that which they introduce, or indeed to any other history as to this.

But however authors may suffer by either of these inventions, the reader will find sufficient emolument in the one as the spectator hath long found in the other.

First, it is well known that the prologue serves the critic for an opportunity to try his faculty of hissing, and to tune his catcall to the best advantage; by which means, I have known those musical instruments so well prepared, that they have been able to play in full concert at the first rising of the curtain.

The same advantages may be drawn from these chapters, in which the critic will be always sure of meeting with something that may serve as a whetstone to his noble spirit; so that he may fall with a more hungry appetite for censure on the history itself. And here his sagacity must make it needless to observe how artfully these chapters are calculated for that excellent purpose; for in these we have always taken care to intersperse somewhat of the sour or acid kind, in order to sharpen and stimulate the said spirit of criticism.

Again, the indolent reader, as well as spectator, finds great advantage from both these; for, as they are not obliged either to see the one or read the others, and both the play and the book are thus protracted, by the former they have a quarter of an hour longer allowed them to sit at dinner, and by the latter they have the advantage of beginning to read at the fourth or fifth page instead of the first, a matter by no means of trivial consequence to persons who read books with no other view than to say they have read them, a more general motive to reading than is commonly imagined; and from which not only law books, and good books, but the pages of Homer and Virgil, of Swift and Cervantes, have been often turned over.

Many other are the emoluments which arise from both these, but they are for the most part so obvious, that we shall not at present stay to enumerate them; especially since it occurs to us that the principal merit of both the prologue and the preface is that they be short.

CHAPTER II.

A whimsical adventure which befel the squire, with the distressed situation of Sophia.

WE must now convey the reader to Mr. Western's lodgings, which were in Piccadilly, where he was placed by the recommendation of the landlord at the Hercules Pillars at Hyde Park Corner; for at the inn, which was the first he saw on his arrival in town, he placed his horses, and in those lodgings, which were the first he heard of, he deposited himself.

Here when Sophia alighted from the hackney-coach, which brought her from the house of lady Bellaston, she desired to retire to the apartment provided for her; to which her father very readily agreed, and whither he attended her himself. A short dialogue, neither very material nor pleasant to relate minutely, then passed between them, in which he pressed her vehemently to give her consent to the marriage with Blifil, who, as he acquainted her, was to be in town in a few days; but, instead of complying, she gave a more peremptory and resolute refusal than she had ever done before. This so incensed her father, that after many bitter vows, that he would force her to have him whether she would or no, he departed from her with many hard words and curses, locked the door, and put the key into his pocket.

While Sophia was left with no other company than what attend the closest state prisoner, namely, fire and candle, the squire sat down to regale himself over a bottle of wine, with his parson and the landlord of the Hercules Pillars, who, as the squire said, would make an excellent third man, and could inform them of the news of the town, and how affairs went; for to be sure, says he, he knows a great deal, since the horses of many of the quality stand at his house.

In this agreeable society Mr. Western passed that evening and great part of the succeeding day, during which period nothing happened of sufficient consequence to find a place in this history. All this time Sophia passed by herself; for her father swore she should never come out of her chamber alive, unless she first consented to marry Blifil; nor did he ever suffer the door to be unlocked, unless to convey her food, on which occasions he always attended himself.

The second morning after his arrival, while he and the parson were at breakfast together on a toast and tankard, he was informed that a gentleman was below to wait on him.

"A gentleman!" quoth the squire, "who the devil can he be? Do, doctor, go down and see who 'tis. Mr. Blifil can hardly be come to town yet.—Go down, do, and know what his business is."

The doctor returned with an account that it was a very well dressed man, and by the ribbon in his hat he took him for an officer in the army; that he said he had some particular business, which he could deliver to none but Mr. Western himself.

"An officer!" cries the squire; "what can any such fellow have to do with me? If he wants an order for baggage-waggons, I am no justice of peace here, nor can I grant a warrant.—Let un come up then, if he must speak to me."

A very genteel man now entered the room; who, having made his compliments to the squire, and desired the favour of being alone with him, delivered himself as follows:—

"Sir, I come to wait upon you by the command of my lord Fellamar; but with a very different mes-

sage from what I suppose you expect, after what passed the other night."

"My lord who?" cries the squire; "I never heard the name o'un."

"His lordship," said the gentleman, "is willing to impute everything to the effect of liquor, and the most trifling acknowledgment of that kind will set everything right; for as he hath the most violent attachment to your daughter, you, sir, are the last person upon earth from whom he would resent an affront; and happy is it for you both that he hath given such public demonstrations of his courage as to be able to put up an affair of this kind without danger of any imputation on his honour. All he desires, therefore, is, that you will before me make some acknowledgment; the slightest in the world will be sufficient; and he intends this afternoon to pay his respects to you, in order to obtain your leave of visiting the young lady on the footing of a lover."

"I don't understand much of what you say, sir," said the squire; "but I suppose, by what you talk about my daughter, that this is the lord which my cousin, lady Bellaston, mentioned to me, and said something about his courting my daughter. If so be, that how that be the case—you may give my service to his lordship, and tell un the girl is disposed of already."

"Perhaps, sir," said the gentleman, "you are not sufficiently apprised of the greatness of this offer. I believe such a person, title, and fortune would be nowhere refused."

"Looke, sir," answered the squire; "to be very plain, my daughter is bespoke already; but if she was not, I would not marry her to a lord upon any account; I hate all lords; they are a parcel of courtiers and Hanoverians, and I will have nothing to do with them."

"Well, sir," said the gentleman, "if that is your resolution, the message I am to deliver to you is, that my lord desires the favour of your company this morning in Hyde-park."

"You may tell my lord," answered the squire, "that I am busy and cannot come. I have enough to look after at home, and can't stir abroad on any account."

"I am sure, sir," quoth the other, "you are too much a gentleman to send such a message; you will not, I am convinced, have it said of you, that, after having affronted a noble peer, you refuse him satisfaction. His lordship would have been willing, from his great regard to the young lady, to have made up matters in another way; but unless he is to look on you as a father, his honour will not suffer his putting up such an indignity as you must be sensible you offered him."

"I offered him!" cries the squire; "it is a d—n'd lie! I never offered him anything."

Upon these words the gentleman returned a very short verbal rebuke, and this he accompanied at the same time with some manual remonstrances, which no sooner reached the ears of Mr. Western, than the worthy squire began to caper very briskly about the room, bellowing at the same time with all his might, as if desirous to summon a greater number of spectators to behold his agility.

The parson, who had left great part of the tankard unfinished, was not retired far; he immediately attended therefore on the squire's vociferation, crying, "Bless me! sir, what's the matter?"—"Matter!" quoth the squire, "here's a highwayman, I believe, who wants to rob and murder me—for he hath fallen upon me with that stick there in his hand, when I wish I may be d—n'd if I gid un the least provocation."

"How, sir," said the captain, "did you not tell me I lied?"

"No, as I hope to be saved," answered the squire, "—I believe I might say, 'Twas a lie that I had offered any affront to my lord,—but I never said the word, 'you lie.'—I understand myself better, and you might have understood yourself better than to fall upon a naked man. If I had a stick in my hand, you would not have dared strike me. I'd have knocked thy lantern jaws about thy ears. Come down into yard this minute, and I'll take a bout with thee at single stick for a broken head, that I will; or I will go into naked room and box thee for a belly-full. At unt half a man, at unt, I'm sure."

The captain, with some indignation, replied, "I see, sir, you are below my notice, and I shall inform his lordship you are below his. I am sorry I have dirtied my fingers with you." At which words he withdrew, the parson interposing to prevent the squire from stopping him, in which he easily prevailed, as the other, though he made some efforts for the purpose, did not seem very violently bent on success. However, when the captain was departed, the squire sent many curses and some menaces after him; but as these did not set out from his lips till the officer was at the bottom of the stairs, and grew louder and louder as he was more and more remote, they did not reach his ears, or at least did not retard his departure.

Poor Sophia, however, who, in her prison, heard all her father's outcries from first to last, began now first to thunder with her foot, and afterwards to scream as loudly as the old gentleman himself had done before, though in a much sweeter voice. These screams soon silenced the squire, and turned all his consideration towards his daughter, whom he loved so tenderly, that the least apprehension of any harm happening to her, threw him presently into agonies; for, except in that single instance in which the whole future happiness of her life was concerned, she was sovereign mistress of his inclinations.

Having ended his rage against the captain, with swearing he would take the law of him, the squire now mounted up stairs to Sophia, whom, as soon as he had unlocked and opened the door, he found all pale and breathless. The moment, however, that she saw her father, she collected all her spirits, and, catching hold of him by the hand, she cried passionately, "O my dear sir, I am almost frightened to death! I hope to heaven no harm hath happened to you." "No, no," cries the squire, "no great harm. The rascal hath not hurt me much, but rat me if I don't ha the la o'un." "Pray, dear sir," says she, "tell me what's the matter; who is it that hath insulted you?" "I don't know the name o'un," answered Western; "some officer fellow, I suppose, that we are to pay for beating us; but I'll make him pay this bout, if the rascal hath got anything, which I suppose he hath not. For thof he was dressed out so vine, I question whether he had got a voot of land in the world." "But, dear sir," cries she, "what was the occasion of your quarrel?" "What should it be, Sophy," answered the squire, "but about you, Sophy! All my misfortunes are about you; you will be the death of your poor father at last. Here's a varlet of a lord, the Lord knows who, forsooth! who hath taan a liking to you, and because I would not gi un my consent, he sent me a kallenge. Come, do be a good girl, Sophy, and put an end to all your father's troubles; come, do consent to ha un; he will be in town within this day or two; do but promise me to marry un as soon as he comes, and you

will make me the happiest man in the world, and I will make you the happiest woman; you shall have the finest clothes in London, and the finest jewels, and a coach and six at your command. I promised Allworthy already to give up half my estate,—odrab-bit it! I should hardly stick at giving up the whole.” “Will my papa be so kind,” says she, “as to hear me speak?”—“Why wout ask, Sophy?” cries he, “when dost know I had rather hear thy voice than the music of the best pack of dogs in England.—Hear thee, my dear little girl! I hope I shall hear thee as long as I live; for if I was ever to lose that pleasure, I would not gee a brass varden to live a moment longer. Indeed, Sophy, you do not know how I love you, indeed you don’t, or you never could have run away and left your poor father, who hath no other joy, no other comfort upon earth, but his little Sophy.” At these words the tears stood in his eyes; and Sophia (with the tears streaming from hers) answered, “Indeed, my dear papa, I know you have loved me tenderly, and heaven is my witness how sincerely I have returned your affection; nor could anything but an apprehension of being forced into the arms of this man have driven me to run from a father whom I love so passionately, that I would, with pleasure, sacrifice my life to his happiness; nay, I have endeavoured to reason myself into doing more, and had almost worked up a resolution to endure the most miserable of all lives, to comply with your inclination. It was that resolution alone to which I could not force my mind; nor can I ever.” Here the squire began to look wild, and the foam appeared at his lips, which Sophia, observing, begged to be heard out, and then proceeded: “If my father’s life, his health, or any real happiness of his was at stake, here stands your resolved daughter; may heaven blast me if there is a misery I would not suffer to preserve you!—No, that most detested, most loathsome of all lots would I embrace. I would give my hand to Blifil for your sake.”—“I tell thee, it will preserve me,” answers the father; “it will give me health, happiness, life, everything.—Upon my soul I shall die if dost refuse me; I shall break my heart, I shall, upon my soul.”—“Is it possible,” says she, “you can have such a desire to make me miserable?”—“I tell thee noa,” answered he loudly, “d—n me if there is a thing upon earth I would not do to see thee happy.”—“And will not my dear papa allow me to have the least knowledge of what will make me so? If it be true that happiness consists in opinion, what must be my condition, when I shall think myself the most miserable of all the wretches upon earth?” “Better think yourself so,” said he, “than know it by being married to a poor bastardy vagabond.” “If it will content you, sir,” said Sophia, “I will give you the most solemn promise never to marry him, nor any other, while my papa lives, without his consent. Let me dedicate my whole life to your service; let me be again your poor Sophy, and my whole business and pleasure be, as it hath been, to please and divert you.” “Looke, Sophy,” answered the squire, “I am not to be choused in this manner. Your aunt Western would then have reason to think me the fool she doth. No, no, Sophy, I’d have you to know I have a got more wisdom, and know more of the world, than to take the word of a woman in a matter where a man is concerned.” “How, sir, have I deserved this want of confidence?” said she; “have I ever broke a single promise to you? or have I ever been found guilty of a falsehood from my cradle?” “Looke, Sophy,” cries he; “that’s neither here nor there. I am determined upon this match, and have him you shall, d—n me

if shat unt. D—n me if shat unt, though dost hang thyself the next morning.” At repeating which words he clinched his fist, knit his brows, bit his lips, and thundered so loud, that the poor afflicted, terrified Sophia sunk trembling into her chair, and, had not a flood of tears come immediately to her relief, perhaps worse had followed.

Western beheld the deplorable condition of his daughter with no more contrition or remorse than the turnkey of Newgate feels at viewing the agonies of a tender wife, when taking her last farewell of her condemned husband; or rather he looked down on her with the same emotions which arise in an honest fair tradesman, who sees his debtor dragged to prison for 10*l.*, which, though a just debt, the wretch is wickedly unable to pay. Or, to hit the case still more nearly, he felt the same compunction with a bawd, when some poor innocent, whom she hath ensnared into her hands, falls into fits at the first proposal of what is called seeing company. Indeed this resemblance would be exact, was it not that the bawd hath an interest in what she doth, and the father, though perhaps he may blindly think otherwise, can, in reality, have none in urging his daughter to almost an equal prostitution.

In this condition he left his poor Sophia, and, departing with a very vulgar observation on the effect of tears, he locked the room, and returned to the parson, who said everything he durst in behalf of the young lady, which, though perhaps it was not quite so much as his duty required, yet was it sufficient to throw the squire into a violent rage, and into many indecent reflections on the whole body of the clergy, which we have too great an honour for that sacred function to commit to paper.

CHAPTER III.

What happened to Sophia during her confinement.

THE landlady of the house where the squire lodged had begun very early to entertain a strange opinion of her guests. However, as she was informed that the squire was a man of vast fortune, and as she had taken care to exact a very extraordinary price for her rooms, she did not think proper to give any offence; for, though she was not without some concern for the confinement of poor Sophia, of whose great sweetness of temper and affability the maid of the house had made so favourable a report, which was confirmed by all the squire’s servants, yet she had much more concern for her own interest than to provoke one, whom, as she said, she perceived to be a very hastish kind of a gentleman.

Though Sophia eat but little, yet she was regularly served with her meals; indeed, I believe, if she had liked any one rarity, that the squire, however angry, would have spared neither pains nor cost to have procured it for her; since, however strange it may appear to some of my readers, he really doated on his daughter, and to give her any kind of pleasure was the highest satisfaction of his life.

The dinner-hour being arrived, Black George carried her up a pullet, the squire himself (for he had sworn not to part with the key) attending the door. As George deposited the dish, some compliments passed between him and Sophia (for he had not seen her since she left the country, and she treated every servant with more respect than some persons show to those who are in a very slight degree their inferiors). Sophia would have had him take the pullet back, saying, she could not eat; but George begged her to try, and particularly recommended to her the eggs, of which he said it was full.

All this time the squire was waiting at the door; but George was a great favourite with his master, as his employment was in concerns of the highest nature, namely, about the game, and was accustomed to take many liberties. He had officiously carried up the dinner, being, as he said, very desirous to see his young lady; he made therefore no scruple of keeping his master standing above ten minutes, while civilities were passing between him and Sophia, for which he received only a good-humoured rebuke at the door when he returned.

The eggs of pullets, partridges, pheasants, &c., were, as George well knew, the most favourite dainties of Sophia. It was therefore no wonder that he, who was a very good-natured fellow, should take care to supply her with this kind of delicacy, at the time when all the servants in the house were afraid she would be starved; for she had scarce swallowed a single morsel in the last forty hours.

Though vexation hath not the same effect on all persons as it usually hath on a widow, whose appetite it often renders sharper than it can be rendered by the air on Bansted Downs, or Salisbury Plain; yet the sublimest grief, notwithstanding what some people may say to the contrary, will eat at last. And Sophia herself, after some little consideration, began to dissect the fowl, which she found to be as full of eggs as George had reported it.

But, if she was pleased with these, it contained something which would have delighted the Royal Society much more; for if a fowl with three legs be so invaluable a curiosity, when perhaps time hath produced a thousand such, at what price shall we esteem a bird which so totally contradicts all the laws of animal economy, as to contain a letter in its belly? Ovid tells us of a flower into which Hyacinthus was metamorphosed, that bears letters on its leaves, which Virgil recommended as a miracle to the Royal Society of his day; but no age nor nation hath ever recorded a bird with a letter in its maw.

But though a miracle of this kind might have engaged all the *Académies des Sciences* in Europe, and perhaps in a fruitless inquiry; yet the reader, by barely recollecting the last dialogue which passed between Messieurs Jones and Partridge, will be very easily satisfied from whence this letter came, and how it found its passage into the fowl.

Sophia, notwithstanding her long fast, and notwithstanding her favourite dish was there before her, no sooner saw the letter than she immediately snatched it up, tore it open, and read as follows:

“MADAM,

“WAS I not sensible to whom I have the honour of writing, I should endeavour, however difficult, to paint the horrors of my mind at the account brought me by Mrs. Honour; but as tenderness alone can have any true idea of the pangs which tenderness is capable of feeling, so can this most amiable quality, which my Sophia possesses in the most eminent degree, sufficiently inform her what her Jones must have suffered on this melancholy occasion. Is there a circumstance in the world which can heighten my agonies, when I hear of any misfortune which hath befallen you? Surely there is one only, and with that I am accursed. It is, my Sophia, the dreadful consideration that I am myself the wretched cause. Perhaps I here do myself too much honour, but none will envy me an honour which costs me so extremely dear. Pardon me this presumption, and pardon me a greater still, if I ask you, whether my advice, my assistance, my presence, my absence, my death, or my tortures can

bring you any relief? Can the most perfect admiration, the most watchful observance, the most ardent love, the most melting tenderness, the most resigned submission to your will, make you amends for what you are to sacrifice to my happiness? If they can, fly, my lovely angel, to those arms which are ever open to receive and protect you; and to which, whether you bring yourself alone, or the riches of the world with you, is, in my opinion, an alternative not worth regarding. If, on the contrary, wisdom shall predominate, and, on the most mature reflection, inform you, that the sacrifice is too great; and if there be no way left to reconcile your father, and restore the peace of your dear mind, but by abandoning me, I conjure you drive me for ever from your thoughts, exert your resolution, and let no compassion for my sufferings bear the least weight in that tender bosom. Believe me, madam, I so sincerely love you better than myself, that my great and principal end is your happiness. My first wish (why would not fortune indulge me in it?) was, and pardon me if I say, still is, to see you every moment the happiest of women; my second wish is, to hear you are so; but no misery on earth can equal mine, while I think you owe an uneasy moment to him who is, madam, in every sense, and to every purpose, your devoted

“THOMAS JONES.”

What Sophia said, or did, or thought, upon this letter, how often she read it, or whether more than once, shall all be left to our reader's imagination. The answer to it he may perhaps see hereafter, but not at present; for this reason, among others, that she did not now write any, and that for several good causes, one of which was this, she had no paper, pen, nor ink.

In the evening, while Sophia was meditating on the letter she had received, or on something else, a violent noise from below disturbed her meditations. This noise was no other than a round bout at altercation between two persons. One of the combatants, by his voice, she immediately distinguished to be her father; but she did not so soon discover the shriller pipes to belong to the organ of her aunt Western, who was just arrived in town, where having, by means of one of her servants, who stopped at the Hercules Pillars, learned where her brother lodged, she drove directly to his lodgings.

We shall therefore take our leave at present of Sophia, and, with our usual good-breeding, attend her ladyship.

CHAPTER IV.

In which Sophia is delivered from her confinement.

THE squire and the parson (for the landlord was now otherwise engaged) were smoking their pipes together, when the arrival of the lady was first signified. The squire no sooner heard her name, than he immediately ran down to usher her up stairs; for he was a great observer of such ceremonies, especially to his sister, of whom he stood more in awe than of any other human creature, though he never would own this, nor did he perhaps know it himself.

Mrs. Western, on her arrival in the dining-room, having flung herself into a chair, began thus to harangue: “Well, surely, no one ever had such an intolerable journey. I think the roads, since so many turnpike acts, are grown worse than ever. La, brother, how could you get into this odious place? no person of condition, I dare swear, ever

set foot here before." "I don't know," cries the squire, "I think they do well enough; it was landlord recommended them. I thought, as he knew most of the quality, he could best show me where to get among un." "Well, and where's my niece?" says the lady; "have you been to wait upon lady Bellaston yet?" "Ay, ay," cries the squire, "your niece is safe enough; she is up stairs in chamber." "How!" answered the lady, "is my niece in this house, and does she not know of my being here?" "No, nobody can well get to her," says the squire, "for she is under lock and key. I have her safe; I vetch'd her from my lady cousin the first night I came to town, and I have taken care o' her ever since; she is as secure as a fox in a bag, I promise you." "Good heaven!" returned Mrs. Western, "what do I hear? I thought what a fine piece of work would be the consequence of my consent to your coming to town yourself; nay, it was indeed your own headstrong will, nor can I charge myself with having ever consented to it. Did not you promise me, brother, that you would take none of these headstrong measures? Was it not by these headstrong measures that you forced my niece to run away from you in the country? Have you a mind to oblige her to take such another step?" "Z——ds and the devil!" cries the squire, dashing his pipe on the ground; "did ever mortal hear the like? when I expected you would have commended me for all I have done, to be fallen upon in this manner!" "How!" brother, said the lady, "have I ever given you the least reason to imagine I should commend you for locking up your daughter? Have I not often told you that women in a free country are not to be treated with such arbitrary power? We are as free as the men, and I heartily wish I could not say we deserve that freedom better. If you expect I should stay a moment longer in this wretched house, or that I should ever own you again as my relation, or that I should ever trouble myself again with the affairs of your family, I insist upon it that my niece be set at liberty this instant." This she spoke with so commanding an air, standing with her back to the fire, with one hand behind her, and a pinch of snuff in the other, that I question whether Thalestris, at the head of her Amazons, ever made a more tremendous figure. It is no wonder, therefore, that the poor squire was not proof against the awe which she inspired. "There," he cried, throwing down the key, "there it is, do whatever you please. I intended only to have kept her up till Blifil came to town, which can't be long; and now if any harm happens in the mean time, remember who is to be blamed for it."

"I will answer it with my life," cried Mrs. Western, "but I shall not intermeddle at all, unless upon one condition, and that is, that you will commit the whole entirely to my care, without taking any one measure yourself, unless I shall eventually appoint you to act. If you ratify these preliminaries, brother, I yet will endeavour to preserve the honour of your family; if not, I shall continue in a neutral state."

"I pray you, good sir," said the parson, "permit yourself this once to be admonished by her ladyship; peradventure, by communing with young Madam Sophia, she will effect more than you have been able to perpetrate by more rigorous measures."

"What, dost thee open upon me?" cries the squire: "if thee dost begin to babble, I shall whip thee in presently."

"Fie, brother," answered the lady, "is this language to a clergyman? Mr. Supple is a man of sense, and gives you the best advice; and the whole world, I believe, will concur in his opinion; but I

must tell you I expect an immediate answer to my categorical proposals. Either cede your daughter to my disposal, or take her wholly to your own surprising discretion, and then I here, before Mr. Supple, evacuate the garrison, and renounce you and your family for ever."

"I pray you let me be a mediator," cries the parson, "let me supplicate you."

"Why, there lies the key on the table," cries the squire. "She may take un up, if she pleases; who hinders her?"

"No, brother," answered the lady, "I insist on the formality of its being delivered me, with a full ratification of all the concessions stipulated."

"Why then I will deliver it to you.—There 'tis," cries the squire. "I am sure, sister, you can't accuse me of ever denying to trust my daughter to you. She hath lived wi' you a whole year and muore to a time, without my ever zeeing her."

"And it would have been happy for her," answered the lady, "if she had always lived with me. Nothing of this kind would have happened under my eye."

"Ay, certainly," cries he, "I only am to blame."

"Why, you are to blame, brother," answered she. "I have been often obliged to tell you so, and shall always be obliged to tell you so. However, I hope you will now amend, and gather so much experience from past errors, as not to defeat my wisest machinations by your blunders. Indeed, brother, you are not qualified for these negotiations. All your whole scheme of politics is wrong. I once more, therefore, insist, that you do not intermeddle. Remember only what is past."—

"Z——ds and bl—d, sister," cries the squire, "what would you have me say? You are enough to provoke the devil."

"There, now," said she, "just according to the old custom. I see, brother, there is no talking to you. I will appeal to Mr. Supple, who is a man of sense, if I said anything which could put any human creature into a passion; but you are so wrong-headed every way."

"Let me beg you, madam," said the parson, "not to irritate his worship."

"Irritate him?" said the lady; "sure, you are as great a fool as himself. Well, brother, since you have promised not to interfere, I will once more undertake the management of my niece. Lord have mercy upon all affairs which are under the directions of men! The head of one woman is worth a thousand of yours." And now having summoned a servant to show her to Sophia, she departed, bearing the key with her.

She was no sooner gone, than the squire (having first shut the door) ejaculated twenty bitches, and as many hearty curses against her, not sparing himself for having ever thought of her estate; but added, "Now one hath been a slave so long, it would be pity to lose it at last, for want of holding out a little longer. The bitch can't live for ever, and I know I am down for it upon the will."

The parson greatly commended this resolution; and now the squire having ordered in another bottle, which was his usual method when anything either pleased or vexed him, did, by drinking plentifully of this medicinal julap, so totally wash away his choler, that his temper was perfectly placid and serene, when Mrs. Western returned with Sophia into the room. The young lady had on her hat and capuchin, and the aunt acquainted Mr. Western, "that she intended to take her niece with her to her own lodgings; for, indeed, brother," says she, "these rooms are not fit to receive a christian soul in."

"Very well, madam," quoth Western, "whatever you please. The girl can never be in better hands than yours; and the parson here can do me the justice to say, that I have said fifty times behind your back, that you was one of the most sensible women in the world."

"To this," cries the parson, "I am ready to bear testimony."

"Nay, brother," says Mrs. Western, "I have always, I'm sure, given you as favourable a character. You must own you have a little too much hastiness in your temper; but when you will allow yourself time to reflect I never knew a man more reasonable."

"Why then, sister, if you think so," said the squire, "here's your good health with all my heart. I am a little passionate sometimes, but I scorn to bear any malice. Sophy, do you be a good girl, and do everything your aunt orders you."

"I have not the least doubt of her," answered Mrs. Western. "She hath had already an example before her eyes in the behaviour of that wretch her cousin Harriet, who ruined herself by neglecting my advice. O brother, what think you? You was hardly gone out of hearing, when you set out for London, when who should arrive but that impudent fellow with the odious Irish name—that Fitzpatrick. He broke in abruptly upon me without notice, or I would not have seen him. He ran on a long, unintelligible story about his wife, to which he forced me to give him a hearing; but I made him very little answer, and delivered him the letter from his wife, which I bid him answer himself. I suppose the wretch will endeavour to find us out, but I beg you will not see her, for I am determined I will not."

"I see her!" answered the squire; "you need not fear me. I'll ge no encouragement to such undutiful wenches. It is well for the fellow, her husband, I was not at huome. Od rabbit it, he should have taken a dance thru the horse-pond, I promise un. You zee, Sophy, what undutifulness brings volks to. You have an example in your own family."

"Brother," cries the aunt, "you need not shock my niece by such odious repetitions. Why will you not leave everything entirely to me?" "Well, well; I wull, I wull," said the squire.

And now Mrs. Western, luckily for Sophia, put an end to the conversation by ordering chairs to be called. I say luckily, for had it continued much longer, fresh matter of dissension would, most probably, have arisen between the brother and sister; between whom education and sex made the only difference; for both were equally violent and equally positive: they had both a vast affection for Sophia, and both a sovereign contempt for each other.

CHAPTER V.

In which Jones receives a letter from Sophia, and goes to a play with Mrs. Miller and Partridge.

THE arrival of Black George in town, and the good offices which that grateful fellow had promised to do for his old benefactor, greatly comforted Jones in the midst of all the anxiety and uneasiness which he had suffered on the account of Sophia; from whom, by the means of the said George, he received the following answer to his letter, which Sophia, to whom the use of pen, ink, and paper was restored with her liberty, wrote the very evening when she departed from her confinement:

"Sir,

"As I do not doubt your sincerity in what you write, you will be pleased to hear that some of my afflictions are at an end, by the arrival of my aunt Western, with whom I am at present, and with

whom I enjoy all the liberty I can desire. One promise my aunt hath insisted on my making, which is, that I will not see or converse with any person without her knowledge and consent. This promise I have most solemnly given, and shall most inviolably keep: and though she had not expressly forbidden me writing, yet that must be an omission from forgetfulness; or this, perhaps, is included in the word conversing. However, as I cannot but consider this as a breach of her generous confidence in my honour, you cannot expect that I shall, after this, continue to write myself or to receive letters, without her knowledge. A promise is with me a very sacred thing, and to be extended to everything understood from it, as well as to what is expressed by it; and this consideration may, perhaps, on reflection, afford you some comfort. But why should I mention a comfort to you of this kind; for though there is one thing in which I can never comply with the best of fathers, yet am I firmly resolved never to act in defiance of him, or to take any step of consequence without his consent. A firm persuasion of this must teach you to divert your thoughts from what fortune hath (perhaps) made impossible. This your own interest persuades you. This may reconcile, I hope, Mr. Allworthy to you; and if it will, you have my injunctions to pursue it. Accidents have laid some obligations on me, and your good intentions probably more. Fortune may, perhaps, be some time kinder to us both than at present. Believe this, that I shall always think of you as I think you deserve, and am, sir, your obliged servant,

"SOPHIA WESTERN.

"I charge you write to me no more—at present at least; and accept this, which is now of no service to me, which I know you must want, and think you owe the trifle only to that fortune by which you found it."*

A child who hath just learned his letters would have spelt this letter out in less time than Jones took in reading it. The sensations it occasioned were a mixture of joy and grief; somewhat like what divide the mind of a good man when he peruses the will of his deceased friend, in which a large legacy, which his distresses make the more welcome, is bequeathed to him. Upon the whole, however, he was more pleased than displeased; and, indeed, the reader may probably wonder that he was displeased at all; but the reader is not quite so much in love as was poor Jones; and love is a disease which, though it may, in some instances, resemble a consumption (which it sometimes causes), in others proceeds in direct opposition to it, and particularly in this, that it never flatters itself, or sees any one symptom in a favourable light.

One thing gave him complete satisfaction, which was, that his mistress had regained her liberty, and was now with a lady where she might at least assure herself of a decent treatment. Another comfortable circumstance was the reference which she made to her promise of never marrying any other man; for however disinterested he might imagine his passion, and notwithstanding all the generous overtures made in his letter, I very much question whether he could have heard a more afflicting piece of news than that Sophia was married to another, though the match had been never so great, and never so likely to end in making her completely happy. That refined degree of Platonic affection which is absolutely detached from the flesh, and is, indeed, entirely and purely spiritual, is a gift confined to the female part of the creation; many of whom I have heard declare

* Meaning, perhaps, the bank-bill for 100*l*.

(and, doubtless, with great truth), that they would, with the utmost readiness, resign a lover to a rival, when such resignation was proved to be necessary for the temporal interest of such lover. Hence, therefore, I conclude, that this affection is in nature, though I cannot pretend to say I have ever seen an instance of it.

Mr. Jones having spent three hours in reading and kissing the aforesaid letter, and being, at last, in a state of good spirits, from the last-mentioned considerations, he agreed to carry an appointment, which he had before made, into execution. This was, to attend Mrs. Miller, and her younger daughter, into the gallery at the playhouse, and to admit Mr. Partridge as one of the company. For as Jones had really that taste for humour which many affect, he expected to enjoy much entertainment in the criticisms of Partridge, from whom he expected the simple dictates of nature, unimproved, indeed, but likewise unadulterated, by art.

In the first row then of the first gallery did Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miller, her youngest daughter, and Partridge, take their places. Partridge immediately declared it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the first music was played, he said, "It was a wonder how so many fiddlers could play at one time, without putting one another out." While the fellow was lighting the upper candles, he cried out to Mrs. Miller, "Look, look, madam, the very picture of the man in the end of the common-prayer book before the gunpowder-treason service." Nor could he help observing, with a sigh, when all the candles were lighted, "That here were candles enow burnt in one night, to keep an honest poor family for a whole twelvemonth."

As soon as the play, which was Hamlet Prince of Denmark, began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break silence till the entrance of the ghost; upon which he asked Jones, "What man that was in the strange dress; something," said he, "like what I have seen in a picture. Sure it is not armour, is it?" Jones answered, "That is the ghost." To which Partridge replied with a smile, "Persuade me to that, sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever actually saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one, if I saw him, better than that comes to. No, no, sir, ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that, neither." In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighbourhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue, till the scene between the ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick, which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling, that his knees knocked against each other. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior upon the stage? "O la! sir," said he, "I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of anything; for I know it is but a play. And if it was really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company; and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only person." "Why, who," cries Jones, "dost thou take to be such a coward here besides thyself?" "Nay, you may call me coward if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. Ay, ay: go along with you! Ay, to be sure! Who's fool then? Will you? Lud have mercy upon such foolhardiness!—Whatever happens, it is good enough for you.—Follow you? I'd follow the devil as soon. Nay, perhaps, it is the devil—for they say he can put on what likeness he pleases.—Oh! here he is again.—No farther! No, you have gone far enough already; farther than I'd have gone for all the king's

dominions." Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried "Hush, hush! dear sir, don't you hear him?" And during the whole speech of the ghost, he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the ghost and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open; the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet, succeeding likewise in him.

When the scene was over Jones said, "Why, Partridge, you exceed my expectations. You enjoy the play more than I conceived possible." "Nay, sir," answered Partridge, "if you are not afraid of the devil, I can't help it; but to be sure, it is natural to be surprised at such things, though I know there is nothing in them: not that it was the ghost that surprised me, neither; for I should have known that to have been only a man in a strange dress; but when I saw the little man so frightened himself, it was that which took hold of me." "And dost thou imagine, then, Partridge," cries Jones, "that he was really frightened?" "Nay, sir," said Partridge, "did not you yourself observe afterwards, when he found it was his own father's spirit, and how he was murdered in the garden, how his fear forsook him by degrees, and he was struck dumb with sorrow, as it were, just as I should have been, had it been my own case?—But hush! O la! what noise is that? There he is again.—Well, to be certain, though I know there is nothing at all in it, I am glad I am not down yonder, where those men are." Then turning his eyes again upon Hamlet, "Ay, you may draw your sword; what signifies a sword against the power of the devil?"

During the second act, Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses; nor could he help observing upon the king's countenance. "Well," said he, "how people may be deceived by faces? *Nulla fides fronti* is, I find, a true saying. Who would think, by looking in the king's face, that he had ever committed a murder?" He then inquired after the ghost; but Jones, who intended he should be surprised, gave him no other satisfaction, than "that he might possibly see him again soon, and in a flash of fire."

Partridge sat in fearful expectation of this; and now, when the ghost made his next appearance, Partridge cried out, "There, sir, now; what say you now? is he frightened now or no? As much frightened as you think me, and, to be sure, nobody can help some fears. I would not be in so bad a condition as what's his name, squire Hamlet, is there, for all the world. Bless me! what's become of the spirit? As I am a living soul, I thought I saw him sink into the earth." "Indeed, you saw right," answered Jones. "Well, well," cries Partridge, "I know it is only a play: and besides, if there was anything in all this, Madam Miller would not laugh so; for as to you, sir, you would not be afraid, I believe, if the devil was here in person.—There, there—Ay, no wonder you are in such a passion; shake the vile wicked wretch to pieces. If she was my own mother, I would serve her so. To be sure, all duty to a mother is forfeited by such wicked doings.—Ay, go about your business, I hate the sight of you."

Our critic was now pretty silent till the play, which Hamlet introduces before the king. This he did not at first understand, till Jones explained it to him; but he no sooner entered into the spirit of it, than he began to bless himself that he had never committed murder. Then turning to Mrs. Miller, he asked her, "If she did not imagine the king looked as if he was touched; though he is," said he, "a good actor, and doth all he can to hide it. Well, I would not have so much to answer for, as that

wicked man there hath, to sit upon a much higher chair than he sits upon. No wonder he run away; for your sake I'll never trust an innocent face again."

The grave-digging scene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expressed much surprise at the number of skulls thrown upon the stage. To which Jones answered, "That it was one of the most famous burial-places about town." "No wonder then," cries Partridge, "that the place is haunted. But I never saw in my life a worse grave-digger. I had a sexton, when I was clerk, that should have dug three graves while he is digging one. The fellow handles a spade as if it was the first time he had ever had one in his hand. Ay, ay, you may sing. You had rather sing than work, I believe."—Upon Hamlet's taking up the skull, he cried out, "Well! it is strange to see how fearless some men are: I never could bring myself to touch anything belonging to a dead man, on any account.—He seemed frightened enough too at the ghost, I thought. *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.*"

Little more worth remembering occurred during the play, at the end of which Jones asked him, "Which of the players he had liked best?" To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question, "The king, without doubt." "Indeed, Mr. Partridge," says Mrs. Miller, "you are not of the same opinion with the town; for they are all agreed, that Hamlet is acted by the best player who ever was on the stage." "He the best player!" cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer, "why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure, if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you call it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me, any man, that is, any good man, that had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me; but indeed, madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country; and the king for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other.—Anybody may see he is an actor."

While Mrs. Miller was thus engaged in conversation with Partridge, a lady came up to Mr. Jones, whom he immediately knew to be Mrs. Fitzpatrick. She said, she had seen him from the other part of the gallery, and had taken that opportunity of speaking to him, as she had something to say, which might be of great service to himself. She then acquainted him with her lodgings, and made him an appointment the next day in the morning; which, upon recollection, she presently changed to the afternoon; at which time Jones promised to attend her.

Thus ended the adventure at the playhouse; where Partridge had afforded great mirth, not only to Jones and Mrs. Miller, but to all who sat within hearing, who were more attentive to what he said, than to anything that passed on the stage.

He durst not go to bed all that night, for fear of the ghost; and for many nights after sweated two or three hours before he went to sleep, with the same apprehensions, and waked several times in great horrors, crying out, "Lord have mercy upon us! there it is."

CHAPTER VI.

In which the history is obliged to look back.

It is almost impossible for the best parent to ob-

serve an exact impartiality to his children, even though no superior merit should bias his affection; but sure a parent can hardly be blamed, when that superiority determines his preference.

As I regard all the personages of this history in the light of my children; so I must confess the same inclination of partiality to Sophia; and for that I hope the reader will allow me the same excuse, from the superiority of her character.

This extraordinary tenderness which I have for my heroine never suffers me to quit her any long time without the utmost reluctance. I could now, therefore, return impatiently to inquire what hath happened to this lovely creature since her departure from her father's, but that I am obliged first to pay a short visit to Mr. Blifil.

Mr. Western, in the first confusion into which his mind was cast upon the sudden news he received of his daughter, and in the first hurry to go after her, had not once thought of sending any account of the discovery to Blifil. He had not gone far, however, before he recollected himself, and accordingly stopped at the very first inn he came to, and despatched away a messenger to acquaint Blifil with his having found Sophia, and with his firm resolution to marry her to him immediately, if he would come up after him to town.

As the love which Blifil had for Sophia was of that violent kind, which nothing but the loss of her fortune, or some such accident, could lessen, his inclination to the match was not at all altered by her having run away, though he was obliged to lay this to his own account. He very readily, therefore, embraced this offer. Indeed, he now proposed the gratification of a very strong passion besides avarice, by marrying this young lady, and this was hatred; for he concluded that matrimony afforded an equal opportunity of satisfying either hatred or love; and this opinion is very probably verified by much experience. To say the truth, if we are to judge by the ordinary behaviour of married persons to each other, we shall perhaps be apt to conclude that the generality seek the indulgence of the former passion only, in their union of everything but of hearts.

There was one difficulty, however, in his way, and this arose from Mr. Allworthy. That good man, when he found by the departure of Sophia (for neither that, nor the cause of it, could be concealed from him), the great aversion which she had for his nephew, began to be seriously concerned that he had been deceived into carrying matters so far. He by no means concurred with the opinion of those parents, who think it as immaterial to consult the inclinations of their children in the affair of marriage, as to solicit the good pleasure of their servants when they intend to take a journey; and who are by law, or decency at least, withheld often from using absolute force. On the contrary, as he esteemed the institution to be of the most sacred kind, he thought every preparatory caution necessary to preserve it holy and inviolate; and very wisely concluded, that the surest way to effect this was by laying the foundation in previous affection.

Blifil indeed soon cured his uncle of all anger on the score of deceit, by many vows and protestations that he had been deceived himself, with which the many declarations of Western very well tallied; but now to persuade Allworthy to consent to the renewing his addresses was a matter of such apparent difficulty, that the very appearance was sufficient to have deterred a less enterprising genius; but this young gentleman so well

knew his own talents, that nothing within the province of cunning seemed to him hard to be achieved.

Here then he represented the violence of his own affection, and the hopes of subduing aversion in the lady by perseverance. He begged that, in an affair on which depended all his future repose, he might at least be at liberty to try all fair means of success. Heaven forbid, he said, that he should ever think of prevailing by any other than the most gentle methods! "Besides, sir," said he, "if they fail, you may then (which will be surely time enough) deny your consent." He urged the great and eager desire which Mr. Western had for the match; and lastly, he made great use of the name of Jones, to whom he imputed all that had happened; and from whom, he said, to preserve so valuable a young lady was even an act of charity.

All these arguments were well seconded by Thwackum, who dwelt a little stronger on the authority of parents than Mr. Blifil himself had done. He ascribed the measures which Mr. Blifil was desirous to take to christian motives; "and though," says he, "the good young gentleman hath mentioned charity last, I am almost convinced it is his first and principal consideration."

Square, possibly, had he been present, would have sung to the same tune, though in a different key, and would have discovered much moral fitness in the proceeding; but he was now gone to Bath for the recovery of his health.

Allworthy, though not without reluctance, at last yielded to the desires of his nephew. He said he would accompany him to London, where he might be at liberty to use every honest endeavour to gain the lady: "But I declare," said he, "I will never give my consent to any absolute force being put on her inclinations, nor shall you ever have her, unless she can be brought freely to compliance."

Thus did the affection of Allworthy to his nephew betray the superior understanding to be triumphed over by the inferior; and thus is the prudence of the best of heads often defeated by the tenderness of the best of hearts.

Blifil, having obtained this unhopd-for acquiescence in his uncle, rested not till he carried his purpose into execution. And as no immediate business required Mr. Allworthy's presence in the country, and little preparation is necessary to men for a journey, they set out the very next day, and arrived in town that evening, when Mr. Jones, as we have seen, was diverting himself with Partridge at the play.

The morning after his arrival Mr. Blifil waited on Mr. Western, by whom he was most kindly and graciously received, and from whom he had every possible assurance (perhaps more than was possible) that he should very shortly be as happy as Sophia could make him; nor would the squire suffer the young gentleman to return to his uncle till he had, almost against his will, carried him to his sister.

CHAPTER VII.

In which Mr. Western pays a visit to his sister, in company with Mr. Blifil.

MRS. WESTERN was reading a lecture on prudence, and matrimonial politics, to her niece, when her brother and Blifil broke in with less ceremony than the laws of visiting require. Sophia no sooner saw Blifil than she turned pale, and almost lost the use of all her faculties; but her aunt, on the contrary, waxed red, and, having all her faculties at command, began to exert her tongue on the squire.

"Brother," said she, "I am astonished at your behaviour; will you never learn any regard to decorum? Will you still look upon every apartment as your own, or as belonging to one of your country tenants? Do you think yourself at liberty to invade the privacies of women of condition, without the least decency or notice?"—"Why, what a pox! is the matter now?" quoth the squire; "one would think I had caught you at—"—"None of your brutality, sir, I beseech you," answered she.—"You have surprised my poor niece so, that she can hardly, I see, support herself.—Go, my dear, retire, and endeavour to recruit your spirits; for I see you have occasion." At which words, Sophia, who never received a more welcome command, hastily withdrew.

"To be sure, sister," cries the squire, "you are mad, when I have brought Mr. Blifil here to court her, to force her away."

"Sure, brother," says she, "you are worse than mad, when you know in what situation affairs are, to—I am sure I ask Mr. Blifil pardon, but he knows very well to whom to impute so disagreeable a reception. For my own part, I am sure I shall always be very glad to see Mr. Blifil; but his own good sense would not have suffered him to proceed so abruptly, had you not compelled him to it."

Blifil bowed and stammered, and looked like a fool; but Western, without giving him time to form a speech for the purpose, answered, "Well, well, I am to blame, if you will, I always am, certainly; but come, let the girl be fetched back again, or let Mr. Blifil go to her.—He's come up on purpose, and there is no time to be lost."

"Brother," cries Mrs. Western, "Mr. Blifil, I am confident, understands himself better than to think of seeing my niece any more this morning, after what hath happened. Women are of a nice texture; and our spirits, when disordered, are not to be recomposed in a moment. Had you suffered Mr. Blifil to have sent his compliments to my niece, and to have desired the favour of waiting upon her in the afternoon, I should possibly have prevailed on her to have seen him; but now I despair of bringing about any such matter."

"I am very sorry, madam," cried Blifil, "that Mr. Western's extraordinary kindness to me, which I can never enough acknowledge, should have occasioned—" "Indeed, sir," said she, interrupting him, "you need make no apologies, we all know my brother so well."

"I don't care what anybody knows of me," answered the squire;—"but when must he come to see her? for, consider, I tell you he is come up on purpose, and so is Allworthy." "Brother," said she, "whatever message Mr. Blifil thinks proper to send to my niece shall be delivered to her; and I suppose she will want no instructions to make a proper answer. I am convinced she will not refuse to see Mr. Blifil at a proper time."—"The devil she won't!" answered the squire.—"Odsbub!—Don't we know,—I say nothing, but some folk are wiser than all the world.—If I might have had my will, she had not run away before: and now I expect to hear every moment she is guone again. For as great a fool as some folk think me, I know very well she hates—" "No matter, brother," replied Mrs. Western, "I will not hear my niece abused. It is a reflection on my family. She is an honour to it; and she will be an honour to it, I promise you. I will pawn my whole reputation in the world on her conduct.—I shall be glad to see you, brother, in the afternoon; for I have somewhat of importance to mention to you.—At present, Mr. Blifil, as well

as you, must excuse me; for I am in haste to dress." "Well, but," said the squire, "do appoint a time." "Indeed," said she, "I can appoint no time. I tell you I will see you in the afternoon."—"What the devil would you have me do?" cries the squire, turning to Blifil; I can no more turn her, than a beagle can turn an old hare. Perhaps she will be in a better humour in the afternoon."—"I am condemned, I see, sir, to misfortune," answered Blifil; "but I shall always own my obligations to you." He then took a ceremonious leave of Mrs. Western, who was altogether as ceremonious on her part; and then they departed, the squire muttering to himself with an oath, that Blifil should see his daughter in the afternoon.

If Mr. Western was little pleased with this interview, Blifil was less. As to the former, he imputed the whole behaviour of his sister to her humour only, and to her dissatisfaction at the omission of ceremony in the visit; but Blifil saw a little deeper into things. He suspected somewhat of more consequence, from two or three words which dropped from the lady; and, to say the truth, he suspected right, as will appear when I have unfolded the several matters which will be contained in the following chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

Scheme of Lady Bellaston for the ruin of Jones.

LOVE had taken too deep a root in the mind of lord Fellamar to be plucked up by the rude hands of Mr. Western. In the heat of resentment he had, indeed, given a commission to Captain Eglane, which the captain had far exceeded in the execution; nor had it been executed at all, had his lordship been able to find the captain after he had seen lady Bellaston, which was in the afternoon of the day after he had received the affront; but so industrious was the captain in the discharge of his duty, that, having after long inquiry found out the squire's lodgings very late in the evening, he sat up all night at a tavern, that he might not miss the squire in the morning, and by that means missed the revocation which my lord had sent to his lodgings.

In the afternoon then next after the intended rape of Sophia, his lordship, as we have said, made a visit to lady Bellaston, who laid open so much of the character of the squire, that his lordship plainly saw the absurdity he had been guilty of in taking any offence at his words, especially as he had those honourable designs on his daughter. He then unbosomed the violence of his passion to lady Bellaston, who readily undertook the cause, and encouraged him with certain assurance of a most favourable reception from all the elders of the family, and from the father himself when he should be sober, and should be made acquainted with the nature of the offer made to his daughter. The only danger, she said, lay in the fellow she had formerly mentioned, who, though a beggar and a vagabond, had, by some means or other, she knew not what, procured himself tolerable clothes, and passed for a gentleman. "Now," says she, "as I have, for the sake of my cousin, made it my business to inquire after this fellow, I have luckily found out his lodgings;" with which she then acquainted his lordship. "I am thinking, my lord," added she "(for this fellow is too mean for your personal resentment), whether it would not be possible for your lordship to contrive some method of having him pressed and sent on board a ship. Neither law nor conscience forbid this project: for the fellow, I promise you, however well dressed, is but a vagabond, and as proper as

any fellow in the streets to be pressed into the service; and as for the conscientious part, surely the preservation of a young lady from such ruin is a most meritorious act; nay, with regard to the fellow himself, unless he could succeed (which Heaven forbid) with my cousin, it may probably be the means of preserving him from the gallows, and perhaps may make his fortune in an honest way."

Lord Fellamar very heartily thanked her ladyship for the part which she was pleased to take in the affair, upon the success of which his whole future happiness entirely depended. He said, he saw at present no objection to the pressing scheme, and would consider of putting it in execution. He then most earnestly recommended to her ladyship to do him the honour of immediately mentioning his proposals to the family; to whom he said he offered a *carte blanche*, and would settle his fortune in almost any manner they should require. And after uttering many ecstasies and raptures concerning Sophia, he took his leave and departed, but not before he had received the strongest charge to beware of Jones, and to lose no time in securing his person, where he should no longer be in a capacity of making any attempts to the ruin of the young lady.

The moment Mrs. Western was arrived at her lodgings, a card was despatched with her compliments to lady Bellaston; who no sooner received it than, with the impatience of a lover, she flew to her cousin, rejoiced at this fair opportunity, which beyond her hopes offered itself, for she was much better pleased with the prospect of making the proposals to a woman of sense, and who knew the world, than to a gentleman whom she honoured with the appellation of Hottentot; though, indeed, from him she apprehended no danger of a refusal.

The two ladies being met, after very short previous ceremonials, fell to business, which was indeed almost as soon concluded as begun; for Mrs. Western no sooner heard the name of lord Fellamar than her cheeks glowed with pleasure; but when she was acquainted with the eagerness of his passion, the earnestness of his proposals, and the generosity of his offer, she declared her full satisfaction in the most explicit terms.

In the progress of their conversation their discourse turned to Jones, and both cousins very pathetically lamented the unfortunate attachment which both agreed Sophia had to that young fellow; and Mrs. Western entirely attributed it to the folly of her brother's management. She concluded, however, at last, with declaring her confidence in the good understanding of her niece, who, though she would not give up her affection in favour of Blifil, will, I doubt not, says she, soon be prevailed upon to sacrifice a simple inclination to the addresses of a fine gentleman, who brings her both a title and a large estate: "For, indeed," added she, "I must do Sophy the justice to confess this Blifil is but a hideous kind of fellow, as you know, Bellaston, all country gentlemen are, and hath nothing but his fortune to recommend him."

"Nay," said lady Bellaston, "I don't then so much wonder at my cousin; for I promise you this Jones is a very agreeable fellow, and hath one virtue, which the men say is a great recommendation to us. What do you think, Mrs. Western—I shall certainly make you laugh; nay, I can hardly tell you myself for laughing—will you believe that the fellow hath had the assurance to make love to me? But if you should be inclined to disbelieve it, here is evidence enough, his own hand-writing, I assure you." She then delivered her cousin the letter with the proposals of marriage, which, if the reader hath a de-

sire to see, he will find already on record in the XVth book of this history.

"Upon my word I am astonished," said Mrs. Western; "this is, indeed, a master-piece of assurance. With your leave I may possibly make some use of this letter." "You have my full liberty," cries lady Bellaston, "to apply it to what purpose you please. However, I would not have it shown to any but Miss Western, nor to her unless you find occasion." "Well, and how did you use the fellow?" returned Mrs. Western. "Not as a husband," said the lady; "I am not married, I promise you, my dear. You know, Mrs. Western, I have tried the comforts once already; and once, I think, is enough for any reasonable woman."

This letter lady Bellaston thought would certainly turn the balance against Jones in the mind of Sophia, and she was emboldened to give it up, partly by her hopes of having him instantly despatched out of the way, and partly by having secured the evidence of Honour, who, upon sounding her, she saw sufficient reason to imagine was prepared to testify whatever she pleased.

But perhaps the reader may wonder why lady Bellaston, who in her heart hated Sophia, should be so desirous of promoting a match which was so much to the interest of the young lady. Now, I would desire such readers to look carefully into human nature, page almost the last, and there he will find, in scarce legible characters, that women, notwithstanding the preposterous behaviour of mothers, aunts, &c., in matrimonial matters, do in reality think it so great a misfortune to have their inclinations in love thwarted, that they imagine they ought never to carry enmity higher than upon these disappointments; again, he will find it written much about the same place, that a woman who hath once been pleased with the possession of a man, will go above half way to the devil, to prevent any other woman from enjoying the same.

If he will not be contented with these reasons, I freely confess I see no other motive to the actions of that lady, unless we will conceive she was bribed by lord Fellamar, which for my own part I see no cause to suspect.

Now this was the affair which Mrs. Western was preparing to introduce to Sophia, by some prefatory discourse on the folly of love, and on the wisdom of legal prostitution for hire, when her brother and Blifil broke abruptly in upon her; and hence arose all that coldness in her behaviour to Blifil, which, though the squire, as was usual with him, imputed to a wrong cause, infused into Blifil himself (he being a much more cunning man) a suspicion of the real truth.

CHAPTER IX.

In which Jones pays a visit to Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

THE reader may now, perhaps, be pleased to return with us to Mr. Jones, who, at the appointed hour, attended on Mrs. Fitzpatrick; but before we relate the conversation which now passed it may be proper, according to our method, to return a little back, and to account for so great an alteration of behaviour in this lady, that from changing her lodging principally to avoid Mr. Jones, she had now industriously, as hath been seen, sought this interview.

And here we shall need only to resort to what happened the preceding day, when, hearing from lady Ballaston, that Mr. Western was arrived in town, she went to pay her duty to him, at his lodgings at

Piccadilly, where she was received with many scurvy compellations too coarse to be repeated, and was even threatened to be kicked out of doors. From hence, an old servant of her aunt Western, with whom she was well acquainted, conducted her to the lodgings of that lady, who treated her not more kindly, but more politely; or, to say the truth, with rudeness in another way. In short, she returned from both, plainly convinced, not only that her scheme of reconciliation had proved abortive, but that she must for ever give over all thoughts of bringing it about by any means whatever. From this moment desire of revenge only filled her mind; and in this temper meeting Jones at the play, an opportunity seemed to her to occur of effecting this purpose.

The reader must remember that he was acquainted by Mrs. Fitzpatrick, in the account she gave of her own story, with the fondness Mrs. Western had formerly shown for Mr. Fitzpatrick at Bath, from the disappointment of which Mrs. Fitzpatrick derived the great bitterness her aunt had expressed toward her. She had, therefore, no doubt but that the good lady would as easily listen to the addresses of Mr. Jones as she had before done to the other; for the superiority of charms was clearly on the side of Mr. Jones; and the advance which her aunt had since made in age, she concluded (how justly I will not say), was an argument rather in favour of her project than against it.

Therefore, when Jones attended, after a previous declaration of her desire of serving him, arising, as she said, from a firm assurance how much she should by so doing oblige Sophia; and after some excuses for her former disappointment, and after acquainting Mr. Jones in whose custody his mistress was, of which she thought him ignorant; she very explicitly mentioned her scheme to him, and advised him to make sham addresses to the older lady, in order to procure an easy access to the younger, informing him at the same time of the success which Mr. Fitzpatrick had formerly owed to the very same stratagem.

Mr. Jones expressed great gratitude to the lady for the kind intentions towards him which she had expressed, and indeed testified, by the proposal; but, besides intimating some diffidence of success from the lady's knowledge of his love to her niece, which had not been her case in regard to Mr. Fitzpatrick, he said, he was afraid Miss Western would never agree to an imposition of this kind, as well from her utter detestation of all fallacy as from her avowed duty to her aunt.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick was a little nettled at this; and indeed, if it may not be called a lapse of the tongue, it was a small deviation from politeness in Jones, and into which he scarce would have fallen, had not the delight he felt in praising Sophia hurried him out of all reflections; for this commendation of one cousin was more than a tacit rebuke on the other.

"Indeed, sir," answered the lady, with some warmth, "I cannot think there is anything easier than to cheat an old woman with a profession of love, when her complexion is amorous; and, though she is my aunt, I must say there never was a more liquorish one than her ladyship. Can't you pretend that the despair of possessing her niece, from being promised to Blifil, has made you turn your thoughts towards her? As to my cousin Sophia, I can't imagine her to be such a simpleton as to have the least scruple on such an account, or to conceive any harm in punishing one of these hags for the many mis-

chiefs they bring upon families by their tragi-comic passions; for which I think it is pity they are not punishable by law. I had no such scruple myself; and yet I hope my cousin Sophia will not think it an affront when I say she cannot detest every real species of falsehood more than her cousin Fitzpatrick. To my aunt, indeed, I pretend no duty, nor doth she deserve any. However, sir, I have given you my advice; and if you decline pursuing it, I shall have the less opinion of your understanding,—that's all.

Jones now clearly saw the error he had committed, and exerted his utmost power to rectify it; but he only faltered and stuttered into nonsense and contradiction. To say the truth, it is often safer to abide by the consequences of the first blunder than to endeavour to rectify it; for by such endeavours we generally plunge deeper instead of extricating ourselves; and few persons will on such occasions have the good-nature which Mrs. Fitzpatrick displayed to Jones, by saying, with a smile, "You need attempt no more excuses; for I can easily forgive a real lover whatever is the effect of fondness for his mistress."

She then renewed her proposal, and very fervently recommended it, omitting no argument which her invention could suggest on the subject; for she was so violently incensed against her aunt, that scarce anything was capable of affording her equal pleasure with exposing her; and, like a true woman, she would see no difficulties in the execution of a favourite scheme.

Jones, however, persisted in declining the undertaking, which had not, indeed, the least probability of success. He easily perceived the motives which induced Mrs. Fitzpatrick to be so eager in pressing her advice. He said he would not deny the tender and passionate regard he had for Sophia; but was so conscious of the inequality of their situation, that he could never flatter himself so far as to hope that so divine a young lady would condescend to think on so unworthy a man; nay, he protested, he could scarce bring himself to wish she should. He concluded with a profession of generous sentiments, which we have not at present leisure to insert.

There are some fine women (for I dare not here speak in too general terms) with whom self is so predominant, that they never detach it from any subject; and, as vanity is with them a ruling principle, they are apt to lay hold of whatever praise they meet with; and, though the property of others, convey it to their own use. In the company of these ladies it is impossible to say anything handsome of another woman which they will not apply to themselves; nay, they often improve the praise they seize; as, for instance, if her beauty, her wit, her gentility, her good-humour deserve so much commendation, what do I deserve, who possess those qualities in so much more eminent a degree?

To these ladies a man often recommends himself while he is commending another woman; and, while he is expressing ardour and generous sentiments for his mistress, they are considering what a charming lover this man would make to them, who can feel all this tenderness for an inferior degree of merit. Of this, strange as it may seem, I have seen many instances besides Mrs. Fitzpatrick, to whom all this really happened, and who now began to feel a somewhat for Mr. Jones, the symptoms of which she much sooner understood than poor Sophia had formerly done.

To say the truth, perfect beauty in both sexes is a more irresistible object than it is generally thought; for, notwithstanding some of us are contented with

more homely lots, and learn by rote (as children are apt to repeat what gives them no idea) to despise outside, and to value more solid charms; yet I have always observed, at the approach of consummate beauty, that these more solid charms only shine with that kind of lustre which the stars have after the rising of the sun.

When Jones had finished his exclamations, many of which would have become the mouth of Oroon dates himself, Mrs. Fitzpatrick heaved a deep sigh, and, taking her eyes off from Jones, on whom they had been some time fixed, and dropping them on the ground, she cried, "Indeed, Mr. Jones, I pity you; but it is the curse of such tenderness to be thrown away on those who are insensible of it. I know my cousin better than you, Mr. Jones, and I must say, any woman who makes no return to such a passion, and such a person, is unworthy of both."

"Sure, madam," said Jones, "you can't mean ——" "Mean!" cries Mrs. Fitzpatrick, "I know not what I mean; there is something, I think, in true tenderness bewitching; few women ever meet with it in men, and fewer still know how to value it when they do. I never heard such truly noble sentiments, and I can't tell how it is, but you force one to believe you. Sure she must be the most contemptible of women who can overlook such merit."

The manner and look with which all this was spoke infused a suspicion into Jones which we don't care to convey in direct words to the reader. Instead of making any answer, he said, "I am afraid, madam, I have made too tiresome a visit;" and offered to take his leave.

"Not at all, sir," answered Mrs. Fitzpatrick. ——"Indeed I pity you, Mr. Jones; indeed I do: but if you are going, consider of the scheme I have mentioned—I am convinced you will approve it—and let me see you again as soon as you can.—Tomorrow morning if you will, or at least some time to-morrow. I shall be at home all day."

Jones, then, after many expressions of thanks, very respectfully retired; nor could Mrs. Fitzpatrick forbear making him a present of a look at parting, by which if he had understood nothing, he must have had no understanding in the language of the eyes. In reality, it confirmed his resolution of returning to her no more; for, faulty as he hath hitherto appeared in this history, his whole thoughts were now so confined to his Sophia, that I believe no woman upon earth could have now drawn him into an act of inconstancy.

Fortune, however, who was not his friend, resolved, as he intended to give her no second opportunity, to make the best of this; and accordingly produced the tragical incident which we are now in sorrowful notes to record.

CHAPTER X.

The consequence of the preceding visit.

MR. FITZPATRICK having received the letter before mentioned, from Mrs. Western, and being by that means acquainted with the place to which his wife was retired, returned directly to Bath, and thence the day after set forward to London.

The reader hath been already often informed of the jealous temper of this gentleman. He may likewise be pleased to remember the suspicion which he had conceived of Jones at Upton, upon his finding him in the room with Mrs. Waters; and, though sufficient reasons had afterwards appeared entirely to clear up that suspicion, yet now the reading so handsome a character of Mr. Jones from his wife,

caused him to reflect that she likewise was in the inn at the same time, and jumbled together such a confusion of circumstances in a head which was naturally none of the clearest, that the whole produced that green-eyed monster mentioned by Shakspeare in his tragedy of Othello.

And now, as he was inquiring in the street after his wife, and had just received directions to the door, unfortunately Mr. Jones was issuing from it.

Fitzpatrick did not yet recollect the face of Jones; however, seeing a young well-dressed fellow coming from his wife, he made directly up to him, and asked him what he had been doing in that house? "for I am sure," said he, "you must have been in it, as I saw you come out of it."

Jones answered very modestly, "That he had been visiting a lady there." To which Fitzpatrick replied, "What business have you with the lady?" Upon which Jones, who now perfectly remembered the voice, features, and indeed coat, of the gentleman, cried out—"Ha, my good friend! give me your hand; I hope there is no ill blood remaining between us, upon a small mistake which happened so long ago."

"Upon my soul, sir," said Fitzpatrick, "I don't know your name nor your face." "Indeed, sir," said Jones, "neither have I the pleasure of knowing your name, but your face I very well remember to have seen before at Upton, where a foolish quarrel happened between us, which, if it is not made up yet, we will now make up over a bottle."

"At Upton!" cries the other;—"Ha! upon my soul, I believe your name is Jones?" "Indeed," answered he, "it is."—"O! upon my soul," cries Fitzpatrick, "you are the very man I wanted to meet.—Upon my soul I will drink a bottle with you presently; but first I will give you a great knock over the pate. There is for you, you rascal. Upon my soul, if you do not give me satisfaction for that blow, I will give you another." And then, drawing his sword, put himself in a posture of defence, which was the only science he understood.

Jones was a little staggered by the blow, which came somewhat unexpectedly; but presently recovering himself he also drew, and though he understood nothing of fencing, pressed on so boldly upon Fitzpatrick, that he beat down his guard, and sheathed one half of his sword in the body of the said gentleman, who had no sooner received it than he stepped backwards, dropped the point of his sword, and leaning upon it, cried, "I have satisfaction enough: I am a dead man."

"I hope not," cries Jones, "but whatever be the consequence, you must be sensible you have drawn it upon yourself." At this instant a number of fellows rushed in and seized Jones, who told them he should make no resistance, and begged some of them at least would take care of the wounded gentleman.

"Ay," cries one of the fellows, "the wounded gentleman will be taken care enough of; for I suppose he hath not many hours to live. As for you, sir, you have a month at least good yet." "D—n me, Jack," said another, "he hath prevented his voyage; he's bound to another port now;" and many other such jests was our poor Jones made the subject of by these fellows, who were indeed the gang employed by Lord Fellamar, and had dogged him into the house of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, waiting for him at the corner of the street when this unfortunate accident happened.

The officer who commanded this gang very wisely concluded that his business was now to deliver his prisoner into the hands of the civil magistrate. He ordered him, therefore, to be carried to a public-

house, where, having sent for a constable, he delivered him to his custody.

The constable, seeing Mr. Jones very well dressed, and hearing that the accident had happened in a duel, treated his prisoner with great civility, and, at his request, despatched a messenger to inquire after the wounded gentleman, who was now at a tavern under the surgeon's hands. The report brought back was, that the wound was certainly mortal, and there were no hopes of life. Upon which the constable informed Jones that he must go before a justice. He answered, "Wherever you please; I am indifferent as to what happens to me; for though I am convinced I am not guilty of murder in the eye of the law, yet the weight of blood I find intolerable upon my mind."

Jones was now conducted before the justice, where the surgeon who dressed Mr. Fitzpatrick appeared, and deposed that he believed the wound to be mortal; upon which the prisoner was committed to the Gatehouse. It was very late at night, so that Jones would not send for Partridge till the next morning; and, as he never shut his eyes till seven, so it was near twelve before the poor fellow, who was greatly frightened at not hearing from his master so long, received a message which almost deprived him of his being when he heard it.

He went to the Gatehouse with trembling knees and a beating heart, and was no sooner arrived in the presence of Jones than he lamented the misfortune that had befallen him with many tears, looking all the while frequently about him in great terror; for as the news now arrived that Mr. Fitzpatrick was dead, the poor fellow apprehended every minute that his ghost would enter the room. At last he delivered him a letter, which he had like to have forgot, and which came from Sophia by the hands of Black George.

Jones presently despatched every one out of the room, and, having eagerly broke open the letter, read as follows:—

"You owe the hearing from me again to an accident, which I own surprises me. My aunt hath just now shown me a letter from you to lady Bellaston, which contains a proposal of marriage. I am convinced it is in your own hand; and what more surprises me is, that it is dated at the very time when you would have me imagine you was under such concern on my account.—I leave you to comment on this fact. All I desire is, that your name may never more be mentioned to
"S. W."

Of the present situation of Mr. Jones's mind, and of the pangs with which he was now tormented, we cannot give the reader a better idea than by saying, his misery was such that even Thwackum would almost have pitied him. But, bad as it is, we shall at present leave him in it, as his good genius (if he really had any) seems to have done. And here we put an end to the sixteenth book of our history.

BOOK XVII.

CONTAINING THREE DAYS.

CHAPTER I.

Containing a portion of introductory writing.

WHEN a comic writer hath made his principal characters as happy as he can, or when a tragic writer hath brought them to the highest pitch of human misery, they both conclude their business to be done, and that their work is come to a period.

Had we been of the tragic complexion, the reader must now allow we were nearly arrived at this period, since it would be difficult for the devil, or any of his

representatives on earth, to have contrived much greater torments for poor Jones than those in which we left him in the last chapter; and as for Sophia, a good-natured woman would hardly wish more uneasiness to a rival than what she must at present be supposed to feel. What then remains to complete the tragedy but a murder or two and a few moral sentences?

But to bring our favourites out of their present anguish and distress, and to land them at last on the shore of happiness, seems a much harder task; a task indeed so hard that we do not undertake to execute it. In regard to Sophia, it is more than probable that we shall somewhere or other provide a good husband for her in the end—either Blifil, or my lord, or somebody else; but as to poor Jones, such are the calamities in which he is at present involved, owing to his imprudence, by which if a man doth not become felon to the world, he is at least a *felo de se*; so destitute is he now of friends, and so persecuted by enemies, that we almost despair of bringing him to any good; and if our reader delights in seeing executions, I think he ought not to lose any time in taking a first row at Tyburn.

This I faithfully promise, that, notwithstanding any affection which we may be supposed to have for this rogue, whom we have unfortunately made our hero, we will lend him none of that supernatural assistance with which we are entrusted, upon condition that we use it only on very important occasions. If he doth not therefore find some natural means of fairly extricating himself from all his distresses, we will do no violence to the truth and dignity of history for his sake; for we had rather relate that he was hanged at Tyburn (which may very probably be the case) than forfeit our integrity, or shock the faith of our reader.

In this the ancients had a great advantage over the moderns. Their mythology, which was at that time more firmly believed by the vulgar than any religion is at present, gave them always an opportunity of delivering a favourite hero. Their deities were always ready at the writer's elbow, to execute any of his purposes; and the more extraordinary the invention was, the greater was the surprise and delight of the credulous reader. Those writers could with greater ease have conveyed a hero from one country to another, nay from one world to another, and have brought him back again, than a poor circumscribed modern can deliver him from a jail.

The Arabians and Persians had an equal advantage in writing their tales from the genii and fairies, which they believe in as an article of their faith, upon the authority of the Koran itself. But we have none of these helps. To natural means alone we are confined; let us try therefore what, by these means, may be done for poor Jones; though, to confess the truth, something whispers me in the ear that he doth not yet know the worst of his fortune; and that a more shocking piece of news than any he hath yet heard remains for him in the unopened leaves of fate.

CHAPTER II.

The generous and grateful behaviour of Mrs. Miller.

MR. ALLWORTHY and Mrs. Miller were just sat down to breakfast, when Blifil, who had gone out very early that morning, returned to make one of the company.

He had not been long seated before he began as follows: "Good Lord! my dear uncle, what do you think hath happened? I vow I am afraid of telling it you, for fear of shocking you with the re-

membrance of ever having shown any kindness to such a villain." "What is the matter, child?" said the uncle. "I fear I have shown kindness in my life to the unworthy more than once. But charity doth not adopt the vices of its objects." "O, sir!" returned Blifil, "it is not without the secret direction of Providence that you mention the word adoption. Your adopted son, sir, that Jones, that wretch whom you nourished in your bosom, hath proved one of the greatest villains upon earth." "By all that's sacred 'tis false," cries Mrs. Miller. "Mr. Jones is no villain. He is one of the worthiest creatures breathing; and if any other person had called him villain, I would have thrown all this boiling water in his face." Mr. Allworthy looked very much amazed at this behaviour. But she did not give him leave to speak, before, turning to him, she cried, "I hope you will not be angry with me; I would not offend you, sir, for the world; but, indeed, I could not bear to hear him called so." "I must own, madam," said Allworthy, very gravely, "I am a little surprised to hear you so warmly defend a fellow you do not know." "O! I do know him, Mr. Allworthy," said she, "indeed I do; I should be the most ungrateful of all wretches if I denied it. O! he hath preserved me and my little family; we have all reason to bless him while we live.—And I pray Heaven to bless him, and turn the hearts of his malicious enemies. I know, I find, I see, he hath such." "You surprise me, madam, still more," said Allworthy; sure you must mean some other. It is impossible you should have any such obligations to the man my nephew mentions." "Too surely," answered she, "I have obligations to him of the greatest and tenderest kind. He hath been the preserver of me and mine. Believe me, sir, he hath been abused, grossly abused to you; I know he hath, or you, whom I know to be all goodness and honour, would not, after the many kind and tender things I have heard you say of this poor helpless child, have so disdainfully called him fellow. Indeed, my best of friends, he deserves a kinder appellation from you, had you heard the good, the kind, the grateful things which I have heard him utter of you. He never mentions your name but with a sort of adoration. In this very room I have seen him on his knees, imploring all the blessings of heaven upon your head. I do not love that child there better than he loves you."

"I see, sir, now," said Blifil, with one of those grinning sneers with which the devil marks his best beloved, "Mrs. Miller really doth know him. I suppose you will find she is not the only one of your acquaintance to whom he hath exposed you. As for my character, I perceive, by some hints she hath thrown out, he hath been very free with it, but I forgive him." "And the Lord forgive you, sir!" said Mrs. Miller; "we have all sins enough to stand in need of his forgiveness."

"Upon my word, Mrs. Miller," said Allworthy, "I do not take this behaviour of yours to my nephew kindly; and I do assure you, as any reflections which you cast upon him must come only from that wickedest of men, they would only serve, if that were possible, to heighten my resentment against him: for I must tell you, Mrs. Miller, the young man who now stands before you hath ever been the warmest advocate for the ungrateful wretch whose cause you espouse. This, I think, when you hear it from my own mouth, will make you wonder at so much baseness and ingratitude."

"You are deceived, sir," answered Mrs. Miller; "if they were the last words which were to issue from my lips, I would say you were deceived; and I

once more repeat it, the Lord forgive those who have deceived you! I do not pretend to say the young man was without faults; but they are all the faults of wildness and of youth; faults which he may, nay, which I am certain he will, relinquish, and, if he should not, they are vastly overbalanced by one of the most humane, tender, honest hearts that ever man was blest with."

"Indeed, Mrs. Miller," said Allworthy, "had this been related of you, I should not have believed it." "Indeed, sir," answered she, "you will believe everything I have said, I am sure you will; and when you have heard the story which I shall tell you (for I will tell you all), you will be so far from being offended, that you will own (I know your justice so well) that I must have been the most despicable and most ungrateful of wretches if I had acted any other part than I have."

"Well, madam," said Allworthy, "I shall be very glad to hear any good excuse for a behaviour which, I must confess, I think wants an excuse. And now, madam, will you be pleased to let my nephew proceed in his story without interruption. He would not have introduced a matter of slight consequence with such a preface. Perhaps even this story will cure you of your mistake."

Mrs. Miller gave tokens of submission, and then Mr. Blifil began thus: "I am sure, sir, if you don't think proper to resent the ill-usage of Mrs. Miller, I shall easily forgive what affects me only. I think your goodness hath not deserved this indignity at her hands." "Well, child," said Allworthy, "but what is this new instance? What hath he done of late?" "What!" cries Blifil, "notwithstanding all Mrs. Miller hath said, I am very sorry to relate, and what you should never have heard from me, had it not been a matter impossible to conceal from the whole world. In short he hath killed a man; I will not say murdered,—for perhaps it may not be so construed in law, and I hope the best for his sake."

Allworthy looked shocked, and blessed himself; and then, turning to Mrs. Miller, he cried, "Well, madam, what say you know?"

"Why, I say, sir," answered she, "that I never was more concerned at anything in my life; but, if the fact be true, I am convinced the man, whoever he is, was in fault. Heaven knows there are many villains in this town who make it their business to provoke young gentlemen. Nothing but the greatest provocation could have tempted him; for of all the gentlemen I ever had in my house, I never saw one so gentle or so sweet tempered. He was beloved by every one in the house, and every one who came near it."

While she was thus running on, a violent knocking at the door interrupted their conversation, and prevented her from proceeding further, or from receiving any answer; for, as she concluded this was a visitor to Mr. Allworthy, she hastily retired, taking with her her little girl, whose eyes were all over blubbered at the melancholy news she heard of Jones, who used to call her his little wife, and not only gave her many playthings, but spent whole hours in playing with her himself.

Some readers may, perhaps, be pleased with these minute circumstances, in relating of which we follow the example of Plutarch, one of the best of our brother historians; and others, to whom they may appear trivial, will, we hope, at least pardon them, as we are never prolix on such occasions.

CHAPTER III.

The arrival of Mr. Western, with some matters concerning the paternal authority.

MRS. MILLER had not long left the room when Mr. Western entered; but not before a small wrangling bout had passed between him and his chairmen; for the fellows, who had taken up their burden at the Hercules Pillars, had conceived no hopes of having any future good customer in the squire; and they were moreover farther encouraged by his generosity (for he had given them of his own accord sixpence more than their fare); they therefore very boldly demanded another shilling, which so provoked the squire, that he not only bestowed many hearty curses on them at the door, but retained his anger after he came into the room; swearing that all the Londoners were like the court, and thought of nothing but plundering country gentlemen. "D—n me," says he, "if I won't walk in the rain rather than get into one of their hand-barrows again. They have jolted me more in a mile than Brown Bess would in a long fox-chase."

When his wrath on this occasion was a little appeased, he resumed the same passionate tone on another. "There," says he, "there is fine business forwards now. The hounds have changed at last; and when we imagined we had a fox to deal with, od-rat it, it turns out to be a badger at last!"

"Pray, my good neighbour," said Allworthy, "drop your metaphors, and speak a little plainer." "Why, then," says the squire, "to tell you plainly, we have been all this time afraid of a son of a whore of a bastard of somebody's, I don't know whose, not I. And now here's a confounded son of a whore of a lord, who may be a bastard too for what I know or care, for he shall never have a daughter of mine by my consent. They have beggared the nation, but they shall never beggar me. My land shall never be sent over to Hanover."

"You surprise me much, my good friend," said Allworthy. "Why, zounds! I am surprised myself," answered the squire. "I went to see sister Western last night, according to her own appointment, and there I was had into a whole room full of women. There was my lady cousin Bellaston, and my lady Betty, and my lady Catharine, and my lady I don't know who; d—n me, if ever you catch me among such a kennel of hoop-petticoat b—s! D—n me, I rather be run by my own dogs, as one Acton was, that the story-book says was turned into a hare, and his own dogs killed un and eat un. Od-rabbit it, no mortal was ever run in such a manner; if I dogged one way, one had me; if I offered to clap back, another snapped me. 'O! certainly one of the greatest matches in England,' says one cousin (here he attempted to mimic them); 'A very advantageous offer indeed,' cries another cousin (for you must know they be all my cousins, tho' I never zeed half o' um before). 'Surely,' says that fat a—se b—, my lady Bellaston, 'cousin, you must be out of your wits to think of refusing such an offer.'"

"Now I begin to understand," says Allworthy; "some person hath made proposals to Miss Western, which the ladies of the family approve, but is not to your liking."

"My liking!" said Western, "how the devil should it?" I tell you it is a lord, and those are always folks whom you know I always resolved to have nothing to do with. Did unt I refuse a matter of vorty years' purchase now for a bit of land, which one o' um had a mind to put into a park, only because I would have no dealings with lords, and dost think I would marry my daughter zu? Besides,

ben't I engaged to you, and did I ever go off any bargain when I had promised?"

"As to that point, neighbour," said Allworthy, "I entirely release you from any engagement. No contract can be binding between parties who have not a full power to make it at the time, nor ever afterwards acquire the power of fulfilling it."

"Slud! then," answered Western, "I tell you I have power, and I will fulfil it. Come along with me directly to Doctors' Commons, I will get a licence; and I will go to sister and take away the wench by force, and she shall ha un, or I will lock her up, and keep her upon bread and water as long as she lives."

"Mr. Western," said Allworthy, "shall I beg you will hear my full sentiments on this matter?"—"Hear thee; ay, to be sure I will," answered he. "Why, then, sir," cries Allworthy, "I can truly say, without a compliment either to you or the young lady, that when this match was proposed, I embraced it very readily and heartily, from my regard to you both. An alliance between two families so nearly neighbours, and between whom there had always existed so mutual an intercourse and good harmony, I thought a most desirable event; and with regard to the young lady, not only the concurrent opinion of all who knew her, but my own observation assured me that she would be an inestimable treasure to a good husband. I shall say nothing of her personal qualifications, which certainly are admirable; her good nature, her charitable disposition, her modesty, are too well known to need any panegyric: but she hath one quality which existed in a high degree in that best of women, who is now one of the first of angels, which, as it is not of a glaring kind, more commonly escapes observation; so little indeed is it remarked, that I want a word to express it. I must use negatives on this occasion. I never heard anything of pertness, or what is called repartee out of her mouth; no pretence to wit, much less to that kind of wisdom which is the result only of great learning and experience; the affectation of which, in a young woman, is as absurd as any of the affectations of an ape. No dictatorial sentiments, no judicial opinions, no profound criticism. Whenever I have seen her in the company of men, she hath been all attention, with the modesty of a learner, not the forwardness of a teacher. You'll pardon me for it, but I once, to try her only, desired her opinion on a point which was controverted between Mr. Thwackum and Mr. Square. To which she answered, with much sweetness, 'You will pardon me, good Mr. Allworthy, I am sure you cannot in earnest think me capable of deciding any point in which two such gentlemen disagree.' Thwackum and Square, who both alike thought themselves sure of a favourable decision, seconded my request. She answered with the same good humour, 'I must absolutely be excused: for I will affront neither so much as to give my judgment on his side.' Indeed, she always showed the highest deference to the understandings of men; a quality absolutely essential to the making a good wife. I shall only add, that as she is most apparently void of all affectation, this deference must be certainly real."

Here Blifil sighed bitterly; upon which Western, whose eyes were full of tears at the praise of Sophia, blubbered out, "Don't be chicken-hearted, for shat ha her, d—n me, shat ha her, if she was twenty times as good."

"Remember your promise, sir," cried Allworthy, "I was not to be interrupted." "Well, shat unt," answered the squire; "I won't speak another word."

"Now, my good friend," continued Allworthy, "I have dwelt so long on the merit of this young

lady, partly as I really am in love with her character, and partly that fortune (for the match in that light is really advantageous on my nephew's side) might not be imagined to be my principal view in having so eagerly embraced the proposal. Indeed, I heartily wished to receive so great a jewel into my family; but though I may wish for many good things, I would not, therefore, steal them, or be guilty of any violence or injustice to possess myself of them. Now to force a woman into a marriage contrary to her consent or approbation, is an act of such injustice and oppression, that I wish the laws of our country could restrain it; but a good conscience is never lawless in the worst regulated state, and will provide those laws for itself, which the neglect of legislators hath forgotten to supply. This is surely a case of that kind; for, is it not cruel, nay, impious, to force a woman into that state against her will; for her behaviour in which she is to be accountable to the highest and most dreadful court of judicature, and to answer at the peril of her soul? To discharge the matrimonial duties in an adequate manner is no easy task; and shall we lay this burthen upon a woman, while we at the same time deprive her of all that assistance which may enable her to undergo it? Shall we tear her very heart from her, while we enjoin her duties to which a whole heart is scarce equal? I must speak very plainly here. I think parents who act in this manner are accessories to all the guilt which their children afterwards incur, and of course must, before a just judge, expect to partake of their punishment; but if they could avoid this, good heaven! is there a soul who can bear the thought of having contributed to the damnation of his child?

"For these reasons, my best neighbour, as I see the inclinations of this young lady are most unhappily averse to my nephew, I must decline any further thoughts of the honour you intended him, though I assure you I shall always retain the most grateful sense of it."

"Well, sir," said Western (the froth bursting forth from his lips the moment they were uncorked), "you cannot say but I have heard you out, and now I expect you'll hear me; and if I don't answer every word on't, why then I'll consent to gee the matter up. First then, I desire you to answer me one question,—Did not I beget her? did not I beget her? answer me that. They say, indeed, it is a wise father that knows his own child; but I am sure I have the best title to her, for I bred her up. But I believe you will allow me to be her father, and if I be, am I not to govern my own child? I ask you that, am I not to govern my own child? and if I am to govern her in other matters, surely I am to govern her in this, which concerns her most. And what am I desiring all this while? Am I desiring her to do any thing for me? to give me anything?—Zu much on t'other side, that I am only desiring her to take away half my estate now, and t'other half when I die. Well, and what is it all vor? Why is unt it to make her happy? It's enough to make one mad to hear volks talk; if I was going to marry myself, then she would ha reason to cry and to blubber; but, on the contrary, han't I offered to bind down my land in zuch a manner, that I could not marry if I would, zeeing as narro' woman upon earth would ha me. What the devil in hell can I do more? I contribute to her damnation!—Zounds! I'd zee all the world d—n'd bevore her little vinger should be hurt. Indeed, Mr. Allworthy, you must excuse me, but I am surprised to hear you talk in zuch a manner, and I must say, take it how you will, that I thought you had more sense."

Allworthy resented this reflection only with a smile; nor could he, if he would have endeavoured it, have conveyed into that smile any mixture of malice or contempt. His smiles at folly were indeed such as we may suppose the angels bestow on the absurdities of mankind.

Blifil now desired to be permitted to speak a few words. "As to using any violence on the young lady, I am sure I shall never consent to it. My conscience will not permit me to use violence on any one, much less on a lady for whom, however cruel she is to me, I shall always preserve the purest and sincerest affection; but yet I have read that women are seldom proof against perseverance. Why may I not hope then by such perseverance at last to gain those inclinations, in which for the future I shall, perhaps, have no rival? as for this lord, Mr. Western is so kind to prefer me to him; and sure, sir, you will not deny but that a parent hath at least a negative voice in these matters; nay, I have heard this very young lady herself say so more than once, and declare that she thought children inexcusable who married in direct opposition to the will of their parents. Besides, though the other ladies of the family seem to favour the pretensions of my lord, I do not find the lady herself is inclined to give him any countenance; alas! I am too well assured she is not; I am too sensible that wickedest of men remains uppermost in her heart."

"Ay, ay, so he does," cries Western.

"But surely," says Blifil, "when she hears of this murder which he hath committed, if the law should spare his life——"

"What 's that?" cries Western. "Murder! hath he committed a murder, and is there any hopes of seeing him hanged?—Tol de rol, tol lol de rol." Here he fell a singing and capering about the room.

"Child," says Allworthy, "this unhappy passion of yours distresses me beyond measure. I heartily pity you, and would do every fair thing to promote your success."

"I desire no more," cries Blifil; "I am convinced my dear uncle hath a better opinion of me than to think that I myself would accept of more."

"Lookee," says Allworthy, "you have my leave to write, to visit, if she will permit it,—but I insist on no thoughts of violence. I will have no confinement, nothing of that kind attempted."

"Well, well," cries the squire, "nothing of that kind shall be attempted; we will try a little longer what fair means will effect; and if this fellow be but hanged out of the way—Tol lol de rol! I never heard better news in my life—I warrant everything goes to my mind.—Do, prithee, dear Allworthy, come and dine with me at the Hercules Pillars: I have bespoke a shoulder of mutton roasted, and a sparerib of pork, and a fowl and egg-sauce. There will be nobody but ourselves, unless we have a mind to have the landlord; for I have sent parson Supple down to Basingstoke after my tobacco-box, which I left at an inn there, and I would not lose it for the world; for it is an old acquaintance of above twenty years' standing. I can tell you landlord is a vast comical bitch, you will like un hugely."

Mr. Allworthy at last agreed to this invitation, and soon after the squire went off, singing and capering at the hopes of seeing the speedy tragical end of poor Jones.

When he was gone, Mr. Allworthy resumed the aforesaid subject with much gravity. He told his nephew, "He wished with all his heart he would endeavour to conquer a passion, in which I cannot," says he, "flatter you with any hopes of succeeding. It is certainly a vulgar error, that aversion in a wo-

man may be conquered by perseverance. Indifference may, perhaps, sometimes yield to it; but the usual triumphs gained by perseverance in a lover are over caprice, prudence, affectation, and often an exorbitant degree of levity, which excites women not over-warm in their constitutions to indulge their vanity by prolonging the time of courtship, even when they are well enough pleased with the object, and resolve (if they ever resolve at all) to make him a very pitiful amends in the end. But a fixed dislike, as I am afraid this is, will rather gather strength than be conquered by time. Besides, my dear, I have another apprehension which you must excuse. I am afraid this passion which you have for this fine young creature hath her beautiful person too much for its object, and is unworthy of the name of that love which is the only foundation of matrimonial felicity. To admire, to like, and to long for the possession of a beautiful woman, without any regard to her sentiments towards us, is, I am afraid, too natural; but love, I believe, is the child of love only; at least, I am pretty confident that to love the creature who we are assured hates us is not in human nature. Examine your heart, therefore, thoroughly, my good boy, and if, upon examination, you have but the least suspicion of this kind, I am sure your own virtue and religion will impel you to drive so vicious a passion from your heart, and your good sense will soon enable you to do it without pain."

The reader may pretty well guess Blifil's answer; but, if he should be at a loss, we are not at present at leisure to satisfy him, as our history now hastens on to matters of higher importance, and we can no longer bear to be absent from Sophia.

CHAPTER IV.

An extraordinary scene between Sophia and her aunt.

THE lowing heifer and the bleating ewe, in herds and flocks, may ramble safe and unregarded through the pastures. These are, indeed, hereafter doomed to be the prey of man; yet many years are they suffered to enjoy their liberty undisturbed. But if a plump doe be discovered to have escaped from the forest, and to repose herself in some field or grove, the whole parish is presently alarmed, every man is ready to set his dogs after her; and, if she is preserved from the rest by the good squire, it is only that he may secure her for his own eating.

I have often considered a very fine young woman of fortune and fashion, when first found strayed from the pale of her nursery, to be in pretty much the same situation with this doe. The town is immediately in an uproar; she is hunted from park to play, from court to assembly, from assembly to her own chamber, and rarely escapes a single season from the jaws of some devourer or other; for, if her friends protect her from some, it is only to deliver her over to one of their own choosing, often more disagreeable to her than any of the rest; while whole herds or flocks of other women securely, and scarce regarded, traverse the park, the play, the opera, and the assembly; and though, for the most part at least, they are at last devoured, yet for a long time do they wanton in liberty, without disturbance or control.

Of all these paragons none ever tasted more of this persecution than poor Sophia. Her ill stars were not contented with all that she had suffered on account of Blifil, they now raised her another pursuer, who seemed likely to torment her no less than the other had done. For though her aunt was less vio-

lent, she was no less assiduous in teasing her, than her father had been before.

The servants were no sooner departed after dinner than Mrs. Western, who had opened the matter to Sophia, informed her, "That she expected his lordship that very afternoon, and intended to take the first opportunity of leaving her alone with him." "If you do, madam," answered Sophia, with some spirit, "I shall take the first opportunity of leaving him by himself." "How! madam!" cries the aunt; "is this the return you make me for my kindness in relieving you from your confinement at your father's?" "You know, madam," said Sophia, "the cause of that confinement was a refusal to comply with my father in accepting a man I detested; and will my dear aunt, who hath relieved me from that distress, involve me in another equally bad?" "And do you think then, madam," answered Mrs. Western, "that there is no difference between my lord Fellamar and Mr. Blifil?" "Very little, in my opinion," cries Sophia; "and, if I must be condemned to one, I would certainly have the merit of sacrificing myself to my father's pleasure." "Then my pleasure, I find," said the aunt, "hath very little weight with you; but that consideration shall not move me. I act from nobler motives. The view of aggrandising my family, of ennobling yourself, is what I proceed upon. Have you no sense of ambition? Are there no charms in the thoughts of having a coronet on your coach?" "None, upon my honour," said Sophia. "A pin-cushion upon my coach would please me just as well." "Never mention honour," cries the aunt. "It becomes not the mouth of such a wretch. I am sorry, niece, you force me to use these words, but I cannot bear your groveling temper; you have none of the blood of the Westerns in you. But, however mean and base your own ideas are, you shall bring no imputation on mine. I will never suffer the world to say of me that I encouraged you in refusing one of the best matches in England; a match which, besides its advantage in fortune, would do honour to almost any family, and hath, indeed, in title, the advantage of ours." "Surely," says Sophia, "I am born deficient, and have not the senses with which other people are blessed; there must be certainly some sense which can relish the delights of sound and show, which I have not; for surely mankind would not labour so much, nor sacrifice so much for the obtaining, nor would they be so elate and proud with possessing, what appeared to them, as it doth to me, the most insignificant of all trifles."

"No, no, miss," cries the aunt; you are born with as many senses as other people; but I assure you you are not born with a sufficient understanding to make a fool of me, or to expose my conduct to the world; so I declare thus to you, upon my word, and you know, I believe, how fixed my resolutions are, unless you agree to see his lordship this afternoon, I will, with my own hands, deliver you to-morrow morning to my brother, and will never henceforth interfere with you, nor see your face again." Sophia stood a few moments silent after this speech, which was uttered in a most angry and peremptory tone; and then, bursting into tears, she cried, "Do with me, madam, whatever you please; I am the most miserable undone wretch upon earth; if my dear aunt forsakes me where shall I look for a protector?" "My dear niece," cries she, "you will have a very good protector in his lordship; a protector whom nothing but a hankering after that vile fellow Jones can make you decline." "Indeed,

madam," said Sophia, "you wrong me. How can you imagine, after what you have shown me, if I had ever any such thoughts, that I should banish them for ever? If it will satisfy you, I will receive the sacrament upon it never to see his face again." "But, child, dear child," said the aunt, "be reasonable; can you invent a single objection?" "I have already, I think, told you a sufficient objection," answered Sophia. "What?" cries the aunt; "I remember none." "Sure, madam," said Sophia, "I told you he had used me in the rudest and vilest manner." "Indeed, child," answered she, "I never heard you, or did not understand you;—but what do you mean by this rude, vile manner?" "Indeed, madam," said Sophia, "I am almost ashamed to tell you. He caught me in his arms, pulled me down upon the settee, and thrust his hand into my bosom, and kissed it with such violence that I have the mark upon my left breast at this moment." "Indeed!" said Mrs. Western. "Yes, indeed, madam," answered Sophia; "my father luckily came in at that instant, or Heaven knows what rudeness he intended to have proceeded to." "I am astonished and confounded," cries the aunt. "No woman of the name of Western hath been ever treated so since we were a family. I would have torn the eyes of a prince out, if he had attempted such freedoms with me. It is impossible! sure, Sophia, you must invent this to raise my indignation against him." "I hope, madam," said Sophia, "you have too good an opinion of me to imagine me capable of telling an untruth. Upon my soul it is true." "I should have stabbed him to the heart, had I been present," returned the aunt. "Yet surely he could have no dishonourable design; it is impossible! he durst not: besides, his proposals show he had not; for they are not only honourable, but generous. I don't know; the age allows too great freedoms. A distant salute is all I would have allowed before the ceremony. I have had lovers formerly, not so long ago neither; several lovers, though I never would consent to marriage, and I never encouraged the least freedom. It is a foolish custom, and what I never would agree to. No man kissed more of me than my cheek. It is as much as one can bring oneself to give lips up to a husband; and, indeed, could I ever have been persuaded to marry, I believe I should not have soon been brought to endure so much." "You will pardon me, dear madam," said Sophia, "if I make one observation: you own you have had many lovers, and the world knows it, even if you should deny it. You refused them all, and, I am convinced, one coronet at least among them." "You say true, dear Sophy," answered she; "I had once the offer of a title." "Why, then," said Sophia, "will you not suffer me to refuse this once?" "It is true, child," said she, "I have refused the offer of a title; but it was not so good an offer; that is, not so very, very good an offer."—"Yes, madam," said Sophia; "but you have had very great proposals from men of vast fortunes. It was not the first, the second, nor the third advantageous match that offered itself." "I own it was not," said she. "Well, madam," continued Sophia, "and why may not I expect to have a second, perhaps, better than this? You are now but a young woman, and I am convinced would not promise to yield to the first lover of fortune, nay, or of title too. I am a very young woman, and sure I need not despair." "Well, my dear, dear Sophy," cries the aunt, "what would you have me say?" "Why, I only beg that I may not be left alone, at least this evening; grant me that, and I will

submit, if you think, after what is past, I ought to see him in your company." "Well, I will grant it," cries the aunt. "Sophy, you know I love you, and can deny you nothing. You know the easiness of my nature; I have not always been so easy. I have been formerly thought cruel; by the men, I mean. I was called the cruel Parthenissa. I have broke many a window that has had verses to the cruel Parthenissa on it. Sophy, I was never so handsome as you, and yet I had something of you formerly. I am a little altered. Kingdoms and states, as Tully Cicero says in his epistles, undergo alterations, and so must the human form." Thus run she on for near half an hour upon her herself, and her conquests, and her cruelty, till the arrival of my lord, who, after a most tedious visit, during which Mrs. Western never once offered to leave the room, retired, not much more satisfied with the aunt than with the niece: for Sophia had brought her aunt into so excellent a temper, that she consented to almost everything her niece said; and agreed that a little distant behaviour might not be improper to so forward a lover.

Thus Sophia, by a little well-directed flattery, for which surely none will blame her, obtained a little ease for herself, and, at last, put off the evil day. And now we have seen our heroine in a better situation than she hath been for a long time before, we will look a little after Mr. Jones, whom we left in the most deplorable dilemma that can be well imagined.

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Miller and Mr. Nightingale visit Jones in the prison.

WHEN Mr. Allworthy and his nephew went to meet Mr. Western, Mrs. Miller set forwards to her son-in-law's lodgings, in order to acquaint him with the accident which had befallen his friend Jones; but he had known it long before from Partridge (for Jones, when he left Mrs. Miller, had been furnished with a room in the same house with Mr. Nightingale). The good woman found her daughter under great affliction on account of Mr. Jones, whom having comforted as well as she could, she set forwards to the Gatehouse, where she heard he was, and where Mr. Nightingale was arrived before her.

The firmness and constancy of a true friend is a circumstance so extremely delightful to persons in any kind of distress, that the distress itself, if it be only temporary, and admits of relief, is more than compensated by bringing this comfort with it. Nor are instances of this kind so rare as some superficial and inaccurate observers have reported. To say the truth, want of compassion is not to be numbered among our general faults. The black ingredient which fouls our disposition is envy. Hence our eye is seldom, I am afraid, turned upwards to those who are manifestly greater, better, wiser, or happier than ourselves, without some degree of malignity; while we commonly look downwards on the mean and miserable with sufficient benevolence and pity. In fact, I have remarked, that most of the defects which have discovered themselves in the friendships within my observation have arisen from envy only; a hellish vice; and yet one from which I have known very few absolutely exempt. But enough of a subject which, if pursued, would lead me too far.

Whether it was that Fortune was apprehensive lest Jones should sink under the weight of his adversity, and that she might thus lose any future opportunity of tormenting him, or whether she really abated somewhat of her severity towards him, she seemed a little to relax her persecution, by sending him the

company of two such faithful friends, and, what is perhaps more rare, a faithful servant. For Partridge, though he had many imperfections, wanted not fidelity; and though fear would not suffer him to be hanged for his master, yet the world, I believe, could not have bribed him to desert his cause.

While Jones was expressing great satisfaction in the presence of his friends, Partridge brought an account that Mr. Fitzpatrick was still alive, though the surgeon declared that he had very little hopes. Upon which, Jones fetching a deep sigh, Nightingale said to him, "My dear Tom, why should you afflict yourself so upon an accident, which, whatever be the consequence, can be attended with no danger to you, and in which your conscience cannot accuse you of having been the least to blame? If the fellow should die, what have you done more than taken away the life of a ruffian in your own defence? So will the coroner's inquest certainly find it; and then you will be easily admitted to bail; and, though you must undergo the form of a trial, yet it is a trial which many men would stand for you for a shilling." "Come, come, Mr. Jones," says Mrs. Miller, "cheer yourself up. I knew you could not be the aggressor, and so I told Mr. Allworthy, and so he shall acknowledge too, before I have done with him."

Jones gravely answered, "That whatever might be his fate, he should always lament the having shed the blood of one of his fellow-creatures, as one of the highest misfortunes which could have befallen him. But I have another misfortune of the tenderest kind. —O! Mrs. Miller, I have lost what I held most dear upon earth." "That must be a mistress," said Mrs. Miller; "but come, come; I know more than you imagine" (for indeed Partridge had blabbed all); "and I have heard more than you know. Matters go better, I promise you, than you think; and I would not give Blifil sixpence for all the chance which he hath of the lady."

"Indeed, my dear friend, indeed," answered Jones, "you are an entire stranger to the cause of my grief. If you was acquainted with the story, you would allow my case admitted of no comfort. I apprehend no danger from Blifil. I have undone myself." "Don't despair," replied Mrs. Miller; "you know not what a woman can do; and if any thing be in my power, I promise you I will do it to serve you. It is my duty. My son, my dear Mr. Nightingale, who is so kind to tell me he hath obligations to you on the same account, knows it is my duty. Shall I go to the lady myself? I will say anything to her you would have me say."

"Thou best of women," cries Jones, taking her by the hand, "talk not of obligations to me; —but as you have been so kind to mention it, there is a favour which, perhaps, may be in your power. I see you are acquainted with the lady (how you came by your information I know not), who sits, indeed, very near my heart. If you could contrive to deliver this (giving her a paper from his pocket), I shall for ever acknowledge your goodness."

"Give it me," said Mrs. Miller. "If I see it not in her own possession before I sleep, may my next sleep be my last! Comfort yourself, my good young man! be wise enough to take warning from past follies, and I warrant all shall be well, and I shall yet see you happy with the most charming young lady in the world; for I so hear from every one she is."

"Believe me, madam," said he, "I do not speak the common cant of one in my unhappy situation. Before this dreadful accident happened, I had resolved to quit a life of which I was become sensible of the wickedness as well as folly. I do assure you,

notwithstanding the disturbances I have unfortunately occasioned in your house, for which I heartily ask your pardon, I am not an abandoned profligate. Though I have been hurried into vices, I do not approve a vicious character, nor will I ever, from this moment, deserve it."

Mrs. Miller expressed great satisfaction in these declarations, in the sincerity of which she averred she had an entire faith; and now the remainder of the conversation passed in the joint attempts of that good woman and Mr. Nightingale to cheer the dejected spirits of Mr. Jones, in which they so far succeeded as to leave him much better comforted and satisfied than they found him; to which happy alteration nothing so much contributed as the kind undertaking of Mrs. Miller to deliver his letter to Sophia, which he despaired of finding any means to accomplish; for when Black George produced the last from Sophia, he informed Partridge that she had strictly charged him, on pain of having it communicated to her father, not to bring her any answer. He was, moreover, not a little pleased to find he had so warm an advocate to Mr. Allworthy himself in this good woman, who was, in reality, one of the worthiest creatures in the world.

After about an hour's visit from the lady (for Nightingale had been with him much longer), they both took their leave, promising to return to him soon; during which Mrs. Miller said she hoped to bring him some good news from his mistress, and Mr. Nightingale promised to inquire into the state of Mr. Fitzpatrick's wound, and likewise to find out some of the persons who were present at the rencounter.

The former of these went directly in quest of Sophia, whither we likewise shall now attend her.

CHAPTER VI.

In which Mrs. Miller pays a visit to Sophia.

ACCESS to the young lady was by no means difficult; for, as she lived now on a perfect friendly footing with her aunt, she was at full liberty to receive what visitants she pleased.

Sophia was dressing when she was acquainted that there was a gentlewoman below to wait on her. As she was neither afraid, nor ashamed, to see any of her own sex Mrs. Miller was immediately admitted.

Curtsies and the usual ceremonials between women who are strangers to each other, being past, Sophia said, "I have not the pleasure to know you, madam." "No, madam," answered Mrs. Miller, "and I must beg pardon for intruding upon you. But when you know what has induced me to give you this trouble, I hope—" "Pray, what is your business, madam?" said Sophia, with a little emotion. "Madam, we are not alone," replied Mrs. Miller, in a low voice. "Go out, Betty," said Sophia.

When Betty was departed, Mrs. Miller said, "I was desired, madam, by a very unhappy young gentleman, to deliver you this letter." Sophia changed colour when she saw the direction, well knowing the hand, and after some hesitation, said,—"I could not conceive, madam, from your appearance, that your business had been of such a nature.—Whomever you brought this letter from, I shall not open it. I should be sorry to entertain an unjust suspicion of any one; but you are an utter stranger to me."

"If you will have patience, madam," answered Mrs. Miller, "I will acquaint you who I am, and how I came by that letter." "I have no curiosity,

madam, to know anything," cries Sophia; "but I must insist on your delivering that letter back to the person who gave it you."

Mrs. Miller then fell upon her knees, and in the most passionate terms implored her compassion; to which Sophia answered: "Sure madam, it is surprising you should be so very strongly interested in the behalf of this person. I would not think, madam,"—"No, madam," says Mrs. Miller, "you shall not think anything but the truth. I will tell you all, and you will not wonder that I am interested. He is the best-natured creature that ever was born."—She then began and related the story of Mr. Henderson.—After this she cried, "This madam, this is his goodness; but I have much more tender obligations to him. He hath preserved my child."—Here, after shedding some tears, she related everything concerning that fact, suppressing only those circumstances which would have most reflected on her daughter, and concluded with saying, "Now, madam, you shall judge whether I can ever do enough for so kind, so good, so generous a young man; and sure he is the best and worthiest of all human beings."

The alterations in the countenance of Sophia had hitherto been chiefly to her disadvantage, and had inclined her complexion to too great paleness; but she now waxed redder, if possible, than vermillion, and cried, "I know not what to say; certainly what arises from gratitude cannot be blamed.—But what service can my reading this letter do your friend, since I resolved never—" Mrs. Miller fell again to her entreaties, and begged to be forgiven, but she could not, she said, carry it back. "Well, madam," says Sophia, "I cannot help it, if you will force it upon me.—Certainly you may leave it whether I will or no." What Sophia meant, or whether she meant any thing, I will not presume to determine; but Mrs. Miller actually understood this as a hint, and presently laying the letter down on the table, took her leave, having first begged permission to wait again on Sophia; which request had neither assent nor denial.

The letter lay upon the table no longer than till Mrs. Miller was out of sight; for then Sophia opened and read it.

This letter did very little service to his cause; for it consisted of little more than confessions of his own unworthiness, and bitter lamentations of despair, together with the most solemn protestations of his unalterable fidelity to Sophia, of which, he said, he hoped to convince her, if he had ever more the honour of being admitted to her presence; and that he could account for the letter to lady Bellaston in such a manner, that, though it would not entitle him to her forgiveness, he hoped at least to obtain it from her mercy. And concluded with vowing that nothing was ever less in his thoughts than to marry lady Bellaston.

Though Sophia read the letter twice over with great attention, his meaning still remained a riddle to her; nor could her invention suggest to her any means to excuse Jones. She certainly remained very angry with him, though indeed lady Bellaston took up so much of her resentment, that her gentle mind had but little left to bestow on any other person.

That lady was most unluckily to dine this very day with her aunt Western, and in the afternoon they were all three, by appointment, to go together to the opera, and thence to lady Thomas Hatchet's drum. Sophia would have gladly been excused from all, but she would not disoblige her aunt; and

as to the arts of counterfeiting illness, she was so entirely a stranger to them, that it never once entered into her head. When she was dressed, therefore, down she went, resolved to encounter all the horrors of the day, and a most disagreeable one it proved; for lady Bellaston took every opportunity very civilly and sily to insult her; to all which her dejection of spirits disabled her from making any return; and, indeed, to confess the truth, she was at the very best but an indifferent mistress of repartee.

Another misfortune which befel poor Sophia was the company of lord Fellamar, whom she met at the opera, and who attended her to the drum. And though both places were too public to admit of any particularities, and she was farther relieved by the music at the one place, and by the cards at the other, she could not, however, enjoy herself in his company; for there is something of delicacy in women, which will not suffer them to be even easy in the presence of a man whom they know to have pretensions to them which they are disinclined to favour.

Having in this chapter twice mentioned a drum, a word which our posterity, it is hoped, will not understand in the sense it is here applied, we shall, notwithstanding our present haste, stop a moment to describe the entertainment here meant, and the rather as we can in a moment describe it.

A drum, then, is an assembly of well-dressed persons of both sexes, most of whom play at cards, and the rest do nothing at all; while the mistress of the house performs the part of the landlady at an inn, and like the landlady of an inn prides herself in the number of her guests, though she doth not always, like her, get anything by it.

No wonder then, as so much spirits must be required to support any vivacity in these scenes of dulness, that we hear persons of fashion eternally complaining of the want of them; a complaint confined entirely to upper life. How insupportable must we imagine this round of impertinence to have been to Sophia at this time; how difficult must she have found it to force the appearance of gaiety into her looks, when her mind dictated nothing but the tenderest sorrow, and when every thought was charged with tormenting ideas!

Night, however, at last restored her to her pillow, where we will leave her to soothe her melancholy at least, though incapable we fear of rest, and shall pursue our history, which, something whispers us, is now arrived at the eve of some great event.

CHAPTER VII.

A pathetic scene between Mr. Allworthy and Mrs. Miller.

MRS. MILLER had a long discourse with Mr. Allworthy, at his return from dinner, in which she acquainted him with Jones's having unfortunately lost all which he was pleased to bestow on him at their separation; and with the distresses to which that loss had subjected him; of all which she had received a full account from the faithful retailer Partridge. She then explained the obligations she had to Jones; not that she was entirely explicit with regard to her daughter; for though she had the utmost confidence in Mr. Allworthy, and though there could be no hopes of keeping an affair secret which was unhappily known to more than half a dozen, yet she could not prevail with herself to mention those circumstances which reflected most on the chastity of poor Nancy, but smothered that part of her evidence as cautiously as if she had been before a judge, and the girl was now on her trial for the murder of a bastard.

Allworthy said, there were few characters so absolutely vicious as not to have the least mixture of good in them. "However," says he, "I cannot deny but that you have some obligations to the fellow, bad as he is, and I shall therefore excuse what hath passed already, but must insist you never mention his name to me more; for, I promise you, it was upon the fullest and plainest evidence that I resolved to take the measures I have taken." "Well, sir," says she, "I make not the least doubt but time will show all matters in their true and natural colours, and that you will be convinced this poor young man deserves better of you than some other folks that shall be nameless."

"Madam," cries Allworthy, a little ruffled, "I will not hear any reflections on my nephew; and if ever you say a word more of that kind, I will depart from your house that instant. He is the worthiest and best of men; and I once more repeat it to you, he hath carried his friendship to this man to a blamable length, by too long concealing facts of the blackest die. The ingratitude of the wretch to this good young man is what I must resent; for, madam, I have the greatest reason to imagine he had laid a plot to supplant my nephew in my favour, and to have disinherited him."

"I am sure, sir," answered Mrs. Miller, a little frightened (for, though Mr. Allworthy had the utmost sweetness and benevolence in his smiles, he had great terror in his frowns), "I shall never speak against any gentleman you are pleased to think well of. I am sure, sir, such behaviour would very little become me, especially when the gentleman is your nearest relation; but, sir, you must not be angry with me, you must not indeed, for my good wishes to this poor wretch. Sure I may call him so now, though once you would have been angry with me if I had spoke of him with the least disrespect. How often have I heard you call him your son? How often have you prattled to me of him with all the fondness of a parent? Nay, sir, I cannot forget the many tender expressions, the many good things you have told me of his beauty, and his parts, and his virtues; of his good-nature and generosity. I am sure, sir, I cannot forget them, for I find them all true. I have experienced them in my own cause. They have preserved my family. You must pardon my tears, sir, indeed you must. When I consider the cruel reverse of fortune which this poor youth, to whom I am so much obliged, hath suffered; when I consider the loss of your favour, which I know he valued more than his life, I must, I must lament him. If you had a dagger in your hand, ready to plunge into my heart, I must lament the misery of one whom you have loved, and I shall ever love."

Allworthy was pretty much moved with this speech, but it seemed not to be with anger; for, after a short silence, taking Mrs. Miller by the hand, he said very affectionately to her, "Come, madam, let us consider a little about your daughter. I cannot blame you for rejoicing in a match which promises to be advantageous to her, but you know this advantage, in a great measure, depends on the father's reconciliation. I know Mr. Nightingale very well, and have formerly had concerns with him; I will make him a visit, and endeavour to serve you in this matter. I believe he is a worldly man; but as this is an only son, and the thing is now irretrievable, perhaps he may in time be brought to reason. I promise you I will do all I can for you."

Many were the acknowledgments which the poor woman made to Allworthy for this kind and generous offer, nor could she refrain from taking this occasion again to express her gratitude towards

Jones, "to whom," said she, "I owe the opportunity of giving you, sir, this present trouble." Allworthy gently stopped her; but he was too good a man to be really offended with the effects of so noble a principle as now actuated Mrs. Miller; and indeed, had not this new affair inflamed his former anger against Jones, it is possible he might have been a little softened towards him, by the report of an action which malice itself could not have derived from an evil motive.

Mr. Allworthy and Mrs. Miller had been above an hour together, when their conversation was put an end to by the arrival of Blifil and another person, which other person was no less than Mr. Dowling, the attorney, who was now become a great favourite with Mr. Blifil, and whom Mr. Allworthy, at the desire of his nephew, had made his steward; and had likewise recommended him to Mr. Western, from whom the attorney received a promise of being promoted to the same office upon the first vacancy; and, in the mean time, was employed in transacting some affairs which the squire then had in London in relation to a mortgage.

This was the principal affair which then brought Mr. Dowling to town; therefore he took the same opportunity to charge himself with some money for Mr. Allworthy, and to make a report to him of some other business; in all which, as it was of much too dull a nature to find any place in this history, we will leave the uncle, nephew, and their lawyer concerned, and resort to other matters.

CHAPTER VIII.

Containing various matters.

BEFORE we return to Mr. Jones, we will take one more view of Sophia.

Though that young lady had brought her aunt into great good humour by those soothing methods which we have before related, she had not brought her in the least to abate of her zeal for the match with lord Fellamar. This zeal was now inflamed by lady Bellaston, who had told her the preceding evening, that she was well satisfied from the conduct of Sophia, and from her carriage to his lordship, that all delays would be dangerous, and that the only way to succeed was to press the match forward with such rapidity that the young lady should have no time to reflect, and be obliged to consent while she scarce knew what she did. in which manner, she said, one-half of the marriages among people of condition were brought about. A fact very probably true, and to which, I suppose, is owing the mutual tenderness which afterwards exists among so many happy couples.

A hint of the same kind was given by the same lady to lord Fellamar; and both these so readily embraced the advice that the very next day was, at his lordship's request, appointed by Mrs. Western for a private interview between the young parties. This was communicated to Sophia by her aunt, and insisted upon in such high terms, that, after having urged everything she possibly could invent against it without the least effect, she at last agreed to give the highest instance of complaisance which any young lady can give, and consented to see his lordship.

As conversations of this kind afford no great entertainment, we shall be excused from reciting the whole that passed at this interview; in which, after his lordship had made many declarations of the most pure and ardent passion to the silent blushing Sophia, she at last collected all the spirits she could raise, and with a trembling low voice said, "My

lord, you must be yourself conscious whether your former behaviour to me hath been consistent with the professions you now make." "Is there," answered he, "no way by which I can atone for madness? what I did I am afraid must have too plainly convinced you, that the violence of love had deprived me of my senses." "Indeed, my lord," said she, "it is in your power to give me proof of an affection which I much rather wish to encourage, and to which I should think myself more beholden." "Name it, madam," said my lord, very warmly. "My lord," says she, looking down upon her fan, "I know you must be sensible how uneasy this pretended passion of yours hath made me." "Can you be so cruel to call it pretended?" says he. "Yes, my lord," answered Sophia, "all professions of love to those whom we persecute are most insulting pretences. This pursuit of yours is to me a most cruel persecution: nay, it is taking a most ungenerous advantage of my unhappy situation." "Most lovely, most adorable charmer, do not accuse me," cries he, "of taking an ungenerous advantage, while I have no thoughts but what are directed to your honour and interest, and while I have no view, no hope, no ambition, but to throw myself, honour, fortune, everything at your feet." "My lord," says she, "it is that fortune and those honours which gave you the advantage of which I complain. These are the charms which have seduced my relations, but to me they are things indifferent. If your lordship will merit my gratitude, there is but one way." "Pardon me, divine creature," said he, "there can be none. All I can do for you is so much your due, and will give me so much pleasure, that there is no room for your gratitude." "Indeed, my lord," answered she, "you may obtain my gratitude, my good opinion, every kind thought and wish which it is in my power to bestow; nay, you may obtain them with ease, for sure to a generous mind it must be easy to grant my request. Let me beseech you, then, to cease a pursuit in which you can never have any success. For your own sake as well as mine I entreat this favour; for sure you are too noble to have any pleasure in tormenting an unhappy creature. What can your lordship propose but uneasiness to yourself, by a perseverance, which, upon my honour, upon my soul, cannot, shall not prevail with me, whatever distresses you may drive me to." Here my lord fetched a deep sigh, and then said—"Is it then, madam, that I am so unhappy to be the object of your dislike and scorn; or will you pardon me if I suspect there is some other? Here he hesitated, and Sophia answered with some spirit, "My lord, I shall not be accountable to you for the reasons of my conduct. I am obliged to your lordship for the generous offer you have made; I own it is beyond either my deserts or expectations; yet I hope, my lord, you will not insist on my reasons, when I declare I cannot accept it." Lord Fellamar returned much to this, which we do not perfectly understand, and perhaps it could not all be strictly reconciled either to sense or grammar; but he concluded his ranting speech with saying, "That if she had pre-engaged herself to any gentleman, however unhappy it would make him, he should think himself bound in honour to desist." Perhaps my lord laid too much emphasis on the word gentleman; for we cannot else well account for the indignation with which he inspired Sophia, who, in her answer, seemed greatly to resent some affront he had given her.

While she was speaking, with her voice more raised than usual, Mrs. Western came into the room, the fire glaring in her cheeks, and the flames burst-

ing from her eyes. "I am ashamed," says she, "my lord, of the reception which you have met with. I assure your lordship we are all sensible of the honour done us; and I must tell you, Miss Western, the family expects a different behaviour from you." Here my lord interfered on behalf of the young lady, but to no purpose; the aunt proceeded till Sophia pulled out her handkerchief, threw herself into a chair, and burst into a violent fit of tears.

The remainder of the conversation between Mrs. Western and his lordship, till the latter withdrew, consisted of bitter lamentations on his side, and on hers of the strongest assurances that her niece should and would consent to all he wished. Indeed, my lord," says she, "the girl hath had a foolish education, neither adapted to her fortune nor her family. Her father, I am sorry to say it, is to blame for everything. The girl hath silly country notions of bashfulness. Nothing else, my lord, upon my honour; I am convinced she hath a good understanding at the bottom, and will be brought to reason."

This last speech was made in the absence of Sophia; for she had some time before left the room, with more appearance of passion than she had ever shown on any occasion; and now his lordship, after many expressions of thanks to Mrs. Western, many ardent professions of passion which nothing could conquer, and many assurances of perseverance, which Mrs. Western highly encouraged, took his leave for this time.

Before we relate what now passed between Mrs. Western and Sophia, it may be proper to mention an unfortunate accident which had happened, and which had occasioned the return of Mrs. Western with so much fury, as we have seen.

The reader then must know that the maid who at present attended on Sophia was recommended by lady Bellaston, with whom she had lived for some time in the capacity of a comb-brush: she was a very sensible girl, and had received the strictest instructions to watch her young lady very carefully. These instructions, we are sorry to say, were communicated to her by Mrs. Honour, into whose favour lady Bellaston had now so ingratiated herself, that the violent affection which the good waiting-woman had formerly borne to Sophia was entirely obliterated by that great attachment which she had to her new mistress.

Now, when Mrs. Miller was departed, Betty (for that was the name of the girl), returning to her young lady, found her very attentively engaged in reading a long letter, and the visible emotions which she betrayed on that occasion might have well accounted for some suspicions which the girl entertained; but indeed they had yet a stronger foundation, for she had overheard the whole scene which passed between Sophia and Mrs. Miller.

Mrs. Western was acquainted with all this matter by Betty, who, after receiving many commendations and some rewards for her fidelity, was ordered, that, if the woman who brought the letter came again, she should introduce her to Mrs. Western herself.

Unluckily, Mrs. Miller returned at the very time when Sophia was engaged with his lordship. Betty, according to order, sent her directly to the aunt; who, being mistress of so many circumstances relating to what had passed the day before, easily imposed upon the poor woman to believe that Sophia had communicated the whole affair; and so pumped everything out of her which she knew relating to the letter and relating to Jones.

This poor creature might, indeed, be called simplicity itself. She was one of that order of mortals who are apt to believe everything which is said to them; to whom nature hath neither indulged the offensive nor defensive weapons of deceit, and who are consequently liable to be imposed upon by any one who will only be at the expense of a little falsehood for that purpose. Mrs. Western, having drained Mrs. Miller of all she knew, which, indeed, was but little, but which was sufficient to make the aunt suspect a great deal, dismissed her with assurances that Sophia would not see her, that she would send no answer to the letter, nor ever receive another; nor did she suffer her to depart without a handsome lecture on the merits of an office to which she could afford no better name than that of procuress.—This discovery had greatly discomposed her temper, when, coming into the apartment next to that in which the lovers were, she overheard Sophia very warmly protesting against his lordship's addresses. At which the rage already kindled burst forth, and she rushed in upon her niece in a most furious manner, as we have already described, together with what passed at that time till his lordship's departure.

No sooner was lord Fellamar gone than Mrs. Western returned to Sophia, whom she upbraided in the most bitter terms for the ill use she had made of the confidence reposed in her; and for her treachery in conversing with a man with whom she had offered but the day before to bind herself in the most solemn oath never more to have any conversation. Sophia protested she had maintained no such conversation. "How, how! Miss Western," said the aunt; "will you deny your receiving a letter from him yesterday?" "A letter, madam!" answered Sophia, somewhat surprised. "It is not very well bred, miss," replies the aunt, "to repeat my words. I say a letter, and I insist upon your showing it me immediately." "I scorn a lie, madam," said Sophia; "I did receive a letter, but it was without my desire, and, indeed, I may say, against my consent." "Indeed, indeed, miss," cries the aunt, "you ought to be ashamed of owning you had received it at all; but where is the letter? for I will see it."

To this preemptory demand, Sophia paused some time before she returned an answer; and at last only excused herself by declaring she had not the letter in her pocket, which was, indeed, true; upon which her aunt, losing all manner of patience, asked her niece this short question, whether she would resolve to marry lord Fellamar, or no? to which she received the strongest negative. Mrs. Western then replied with an oath, or something very like one, that she would early the next morning deliver her back into her father's hand.

Sophia then began to reason with her aunt in the following manner:—"Why, madam, must I of necessity be forced to marry at all? Consider how cruel you would have thought it in your own case, and how much kinder your parents were in leaving you to your liberty. What have I done to forfeit this liberty? I will never marry contrary to my father's consent, nor without asking yours.—And when I ask the consent of either improperly, it will be then time enough to force some other marriage upon me." "Can I bear to hear this," cries Mrs. Western, "from a girl who hath now a letter from a murderer in her pocket?" "I have no such letter, I promise you," answered Sophia; "and, if he be a murderer, he will soon be in no condition to give you any farther disturbance." "How, miss Western!" said the aunt, "have you the assurance to speak of him in this manner; to own your affection for such a villain to my face?" "Sure, ma-

dam," said Sophia, "you put a very strange construction on my words." "Indeed, Miss Western," cries the lady, "I shall not bear this usage; you have learnt of your father this manner of treating me; he hath taught you to give me the lie. He hath totally ruined you by his false system of education; and, please heaven, he shall have the comfort of its fruits; for once more I declare to you, that to-morrow morning I will carry you back. I will withdraw all my forces from the field, and remain henceforth, like the wise king of Prussia, in a state of perfect neutrality. You are both too wise to be regulated by my measures; so prepare yourself, for to-morrow morning you shall evacuate this house."

Sophia remonstrated all she could; but her aunt was deaf to all she said. In this resolution therefore we must at present leave her, as there seem to be no hopes of bringing her to change it.

CHAPTER IX.

What happened to Mr. Jones in the prison.

MR. JONES passed about twenty-four melancholy hours by himself, unless when relieved by the company of Partridge, before Mr. Nightingale returned; not that this worthy young man had deserted or forgot his friend; for, indeed, he had been much the greatest part of the time employed in his service.

He had heard, upon inquiry, that the only persons who had seen the beginning of the unfortunate rencounter were the crew belonging to a man-of-war which then lay at Deptford. To Deptford therefore he went in search of this crew, where he was informed that the men he sought after were all gone ashore. He then traced them from place to place, till at last he found two of them drinking together, with a third person, at a hedge-tavern near Aldersgate.

Nightingale desired to speak with Jones by himself (for Partridge was in the room when he came in). As soon as they were alone, Nightingale, taking Jones by the hand, cried, "Come, my brave friend, be not too much dejected at what I am going to tell you—I am sorry I am the messenger of bad news; but I think it my duty to tell you." "I guess already what that bad news is," cries Jones. "The poor gentleman then is dead."—"I hope not," answered Nightingale. "He was alive this morning; though I will not flatter you; I fear, from the accounts I could get, that his wound is mortal. But if the affair be exactly as you told it, your own remorse would be all you have to apprehend, let what would happen; but forgive me, my dear Tom, if I entreat you to make the worst of your story to your friends. If you disguise anything to us, you will only be an enemy to yourself."

"What reason, my dear Jack, have I ever given you," said Jones, "to stab me with so cruel a suspicion?" "Have patience," cries Nightingale, "and I will tell you all. After the most diligent inquiry I could make, I at last met with two of the fellows who were present at this unhappy accident, and I am sorry to say, they do not relate the story so much in your favour as you yourself have told it." "Why, what do they say?" cries Jones. "Indeed what I am sorry to repeat, as I am afraid of the consequence of it to you. They say that they were at too great a distance to overhear any words that passed between you; but they both agree that the first blow was given by you." "Then, upon my soul," answered Jones, "they injure me. He not only struck me first, but struck me without the least provocation. What should induce those vil-

lains to accuse me falsely?" "Nay, that I cannot guess," said Nightingale, "and if you yourself, and I, who am so heartily your friend, cannot conceive a reason why they should belie you, what reason will an indifferent court of justice be able to assign why they should not believe them? I repeated the question to them several times, and so did another gentleman who was present, who, I believe, is a seafaring man, and who really acted a very friendly part by you; for he begged them often to consider that there was the life of a man in the case; and asked them over and over, if they were certain; to which they both answered, that they were, and would abide by their evidence upon oath. For heaven's sake, my dear friend, recollect yourself; for, if this should appear to be the fact, it will be your business to think in time of making the best of your interest. I would not shock you; but you know, I believe the severity of the law, whatever verbal provocations may have been given you." "Alas! my friend," cries Jones, "what interest hath such a wretch as I? Besides, do you think I would even wish to live with the reputation of a murderer? If I had any friends (as, alas! I have none), could I have the confidence to solicit them to speak in the behalf of a man condemned for the blackest crime in human nature? Believe me, I have no such hope; but I have some reliance on a throne still greatly superior; which will, I am certain, afford me all the protection I merit."

He then concluded with many solemn and vehement protestations of the truth of what he had at first asserted.

The faith of Nightingale was now again staggered, and began to incline to credit his friend, when Mrs. Miller appeared, and made a sorrowful report of the success of her embassy; which when Jones had heard, he cried out most heroically, "Well, my friend, I am now indifferent as to what shall happen, at least with regard to my life; and if it be the will of Heaven that I shall make an atonement with that for the blood I have spilt, I hope the Divine Goodness will one day suffer my honour to be cleared, and that the words of a dying man, at least, will be believed, so far as to justify his character."

A very mournful scene now passed between the prisoner and his friends, at which, as few readers would have been pleased to be present, so few, I believe, will desire to hear it particularly related. We will, therefore, pass on to the entrance of the turnkey, who acquainted Jones that there was a lady without who desired to speak with him when he was at leisure.

Jones declared his surprise at this message. He said, "He knew no lady in the world whom he could possibly expect to see there." However, as he saw no reason to decline seeing any person, Mrs. Miller and Mr. Nightingale presently took their leave, and he gave orders to have the lady admitted.

If Jones was surprised at the news of a visit from a lady, how greatly was he astonished when he discovered this lady to be no other than Mrs. Waters! In this astonishment then we shall leave him a while, in order to cure the surprise of the reader, who will likewise, probably, not a little wonder at the arrival of this lady.

Who this Mrs. Waters was, the reader pretty well knows; what she was, he must be perfectly satisfied. He will therefore be pleased to remember that this lady departed from Upton in the same coach with Mr. Fitzpatrick and the other Irish gentleman, and in their company travelled to Bath.

Now there was a certain office in the gift of Mr.

Fitzpatrick at that time vacant, namely that of a wife; for the lady who had lately filled that office had resigned, or at least deserted her duty. Mr. Fitzpatrick therefore, having thoroughly examined Mrs. Waters on the road, found her extremely fit for the place, which, on their arrival at Bath, he presently conferred upon her, and she without any scruple accepted. As husband and wife this gentleman and lady continued together all the time they stayed at Bath, and as husband and wife they arrived together in town.

Whether Mr. Fitzpatrick was so wise a man as not to part with one good thing till he had secured another, which he had at present only a prospect of regaining; or whether Mrs. Waters had so well discharged her office, that he intended still to retain her as principal, and to make his wife (as is often the case) only her deputy, I will not say; but certain it is, he never mentioned his wife to her, never communicated to her the letter given him by Mrs. Western, nor ever once hinted his purpose of repossessing his wife; much less did he ever mention the name of Jones. For, though he intended to fight with him wherever he met him, he did not imitate those prudent persons who think a wife, a mother, a sister, or sometimes a whole family, the safest seconds on these occasions. The first account therefore which she had of all this was delivered to her from his lips, after he was brought home from the tavern where his wound had been dressed.

As Mr. Fitzpatrick, however, had not the clearest way of telling a story at any time, and was now, perhaps, a little more confused than usual, it was some time before she discovered that the gentleman who had given him this wound was the very same person from whom her heart had received a wound, which, though not of a mortal kind, was yet so deep that it had left a considerable scar behind it. But no sooner was she acquainted that Mr. Jones himself was the man who had been committed to the Gatehouse for this supposed murder, than she took the first opportunity of committing Mr. Fitzpatrick to the care of his nurse, and hastened away to visit the conqueror.

She now entered the room with an air of gaiety, which received an immediate check from the melancholy aspect of poor Jones, who started and blessed himself when he saw her. Upon which she said, "Nay, I do not wonder at your surprise; I believe you did not expect to see me; for few gentlemen are troubled here with visits from any lady, unless a wife. You see the power you have over me, Mr. Jones. Indeed, I little thought, when we parted at Upton, that our next meeting would have been in such a place." "Indeed, madam," says Jones, "I must look upon this visit as kind; few will follow the miserable, especially to such dismal habitations." "I protest, Mr. Jones," says she, "I can hardly persuade myself you are the same agreeable fellow I saw at Upton. Why, your face is more miserable than any dungeon in the universe. What can be the matter with you?" "I thought, madam," said Jones, "as you knew of my being here, you knew the unhappy reason." "Pugh!" says she, "you have pinked a man in a duel, that 's all." Jones expressed some indignation at this levity, and spoke with the utmost contrition for what had happened. To which she answered, "Well, then, sir, if you take it so much to heart, I will relieve you; the gentleman is not dead, and, I am pretty confident, is in no danger of dying. The surgeon, indeed, who first dressed him was a young fellow, and seemed desirous of representing his case to be as bad as possible, that he might have the more honour from curing him;

but the king's surgeon hath seen him since, and says, unless from a fever, of which there are at present no symptoms, he apprehends not the least danger of life." Jones showed great satisfaction in his countenance at this report; upon which she affirmed the truth of it, adding, "By the most extraordinary accident in the world I lodge at the same house; and have seen the gentleman, and I promise you he doth you justice, and says, whatever be the consequence, that he was entirely the aggressor, and that you was not in the least to blame."

Jones expressed the utmost satisfaction at the account which Mrs. Waters brought him. He then informed her of many things which she well knew before, as who Mr. Fitzpatrick was, the occasion of his resentment, &c. He likewise told her several facts of which she was ignorant, as the adventure of the muff, and other particulars, concealing only the name of Sophia. He then lamented the follies and vices of which he had been guilty; every one of which, he said, had been attended with such ill consequences, that he should be unpardonable if he did not take warning, and quit those vicious courses for the future. He lastly concluded with assuring her of his resolution to sin no more, lest a worse thing should happen to him.

Mrs. Waters with great pleasantry ridiculed all this, as the effects of low spirits and confinement. She repeated some witticisms about the devil when he was sick, and told him, "She doubted not but shortly to see him at liberty, and as lively a fellow as ever; and then," says she, "I don't question but your conscience will be safely delivered of all these qualms that it is now so sick in breeding."

Many more things of this kind she uttered, some of which it would do her no great honour, in the opinion of some readers, to remember; nor are we quite certain but that the answers made by Jones would be treated with ridicule by others. We shall therefore suppress the rest of this conversation, and only observe that it ended at last with perfect innocence, and much more to the satisfaction of Jones than of the lady; for the former was greatly transported with the news she had brought him; but the latter was not altogether so pleased with the penitential behaviour of a man whom she had, at her first interview, conceived a very different opinion of from what she now entertained of him.

Thus the melancholy occasioned by the report of Mr. Nightingale was pretty well effaced; but the dejection into which Mrs. Miller had thrown him still continued. The account she gave so well tallied with the words of Sophia herself in her letter, that he made not the least doubt but that she had disclosed his letter to her aunt, and had taken a fixed resolution to abandon him. The torments this thought gave him were to be equalled only by a piece of news which fortune had yet in store for him, and which we shall communicate in the second chapter of the ensuing book.

BOOK XVIII.

CONTAINING ABOUT SIX DAYS.

CHAPTER I.

A farewell to the reader.

WE are now, reader, arrived at the last stage of our long journey. As we have, therefore, travelled together through so many pages, let us behave to one another like fellow travellers in a stage coach, who have passed several days in the company of each other; and who, notwithstanding any bickerings or little animosities which may have occurred on the road, generally make all up at last, and mount, for

the last time, into their vehicle with cheerfulness and good humour; since after this one stage, it may possibly happen to us, as it commonly happens to them, never to meet more.

As I have here taken up this simile, give me leave to carry it a little farther. I intend, then, in this last book, to imitate the good company I have mentioned in their last journey. Now, it is well known that all jokes and raillery are at this time laid aside; whatever characters any of the passengers have for the jest-sake personated on the road are now thrown off, and the conversation is usually plain and serious.

In the same manner, if I have now and then, in the course of this work, indulged any pleasantry for thy entertainment, I shall here lay it down. The variety of matter, indeed, which I shall be obliged to cram into this book, will afford no room for any of those ludicrous observations which I have elsewhere made, and which may sometimes, perhaps, have prevented thee from taking a nap when it was beginning to steal upon thee. In this last book thou wilt find nothing (or at most very little) of that nature. All will be plain narrative only; and, indeed, when thou hast perused the many great events which this book will produce, thou wilt think the number of pages contained in it scarce sufficient to tell the story.

And now, my friend, I take this opportunity (as I shall have no other) of heartily wishing thee well. If I have been an entertaining companion to thee, I promise thee it is what I have desired. If in anything I have offended, it was really without any intention. Some things, perhaps, here said may have hit thee or thy friends; but I do most solemnly declare they were not pointed at thee or them. I question not but thou hast been told, among other stories of me, that thou wast to travel with a very scurrilous fellow; but whoever told thee so did me an injury. No man detests and despises scurrility more than myself; nor hath any man more reason; for none hath ever been treated with more; and what is a very severe fate, I have had some of the abusive writings of those very men fathered upon me, who, in other of their works, have abused me themselves with the utmost virulence.

All these works, however, I am well convinced, will be dead long before this page shall offer itself to thy perusal; for however short the period may be of my own performances, they will most probably outlive their own infirm author, and the weekly productions of his abusive cotemporaries.

CHAPTER II.

Containing a very tragical incident.

WHILE Jones was employed in those unpleasant meditations, with which we left him tormenting himself, Partridge came stumbling into the room with his face paler than ashes, his eyes fixed in his head, his hair standing an end, and every limb trembling. In short, he looked as he would have done had he seen a spectre, or had he, indeed, been a spectre himself.

Jones, who was little subject to fear, could not avoid being somewhat shocked with this sudden appearance. He did, indeed, himself change colour, and his voice a little faltered while he asked him, What was the matter?

"I hope, sir," said Partridge, "you will not be angry with me. Indeed I did not listen, but I was obliged to stay in the outward room. I am sure I wish I had been a hundred miles off, rather than have heard what I have heard." "Why, what is the matter?" said Jones. "The matter, sir? O good Heaven!" answered Partridge, "was that woman who is just gone out the woman who was with you at Upton?" "She was, Partridge," cried Jones.

"And did you really, sir, go to bed with that woman?" said he, trembling.—"I am afraid what passed between us is no secret," said Jones.—"Nay, but pray, sir, for Heaven's sake, sir, answer me," cries Partridge. "You know I did," cries Jones. "Why then, the Lord have mercy upon your soul, and forgive you," cries Partridge; "but as sure as I stand here alive, you have been a-bed with your own mother."

Upon these words Jones became in a moment a greater picture of horror than Partridge himself. He was, indeed, for some time struck dumb with amazement, and both stood staring wildly at each other. At last his words found way, and in an interrupted voice he said, "How! how! what's this you tell me?" "Nay, sir," cries Partridge, "I have not breath enough left to tell you now, but what I have said is most certainly true.—That woman who now went out is your own mother. How unlucky was it for you, sir, that I did not happen to see her at that time, to have prevented it! Sure the devil himself must have contrived to bring about this wickedness."

"Sure," cries Jones, "Fortune will never have done with me till she hath driven me to distraction. But why do I blame Fortune? I am myself the cause of all my misery. All the dreadful mischiefs which have befallen me are the consequences only of my own folly and vice. What thou hast told me, Partridge, hath almost deprived me of my senses! And was Mrs. Waters, then—but why do I ask? for thou must certainly know her——If thou hast any affection for me, nay, if thou hast any pity, let me beseech thee to fetch this miserable woman back again to me. O good Heavens! incest——with a mother! To what am I reserved?" He then fell into the most violent and frantic agonies of grief and despair, in which Partridge declared he would not leave him; but at last, having vented the first torrent of passion, he came a little to himself; and then, having acquainted Partridge that he would find this wretched woman in the same house where the wounded gentleman was lodged, he despatched him in quest of her.

If the reader will please to refresh his memory, by turning to the scene at Upton, in the ninth book, he will be apt to admire the many strange accidents which unfortunately prevented any interview between Partridge and Mrs. Waters, when she spent a whole day there with Mr. Jones. Instances of this kind we may frequently observe in life, where the greatest events are produced by a nice train of little circumstances; and more than one example of this may be discovered by the accurate eye, in this our history.

After a fruitless search of two or three hours Partridge returned back to his master, without having seen Mrs. Waters. Jones, who was in a state of desperation at his delay, was almost raving mad when he brought him this account. He was not long, however, in this condition before he received the following letter:

"SIR,

"SINCE I left you I have seen a gentleman, from whom I have learned something concerning you which greatly surprises and affects me; but as I have not at present leisure to communicate a matter of such high importance, you must suspend your curiosity till our next meeting, which shall be the first moment I am able to see you. O, Mr. Jones! little did I think, when I passed that happy day at Upton, the reflection upon which is like to embitter all my future life, who it was to whom I owed such perfect happiness. Believe me to be ever sincerely your unfortunate

"J. WATERS.

"P.S. I would have you comfort yourself as much

as possible, for Mr. Fitzpatrick is in no manner of danger; so that, whatever other grievous crimes you may have to repent of, the guilt of blood is not among the number."

Jones having read the letter, let it drop (for he was unable to hold it, and indeed had scarce the use of any one of his faculties). Partridge took it up, and having received consent by silence, read it likewise; nor had it upon him a less sensible effect. The pencil, and not the pen, should describe the horrors which appeared in both their countenances. While they both remained speechless the turnkey entered the room, and, without taking any notice of what sufficiently discovered itself in the faces of them both, acquainted Jones that a man without desired to speak with him. This person was presently introduced, and was no other than Black George.

As sights of horror were not so usual to George as they were to the turnkey, he instantly saw the great disorder which appeared in the face of Jones. This he imputed to the accident that had happened, which was reported in the very worst light in Mr. Western's family; he concluded, therefore, that the gentleman was dead, and that Mr. Jones was in a fair way of coming to a shameful end. A thought which gave him much uneasiness; for George was of a compassionate disposition, and notwithstanding a small breach of friendship which he had been overtempted to commit, was, in the main, not insensible of the obligations he had formerly received from Mr. Jones.

The poor fellow, therefore, scarce refrained from a tear at the present sight. He told Jones he was heartily sorry for his misfortunes, and begged him to consider if he could be of any manner of service. "Perhaps, sir," said he, "you may want a little matter of money upon this occasion; if you do, sir, what little I have is heartily at your service."

Jones shook him very heartily by the hand, and gave him many thanks for the kind offer he had made; but answered, "He had not the least want of that kind." Upon which George began to press his services more eagerly than before. Jones again thanked him, with assurances that he wanted nothing which was in the power of any man living to give. "Come, come, my good master," answered George, "do not take the matter so much to heart. Things may end better than you imagine; to be sure you an't the first gentleman who hath killed a man, and yet come off." "You are wide of the matter, George," said Partridge, "the gentleman is not dead, nor like to die. Don't disturb my master, at present, for he is troubled about a matter in which it is not in your power to do him any good." "You don't know what I may be able to do, Mr. Partridge," answered George; "if his concern is about my young lady, I have some news to tell my master." "What do you say, Mr. George?" cried Jones. "Hath anything lately happened in which my Sophia is concerned? My Sophia! how dares such a wretch as I mention her so profanely." "I hope she will be yours yet," answered George. "Why yes, sir, I have something to tell you about her. Madam Western hath just brought madam Sophia home, and there hath been a terrible to do. I could not possibly learn the very right of it; but my master he hath been in a vast big passion, and so was madam Western, and I heard her say, as she went out of doors into her chair, that she would never set her foot in master's house again. I don't know what's the matter, not I, but everything was very quiet when I came out; but Robin, who waited at supper, said he had never

seen the squire for a long while in such good humour with young madam; that he kissed her several times, and swore she should be her own mistress, and he never would think of confining her any more. I thought this news would please you, and so I slipped out, though it was so late, to inform you of it." Mr. Jones assured George that it did greatly please him; for though he should never more presume to lift his eyes towards that incomparable creature, nothing could so much relieve his misery as the satisfaction he should always have in hearing of her welfare.

The rest of the conversation which passed at the visit is not important enough to be here related. The reader will, therefore, forgive us this abrupt breaking off, and be pleased to hear how this great goodwill of the squire towards his daughter was brought about.

Mrs. Western, on her first arrival at her brother's lodging, began to set forth the great honours and advantages which would accrue to the family by the match with lord Fellamar, which her niece had absolutely refused; in which refusal, when the squire took the part of his daughter, she fell immediately into the most violent passion, and so irritated and provoked the squire, that neither his patience nor his prudence could bear it any longer; upon which there ensued between them both so warm a bout at altercation, that perhaps the regions of Billingsgate never equalled it. In the heat of this scolding Mrs. Western departed, and had consequently no leisure to acquaint her brother with the letter which Sophia received, which might have possibly produced ill effects; but, to say truth, I believe it never once occurred to her memory at this time.

When Mrs. Western was gone Sophia, who had been hitherto silent, as well indeed from necessity as inclination, began to return the compliment which her father had made her, in taking her part against her aunt, by taking his likewise against the lady. This was the first time of her so doing, and it was in the highest degree acceptable to the squire. Again, he remembered that Mr. Allworthy had insisted on an entire relinquishment of all violent means; and, indeed, as he made no doubt but that Jones would be hanged, he did not in the least question succeeding with his daughter by fair means; he now, therefore, once more gave a loose to his natural fondness for her, which had such an effect on the dutiful, grateful, tender, and affectionate heart of Sophia, that had her honour, given to Jones, and something else, perhaps, in which he was concerned, been removed, I much doubt whether she would not have sacrificed herself to a man she did not like, to have obliged her father. She promised him she would make it the whole business of her life to oblige him, and would never marry any man against his consent; which brought the old man so near to his highest happiness, that he was resolved to take the other step, and went to bed completely drunk.

CHAPTER III.

Allworthy visits Old Nightingale; with a strange discovery that he made on that occasion.

THE morning after these things had happened, Mr. Allworthy went, according to his promise, to visit old Nightingale, with whom his authority was so great, that, after having sat with him three hours, he at last prevailed with him to consent to see his son.

Here an accident happened of a very extraordinary kind; one indeed of those strange chances whence very good and grave men have concluded that Provi-

dence often interposes in the discovery of the most secret villany, in order to caution men from quitting the paths of honesty, however warily they tread in those of vice.

Mr. Allworthy, at his entrance into Mr. Nightingale's, saw Black George; he took no notice of him, nor did Black George imagine he had perceived him.

However, when their conversation on the principal point was over, Allworthy asked Nightingale, Whether he knew one George Seagrim, and upon what business he came to his house? "Yes," answered Nightingale, "I know him very well, and a most extraordinary fellow he is, who, in these days, hath been able to hoard up 500*l.* from renting a very small estate of 30*l.* a year." "And is this the story which he hath told you?" cries Allworthy. "Nay, it is true, I promise you," said Nightingale, "for I have the money now in my own hands, in five bank-bills, which I am to lay out either in a mortgage, or in some purchase in the north of England." The bank-bills were no sooner produced at Allworthy's desire than he blessed himself at the strangeness of the discovery. He presently told Nightingale that these bank-bills were formerly his, and then acquainted him with the whole affair. As there are no men who complain more of the frauds of business than highwaymen, gamesters, and other thieves of that kind, so there are none who so bitterly exclaim against the frauds of gamesters, &c., as usurers, brokers, and other thieves of this kind; whether it be that the one way of cheating is a discountenance or reflection upon the other, or that money, which is the common mistress of all cheats, makes them regard each other in the light of rivals; but Nightingale no sooner heard the story than he exclaimed against the fellow in terms much severer than the justice and honesty of Allworthy had bestowed on him.

Allworthy desired Nightingale to retain both the money and the secret till he should hear farther from him; and, if he should in the mean time see the fellow, that he would not take the least notice to him of the discovery which he had made. He then returned to his lodgings, where he found Mrs. Miller in a very dejected condition, on account of the information she had received from her son-in-law. Mr. Allworthy, with great cheerfulness, told her that he had much good news to communicate; and, with little further preface, acquainted her that he had brought Mr. Nightingale to consent to see his son, and did not in the least doubt to effect a perfect reconciliation between them; though he found the father more soured by another accident of the same kind which had happened in his family. He then mentioned the running away of the uncle's daughter, which he had been told by the old gentleman, and which Mrs. Miller and her son-in-law did not yet know.

The reader may suppose Mrs. Miller received this account with great thankfulness, and no less pleasure; but so uncommon was her friendship to Jones, that I am not certain whether the uneasiness she suffered for his sake did not overbalance her satisfaction at hearing a piece of news tending so much to the happiness of her own family; nor whether even this very news, as it reminded her of the obligations she had to Jones, did not hurt as well as please her; when her grateful heart said to her, "While my own family is happy, how miserable is the poor creature to whose generosity we owe the beginning of all this happiness!"

Allworthy, having left her a little while to chew the cud (if I may use that expression) on these first

tidings, told her he had still something more to impart, which he believed would give her pleasure. "I think," said he, "I have discovered a pretty considerable treasure belonging to the young gentleman, your friend; but perhaps, indeed, his present situation may be such that it will be of no service to him." The latter part of the speech gave Mrs. Miller to understand who was meant, and she answered with a sigh, "I hope not, sir." "I hope so too," cries Allworthy, "with all my heart; but my nephew told me this morning he had heard a very bad account of the affair."—"Good Heaven! sir," said she—"Well, I must not speak, and yet it is certainly very hard to be obliged to hold one's tongue when one hears."—"Madam," said Allworthy, "you may say whatever you please, you know me too well to think I have a prejudice against any one; and as for that young man, I assure you I should be heartily pleased to find he could acquit himself of everything, and particularly of this sad affair. You can testify the affection I have formerly borne him. The world, I know, censured me for loving him so much. I did not withdraw that affection from him without thinking I had the justest cause. Believe me, Mrs. Miller, I should be glad to find I have been mistaken." Mrs. Miller was going eagerly to reply, when a servant acquainted her that a gentleman without desired to speak with her immediately. Allworthy then inquired for his nephew, and was told that he had been for some time in his room with the gentleman who used to come to him, and whom Mr. Allworthy guessing rightly to be Mr. Dowling, he desired presently to speak with him.

When Dowling attended, Allworthy put the case of the bank-notes to him, without mentioning any name, and asked in what manner such a person might be punished. To which Dowling answered, "he thought he might be indicted on the Black Act; but said, as it was a matter of some nicety, it would be proper to go to counsel. He said he was to attend counsel presently upon an affair of Mr. Western's, and if Mr. Allworthy pleased he would lay the case before them. This was agreed to; and then Mrs. Miller, opening the door, cried, "I ask pardon, I did not know you had company; but Allworthy desired her to come in, saying he had finished his business. Upon which Mr. Dowling withdrew, and Mrs. Miller introduced Mr. Nightingale the younger, to return thanks for the great kindness done him by Allworthy; but she had scarce patience to let the young gentleman finish his speech before she interrupted him, saying, "O sir! Mr. Nightingale brings great news about poor Mr. Jones; he hath been to see the wounded gentleman, who is out of all danger of death, and, what is more, declares he fell upon poor Mr. Jones himself, and beat him. I am sure, sir, you would not have Mr. Jones be a coward. If I was a man myself, I am sure, if any man was to strike me, I should draw my sword. Do pray, my dear, tell Mr. Allworthy, tell him all yourself." Nightingale then confirmed what Mrs. Miller had said; and concluded with many handsome things of Jones, who was, he said, one of the best-natured fellows in the world, and not in the least inclined to be quarrelsome. Here Nightingale was going to cease, when Mrs. Miller again begged him to relate all the many dutiful expressions he had heard him make use of towards Mr. Allworthy. "To say the utmost good of Mr. Allworthy," cries Nightingale, "is doing no more than strict justice, and can have no merit in it; but, indeed, I must say, no man can be more sensible of the obligations he hath to so good a man

than is poor Jones. Indeed, sir, I am convinced the weight of your displeasure is the heaviest burden he lies under. He hath often lamented it to me, and hath as often protested in the most solemn manner he hath never been intentionally guilty of any offence towards you; nay, he hath sworn he would rather die a thousand deaths than he would have his conscience upbraid him with one disrespectful, ungrateful, or undutiful thought towards you. But I ask pardon, sir, I am afraid I presume to intermeddle too far in so tender a point." "You have spoke no more than what a christian ought," cries Mrs. Miller. "Indeed, Mr. Nightingale," answered Allworthy, "I applaud your generous friendship, and I wish he may merit it of you. I confess I am glad to hear the report you bring from this unfortunate gentleman; and, if that matter should turn out to be as you represent it (and, indeed, I doubt nothing of what you say), I may, perhaps, in time, be brought to think better than lately I have of this young man; for this good gentlewoman here, nay, all who know me, can witness that I loved him as dearly as if he had been my own son. Indeed, I have considered him as a child sent by fortune to my care. I still remember the innocent, the helpless situation in which I found him. I feel the tender pressure of his little hands at this moment. He was my darling, indeed he was." At which words he ceased, and the tears stood in his eyes.

As the answer which Mrs. Miller made may lead us into fresh matters, we will here stop to account for the visible alteration in Mr. Allworthy's mind, and the abatement of his anger to Jones. Revolutions of this kind, it is true, do frequently occur in histories and dramatic writers, for no other reason than because the history or play draws to a conclusion, and are justified by authority of authors; yet, though we insist upon as much authority as any author whatever, we shall use this power very sparingly, and never but when we are driven to it by necessity, which we do not at present foresee will happen in this work.

This alteration then in the mind of Mr. Allworthy was occasioned by a letter he had just received from Mr. Square, and which we shall give the reader in the beginning of the next chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

Containing two letters in very different styles.

"MY WORTHY FRIEND,

"I INFORMED you in my last that I was forbidden the use of the waters, as they were found by experience rather to increase than lessen the symptoms of my distemper. I must now acquaint you with a piece of news, which, I believe, will afflict my friends more than it hath afflicted me. Dr. Harrington and Dr. Brewster have informed me that there is no hopes of my recovery.

"I have somewhere read, that the great use of philosophy is to learn to die. I will not therefore so far disgrace mine as to show any surprise at receiving a lesson which I must be thought to have so long studied. Yet, to say the truth, one page of the Gospel teaches this lesson better than all the volumes of ancient or modern philosophers. The assurance it gives us of another life is a much stronger support to a good mind than all the consolations that are drawn from the necessity of nature, the emptiness or satiety of our enjoyments here, or any other topic of those declamations which are sometimes capable of arming our minds with a stubborn patience in bearing the thoughts of death, but never of raising them to a real contempt of it, and much

less of making us think it is a real good. I would not here be understood to throw the horrid censure of atheism, or even the absolute denial of immortality, on all who are called philosophers. Many of that sect, as well ancient as modern, have, from the light of reason, discovered some hopes of a future state; but, in reality, that light was so faint and glimmering, and the hopes were so uncertain and precarious, that it may be justly doubted on which side their belief turned. Plato himself concludes his *Phædon* with declaring that his best arguments amount only to raise a probability; and Cicero himself seems rather to profess an inclination to believe, than any actual belief in the doctrines of immortality. As to myself, to be very sincere with you, I never was much in earnest in this faith till I was in earnest a christian.

"You will perhaps wonder at the latter expression; but I assure you it hath not been till very lately that I could, with truth, call myself so. The pride of philosophy had intoxicated my reason, and the sublimest of all wisdom appeared to me, as it did to the Greeks of old, to be foolishness. God hath, however, been so gracious to show me my error in time, and to bring me into the way of truth, before I sunk into utter darkness for ever.

"I find myself beginning to grow weak, I shall therefore hasten to the main purpose of this letter.

"When I reflect on the actions of my past life, I know of nothing which sits heavier upon my conscience than the injustice I have been guilty of to that poor wretch your adopted son. I have, indeed, not only connived at the villany of others, but been myself active in injustice towards him. Believe me, my dear friend, when I tell you, on the word of a dying man, he hath been basely injured. As to the principal fact, upon the misrepresentation of which you discarded him, I solemnly assure you he is innocent. When you lay upon your supposed deathbed, he was the only person in the house who testified any real concern; and what happened afterwards arose from the wildness of his joy on your recovery; and, I am sorry to say it, from the baseness of another person (but it is my desire to justify the innocent, and to accuse none). Believe me, my friend, this young man hath the noblest generosity of heart, the most perfect capacity for friendship, the highest integrity, and indeed every virtue which can ennoble a man. He hath some faults, but among them is not to be numbered the least want of duty or gratitude towards you. On the contrary, I am satisfied, when you dismissed him from your house, his heart bled for you more than for himself.

"Worldly motives were the wicked and base reasons of my concealing this from you so long: to reveal it now I can have no inducement but the desire of serving the cause of truth, of doing right to the innocent, and of making all the amends in my power for a past offence. I hope this declaration, therefore, will have the effect desired, and will restore this deserving young man to your favour; the hearing of which, while I am yet alive, will afford the utmost consolation to, sir, your most obliged, obedient humble servant,

"THOMAS SQUARE."

The reader will, after this, scarce wonder at the revolution so visibly appearing in Mr. Allworthy, notwithstanding he received from Thwackum, by the same post, another letter of a very different kind, which we shall here add, as it may possibly be the last time we shall have occasion to mention the name of that gentleman.

"SIR,

"I AM not at all surprised at hearing from your worthy nephew a fresh instance of the villany of

Mr. Square the atheist's young pupil. I shall not wonder at any murders he may commit; and I heartily pray that your own blood may not seal up his final commitment to the place of wailing and gnashing of teeth.

"Though you cannot want sufficient calls to repentance for the many unwarrantable weaknesses exemplified in your behaviour to this wretch, so much to the prejudice of your own lawful family, and of your character; I say, though these may sufficiently be supposed to prick and goad your conscience at this season, I should yet be wanting to my duty, if I spared to give you some admonition in order to bring you to a due sense of your errors. I therefore pray you seriously to consider the judgment which is likely to overtake this wicked villain; and let it serve at least as a warning to you, that you may not for the future despise the advice of one who is so indefatigable in his prayers for your welfare.

"Had not my hand been withheld from due correction, I had scourged much of this diabolical spirit out of a boy, of whom from his infancy I discovered the devil had taken such entire possession. But reflections of this kind now come too late.

"I am sorry you have given away the living of Westerton so hastily. I should have applied on that occasion earlier, had I thought you would not have acquainted me previous to the disposition.—Your objection to pluralities is being righteous overmuch. If there were any crime in the practice, so many godly men would not agree to it. If the vicar of Aldergrove should die (as we hear he is in a declining way), I hope you will think of me, since I am certain you must be convinced of my most sincere attachment to your highest welfare—a welfare to which all worldly considerations are as trifling as the small tithes mentioned in scripture are, when compared to the weighty matters of the law. I am, sir, your faithful humble servant,

"ROGER THWACKUM."

This was the first time Thwackum ever wrote in this authoritative style to Allworthy, and of this he had afterwards sufficient reason to repent, as in the case of those who mistake the highest degree of goodness for the lowest degree of weakness. Allworthy had indeed never liked this man. He knew him to be proud and ill-natured; he also knew that his divinity itself was tinctured with his temper, and such as in many respects he himself did by no means approve; but he was at the same time an excellent scholar, and most indefatigable in teaching the two lads. Add to this, the strict severity of his life and manners, an unimpeached honesty, and a most devout attachment to religion. So that, upon the whole, though Allworthy did not esteem nor love the man, yet he could never bring himself to part with a tutor to the boys, who was, both by learning and industry, extremely well qualified for his office; and he hoped, that as they were bred up in his own house, and under his own eye, he should be able to correct whatever was wrong in Thwackum's instructions.

CHAPTER V.

In which the history is continued.

MR. ALLWORTHY, in his last speech, had recollected some tender ideas concerning Jones, which had brought tears into the good man's eyes. This Mrs. Miller observing, said, "Yes, yes, sir, your goodness to this poor young man is known, notwithstanding all your care to conceal it; but there is not a single syllable of truth in what those villains said. Mr. Nightingale hath now discovered the whole

matter. It seems these fellows were employed by a lord, who is a rival of poor Mr. Jones, to have pressed him on board a ship.—I assure them I don't know who they will press next. Mr. Nightingale here hath seen the officer himself, who is a very pretty gentleman, and hath told him all, and is very sorry for what he undertook, which he would never have done, had he known Mr. Jones to have been a gentleman; but he was told that he was a common strolling vagabond."

Allworthy stared at all this, and declared he was a stranger to every word she said. "Yes, sir," answered she, "I believe you are.—It is a very different story, I believe, from what those fellows told the lawyer."

"What lawyer, madam? what is it you mean?" said Allworthy. "Nay, nay," said she, "this is so like you to deny your own goodness: but Mr. Nightingale here saw him." "Saw whom, madam?" answered he. "Why, your lawyer, sir," said she, "that you so kindly sent to inquire into the affair." "I am still in the dark, upon my honour," said Allworthy. "Why then do you tell him, my dear sir," cries she. "Indeed, sir," said Nightingale, "I did see that very lawyer who went from you when I came into the room, at an alehouse in Aldersgate, in company with two of the fellows who were employed by lord Fellamar to press Mr. Jones, and who were by that means present at the unhappy rencounter between him and Mr. Fitzpatrick." "I own, sir," said Mrs. Miller, "when I saw this gentleman come into the room to you, I told Mr. Nightingale that I apprehended you had sent him thither to inquire into the affair." Allworthy showed marks of astonishment in his countenance at this news, and was indeed for two or three minutes struck dumb by it. At last, addressing himself to Mr. Nightingale, he said, "I must confess myself, sir, more surprised at what you tell me than I have ever been before at anything in my whole life. Are you certain this was the gentleman?" "I am most certain," answered Nightingale. "At Aldersgate?" cries Allworthy. "And was you in company with this lawyer and the two fellows?"—"I was sir," said the other, "very near half an hour." "Well, sir," said Allworthy, "and in what manner did the lawyer behave? did you hear all that passed between him and the fellows?" "No, sir," answered Nightingale, "they had been together before I came.—In my presence the lawyer said little; but, after I had several times examined the fellows, who persisted in a story directly contrary to what I had heard from Mr. Jones, and which I find by Mr. Fitzpatrick was a rank falsehood, the lawyer then desired the fellows to say nothing but what was the truth, and seemed to speak so much in favour of Mr. Jones, that, when I saw the same person with you, I concluded your goodness had prompted you to send him thither."—"And did you not send him thither?" says Mrs. Miller.—"Indeed I did not," answered Allworthy; "nor did I know he had gone on such an errand till this moment."—"I see it all!" said Mrs. Miller, "upon my soul, I see it all! No wonder they have been closeted so close lately. Son Nightingale, let me beg you run for these fellows immediately—find them out if they are above ground. I will go myself"—"Dear madam," said Allworthy, "be patient, and do me the favour to send a servant up stairs to call Mr. Dowling hither, if he be in the house, or, if not, Mr. Blifil." Mrs. Miller went out muttering something to herself, and presently returned with an answer, "That Mr. Dowling was gone; but that t'other," as she called him, "was coming."

Allworthy was of a cooler disposition than the good woman, whose spirits were all up in arms in the cause of her friend. He was not however without some suspicions which were near akin to hers. When Blifil came into the room, he asked him with a very serious countenance, and with a less friendly look than he had ever before given him, "Whether he knew anything of Mr. Dowling's having seen any of the persons who were present at the duel between Jones and another gentleman?"

There is nothing so dangerous as a question which comes by surprise on a man whose business it is to conceal truth, or to defend falsehood. For which reason those worthy personages, whose noble office it is to save the lives of their fellow-creatures at the Old Bailey, take the utmost care, by frequent previous examination, to divine every question which may be asked their clients on the day of trial, that they may be supplied with proper and ready answers, which the most fertile invention cannot supply in an instant. Besides, the sudden and violent impulse on the blood, occasioned by these surprises, causes frequently such an alteration in the countenance, that the man is obliged to give evidence against himself. And such indeed were the alterations which the countenance of Blifil underwent from this sudden question, that we can scarce blame the eagerness of Mrs. Miller, who immediately cried out, "Guilty, upon my honour! guilty, upon my soul!"

Mr. Allworthy sharply rebuked her for this impetuosity; and then turning to Blifil, who seemed sinking into the earth, he said, "Why do you hesitate, sir, at giving me an answer? You certainly must have employed him; for he would not, of his own accord, I believe, have undertaken such an errand, and especially without acquainting me."

Blifil then answered, "I own, sir, I have been guilty of an offence, yet may I hope your pardon?"—"My pardon," said Allworthy, very angrily.—"Nay, sir," answered Blifil, "I knew you would be offended; yet surely my dear uncle will forgive the effects of the most amiable of human weaknesses. Compassion for those who do not deserve it, I own is a crime; and yet it is a crime from which you yourself are not entirely free. I know I have been guilty of it in more than one instance to this very person; and I will own I did send Mr. Dowling, not on a vain and fruitless inquiry, but to discover the witnesses, and to endeavour to soften their evidence. This, sir, is the truth; which, though I intended to conceal from you, I will not deny."

"I confess," said Nightingale, "this is the light in which it appeared to me from the gentleman's behaviour."

"Now, madam," said Allworthy, "I believe you will once in your life own you have entertained a wrong suspicion, and are not so angry with my nephew as you was."

Mrs. Miller was silent; for, though she could not so hastily be pleased with Blifil, whom she looked upon to have been the ruin of Jones, yet in this particular instance he had imposed upon her as well as upon the rest; so entirely had the devil stood his friend. And, indeed, I look upon the vulgar observation, "That the devil often deserts his friends, and leaves them in the lurch, to be a great abuse on that gentleman's character." Perhaps he may sometimes desert those who are only his cup acquaintance; or who at most, are but half his; but he generally stands by those who are thoroughly his servants, and helps them off in all extremities, till their bargain expires.

As a conquered rebellion strengthens a government, or as health is more perfectly established by recovery from some diseases; so anger, when removed, often gives new life to affection. This was the case of Mr. Allworthy; for Blifil having wiped of the greater suspicion, the lesser, which had been raised by Square's letter, sunk of course, and was forgotten; and Thwackum, with whom he was greatly offended, bore alone all the reflections which Square had cast on the enemies of Jones.

As for that young man, the resentment of Mr. Allworthy began more and more to abate towards him. He told Blifil, "He did not only forgive the extraordinary efforts of his good-nature, but would give him the pleasure of following his example." Then, turning to Mrs. Miller with a smile which would have become an angel, he cried, "What say you, madam? shall we take a hackney-coach, and all of us together pay a visit to your friend? I promise you it is not the first visit I have made in a prison."

Every reader, I believe, will be able to answer for the worthy woman; but they must have a great deal of good-nature, and be well acquainted with friendship, who can feel what she felt on this occasion. Few, I hope, are capable of feeling what now passed in the mind of Blifil; but those who are will acknowledge that it was impossible for him to raise any objection to this visit. Fortune, however, or the gentleman lately mentioned above, stood his friend, and prevented his undergoing so great a shock; for at the very instant when the coach was sent for Partridge arrived, and, having called Mrs. Miller from the company, acquainted her with the dreadful accident lately come to light; and hearing Mr. Allworthy's intention, begged her to find some means of stopping him: "For," says he, "the matter must at all hazards be kept a secret from him; and if he should now go, he will find Mr. Jones and his mother, who arrived just as I left him, lamenting over one another the horrid crime they have ignorantly committed."

The poor woman, who was almost deprived of her senses at his dreadful news, was never less capable of invention than at present. However, as women are much readier at this than men, she bethought herself of an excuse, and, returning to Allworthy, said, "I am sure, sir, you will be surprised at hearing any objection from me to the kind proposal you just now made; and yet I am afraid of the consequence of it, if carried immediately into execution. You must imagine, sir, that all the calamities which have lately befallen this poor young fellow must have thrown him into the lowest dejection of spirits; and now, sir, should we all on a sudden fling him into such a violent fit of joy, as I know your presence will occasion, it may I am afraid, produce some fatal mischief, especially as his servant, who is without, tells me he is very far from being well."

"Is his servant without?" cries Allworthy; "pray call him hither. I will ask him some questions concerning his master."

Partridge was at first afraid to appear before Mr. Allworthy; but was at length persuaded, after Mrs. Miller, who had often heard his whole story from his own mouth, had promised to introduce him.

Allworthy recollected Partridge the moment he came into the room, though many years had passed since he had seen him. Mrs. Miller, therefore, might have spared here a formal oration, in which, indeed, she was something prolix; for the reader, I believe, may have observed already that the good

woman, among other things, had a tongue always ready for the service of her friends.

"And are you," said Allworthy to Partridge, "the servant of Mr. Jones?" "I can't say, sir," answered he, "that I am regularly a servant, but I live with him, an't please your honour, at present. *Non sum qualis eram*, as your honour very well knows."

Mr. Allworthy then asked him many questions concerning Jones, as to his health, and other matters; to all which Partridge answered, without having the least regard to what was, but considered only what he would have things appear; for a strict adherence to truth was not among the articles of this honest fellow's morality or his religion.

During this dialogue Mr. Nightingale took his leave, and presently after Mrs. Miller left the room, when Allworthy likewise despatched Blifil; for he imagined that Partridge when alone with him would be more explicit than before company. They were no sooner left in private together than Allworthy began, as in the following chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

In which the history is farther continued.

"SURE, friend," said this good man, "you are the strangest of all human beings. Not only to have suffered as you have formerly for obstinately persisting in a falsehood, but to persist in it thus to the last, and to pass thus upon the world for a servant of your own son! What interest can you have in all this? What can be your motive?"

"I see, sir," said Partridge, falling down upon his knees, "that your honour is prepossessed against me, and resolved not to believe anything I say, and, therefore, what signifies my protestations? but yet there is one above who knows that I am not the father of this young man."

"How!" said Allworthy, "will you yet deny what you was formerly convicted of upon such unanswerable, such manifest evidence? Nay, what a confirmation is your being now found with this very man, of all which twenty years ago appeared against you! I thought you had left the country; nay, I thought you had been long since dead.—In what manner did you know anything of this young man? Where did you meet with him, unless you had kept some correspondence together? Do not deny this; for I promise you it will greatly raise your son in my opinion, to find that he hath such a sense of filial duty as privately to support his father for so many years."

"If your honour will have patience to hear me," said Partridge, "I will tell you all."—Being bid go on, he proceeded thus: "When your honour conceived that displeasure against me, it ended in my ruin soon after; for I lost my little school; and the minister, thinking I suppose it would be agreeable to your honour, turned me out from the office of clerk; so that I had nothing to trust to but the barber's shop, which, in a country place like that, is a poor livelihood; and when my wife died (for till that time I received a pension of 12*l.* a-year from an unknown hand, which indeed I believe was your honour's own, for nobody that ever I heard of doth these things besides)—but, as I was saying, when she died, this pension forsook me; so that now, as I owed two or three small debts, which began to be troublesome to me, particularly one* which an attorney brought up by law-charges from

* This is a fact which I knew happen to a poor clergyman in Dorsetshire, by the villany of an attorney, who, not contented with the exorbitant costs to which the poor man was put by a single action, brought afterwards another action on the judgment, as it was called. A method frequently used to

15*s.* to near 30*l.*, and as I found all my usual means of living had forsook me, I packed up my little all as well as I could, and went off.

"The first place I came to was Salisbury, where I got into the service of a gentleman belonging to the law, and one of the best gentlemen that ever I knew, for he was not only good to me, but I know a thousand good and charitable acts which he did while I staid with him; and I have known him often refuse business because it was paltry and oppressive."—"You need not be so particular," said Allworthy; "I know this gentleman, and a very worthy man he is, and an honour to his profession."—"Well, sir," continued Partridge, "from hence I removed to Lymington, where I was above three years in the service of another lawyer, who was likewise a very good sort of a man, and to be sure one of the merriest gentlemen in England. Well, sir, at the end of the three years I set up a little school, and was likely to do well again, had it not been for a most unlucky accident. Here I kept a pig; and one day, as ill fortune would have it, this pig broke out, and did a trespass, I think they call it, in a garden belonging to one of my neighbours, who was a proud, revengeful man, and employed a lawyer, one—one—I can't think of his name; but he sent for a writ against me, and had me to size. When I came there, Lord of mercy upon me—to hear what the counsellors said! There was one that told my lord a parcel of the confoundedest lies about me; he said that I used to drive my hogs into other folk's gardens, and a great deal more; and at last, he said, he hoped I had at last brought my hogs to a fair market. To be sure, one would have thought, that, instead of being owner only of one poor little pig, I had been the greatest hog-merchant in England. Well—" "Pray," said Allworthy, "do not be so particular, I have heard nothing of your son yet." "O it was a great many years," answered Partridge, "before I saw my son, as you are pleased to call him.—I went over to Ireland after this, and taught school at Cork (for that one suit ruined me again, and I lay seven years in Winchester jail)."—"Well," said Allworthy, "pass that over till your return to England."—"Then, sir," said he, "it was about half a year ago that I landed at Bristol, where I staid some time, and not finding it do there, and hearing of a place between that and Gloucester where the barber was just dead, I went thither, and there I had been about two months when Mr. Jones came thither." He then gave Allworthy a very particular account of their first meeting, and of everything, as well as he could remember, which had happened from that day to this; frequently interlarding his story with panegyrics on Jones, and not forgetting to insinuate the great love and respect which he had for Allworthy. He concluded with saying, "Now, sir, I have told your honour the whole truth." And then repeated a most solemn protestation, "That he was no more the father of Jones than of the pope of Rome; and imprecated the most bitter curses on his head, if he did not speak truth."

"What am I to think of this matter?" cries Allworthy. "For what purpose should you so strongly deny a fact which I think it would be rather your interest to own?" "Nay, sir," answered Partridge (for he could hold no longer), "if your honour will not believe me, you are like soon to have satisfaction enough. I wish you had mistaken the mother of this young man, as well as you have his father."—

oppress the poor, and bring money into the pockets of attorneys, to the great scandal of the law, of the nation, of Christianity, and even of human nature itself.

And now being asked what he meant, with all the symptoms of horror, both in his voice and countenance, he told Allworthy the whole story, which he had a little before expressed such desire to Mrs. Miller to conceal from him.

Allworthy was almost as much shocked at this discovery as Partridge himself had been while he related it. "Good heavens!" says he, "in what miserable distresses do vice and imprudence involve men! How much beyond our designs are the effects of wickedness sometimes carried!" He had scarce uttered these words, when Mrs. Waters came hastily and abruptly into the room. Partridge no sooner saw her than he cried, "Here, sir, here is the very woman herself. This is the unfortunate mother of Mr. Jones. I am sure she will acquit me before your honour. Pray, madam——"

Mrs. Waters, without paying any regard to what Partridge said, and almost without taking any notice of him, advanced to Mr. Allworthy. "I believe, sir, it is so long since I had the honour of seeing you, that you do not recollect me." "Indeed," answered Allworthy, "you are so very much altered, on many accounts, that had not this man already acquainted me who you are, I should not have immediately called you to my remembrance. Have you, madam, any particular business which brings you to me?" Allworthy spoke this with great reserve; for the reader may easily believe he was not well pleased with the conduct of this lady; neither with what he had formerly heard, nor with what Partridge had now delivered.

Mrs. Waters answered—"Indeed, sir, I have very particular business with you; and it is such as I can impart only to yourself. I must desire, therefore, the favour of a word with you alone; for I assure you what I have to tell you is of the utmost importance."

Partridge was then ordered to withdraw, but before he went, he begged the lady to satisfy Mr. Allworthy that he was perfectly innocent. To which she answered, "You need be under no apprehension, sir; I shall satisfy Mr. Allworthy very perfectly of that matter."

Then Partridge withdrew, and that passed between Mr. Allworthy and Mrs. Waters which is written in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

Continuation of the history.

MRS. WATERS remaining a few moments silent, Mr. Allworthy could not refrain from saying, "I am sorry, madam, to perceive, by what I have since heard, that you have made so very ill a use——" "Mr. Allworthy," says she, interrupting him, "I know I have faults, but ingratitude to you is not one of them. I never can nor shall forget your goodness, which I own I have very little deserved; but be pleased to waive all upbraiding me at present, as I have so important an affair to communicate to you concerning this young man, to whom you have given my maiden name of Jones."

"Have I then," said Allworthy, "ignorantly punished an innocent man, in the person of him who hath just left us? Was he not the father of the child?" "Indeed he was not," said Mrs. Waters. "You may be pleased to remember, sir, I formerly told you, you should one day know; and I acknowledge myself to have been guilty of a cruel neglect, in not having discovered it to you before. Indeed, I little knew how necessary it was." "Well, madam," said Allworthy, "be pleased to proceed." "You must remember, sir," said she, "a young fel-

low, whose name was Summer." "Very well," cries Allworthy, "he was the son of a clergyman of great learning and virtue, for whom I had the highest friendship." "So it appeared, sir," answered she; "for I believe you bred the young man up, and maintained him at the university; where, I think, he had finished his studies, when he came to reside at your house; a finer man, I must say, the sun never shone upon; for, besides the handsomest person I ever saw, he was so genteel, and had so much wit and good breeding." "Poor gentleman," said Allworthy, "he was indeed untimely snatched away; and little did I think he had any sins of this kind to answer for; for I plainly perceive you are going to tell me he was the father of your child."

"Indeed, sir," answered she, "he was not." "How!" said Allworthy, "to what then tends all this preface?" "To a story, sir," said she, "which I am concerned falls to my lot to unfold to you. O, sir! prepare to hear something which will surprise you, will grieve you." "Speak," said Allworthy, "I am conscious of no crime, and cannot be afraid to hear." "Sir," said she, "that Mr. Summer, the son of your friend, educated at your expense, who, after living a year in the house as if he had been your own son, died there of the small-pox, was tenderly lamented by you, and buried as if he had been your own; that Summer, sir, was the father of this child." "How!" said Allworthy; "you contradict yourself." "That I do not," answered she; "he was indeed the father of this child, but not by me." "Take care, madam," said Allworthy, "do not, to shun the imputation of any crime, be guilty of falsehood. Remember there is One from whom you can conceal nothing, and before whose tribunal falsehood will only aggravate your guilt." "Indeed, sir," says she, "I am not his mother; nor would I now think myself so for the world." "I know your reason," said Allworthy, "and shall rejoice as much as you to find it otherwise; yet you must remember, you yourself confessed it before me." "So far what I confessed," said she, "was true, that these hands conveyed the infant to your bed; conveyed it thither at the command of its mother; at her commands I afterwards owned it, and thought myself, by her generosity, nobly rewarded, both for my secrecy and my shame." "Who could this woman be?" said Allworthy. "Indeed, I tremble to name her," answered Mrs. Waters. "By all this preparation I am to guess that she was a relation of mine," cried he. "Indeed, she was a near one." At which words Allworthy started, and she continued—"You had a sister, sir." "A sister!" repeated he, looking aghast.—"As there is truth in heaven," cries she, "your sister was the mother of that child you found between your sheets." "Can it be possible?" cries he, "Good heavens!" "Have patience, sir," said Mrs. Waters, "and I will unfold to you the whole story. Just after your departure for London, Miss Bridget came one day to the house of my mother. She was pleased to say she had heard an extraordinary character of me, for my learning and superior understanding to all the young women there, so she was pleased to say. She then bid me come to her to the great house; where, when I attended, she employed me to read to her. She expressed great satisfaction in my reading, showed great kindness to me, and made me many presents. At last she began to catechise me on the subject of secrecy, to which I gave her such satisfactory answers, that, at last, having locked the door of her room, she took me into her closet, and then locking that door likewise, she said she should convince me of the vast reliance she had on my integrity, by commu-

nicating a secret in which her honour, and consequently her life, was concerned. She then stopped, and after a silence of a few minutes, during which she often wiped her eyes, she inquired of me if I thought my mother might safely be confided in. I answered, I would stake my life on her fidelity. She then imparted to me the great secret which laboured in her breast, and which, I believe, was delivered with more pains than she afterward suffered in child-birth. It was then contrived that my mother and myself only should attend at the time, and that Mrs. Wilkins should be sent out of the way, as she accordingly was, to the very furthest part of Dorsetshire, to inquire the character of a servant; for the lady had turned away her own maid near three months before; during all which time I officiated about her person upon trial, as she said, though, as she afterwards declared, I was not sufficiently handy for the place. This, and many other such things which she used to say of me, were all thrown out to prevent any suspicion which Wilkins might hereafter have, when I was to own the child; for she thought it could never be believed she would venture to hurt a young woman with whom she had intrusted such a secret. You may be assured, sir, I was well paid for all these affronts, which, together with being informed with the occasion of them, very well contented me. Indeed, the lady had a greater suspicion of Mrs. Wilkins than of any other person; not that she had the least aversion to the gentlewoman, but she thought her incapable of keeping a secret, especially from you, sir; for I have often heard Miss Bridget say, that, if Mrs. Wilkins had committed a murder, she believed she would acquaint you with it. At last the expected day came, and Mrs. Wilkins, who had been kept a week in readiness, and put off from time to time, upon some pretence or other, that she might not return too soon, was despatched. Then the child was born, in the presence only of myself and my mother, and was by my mother conveyed to her own house, where it was privately kept by her till the evening of your return, when I, by the command of Miss Bridget, conveyed it into the bed where you found it. And all suspicions were afterwards laid asleep by the artful conduct of your sister, in pretending ill-will to the boy, and that any regard she showed him was out of mere complaisance to you."

Mrs. Waters then made many protestations of the truth of this story, and concluded by saying, "Thus, sir, you have at last discovered your nephew; for so I am sure you will hereafter think him, and I question not but he will be both an honour and a comfort to you under that appellation."

"I need not, madam," said Allworthy, "express my astonishment at what you have told me; and yet surely you would not, and could not, have put together so many circumstances to evidence an untruth. I confess I recollect some passages relating to that Summer, which formerly gave me a conceit that my sister had some liking to him. I mentioned it to her; for I had such a regard to the young man, as well on his own account as on his father's, that I should willingly have consented to a match between them; but she expressed the highest disdain of my unkind suspicion, as she called it; so that I never spoke more on the subject. Good heavens! Well! the Lord disposeth all things.—Yet sure it was a most unjustifiable conduct in my sister to carry this secret with her out of the world." "I promise you, sir," said Mrs. Waters, "she always professed a contrary intention, and frequently told me she intended one day to communicate it to you. She

said, indeed, she was highly rejoiced that her plot had succeeded so well, and that you had of your own accord taken such a fancy to the child, that it was yet unnecessary to make any express declaration. Oh! sir, had that lady lived to have seen this poor young man turned like a vagabond from your house; nay, sir, could she have lived to hear that you had yourself employed a lawyer to prosecute him for a murder of which he was not guilty—Forgive me, Mr. Allworthy, I must say it was unkind.—Indeed, you have been abused, he never deserved it of you." "Indeed madam," said Allworthy, "I have been abused by the person, whoever he was, that told you so." "Nay, sir," said she, "I would not be mistaken, I did not presume to say you were guilty of any wrong. The gentleman who came to me proposed no such matter; he only said, taking me for Mr. Fitzpatrick's wife, that, if Mr. Jones had murdered my husband, I should be assisted with any money I wanted to carry on the prosecution, by a very worthy gentleman, who, he said, was well apprised what a villain I had to deal with. It was by this man I found out who Mr. Jones was; and this man, whose name is Dowling, Mr. Jones tells me is your steward. I discovered his name by a very odd accident; for he himself refused to tell it me; but Partridge, who met him at my lodgings the second time he came, knew him formerly at Salisbury."

"And did this Mr. Dowling," says Allworthy, with great astonishment in his countenance, "tell you that I would assist in the prosecution?"—"No, sir," answered she, "I will not charge him wrongfully. He said I should be assisted, but he mentioned no name. Yet you must pardon me, sir, if from circumstances I thought it could be no other."—"Indeed, madam," says Allworthy, "from circumstances I am too well convinced it was another. Good Heaven! by what wonderful means is the blackest and deepest villany sometimes discovered!—Shall I beg you, madam, to stay till the person you have mentioned comes, for I expect him every minute? nay, he may be, perhaps, already in the house."

Allworthy then stepped to the door, in order to call a servant, when in came, not Mr. Dowling, but the gentleman who will be seen in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

Further continuation.

THE gentleman who now arrived was no other than Mr. Western. He no sooner saw Allworthy than, without considering in the least the presence of Mrs. Waters, he began to vociferate in the following manner: "Fine doings at my house! A rare kettle of fish I have discovered at last! who the devil would be plagued with a daughter?" "What's the matter, neighbour?" said Allworthy. "Matter enough," answered Western: "when I thought she was just a coming to; nay, when she had in a manner promised me to do as I would ha her, and when I was a hoped to have had nothing more to do than to have sent for the lawyer, and finished all; what do you think I have found out? that the little b—hath bin playing tricks with me all the while, and carrying on a correspondence with that bastard of yours. Sister Western, whom I have quarrelled with upon her account, sent me word o't, and I ordered her pockets to be searched when she was asleep, and here I have got un signed with the son of a whore's own name. I have not had patience to read half o't, for 'tis longer than one of parson Sup-

ple's sermons; but I find plainly it is all about love; and indeed what should it be else? I have packed her up in chamber again, and to-morrow morning down she goes into the country, unless she consents to be married directly, and there she shall live in a garret upon bread and water all her days; and the sooner such a b—breaks her heart the better, though, d—n her, that I believe is too tough. She will live long enough to plague me." "Mr. Western," answered Allworthy, "you know I have always protested against force, and you yourself consented that none should be used." "Ay," cries he, "that was only upon condition that she would consent without. What the devil and doctor Faustus! shan't I do what I will with my own daughter, especially when I desire nothing but her own good?" "Well, neighbour," answered Allworthy, "if you will give me leave, I will undertake once to argue with the young lady." "Will you?" said Western; "why that is kind now, and neighbourly, and mayhap you will do more than I have been able to do with her; for I promise you she hath a very good opinion of you." "Well, sir," said Allworthy, "if you will go home, and release the young lady from her captivity, I will wait upon her within this half-hour." "But suppose," said Western, "she should run away with un in the mean time? For lawyer Dowling tells me there is no hopes of hanging the fellow at last; for that the man is alive, and like to do well, and that he thinks Jones will be out of prison again presently." "How," said Allworthy, "what did you employ him then to inquire or to do anything in that matter?" "Not I," answered Western, "he mentioned it to me just now of his own accord." "Just now!" cries Allworthy, "why where did you see him then? I want much to see Mr. Dowling." "Why you may see un an you will presently at my lodgings; for there is to be a meeting of lawyers there this morning about a mortgage. 'Icod! I shall lose two or dree thousand pounds, I believe, by that honest gentleman, Mr. Nightingale." "Well, sir," said Allworthy, "I will be with you within the half-hour." "And do for once," cries the squire, "take a fool's advice; never think of dealing with her by gentle methods, take my word for it those will never do. I have tried 'um long enough. She must be frightened into it, there is no other way. Tell her I'm her father; and of the horrid sin of disobedience, and of the dreadful punishment of it in t'other world, and then tell her about being locked up all her life in a garret in this, and being kept only on bread and water." "I will do all I can," said Allworthy; "for I promise you there is nothing I wish for more than an alliance with this amiable creature." "Nay, the girl is well enough for matter o'that," cries the squire; "a man may go farther and meet with worse meat; that I may declare o' her, thof she be my own daughter. And if she will be but obedient to me, there is narrow a father within a hundred miles o' the place, that loves a daughter better than I do; but I see you are busy with the lady here, so I will go huome and expect you; and so your humble servant."

As soon as Mr. Western was gone Mrs. Waters said, "I see, sir, the squire hath not the least remembrance of my face. I believe, Mr. Allworthy, you would not have known me neither. I am very considerably altered since that day when you so kindly gave me that advice, which I had been happy had I followed." "Indeed, madam," cries Allworthy, "it gave me great concern when I first heard the contrary." "Indeed, sir," says she, "I was ruined by a very deep scheme of villany, which

if you knew, though I pretend not to think it would justify me in your opinion, it would at least mitigate my offence, and induce you to pity me: you are not now at leisure to hear my whole story; but this I assure you, I was betrayed by the most solemn promises of marriage; nay, in the eye of heaven I was married to him; for, after much reading on the subject, I am convinced that particular ceremonies are only requisite to give a legal sanction to marriage, and have only a worldly use in giving a woman the privileges of a wife; but that she who lives constant to one man, after a solemn private affiance, whatever the world may call her, hath little to charge on her own conscience." "I am sorry, madam," said Allworthy, "you made so ill a use of your learning. Indeed, it would have been well that you had been possessed of much more, or had remained in a state of ignorance. And yet, madam, I am afraid you have more than this sin to answer for." "During his life," answered she, "which was above a dozen years, I most solemnly assure you I had not. And consider, sir, on my behalf, what is in the power of a woman stript of her reputation and left destitute; whether the good-natured world will suffer such a stray sheep to return to the road of virtue, even if she was never so desirous. I protest, then, I would have chose it had it been in my power; but necessity drove me into the arms of captain Waters, with whom, though still unmarried, I lived as a wife for many years, and went by his name. I parted with this gentleman at Worcester, on his march against the rebels, and it was then I accidentally met with Mr. Jones, who rescued me from the hands of a villain. Indeed, he is the worthiest of men. No young gentleman of his age is, I believe, freer from vice, and few have the twentieth part of his virtues; nay, whatever vices he hath had, I am firmly persuaded he hath now taken a resolution to abandon them." "I hope he hath," cries Allworthy, "and I hope he will preserve that resolution. I must say, I have still the same hopes with regard to yourself. The world, I do agree, are apt to be too unmerciful on these occasions; yet time and perseverance will get the better of this their disinclination, as I may call it, to pity; for though they are not, like heaven, ready to receive a penitent sinner; yet a continued repentance will at length obtain mercy even with the world. This you may be assured of, Mrs. Waters, that whenever I find you are sincere in such good intentions, you shall want no assistance in my power to make them effectual."

Mrs. Waters fell now upon her knees before him, and, in a flood of tears, made him many most passionate acknowledgments of his goodness, which, as she truly said, savoured more of the divine than human nature.

Allworthy raised her up, and spoke in the most tender manner, making use of every expression which his invention could suggest to comfort her, when he was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Dowling, who, upon his first entrance, seeing Mrs. Waters, started, and appeared in some confusion; from which he soon recovered himself as well as he could, and then said he was in the utmost haste to attend counsel at Mr. Western's lodgings; but, however, thought it his duty to call and acquaint him with the opinion of counsel upon the case which he had before told him, which was that the conversion of the moneys in that case could not be questioned in a criminal cause, but that an action of trover might be brought, and if it appeared to the jury to be the moneys of plaintiff, that plaintiff would recover a verdict for the value.

Allworthy, without making any answer to this,

bolted the door, and then, advancing with a stern look to Dowling, he said, "Whatever be your haste, sir, I must first receive an answer to some questions. Do you know this lady?"—"That lady, sir!" answered Dowling, with great hesitation. Allworthy then, with the most solemn voice, said, "Look you, Mr. Dowling, as you value my favour, or your continuance a moment longer in my service, do not hesitate nor prevaricate; but answer faithfully and truly to every question I ask.—Do you know this lady?"—"Yes, sir," said Dowling, "I have seen the lady." "Where, sir?" "At her own lodgings."—"Upon what business did you go thither, sir; and who sent you?" "I went, sir, to inquire, sir, about Mr. Jones." "And who sent you to inquire about him?" "Who, sir? why, sir, Mr. Blifil sent me." "And what did you say to the lady concerning that matter?" "Nay, sir, it is impossible to recollect every word." "Will you please, madam, to assist the gentleman's memory?" "He told me, sir," said Mrs. Waters, "that if Mr. Jones had murdered my husband, I should be assisted by any money I wanted to carry on the prosecution, by a very worthy gentleman, who was well apprised what a villain I had to deal with. These, I can safely swear, were the very words he spoke."—"Were these the words, sir?" said Allworthy. "I cannot charge my memory exactly," cries Dowling, "but I believe I did speak to that purpose."—"And did Mr. Blifil order you to say so?" "I am sure, sir, I should not have gone on my own accord, nor have willingly exceeded my authority in matters of this kind. If I said so, I must have so understood Mr. Blifil's instructions." "Look you, Mr. Dowling," said Allworthy; "I promise you before this lady, that whatever you have done in this affair by Mr. Blifil's order I will forgive, provided you now tell me strictly the truth; for I believe what you say, that you would not have acted of your own accord and without authority in this matter.—Mr. Blifil then likewise sent you to examine the two fellows at Aldersgate?"—"He did, sir." "Well, and what instructions did he then give you? Recollect as well as you can, and tell me, as near as possible, the very words he used"—"Why, sir, Mr. Blifil sent me to find out the persons who were eye-witnesses of this fight. He said, he feared they might be tampered with by Mr. Jones, or some of his friends. He said, blood required blood; and that not only all who concealed a murderer, but those who omitted anything in their power to bring him to justice, were sharers in his guilt. He said, he found you was very desirous of having the villain brought to justice, though it was not proper you should appear in it." "He did so?" says Allworthy.—"Yes, sir," cries Dowling; "I should not, I am sure, have proceeded such lengths for the sake of any other person living but your worship."—"What lengths, sir?" said Allworthy.—"Nay, sir," cries Dowling, "I would not have your worship think I would, on any account, be guilty of subornation of perjury; but there are two ways of delivering evidence. I told them, therefore, that, if any offers should be made them on the other side, they should refuse them, and that they might be assured they should lose nothing by being honest men, and telling the truth. I said, we were told that Mr. Jones had assaulted the gentleman first, and that, if that was the truth, they should declare it; and I did give them some hints that they should be no losers."—"I think you went lengths indeed," cries Allworthy.—"Nay, sir," answered Dowling, "I am sure I did not desire them to tell an untruth;—nor should I have said what I did, unless it had been to

oblige you."—"You would not have thought, I believe," says Allworthy, "to have obliged me, had you known that this Mr. Jones was my own nephew."—"I am sure, sir," answered he, "it did not become me to take any notice of what I thought you desired to conceal."—"How!" cries Allworthy, "and did you know it then?"—"Nay, sir," answered Dowling, "if your worship bids me speak the truth, I am sure I shall do it.—Indeed, sir, I did know it; for they were almost the last words which madam Blifil ever spoke, which she mentioned to me as I stood alone by her bedside, when she delivered me the letter I brought your worship from her."—"What letter?" cries Allworthy.—"The letter, sir," answered Dowling, "which I brought from Salisbury, and which I delivered into the hands of Mr. Blifil."—"O heavens!" cries Allworthy; "Well, and what were the words? What did my sister say to you?"—"She took me by the hand," answered he, "and, as she delivered me the letter, said, 'I scarce know what I have written. Tell my brother, Mr. Jones is his nephew—He is my son.—Bless him,' says she, and then fell backward, as if dying away. I presently called in the people, and she never spoke more to me, and died within a few minutes afterwards."—Allworthy stood a minute silent, lifting up his eyes; and then, turning to Dowling, said, "How came you, sir, not to deliver me this message?" "Your worship," answered he, "must remember that you was at that time ill in bed; and, being in a violent hurry, as indeed I always am, I delivered the letter and message to Mr. Blifil, who told me he would carry them both to you, which he hath since told me he did, and that your worship, partly out of friendship to Mr. Jones, and partly out of regard to your sister, would never have it mentioned, and did intend to conceal it from the world; and therefore, sir, if you had not mentioned it to me first, I am certain I should never have thought it belonged to me to say anything of the matter, either to your worship or any other person."

We have remarked somewhere already, that it is possible for a man to convey a lie in the words of truth; this was the case at present; for Blifil had, in fact, told Dowling what he now related, but had not imposed upon him, nor indeed had imagined he was able so to do. In reality, the promises which Blifil had made to Dowling were the motives which had induced him to secrecy; and, as he now very plainly saw Blifil would not be able to keep them, he thought proper now to make this confession, which the promises of forgiveness, joined to the threats, the voice, the looks of Allworthy, and the discoveries he had made before, extorted from him, who was besides taken unawares, and had no time to consider of evasions.

Allworthy appeared well satisfied with this relation, and, having enjoined on Dowling strict silence as to what had passed, conducted that gentleman himself to the door, lest he should see Blifil, who was returned to his chamber, where he exulted in the thoughts of this last deceit on his uncle, and little suspected what had since passed below stairs.

As Allworthy was returning to his room he met Mrs. Miller in the entry, who, with a face all pale and full of terror, said to him, "O! sir, I find this wicked woman hath been with you, and you know all; yet do not on this account abandon the poor young man. Consider, sir, he was ignorant it was his own mother; and the discovery itself will most probably break his heart, without your unkindness."

"Madam," says Allworthy, "I am under such an astonishment at what I have heard, that I am really

unable to satisfy you ; but come with me into my room. Indeed, Mrs. Miller, I have made surprising discoveries, and you shall soon know them."

The poor woman followed him trembling ; and now Allworthy, going up to Mrs. Waters, took her by the hand, and then, turning to Mrs. Miller, said, "What reward shall I bestow upon this gentlewoman, for the services she hath done me?—O! Mrs. Miller, you have a thousand times heard me call the young man to whom you are so faithful a friend, my son. Little did I then think he was indeed related to me at all.—Your friend, madam, is my nephew ; he is the brother of that wicked viper which I have so long nourished in my bosom.—She will herself tell you the whole story, and how the youth came to pass for her son. Indeed, Mrs. Miller, I am convinced that he hath been wronged, and that I have been abused ; abused by one whom you too justly suspected of being a villain. He is, in truth, the worst of villains."

The joy which Mrs. Miller now felt bereft her of the power of speech, and might perhaps have deprived her of her senses, if not of life, had not a friendly shower of tears come seasonably to her relief. At length, recovering so far from her transport as to be able to speak, she cried, "And is my dear Mr. Jones then your nephew, sir, and not the son of this lady ? And are your eyes opened to him at last ? And shall I live to see him as happy as he deserves?" "He certainly is my nephew," says Allworthy, "and I hope all the rest."—"And is this the dear good woman, the person," cries she, "to whom all this discovery is owing?"—"She is indeed," says Allworthy.—"Why, then," cried Mrs. Miller, upon her knees, "may heaven shower down its choicest blessings upon her head, and for this one good action forgive her all her sins, be they never so many!"

Mrs. Waters then informed them that she believed Jones would very shortly be released ; for that the surgeon was gone, in company with a nobleman, to the justice who committed him, in order to certify that Mr. Fitzpatrick was out of all manner of danger, and to procure his prisoner his liberty.

Allworthy said he should be glad to find his nephew there at his return home ; but that he was then obliged to go on some business of consequence. He then called to a servant to fetch him a chair, and presently left the two ladies together.

Mr. Blifil, hearing the chair ordered, came down stairs to attend upon his uncle ; for he never was deficient in such acts of duty. He asked his uncle if he was going out, which is a civil way of asking a man whither he is going : to which the other making no answer, he again desired to know when he would be pleased to return?—Allworthy made no answer to this neither, till he was just going into his chair, and then, turning about, he said,— "Harkee, sir, do you find out, before my return, the letter which your mother sent me on her death-bed." Allworthy then departed, and left Blifil in a situation to be envied only by a man who is just going to be hanged.

CHAPTER IX.

A further continuation.

ALLWORTHY took an opportunity, whilst he was in the chair, of reading the letter from Jones to Sophia, which Western delivered him ; and there were some expressions in it concerning himself which drew tears from his eyes. At length he arrived at Mr. Western's, and was introduced to Sophia.

When the first ceremonies were past, and the

gentleman and lady had taken their chairs, a silence of some minutes ensued ; during which the latter, who had been prepared for the visit by her father, sat playing with her fan, and had every mark of confusion both in her countenance and behaviour. At length Allworthy, who was himself a little disconcerted, began thus : "I am afraid, Miss Western, my family hath been the occasion of giving you some uneasiness ; to which, I fear, I have innocently become more instrumental than I intended. Be assured, madam, had I at first known how disagreeable the proposals had been, I should not have suffered you to have been so long persecuted. I hope, therefore, you will not think the design of this visit is to trouble you with any further solicitations of that kind, but entirely to relieve you from them."

"Sir," said Sophia, with a little modest hesitation, "this behaviour is most kind and generous, and such as I could expect only from Mr. Allworthy ; but as you have been so kind to mention this matter, you will pardon me for saying it hath, indeed, given me great uneasiness, and hath been the occasion of my suffering much cruel treatment from a father who was, till that unhappy affair, the tenderest and fondest of all parents. I am convinced, sir, you are too good and generous to resent my refusal of your nephew. Our inclinations are not in our own power ; and whatever may be his merit, I cannot force them in his favour." I assure you, most amiable young lady," said Allworthy, "I am capable of no such resentment, had the person been my own son, and had I entertained the highest esteem for him. For you say truly, madam, we cannot force our inclinations, much less can they be directed by another." "Oh! sir," answered Sophia, "every word you speak proves you deserve that good, that great, that benevolent character the whole world allows you. I assure you, sir, nothing less than the certain prospect of future misery could have made me resist the commands of my father." "I sincerely believe you, madam," replied Allworthy, and I heartily congratulate you on your prudent foresight, since by so justifiable a resistance you have avoided misery indeed!" "You speak now, Mr. Allworthy," cries she, "with a delicacy which few men are capable of feeling! but surely, in my opinion, to lead our lives with one to whom we are indifferent must be a state of wretchedness—Perhaps that wretchedness would be even increased by a sense of the merits of an object to whom we cannot give our affections. If I had married Mr. Blifil—" "Pardon my interrupting you, madam," answered Allworthy, "but I cannot bear the supposition.—Believe me, Miss Western, I rejoice from my heart, I rejoice in your escape.—I have discovered the wretch for whom you have suffered all this cruel violence from your father to be a villain." "How, sir!" cries Sophia,— "you must believe this surprises me."—"It hath surprised me, madam," answered Allworthy, "and so it will the world—But I have acquainted you with the real truth." "Nothing but truth," says Sophia, "can, I am convinced, come from the lips of Mr. Allworthy.—Yet, sir, such sudden, such unexpected news—Discovered, you say—may villainy be ever so!"—"You will soon enough hear the story," cries Allworthy ;—"at present let us not mention so detested a name.—I have another matter of a very serious nature to propose.—O! Miss Western, I know your vast worth, nor can I so easily part with the ambition of being allied to it.—I have a near relation, madam, a young man whose character is, I am convinced, the very oppo-

site to that of this wretch, and whose fortune I will make equal to what his was to have been. Could I, madam, hope you would admit a visit from him?" Sophia, after a minute's silence, answered, "I will deal with the utmost sincerity with Mr. Allworthy. His character, and the obligation I have just received from him, demand it. I have determined at present to listen to no such proposals from any person. My only desire is to be restored to the affection of my father, and to be again the mistress of his family. This, sir, I hope to owe to your good offices. Let me beseech you, let me conjure you, by all the goodness which I, and all who know you, have experienced, do not, the very moment when you have released me from one persecution, do not engage me in another as miserable and as fruitless." "Indeed, Miss Western," replied Allworthy, "I am capable of no such conduct; and if this be your resolution, he must submit to the disappointment, whatever torments he may suffer under it." "I must smile now, Mr. Allworthy," answered Sophia, "when you mention the torments of a man whom I do not know, and who can consequently have so little acquaintance with me." "Pardon me, dear young lady," cries Allworthy, "I begin now to be afraid he hath had too much acquaintance for the repose of his future days; since, if ever man was capable of a sincere, violent, and noble passion, such, I am convinced, is my unhappy nephew's for Miss Western." "A nephew of your's, Mr. Allworthy!" answered Sophia. "It is surely strange. I never heard of him before." "Indeed, madam," cries Allworthy, "it is only the circumstance of his being my nephew to which you are a stranger, and which, till this day, was a secret to me.—Mr. Jones, who has long loved you, he! he is my nephew!" "Mr. Jones your nephew, sir!" cries Sophia; "can it be possible?"—"He is, indeed, madam," answered Allworthy; "he is my own sister's son—as such I shall always own him; nor am I ashamed of owning him. I am much more ashamed of my past behaviour to him; but I was as ignorant of his merit as of his birth. Indeed, Miss Western, I have used him cruelly—Indeed I have."—Here the good man wiped his eyes, and after a short pause proceeded—"I never shall be able to reward him for his sufferings without your assistance.—Believe me, most amiable young lady, I must have a great esteem of that offering which I make to your worth. I know he hath been guilty of faults; but there is great goodness of heart at the bottom. Believe me, madam, there is." Here he stopped, seeming to expect an answer, which he presently received from Sophia, after she had a little recovered herself from the hurry of spirits into which so strange and sudden information had thrown her: "I sincerely wish you joy, sir, of a discovery in which you seem to have such satisfaction. I doubt not but you will have all the comfort you can promise yourself from it. The young gentleman hath certainly a thousand good qualities, which makes it impossible he should not behave well to such an uncle."—"I hope, madam," said Allworthy, "he hath those good qualities which must make him a good husband.—He must, I am sure, be of all men the most abandoned, if a lady of your merit should condescend—" "You must pardon me, Mr. Allworthy," answered Sophia; "I cannot listen to a proposal of this kind. Mr. Jones, I am convinced, hath much merit; but I shall never receive Mr. Jones as one who is to be my husband—Upon my honour I never will."—"Pardon me, madam," cries Allworthy, "if I am a little surprised, after what I have heard from Mr. Western—I hope the unhappy young man hath done nothing to for-

feit your good opinion, if he had ever the honour to enjoy it.—Perhaps, he may have been misrepresented to you, as he was to me. The same villany may have injured him everywhere.—He is no murderer, I assure you; as he hath been called."—"Mr. Allworthy," answered Sophia, "I have told you my resolution. I wonder not at what my father hath told you; but, whatever his apprehensions or fears have been, if I know my heart, I have given no occasion for them; since it hath always been a fixed principle with me, never to have married without his consent. This is, I think, the duty of a child to a parent; and this, I hope, nothing could ever have prevailed with me to swerve from. I do not indeed conceive that the authority of any parent can oblige us to marry in direct opposition to our inclinations. To avoid a force of this kind, which I had reason to suspect, I left my father's house, and sought protection elsewhere. This is the truth of my story; and if the world, or my father, carry my intentions any farther, my own conscience will acquit me." "I hear you, Miss Western," cries Allworthy, "with admiration. I admire the justness of your sentiments; but surely there is more in this. I am cautious of offending you, young lady; but am I to look on all which I have hitherto heard or seen as a dream only? And have you suffered so much cruelty from your father on the account of a man to whom you have been always absolutely indifferent?" "I beg Mr. Allworthy," answered Sophia, "you will not insist on my reasons;—yes, I have suffered indeed; I will not, Mr. Allworthy, conceal—I will be very sincere with you—I own I had a great opinion of Mr. Jones—I believe—I know I have suffered for my opinion—I have been treated cruelly by my aunt, as well as by my father; but that is now past—I beg I may not be farther pressed; for, whatever hath been, my resolution is now fixed. Your nephew, sir, hath many virtues—he hath great virtues, Mr. Allworthy. I question not but he will do you honour in the world, and make you happy."—"I wish I could make him so, madam," replied Allworthy; "but that I am convinced is only in your power. It is that conviction which hath made me so earnest a solicitor in his favour." "You are deceived indeed, sir; you are deceived," said Sophia. "I hope not by him. It is sufficient to have deceived me." "Mr. Allworthy, I must insist on being pressed no farther on this subject. I should be sorry—nay, I will not injure him in your favour. I wish Mr. Jones very well. I sincerely wish him well; and I repeat it again to you, whatever demerit he may have to me, I am certain he hath many good qualities. I do not disown my former thoughts; but nothing can ever recal them. At present there is not a man upon earth whom I would more resolutely reject than Mr. Jones; nor would the addresses of Mr. Blifil himself be less agreeable to me."

Western had been long impatient for the event of this conference, and was just now arrived at the door to listen; when, having heard the last sentiments of his daughter's heart, he lost all temper, and, bursting open the door in a rage, cried out,—"It is a lie! It is a d—n'd lie! It is all owing to that d—n'd rascal Jones; and if she could get at un, she'd ha un any hour of the day." Here Allworthy interposed, and, addressing himself to the squire with some anger in his look, he said, "Mr. Western, you have not kept your word with me. You promised to abstain from all violence."—"Why so I did," cries Western, "as long as it was possible; but to hear a wench telling such confounded lies—Zounds! doth she think, if she can make voels of other volk, she can make one of me?—No, no, I know her better than

thee dost." "I am sorry to tell you, sir," answered Allworthy, "it doth not appear, by your behaviour to this young lady, that you know her at all. I ask pardon for what I say: but I think our intimacy, your own desires, and the occasion, justify me. She is your daughter, Mr. Western, and I think she doth honour to your name. If I was capable of envy, I should sooner envy you on this account than any other man whatever." — "Odrabbit it!" cries the squire, "I wish she was thine, with all my heart—wouldst soon be glad to be rid of the trouble o' her." "Indeed, my good friend," answered Allworthy, "you yourself are the cause of all the trouble you complain of. Place that confidence in the young lady which she so well deserves, and I am certain you will be the happiest father on earth." — "I confidence in her!" cries the squire. "'Sblood! what confidence can I place in her, when she won't do as I would ha' her? Let her gi' but her consent to marry as I would ha' her, and I'll place as much confidence in her as wouldst ha' me." — "You have no right, neighbour," answered Allworthy, "to insist on any such consent. A negative voice your daughter allows you, and God and nature have thought proper to allow you no more." — "A negative voice!" cries the squire, "Ay! ay! I'll show you what a negative voice I ha. — Go along, go into your chamber, go, you stubborn —." "Indeed, Mr. Western," said Allworthy, "indeed you use her cruelly—I cannot bear to see this—you shall, you must behave to her in a kinder manner. She deserves the best of treatment." "Yes, yes," said the squire, "I know what she deserves. See here, sir, here is a letter from my cousin, my lady Ballaston, in which she is so kind to gi' me to understand that the fellow is got out of prison again; and here she advises me to take all the care I can o' the wench. Odzookers! neighbour Allworthy, you don't know what it is to govern a daughter."

The squire ended his speech with some compliments to his own sagacity; and then Allworthy, after a formal preface, acquainted him with the whole discovery which he had made concerning Jones, with his anger to Blifil, and with every particular which had been disclosed to the reader in the preceding chapters.

Men over-violent in their dispositions are, for the most part, as changeable in them. No sooner then was Western informed of Mr. Allworthy's intention to make Jones his heir, than he joined heartily with the uncle in every commendation of the nephew, and became as eager for her marriage with Jones as he had before been to couple her to Blifil.

Here Mr. Allworthy was again forced to interpose, and to relate what had passed between him and Sophia, at which he testified great surprise.

The squire was silent a moment, and looked wild with astonishment at this account.—At last he cried out, "Why, what can be the meaning of this, neighbour Allworthy? Vond o' un she was, that I'll be sworn to.—Odzookers! I have hit o't. As sure as a gun I have hit o' the very right o't. It's all along o' zister. The girl hath got a hankering after this son of a whore of a lord. I vound 'em together at my cousin my lady Bellaston's. He hath turned the head o' her, that's certain—but d—n me if he shall ha' her—I'll ha' no lords nor courtiers in my family."

Allworthy now made a long speech, in which he repeated his resolution to avoid all violent measures, and very earnestly recommended gentle methods to Mr. Western, as those by which he might be assured of succeeding best with his daughter. He then took his leave, and returned back to Mrs. Miller, but was

forced to comply with the earnest entreaties of the squire, in promising to bring Mr. Jones to visit him that afternoon, that he might, as he said, "make all matters up with the young gentleman." At Mr. Allworthy's departure, Western promised to follow his advice in his behaviour to Sophia, saying, "I don't know how 'tis, but d—n me, Allworthy, if you don't make me always do just as you please; and yet I have as good an estate as you, and am in the commission of the peace as well as yourself."

CHAPTER X.

Wherein the history begins to draw towards a conclusion.

WHEN Allworthy returned to his lodgings, he heard Mr. Jones was just arrived before him. He hurried therefore instantly into an empty chamber, whither he ordered Mr. Jones to be brought to him alone.

It is impossible to conceive a more tender or moving scene than the meeting between the uncle and nephew (for Mrs. Waters, as the reader may well suppose, had at her last visit discovered to him the secret of his birth). The first agonies of joy which were felt on both sides are indeed beyond my power to describe: I shall not therefore attempt it. After Allworthy had raised Jones from his feet, where he had prostrated himself, and received him into his arms, "O my child!" he cried, "how have I been to blame! how have I injured you! What amends can I ever make you for those unkind, those unjust suspicions which I have entertained, and for all the sufferings they have occasioned to you?" "Am I not now made amends?" cries Jones. "Would not my sufferings, if they had been ten times greater, have been now richly repaid? O my dear uncle! this goodness, this tenderness overpowers, unmans, destroys me. I cannot bear the transports which flow so fast upon me. To be again restored to your presence, to your favour; to be once more thus kindly received by my great, my noble, my generous benefactor." — "Indeed, child," cries Allworthy, "I have used you cruelly." — He then explained to him all the treachery of Blifil, and again repeated expressions of the utmost concern, for having been induced by that treachery to use him so ill. "O, talk not so!" answered Jones; "indeed, sir, you have used me nobly. The wisest man might be deceived as you were; and, under such a deception, the best must have acted just as you did. Your goodness displayed itself in the midst of your anger, just as it then seemed. I owe everything to that goodness, of which I have been most unworthy. Do not put me on self-accusation, by carrying your generous sentiments too far. Alas! sir, I have not been punished more than I have deserved; and it shall be the whole business of my future life to deserve that happiness you now bestow on me; for, believe me, my dear uncle, my punishment hath not been thrown away upon me: though I have been a great, I am not a hardened sinner; I thank Heaven, I have had time to reflect on my past life, where, though I cannot charge myself with any gross villany, yet I can discern follies and vices more than enow to repent and to be ashamed of; follies which have been attended with dreadful consequences to myself, and have brought me to the brink of destruction." "I am rejoiced, my dear child," answered Allworthy, "to hear you talk thus sensibly; for as I am convinced hypocrisy (good Heaven! how have I been imposed on by it in others!) was never among your faults, so I can readily believe all you say. You now see, Tom, to what dangers imprudence alone may subject virtue (for virtue, I am now convinced, you love in a great degree). Prudence is indeed the duty

which we owe to ourselves ; and if we will be so much our own enemies as to neglect it, we are not to wonder if the world is deficient in discharging their duty to us ; for when a man lays the foundation of his own ruin, others will, I am afraid, be too apt to build upon it. You say, however, you have seen your errors, and will reform them. I firmly believe you, my dear child ; and therefore, from this moment, you shall never be reminded of them by me. Remember them only yourself so far as for the future to teach you the better to avoid them ; but still remember, for your comfort, that there is this great difference between those faults which candour may construe into imprudence, and those which can be deduced from villany only. The former, perhaps, are even more apt to subject a man to ruin ; but if he reform, his character will, at length, be totally retrieved ; the world, though not immediately, will in time be reconciled to him ; and he may reflect, not without some mixture of pleasure, on the dangers he hath escaped ; but villany, my boy, when once discovered is irretrievable ; the stains which this leaves behind, no time will wash away. The censures of mankind will pursue the wretch, their scorn will abash him in public ; and if shame drives him into retirement, he will go to it with all those terrors with which a weary child, who is afraid of hobgoblins, retreats from company to go to bed alone. Here his murdered conscience will haunt him. — Repose, like a false friend, will fly from him. Wherever he turns his eyes, horror presents itself ; if he looks backward, unavailable repentance treads on his heels ; if forward, incurable despair stares him in the face ; till, like a condemned prisoner confined in a dungeon, he detests his present condition, and yet dreads the consequence of that hour which is to relieve him from it. Comfort yourself, I say, my child, that this is not your case ; and rejoice with thankfulness to him who hath suffered you to see your errors, before they have brought on you that destruction to which a persistence in even those errors must have led you. You have deserted them ; and the prospect now before you is such, that happiness seems in your own power." At these words Jones fetched a deep sigh ; upon which, when Allworthy remonstrated, he said, " Sir, I will conceal nothing from you : I fear there is one consequence of my vices I shall never be able to retrieve. O, my dear uncle ! I have lost a treasure." " You need say no more," answered Allworthy ; " I will be explicit with you ; I know what you lament ; I have seen the young lady, and have discoursed with her concerning you. This I must insist on, as an earnest of your sincerity in all you have said, and of the steadfastness of your resolution, that you obey me in one instance. To abide entirely by the determination of the young lady, whether it shall be in your favour or no. She hath already suffered enough from solicitations which I hate to think of ; she shall owe no further constraint to my family : I know her father will be as ready to torment her now on your account as he hath formerly been on another's ; but I am determined she shall suffer no more confinement, no more violence, no more uneasy hours." " O, my dear uncle !" answered Jones, " lay, I beseech you, some command on me, in which I shall have some merit in obedience. Believe me, sir, the only instance in which I could disobey you would be to give an uneasy moment to my Sophia. No, sir, if I am so miserable to have incurred her displeasure beyond all hope of forgiveness, that alone, with the dreadful reflection of causing her misery, will be sufficient to overpower me. To call Sophia mine is the

greatest, and now the only additional blessing which heaven can bestow ; but it is a blessing which I must owe to her alone." " I will not flatter you, child," cries Allworthy ; " I fear your case is desperate : I never saw stronger marks of an unalterable resolution in any person than appeared in her vehement declarations against receiving your addresses ; for which, perhaps, you can account better than myself." " Oh, sir ! I can account too well," answered Jones ; " I have sinned against her beyond all hope of pardon ; and, guilty as I am, my guilt unfortunately appears to her in ten times blacker than the real colours. O, my dear uncle ! I find my follies are irretrievable ; and all your goodness cannot save me from perdition."

A servant now acquainted them that Mr. Western was below stairs ; for his eagerness to see Jones could not wait till the afternoon. Upon which Jones, whose eyes were full of tears, begged his uncle to entertain Western a few minutes, till he a little recovered himself ; to which the good man consented, and, having ordered Mr. Western to be shown into a parlour, went down to him.

Mrs. Miller no sooner heard that Jones was alone (for she had not yet seen him since his release from prison) than she came eagerly into the room, and, advancing towards Jones, wished him heartily joy of his new-found uncle and his happy reconciliation ; adding, " I wish I could give you joy on another account, my dear child ; but anything so inexorable I never saw."

Jones, with some appearance of surprise, asked her what she meant. " Why then," says she, " I have been with your young lady, and have explained all matters to her, as they were told to me by my son Nightingale. She can have no longer any doubt about the letter ; of that I am certain ; for I told her my son Nightingale was ready to take his oath, if she pleased, that it was all his own invention, and the letter of his inditing. I told her the very reason of sending the letter ought to recommend you to her the more, as it was all upon her account, and a plain proof that you was resolved to quit all your profligacy for the future ; that you had never been guilty of a single instance of infidelity to her since your seeing her in town : I am afraid I went too far there ; but Heaven forgive me ! I hope your future behaviour will be my justification. I am sure I have said all I can ; but all to no purpose. She remains inflexible. She says, she had forgiven many faults on account of youth ; but expressed such detestation of the character of a libertine, that she absolutely silenced me. I often attempted to excuse you ; but the justness of her accusation flew in my face. Upon my honour, she is a lovely woman, and one of the sweetest and most sensible creatures I ever saw. I could have almost kissed her for one expression she made use of. It was a sentiment worthy of Seneca, or of a bishop. ' I once fancied, madam,' said she, ' I had discovered great goodness of heart in Mr. Jones ; and for that I own I had a sincere esteem ; but an entire profligacy of manners will corrupt the best heart in the world ; and all which a good-natured libertine can expect is, that we should mix some grains of pity with our contempt and abhorrence.' She is an angelic creature, that is the truth on't." " O, Mrs. Miller !" answered Jones, " can I bear to think I have lost such an angel ?" " Lost ! no," cries Mrs. Miller ; " I hope you have not lost her yet. Resolve to leave such vicious courses, and you may yet have hopes ; nay, if she should remain inexorable, there is another young lady, a sweet pretty young lady, and a swinging fortune, who is abso-

lutely dying for love of you. I heard of it this very morning, and I told it to Miss Western; nay, I went a little beyond the truth again; for I told her you had refused her; but indeed I knew you would refuse her. And here I must give you a little comfort; when I mentioned the young lady's name, who is no other than the pretty widow Hunt, I thought she turned pale; but when I said you had refused her, I will be sworn her face was all over scarlet in an instant; and these were her very words: 'I will not deny but that I believe he has some affection for me.' "

Here the conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Western, who could no longer be kept out of the room even by the authority of Allworthy himself; though this, as we have often seen, had a wonderful power over him.

Western immediately went up to Jones, crying out, "My old friend Tom, I am glad to see thee with all my heart! all past must be forgotten; I could not intend any affront to thee, because, as Allworthy here knows, nay, dost know it thyself, I took thee for another person; and where a body means no harm, what signifies a hasty word or two? One christian must forget and forgive another." "I hope, sir," said Jones, "I shall never forget the many obligations I have had to you; but as for any offence towards me, I declare I am an utter stranger." "A't," says Western, "then give me thy fist; a't as hearty an honest cock as any in the kingdom. Come along with me; I'll carry thee to thy mistress this moment." Here Allworthy interposed; and the squire being unable to prevail either with the uncle or nephew, was, after some litigation, obliged to consent to delay introducing Jones to Sophia till the afternoon; at which time Allworthy, as well in compassion to Jones as in compliance with the eager desires of Western, was prevailed upon to promise to attend at the tea-table.

The conversation which now ensued was pleasant enough; and with which, had it happened earlier in our history, we would have entertained our reader; but as we have now leisure only to attend to what is very material, it shall suffice to say that matters being entirely adjusted as to the afternoon visit Mr. Western again returned home.

CHAPTER XI.

The history draws nearer to a conclusion.

WHEN Mr. Western was departed, Jones began to inform Mr. Allworthy and Mrs. Miller that his liberty had been procured by two noble lords, who, together with two surgeons and a friend of Mr. Nightingale's, had attended the magistrate by whom he had been committed, and by whom, on the surgeons' oaths, that the wounded person was out of all manner of danger from his wound, he was discharged.

One only of these lords, he said, he had ever seen before, and that no more than once; but the other had greatly surprised him by asking his pardon for an offence he had been guilty of towards him, occasioned, he said, entirely by his ignorance who he was.

Now the reality of the case, with which Jones was not acquainted till afterwards, was this:—The lieutenant whom lord Fellamar had employed, according to the advice of lady Bellaston, to press Jones as a vagabond into the sea-service, when he came to report to his lordship the event which we have before seen, spoke very favourably of the behaviour of Mr. Jones on all accounts, and strongly assured that lord that he must have mistaken the person, for that

Jones was certainly a gentleman; insomuch that his lordship, who was strictly a man of honour, and would by no means have been guilty of an action which the world in general would have condemned, began to be much concerned for the advice which he had taken.

Within a day or two after this lord Fellamar happened to dine with the Irish peer, who, in a conversation upon the duel, acquainted his company with the character of Fitzpatrick; to which, indeed, he did not do strict justice, especially in what related to his lady. He said she was the most innocent, the most injured woman alive, and that from compassion alone he had undertaken her cause. He then declared an intention of going the next morning to Fitzpatrick's lodgings, in order to prevail with him, if possible, to consent to a separation from his wife, who, the peer said, was in apprehensions for her life, if she should ever return to be under the power of her husband. Lord Fellamar agreed to go with him, that he might satisfy himself more concerning Jones and the circumstances of the duel; for he was by no means easy concerning the part he had acted. The moment his lordship gave a hint of his readiness to assist in the delivery of the lady, it was eagerly embraced by the other nobleman, who depended much on the authority of lord Fellamar, as he thought it would greatly contribute to awe Fitzpatrick into a compliance; and perhaps he was in the right; for the poor Irishman no sooner saw these noble peers had undertaken the cause of his wife than he submitted, and articles of separation were soon drawn up and signed between the parties.

Fitzpatrick had been so well satisfied by Mrs. Waters concerning the innocence of his wife with Jones at Upton, or perhaps from some other reasons, was now become so indifferent to that matter that he spoke highly in favour of Jones to lord Fellamar, took all the blame upon himself, and said the other had behaved very much like a gentleman and a man of honour; and upon that lord's further inquiry concerning Mr. Jones, Fitzpatrick told him he was nephew to a gentleman of very great fashion and fortune, which was the account he had just received from Mrs. Waters after her interview with Dowling.

Lord Fellamar now thought it behoved him to do everything in his power to make satisfaction to a gentleman whom he had so grossly injured, and without any consideration of rivalry (for he had now given over all thoughts of Sophia), determined to procure Mr. Jones's liberty, being satisfied, as well from Fitzpatrick as his surgeon, that the wound was not mortal. He therefore prevailed with the Irish peer to accompany him to the place where Jones was confined, to whom he behaved as we have already related.

When Allworthy returned to his lodgings, he immediately carried Jones into his room, and then acquainted him with the whole matter, as well what he had heard from Mrs. Waters as what he had discovered from Mr. Dowling.

Jones expressed great astonishment and no less concern at this account, but without making any comment or observation upon it. And now a message was brought from Mr. Blifil, desiring to know if his uncle was at leisure that he might wait upon him. Allworthy started and turned pale, and then in a more passionate tone than I believe he had ever used before, bid the servant tell Blifil he knew him not. "Consider, dear sir," cries Jones, in a trembling voice. "I have considered," answered Allworthy, "and you yourself shall carry my message to the villain. No one can carry him the sentence

of his own ruin so properly as the man whose ruin he hath so villanously contrived." "Pardon me, dear sir," said Jones; "a moment's reflection will, I am sure, convince you of the contrary. What might perhaps be but justice from another tongue, would from mine be insult; and to whom?—my own brother and your nephew. Nor did he use me so barbarously—indeed, that would have been more inexcusable than anything he hath done. Fortune may tempt men of no very bad dispositions to injustice; but insults proceed only from black and rancorous minds, and have no temptations to excuse them. Let me beseech you, sir, to do nothing by him in the present height of your anger. Consider, my dear uncle, I was not myself condemned unheard." Allworthy stood silent a moment, and then, embracing Jones, he said, with tears gushing from his eyes, "O my child! to what goodness have I been so long blind!"

Mrs. Miller entering the room at that moment, after a gentle rap which was not perceived, and seeing Jones in the arms of his uncle, the poor woman in an agony of joy fell upon her knees, and burst forth into the most ecstatic thanksgivings to heaven for what had happened; then, running to Jones, she embraced him eagerly, crying, "My dearest friend, I wish you joy a thousand and a thousand times of this blest day." And next Mr. Allworthy himself received the same congratulations. To which he answered, "Indeed, indeed, Mrs. Miller, I am beyond expression happy." Some few more raptures having passed on all sides, Mrs. Miller desired them both to walk down to dinner in the parlour, where she said there were a very happy set of people assembled—being indeed no other than Mr. Nightingale and his bride, and his cousin Harris with her bridegroom.

Allworthy excused himself from dining with the company, saying he had ordered some little thing for him and his nephew in his own apartment; for that they had much private business to discourse of, but could not resist promising the good woman that both he and Jones would make part of her society at supper.

Mrs. Miller then asked what was to be done with Blifil? "for indeed," says she, "I cannot be easy while such a villain is in my house."—Allworthy answered, "He was as uneasy as herself on the same account." "Oh!" cries she, "if that be the case, leave the matter to me, I'll soon show him the outside of my doors, I warrant you. Here are two or three lusty fellows below stairs." "There will be no need of any violence," cries Allworthy; "if you will carry him a message from me, he will, I am convinced, depart of his own accord." "Will I?" said Mrs. Miller; "I never did anything in my life with a better will." Here Jones interfered, and said, "He had considered the matter better, and would, if Mr. Allworthy pleased, be himself the messenger. I know," says he, "already enough of your pleasure, sir, and I beg leave to acquaint him with it by my own words. Let me beseech you, sir," added he, "to reflect on the dreadful consequences of driving him to violent and sudden despair. How unfit, alas! is this poor man to die in his present situation." This suggestion had not the least effect on Mrs. Miller. She left the room, crying, "you are too good, Mr. Jones, infinitely too good to live in this world." But it made a deeper impression on Allworthy. "My good child," said he, "I am equally astonished at the goodness of your heart, and the quickness of your understanding. Heaven indeed forbid that this wretch should be deprived of any means or

time for repentance! That would be a shocking consideration indeed. Go to him, therefore, and use your own discretion; yet do not flatter him with any hopes of my forgiveness; for I never shall forgive villany farther than my religion obliges me, and that extends not either to our bounty or our conversation."

Jones went up to Blifil's room, whom he found in a situation which moved his pity, though it would have raised a less amiable passion in many beholders. He cast himself on his bed, where he lay abandoning himself to despair, and drowned in tears; not in such tears as flow from contrition, and wash away guilt from minds which have been seduced or surprised into it unawares, against the bent of their natural dispositions, as will sometimes happen from human frailty, even to the good; no, these tears were such as the frightened thief sheds in his cart, and are indeed the effects of that concern which the most savage natures are seldom deficient in feeling for themselves.

It would be unpleasing and tedious to paint this scene in full length. Let it suffice to say, that the behaviour of Jones was kind to excess. He omitted nothing which his invention could supply, to raise and comfort the drooping spirits of Blifil, before he communicated to him the resolution of his uncle that he must quit the house that evening. He offered to furnish him with any money he wanted, assured him of his hearty forgiveness of all he had done against him, that he would endeavour to live with him hereafter as a brother, and would leave nothing unattempted to effectuate a reconciliation with his uncle.

Blifil was at first sullen and silent, balancing in his mind whether he should yet deny all; but, finding at last the evidence too strong against him, he betook himself at last to confession. He then asked pardon of his brother in the most vehement manner, prostrated himself on the ground, and kissed his feet; in short he was now as remarkably mean as he had been before remarkably wicked.

Jones could not so far check his disdain, but that it a little discovered itself in his countenance at this extreme servility. He raised his brother the moment he could from the ground, and advised him to bear his afflictions more like a man; repeating, at the same time, his promises, that he would do all in his power to lessen them; for which Blifil, making many professions of his unworthiness, poured forth a profusion of thanks; and then, he having declared he would immediately depart to another lodging, Jones returned to his uncle.

Among other matters, Allworthy now acquainted Jones with the discovery which he had made concerning the 500*l.* bank-notes. "I have," said he, already consulted a lawyer, who tells me, to my great astonishment, that there is no punishment for a fraud of this kind. Indeed, when I consider the black ingratitude of this fellow toward you, I think a highwayman, compared to him, is an innocent person."

"Good Heaven!" says Jones, "is it possible?—I am shocked beyond measure at this news. I thought there was not an honest^r fellow in the world.—The temptation of such a sum was too great for him to withstand; for smaller matters have come safe to me through his hand. Indeed, my dear uncle, you must suffer me to call it weakness rather than ingratitude; for I am convinced the poor fellow loves me, and hath done me some kindnesses, which I can never forget; nay, I believe he hath repented of this very act; for it is not above a day or two ago, when my

affairs seemed in the most desperate situation, that he visited me in my confinement, and offered me any money I wanted. Consider, sir, what a temptation to a man who hath tasted such bitter distress, it must be, to have a sum in his possession which must put him and his family beyond any future possibility of suffering the like."

"Child," cries Allworthy, "you carry this forgiving temper too far. Such mistaken mercy is not only weakness, but borders on injustice, and is very pernicious to society, as it encourages vice. The dishonesty of this fellow I might, perhaps, have pardoned, but never his ingratitude. And give me leave to say, when we suffer any temptation to atone for dishonesty itself, we are as candid and merciful as we ought to be; and so far I confess I have gone; for I have often pitied the fate of a highwayman, when I have been on the grand jury; and have more than once applied to the judge on the behalf of such as have had any mitigating circumstances in their case; but when dishonesty is attended with any blacker crime, such as cruelty, murder, ingratitude, or the like, compassion and forgiveness then become faults. I am convinced the fellow is a villain, and he shall be punished; at least as far as I can punish him."

This was spoke with so stern a voice, that Jones did not think proper to make any reply; besides, the hour appointed by Mr. Western now drew so near, that he had barely time left to dress himself. Here therefore ended the present dialogue, and Jones retired to another room, where Partridge attended, according to order, with his clothes.

Partridge had scarce seen his master since the happy discovery. The poor fellow was unable either to contain or express his transports. He behaved like one frantic, and made almost as many mistakes while he was dressing Jones as I have seen made by Harlequin in dressing himself on the stage.

His memory, however, was not in the least deficient. He recollected now many omens and presages of this happy event, some of which he had remarked at the time, but many more he now remembered; nor did he omit the dreams he had dreamt that evening before his meeting with Jones; and concluded with saying, "I always told your honour something boded in my mind that you would one time or other have it in your power to make my fortune." Jones assured him that this boding should as certainly be verified with regard to him as all the other omens had been to himself; which did not a little add to all the raptures which the poor fellow had already conceived on account of his master.

CHAPTER XII.

Approaching still nearer to the end.

JONES, being now completely dressed, attended his uncle to Mr. Western's. He was, indeed, one of the finest figures ever beheld, and his person alone would have charmed the greater part of womankind; but we hope it hath already appeared in this history that Nature, when she formed him, did not totally rely, as she sometimes doth, on this merit only, to recommend her work.

Sophia, who, angry as she was, was likewise set forth to the best advantage, for which I leave my female readers to account, appeared so extremely beautiful, that even Allworthy, when he saw her, could not forbear whispering Western that he believed she was the finest creature in the world. To which Western answered, in a whisper, overheard

by all present, "So much the better for Tom;—for d—n me if he shan't ha the tousling her." Sophia was all over scarlet at these words, while Tom's countenance was altogether as pale, and he was almost ready to sink from his chair.

The tea-table was scarcely removed before Western lugged Allworthy out of the room, telling him he had business of consequence to impart, and must speak to him that instant in private, before he forgot it.

The lovers were now alone, and it will, I question not, appear strange to many readers, that those who had so much to say to one another when danger and difficulty attended their conversation, and who seemed so eager to rush into each other's arms when so many bars lay in their way, now that with safety they were at liberty to say or do whatever they pleased, should both remain for some time silent and motionless; insomuch that a stranger of moderate sagacity might have well concluded they were mutually indifferent; but so it was, however strange it may seem; both sat with their eyes cast downwards on the ground, and for some minutes continued in perfect silence.

Mr. Jones during this interval attempted once or twice to speak, but was absolutely incapable, muttering only, or rather sighing out, some broken words; when Sophia at length, partly out of pity to him, and partly to turn the discourse from the subject which she knew well enough he was endeavouring to open, said—

"Sure, sir, you are the most fortunate man in the world in this discovery." "And can you really, madam, think me so fortunate," said Jones, sighing, "while I have incurred your displeasure?"—"Nay, sir," says she, "as to that you best know whether you have deserved it." "Indeed, madam," answered he, "you yourself are as well apprised of all my demerits. Mrs. Miller hath acquainted you with the whole truth. O! my Sophia, am I never to hope for forgiveness?"—"I think, Mr. Jones," said she, "I may almost depend on your justice, and leave it to yourself to pass sentence on your own conduct."—"Alas! madam," answered he, "it is mercy, and not justice, which I implore at your hands. Justice I know must condemn me.—Yet not for the letter I sent to lady Bellaston. Of that I most solemnly declare you have had a true account." He then insisted much on the security given him by Nightingale of a fair pretence for breaking off, if, contrary to their expectations, her ladyship should have accepted his offer; but confessed that he had been guilty of a great indiscretion to put such a letter as that into her power, "which," said he, "I have dearly paid for, in the effect it has upon you." "I do not, I cannot," says she, "believe otherwise of that letter than you would have me. My conduct, I think, shows you clearly I do not believe there is much in that. And yet, Mr. Jones, have I not enough to resent? After what passed at Upton, so soon to engage in a new amour with another woman, while I fancied, and you pretended, your heart was bleeding for me? Indeed, you have acted strangely. Can I believe the passion you have professed to me to be sincere? Or, if I can, what happiness can I assure myself of with a man capable of so much inconstancy?" "O! my Sophia," cries he, "do not doubt the sincerity of the purest passion that ever inflamed a human breast. Think, most adorable creature, of my unhappy situation, of my despair. Could I, my Sophia, have flattered myself with the most distant hopes of being ever permitted to throw myself at your feet in the manner I do now, it would not have been in the power of any other woman to

have inspired a thought which the severest chastity could have condemned. Inconstancy to you! O Sophia! if you can have goodness enough to pardon what is passed, do not let any cruel future apprehensions shut your mercy against me. No repentance was ever more sincere. O! let it reconcile me to my heaven in this dear bosom." "Sincere repentance, Mr. Jones," answered she, "will obtain the pardon of a sinner, but it is from one who is a perfect judge of that sincerity. A human mind may be imposed on; nor is there any infallible method to prevent it. You must expect, however, that if I can be prevailed on by your repentance to pardon you, I will at least insist on the strongest proof of its sincerity." "Name any proof in my power," answered Jones eagerly. "Time," replied she; "time alone, Mr. Jones, can convince me that you are a true penitent, and have resolved to abandon these vicious courses, which I should detest you for, if I imagined you capable of persevering in them." "Do not imagine it," cries Jones. "On my knees I entreat, I implore your confidence, a confidence which it shall be the business of my life to deserve." "Let it then," said she, "be the business of some part of your life to show me you deserve it. I think I have been explicit enough in assuring you that, when I see you merit my confidence, you will obtain it. After what is passed, sir, can you expect I should take you upon your word?"

He replied, "Don't believe me upon my word; I have a better security, a pledge for my constancy, which it is impossible to see and to doubt." "What is that?" said Sophia, a little surprised. "I will show you, my charming angel," cries Jones, seizing her hand and carrying her to the glass. "There, behold it there in that lovely figure, in that face, that shape, those eyes, that mind which shines through these eyes; can the man who shall be in possession of these be inconstant? Impossible! my Sophia; they would fix a Dorimant, a lord Rochester. You could not doubt it, if you could see yourself with any eyes but your own." Sophia blushed and half smiled; but, forcing again her brow into a frown—"If I am to judge," said she, "of the future by the past, my image will no more remain in your heart when I am out of your sight, than it will in this glass when I am out of the room." "By heaven, by all that is sacred!" said Jones, "it never was out of my heart. The delicacy of your sex cannot conceive the grossness of ours, nor how little one sort of amour has to do with the heart." "I will never marry a man," replied Sophia, very gravely, "who shall not learn refinement enough to be as incapable as I am myself of making such a distinction." "I will learn it," said Jones. "I have learnt it already. The first moment of hope that my Sophia might be my wife taught it me at once; and all the rest of her sex from that moment became as little the objects of desire to my sense as of passion to my heart." "Well," said Sophia, "the proof of this must be from time. Your situation, Mr. Jones, is now altered, and I assure you I have great satisfaction in the alteration. You will now want no opportunity of being near me, and convincing me that your mind is altered too." "O! my angel," cries Jones, "how shall I thank thy goodness! And are you so good to own that you have a satisfaction in my prosperity?—Believe me, believe me, madam, it is you alone have given a relish to that prosperity, since I owe to it the dear hope—O! my Sophia, let it not be a distant one.—I will be all obedience to your commands. I will not dare to press anything further than you permit me. Yet let we entreat you to appoint a short trial. O!

tell me when I may expect you will be convinced of what is most solemnly true." "When I have gone voluntarily thus far, Mr. Jones," said she, "I expect not to be pressed. Nay, I will not."—"O! don't look unkindly thus, my Sophia," cries he. "I do not, I dare not press you.—Yet permit me at least once more to beg you would fix the period. O! consider the impatience of love."—"A twelve-month, perhaps," said she. "O! my Sophia," cries he, "you have named an eternity."—"Perhaps, it may be something sooner," says she; "I will not be teased. If your passion for me be what I would have it, I think you may now be easy."—"Easy, Sophia, call not such an exulting happiness as mine by so cold a name.—O! transporting thought! am I not assured that the blessed day will come, when I shall call you mine; when fears shall be no more; when I shall have that dear, that vast, that exquisite, ecstatic delight of making my Sophia happy?"—"Indeed, sir," said she, "that day is in your own power."—"O! my dear, my divine angel," cried he, "these words have made me mad with joy.—But I must, I will thank those dear lips which have so sweetly pronounced my bliss." He then caught her in his arms, and kissed her with an ardour he had never ventured before.

At this instant Western, who had stood some time listening, burst into the room, and, with his hunting voice and phrase, cried out, "To her, boy, to her, go to her.—That's it, little honeys, O that's it! Well! what, is it all over? Hath she appointed the day, boy? What, shall it be to-morrow or next day? It shan't be put off a minute longer than next day, I am resolved." "Let me beseech you, sir," says Jones, "don't let me be the occasion—"—"Beseech mine a—," cries Western, "I thought thou hadst been a lad of higher mettle than to give way to a parcel of maidenish tricks.—I tell thee 'tis all flimflam. Zoodikers! she'd have the wedding to night with all her heart. Would'st not, Sophy? Come, confess, and be an honest girl for once. What, art dumb? Why dost not speak?" "Why should I confess, sir," says Sophia, "since it seems you are so well acquainted with my thoughts?"—"That's a good girl," cries he, "and dost consent then?" "No, indeed, sir," says Sophia, "I have given no such consent."—"And wunt not ha un then to-morrow, nor next day?" says Western.—"Indeed, sir," says she, "I have no such intention." "But I can tell thee," replied he, "why hast nut; only because thou dost love to be disobedient, and to plague and vex thy father." "Pray, sir," said Jones, interfering—"I tell thee thou art a puppy," cries he. "When I forbid her, then it was all nothing but sighing and whining, and languishing and writing; now I am vor thee, she is against thee. All the spirit of contrary, that's all. She is above being guided and governed by her father, that is the whole truth on't. It is only to disoblige and contradict me." "What would my papa have me do?" cries Sophia. "What would I ha thee do?" says he, "why gi' un thy hand this moment."—"Well, sir," said Sophia, "I will obey you.—There is my hand, Mr. Jones." "Well, and will you consent to ha un to-morrow morning?" says Western.—"I will be obedient to you, sir," cries she.—"Why then to-morrow morning be the day," cries he. "Why then to-morrow morning shall be the day, papa, since you will have it so," says Sophia. Jones then fell upon his knees, and kissed her hand in an agony of joy, while Western began to caper and dance about the room, presently crying out,—"Where the devil is Allworthy? He is without

now, a talking with that d——d lawyer Dowling, when he should be minding other matters." He then sallied out in quest of him, and very opportunely left the lovers to enjoy a few tender minutes alone.

But he soon returned with Allworthy, saying, "If you won't believe me, you may ask her yourself. Hast nut gin thy consent, Sophy, to be married to-morrow?" "Such are your commands, sir," cries Sophia, "and I dare not be guilty of disobedience." "I hope, madam," cries Allworthy, "my nephew will merit so much goodness, and will be always as sensible as myself of the great honour you have done my family. An alliance with so charming and so excellent a young lady would indeed be an honour to the greatest in England." "Yes," cries Western, "but if I had suffered her to stand shill I shall I, dilly dally, you might not have had that honour yet a while; I was forced to use a little fatherly authority to bring her to." "I hope not, sir," cries Allworthy, "I hope there is not the least constraint." "Why, there," cries Western, "you may bid her unsay all again if you will. Dost repent heartily of thy promise, dost not, Sophy?" "Indeed, papa," cries she, "I do not repent, nor do I believe I ever shall, of any promise in favour of Mr. Jones." "Then, nephew," cries Allworthy, "I felicitate you most heartily; for I think you are the happiest of men. And, madam, you will give me leave to congratulate you on this joyful occasion: indeed, I am convinced you have bestowed yourself on one who will be sensible of your great merit, and who will at least use his best endeavours to deserve it." His best endeavours!" cries Western, "that he will, I warrant un.—Harkee, Allworthy, I'll bet thee five pounds to a crown we have a boy to-morrow nine months; but prithee tell me what wut ha! Wut ha Burgundy, Champaigne, or what? for, please Jupiter, we'll make a night on't." "Indeed, sir," said Allworthy, "you must excuse me; both my nephew and I were engaged before I suspected this near approach of his happiness."—"Engaged!" quoth the squire, "never tell me.—I won't part with thee to-night upon any occasion. Shalt sup here, please the lord Harry." "You must pardon me, my dear neighbour?" answered Allworthy; "I have given a solemn promise, and that you know I never break." "Why, prithee, who art engaged to?" cries the squire.—Allworthy then informed him, as likewise of the company.—"Odzookers!" answered the squire, "I will go with thee, and so shall Sophy! for I won't part with thee to-night; and it would be barbarous to part Tom and the girl." This offer was presently embraced by Allworthy, and Sophia consented, having first obtained a private promise from her father that he would not mention a syllable concerning her marriage.

CHAPTER the last.

In which the history is concluded.

YOUNG Nightingale had been that afternoon, by appointment, to wait on his father, who received him much more kindly than he expected. There likewise he met his uncle, who was returned to town in quest of his new-married daughter.

This marriage was the luckiest incident which could have happened to the young gentleman; for these brothers lived in a constant state of contention about the government of their children, both heartily despising the method which each other took. Each of them therefore now endeavoured, as much as he could, to palliate the offence which his own child had committed, and to aggravate the match of the other. This desire of triumphing over his brother,

added to the many arguments which Allworthy had used, so strongly operated on the old gentleman that he met his son with a smiling countenance, and actually agreed to sup with him that evening at Mrs. Miller's.

As for the other, who really loved his daughter with the most immoderate affection, there was little difficulty in inclining him to a reconciliation. He was no sooner informed by his nephew where his daughter and her husband were than he declared he would instantly go to her. And when he arrived there he scarce suffered her to fall upon her knees before he took her up, and embraced her with a tenderness which affected all who saw him; and in less than a quarter of an hour was as well reconciled to both her and her husband as if he had himself joined their hands.

In this situation were affairs when Mr. Allworthy and his company arrived to complete the happiness of Mrs. Miller, who no sooner saw Sophia than she guessed everything that had happened; and so great was her friendship to Jones, that it added not a few transports to those she felt on the happiness of her own daughter.

There have not, I believe, been many instances of a number of people met together, where every one was so perfectly happy as in this company. Amongst whom the father of young Nightingale enjoyed the least perfect content; for, notwithstanding his affection for his son, notwithstanding the authority and the arguments of Allworthy, together with the other motive mentioned before, he could not so entirely be satisfied with his son's choice; and, perhaps, the presence of Sophia herself tended a little to aggravate and heighten his concern, as a thought now and then suggested itself that his son might have had that lady, or some other such. Not that any of the charms which adorned either the person or mind of Sophia created the uneasiness; it was the contents of her father's coffers which set his heart a longing. These were the charms which he could not bear to think his son had sacrificed to the daughter of Mrs. Miller.

The brides were both very pretty women; but so totally were they eclipsed by the beauty of Sophia, that, had they not been two of the best-tempered girls in the world, it would have raised some envy in their breasts; for neither of their husbands could long keep his eyes from Sophia, who sat at the table like a queen receiving homage, or, rather, like a superior being receiving adoration from all around her. But it was an adoration which they gave, not what she exacted; for she was as much distinguished by her modesty and affability as by all her other perfections.

The evening was spent in much true mirth. All were happy, but those the most who had been most unhappy before. Their former sufferings and fears gave such a relish to their felicity as even love and fortune, in their fullest flow, could not have given without the advantage of such a comparison. Yet, as great joy, especially after a sudden change and revolution of circumstances, is apt to be silent, and dwells rather in the heart than on the tongue, Jones and Sophia appeared the least merry of the whole company; which Western observed with great impatience, often crying out to them, "Why dost not talk, boy! Why dost look so grave? Hast lost thy tongue, girl! Drink another glass of wine; sha't drink another glass." And, the more to enliven her, he would sometimes sing a merry song, which bore some relation to matrimony and the loss of a maiden-head. Nay, he would have proceeded so far on that

topic as to have driven her out of the room, if Mr. Allworthy had not checked him, sometimes by looks, and once or twice by a "Fie! Mr. Western!" He began, indeed, once to debate the matter, and assert his right to talk to his own daughter as he thought fit; but, as nobody seconded him, he was soon reduced to order.

Notwithstanding this little restraint, he was so pleased with the cheerfulness and good-humour of the company, that he insisted on their meeting the next day at his lodgings. They all did so; and the lovely Sophia, who was now in private become a bride too, officiated as the mistress of the ceremonies, or, in the polite phrase, did the honours of the table. She had that morning given her hand to Jones, in the chapel at Doctors'-Commons, where Mr. Allworthy, Mr. Western, and Mrs. Miller, were the only persons present.

Sophia had earnestly desired her father that no others of the company, who were that day to dine with him, should be acquainted with her marriage. The same secrecy was enjoined to Mrs. Miller, and Jones undertook for Allworthy. This somewhat reconciled the delicacy of Sophia to the public entertainment which, in compliance with her father's will, she was obliged to go to, greatly against her own inclinations. In confidence of this secrecy she went through the day pretty well, till the squire, who was now advanced into the second bottle, could contain his joy no longer, but, filling out a bumper, drank a health to the bride. The health was immediately pledged by all present, to the great confusion of our poor blushing Sophia, and the great concern of Jones upon her account. To say truth, there was not a person present made wiser by this discovery; for Mrs. Miller had whispered it to her daughter, her daughter to her husband, her husband to his sister, and she to all the rest.

Sophia now took the first opportunity of withdrawing with the ladies, and the squire sat in to his cups, in which he was, by degrees, deserted by all the company except the uncle of young Nightingale, who loved his bottle as well as Western himself. These two, therefore, sat stoutly to it during the whole evening, and long after that happy hour which had surrendered the charming Sophia to the eager arms of the enraptured Jones.

Thus, reader, we have at length brought our history to a conclusion, in which, to our great pleasure, though contrary, perhaps, to thy expectation, Mr. Jones appears to be the happiest of all human kind; for what happiness this world affords equal to the possession of such a woman as Sophia, I sincerely own I have never yet discovered.

As to the other persons who have made any considerable figure in this history, as some may desire to know a little more concerning them, we will proceed, in as few words as possible, to satisfy their curiosity.

Allworthy hath never yet been prevailed upon to see Blifil, but he hath yielded to the importunity of Jones, backed by Sophia, to settle 200*l.* a-year upon him; to which Jones hath privately added a third. Upon this income he lives in one of the northern counties, about 200 miles distant from London, and lays up 200*l.* a-year out of it, in order to purchase a seat in the next parliament from a neighbouring borough, which he has bargained for with an attorney there. He is also lately turned methodist, in hopes of marrying a very rich widow of that sect, whose estate lies in that part of the kingdom.

Square died soon after he writ the before-mentioned letter; and as to Thwackum, he continues at his vicarage. He hath made many fruitless attempts

to regain the confidence of Allworthy, or to ingratiate himself with Jones, both of whom he flatters to their faces, and abuses behind their backs. But in his stead, Mr. Allworthy hath lately taken Mr. Abraham Adams into his house, of whom Sophia is grown immoderately fond, and declares he shall have the tuition of her children.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick is separated from her husband, and retains the little remains of her fortune. She lives in reputation at the polite end of the town, and is so good an economist, that she spends three times the income of her fortune, without running in debt. She maintains a perfect intimacy with the lady of the Irish peer; and in acts of friendship to her repays all the obligations she owes to her husband.

Mrs. Western was soon reconciled to her niece Sophia, and hath spent two months together with her in the country. Lady Bellaston made the latter a formal visit at her return to town, where she behaved to Jones as to a perfect stranger, and, with great civility, wished him joy on his marriage.

Mr. Nightingale hath purchased an estate for his son in the neighbourhood of Jones, where the young gentleman, his lady, Mrs. Miller, and her little daughter reside, and the most agreeable intercourse subsists between the two families.

As to those of lower account, Mrs. Waters returned into the country, had a pension of 60*l.* a-year settled upon her by Mr. Allworthy, and is married to parson Supple, on whom, at the instance of Sophia, Western hath bestowed a considerable living.

Black George, hearing the discovery that had been made, ran away, and was never since heard of; and Jones bestowed the money on his family, but not in equal proportions, for Molly had much the greatest share.

As for Partridge, Jones hath settled 50*l.* a-year on him; and he hath again set up a school, in which he meets with much better encouragement than formerly, and there is now a treaty of marriage on foot between him and Miss Molly Seagrim, which, through the mediation of Sophia, is likely to take effect.

We now return to take leave of Mr. Jones and Sophia, who, within two days after their marriage, attended Mr. Western and Mr. Allworthy into the country. Western hath resigned his family seat, and the greater part of his estate, to his son-in-law, and hath retired to a lesser house of his in another part of the country which is better for hunting. Indeed, he is often as a visitant with Mr. Jones, who, as well as his daughter, hath an infinite delight in doing everything in their power to please him. And this desire of theirs is attended with such success, that the old gentleman declares he was never happy in his life till now. He hath here a parlour and ante-chamber to himself, where he gets drunk with whom he pleases: and his daughter is still as ready as formerly to play to him whenever he desires it; for Jones hath assured her that, as, next to pleasing her, one of his highest satisfactions is to contribute to the happiness of the old man; so the great duty which she expresses and performs to her father renders her almost equally dear to him with the love which she bestows on himself.

Sophia hath already produced him two fine children, a boy and a girl, of whom the old gentleman is so fond, that he spends much of his time in the nursery, where he declares the tattling of his little grand-daughter, who is above a year and a half old, is sweeter music than the finest cry of dogs in England.

Allworthy was likewise greatly liberal to Jones on the marriage, and hath omitted no instance of

showing his affection to him and his lady, who love him as a father. Whatever in the nature of Jones had a tendency to vice, has been corrected by continual conversation with this good man, and by his union with the lovely and virtuous Sophia. He hath also, by reflection on his past follies, acquired a discretion and prudence very uncommon in one of his lively parts.

To conclude, as there are not to be found a worthier man and woman, than this fond couple, so neither can any be imagined more happy. They

preserve the purest and tenderest affection for each other, an affection daily increased and confirmed by mutual endearments and mutual esteem. Nor is their conduct towards their relations and friends less amiable than towards one another. And such is their condescension, their indulgence, and their beneficence to those below them, that there is not a neighbour, a tenant, or a servant, who doth not most gratefully bless the day when Mr. Jones was married to his Sophia.

THE HISTORY OF THE ADVENTURES OF JOSEPH ANDREWS, AND HIS FRIEND MR. ABRAHAM ADAMS.

PREFACE.

As it is possible the mere English reader may have a different idea of romance from the author of these little* volumes, and may consequently expect a kind of entertainment not to be found, nor which was even intended, in the following pages, it may not be improper to premise a few words concerning this kind of writing, which I do not remember to have seen hitherto attempted in our language.

The EPIC, as well as the DRAMA, is divided into tragedy and comedy. HOMER, who was the father of this species of poetry, gave us a pattern of both these, though that of the latter kind is entirely lost; which Aristotle tells us, bore the same relation to comedy which his Iliad bears to tragedy. And, perhaps, that we have no more instances of it among the writers of antiquity, is owing to the loss of this great pattern, which, had it survived, would have found its imitators equally with the other poems of this great original.

And further, as this poetry may be tragic or comic, I will not scruple to say it may be likewise either in verse or prose: for though it wants one particular, which the critic enumerates in the constituent parts of an epic poem, namely, metre; yet, when any kind of writing contains all its other parts, such as fable, action, characters, sentiments, and diction, and is deficient in metre only; it seems, I think, reasonable to refer it to the epic; at least, as no critic hath thought proper to range it under another head, or to assign it a particular name to itself.

Thus the Telemachus of the archbishop of Cambray appears to me of the epic kind, as well as the Odyssey of Homer; indeed, it is much fairer and more reasonable to give it a name common with that species from which it differs only in a single instance, than to confound it with those which it resembles in no other. Such as those voluminous works, commonly called Romances, Clelia, Cleopatra, Astræa, Cassandra, the Grand Cyrus, and innumerable others, which contain, as I apprehend, very little instruction or entertainment.

Now, a comic romance is a comic epic poem in prose; differing from comedy, as the serious epic from tragedy: its action being more extended and comprehensive; containing a much larger circle of incidents, and introducing a greater variety of characters. It differs from the serious romance in its fable and action, in this; that, as in the one these are grave and solemn, so in the other they are light and ridiculous: it differs in its characters by introducing persons of inferior rank, and consequently of inferior manners, whereas the grave romance sets the highest before us; lastly, in its sentiments and diction, by preserving the ludicrous instead of the sublime. In the diction, I think, burlesque itself may be sometimes admitted; of which many instances will occur in this work, as in the description of the battles, and some other places, not necessary to be pointed out to the classical reader, for whose entertainment those parodies or burlesque imitations are chiefly calculated.

But, though we have sometimes admitted this in our diction, we have carefully excluded it from our sentiments and characters; for there it is never properly introduced, unless in writings of the burlesque kind, which this is not intended to be. Indeed, no two species of writing can differ more widely than the comic and the burlesque; for as the latter is ever the exhibition of what is monstrous and unnatural, and where our delight, if we examine it, arises from the surprising absurdity, as in appropriating the manners of the highest to the lowest, or *à converso*; so in the former we should ever confine ourselves strictly to nature, from the just imitation of which will flow all the pleasure we can this way convey to a sensible reader. And perhaps there is one reason why a comic writer should of all

others be the least excused for deviating from nature, since it may not be always so easy for a serious poet to meet with the great and the admirable: but life everywhere furnishes an accurate observer with the ridiculous.

I have hinted this little concerning burlesque, because I have often heard that name given to performances which have been truly of the comic kind, from the author's having sometimes admitted it in his diction only; which, as it is the dress of poetry, doth, like the dress of men, establish characters, (the one of the whole poem, and the other of the whole man,) in vulgar opinion, beyond any of their greater excellencies: but surely, a certain drollery in style, where characters and sentiments are perfectly natural, no more constitutes the burlesque than an empty pomp and dignity of words, where everything else is mean and low, can entitle any performance to the appellation of the true sublime.

And I apprehend my lord Shaftesbury's opinion of mere burlesque agrees with mine, when he asserts, There is no such thing to be found in the writings of the ancients. But perhaps I have less abhorrence than he professes for it; and that, not because I have had some little success on the stage this way, but rather as it contributes more to exquisite mirth and laughter than any other; and these are probably more wholesome physic for the mind, and conduce better to purge away spleen, melancholy, and ill affections, than is generally imagined. Nay, I will appeal to common observation, whether the same companies are not found more full of good-humour and benevolence, after they have been sweetened for two or three hours with entertainments of this kind, than when soured by a tragedy or a grave lecture.

But to illustrate all this by another science, in which, perhaps, we shall see the distinction more clearly and plainly, let us examine the works of a comic history painter, with those performances which the Italians call *Caricatura*, where we shall find the true excellence of the former to consist in the exactest copying of nature; insomuch that a judicious eye instantly rejects anything *outré*, any liberty which the painter hath taken with the features of that *alma mater*; whereas in the *Caricatura* we allow all licence,—its aim is to exhibit monsters, not men; and all distortions and exaggerations whatever are within its proper province.

Now, what *Caricatura* is in painting, Burlesque is in writing; and, in the same manner the comic writer and painter correlate to each other. And here I shall observe, that, as in the former the painter seems to have the advantage, so it is in the latter infinitely on the side of the writer; for the Monstrous is much easier to paint than to describe, and the Ridiculous to describe than paint.

And though perhaps this latter species doth not in either science so strongly affect and agitate the muscles as the other; yet it will be owned, I believe, that a more rational and useful pleasure arises to us from it. He who should call the ingenious Hogarth a burlesque painter, would, in my opinion, do him very little honour; for sure it is much easier, much less the subject of admiration, to paint a man with a nose, or any other feature, of a preposterous size, or to expose him in some absurd or monstrous attitude, than to express the affections of men on canvas. It hath been thought a vast commendation of a painter to say his figures seem to breathe; but surely it is a much greater and nobler applause, that they appear to think.

But to return. The Ridiculous only, as I have before said, falls within my province in the present work. Nor will some explanation of this word be thought impertinent by the reader, if he considers how wonderfully it hath been mistaken, even by writers who hath professed it; for to what but such a mistake can we attribute the many attempts to ridicule the blackest vil-

* Joseph Andrews was originally published in 2 vols. 12mo.

lanies, and, what is yet worse, the most dreadful calamities? What could exceed the absurdity of an author, who should write the comedy of Nero, with the merry incident of ripping up his mother's belly? or what would give a greater shock to humanity than an attempt to expose the miseries of poverty and distress to ridicule? And yet the reader will not want much learning to suggest such instances to himself.

Besides, it may seem remarkable, that Aristotle, who is so fond and free of definitions, hath not thought proper to define the Ridiculous. Indeed, where he tells us it is proper to comedy, he hath remarked that villany is not its object: but he hath not, as I remember, positively asserted what is. Nor doth the abbé Bellegarde, who hath written a treatise on this subject, though he shows us many species of it, once trace it to its fountain.

The only source of the true Ridiculous (as it appears to me) is affectation. But though it arises from one spring only, when we consider the infinite streams into which this one branches, we shall presently cease to admire at the copious field it affords to an observer. Now, affectation proceeds from one of these two causes, vanity or hypocrisy; for as vanity puts us on affecting false characters, in order to purchase applause, so hypocrisy sets us on an endeavour to avoid censure, by concealing our vices under an appearance of their opposite virtues. And though these two causes are often confounded (for there is some difficulty in distinguishing them), yet, as they proceed from very different motives, so they are as clearly distinct in their operations; for indeed, the affectation which arises from vanity is nearer to truth than the other, as it hath not that violent repugnancy of nature to struggle with, which that of the hypocrite hath. It may be likewise noted, that affectation doth not imply an absolute negation of those qualities which are affected; and, therefore, though, when it proceeds from hypocrisy, it be nearly allied to deceit; yet, when it comes from vanity only, it partakes of the nature of ostentation: for instance, the affectation of liberality in a vain man differs visibly from the same affectation in the avaricious; for though the vain man is not what he would appear, or hath not the virtue he affects to the degree he would be thought to have it; yet it sits less awkwardly on him than on the avaricious man, who is the very reverse of what he would seem to be.

From the discovery of this affectation arises the Ridiculous, which always strikes the reader with surprise and pleasure; and that in a higher and stronger degree when the affectation arises from hypocrisy than when from vanity; for to discover any one to be exact the reverse of what he affects, is more surprising, and consequently more ridiculous, than to find him a little deficient in the quality he desires the reputation of. I might observe that our Ben Jonson, who of all men understood the Ridiculous the best, hath chiefly used the hypocritical affectation.

Now, from affectation only, the misfortunes and calamities of life, or the imperfections of nature, may become the objects of ridicule. Surely he hath a very ill-framed mind who can look on ugliness, infirmity, or poverty, as ridiculous in themselves: nor do I believe any man living, who meets a dirty fellow riding through the streets in a cart, is struck with an idea of the Ridiculous from it; but if he should see the same figure descend from his coach and six, or bolt from his chair with his hat under his arm, he would then begin to laugh, and with justice. In the same manner, were we to enter a poor house and behold a wretched family shivering with cold and languishing with hunger, it would not incline us to laughter (at least we must have very diabolical natures if it would); but should we discover there a grate instead of coals adorned with flowers, empty plate or china dishes on the sideboard, or any other affectation of riches and finery, either on their persons or in their furniture, we might then indeed be excused for ridiculing so fantastical an appearance. Much less are natural imperfections the object of derision; but when ugliness aims at the applause of beauty, or lameness endeavours to display agility, it is then that these unfortunate circumstances, which at first moved our compassion, tend only to raise our mirth.

The poet carries this very far:—

None are for being what they are in fault,
But for not being what they would be thought.

Where if the metre would suffer the word Ridiculous to close the first line, the thought would be rather more proper. Great vices are the proper objects of our detestation, smaller faults of our pity; but affectation appears to me the only true source of the Ridiculous.

But perhaps it may be objected to me, that I have, against my own rules, introduced vices, and of a very black kind, into this work. To which I shall answer: first, that it is very difficult to pursue a series of human actions, and keep clear from them. Secondly, that the vices to be found here are rather the accidental consequences of some human frailty or foible, than causes habitually existing in the mind. Thirdly, that they are never set forth as the objects of ridicule, but detestation. Fourthly, that they are never the principal figure at that time on the scene: and, lastly, they never produce the intended evil.

Having thus distinguished Joseph Andrews from the produc-

tions of romance writers on the one hand, and burlesque writers on the other, and given some few very short hints (for I intended no more) of this species of writing, which I have affirmed to be hitherto unattempted in our language; I shall leave to my good-natured reader to apply my piece to my observations, and will detain him no longer than with a word concerning the characters in this work.

And here I solemnly protest I have no intention to vilify or asperse any one; for though everything is copied from the book of nature, and scarce a character or action produced which I have not taken from my own observations and experience; yet I have used the utmost care to obscure the persons by such different circumstances, degrees, and colours, that it will be impossible to guess at them with any degree of certainty; and if it ever happens otherwise, it is only where the failure characterised is so minute that it is a foible only which the party himself may laugh at as well as any other.

As to the character of Adams, as it is the most glaring in the whole, so I conceive it is not to be found in any book now extant. It is designed a character of perfect simplicity; and as the goodness of his heart will recommend him to the good-natured, so I hope it will excuse me to the gentlemen of his cloth; for whom, while they are worthy of their sacred order, no man can possibly have a greater respect. They will therefore excuse me, notwithstanding the low adventures in which he is engaged, that I have made him a clergyman; since no other office could have given him so many opportunities of displaying his worthy inclinations.

BOOK I.—CHAPTER I.

Of writing lives in general, and particularly of Pamela; with a word by the bye of Colley Cibber and others.

It is a trite but true observation, that examples work more forcibly on the mind than precepts: and if this be just in what is odious and blameable, it is more strongly so in what is amiable and praiseworthy. Here emulation most effectually operates upon us, and inspires our imitation in an irresistible manner. A good man therefore is a standing lesson to all his acquaintance, and of far greater use in that narrow circle than a good book.

But, as it often happens, that the best men are but little known, and consequently cannot extend the usefulness of their examples a great way; the writer may be called in aid to spread their history farther, and to present the amiable pictures to those who have not the happiness of knowing the originals; and so, by communicating such valuable patterns to the world, he may perhaps do a more extensive service to mankind than the person whose life originally afforded the pattern.

In this light I have always regarded those biographers who have recorded the actions of great and worthy persons of both sexes. Not to mention those ancient writers which of late days are little read, being written in obsolete, and as they are generally thought, unintelligible languages, such as Plutarch, Nepos, and others, which I heard of in my youth; our own language affords many of excellent use and instruction, finely calculated to sow the seeds of virtue in youth, and very easy to be comprehended by persons of moderate capacity. Such as the history of John the Great, who, by his brave and heroic actions against men of large and athletic bodies, obtained the glorious appellation of the Giant-killer; that of an earl of Warwick, whose christian name was Guy; the lives of Argalus and Parthenia; and above all, the history of those seven worthy personages, the Champions of Christendom. In all these delight is mixed with instruction, and the reader is almost as much improved as entertained.

But I pass by these and many others to mention two books lately published, which represent an admirable pattern of the amiable in either sex. The former of these, which deals in male virtue, was written by the great person himself, who lived the life he hath recorded, and is by many thought to have lived such a life only in order to write it. The other is communicated to us by an historian who

borrow his lights, as the common method is, from authentic papers and records. The reader, I believe, already conjectures, I mean the lives of Mr. Colley Cibber and of Mrs. Pamela Andrews. How artfully doth the former, by insinuating that he escaped being promoted to the highest stations in church and state, teach us a contempt of wordly grandeur! how strongly doth he inculcate an absolute submission to our superiors! Lastly, how completely doth he arm us against so uneasy, so wretched a passion as the fear of shame! how clearly doth he expose the emptiness and vanity of that phantom, reputation!

What the female readers are taught by the memoirs of Mrs. Andrews is so well set forth in the excellent essays or letters prefixed to the second and subsequent editions of that work, that it would be here a needless repetition. The authentic history with which I now present the public is an instance of the great good that book is likely to do, and of the prevalence of example which I have just observed: since it will appear that it was by keeping the excellent pattern of his sister's virtues before his eyes that Mr. Joseph Andrews was chiefly enabled to preserve his purity in the midst of such great temptations. I shall only add that this character of male chastity, though doubtless as desirable and becoming in one part of the human species as in the other, is almost the only virtue which the great apologist hath not given himself for the sake of giving the example to his readers.

CHAPTER II.

Of Mr. Joseph Andrews, his birth, parentage, education, and great endowments; with a word or two concerning ancestors.

MR. JOSEPH ANDREWS, the hero of our ensuing history, was esteemed to be the only son of Gaffer and Gammer Andrews, and brother to the illustrious Pamela, whose virtue is at present so famous. As to his ancestors, we have searched with great diligence, but little success; being unable to trace them farther than his great-grandfather, who, as an elderly person in the parish remembers to have heard his father say, was an excellent cudgel-player. Whether he had any ancestors before this, we must leave to the opinion of our curious reader, finding nothing of sufficient certainty to rely on. However, we cannot omit inserting an epitaph which an ingenious friend of ours hath communicated:

Stay, traveller, for underneath this pew
Lies fast asleep that merry man Andrew:
When the last day's great sun shall gild the skies,
Then he shall from his tomb get up and rise.
Be merry while thou canst, for surely thou
Shalt shortly be as sad as he is now.

The words are almost out of the stone with antiquity. But it is needless to observe that Andrew here is writ without an *s*, and is, besides, a christian name. My friend, moreover, conjectures this to have been the founder of that sect of laughing philosophers since called Merry-andrews.

To wave, therefore, a circumstance, which, though mentioned in conformity to the exact rules of biography, is not greatly material, I proceed to things of more consequence. Indeed, it is sufficiently certain that he had as many ancestors as the best man living, and, perhaps, if we look five or six hundred years backwards, might be related to some persons of very great figure at present, whose ancestors within half the last century are buried in as great obscurity. But suppose, for argument's sake, we should admit that he had no ancestors at all, but had sprung up, according to the modern phrase, out of a dunghill, as

the Athenians pretended they themselves did from the earth, would not this autokopros* have been justly entitled to all the praise arising from his own virtues? Would it not be hard that a man who hath no ancestors should therefore be rendered incapable of acquiring honour; when we see so many who have no virtues enjoying the honour of their forefathers? At ten years old (by which time his education was advanced to writing and reading) he was bound an apprentice, according to the statute, to sir Thomas Booby, an uncle of Mr. Booby's by the father's side. Sir Thomas having then an estate in his own hands, the young Andrews was at first employed in what in the country they call keeping birds. His office was to perform the part the ancients assigned to the god Priapus, which deity the moderns call by the name of Jack o' Lent; but his voice being so extremely musical, that it rather allured the birds than terrified them, he was soon transplanted from the fields into the dog-kennel, where he was placed under the huntsman, and made what sportsmen term whipper-in. For this place likewise the sweetness of his voice disqualified him; the dogs preferring the melody of his chiding to all the alluring notes of the huntsman; who soon became so incensed at it, that he desired sir Thomas to provide otherwise for him, and constantly laid every fault the dogs were at to the account of the poor boy, who was now transplanted to the stable. Here he soon gave proofs of strength and agility beyond his years, and constantly rode the most spirited and vicious horses to water, with an intrepidity which surprised every one. While he was in this station, he rode several races for sir Thomas, and this with such expertness and success, that the neighbouring gentlemen frequently solicited the knight to permit little Joey (for so he was called) to ride their matches. The best gamesters, before they laid their money, always inquired which horse little Joey was to ride; and the bets were rather proportioned by the rider than by the horse himself; especially after he had scornfully refused a considerable bribe to play booty on such an occasion. This extremely raised his character, and so pleased the lady Booby, that she desired to have him (being now seventeen years of age) for her own footboy. Joey was now preferred from the stable to attend on his lady, to go on her errands, stand behind her chair, wait at her tea-table, and carry her prayer-book to church; at which place his voice gave him an opportunity of distinguishing himself by singing psalms: he behaved likewise in every other respect so well at divine service, that it recommended him to the notice of Mr. Abraham Adams, the curate; who took an opportunity one day, as he was drinking a cup of ale in sir Thomas's kitchen, to ask the young man several questions concerning religion; with his answers to which he was wonderfully pleased.

CHAPTER III.

Of Mr. Abraham Adams the curate, Mrs. Slipslop the chambermaid, and others.

MR. ABRAHAM ADAMS was an excellent scholar. He was a perfect master of the Greek and Latin languages; to which he added a great share of knowledge in the Oriental tongues; and could read and translate French, Italian, and Spanish. He had applied many years to the most severe study, and had treasured up a fund of learning rarely to be met with in a university. He was, besides, a man of good sense, good parts, and good nature; but was at

* In English, sprung from a dunghill.

the same time as entirely ignorant of the ways of this world as an infant just entered into it could possibly be. As he had never any intention to deceive, so he never suspected such a design in others. He was generous, friendly, and brave, to an excess; but simplicity was his characteristic: he did no more than Mr. Colley Cibber apprehend any such passions as malice and envy to exist in mankind; which was indeed less remarkable in a country parson than in a gentleman who hath passed his life behind the scenes,—a place which hath been seldom thought the school of innocence, and where a very little observation would have convinced the great apologist that those passions have a real existence in the human mind.

His virtue, and his other qualifications, as they rendered him equal to his office, so they made him an agreeable and valuable companion, and had so much endeared and well recommended him to a bishop, that at the age of fifty he was provided with a handsome income of twenty-three pounds a-year; which, however, he could not make any great figure with, because he lived in a dear country, and was a little encumbered with a wife and six children.

It was this gentleman who, having, as I have said, observed the singular devotion of young Andrews, had found means to question him concerning several particulars; as, how many books there were in the New Testament; which were they? how many chapters they contained? and such like: to all which, Mr. Adams privately said, he answered much better than sir Thomas, or two other neighbouring justices of the peace, could probably have done.

Mr. Adams was wonderfully solicitous to know at what time, and by what opportunity, the youth became acquainted with these matters: Joey told him that he had very early learnt to read and write by the goodness of his father, who, though he had not interest enough to get him into a charity school, because a cousin of his father's landlord did not vote on the right side for a churchwarden in a borough town, yet had been himself at the expense of sixpence a week for his learning. He told him likewise, that ever since he was in sir Thomas's family he had employed all his hours of leisure in reading good books; that he had read the Bible, the Whole Duty of Man, and Thomas a Kempis; and that as often as he could, without being perceived, he had studied a great book which lay open in the hall window, where he had read, "as how the devil carried away half a church in sermon-time, without hurting one of the congregation; and as how a field of corn ran away down a hill with all the trees upon it, and covered another man's meadow." This sufficiently assured Mr. Adams that the good book meant could be no other than Baker's Chronicle.

The curate, surprised to find such instances of industry and application in a young man who had never met with the least encouragement, asked him, If he did not extremely regret the want of a liberal education, and the not having been born of parents who might have indulged his talents and desire of knowledge? To which he answered, "He hoped he had profited somewhat better from the books he had read than to lament his condition in this world. That, for his part, he was perfectly content with the state to which he was called; that he should endeavour to improve his talent, which was all required of him; but not repine at his own lot, nor envy those of his betters." "Well said, my lad," replied the curate; "and I wish some who have read many more good books, nay, and some who have written books themselves, had profited so much by them."

Adams had no nearer access to sir Thomas or my lady than through the waiting-gentlewoman; for sir Thomas was too apt to estimate men merely by their dress or fortune; and my lady was a woman of gaiety, who had been blessed with a town education, and never spoke of any of her country neighbours by any other appellation than that of the brutes. They both regarded the curate as a kind of domestic only, belonging to the parson of the parish, who was at this time at variance with the knight; for the parson had for many years lived in a constant state of civil war, or, which is perhaps as bad, of civil law, with sir Thomas himself and the tenants of his manor. The foundation of this quarrel was a modus, by setting which aside an advantage of several shillings *per annum* would have accrued to the rector; but he had not yet been able to accomplish his purpose, and had reaped hitherto nothing better from the suits than the pleasure (which he used indeed frequently to say was no small one) of reflecting that he had utterly undone many of the poor tenants, though he had at the same time greatly impoverished himself.

Mrs. Slipslop, the waiting-gentlewoman, being herself the daughter of a curate, preserved some respect for Adams: she professed great regard for his learning, and would frequently dispute with him on points of theology; but always insisted on a deference to be paid to her understanding, as she had been frequently at London, and knew more of the world than a country parson could pretend to.

She had in these disputes a particular advantage over Adams; for she was a mighty affecter of hard words, which she used in such a manner that the parson, who durst not offend her by calling her words in question, was frequently at some loss to guess her meaning, and would have been much less puzzled by an Arabian manuscript.

Adams therefore took an opportunity one day, after a pretty long discourse with her on the essence (or, as she pleased to term it, the incense) of matter, to mention the case of young Andrews; desiring her to recommend him to her lady as a youth very susceptible of learning, and one whose instruction in Latin he would himself undertake; by which means he might be qualified for a higher station than that of a footman; and added, she knew it was in his master's power easily to provide for him in a better manner. He therefore desired that the boy might be left behind under his care.

"La! Mr. Adams," said Mrs. Slipslop, "do you think my lady will suffer any preambles about any such matter? She is going to London very concisely, and I am confidous would not leave Joey behind her on any account; for he is one of the genteelst young fellows you may see in a summer's day; and I am confidous she would as soon think of parting with a pair of her grey mares, for she values herself as much on the one as the other." Adams would have interrupted, but she proceeded: "And why is Latin more necessitous for a footman than a gentleman? It is very proper that you clergymen must learn it, because you can't preach without it: but I have heard gentlemen say in London, that it is fit for nobody else. I am confidous my lady would be angry with me for mentioning it; and I shall draw myself into no such delemey." At which words her lady's bell rung, and Mr. Adams was forced to retire; nor could he gain a second opportunity with her before their London journey, which happened a few days afterwards. However, Andrews behaved very thankfully and gratefully to him for his intended kindness, which he told him he never would forget, and at the same time received

from the good man many admonitions concerning the regulation of his future conduct, and his perseverance in innocence and industry.

CHAPTER IV.

What happened after their journey to London.

No sooner was young Andrews arrived at London than he began to scrape an acquaintance with his party-coloured brethren, who endeavoured to make him despise his former course of life. His hair was cut after the newest fashion, and became his chief care; he went abroad with it all the morning in papers, and dressed it out in the afternoon. They could not however teach him to game, swear, drink, nor any other genteel vice the town abounded with. He applied most of his leisure hours to music, in which he greatly improved himself; and became so perfect a connoisseur in that art, that he led the opinion of all the other footmen at an opera, and they never condemned or applauded a single song contrary to his approbation or dislike. He was a little too forward in riots at the playhouses and assemblies; and when he attended his lady at church (which was but seldom) he behaved with less seeming devotion than formerly: however, if he was outwardly a pretty fellow, his morals remained entirely uncorrupted, though he was at the same time smarter and genteeler than any of the beaux in town, either in or out of livery.

His lady, who had often said of him that Joey was the handsomest and genteelest footman in the kingdom, but that it was pity he wanted spirit, began now to find that fault no longer; on the contrary, she was frequently heard to cry out, "Ay, there is some life in this fellow." She plainly saw the effects which the town air hath on the soberest constitutions. She would now walk out with him into Hyde Park in a morning, and when tired, which happened almost every minute, would lean on his arm, and converse with him in great familiarity. Whenever she stepped out of her coach, she would take him by the hand, and sometimes, for fear of stumbling, press it very hard; she admitted him to deliver messages at her bedside in a morning, leered at him at table, and indulged him in all those innocent freedoms which women of figure may permit without the least sully of their virtue.

But though their virtue remains unsullied, yet now and then some small arrows will glance on the shadow of it, their reputation; and so it fell out to lady Booby, who happened to be walking arm-in-arm with Joey one morning in Hyde Park, when lady Tittle and lady Tattle came accidentally by in their coach. "Bless me," says lady Tittle, "can I believe my eyes? Is that lady Booby?"—"Surely," says Tattle. "But what makes you surprised?"—"Why, is not that her footman?" replied Tittle. At which Tattle laughed, and cried, "An old business, I assure you: is it possible you should not have heard it? The whole town hath known it this half-year." The consequence of this interview was a whisper through a hundred visits, which were separately performed by the two ladies* the same afternoon, and might have had a mischievous effect, had it not been stopped by two fresh reputations which were published the day afterwards, and engrossed the whole talk of the town.

But, whatever opinion or suspicion the scandalous inclination of defamers might entertain of lady

* It may seem an absurdity that Tattle should visit, as she actually did, to spread a known scandal; but the reader may reconcile this by supposing, with me, that, notwithstanding what she says, this was her first acquaintance with it.

Booby's innocent freedoms, it is certain they made no impression on young Andrews, who never offered to encroach beyond the liberties which his lady allowed him,—a behaviour which she imputed to the violent respect he preserved for her, and which served only to heighten a something she began to conceive, and which the next chapter will open a little farther.

CHAPTER V.

The death of Sir Thomas Booby, with the affectionate and mournful behaviour of his widow, and the great purity of of Joseph Andrews.

At this time an accident happened which put a stop to those agreeable walks, which probably would have soon puffed up the cheeks of Fame, and caused her to blow her brazen trumpet through the town; and this was no other than the death of sir Thomas Booby, who, departing this life, left his disconsolate lady confined to her house, as closely as if she herself had been attacked by some violent disease. During the first six days the poor lady admitted none but Mrs. Slipslop, and three female friends, who made a party at cards; but on the seventh she ordered Joey, whom, for a good reason, we shall hereafter call JOSEPH, to bring up her teakettle. The lady being in bed, called Joseph to her, bade him sit down, and, having accidentally laid her hand on his, she asked him if he had ever been in love. Joseph answered, with some confusion, it was time enough for one so young as himself to think on such things. "As young as you are," replied the lady, "I am convinced you are no stranger to that passion. Come, Joey," says she, "tell me truly, who is the happy girl whose eyes have made a conquest of you?" Joseph returned, that all the women he had ever seen were equally indifferent to him. "O then," said the lady, "you are a general lover. Indeed, you handsome fellows, like handsome women, are very long and difficult in fixing; but yet you shall never persuade me that your heart is so insusceptible of affection; I rather impute what you say to your secrecy, a very commendable quality, and what I am far from being angry with you for. Nothing can be more unworthy in a young man, than to betray any intimacies with the ladies." "Ladies! madam," said Joseph, "I am sure I never had the impudence to think of any that deserve that name." "Don't pretend to too much modesty," said she, "for that sometimes may be impertinent: but pray answer me this question. Suppose a lady should happen to like you; suppose she should prefer you to all your sex, and admit you to the same familiarities as you might have hoped for if you had been born her equal, are you certain that no vanity could tempt you to discover her? Answer me honestly, Joseph; have you so much more sense and so much more virtue than you handsome young fellows generally have, who make no scruple of sacrificing our dear reputation to your pride, without considering the great obligation we lay on you by our condescension and confidence? Can you keep a secret, my Joey?" "Madam," says he, "I hope your ladyship can't tax me with ever betraying the secrets of the family; and I hope, if you was to turn me away, I might have that character of you." "I don't intend to turn you away, Joey," said she, and sighed; "I am afraid it is not in my power." She then raised herself a little in her bed, and discovered one of the whitest necks that ever was seen; at which Joseph blushed. "La!" says she, in an affected surprise, "what am

I doing? I have trusted myself with a man alone, naked in bed; suppose you should have any wicked intentions upon my honour, how should I defend myself?" Joseph protested that he never had the least evil design against her. "No," says she, "perhaps you may not call your designs wicked; and perhaps they are not so."—He swore they were not. "You misunderstand me," says she; "I mean if they were against my honour, they may not be wicked; but the world calls them so. But then, say you, the world will never know anything of the matter; yet would not that be trusting to your secrecy? Must not my reputation be then in your power? Would you not then be my master?" Joseph begged her ladyship to be comforted; for that he would never imagine the least wicked thing against her, and that he had rather die a thousand deaths than give her any reason to suspect him. "Yes," said she, "I must have reason to suspect you. Are you not a man? and, without vanity, I may pretend to some charms. But perhaps you may fear I should prosecute you; indeed I hope you do; and yet heaven knows I should never have the confidence to appear before a court of justice; and you know, Joey, I am of a forgiving temper. Tell me, Joey, don't you think I should forgive you?"—"Indeed, madam," says Joseph, "I will never do anything to disoblige your ladyship." "How," says she, "do you think it would not disoblige me then? Do you think I would willingly suffer you?"—"I don't understand you, madam," says Joseph.—"Don't you?" said she, "then you are either a fool, or pretend to be so; I find I was mistaken in you. So get you down stairs, and never let me see your face again; your pretended innocence cannot impose on me."—"Madam," said Joseph, "I would not have your ladyship think any evil of me. I have always endeavoured to be a dutiful servant both to you and my master."—"O thou villain!" answered my lady; "why didst thou mention the name of that dear man, unless to torment me, to bring his precious memory to my mind?" (and then she burst into a fit of tears). "Get thee from my sight! I shall never endure thee more." At which words she turned away from him; and Joseph retreated from the room in a most disconsolate condition, and writ that letter which the reader will find in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

How Joseph Andrews writ a letter to his sister Pamela.

"To Mrs. Pamela Andrews, living with squire Booby.

"DEAR SISTER,—Since I received your letter of your good lady's death, we have had a misfortune of the same kind in our family. My worthy master sir Thomas died about four days ago; and, what is worse, my poor lady is certainly gone distracted. None of the servants expected her to take it so to heart, because they quarrelled almost every day of their lives: but no more of that, because you know, Pamela, I never loved to tell the secrets of my master's family; but to be sure you must have known they never loved one another; and I have heard her ladyship wish his honour dead above a thousand times; but nobody knows what it is to lose a friend till they have lost him.

"Don't tell anybody what I write, because I should not care to have folks say I discover what passes in our family; but if it had not been so great a lady, I should have thought she had a mind to me. Dear Pamela, don't tell anybody; but she ordered me to sit down by her bed-side, when she was naked in bed; and she held my hand, and talked exactly as a lady does to her sweetheart in a stage-play, which I have seen in Covent Garden, while she wanted him to be no better than he should be.

"If madam be mad, I shall not care for staying long in the family; so I heartily wish you could get me a place, either at the squire's or some other neighbouring gentleman's, unless it be true that you are going to be married to parson Williams, as folks talk, and then I should be very willing to be his clerk;

for which you know I am qualified, being able to read and to set a psalm.

"I fancy I shall be discharged very soon; and the moment I am, unless I hear from you, I shall return to my old master's country seat, if it be only to see parson Adams, who is the best man in the world. London is a bad place, and there is so little good fellowship, that the next-door neighbours don't know one another. Pray give my service to all friends that inquire for me. So I rest

"Your loving brother, JOSEPH ANDREWS."

As soon as Joseph had sealed and directed this letter he walked down stairs, where he met Mrs. Slipslop, with whom we shall take this opportunity to bring the reader a little better acquainted. She was a maiden gentlewoman of about forty-five years of age, who, having made a small slip in her youth, had continued a good maid ever since. She was not at this time remarkably handsome; being very short, and rather too corpulent in body, and somewhat red, with the addition of pimples in the face. Her nose was likewise rather too large, and her eyes too little; nor did she resemble a cow so much in her breath as in two brown globes which she carried before her; one of her legs was also a little shorter than the other, which occasioned her to limp as she walked. This fair creature had long cast the eyes of affection on Joseph, in which she had not met with quite so good success as she probably wished, though, beside the allurements of her native charms, she had given him tea, sweetmeats, wine, and many other delicacies, of which, by keeping the keys, she had the absolute command. Joseph, however, had not returned the least gratitude to all these favours, not even so much as a kiss; though I would not insinuate she was so easily to be satisfied; for surely then he would have been highly blamable. The truth is, she was arrived at an age when she thought she might indulge herself in any liberties with a man, without the danger of bringing a third person into the world to betray them. She imagined that by so long a self-denial she had not only made amends for the small slip in her youth above hinted at, but had likewise laid up a quantity of merit to excuse any future failings. In a word, she resolved to give a loose to her amorous inclinations, and to pay off the debt of pleasure which she found she owed herself, as fast as possible.

With these charms of person, and in this disposition of mind, she encountered poor Joseph at the bottom of the stairs, and asked him if he would drink a glass of something good this morning. Joseph, whose spirits were not a little cast down, very readily and thankfully accepted the offer; and together they went into a closet, where, having delivered him a full glass of ratafia, and desired him to sit down, Mrs. Slipslop thus began:—

"Sure nothing can be a more simple contract in a woman than to place her affections on a boy. If I had ever thought it would have been my fate, I should have wished to die a thousand deaths rather than live to see that day. If we like a man, the lightest hint sophisticates. Whereas a boy proposes upon us to break through all the regulations of modesty, before we can make any oppression upon him." Joseph, who did not understand a word she said, answered, "Yes, madam."—"Yes, madam!" replied Mrs. Slipslop with some warmth, "Do you intend to result my passion? Is it not enough, ungrateful as you are, to make no return to all the favours I have done you; but you must treat me with ironing? Barbarous monster! how have I deserved that my passion should be resulted and treated with ironing?" "Madam," answered Joseph, "I don't understand your hard words; but I am certain you have no occasion to call me ungrateful, for, so far from intending you any wrong, I have always loved

you as well as if you had been my own mother." "How, sirrah?" says Mrs. Slipslop in a rage; "your own mother? Do you assinate that I am old enough to be your mother? I don't know what a stripling may think, but I believe a man would refer me to any green-sickness silly girl whatsoever: but I ought to despise you rather than be angry with you, for referring the conversation of girls to that of a woman of sense."—"Madam," says Joseph, "I am sure I have always valued the honour you did me by your conversation, for I know you are a woman of learning."—"Yes, but, Joseph," said she, a little softened by the compliment to her learning, "If you had a value for me, you certainly would have found some method of showing it me; for I am convicted you must see the value I have for you. Yes, Joseph, my eyes, whether I would or no, must have declared a passion I cannot conquer.—Oh! Joseph!"

As when a hungry tigress, who long has traversed the woods in fruitless search, sees within the reach of her claws a lamb, she prepares to leap on her prey; or as a voracious pike of immense size, surveys through the liquid element a roach or gudgeon, which cannot escape her jaws, opens them wide to swallow the little fish; so did Mrs. Slipslop prepare to lay her violent amorous hands on the poor Joseph, when luckily her mistress's bell rung, and delivered the intended martyr from her clutches. She was obliged to leave him abruptly, and to defer the execution of her purpose till some other time. We shall therefore return to the lady Booby, and give our reader some account of her behaviour, after she was left by Joseph in a temper of mind not greatly different from that of the inflamed Slipslop.

CHAPTER VII.

Sayings of wise men. A dialogue between the lady and her maid; and a panegyric, or rather satire, on the passion of love, in the sublime style.

It is the observation of some ancient sage, whose name I have forgot, that passions operate differently on the human mind, as diseases on the body, in proportion to the strength or weakness, soundness or rottenness, of the one and the other.

We hope, therefore, a judicious reader will give himself some pains to observe, what we have so greatly laboured to describe, the different operations of this passion of love in the gentle and cultivated mind of the lady Booby, from those which it effected in the less polished and coarser disposition of Mrs. Slipslop.

Another philosopher, whose name also at present escapes my memory, hath somewhere said, that resolutions taken in the absence of the beloved object are very apt to vanish in its presence: on both which wise sayings the following chapter may serve as a comment.

No sooner had Joseph left the room in the manner we have before related than the lady, enraged at her disappointment, began to reflect with severity on her conduct. Her love was now changed to disdain, which pride assisted to torment her. She despised herself for the meanness of her passion, and Joseph for its ill success. However, she had now got the better of it in her own opinion, and determined immediately to dismiss the object. After much tossing and turning in her bed, and many soliloquies, which if we had no better matter for our reader we would give him, she at last rung the bell as above mentioned, and was presently attended by Mrs. Slipslop, who was not much better pleased with Joseph than the lady herself.

"Slipslop," said lady Booby, "when did you see Joseph?" The poor woman was so surprised at the unexpected sound of his name at so critical a time, that she had the greatest difficulty to conceal the confusion she was under from her mistress; whom she answered, nevertheless, with pretty good confidence, though not entirely void of fear of suspicion, that she had not seen him that morning. "I am afraid," said lady Booby, "he is a wild young fellow."—"That he is," said Slipslop, "and a wicked one too. To my knowledge he games, drinks, swears, and fights eternally; besides, he is horribly indicted to wenching."—"Ay!" said the lady, "I never heard that of him."—"O madam!" answered the other, "he is so lewd a rascal, that if your ladyship keeps him much longer, you will not have one virgin in your house except myself. And yet I can't conceive what the wenches see in him, to be so foolishly fond as they are; in my eyes, he is as ugly a scarecrow as I ever opheld."—"Nay," said the lady, "the boy is well enough."—"La! ma'am," cries Slipslop, "I think him the ragmaticallest fellow in the family."—"Sure, Slipslop," says she, "you are mistaken: but which of the women do you most suspect?"—"Madam," says Slipslop, "there is Betty the chambermaid, I am almost convicted, is with child by him."—"Ay!" says the lady, "then pray pay her her wages instantly. I will keep no such sluts in my family. And as for Joseph, you may discard him too."—"Would your ladyship have him paid off immediately?" cries Slipslop, "for perhaps, when Betty is gone he may mend: and really the boy is a good servant, and a strong healthy luscious boy enough."—"This morning," answered the lady with some vehemence. "I wish madam," cries Slipslop, "your ladyship would be so good as to try him a little longer."—"I will not have my commands disputed," said the lady; "sure you are not fond of him yourself."—"I, madam!" cries Slipslop, reddening, if not blushing, "I should be sorry to think your ladyship had any reason to respect me of fondness for a fellow; and if it be your pleasure, I shall fulfil it with as much reluctance as possible."—"As little, I suppose you mean," said the lady; "and so about it instantly." Mrs. Slipslop went out, and the lady had scarce taken two turns before she fell to knocking and ringing with great violence. Slipslop, who did not travel post haste, soon returned, and was countermanded as to Joseph, but ordered to send Betty about her business without delay. She went out a second time with much greater alacrity than before; when the lady began immediately to accuse herself of want of resolution, and to apprehend the return of her affection, with its pernicious consequences; she therefore applied herself again to the bell, and re-summoned Mrs. Slipslop into her presence; who again returned, and was told by her mistress that she had considered better of the matter, and was absolutely resolved to turn away Joseph; which she ordered her to do immediately. Slipslop, who knew the violence of her lady's temper, and would not venture her place for any Adonis or Hercules in the universe, left her a third time; which she had no sooner done, than the little god Cupid, fearing he had not yet done the lady's business, took a fresh arrow with the sharpest point out of his quiver, and shot it directly into her heart; in other and plainer language, the lady's passion got the better of her reason. She called back Slipslop once more, and told her she had resolved to see the boy, and examine him herself; therefore bid her send him up. This wavering in her mistress's temper probably put something into the waiting-gentlewoman's head not necessary to mention to the sagacious reader.

Lady Booby was going to call her back again, but could not prevail with herself. The next consideration therefore was, how she should behave to Joseph when he came in. She resolved to preserve all the dignity of the woman of fashion to her servant, and to indulge herself in this last view of Joseph (for that she was most certainly resolved it should be) at his own expense, by first insulting and then discarding him.

O Love, what monstrous tricks dost thou play with thy votaries of both sexes! How dost thou deceive them, and make them deceive themselves! Their follies are thy delight! Their sighs make thee laugh, and their pangs are thy merriment!

Not the great Rich, who turns men into monkeys, wheelbarrows, and whatever else best humours his fancy, hath so strangely metamorphosed the human shape; nor the great Cibber, who confounds all number, gender, and breaks through every rule of grammar at his will, hath so distorted the English language as thou dost metamorphose and distort the human senses.

Thou puttest out our eyes, stoppest up our ears, and takest away the power of our nostrils; so that we can neither see the largest objects, hear the loudest noise, nor smell the most poignant perfume. Again, when thou pleasest, thou canst make a molehill appear as a mountain, a Jew's-harp sound like a trumpet, and a daisy smell like a violet. Thou canst make cowardice brave, avarice generous, pride humble, and cruelty tender-hearted. In short, thou turnest the heart of man inside out, as a juggler doth a petticoat, and bringest whatsoever pleaseth thee out from it. If there be any one who doubts all this, let him read the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

In which, after some very fine writing, the history goes on, and relates the interview between the lady and Joseph; where the latter hath set an example which we despair of seeing followed by his sex in this vicious age.

Now the rake Hesperus had called for his breeches, and, having well rubbed his drowsy eyes, prepared to dress himself for all night; by whose example his brother rakes on earth likewise leave those beds in which they had slept away the day. Now Thetis, the good housewife, began to put on the pot, in order to regale the good man Phœbus after his daily labours were over. In vulgar language, it was in the evening when Joseph attended his lady's orders.

But as it becomes us to preserve the character of this lady, who is the heroine of our tale; and as we have naturally a wonderful tenderness for that beautiful part of the human species called the fair sex; before we discover too much of her frailty to our reader, it will be proper to give him a lively idea of the vast temptation, which overcame all the efforts of a modest and virtuous mind; and then we humbly hope his good nature will rather pity than condemn the imperfection of human virtue.

Nay, the ladies themselves will, we hope, be induced, by considering the uncommon variety of charms which united in this young man's person, to bridle their rampant passion for chastity, and be at least as mild as their violent modesty and virtue will permit them, in censuring the conduct of a woman who, perhaps, was in her own disposition as chaste as those pure and sanctified virgins who, after a life innocently spent in the gaieties of the town, begin about fifty to attend twice *per diem* at the polite churches and chapels, to return thanks for the grace which preserved them formerly amongst beaux from temptations perhaps less powerful than what now attacked the lady Booby.

Mr. Joseph Andrews was now in the one-and-twentieth year of his age. He was of the highest degree of middle stature; his limbs were put together with great elegance, and no less strength; his legs and thighs were formed in the exactest proportion; his shoulders were broad and brawny, but yet his arms hung so easily, that he had all the symptoms of strength without the least clumsiness. His hair was of a nut-brown colour, and was displayed in wanton ringlets down his back; his forehead was high, his eyes dark, and as full of sweetness as of fire; his nose a little inclined to the Roman; his teeth white and even; his lips full, red, and soft; his beard was only rough on his chin and upper lip; but his cheeks, in which his blood glowed, were overspread with a thick down; his countenance had a tenderness joined with a sensibility inexpressible. Add to this the most perfect neatness in his dress, and an air which, to those who have not seen many noblemen, would give an idea of nobility.

Such was the person who now appeared before the lady. She viewed him some time in silence, and twice or thrice before she spoke changed her mind as to the manner in which she should begin. At length she said to him, "Joseph, I am sorry to hear such complaints against you: I am told you behave so rudely to the maids, that they cannot do their business in quiet; I mean those who are not wicked enough to hearken to your solicitations. As to others, they may, perhaps, not call you rude; for there are wicked sluts who make one ashamed of one's own sex, and are as ready to admit any nauseous familiarity as fellows to offer it: nay, there are such in my family, but they shall not stay in it; that imprudent trollop who is with child by you is discharged by this time."

As a person who is struck through the heart with a thunderbolt looks extremely surprised, nay, and perhaps is so too—thus the poor Joseph received the false accusation of his mistress; he blushed and looked confounded, which she misinterpreted to be symptoms of his guilt, and thus went on:

"Come hither, Joseph: another mistress might discard you for these offences; but I have a compassion for your youth, and if I could be certain you would be no more guilty—Consider, child," laying her hand carelessly upon his, "you are a handsome young fellow, and might do better; you might make your fortune." "Madam," said Joseph, "I do assure your ladyship I don't know whether any maid in the house is man or woman." "O fie! Joseph," answered the lady, "don't commit another crime in denying the truth. I could pardon the first; but I hate a liar." "Madam," cries Joseph, "I hope your ladyship will not be offended at my asserting my innocence; for, by all that is sacred, I have never offered more than kissing." "Kissing!" said the lady with great discomposure of countenance, and more redness in her cheeks, than anger in her eyes; "do you call that no crime? Kissing, Joseph, is as a prologue to a play. Can I believe a young fellow of your age and complexion will be content with kissing? No, Joseph, there is no woman who grants that but will grant more; and I am deceived greatly in you if you would not put her closely to it. What would you think, Joseph, if I admitted you to kiss me?" Joseph replied he would sooner die than have any such thought. "And yet, Joseph," returned she, "ladies have admitted their footmen to such familiarities; and footmen, I confess to you, much less deserving them; fellows without half your charms,—for such might almost excuse the crime. Tell me therefore, Joseph, if I should admit you to such freedom,

what would you think of me?—tell me freely.” “Madam,” said Joseph, “I should think your ladyship condescended a great deal below yourself.” “Pugh!” said she; “that I am to answer to myself: but would not you insist on more? Would you be contented with a kiss? Would not your inclinations be all on fire rather by such a favour?” “Madam,” said Joseph, “if they were, I hope I should be able to control them, without suffering them to get the better of my virtue.” You have heard, reader, poets talk of the statue of Surprise; you have heard likewise, or else you have heard very little, how surprise made one of the sons of Cræsus speak, though he was dumb. You have seen the faces, in the eighteen-penny gallery, when, through the trap-door, to soft or no music, Mr. Bridgwater, Mr. William Mills, or some other of ghostly appearance, hath ascended, with a face all pale with powder, and a shirt all bloody with ribbands;—but from none of these, nor from Phidias or Praxiteles, if they should return to life—no, not from the inimitable pencil of my friend Hogarth, could you receive such an idea of surprise as would have entered in at your eyes had they beheld the lady Booby when those last words issued out from the lips of Joseph. “Your virtue!” said the lady, recovering after a silence of two minutes; “I shall never survive it. Your virtue!—intolerable confidence! Have you the assurance to pretend that, when a lady demeans herself to throw aside the rules of decency, in order to honour you with the highest favour in her power, your virtue should resist her inclination? that, when she had conquered her own virtue, she should find an obstruction in yours?” “Madam,” said Joseph, “I can’t see why her having no virtue should be a reason against my having any; or why, because I am a man, or because I am poor, my virtue must be subservient to her pleasures.” “I am out of patience,” cries the lady: “did ever mortal hear of a man’s virtue? Did ever the greatest or the gravest men pretend to any of this kind? Will magistrates who punish lewdness, or parsons who preach against it, make any scruple of committing it? And can a boy, a stripling, have the confidence to talk of his virtue?” “Madam,” says Joseph, “that boy is the brother of Pamela, and would be ashamed that the chastity of his family, which is preserved in her, should be stained in him. If there are such men as your ladyship mentions, I am sorry for it; and I wish they had an opportunity of reading over those letters which my father hath sent me of my sister Pamela’s; nor do I doubt but such an example would amend them.” “You impudent villain!” cries the lady in a rage; “do you insult me with the follies of my relation, who hath exposed himself all over the country upon your sister’s account? a little vixen, whom I have always wondered my late lady Booby ever kept in her house. Sirrah! get out of my sight, and prepare to set out this night; for I will order you your wages immediately, and you shall be stripped and turned away.” “Madam,” says Joseph, “I am sorry I have offended your ladyship, I am sure I never intended it.” “Yes, sirrah,” cries she, “you have had the vanity to misconstrue the little innocent freedom I took, in order to try whether what I had heard was true. O’ my conscience, you have had the assurance to imagine I was fond of you myself.” Joseph answered, he had only spoke out of tenderness to his virtue; at which words she flew into a violent passion, and, refusing to hear more, ordered him instantly to leave the room.

He was no sooner gone than she burst forth into the following exclamation:—“Whither doth this violent passion hurry us! What meannesses do we

submit to from its impulse! Wisely we resist its first and least approaches; for it is then only we can assure ourselves the victory. No woman could ever safely say, so far only will I go. Have I not exposed myself to the refusal of my footman? I cannot bear the reflection.” Upon which she applied herself to the bell, and rung it with infinite more violence than was necessary,—the faithful Slipslop attended near at hand: to say the truth, she had conceived a suspicion at her last interview with her mistress, and had waited ever since in the antechamber, having carefully applied her ears to the keyhole during the whole time that the preceding conversation passed between Joseph and the lady.

CHAPTER IX.

What passed between the lady and Mrs. Slipslop; in which we prophesy there are some strokes which every one will not truly comprehend at the first reading.

“SLIPSLOP,” said the lady, “I find too much reason to believe all thou hast told me of this wicked Joseph; I have determined to part with him instantly; so go you to the steward, and bid him pay him his wages.” Slipslop, who had preserved hitherto a distance to her lady—rather out of necessity than inclination—and who thought the knowledge of this secret had thrown down all distinction between them, answered her mistress very pertly—“She wished she knew her own mind; and that she was certain she would call her back again before she was got halfway down stairs.” The lady replied, she had taken a resolution, and was resolved to keep it. “I am sorry for it,” cries Slipslop, “and, if I had known you would have punished the poor lad so severely, you should never have heard a particle of the matter. Here’s a fuss indeed about nothing!” “Nothing!” returned my lady; “do you think I will countenance lewdness in my house?” “If you will turn away every footman,” said Slipslop, “that is a lover of the sport, you must soon open the coach door yourself, or get a set of mophrodites to wait upon you; and I am sure I hated the sight of them even singing in an opera.” “Do as I bid you,” says my lady, “and don’t shock my ears with your beastly language.” “Marry come up,” cries Slipslop, “people’s ears are sometimes the nicest part about them.”

The lady, who began to admire the new style in which her waiting-gentlewoman delivered herself, and by the conclusion of her speech suspected somewhat of the truth, called her back, and desired to know what she meant by the extraordinary degree of freedom in which she thought proper to indulge her tongue. “Freedom!” says Slipslop; “I don’t know what you call freedom, madam; servants have tongues as well as their mistresses.” “Yes, and saucy ones too,” answered the lady; “but I assure you I shall bear no such impertinence.” “Impertinence! I don’t know that I am impertinent,” says Slipslop. “Yes, indeed you are,” cries my lady, and, unless you mend your manners, this house is no place for you.” “Manners!” cries Slipslop; “I never was thought to want manners nor modesty neither; and for places, there are more places than one; and I know what I know.”—“What do you know, mistress?” answered the lady. “I am not obliged to tell everybody,” says Slipslop, “any more than I am obliged to keep it a secret.” “I desire you will provide yourself,” answered the lady. “With all my heart,” replied the waiting-gentlewoman; and so departed in a passion, and slapped the door after her.

The lady too plainly perceived that her waiting-gentlewoman knew more than she would willingly have had her acquainted with; and this she imputed to Joseph's having discovered to her what passed at the first interview. This, therefore, blew up her rage against him, and confirmed her in a resolution of parting with him.

But the dismissing Mrs. Slipslop was a point not so easily to be resolved upon. She had the utmost tenderness for her reputation, as she knew on that depended many of the most valuable blessings of life; particularly cards, making curtsies in public places, and, above all, the pleasure of demolishing the reputation of others, in which innocent amusement she had an extraordinary delight. She therefore determined to submit to any insult from a servant, rather than run a risk of losing the title to so many great privileges.

She therefore sent for her steward, Mr. Peter Pounce, and ordered him to pay Joseph his wages, to strip off his livery, and turn him out of the house that evening.

She then called Slipslop up, and, after refreshing her spirits with a small cordial, which she kept in her closet, she began in the following manner:

"Slipslop, why will you, who know my passionate temper, attempt to provoke me by your answers? I am convinced you are an honest servant, and should be very unwilling to part with you. I believe, likewise, you have found me an indulgent mistress on many occasions, and have as little reason on your side to desire a change. I can't help being surprised, therefore, that you will take the surest method to offend me—I mean, repeating my words, which you know I have always detested."

The prudent waiting-gentlewoman had duly weighed the whole matter, and found, on mature deliberation, that a good place in possession was better than one in expectation. As she found her mistress, therefore, inclined to relent, she thought proper also to put on some small condescension, which was as readily accepted; and so the affair was reconciled, all offences forgiven, and a present of a gown and petticoat made her, as an instance of her lady's future favour.

She offered once or twice to speak in favour of Joseph; but found her lady's heart so obdurate, that she prudently dropped all such efforts. She considered there were more footmen in the house, and some as stout fellows, though not quite so handsome, as Joseph; besides, the reader hath already seen her tender advances had not met with the encouragement she might have reasonably expected. She thought she had thrown away a great deal of sack and sweetmeats on an ungrateful rascal; and, being a little inclined to the opinion of that female sect, who hold one lusty young fellow to be nearly as good as another lusty young fellow, she at last gave up Joseph and his cause, and, with a triumph over her passion highly commendable, walked off with her present, and with great tranquillity paid a visit to a stone-bottle, which is of sovereign use to a philosophical temper.

She left not her mistress so easy. The poor lady could not reflect without agony that her dear reputation was in the power of her servants. All her comfort as to Joseph was, that she hoped he did not understand her meaning; at least she could say for herself, she had not plainly expressed any thing to him; and as to Mrs. Slipslop, she imagined she could bribe her to secrecy.

But what hurt her most was, that in reality she had not so entirely conquered her passion; the little god lay lurking in her heart, though anger and dis-

dain so hoodwinked her, that she could not see him. She was a thousand times on the very brink of revoking the sentence she had passed against the poor youth. Love became his advocate, and whispered many things in his favour. Honour likewise endeavoured to vindicate his crime, and Pity to mitigate his punishment. On the other side, Pride and Revenge spoke as loudly against him. And thus the poor lady was tortured with perplexity, opposite passions distracting and tearing her mind different ways.

So have I seen, in the hall of Westminster, where serjeant Bramble hath been retained on the right side, and serjeant Puzzle on the left, the balance of opinion (so equal were their fees) alternately incline to either scale. Now Bramble throws in an argument, and Puzzle's scale strikes the beam; again Bramble shares the like fate, overpowered by the weight of Puzzle. Here Bramble hits, there Puzzle strikes; here one has you, there t'other has you; till at last all becomes one scene of confusion in the tortured minds of the hearers; equal wagers are laid on the success; and neither judge nor jury can possibly make anything of the matter; all things are so enveloped by the careful serjeants in doubt and obscurity.

Or, as it happens in the conscience, where honour and honesty pull one way, and a bribe and necessity another.—If it was our present business only to make similes, we could produce many more to this purpose; but a simile (as well as a word) to the wise.—We shall therefore see a little after our hero, for whom the reader is doubtless in some pain.

CHAPTER X.

Joseph writes another letter: his transactions with Mr. Peter Pounce, &c., with his departure from lady Booby.

THE disconsolate Joseph would not have had an understanding sufficient for the principal subject of such a book as this, if he had any longer misunderstood the drift of his mistress; and indeed, that he did not discern it sooner, the reader will be pleased to impute to an unwillingness in him to discover what he must condemn in her as a fault. Having therefore quitted her presence, he retired into his own garret, and entered himself into an ejaculation on the numberless calamities which attended beauty, and the misfortune it was to be handsomer than one's neighbours.

He then sat down, and addressed himself to his sister Pamela in the following words:

"DEAR SISTER PAMELA,—Hoping you are well, what news have I to tell you! O Pamela! my mistress is fallen in love with me—that is, what great folks call falling in love,—she has a mind to ruin me; but I hope I shall have more resolution and more grace than to part with my virtue to any lady upon earth.

"Mr. Adams hath often told me, that chastity is as great a virtue in a man as in a woman. He says he never knew any more than his wife, and I shall endeavour to follow his example. Indeed, it is owing entirely to his excellent sermons and advice, together with your letters, that I have been able to resist a temptation, which, he says, no man complies with, but he repents in this world, or is damned for it in the next; and why should I trust to repentance on my deathbed, since I may die in my sleep? What fine things are good advice and good examples! But I am glad she turned me out of the chamber as she did: for I had once almost forgotten every word parson Adams had ever said to me.

"I don't doubt, dear sister, but you will have grace to preserve your virtue against all trials; and I beg you earnestly to pray I may be enabled to preserve mine; for truly it is very severely attacked by more than one; but I hope I shall copy your example, and that of Joseph my namesake, and maintain my virtue against all temptations."

Joseph had not finished his letter, when he was summoned down stairs by Mr. Peter Pounce, to re-

ceive his wages; for, besides that out of eight pounds a-year he allowed his father and mother four, he had been obliged, in order to furnish himself with musical instruments, to apply to the generosity of the aforesaid Peter, who, on urgent occasions, used to advance the servants their wages: not before they were due, but before they were payable; that is, perhaps, half a year after they were due; and this at the moderate premium of fifty per cent. or a little more: by which charitable methods, together with lending money to other people, and even to his own master and mistress, the honest man had, from nothing, in a few years amassed a small sum of twenty thousand pounds or thereabouts.

Joseph having received his little remainder of wages, and having stripped off his livery, was forced to borrow a frock and breeches of one of the servants (for he was so beloved in the family, that they would all have lent him any thing): and, being told by Peter that he must not stay a moment longer in the house than was necessary to pack up his linen, which he easily did in a very narrow compass, he took a melancholy leave of his fellow-servants, and set out at seven in the evening.

He had proceeded the length of two or three streets, before he absolutely determined with himself whether he should leave the town that night, or, procuring a lodging, wait till the morning. At last, the moon shining very bright helped him to come to a resolution of beginning his journey immediately, to which likewise he had some other inducements; which the reader, without being a conjurer, cannot possibly guess, till we have given him those hints which it may be now proper to open.

CHAPTER XI.

Of several new matters not expected.

It is an observation sometimes made, that to indicate our idea of a simple fellow, we say, he is easily to be seen through: nor do I believe it a more improper denotation of a simple book. Instead of applying this to any particular performance, we choose rather to remark the contrary in this history, where the scene opens itself by small degrees; and he is a sagacious reader who can see two chapters before him.

For this reason, we have not hitherto hinted a matter which now seems necessary to be explained; since it may be wondered at, first, that Joseph made such extraordinary haste out of town, which hath been already shown; and secondly, which will be now shown, that, instead of proceeding to the habitation of his father and mother, or to his beloved sister Pamela, he chose rather to set out full speed to the lady Booby's country seat, which he had left on his journey to London.

Be it known, then, that in the same parish where this seat stood there lived a young girl whom Joseph (though the best of sons and brothers) longed more impatiently to see than his parents or his sister. She was a poor girl, who had formerly been bred up in sir John's family; whence, a little before the journey to London, she had been discharged by Mrs. Slipslop, on account of her extraordinary beauty: for I never could find any other reason.

This young creature (who now lived with a farmer in the parish) had been always beloved by Joseph, and returned his affection. She was two years only younger than our hero. They had been acquainted from their infancy, and had conceived a very early liking for each other; which had grown to such a degree of affection, that Mr. Adams had with much ado prevented them from marrying, and persuaded

them to wait till a few years' service and thrift had a little improved their experience, and enabled them to live comfortably together.

They followed this good man's advice, as indeed his word was little less than a law in his parish; for as he had shown his parishioners, by an uniform behaviour of thirty-five years' duration, that he had their good entirely at heart, so they consulted him on every occasion, and very seldom acted contrary to his opinion.

Nothing can be imagined more tender than was the parting between these two lovers. A thousand sighs heaved the bosom of Joseph, a thousand tears distilled from the lovely eyes of Fanny (for that was her name). Though her modesty would only suffer her to admit his eager kisses, her violent love made her more than passive in his embraces; and she often pulled him to her breast with a soft pressure, which, though perhaps it would not have squeezed an insect to death, caused more emotion in the heart of Joseph than the closest Cornish hug could have done.

The reader may perhaps wonder that so fond a pair should, during a twelvemonth's absence, never converse with one another: indeed, there was but one reason which did or could have prevented them; and this was, that poor Fanny could neither write nor read: nor could she be prevailed upon to transmit the delicacies of her tender and chaste passion by the hands of an amanuensis.

They contented themselves therefore with frequent inquiries after each other's health, with a mutual confidence in each other's fidelity, and the prospect of their future happiness.

Having explained these matters to our reader, and, as far as possible, satisfied all his doubts, we return to honest Joseph, whom we left just set out on his travels by the light of the moon.

Those who have read any romance or poetry, ancient or modern, must have been informed that love hath wings: by which they are not to understand, as some young ladies by mistake have done, that a lover can fly; the writers, by this ingenious allegory, intending to insinuate no more than that lovers do not march like horse-guards; in short, that they put the best leg foremost; which our lusty youth, who could walk with any man, did so heartily on this occasion, that within four hours he reached a famous house of hospitality well known to the western traveller. It presents you a lion on the sign-post: and the master, who was christened Timotheus, is commonly called plain Tim. Some have conceived that he hath particularly chosen the lion for his sign, as he doth in countenance greatly resemble that magnanimous beast, though his disposition savours more of the sweetness of the lamb. He is a person well received among all sorts of men, being qualified to render himself agreeable to any; as he is well versed in history and politics, hath a smattering in law and divinity, cracks a good jest, and plays wonderfully well on the French horn.

A violent storm of hail forced Joseph to take shelter in this inn, where he remembered sir Thomas had dined in his way to town. Joseph had no sooner seated himself by the kitchen fire than Timotheus, observing his livery, began to condole the loss of his late master; who was, he said, his very particular and intimate acquaintance, with whom he had cracked many a merry bottle, ay many a dozen, in his time. He then remarked, that all these things were over now, all passed, and just as if they had never been; and concluded with an excellent observation on the certainty of death, which his wife said was indeed very true. A fellow now arrived at the same inn with two horses, one of which he was leading far-

ther down into the country to meet his master; these he put into the stable, and came and took his place by Joseph's side, who immediately knew him to be the servant of a neighbouring gentleman, who used to visit at their house.

This fellow was likewise forced in by the storm; for he had orders to go twenty miles farther that evening, and luckily on the same road which Joseph himself intended to take. He, therefore, embraced this opportunity of complimenting his friend with his master's horse (notwithstanding he had received express commands to the contrary), which was readily accepted; and so, after they had drank a loving pot, and the storm was over, they set out together.

CHAPTER XII.

Containing many surprising adventures which Joseph Andrews met with on the road, scarce credible to those who have never travelled in a stage-coach.

NOTHING remarkable happened on the road till their arrival at the inn to which the horses were ordered; whither they came about two in the morning. The moon then shone very bright; and Joseph, making his friend a present of a pint of wine, and thanking him for the favour of his horse, notwithstanding all entreaties to the contrary, proceeded on his journey on foot.

He had not gone above two miles, charmed with the hopes of shortly seeing his beloved Fanny, when he was met by two fellows in a narrow lane, and ordered to stand and deliver. He readily gave them all the money he had, which was somewhat less than two pounds; and told them he hoped they would be so generous as to return him a few shillings, to defray his charges on his way home.

One of the ruffians answered with an oath, "Yes, we'll give you something presently: but first strip and be d—n'd to you."—"Strip," cried the other, "or I'll blow your brains to the devil." Joseph, remembering that he had borrowed his coat and breeches of a friend, and that he should be ashamed of making any excuse for not returning them, replied, he hoped they would not insist on his clothes, which were not worth much, but consider the coldness of the night. "You are cold, are you, you rascal?" said one of the robbers: "I'll warm you with a vengeance;" and, damning his eyes, snapped a pistol at his head; which he had no sooner done than the other levelled a blow at him with his stick, which Joseph, who was expert at cudgel-playing, caught with his, and returned the favour so successfully on his adversary, that he laid him sprawling at his feet, and at the same instant received a blow from behind, with the butt end of a pistol, from the other villain, which felled him to the ground, and totally deprived him of his senses.

The thief who had been knocked down had now recovered himself; and both together fell to belabouring poor Joseph with their sticks, till they were convinced they had put an end to his miserable being: they then stripped him entirely naked, threw him into a ditch, and departed with their booty.

The poor wretch, who lay motionless a long time, just began to recover his senses as a stage-coach came by. The postilion, hearing a man's groans, stopped his horses, and told the coachman he was certain there was a dead man lying in the ditch, for he heard him groan. "Go on, sirrah," says the coachman; "we are confounded late, and have no time to look after dead men." A lady, who heard what the postilion said, and likewise heard the groan, called eagerly to the coachman to stop and see what

was the matter. Upon which he bid the postilion alight, and look into the ditch. He did so, and returned, "that there was a man sitting upright, as naked as ever he was born."—"O J—sus!" cried the lady; "a naked man! Dear coachman, drive on and leave him." Upon this the gentlemen got out of the coach; and Joseph begged them to have mercy upon him: for that he had been robbed and almost beaten to death. "Robbed!" cries an old gentleman: "let us make all the haste imaginable, or we shall be robbed too." A young man who belonged to the law answered, "He wished they had passed by without taking any notice; but that now they might be proved to have been last in his company; if he should die they might be called to some account for his murder. He therefore thought it advisable to save the poor creature's life, for their own sakes, if possible; at least, if he died, to prevent the jury's finding that they fled for it. He was therefore of opinion to take the man into the coach, and carry him to the next inn." The lady insisted, "That he should not come into the coach. That if they lifted him in, she would herself alight: for she had rather stay in that place to all eternity than ride with a naked man." The coachman objected, "That he could not suffer him to be taken in unless somebody would pay a shilling for his carriage the four miles." Which the two gentlemen refused to do. But the lawyer, who was afraid of some mischief happening to himself, if the wretch was left behind in that condition, saying no man could be too cautious in these matters, and that he remembered very extraordinary cases in the books, threatened the coachman, and bid him deny taking him up at his peril; for that, if he died, he should be indicted for his murder; and if he lived, and brought an action against him, he would willingly take a brief in it. These words had a sensible effect on the coachman, who was well acquainted with the person who spoke them; and the old gentleman above mentioned, thinking the naked man would afford him frequent opportunities of showing his wit to the lady, offered to join with the company in giving a mug of beer for his fare; till, partly alarmed by the threats of the one, and partly by the promises of the other, and being perhaps a little moved with compassion at the poor creature's condition, who stood bleeding and shivering with the cold, he at length agreed; and Joseph was now advancing to the coach, where, seeing the lady, who held the sticks of her fan before her eyes, he absolutely refused, miserable as he was, to enter, unless he was furnished with sufficient covering to prevent giving the least offence to decency,—so perfectly modest was this young man; such mighty effects had the spotless example of the amiable Pamela, and the excellent sermons of Mr. Adams, wrought upon him.

Though there were several great-coats about the coach, it was not easy to get over this difficulty which Joseph had started. The two gentlemen complained they were cold, and could not spare a rag; the man of wit saying, with a laugh, that charity began at home; and the coachman, who had two great-coats spread under him, refused to lend either, lest they should be made bloody: the lady's footman desired to be excused for the same reason, which the lady herself, notwithstanding her abhorrence of a naked man, approved: and it is more than probable poor Joseph, who obstinately adhered to his modest resolution, must have perished, unless the postilion (a lad who hath been since transported for robbing a henroost) had voluntarily stripped off a great-coat, his only garment, at the same time

swearing a great oath (for which he was rebuked by the passengers), "That he would rather ride in his shirt all his life than suffer a fellow-creature to lie in so miserable a condition."

Joseph, having put on the great-coat, was lifted into the coach, which now proceeded on its journey. He declared himself almost dead with the cold, which gave the man of wit an occasion to ask the lady if she could not accommodate him with a dram. She answered, with some resentment, "She wondered at his asking her such a question; but assured him she never tasted any such thing."

The lawyer was inquiring into the circumstances of the robbery, when the coach stopped, and one of the ruffians, putting a pistol in, demanded their money of the passengers, who readily gave it them; and the lady, in her fright, delivered up a little silver bottle, of about a half-pint size, which the rogue, clapping it to his mouth, and drinking her health, declared, held some of the best Nantes he had ever tasted: this the lady afterwards assured the company was the mistake of her maid, for that she had ordered her to fill the bottle with Hungary-water.

As soon as the fellows were departed, the lawyer, who had, it seems, a case of pistols in the seat of the coach, informed the company, that if it had been daylight, and he could have come at his pistols, he would not have submitted to the robbery: he likewise set forth that he had often met highwaymen when he travelled on horseback, but none ever durst attack him; concluding that, if he had not been more afraid for the lady than for himself, he should not have now parted with his money so easily.

As wit is generally observed to love to reside in empty pockets, so the gentleman whose ingenuity we have above remarked, as soon as he had parted with his money, began to grow wonderfully facetious. He made frequent allusions to Adam and Eve, and said many excellent things on figs and fig-leaves; which perhaps gave more offence to Joseph than to any other in the company.

The lawyer likewise made several very pretty jests without departing from his profession. He said, "If Joseph and the lady were alone, he would be more capable of making a conveyance to her, as his affairs were not fettered with any incumbrance; he'd warrant he soon suffered a recovery by a writ of entry, which was the proper way to create heirs in tail; that, for his own part, he would engage to make so firm a settlement in a coach, that there should be no danger of an ejectment;" with an inundation of the like gibberish, which he continued to vent till the coach arrived at an inn, where one servant-maid only was up, in readiness to attend the coachman, and furnish him with cold meat and a dram. Joseph desired to alight, and that he might have a bed prepared for him, which the maid readily promised to perform; and, being a good-natured wench, and not so squeamish as the lady had been, she clapped a large fagot on the fire, and, furnishing Joseph with a great-coat belonging to one of the hostlers, desired him to sit down and warm himself while she made his bed. The coachman, in the mean time, took an opportunity to call up a surgeon, who lived within a few doors; after which, he reminded his passengers how late they were, and, after they had taken leave of Joseph, hurried them off as fast as he could.

The wench soon got Joseph to bed, and promised to use her interest to borrow him a shirt; but imagining, as she afterwards said, by his being so bloody, that he must be a dead man, she ran with all speed to hasten the surgeon, who was more than half

dressed, apprehending that the coach had been overturned, and some gentleman or lady hurt. As soon as the wench had informed him at his window that it was a poor foot-passenger who had been stripped of all he had, and almost murdered, he chid her for disturbing him so early, slipped off his clothes again, and very quietly returned to bed and to sleep.

Aurora now began to show her blooming cheeks over the hills, whilst ten millions of feathered songsters, in jocund chorus, repeated odes a thousand times sweeter than those of our laureat, and sung both the day and the song; when the master of the inn, Mr. Tow-wouse, arose, and, learning from his maid an account of the robbery, and the situation of his poor naked guest, he shook his head, and cried, "good-lack-a-day!" and then ordered the girl to carry him one of his own shirts.

Mrs. Tow-wouse was just awake, and had stretched out her arms in vain to fold her departed husband, when the maid entered the room. "Who's there? Betty?"—"Yes, madam."—"Where's your master?"—"He's without, madam; he hath sent me for a shirt to lend a poor naked man, who hath been robbed and murdered."—"Touch one if you dare, you slut," said Mrs. Tow-wouse: "your master is a pretty sort of a man, to take in naked vagabonds, and clothe them with his own clothes. I shall have no such doings. If you offer to touch anything, I'll throw the chamber-pot at your head. Go, send your master to me."—"Yes, madam," answered Betty. As soon as he came in, she thus began: "What the devil do you mean by this, Mr. Tow-wouse? Am I to buy shirts to lend to a set of scabby rascals?"—"My dear," said Mr. Tow-wouse, "this is a poor wretch."—"Yes," says she, "I know it is a poor wretch; but what the devil have we to do with poor wretches? The law makes us provide for too many already. We shall have thirty or forty poor wretches in red coats shortly."—"My dear," cries Tow-wouse, "this man hath been robbed of all he hath."—"Well then," says she, "where's his money to pay his reckoning? Why doth not such a fellow go to an alehouse? I shall send him packing as soon as I am up, I assure you."—"My dear," said he, "common charity won't suffer you to do that."—"Common charity, a f—t!" says she, "common charity teaches us to provide for ourselves and our families; and I and mine won't be ruined by your charity, I assure you."—"Well," says he, "my dear, do as you will, when you are up; you know I never contradict you."—"No," says she; "if the devil was to contradict me, I would make the house too hot to hold him."

With such-like discourses they consumed near half an hour, whilst Betty provided a shirt from the hostler, who was one of her sweethearts, and put it on poor Joseph. The surgeon had likewise at last visited him, and washed and dressed his wounds, and was now come to acquaint Mr. Tow-wouse that his guest was in such extreme danger of his life, that he scarce saw any hopes of his recovery. "Here's a pretty kettle of fish," cries Mrs. Tow-wouse, "you have brought upon us! We are like to have a funeral at our own expense." Tow-wouse (who notwithstanding his charity, would have given his vote as freely as ever he did at an election, that any other house in the kingdom should have quiet possession of his guest) answered, "My dear, I am not to blame; he was brought hither by the stage-coach, and Betty had put him to bed before I was stirring."—"I'll Betty her," says she.—At which, with half her garments on, the other half under her arm, she sallied out in quest of the unfortunate Betty, whilst Tow-wouse and the surgeon went to

pay a visit to poor Joseph, and inquire into the circumstances of this melancholy affair.

CHAPTER XIII.

What happened to Joseph during his sickness at the inn, with the curious discourse between him and Mr. Barnabas, the parson of the parish.

As soon as Joseph had communicated a particular history of the robbery, together with a short account of himself, and his intended journey, he asked the surgeon if he apprehended him to be in any danger: to which the surgeon very honestly answered, "He feared he was; for that his pulse was very exalted and feverish, and, if his fever should prove more than symptomatic, it would be impossible to save him." Joseph, fetching a deep sigh, cried, "Poor Fanny, I would I could have lived to see thee! but God's will be done."

The surgeon then advised him, if he had any worldly affairs to settle, that he would do it as soon as possible; for, though he hoped he might recover, yet he thought himself obliged to acquaint him he was in great danger; and if the malign concoction of his humours should cause a suscitation of his fever, he might soon grow delirious and incapable to make his will. Joseph answered, "That it was impossible for any creature in the universe to be in a poorer condition than himself; for since the robbery he had not one thing of any kind whatever which he could call his own." "I had," said he, "a poor little piece of gold, which they took away, that would have been a comfort to me in all my afflictions; but surely, Fanny, I want nothing to remind me of thee. I have thy dear image in my heart, and no villain can ever tear it thence."

Joseph desired paper and pens, to write a letter, but they were refused him; and he was advised to use all his endeavours to compose himself. They then left him; and Mr. Tow-wouse sent to a clergyman to come and administer his good offices to the soul of poor Joseph, since the surgeon despaired of making any successful applications to his body.

Mr. Barnabas (for that was the clergyman's name) came as soon as sent for; and, having first drank a dish of tea with the landlady, and afterwards a bowl of punch with the landlord, he walked up to the room where Joseph lay; but, finding him asleep, returned to take the other sneaker; which when he had finished, he again crept softly up to the chamber-door, and, having opened it, heard the sick man talking to himself in the following manner:

"O most adorable Pamela! most virtuous sister! whose example could alone enable me to withstand all the temptations of riches and beauty, and to preserve my virtue pure and chaste for the arms of my dear Fanny, if it had pleased heaven that I should ever have come unto them. What riches, or honours, or pleasures, can make us amends for the loss of innocence? Doth not that alone afford us more consolation than all worldly acquisitions? What but innocence and virtue could give any comfort to such a miserable wretch as I am? Yet these can make me prefer this sick and painful bed to all the pleasures I should have found in my lady's. These can make me face death without fear; and though I love my Fanny more than ever man loved a woman, these can teach me to resign myself to the divine will without repining. O, thou delightful charming creature! if heaven had indulged thee to my arms, the poorest, humblest state would have been a paradise; I could have lived with thee in the lowest cottage without envying the palaces, the dainties, or

the riches of any man breathing. But I must leave thee, leave thee for ever, my dearest angel! I must think of another world; and I heartily pray thou may'st meet comfort in this."—Barnabas thought he had heard enough, so down stairs he went, and told Tow-wouse he could do his guest no service; for that he was very light-headed, and had uttered nothing but a rhapsody of nonsense all the time he stayed in the room.

The surgeon returned in the afternoon, and found his patient in a higher fever, as he said, than when he left him, though not delirious; for, notwithstanding Mr. Barnabas's opinion, he had not been once out of his senses since his arrival at the inn.

Mr. Barnabas was again sent for, and with much difficulty prevailed on to make another visit. As soon as he entered the room he told Joseph "He was come to pray by him, and to prepare him for another world: in the first place, therefore, he hoped he had repented of all his sins." Joseph answered, "He hoped he had; but there was one thing which he knew not whether he should call a sin; if it was, he feared he should die in the commission of it; and that was, the regret of parting with a young woman whom he loved as tenderly as he did his heart-strings." Barnabas bade him be assured "that any repining at the divine will was one of the greatest sins he could commit; that he ought to forget all carnal affections, and think of better things." Joseph said, "That neither in this world nor the next he could forget his Fanny; and that the thought, however grievous, of parting with her for ever, was not half so tormenting as the fear of what she would suffer when she knew his misfortune." Barnabas said, "That such fears argued a diffidence and despondence very criminal; that he must divest himself of all human passions, and fix his heart above." Joseph answered, "That was what he desired to do, and should be obliged to him if he would enable him to accomplish it." Barnabas replied, "That must be done by grace." Joseph besought him to discover how he might attain it. Barnabas answered, "By prayer and faith." He then questioned him concerning his forgiveness of the thieves. Joseph answered, "He feared that was more than he could do; for nothing would give him more pleasure than to hear they were taken."—"That," cries Barnabas, "is for the sake of justice."—"Yes," said Joseph, "but if I was to meet them again, I am afraid I should attack them, and kill them too, if I could."—"Doubtless," answered Barnabas, "it is lawful to kill a thief; but can you say you forgive them as a christian ought?" Joseph desired to know what that forgiveness was. "That is," answered Barnabas, "to forgive them as—as—it is to forgive them as—in short, it is to forgive them as a christian." Joseph replied, "He forgave them as much as he could."—"Well, well," said Barnabas, "that will do." He then demanded of him, "If he remembered any more sins unrepented of; and if he did, he desired him to make haste and repent of them as fast as he could, that they might repeat over a few prayers together." Joseph answered, "He could not recollect any great crimes he had been guilty of, and that those he had committed he was sincerely sorry for." Barnabas said that was enough, and then proceeded to prayer with all the expedition he was master of, some company then waiting for him below in the parlour, where the ingredients for punch were all in readiness; but no one would squeeze the oranges till he came.

Joseph complained he was dry, and desired a little tea; which Barnabas reported to Mrs. Tow-wouse, who answered, "she had just done drinking it, and

could not be slopping all day ;" but ordered Betty to carry him up some small beer.

Betty obeyed her mistress's command ; but Joseph, as soon as he had tasted it, said, he feared it would increase his fever, and that he longed very much for tea ; to which the good-natured Betty answered, he should have tea, if there was any in the land ; she accordingly went and bought him some herself, and attended him with it ; where we will leave her and Joseph together for some time, to entertain the reader with other matters.

CHAPTER XIV.

Being very full of adventures which succeeded each other at the inn.

It was now the dusk of the evening, when a grave person rode into the inn, and, committing his horse to the hostler, went directly into the kitchen, and, having called for a pipe of tobacco, took his place by the fireside, where several other persons were likewise assembled.

The discourse ran altogether on the robbery which was committed the night before, and on the poor wretch who lay above in the dreadful condition in which we have already seen him. Mrs. Tow-wouse said, "She wondered what the devil Tom Whipwell meant by bringing such guests to her house, when there were so many alehouses on the road proper for their reception. But she assured him, if he died, the parish should be at the expense of the funeral." She added, "Nothing would serve the fellow's turn but tea, she would assure him." Betty, who was just returned from her charitable office, answered, she believed he was a gentleman, for she never saw a finer skin in her life. "Pox on his skin !" replied Mrs. Tow-wouse, "I suppose that is all we are like to have for the reckoning. I desire no such gentlemen should ever call at the Dragon" (which it seems was the sign of the inn).

The gentleman lately arrived discovered a great deal of emotion at the distress of this poor creature, whom he observed to be fallen not into the most compassionate hands. And indeed, if Mrs. Tow-wouse had given no utterance to the sweetness of her temper, nature had taken such pains in her countenance, that Hogarth himself never gave more expression to a picture.

Her person was short, thin, and crooked. Her forehead projected in the middle, and thence descended in a declivity to the top of her nose, which was sharp and red, and would have hung over her lips, had not nature turned up the end of it. Her lips were two bits of skin, which, whenever she spoke, she drew together in a purse. Her chin was peaked ; and at the upper end of that skin, which composed her cheeks, stood two bones, that almost hid a pair of small red eyes. Add to this a voice most wonderfully adapted to the sentiments it was to convey, being both loud and hoarse.

It is not easy to say whether the gentleman had conceived a greater dislike for his landlady or compassion for her unhappy guest. He inquired very earnestly of the surgeon, who was now come into the kitchen, whether he had any hopes of his recovery ? He begged him to use all possible means towards it, telling him, "it was the duty of men of all professions to apply their skill gratis for the relief of the poor and necessitous." The surgeon answered, "He should take proper care ; but he defied all the surgeons in London to do him any good."—"Pray, sir," said the gentleman, "what are his wounds ?"—"Why, do you know anything of wounds ?" says the surgeon (winking upon Mrs. Tow-wouse). "Sir, I have a small smattering in

surgery," answered the gentleman. "A smattering,—ho, ho, ho !" said the surgeon ; "I believe it is a smattering indeed."

The company were all attentive, expecting to hear the doctor, who was what they call a dry fellow, expose the gentleman.

He began therefore with an air of triumph : "I suppose, sir, you have travelled ?"—"No, really, sir," said the gentleman. "Ho ! then you have practised in the hospitals perhaps ?"—"No, sir."—"Hum ! not that neither ? Whence, sir, then, if I may be so bold to inquire, have you got your knowledge in surgery ?"—"Sir," answered the gentleman, "I do not pretend to much ; but the little I know I have from books."—"Books !" cries the doctor. "What, I suppose you have—you have read Galen and Hippocrates !"—"No, sir," said the gentleman. "How ! you understand surgery," answers the doctor, "and not read Galen and Hippocrates ?"—"Sir," cries the other, "I believe there are many surgeons who have never read these authors."—"I believe so too," says the doctor, "more shame for them ; but, thanks to my education, I have them by heart, and very seldom go without them both in my pocket."—"They are pretty large books," said the gentleman. "Ay," said the doctor, "I believe I know how large they are better than you." (At which he fell a winking, and the whole company burst into a laugh.)

The doctor, pursuing his triumph, asked the gentleman, "If he did not understand physic as well as surgery." "Rather better," answered the gentleman. "Ay, like enough," cries the doctor with a wink. "Why, I know a little of physic too."—"I wish I knew half so much," said Tow-wouse, "I'd never wear an apron again."—"Why, I believe, landlord," cries the doctor, "there are few men, though I say it, within twelve miles of the place, that handle a fever better.—*Veniente accurre morbo* : that is my method. I suppose, brother, you understand *Latin* ?"—"A little," says the gentleman. "Ay, and Greek now, I'll warrant you : *Ton dapomibominos poluflosboio thalasses*. But I have almost forgot these things : I could have repeated Homer by heart once."—"I fags ! the gentleman has caught a traitor," says Mrs. Tow-wouse ; at which they all fell a laughing.

The gentleman, who had not the least affection for joking, very contentedly suffered the doctor to enjoy his victory, which he did with no small satisfaction ; and, having sufficiently sounded his depth, told him, "He was thoroughly convinced of his great learning and abilities ; and that he would be obliged to him if he would let him know his opinion of his patient's case above stairs."—"Sir," says the doctor, "his case is that of a dead man—The contusion on his head has perforated the internal membrane of the occiput, and divellicated that radical small minute invisible nerve which coheres to the pericranium ; and this was attended with a fever at first symptomatic, then pneumatic ; and he is at length grown delirious, or delirious, as the vulgar express it."

He was proceeding in this learned manner, when a mighty noise interrupted him. Some young fellows in the neighbourhood had taken one of the thieves, and were bringing him into the inn. Betty ran up stairs with this news to Joseph, who begged they might search for a little piece of broken gold, which had a riband tied to it, and which he could swear to amongst all the hoards of the richest men in the universe.

Notwithstanding the fellow's persisting in his innocence, the mob were very busy in searching him, and presently, among other things, pulled out

the piece of gold just mentioned; which Betty no sooner saw than she laid violent hands on it, and conveyed it up to Joseph, who received it with raptures of joy, and, hugging it in his bosom, declared he could now die contented.

Within a few minutes afterwards came in some other fellows, with a bundle which they had found in a ditch, and which was indeed the clothes which had been stripped off from Joseph, and the other things they had taken from him.

The gentleman no sooner saw the coat than he declared he knew the livery; and, if it had been taken from the poor creature above stairs, desired he might see him; for that he was very well acquainted with the family to whom that livery belonged.

He was accordingly conducted up by Betty; but what, reader, was the surprise on both sides, when he saw Joseph was the person in bed, and when Joseph discovered the face of his good friend Mr. Abraham Adams!

It would be impertinent to insert a discourse which chiefly turned on the relation of matters already well known to the reader; for, as soon as the curate had satisfied Joseph concerning the perfect health of his Fanny, he was on his side very inquisitive into all the particulars which had produced this unfortunate accident.

To return therefore to the kitchen, where a great variety of company were now assembled from all the rooms of the house, as well as the neighbourhood: so much delight do men take in contemplating the countenance of a thief.

Mr. Tow-wouse began to rub his hands with pleasure at seeing so large an assembly; who would, he hoped, shortly adjourn into several apartments, in order to discourse over the robbery, and drink a health to all honest men. But Mrs. Tow-wouse, whose misfortune it was commonly to see things a little perversely, began to rail at those who brought the fellow into her house; telling her husband, "They were very likely to thrive who kept a house of entertainment for beggars and thieves."

The mob had now finished their search, and could find nothing about the captive likely to prove any evidence; for as to the clothes, though the mob were very well satisfied with that proof, yet, as the surgeon observed, they could not convict him, because they were not found in his custody; to which Barnabas agreed, and added that these were *bona waviata*, and belonged to the lord of the manor.

"How," says the surgeon, "do you say these goods belong to the lord of the manor?"—"I do," cried Barnabas. "Then I deny it," says the surgeon: "what can the lord of the manor have to do in the case? Will any one attempt to persuade me that what a man finds is not his own?"—"I have heard," says an old fellow in the corner, "justice Wiseone say, that, if every man had his right, whatever is found belongs to the king of London."—"That may be true," says Barnabas, in some sense; for the law makes a difference between things stolen and things found; for a thing may be stolen that is never found, and a thing may be found that never was stolen: Now, goods that are both stolen and found are *waviata*; and they belong to the lord of the manor."—"So the lord of the manor is the receiver of stolen goods," says the doctor; at which there was an universal laugh, being first begun by himself.

While the prisoner, by persisting in his innocence, had almost (as there was no evidence against him) brought over Barnabas, the surgeon, Tow-wouse, and several others to his side, Betty informed them

that they had overlooked a little piece of gold, which she had carried up to the man in bed, and which he offered to swear to amongst a million, ay, amongst ten thousand. This immediately turned the scale against the prisoner, and every one now concluded him guilty. It was resolved, therefore, to keep him secured that night, and early in the morning to carry him before a justice.

CHAPTER XV.

Showing how Mrs. Tow-wouse was a little mollified; and how officious Mr. Barnabas and the surgeon were to prosecute the thief: with a dissertation accounting for their zeal, and that of many other persons not mentioned in this history.

BETTY told her mistress she believed the man in bed was a greater man than they took him for; for, besides the extreme whiteness of his skin, and the softness of his hands, she observed a very great familiarity between the gentleman and him; and added, she was certain they were intimate acquaintance, if not relations.

This somewhat abated the severity of Mrs. Tow-wouse's countenance. She said, "God forbid she should not discharge the duty of a christian, since the poor gentleman was brought to her house. She had a natural antipathy to vagabonds; but could pity the misfortunes of a christian as soon as another." Tow-wouse said, "If the traveller be a gentleman, though he hath no money about him now, we shall most likely be paid hereafter; so you may begin to score whenever you will." Mrs. Tow-wouse answered, "Hold your simple tongue, and don't instruct me in my business. I am sure I am sorry for the gentleman's misfortune with all my heart; and I hope the villain who hath used him so barbarously will be hanged. Betty, go see what he wants. God forbid he should want any thing in my house."

Barnabas and the surgeon went up to Joseph to satisfy themselves concerning the piece of gold; Joseph was with difficulty prevailed upon to show it them, but would by no entreaties be brought to deliver it out of his own possession. He however attested this to be the same which had been taken from him, and Betty was ready to swear to the finding it on the thief.

The only difficulty that remained was, how to produce this gold before the justice; for as to carrying Joseph himself, it seemed impossible; nor was there any great likelihood of obtaining it from him, for he had fastened it with a riband to his arm, and solemnly vowed that nothing but irresistible force should ever separate them; in which resolution, Mr. Adams, clenching a fist rather less than the knuckle of an ox, declared he would support him.

A dispute arose on this occasion concerning evidence not very necessary to be related here; after which the surgeon dressed Mr. Joseph's head, still persisting in the imminent danger in which his patient then lay, but concluding, with a very important look, "That he began to have some hopes; that he should send him a senative soporiferous draught, and would see him in the morning." After which Barnabas and he departed, and left Mr. Joseph and Mr. Adams together.

Adams informed Joseph of the occasion of this journey which he was making to London, namely, to publish three volumes of sermons; being encouraged, as he said, by an advertisement lately set forth by the society of booksellers, who proposed to purchase any copies offered to them, at a price to be settled by two persons; but though he imagined he should get a considerable sum of money on this

occasion, which his family were in urgent need of, he protested he would not leave Joseph in his present condition: finally, he told him, "He had nine shillings and threepence halfpenny in his pocket, which he was welcome to use as he pleased."

This goodness of parson Adams brought tears into Joseph's eyes; he declared, "He had now a second reason to desire life, that he might show his gratitude to such a friend." Adams bade him be cheerful; for that he plainly saw the surgeon, besides his ignorance, desired to make a merit of curing him, though the wounds in his head, he perceived, were by no means dangerous; that he was convinced he had no fever, and doubted not but he would be able to travel in a day or two."

These words infused a spirit into Joseph; he said, "He found himself very sore from the bruises, but had no reason to think any of his bones injured, or that he had received any harm in his inside, unless that he felt something very odd in his stomach; but he knew not whether that might not arise from not having eaten one morsel for above twenty-four hours." Being then asked if he had any inclination to eat, he answered in the affirmative. Then parson Adams desired him to "name what he had the greatest fancy for; whether a poached egg, or chicken-broth." He answered, "He could eat both very well; but that he seemed to have the greatest appetite for a piece of boiled beef and cabbage."

Adams was pleased with so perfect a confirmation that he had not the least fever, but advised him to a lighter diet for that evening. He accordingly ate either a rabbit or a fowl, I never could with any tolerable certainty discover which; after this he was, by Mrs. Tow-wouse's order, conveyed into a better bed and equipped with one of her husband's shirts.

In the morning early, Barnabas and the surgeon came to the inn, in order to see the thief conveyed before the justice. They had consumed the whole night in debating what measures they should take to produce the piece of gold in evidence against him; for they were both extremely zealous in the business, though neither of them were in the least interested in the prosecution; neither of them had ever received any private injury from the fellow, nor had either of them ever been suspected of loving the public well enough to give them a sermon or a dose of physic for nothing.

To help our reader, therefore, as much as possible to account for his zeal, we must inform him that, as this parish was so unfortunate as to have no lawyer in it, there had been a constant contention between the two doctors, spiritual and physical, concerning their abilities in a science, in which, as neither of them professed it, they had equal pretensions to dispute each other's opinions. These disputes were carried on with great contempt on both sides, and had almost divided the parish; Mr. Tow-wouse and one half of the neighbours inclining to the surgeon, and Mrs. Tow-wouse with the other half to the parson. The surgeon drew his knowledge from those inestimable fountains, called *The Attorney's Pocket Companion*, and *Mr. Jacob's Law-Tables*; Barnabas trusted entirely to Wood's Institutes. It happened on this occasion, as was pretty frequently the case, that these two learned men differed about the sufficiency of evidence; the doctor being of opinion that the maid's oath would convict the prisoner without producing the gold; the parson, *à contra, totis viribus*. To display their parts, therefore, before the justice and the parish, was the sole motive which we can discover to this zeal which both of them pretended to have for public justice.

O Vanity! how little is thy force acknowledged,

or thy operations discerned! How wantonly dost thou deceive mankind under different disguises! Sometimes thou dost wear the face of pity, sometimes of generosity: nay, thou hast the assurance even to put on those glorious ornaments which belong only to heroic virtue. Thou odious, deformed monster! whom priests have railed at, philosophers despised, and poets ridiculed; is there a wretch so abandoned as to own thee for an acquaintance in public?—yet, how few will refuse to enjoy thee in private? nay, thou art the pursuit of most men through their lives. The greatest villanies are daily practised to please thee; nor is the meanest thief below, or the greatest hero above, thy notice. Thy embraces are often the sole aim and sole reward of the private robbery and the plundered province. It is to pamper up thee, thou harlot, that we attempt to withdraw from others what we do not want, or to withhold from them what they do. All our passions are thy slaves. Avarice itself is often no more than thy handmaid, and even Lust thy pimp. The bully Fear, like a coward, flies before thee, and Joy and Grief hide their heads in thy presence.

I know thou wilt think that whilst I abuse thee I court thee, and that thy love hath inspired me to write this sarcastical panegyric on thee; but thou art deceived: I value thee not of a farthing; nor will it give me any pain if thou shouldst prevail on the reader to censure this digression as arrant nonsense; for know, to thy confusion, that I have introduced thee for no other purpose than to lengthen out a short chapter, and so I return to my history.

CHAPTER XVI.

The escape of the thief. Mr. Adams's disappointment. The arrival of two very extraordinary personages, and the introduction of parson Adams to parson Barnabas.

BARNABAS and the surgeon, being returned, as we have said, to the inn, in order to convey the thief before the justice, were greatly concerned to find a small accident had happened, which somewhat disconcerted them; and this was no other than the thief's escape, who had modestly withdrawn himself by night, declining all ostentation, and not choosing, in imitation of some great men, to distinguish himself at the expense of being pointed at.

When the company had retired the evening before, the thief was detained in a room where the constable, and one of the young fellows who took him, were planted as his guard. About the second watch a general complaint of drought was made, both by the prisoner and his keepers. Among whom it was at last agreed that the constable should remain on duty, and the young fellow call up the tapster; in which disposition the latter apprehended not the least danger, as the constable was well armed, and could besides easily summon him back to his assistance, if the prisoner made the least attempt to gain his liberty.

The young fellow had not long left the room before it came into the constable's head that the prisoner might leap on him by surprise, and, thereby preventing him of the use of his weapons, especially the long staff in which he chiefly confided, might reduce the success of a struggle to an equal chance. He wisely, therefore, to prevent this inconvenience, slipped out of the room himself, and locked the door, waiting without with his staff in his hand, ready lifted to fell the unhappy prisoner, if by ill fortune he should attempt to break out.

But human life, as hath been discovered by some great man or other (for I would by no means be understood to affect the honour of making any such

discovery), very much resembles the game of chess; for as in the latter, while a gamester is too attentive to secure himself very strongly on one side the board, he is apt to leave an unguarded opening on the other; so doth it often happen in life, and so did it happen on this occasion; for whilst the cautious constable with such wonderful sagacity had possessed himself of the door, he most unhappily forgot the window.

The thief, who played on the other side, no sooner perceived this opening than he began to move that way; and, finding the passage easy, he took with him the young fellow's nat, and without any ceremony stepped into the street and made the best of his way.

The young fellow, returning with a double mug of strong beer, was a little surprised to find the constable at the door; but much more so when, the door being opened, he perceived the prisoner had made his escape, and which way. He threw down the beer, and, without uttering anything to the constable except a hearty curse or two, he nimbly leaped out of the window, and went again in pursuit of his prey, being very unwilling to lose the reward which he had assured himself of.

The constable hath not been discharged of suspicion on this account; it hath been said that, not being concerned in the taking the thief, he could not have been entitled to any part of the reward if he had been convicted; that the thief had several guineas in his pocket; that it was very unlikely he should have been guilty of such an oversight; that his pretence for leaving the room was absurd; that it was his constant maxim, that a wise man never refused money on any conditions; that at every election he always had sold his vote to both parties, &c.

But, notwithstanding these and many other such allegations, I am sufficiently convinced of his innocence; having been positively assured of it by those who received their informations from his own mouth; which, in the opinion of some moderns, is the best and indeed only evidence.

All the family were now up, and with many others assembled in the kitchen, where Mr. Tow-ouse was in some tribulation; the surgeon having declared that by law he was liable to be indicted for the thief's escape, as it was out of his house; he was a little comforted, however, by Mr. Barnabas's opinion, that as the escape was by night the indictment would not lie.

Mrs. Tow-ouse delivered herself in the following words: "Sure never was such a fool as my husband; would any other person living have left a man in the custody of such a drunken drowsy blockhead as Tom Suckbribe?" (which was the constable's name); "and if he could be indicted without any harm to his wife and children, I should be glad of it." (Then the bell rung in Joseph's room.) "Why Betty, John, chamberlain, where the devil are you all? Have you no ears, or no conscience, not to tend the sick better? See what the gentleman wants. Why don't you go yourself, Mr. Tow-ouse? But any one may die for you; you have no more feeling than a deal-board. If a man lived a fortnight in your house without spending a penny, you would never put him in mind of it. See whether he drinks tea or coffee for breakfast." "Yes, my dear," cried Tow-ouse. She then asked the doctor and Mr. Barnabas what morning's draught they chose, who answered, they had a pot of cider and at the fire; which we will leave them merry over, and return to Joseph.

He had rose pretty early this morning; but, though

his wounds were far from threatening any danger, he was so sore with the bruises, that it was impossible for him to think of undertaking a journey yet; Mr. Adams, therefore, whose stock was visibly decreased with the expenses of supper and breakfast, and which could not survive that day's scoring, began to consider how it was possible to recruit it. At last he cried, "He had luckily hit on a sure method, and, though it would oblige him to return himself home together with Joseph, it mattered not much." He then sent for Tow-ouse, and, taking him into another room, told him "He wanted to borrow three guineas, for which he would put ample security into his hands." Tow-ouse, who expected a watch, or ring, or something of double the value, answered, "he believed he could furnish him." Upon which Adams, pointing to his saddle-bag, told him, with a face and voice full of solemnity, "that there were in that bag no less than nine volumes of manuscript sermons, as well worth a hundred pounds as a shilling was worth twelve pence, and that he would deposit one of the volumes in his hands by way of pledge; not doubting but that he would have the honesty to return it on his repayment of the money; for otherwise he must be a very great loser, seeing that every volume would at least bring him ten pounds, as he had been informed by a neighbouring clergyman in the country; for," said he, "as to my own part, having never yet dealt in printing, I do not pretend to ascertain the exact value of such things."

Tow-ouse, who was a little surprised at the pawn, said (and not without some truth), "that he was no judge of the price of such kind of goods; and as for money, he really was very short." Adams answered, "Certainly he would not scruple to lend him three guineas on what was undoubtedly worth at least ten." The landlord replied, "He did not believe he had so much money in the house, and besides, he was to make up a sum. He was very confident the books were of much higher value, and heartily sorry it did not suit him." He then cried out, "Coming, sir!" though nobody called; and ran down stairs without any fear of breaking his neck.

Poor Adams was extremely dejected at this disappointment, nor knew he what further stratagem to try. He immediately applied to his pipe, his constant friend and comfort in his afflictions; and, leaning over the rails, he devoted himself to meditation, assisted by the inspiring fumes of tobacco.

He had on a nightcap drawn over his wig, and a short great-coat, which half covered his cassock,—a dress which, added to something comical enough in his countenance, composed a figure likely to attract the eyes of those who were not overgiven to observation.

Whilst he was smoking his pipe in this posture, a coach and six, with a numerous attendance, drove into the inn. There alighted from the coach a young fellow and a brace of pointers, after which another young fellow leaped from the box, and shook the former by the hand; and both, together with the dogs, were instantly conducted by Mr. Tow-ouse into an apartment; whither as they passed, they entertained themselves with the following short facetious dialogue:—

"You are a pretty fellow for a coachman, Jack!" says he from the coach; "you had almost overturned us just now."—"Pox take you!" says the coachman; "if I had only broke your neck, it would have been saving somebody else the trouble; but I should have been sorry for the pointers."—"Why, you son of a b—," answered the other, "if nobody could shoot better than you, the pointers would be of no use."

—“D—n me,” says the coachman, “I will shoot with you, five guineas a-shot.”—“You be hanged,” says the other; “for five guineas you shall shoot at my a—.” “Done,” says the coachman; “I’ll pepper you better than ever you was peppered by Jenny Bouncer.”—“Pepper your grandmother,” says the other: “Here’s Tow-wouse will let you shoot at him for a shilling a-time.”—“I know his honour better,” cries Tow-wouse; “I never saw a surer shot at a partridge. Every man misses now and then; but if I could shoot half as well as his honour, I would desire no better livelihood than I could get by my gun.”—“Pox on you,” said the coachman, “you demolish more game now than your head’s worth. There’s a bitch, Tow-wouse: by G— she never blinked * a bird in her life.”—“I have a puppy, not a year old, shall hunt with her for a hundred,” cries the other gentleman.—“Done,” says the coachman: “but you will be pox’d before you make the bet.” “If you have a mind for a bet,” cries the coachman, “I will match my spotted dog with your white bitch for a hundred, play or pay.”—“Done,” says the other: “and I’ll run Baldface against Slouch with you for another.”—“No,” cries he from the box; “but I’ll venture Miss Jenny against Baldface, or Hannibal either.”—“Go to the devil,” cries he from the coach: “I will make every bet your own way, to be sure! I will match Hannibal with Slouch for a thousand, if you dare; and I say done first.”

They were now arrived; and the reader will be very contented to leave them, and repair to the kitchen; where Barnabas, the surgeon, and an exciseman were smoking their pipes over some cider; and where the servants, who attended the two noble gentlemen we have just seen alight, were now arrived.

“Tom,” cries one of the footmen, “there’s parson Adams smoking his pipe in the gallery.” “Yes,” says Tom; “I pulled off my hat to him, and the parson spoke to me.”

“Is the gentleman a clergyman, then?” says Barnabas (for his cassock had been tied up when he first arrived). “Yes, sir,” answered the footman; and one there be but few like.”—“Ay,” said Barnabas: “if I had known it sooner, I should have desired his company; I would always show a proper respect for the cloth: but what say you, doctor, shall we adjourn into a room, and invite him to take part of a bowl of punch?”

This proposal was immediately agreed to and executed; and parson Adams accepting the invitation, much civility passed between the two clergymen, who both declared the great honour they had for the cloth. They had not been long together before they entered into a discourse on small tithes, which continued a full hour, without the doctor or exciseman’s having one opportunity to offer a word.

It was then proposed to begin a general conversation, and the exciseman opened on foreign affairs; but a word unluckily dropping from one of them introduced a dissertation on the hardships suffered by the inferior clergy; which, after a long duration, concluded with bringing the nine volumes of sermons on the carpet.

Barnabas greatly discouraged poor Adams; he said, “the age was so wicked, that nobody read sermons: would you think it, Mr. Adams?” said he, “I once intended to print a volume of sermons myself, and they had the approbation of two or three bishops; but what do you think a bookseller offered me?”—“Twelve guineas perhaps,” cried Adams. “Not

twelve pence, I assure you,” answered Barnabas: “nay, the dog refused me a Concordance in exchange. At last I offered to give him the printing them, for the sake of dedicating them to that very gentleman who just now drove his own coach into the inn; and, I assure you, he had the impudence to refuse my offer; by which means I lost a good living, that was afterward given away in exchange for a pointer, to one who—but I will not say anything against the cloth. So you may guess, Mr. Adams, what you are to expect; for if sermons would have gone down, I believe—I will not be vain; but to be concise with you, three bishops said they were the best that ever were writ: but indeed there are a pretty moderate number printed already, and not all sold yet.”—“Pray, sir,” said Adams, “to what do you think the numbers may amount?”—“Sir,” answered Barnabas, “a bookseller told me, he believed five thousand volumes at least.”—“Five thousand!” quoth the surgeon: “What can they be writ upon? I remember, when I was a boy, I used to read one Tillotson’s sermons; and, I am sure, if a man practised half so much as is in one of those sermons, he will go to heaven.”—“Doctor,” cried Barnabas, “you have a profane way of talking, for which I must reprove you. A man can never have his duty too frequently inculcated into him. And as for Tillotson, to be sure he was a good writer, and said things very well; but comparisons are odious; another man may write as well as he—I believe there are some of my sermons,”—and then he applied the candle to his pipe.—“And I believe there are some of my discourses,” cries Adams, “which the bishops would not think totally unworthy of being printed; and I have been informed I might procure a very large sum (indeed an immense one) on them.”—“I doubt that,” answered Barnabas: “however, if you desire to make some money of them, perhaps you may sell them by advertising the manuscript sermons of a clergyman lately deceased, all warranted originals, and never printed. And now I think of it, I should be obliged to you, if there be ever a funeral one among them, to lend it me; for I am this very day to preach a funeral sermon, for which I have not penned a line, though I am to have a double price.” Adams answered “he had but one, which he feared would not serve his purpose, being sacred to the memory of a magistrate, who had exerted himself very singularly in the preservation of the morality of his neighbours, insomuch that he had neither alehouse nor lewd women in the parish where he lived.”—“No,” replied Barnabas, “that will not do quite so well; for the deceased, upon whose virtues I am to harangue, was a little too much addicted to liquor, and publicly kept a mistress.—I believe I must take a common sermon, and trust to my memory to introduce something handsome on him.”—“To your invention rather,” said the doctor: “your memory will be apter to put you out; for no man living remembers anything good of him.”

With such kind of spiritual discourse, they emptied the bowl of punch, paid their reckoning, and separated: Adams and the doctor went up to Joseph, parson Barnabas departed to celebrate the aforesaid deceased, and the exciseman descended into the cellar to gauge the vessels.

Joseph was now ready to sit down to a loin of mutton, and waited for Mr. Adams, when he and the doctor came in. The doctor, having felt his pulse and examined his wounds, declared him much better, which he imputed to that sanative soporiferous draught, a medicine, “whose virtues,” he said, “were never to be sufficiently extolled.” And great in-

*To blink is a term used to signify the dog’s passing by a bird without pointing at it.

deed they must be, if Joseph was so much indebted to them as the doctor imagined; since nothing more than those effluvia which escaped the cork could have contributed to his recovery; for the medicine had stood untouched in the window ever since its arrival.

Joseph passed that day, and the three following, with his friend Adams, in which nothing so remarkable happened as the swift progress of his recovery. As he had an excellent habit of body, his wounds were now almost healed; and his bruises gave him so little uneasiness, that he pressed Mr. Adams to let him depart; told him he should never be able to return sufficient thanks for all his favours, but begged that he might no longer delay his journey to London.

Adams, notwithstanding the ignorance, as he conceived it, of Mr. Tow-ouse, and the envy (for such he thought it) of Mr. Barnabas, had great expectations from his sermons: seeing therefore Joseph in so good a way, he told him he would agree to his setting out the next morning in the stage-coach, that he believed he should have sufficient, after the reckoning paid, to procure him one day's conveyance in it, and afterwards he would be able to get on on foot, or might be favoured with a lift in some neighbour's waggon, especially as there was then to be a fair in the town whither the coach would carry him, to which numbers from his parish resorted—And as to himself, he agreed to proceed to the great city.

They were now walking in the inn-yard, when a fat, fair, short person rode in, and, alighting from his horse, went directly up to Barnabas, who was smoking his pipe on a bench. The parson and the stranger shook one another very lovingly by the hand, and went into a room together.

The evening now coming on, Joseph retired to his chamber, whither the good Adams accompanied him, and took this opportunity to expatiate on the great mercies God had lately shown him, of which he ought not only to have the deepest inward sense, but likewise to express outward thankfulness for them. They therefore fell both on their knees, and spent a considerable time in prayer and thanksgiving.

They had just finished when Betty came in and told Mr. Adams Mr. Barnabas desired to speak to him on some business of consequence below stairs. Joseph desired, if it was likely to detain him long, he would let him know it, that he might go to bed, which Adams promised, and in that case they wished one another good-night.

CHAPTER XVII.

A pleasant discourse between the two parsons and the bookseller, which was broke off by an unlucky accident happening in the inn, which produced a dialogue between Mrs Tow-ouse and her maid of no gentle kind.

As soon as Adams came into the room, Mr. Barnabas introduced him to the stranger, who was, he told him, a bookseller, and would be as likely to deal with him for his sermons as any man whatever. Adams, saluting the stranger, answered Barnabas, that he was very much obliged to him; that nothing could be more convenient, for he had no other business to the great city, and was heartily desirous of returning with the young man, who was just recovered of his misfortune. He then snapped his fingers (as was usual with him), and took two or three turns about the room in an ecstasy. And to induce the bookseller to be as expeditious as possible, as likewise to offer him a better price for his commodity, he assured them their meeting was extremely lucky to himself; for that he had

the most pressing occasion for money at that time, his own being almost spent, and having a friend then in the same inn, who was just recovered from some wounds he had received from robbers, and was in a most indigent condition. "So that nothing," says he, "could be so opportune for the supplying both our necessities as my making an immediate bargain with you."

As soon as he had seated himself, the stranger began in these words: "Sir, I do not care absolutely to deny engaging in what my friend Mr. Barnabas recommends; but sermons are mere drugs. The trade is so vastly stocked with them, that really, unless they come out with the name of Whitefield or Westley, or some other such great man, as a bishop, or those sort of people, I don't care to touch; unless no wit was a sermon preached on the 30th of January; or we could say in the title-page, published at the earnest request of the congregation, or the inhabitants; but, truly, for a dry piece of sermons, I had rather be excused; especially as my hands are so full at present. However, sir, as Mr. Barnabas mentioned them to me, I will, if you please, take the manuscript with me to town, and send you my opinion of it in a very short time."

"Oh!" said Adams, "if you desire it, I will read two or three discourses as a specimen." This Barnabas, who loved sermons no better than a grocer doth figs, immediately objected to, and advised Adams to let the bookseller have his sermons: telling him, "If he gave him a direction, he might be certain of a speedy answer:" adding, he need not scruple trusting them in his possession. "No," said the bookseller, "if it was a play that had been acted twenty nights together, I believe it would be safe."

Adams did not at all relish the last expression; he said "he was sorry to hear sermons compared to plays." "Not by me, I assure you," cried the bookseller, "though I don't know whether the licensing act may not shortly bring them to the same footing; but I have formerly known a hundred guineas given for a play."—"More shame for those who gave it," cried Barnabas. "Why so?" said the bookseller, "for they got hundreds by it."—"But is there no difference between conveying good or ill instructions to mankind?" said Adams: "Would not an honest mind rather lose money by the one than gain it by the other?"—"If you can find any such, I will not be their hindrance," answered the bookseller; "but I think those persons who get by preaching sermons are the properest to lose by printing them: for my part, the copy that sells best will be always the best copy in my opinion; I am no enemy to sermons, but because they don't sell: for I would as soon print one of Whitefield's as any farce whatever."

"Whoever prints such heterodox stuff ought to be hanged," says Barnabas. "Sir," said he, turning to Adams, "this fellow's writings (I know not whether you have seen them) are levelled at the clergy. He would reduce us to the example of the primitive ages, forsooth! and would insinuate to the people that a clergyman ought to be always preaching and praying. He pretends to understand the Scripture literally; and would make mankind believe that the poverty and low estate which was recommended to the church in its infancy, and was only temporary doctrine adapted to her under persecution, was to be preserved in her flourishing and established state. Sir, the principles of Toland, Woolston, and all the freethinkers, are not calculated to do half the mischief, as those professed by this fellow and his followers."

"Sir," answered Adams, "if Mr. Whitefield had carried his doctrine no farther than you mention, I should have remained, as I once was, his well-wisher. I am, myself, as great an enemy to the luxury and splendour of the clergy as he can be. I do not, more than he, by the flourishing estate of the church, understand the palaces, equipages, dress, furniture, rich dainties, and vast fortunes, of her ministers. Surely those things, which savour so strongly of this world, become not the servants of one who professed his kingdom was not of it. But when he began to call nonsense and enthusiasm to his aid, and set up the detestable doctrine of faith against good works, I was his friend no longer; for surely that doctrine was coined in hell; and one would think none but the devil himself could have the confidence to preach it. For can anything be more derogatory to the honour of God than for men to imagine that the all-wise Being will hereafter say to the good and virtuous, 'Notwithstanding the purity of thy life, notwithstanding that constant rule of virtue and goodness in which thou walkest upon earth, still, as thou didst not believe everything in the true orthodox manner, thy want of faith shall condemn thee?' Or, on the other side, can any doctrine have a more pernicious influence on society, than a persuasion that it will be a good plea for the villain at the last day—'Lord, it is true I never obeyed one of thy commandments, yet punish me not, for I believe them all?'"—"I suppose, sir," said the bookseller, "your sermons are of a different kind."—"Ay, sir," said Adams; "the contrary, I thank Heaven, is inculcated in almost every page, or I should belie my own opinion, which hath always been, that a virtuous and good Turk, or heathen, are more acceptable in the sight of their Creator than a vicious and wicked christian, though his faith was as perfectly orthodox as St. Paul himself."—"I wish you success," says the bookseller, "but must beg to be excused, as my hands are so very full at present; and, indeed, I am afraid you will find a backwardness in the trade to engage in a book which the clergy would be certain to cry down."—"God forbid," says Adams, "any books should be propagated which the clergy would cry down; but if you mean by the clergy, some few designing factious men, who have it at heart to establish some favourite schemes at the price of the liberty of mankind, and the very essence of religion, it is not in the power of such persons to decry any book they please; witness that excellent book called, 'A Plain Account of the Nature and End of the Sacrament;' a book written (if I may venture on the expression) with the pen of an angel, and calculated to restore the true use of christianity, and of that sacred institution; for what could tend more to the noble purposes of religion than frequent cheerful meetings among the members of a society, in which they should, in the presence of one another, and in the service of the Supreme Being, make promises of being good, friendly, and benevolent to each other? Now, this excellent book was attacked by a party, but unsuccessfully." At these words Barnabas fell a ringing with all the violence imaginable; upon which a servant attending, he bid him "bring a bill immediately; for that he was in company, for aught he knew, with the devil himself; and he expected to hear the Alcoran, the Leviathan, or Woolston commended, if he staid a few minutes longer." Adams desired, "as he was so much moved at his mentioning a book which he did without apprehending any possibility of offence, that he would be so kind to propose any objections he had to it, which he would endeavour to answer."—"I propose objec-

tions!" said Barnabas, "I never read a syllable in any such wicked book; I never saw it in my life, I assure you."—Adams was going to answer, when a most hideous uproar began in the inn. Mrs. Tow-wouse, Mr. Tow-wouse, and Betty, all lifting up their voices together; but Mrs. Tow-wouse's voice, like a bass viol in a concert, was clearly and distinctly distinguished among the rest, and was heard to articulate the following sounds:—"O you damn'd villain! is this the return to all the care I have taken of your family? This the reward of my virtue? Is this the manner in which you behave to one who brought you a fortune, and preferred you to so many matches, all your betters? To abuse my bed, my own bed, with my own servant! but I'll maul the slut, I'll tear her nasty eyes out! Was ever such a pitiful dog, to take up with such a mean trollop? If she had been a gentlewoman, like myself, it had been some excuse; but a beggarly, saucy, dirty servant-maid. Get you out of my house, you whore." To which she added another name, which we do not care to stain our paper with. It was a monosyllable beginning with a b—, and indeed was the same as if she had pronounced the words, she-dog. Which term we shall, to avoid offence, use on this occasion, though indeed both the mistress and maid uttered the above-mentioned b—, a word extremely disgusting to females of the lower sort. Betty had borne all hitherto with patience, and had uttered only lamentations; but the last appellation stung her to the quick. "I am a woman as well as yourself," she roared out, "and no she-dog; and if I have been a little naughty, I am not the first; if I have been no better than I should be," cried she, sobbing, "that's no reason you should call me out of my name; my be-betters are wo-rse than me."—"Huzzy, huzzy," says Mrs. Tow-wouse, "have you the impudence to answer me? Did I not catch you, you saucy"—and then again repeated the terrible word so odious to female ears. "I can't bear that name," answered Betty: "if I have been wicked, I am to answer for it myself in the other world; but I have done nothing that's unnatural; and I will go out of your house this moment, for I will never be called she-dog by any mistress in England." Mrs. Tow-wouse then armed herself with the spit, but was prevented from executing any dreadful purpose by Mr. Adams, who confined her arms with the strength of a wrist which Hercules would not have been ashamed of. Mr. Tow-wouse, being caught, as our lawyers express it, with the manner, and having no defence to make, very prudently withdrew himself; and Betty committed herself to the protection of the hostler, who, though she could not conceive him pleased with what had happened, was, in her opinion, rather a gentler beast than her mistress.

Mrs. Tow-wouse, at the intercession of Mr. Adams, and finding the enemy vanished, began to compose herself, and at length recovered the usual serenity of her temper, in which we will leave her, to open to the reader the steps which led to a catastrophe, common enough, and comical enough too perhaps, in modern history, yet often fatal to the repose and well-being of families, and the subject of many tragedies, both in life and on the stage.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The history of Betty the chambermaid, and an account of what occasioned the violent scene in the preceding chapter.

BETTY, who was the occasion of all this hurry, had some good qualities. She had good nature, generosity, and compassion, but unfortunately her constitution was composed of those warm ingredients

which, though the purity of courts or nunneries might have happily controlled them, were by no means able to endure the ticklish situation of a chambermaid at an inn; who is daily liable to the solicitations of lovers of all complexions; to the dangerous addresses of fine gentlemen of the army, who sometimes are obliged to reside with them a whole year together; and, above all, are exposed to the caresses of footmen, stage-coachmen, and drawers; all of whom employ the whole artillery of kissing, flattering, bribing, and every other weapon which is to be found in the whole armoury of love, against them.

Betty, who was but one-and-twenty, had now lived three years in this dangerous situation, during which she had escaped pretty well. An ensign of foot was the first person who made an impression on her heart; he did indeed raise a flame in her which required the care of a surgeon to cool.

While she burnt for him, several others burnt for her. Officers of the army, young gentlemen travelling the western circuit, inoffensive squires, and some of graver character, were set a-fire by her charms!

At length, having perfectly recovered the effects of her first unhappy passion, she seemed to have vowed a state of perpetual chastity. She was long deaf to all the sufferings of her lovers, till one day, at a neighbouring fair, the rhetoric of John the hostler, with a new straw hat and a pint of wine, made a second conquest over her.

She did not, however, feel any of those flames on this occasion which had been the consequence of her former amour; nor, indeed, those other ill effects which prudent young women very justly apprehend from too absolute an indulgence to the pressing endearments of their lovers. This latter, perhaps, was a little owing to her not being entirely constant to John, with whom she permitted Tom Whipwell the stage-coachman, and now and then a handsome young traveller, to share her favours.

Mr. Tow-wouse had for some time cast the languishing eyes of affection on this young maiden. He had laid hold on every opportunity of saying tender things to her, squeezing her by the hand, and sometimes kissing her lips; for, as the violence of his passion had considerably abated to Mrs. Tow-wouse, so, like water which is stopped from its usual current in one place, it naturally sought a vent in another. Mrs. Tow-wouse is thought to have perceived this abatement, and, probably, it added very little to the natural sweetness of her temper; for though she was as true to her husband as the dial to the sun, she was rather more desirous of being shone on, as being more capable of feeling his warmth.

Ever since Joseph's arrival, Betty had conceived an extraordinary liking to him, which discovered itself more and more as he grew better and better; till that fatal evening, when, as she was warming his bed, her passion grew to such a height, and so perfectly mastered both her modesty and her reason, that, after many fruitless hints and sly insinuations, she at last threw down the warming-pan, and, embracing him with great eagerness, swore he was the handsomest creature she had ever seen.

Joseph, in great confusion, leaped from her, and told her he was sorry to see a young woman cast off all regard to modesty; but she had gone too far to recede, and grew so very indecent that Joseph was obliged, contrary to his inclination, to use some violence to her; and, taking her in his arms, he shut her out of the room, and locked the door.

How ought man to rejoice that his chastity is

always in his own power; that, if he hath sufficient strength of mind, he hath always a competent strength of body, to defend himself, and cannot, like a poor weak woman, be ravished against his will!

Betty was in the most violent agitation at this disappointment. Rage and lust pulled her heart, as with two strings, two different ways; one moment she thought of stabbing Joseph; the next, of taking him in her arms, and devouring him with kisses; but the latter passion was far more prevalent. Then she thought of revenging his refusal on herself; but, whilst she was engaged in this meditation, happily death presented himself to her in so many shapes of drowning, hanging, poisoning, &c., that her distracted mind could resolve on none. In this perturbation of spirit, it accidentally occurred to her memory that her master's bed was not made; she therefore went directly to his room, where he happened at that time to be engaged at his bureau. As soon as she saw him she attempted to retire; but he called her back, and, taking her by the hand, squeezed her so tenderly, at the same time whispering so many soft things into her ears, and then pressed her so closely with his kisses, that the vanquished fair one, whose passions were already raised, and which were not so whimsically capricious that one man only could lay them, though, perhaps, she would have rather preferred that one—the vanquished fair one quietly submitted, I say, to her master's will, who had just attained the accomplishment of his bliss when Mrs. Tow-wouse unexpectedly entered the room, and caused all that confusion which we have before seen, and which it is not necessary, at present, to take any farther notice of; since, without the assistance of a single hint from us, every reader of any speculation or experience, though not married himself, may easily conjecture that it concluded with the discharge of Betty, the submission of Mr. Tow-wouse, with some things to be performed on his side by way of gratitude for his wife's goodness in being reconciled to him, with many hearty promises never to offend any more in the like manner; and, lastly, his quietly and contentedly bearing to be reminded of his transgressions, as a kind of penance, once or twice a-day during the residue of his life.

BOOK II.—CHAPTER I.

Of divisions in authors.

THERE are certain mysteries or secrets in all trades, from the highest to the lowest, from that of prime-ministering to this of authoring, which are seldom discovered unless to members of the same calling. Among those used by us gentlemen of the latter occupation, I take this of dividing our works into books and chapters to be none of the least considerable. Now, for want of being truly acquainted with this secret, common readers imagine, that by this art of dividing we mean only to swell our works to a much larger bulk than they would otherwise be extended to. These several places therefore in our paper which are filled with our books and chapters are understood as so much buckram, stays, and staytape in a tailor's bill, serving only to make up the sum total, commonly found at the bottom of our first page and of his last.

But in reality the case is otherwise, and in this as well as all other instances we consult the advantage of our reader, not our own; and indeed many notable uses arise to him from this method; for, first, those little spaces between our chapters may be looked upon as an inn or resting-place where he

may stop and take a glass or any other refreshment as it pleases him. Nay, our fine readers will, perhaps, be scarce able to travel farther than through one of them in a day. As to those vacant pages which are placed between our books, they are to be regarded as those stages where in long journeys the traveller stays some time to repose himself, and consider of what he hath seen in the parts he hath already passed through; a consideration which I take the liberty to recommend a little to the reader; for, however swift his capacity may be, I would not advise him to travel through these pages too fast; for if he doth, he may probably miss the seeing some curious productions of nature, which will be observed by the slower and more accurate reader. A volume without any such places of rest resembles the opening of wilds or seas, which tires the eye and fatigues the spirit when entered upon.

Secondly, what are the contents prefixed to every chapter but so many inscriptions over the gates of inns (to continue the same metaphor), informing the reader what entertainment he is to expect, which if he like not, he may travel on to the next; for, in biography, as we are not tied down to an exact concatenation equally with other historians, so a chapter or two (for instance, this I am now writing) may be often passed over without any injury to the whole. And in these inscriptions I have been as faithful as possible, not imitating the celebrated Montaigne, who promises you one thing and gives you another; nor some title-page authors, who promise a great deal and produce nothing at all.

There are, besides these more obvious benefits, several others which our readers enjoy from this art of dividing; though perhaps most of them too mysterious to be presently understood by any who are not initiated into the science of authoring. To mention, therefore, but one which is most obvious, it prevents spoiling the beauty of a book by turning down its leaves, a method otherwise necessary to those readers who (though they read with great improvement and advantage) are apt, when they return to their study after half an hour's absence, to forget where they left off.

These divisions have the sanction of great antiquity. Homer not only divided his great work into twenty-four books (in compliment perhaps to the twenty-four letters to which he had very particular obligations), but, according to the opinion of some very sagacious critics, hawked them all separately, delivering only one book at a time (probably by subscription). He was the first inventor of the art which hath so long lain dormant, of publishing by numbers; an art now brought to such perfection, that even dictionaries are divided and exhibited piecemeal to the public; nay, one bookseller hath (to encourage learning and ease the public) contrived to give them a dictionary in this divided manner for only fifteen shillings more than it would have cost entire.

Virgil hath given us his poem in twelve books, an argument of his modesty; for by that, doubtless, he would insinuate that he pretends to no more than half the merit of the Greek; for the same reason, our Milton went originally no farther than ten; till, being puffed up by the praise of his friends, he put himself on the same footing with the Roman poet.

I shall not, however, enter so deep into this matter as some very learned critics have done; who have with infinite labour and acute discernment discovered what books are proper for embellishment, and what require simplicity only, particularly with regard to similes, which I think are now generally agreed to become any book but the first.

I will dismiss this chapter with the following observation: that it becomes an author generally to divide a book, as it does a butcher to joint his meat, for such assistance is of great help to both the reader and the carver. And now, having indulged myself a little, I will endeavour to indulge the curiosity of my reader, who is no doubt impatient to know what he will find in the subsequent chapters of this book.

CHAPTER II.

A surprising instance of Mr. Adams's short memory, with the unfortunate consequences which it brought on Joseph.

MR. ADAMS and Joseph were now ready to depart different ways, when an accident determined the former to return with his friend, which Tow-ouse, Barnabas, and the bookseller had not been able to do. This accident was, that those sermons, which the parson was travelling to London to publish, were, O my good reader! left behind; what he had mistaken for them in the saddlebags being no other than three shirts, a pair of shoes, and some other necessities, which Mrs. Adams, who thought her husband would want shirts more than sermons on his journey, had carefully provided him.

This discovery was now luckily owing to the presence of Joseph at the opening the saddlebags; who, having heard his friend say he carried with him nine volumes of sermons, and not being of that sect of philosophers who can reduce all the matter of the world into a nutshell, seeing there was no room for them in the bags, where the parson had said they were deposited, had the curiosity to cry out, "Bless me, sir, where are your sermons?" The parson answered, "There, there, child; there they are, under my shirts." Now it happened that he had taken forth his last shirt, and the vehicle remained visibly empty. "Sure, sir," says Joseph, "there is nothing in the bags." Upon which Adams, starting, and testifying some surprise, cried, "Hey! fie, fie upon it! they are not here sure enough. Ay, they are certainly left behind."

Joseph was greatly concerned at the uneasiness which he apprehended his friend must feel from this disappointment; he begged him to pursue his journey, and promised he would himself return with the books to him with the utmost expedition. "No, thank you, child," answered Adams; "it shall not be so. What would it avail me, to tarry in the great city, unless I had my discourses with me, which are *ut ita dicam*, the sole cause, the *aitia monotote* of my peregrination? No, child, as this accident hath happened, I am resolved to return back to my cure, together with you; which indeed my inclination sufficiently leads me to. This disappointment may perhaps be intended for my good." He concluded with a verse out of Theocritus, which signifies no more than that sometimes it rains, and sometimes the sun shines.

Joseph bowed with obedience and thankfulness for the inclination which the parson expressed of returning with him; and now the bill was called for, which, on examination, amounted within a shilling to the sum Mr. Adams had in his pocket. Perhaps the reader may wonder how he was able to produce a sufficient sum for so many days: that he may not be surprised, therefore, it cannot be unnecessary to acquaint him that he had borrowed a guinea of a servant belonging to the coach and six, who had been formerly one of his parishioners, and whose master, the owner of the coach, then lived within three miles of him; for so good was the credit of Mr. Adams, that even Mr. Peter, the lady Booby's steward, would have lent him a guinea with very little security.

Mr. Adams discharged the bill, and they were both setting out, having agreed to ride and tie; a method of travelling much used by persons who have but one horse between them, and is thus performed. The two travellers set out together, one on horseback, the other on foot: now, as it generally happens that he on horseback outgoes him on foot, the custom is, that, when he arrives at the distance agreed on, he is to dismount, tie the horse to some gate, tree, post, or other thing, and then proceed on foot; when the other comes up to the horse he unties him, mounts, and gallops on, till, having passed by his fellow-traveller, he likewise arrives at the place of tying. And this is that method of travelling so much in use among our prudent ancestors, who knew that horses had mouths as well as legs, and that they could not use the latter without being at the expense of suffering the beasts themselves to use the former. This was the method in use in those days when, instead of a coach and six, a member of parliament's lady used to mount a pillion behind her husband; and a grave serjeant at law condescended to amble to Westminster on an easy pad, with his clerk kicking his heels behind him.

Adams was now gone some minutes, having insisted on Joseph's beginning the journey on horseback, and Joseph had his foot in the stirrup, when the hostler presented him a bill for the horse's board during his residence at the inn. Joseph said Mr. Adams had paid all; but this matter, being referred to Mr. Tow-wouse, was by him decided in favour of the hostler, and indeed with truth and justice; for this was a fresh instance of that shortness of memory which did not arise from want of parts, but that continual hurry in which parson Adams was always involved.

Joseph was now reduced to a dilemma which extremely puzzled him. The sum due for horse-meat was twelve shillings (for Adams, who had borrowed the beast of his clerk, had ordered him to be fed as well as they could feed him), and the cash in his pocket amounted to sixpence (for Adams had divided the last shilling with him). Now, though there have been some ingenious persons who have contrived to pay twelve shillings with sixpence, Joseph was not one of them. He had never contracted a debt in his life, and was consequently the less ready at an expedient to extricate himself. Tow-wouse was willing to give him credit till next time, to which Mrs. Tow-wouse would probably have consented (for such was Joseph's beauty, that it had made some impression even on that piece of flint which that good woman wore in her bosom by way of heart). Joseph would have found, therefore, very likely the passage free, had he not, when he honestly discovered the nakedness of his pockets, pulled out that little piece of gold which we have mentioned before. This caused Mrs. Tow-wouse's eyes to water; she told Joseph she did not conceive a man could want money whilst he had gold in his pocket. Joseph answered he had such a value for that little piece of gold, that he would not part with it for a hundred times the riches which the greatest esquire in the county was worth. "A pretty way, indeed," said Mrs. Tow-wouse, "to run in debt, and then refuse to part with your money, because you have a value for it! I never knew any piece of gold of more value than as many shillings as it would change for."—"Not to preserve my life from starving, nor to redeem it from a robber, would I part with this dear piece!" answered Joseph. "What," says Mrs. Tow-wouse, "I suppose it was given you by some vile trollop, some miss or other; if it had been the present of a virtuous woman, you would not have

had such a value for it. My husband is a fool if he parts with the horse without being paid for him."—"No, no, I can't part with the horse, indeed, till I have the money," cried Tow-wouse. A resolution highly commended by a lawyer then in the yard, who declared Mr. Tow-wouse might justify the detainer.

As we cannot therefore at present get Mr. Joseph out of the inn, we shall leave him in it, and carry our reader on after parson Adams, who, his mind being perfectly at ease, fell into a contemplation on a passage in *Æschylus*, which entertained him for three miles together, without suffering him once to reflect on his fellow traveller.

At length, having spun out his thread, and being now at the summit of a hill, he cast his eyes backwards, and wondered that he could not see any sign of Joseph. As he left him ready to mount the horse, he could not apprehend any mischief had happened, neither could he suspect that he missed his way, it being so broad and plain; the only reason which presented itself to him was, that he had met with an acquaintance who had prevailed with him to delay some time in discourse.

He therefore resolved to proceed slowly forwards, not doubting but that he should be shortly overtaken; and soon came to a large water, which, filling the whole road, he saw no method of passing unless by wading through, which he accordingly did up to his middle; but was no sooner got to the other side than he perceived, if he had looked over the hedge, he would have found a footpath capable of conducting him without wetting his shoes.

His surprise at Joseph's not coming up grew now very troublesome: he began to fear he knew not what; and as he determined to move no farther, and, if he did not shortly overtake him, to return back, he wished to find a house of public entertainment where he might dry his clothes and refresh himself with a pint; but, seeing no such (for no other reason than because he did not cast his eyes a hundred yards forwards), he sat himself down on a stile, and pulled out his *Æschylus*.

A fellow passing presently by, Adams asked him if he could direct him to an alehouse. The fellow, who had just left it, and perceived the house and sign to be within sight, thinking he had jeered him, and being of a morose temper, bade him follow his nose and be d—n'd. Adams told him he was a saucy jackanapes; upon which the fellow turned about angrily; but, perceiving Adams clench his fist, he thought proper to go on without taking any farther notice.

A horseman, following immediately after, and being asked the same question, answered, Friend, there is one within a stone's throw; I believe you may see it before you. Adams, lifting up his eyes, cried, I protest, and so there is; and, thanking his informer, proceeded directly to it.

CHAPTER III.

The opinion of two lawyers concerning the same gentleman, with Mr. Adams's inquiry into the religion of his host.

HE had just entered the house, and called for his pint, and seated himself, when two horsemen came to the door, and, fastening their horses to the rails, alighted. They said there was a violent shower of rain coming on, which they intended to weather there, and went into a little room by themselves, not perceiving Mr. Adams.

One of these immediately asked the other, "If he had seen a more comical adventure a great while?" Upon which the other said, "He doubted whether by law, the landlord could justify detaining the

horse for his corn and hay." But the former answered, "Undoubtedly he can; it is an adjudged case, and I have known it tried."

Adams, who, though he was, as the reader may suspect, a little, inclined to forgetfulness, never wanted more than a hint to remind him, over-hearing their discourse, immediately suggested to himself that this was his own horse, and that he had forgot to pay for him, which, upon inquiry, he was certified of by the gentlemen; who added, that the horse was likely to have more rest than food, unless he was paid for.

The poor parson resolved to return presently to the inn, though he knew no more than Joseph how to procure his horse his liberty; he was however prevailed upon to stay under covert, till the shower, which was now very violent, was over.

The three travellers then sat down together over a mug of good beer; when Adams, who had observed a gentleman's house as he passed along the road, inquired to whom it belonged; one of the horsemen had no sooner mentioned the owner's name, than the other began to revile him in the most opprobrious terms. The English language scarce affords a single reproachful word, which he did not vent on this occasion. He charged him likewise with many particular facts. He said,— "He no more regarded a field of wheat when he was hunting, than he did the highway; that he had injured several poor farmers by trampling their corn under his horse's heels; and if any of them begged him with the utmost submission to refrain, his horsewhip was always ready to do them justice." He said, "That he was the greatest tyrant to the neighbours in every other instance, and would not suffer a farmer to keep a gun, though he might justify it by law; and in his own family so cruel a master, that he never kept a servant a twelvemonth. In his capacity as a justice," continued he, "he behaves so partially, that he commits or acquits just as he is in the humour, without any regard to truth or evidence; the devil may carry any one before him for me; I would rather be tried before some judges, than be a prosecutor before him: if I had an estate in the neighbourhood, I would sell it for half the value rather than live near him."

Adams shook his head, and said, "He was sorry such men were suffered to proceed with impunity, and that riches could set any man above the law." The reviler a little after retiring into the yard, the gentleman who had first mentioned his name to Adams began to assure him "that his companion was a prejudiced person. It is true," says he, "perhaps, that he may have sometimes pursued his game over a field of corn, but he hath always made the party ample satisfaction: that so far from tyrannising over his neighbours, or taking away their guns, he himself knew several farmers not qualified, who not only kept guns, but killed game with them; that he was the best of masters to his servants, and several of them had grown old in his service; that he was the best justice of peace in the kingdom, and, to his certain knowledge, had decided many difficult points, which were referred to him, with the greatest equity and the highest wisdom; and he verily believed, several persons would give a year's purchase more for an estate near him, than under the wings of any other great man." He had just finished his encomium when his companion returned and acquainted him the storm was over. Upon which they presently mounted their horses and departed.

Adams, who was in the utmost anxiety at those different characters of the same person, asked his

host if he knew the gentleman; for he began to imagine they had by mistake been speaking of two several gentlemen. "No, no, master," answered the host (a shrewd cunning fellow); "I know the gentleman very well of whom they have been speaking, as I do the gentlemen who spoke of him. As for riding over other men's corn, to my knowledge he hath not been on horseback these two years. I never heard he did any injury of that kind; and as to making reparation, he is not so free of his money as that comes to neither. Nor did I ever hear of his taking away any man's gun; nay, I know several who have guns in their houses; but as for killing game with them, no man is stricter; and I believe he would ruin any who did. You heard one of the gentlemen say he was the worst master in the world, and the other that he is the best; but for my own part, I know all his servants, and never heard from any of them that he was either one or the other."—"Ay! ay!" says Adams; "and how doth he behave as a justice, pray?"—"Faith, friend," answered the host, "I question whether he is in the commission; the only cause I have heard he hath decided a great while was one between those very two persons who just went out of this house; and I am sure he determined that justly, for I heard the whole matter."—"Which did he decide it in favour of?" quoth Adams. "I think I need not answer that question," cried the host, "after the different characters you have heard of him. It is not my business to contradict gentlemen while they are drinking in my house; but I knew neither of them spoke a syllable of truth."—"God forbid!" said Adams, "that men should arrive at such a pitch of wickedness to belie the character of their neighbour from a little private affection, or, what is infinitely worse, a private spite. I rather believe we have mistaken them, and they mean two other persons; for there are many houses on the road."—"Why, prithee, friend," cries the host, "dost thou pretend never to have told a lie in thy life?"—"Never a malicious one, I am certain," answered Adams, "nor with a design to injure the reputation of any man living."—"Pugh! malicious; no, no," replied the host; "not malicious with a design to hang a man, or bring him into trouble; but surely, out of love to oneself, one must speak better of a friend than an enemy."—"Out of love to yourself, you should confine yourself to truth," says Adams, "for by doing otherwise you injure the noblest part of yourself, your immortal soul. I can hardly believe any man such an idiot to risk the loss of that by any trifling gain, and the greatest gain in this world is but dirt in comparison of what shall be revealed hereafter." Upon which the host, taking up the cup, with a smile, drank a health to hereafter; adding, "he was for something present."—"Why," says Adams very gravely, "do not you believe in another world? To which the host answered, "Yes; he was no atheist."—"And you believe you have an immortal soul?" cries Adams. He answered, "God forbid he should not."—"And heaven and hell?" said the parson. The host then bid him "not to profane; for those were things not to be mentioned nor thought of but in church." Adams asked him, "why he went to church, if what he learned there had no influence on his conduct in life?"—"I go to church," answered the host, "to say my prayers and behave godly."—"And dost not thou," cried Adams, "believe what thou hearest at church?"—"Most part of it, master," returned the host. "And dost not thou then tremble," cries Adams, "at the thought of eternal punishment?"—"As for that, master," said he, "I never once

thought about it; but what signifies talking about matters so far off? The mug is out, shall I draw another?"

Whilst he was going for that purpose a stage-coach drove up to the door. The coachman coming into the house was asked by the mistress what passengers he had in his coach? "A parcel of squinny-gut b—s," says he; "I have a good mind to overturn them; you won't prevail upon them to drink anything, I assure you." Adams asked him, "if he had not seen a young man on horseback on the road" (describing Joseph). "Ay," said the coachman, "a gentlewoman in my coach that is his acquaintance redeemed him and his horse; he would have been here before this time, had not the storm driven him to shelter." "God bless her!" said Adams in a rapture; nor could he delay walking out to satisfy himself who this charitable woman was; but what was his surprise when he saw his old acquaintance, madam Slipslop? Her's indeed was not so great, because she had been informed by Joseph that he was on the road. Very civil were the salutations on both sides; and Mrs. Slipslop rebuked the hostess for denying the gentleman to be there when she asked for him; but indeed the poor woman had not erred designedly; for Mrs. Slipslop asked for a clergyman, and she had unhappily mistaken Adams for a person travelling to a neighbouring fair with the thimble and button, or some other such operation; for he marched in a swingeing great but short white coat with black buttons, a short wig, and a hat which, so far from having a black hatband, had nothing black about it.

Joseph was now come up, and Mrs. Slipslop would have had him quit his horse to the parson, and come himself into the coach; but he absolutely refused, saying, he thanked heaven he was well enough recovered to be very able to ride; and added, he hoped he knew his duty better than to ride in a coach while Mr. Adams was on horseback.

Mrs. Slipslop would have persisted longer, had not a lady in the coach put a short end to the dispute, by refusing to suffer a fellow in a livery to ride in the same coach with herself; so it was at length agreed that Adams should fill the vacant place in the coach, and Joseph should proceed on horseback.

They had not proceeded far before Mrs. Slipslop, addressing herself to the parson, spoke thus:—"There hath been a strange alteration in our family, Mr. Adams, since sir Thomas's death." "A strange alteration indeed," says Adams, "as I gather from some hints which have dropped from Joseph."—"Ay," says she, "I could never have believed it; but the longer one lives in the world, the more one sees. So Joseph hath given you hints." "But of what nature will always remain a perfect secret with me," cries the parson: "he forced me to promise before he would communicate anything. I am indeed concerned to find her ladyship behave in so unbecoming a manner. I always thought her in the main a good lady, and should never have suspected her of thoughts so unworthy a Christian, and with a young lad her own servant." "These things are no secrets to me, I assure you," cries Slipslop, "and I believe they will be none anywhere shortly; for ever since the boy's departure she hath behaved more like a mad woman than anything else." "Truly, I am heartily concerned," said Adams, "for she was a good sort of a lady. Indeed, I have often wished she had attended a little more constantly at the service, but she hath done a great deal of good in the parish." "O Mr. Adams," says Slipslop, "people that don't see all

often know nothing. Many things have been given away in our family, I do assure you, without her knowledge. I have heard you say in the pulpit we ought not to brag; but indeed I can't avoid saying, if she had kept the keys herself, the poor would have wanted many a cordial which I have let them have. As for my late master, he was as worthy a man as ever lived, and would have done infinite good if he had not been controlled; but he loved a quiet life, heaven rest his soul! I am confidous he is there, and enjoys a quiet life, which some folks would not allow him here."—Adams answered, "he had never heard this before, and was mistaken if she herself (for he remembered she used to commend her mistress and blame her master) had not formerly been of another opinion." "I don't know," replied she, "what I might once think; but now I am confidous matters are as I tell you; the world will shortly see who hath been deceived; for my part, I say nothing, but that it is wondersome how some people can carry all things with a grave face."

Thus Mr. Adams and she discoursed, till they came opposite to a great house which stood at some distance from the road: a lady in the coach, spying it, cried, "Yonder lives the unfortunate Leonora, if one may justly call a woman unfortunate whom we must own at the same time guilty and the author of her own calamity." This was abundantly sufficient to awaken the curiosity of Mr. Adams, as indeed it did that of the whole company, who jointly solicited the lady to acquaint them with Leonora's history, since it seemed, by what she had said, to contain something remarkable.

The lady, who was perfectly well bred, did not require many entreaties, and, having only wished their entertainment might make amends for the company's attention, she began in the following manner.

CHAPTER IV.

The history of Leonora, or the unfortunate jilt.

LEONORA was the daughter of a gentleman of fortune; she was tall and well-shaped, with a sprightliness in her countenance which often attracts beyond more regular features joined with an insipid air: nor is this kind of beauty less apt to deceive than allure; the good humour which it indicates being often mistaken for good nature, and the vivacity for true understanding.

Leonora, who was now at the age of eighteen, lived with an aunt of her's in a town in the north of England. She was an extreme lover of gaiety, and very rarely missed a ball or any other public assembly; where she had frequent opportunities of satisfying a greedy appetite of vanity, with the preference which was given her by the men to almost every other woman present.

Among many young fellows who were particular in their gallantries towards her, Horatio soon distinguished himself in her eyes beyond all his competitors; she danced with more than ordinary gaiety when he happened to be her partner; neither the fairness of the evening, nor the music of the nightingale, could lengthen her walk like his company. She affected no longer to understand the civilities of others; whilst she inclined so attentive an ear to every compliment of Horatio, that she often smiled even when it was too delicate for her comprehension.

"Pray, madam," says Adams, "who was this squire Horatio?"

Horatio, says the lady, was a young gentleman of

a good family, bred to the law, and had been some few years called to the degree of a barrister. His face and person were such as the generality allowed handsome; but he had a dignity in his air very rarely to be seen. His temper was of the saturnine complexion, and without the least taint of moroseness. He had wit and humour, with an inclination to satire, which he indulged rather too much.

This gentleman, who had contracted the most violent passion for Leonora, was the last person who perceived the probability of its success. The whole town had made the match for him before he himself had drawn a confidence from her actions sufficient to mention his passion to her; for it was his opinion (and perhaps he was there in the right) that it is highly impolitic to talk seriously of love to a woman before you have made such a progress in her affections, that she herself expects and desires to hear it.

But whatever diffidence the fears of a lover may create, which are apt to magnify every favour conferred on a rival, and to see the little advances towards themselves through the other end of the perspective, it was impossible that Horatio's passion should so blind his discernment as to prevent his conceiving hopes from the behaviour of Leonora, whose fondness for him was now as visible to an indifferent person in their company as his for her.

"I never knew any of these forward sluts come to good" (says the lady who refused Joseph's entrance into the coach), "nor shall I wonder at anything she doth in the sequel."

The lady proceeded in her story thus: It was in the midst of a gay conversation in the walks one evening, when Horatio whispered Leonora, that he was desirous to take a turn or two with her in private, for that he had something to communicate to her of great consequence. "Are you sure it is of consequence?" said she, smiling. "I hope," answered he, "you will think so too, since the whole future happiness of my life must depend on the event."

Leonora, who very much suspected what was coming, would have deferred it till another time; but Horatio, who had more than half conquered the difficulty of speaking by the first motion, was so very importunate, that she at last yielded, and, leaving the rest of the company, they turned aside into an unfrequented walk.

They had retired far out of the sight of the company, both maintaining a strict silence. At last Horatio made a full stop, and taking Leonora, who stood pale and trembling, gently by the hand, he fetched a deep sigh, and then, looking on her eyes with all the tenderness imaginable, he cried out in a faltering accent, "O Leonora! it is necessary for me to declare to you on what the future happiness of my life must be founded! Must I say, there is something belonging to you which is a bar to my happiness, and which unless you will part with, I must be miserable!"—"What can that be?" replied Leonora. "No wonder," said he, "you are surprised that I should make an objection to anything which is yours: yet sure you may guess, since it is the only one which the riches of the world, if they were mine, should purchase of me. Oh, it is that which you must part with to bestow all the rest! Can Leonora, or rather will she, doubt longer? Let me then whisper it in her ears—It is your name, madam. It is by parting with that, by your condescension to be for ever mine, which must at once prevent me from being the most miserable, and will render me the happiest of mankind."

Leonora, covered with blushes, and with as angry

a look as she could possibly put on, told him, "that had she suspected what his declaration would have been, he should not have decoyed her from her company; that he had so surprised and frightened her, that she begged him to convey her back as quick as possible;" which he, trembling very near as much as herself, did.

"More fool he," cried Slipslop; "it is a sign he knew very little of our sect."—"Truly, madam," said Adams, "I think you are in the right: I should have insisted to know a piece of her mind, when I had carried matters so far." But Mrs. Graveairs desired the lady to omit all such fulsome stuff in her story, for that it made her sick.

Well then, madam, to be as concise as possible, said the lady, many weeks had not passed after this interview before Horatio and Leonora were what they call on a good footing together. All ceremonies except the last were now over; the writings were now drawn, and everything was in the utmost forwardness preparative to the putting Horatio in possession of all his wishes. I will, if you please, repeat you a letter from each of them, which I have got by heart, and which will give you no small idea of their passion on both sides.

Mrs. Graveairs objected to hearing these letters; but, being put to the vote, it was carried against her by all the rest in the coach; parson Adams contending for it with the utmost vehemence.

HORATIO TO LEONORA.

"How vain, most adorable creature, is the pursuit of pleasure in the absence of an object to which the mind is entirely devoted, unless it have some relation to that object! I was last night condemned to the society of men of wit and learning, which, however agreeable it might have formerly been to me, now only gave me a suspicion that they imputed my absence in conversation to the true cause. For which reason, when your engagements forbid me the ecstatic happiness of seeing you, I am always desirous to be alone; since my sentiments for Leonora are so delicate, that I cannot bear the apprehension of another's prying into those delightful endearments with which the warm imagination of a lover will sometimes indulge him, and which I suspect my eyes then betray. To fear this discovery of our thoughts may perhaps appear too ridiculous a nicety to minds not susceptible of all the tenderness of this delicate passion. And surely we shall suspect there are few such, when we consider that it requires every human virtue to exert itself in its full extent; since the beloved, whose happiness it ultimately respects, may give us charming opportunities of being brave in her defence, generous to her wants, compassionate to her afflictions, grateful to her kindness; and in the same manner of exercising every other virtue, which he who would not do to any degree, and that with the utmost rapture, can never deserve the name of a lover. It is, therefore, with a view to the delicate modesty of your mind that I cultivate it so purely in my own; and it is that which will sufficiently suggest to you the uneasiness I bear from those liberties which men to whom the world allow politeness will sometimes give themselves on these occasions.

"Can I tell you with what eagerness I expect the arrival of that blessed day, when I shall experience the falsehood of a common assertion, that the greatest human happiness consists in hope? A doctrine which no person had ever stronger reasons to believe than myself at present, since none ever tasted such bliss as fires my bosom with the thoughts of spending my future days with such a companion, and that every action of my life will have the glorious satisfaction of conducing to your happiness."

LEONORA TO HORATIO.*

"THE refinement of your mind has been so evidently proved by every word and action ever since I had the first pleasure of knowing you, that I thought it impossible my good opinion of Horatio could have been heightened to any additional proof of merit. This very thought was my amusement when I received your last letter, which, when I opened, I confess I was surprised to find the delicate sentiments expressed there so far exceeding what I thought could come even from you (although I know all the generous principles human nature is capable of are centered in your breast), that words cannot paint what I feel on the reflection that my happiness shall be the ultimate end of all your actions.

"Oh, Horatio! what a life must that be, where the meanest

* This letter was written by a young lady on reading the former.

domestic cares are sweetened by the pleasing consideration that the man on earth who best deserves, and to whom you are most inclined to give your affections, is to reap either profit or pleasure from all you do! In such a case, toils must be turned into diversions, and nothing but the unavoidable inconveniences of life can make us remember that we are mortal.

"If the solitary turn of your thoughts, and the desire of keeping them undiscovered, makes even the conversation of men of wit and learning tedious to you, what anxious hours must I spend, who am condemned by custom to the conversation of women, whose natural curiosity leads them to pry into all my thoughts, and whose envy can never suffer Horatio's heart to be possessed by any one, without forcing them into malicious designs against the person who is so happy as to possess it! But, indeed, if ever envy can possibly have any excuse, or even alleviation, it is in this case, where the good is so great, that it must be equally natural to all to wish it for themselves; nor am I ashamed to own it: and to your merit, Horatio, I am obliged, that prevents my being in that most uneasy of all the situations I can figure in my imagination, of being led by inclination to love the person whom my own judgment forces me to condemn."

Matters were in so great forwardness between this fond couple, that the day was fixed for their marriage, and was now within a fortnight, when the sessions chanced to be held for that county in a town about twenty miles' distance from that which is the scene of our story. It seems, it is usual for the young gentlemen of the bar to repair to these sessions not so much for the sake of profit as to show their parts and learn the law of the justices of peace; for which purpose one of the wisest and gravest of all the justices is appointed speaker, or chairman, as they modestly call it, and he reads them a lecture, and instructs them in the true knowledge of the law.

"You are here guilty of a little mistake," says Adams, "which, if you please, I will correct: I have attended at one of these quarter-sessions, where I observed the counsel taught the justices, instead of learning anything of them."

It is not very material, said the lady. Hither repaired Horatio, who, as he hoped by his profession to advance his fortune, which was not at present very large, for the sake of his dear Leonora, he resolved to spare no pains, nor lose any opportunity of improving or advancing himself in it.

The same afternoon in which he left the town, as Leonora stood at her window, a coach and six passed by, which she declared to be the completest, genteel, prettiest equipage she ever saw; adding these remarkable words, "O, I am in love with that equipage!" which, though her friend Florella at that time did not greatly regard, she hath since remembered.

In the evening an assembly was held, which Leonora honoured with her company; but intended to pay her Horatio the compliment of refusing to dance in his absence.

O, why have not women as good resolution to maintain their vows as they have often good inclinations in making them?

The gentleman who owned the coach and six came to the assembly. His clothes were as remarkably fine as his equipage could be. He soon attracted the eyes of the company; all the smarts, all the silk waistcoats with silver and gold edgings, were eclipsed in an instant.

"Madam," says Adams, "if it be not impertinent, I should be glad to know how this gentleman was dressed."

Sir, answered the lady, I have been told he had on a cut velvet coat of a cinnamon colour, lined with a pink satin, embroidered all over with gold; his waistcoat, which was cloth of silver, was embroidered with gold likewise. I cannot be particular as to the rest of his dress; but it was all in the French fashion, for Bellarmine (that was his name) was just arrived from Paris.

This fine figure did not more entirely engage the eyes of every lady in the assembly than Leonora did his. He had scarce beheld her, but he stood motionless and fixed as a statue, or at least would have done so if good breeding had permitted him. However, he carried it so far before he had power to correct himself, that every person in the room easily discovered where his admiration was settled. The other ladies began to single out their former partners, all perceiving who would be Bellarmine's choice; which they however endeavoured, by all possible means, to prevent: many of them saying to Leonora, "O madam! I suppose we shan't have the pleasure of seeing you dance to-night;" and then crying out, in Bellarmine's hearing, "O! Leonora will not dance, I assure you: her partner is not here." One maliciously attempted to prevent her, by sending a disagreeable fellow to ask her, that so she might be obliged either to dance with him, or sit down; but this scheme proved abortive.

Leonora saw herself admired by the fine stranger, and envied by every woman present. Her little heart began to flutter within her, and her head was agitated with a convulsive motion: she seemed as if she would speak to several of her acquaintance, but had nothing to say; for, as she would not mention her present triumph, so she could not disengage her thoughts one moment from the contemplation of it. She had never tasted anything like this happiness. She had before known what it was to torment a single woman; but to be hated and secretly cursed by a whole assembly was a joy reserved for this blessed moment. As this vast profusion of ecstasy had confounded her understanding, so there was nothing so foolish as her behaviour: she played a thousand childish tricks, distorted her person into several shapes, and her face into several laughs, without any reason. In a word, her carriage was as absurd as her desires, which were to affect an insensibility of the stranger's admiration, and at the same time a triumph, from that admiration, over every woman in the room.

In this temper of mind, Bellarmine, having inquired who she was, advanced to her, and with a low bow begged the honour of dancing with her, which she, with as low a curtesy, immediately granted. She danced with him all night, and enjoyed perhaps the highest pleasure that she was capable of feeling.

At these words, Adams fetched a deep groan, which frightened the ladies, who told him, "they hoped he was not ill." He answered, "he groaned only for the folly of Leonora."

Leonora retired (continued the lady) about six in the morning, but not to rest. She tumbled and tossed in her bed, with very short intervals of sleep, and those entirely filled with dreams of the equipage and fine clothes she had seen, and the balls, operas, and ridottos, which had been the subject of their conversation.

In the afternoon Bellarmine, in the dear coach and six, came to wait on her. He was indeed charmed with her person, and was, on inquiry, so well pleased with the circumstances of her father (for he himself, notwithstanding all his finery, was not quite so rich as a Cræsus or an Attalus).—"Attalus," says Mr. Adams: "but pray how came you acquainted with these names?" The lady smiled at the question, and proceeded. He was so pleased, I say, that he resolved to make his addresses to her directly. He did so accordingly, and that with so much warmth and briskness, that he quickly baffled her weak repulses, and obliged the lady to refer him to her father, who, she knew, would quickly declare in favour of a coach and six.

Thus what Horatio had by sighs and tears, love

and tenderness, been so long obtaining, the French-English Bellarmine with gaiety and gallantry possessed himself of in an instant. In other words, what modesty had employed a full year in raising, impudence demolished in twenty-four hours.

Here Adams groaned a second time; but the ladies, who began to smoke him, took no notice.

From the opening of the assembly till the end of Bellarmine's visit, Leonora had scarce once thought of Horatio; but he now began, though an unwelcome guest, to enter into her mind. She wished she had seen the charming Bellarmine and his charming equipage before matters had gone so far. "Yet why," says she, "should I wish to have seen him before; or what signifies it that I have seen him now? Is not Horatio my lover, almost my husband? Is he not as handsome, nay handsomer, than Bellarmine? Ay, but Bellarmine is the genteeler, and the finer man; yes, that he must be allowed. Yes, yes, he is that certainly. But did not I, no longer ago than yesterday, love Horatio more than all the world? Ay, but yesterday I had not seen Bellarmine. But doth not Horatio dote on me, and may he not in despair break his heart if I abandon him? Well, and hath not Bellarmine a heart to break too? Yes, but I promised Horatio first; but that was poor Bellarmine's misfortune; if I had seen him first, I should certainly have preferred him. Did not the dear creature prefer me to every woman in the assembly, when every she was laying out for him? When was it in Horatio's power to give me such an instance of affection? Can he give me an equipage, or any of those things which Bellarmine will make me mistress of? How vast is the difference between being the wife of a poor counsellor and the wife of one of Bellarmine's fortune! If I marry Horatio, I shall triumph over no more than one rival; but by marrying Bellarmine I shall be the envy of all my acquaintance. What happiness! But can I suffer Horatio to die? for he hath sworn he cannot survive my loss: but perhaps he may not die: if he should, can I prevent it? Must I sacrifice myself to him? besides, Bellarmine may be as miserable for me too." She was thus arguing with herself, when some young ladies called her to the walk, and a little relieved her anxiety for the present.

The next morning Bellarmine breakfasted with her in presence of her aunt, whom he sufficiently informed of his passion for Leonora. He was no sooner withdrawn than the old lady began to advise her niece on this occasion. "You see, child," says she, "what fortune hath thrown in your way; and I hope you will not withstand your own preference." Leonora, sighing, begged her not to mention any such thing, when she knew her engagements to Horatio. "Engagements to a fig!" cried the aunt; "you should thank Heaven on your knees that you have it yet in your power to break them. Will any woman hesitate a moment whether she shall ride in a coach or walk on foot all the days of her life? But Bellarmine drives six, and Horatio not even a pair."—"Yes, but, madam, what will the world say?" answered Leonora: "will not they condemn me?"—"The world is always on the side of prudence," cries the aunt, "and would surely condemn you if you sacrificed your interest to any motive whatever. O! I know the world very well; and you show your ignorance, my dear, by your objection. O' my conscience! the world is wiser. I have lived longer in it than you; and I assure you there is not anything worth our regard besides money; nor did I ever know one person who mar-

ried from other considerations, who did not afterwards heartily repent it. Besides, if we examine the two men, can you prefer a sneaking fellow, who hath been bred at the university, to a fine gentleman just come from his travels? All the world must allow Bellarmine to be a fine gentleman, positively a fine gentleman, and a handsome man."—"Perhaps, madam, I should not doubt, if I knew how to be handsomely off with the other."—"O! leave that to me," says the aunt. "You know your father hath not been acquainted with the affair. Indeed, for my part I thought it might do well enough, not dreaming of such an offer; but I'll disengage you: leave me to give the fellow an answer. I warrant you shall have no farther trouble."

Leonora was at length satisfied with her aunt's reasoning; and Bellarmine supping with her that evening, it was agreed he should the next morning go to her father and propose the match, which she consented should be consummated at his return.

The aunt retired soon after supper; and, the lovers being left together, Bellarmine began in the following manner: "Yes, madam; this coat, I assure you, was made at Paris, and I defy the best English tailor even to imitate it. There is not one of them can cut, madam; they can't cut. If you observe how this skirt is turned, and this sleeve: a clumsy English rascal can do nothing like it. Pray, how do you like my liveries?" Leonora answered, "she thought them very pretty."—"All French," says he, "I assure you, except the great-coats; I never trust anything more than a great-coat to an Englishman. You know one must encourage our own people what one can, especially as, before I had a place, I was in the country interest, he, he, he! But for myself, I would see the dirty island at the bottom of the sea, rather than wear a single rag of English work about me: and I am sure, after you have made one tour to Paris, you will be of the same opinion with regard to your own clothes. You can't conceive what an addition a French dress would be to your beauty; I positively assure you, at the first opera I saw since I came over, I mistook the English ladies for chambermaids, he, he, he!"

With such sort of polite discourse did the gay Bellarmine entertain his beloved Leonora, when the door opened on a sudden, and Horatio entered the room. Here 'tis impossible to express the surprise of Leonora.

"Poor woman!" says Mrs. Slipslop, "what a terrible quandary she must be in!"—"Not at all," says Mrs. Graveairs; "such sluts can never be confounded."—"She must have then more than Corinthian assurance," said Adams; "ay, more than Lais herself."

A long silence, continued the lady, prevailed in the whole company. If the familiar entrance of Horatio struck the greatest astonishment into Bellarmine, the unexpected presence of Bellarmine no less surprised Horatio. At length Leonora, collecting all the spirit she was mistress of, addressed herself to the latter, and pretended to wonder at the reason of so late a visit. "I should, indeed," answered he, "have made some apology for disturbing you at this hour, had not my finding you in company assured me I do not break in upon your repose. Bellarmine rose from his chair, traversed the room in a minuet step, and hummed an opera tune; while Horatio, advancing to Leonora, asked her in a whisper if that gentleman was not a relation of hers; to which she answered with a smile, or rather sneer, "No, he is no relation of mine yet;" adding

"she could not guess the meaning of his question." Horatio told her softly, "It did not arise from jealousy."—"Jealousy! I assure you, it would be very strange in a common acquaintance to give himself any of those airs." These words a little surprised Horatio; but, before he had time to answer, Bellarmine danced up to the lady and told her, "he feared he interrupted some business between her and the gentleman."—"I can have no business," said she, "with the gentleman, nor any other, which need be any secret to you."

"You'll pardon me," said Horatio, "if I desire to know who this gentleman is who is to be entrusted with all our secrets."—"You'll know soon enough," cries Leonora; but I can't guess what secrets can ever pass between us of such mighty consequence."—"No, madam!" cries Horatio; "I am sure you would not have me undersand you in earnest."—"Tis indifferent to me," says she, "how you understand me; but I think so unseasonable a visit is difficult to be understood at all, at least when people find one engaged: though one's servants do not deny one, one may expect a well-bred person should soon take the hint." "Madam," said Horatio, "I did not imagine any engagement with a stranger, as it seems this gentleman is, would have made my visit impertinent, or that any such ceremonies were to be preserved between persons in our situation." "Sure you are in a dream," says she, "or would persuade me that I am in one. I know no pretensions a common acquaintance can have to lay aside the ceremonies of good breeding." "Sure," says he, "I am in a dream; for it is impossible I should be really esteemed a common acquaintance by Leonora, after what has passed between us!" "Passed between us! Do you intend to affront me before this gentleman?" "D—n me, affront the lady," says Bellarmine, cocking his hat, and strutting up to Horatio: "does any man dare affront this lady before me, d—n me?" "Hark'ee, sir," says Horatio, "I would advise you to lay aside that fierce air; for I am mightily deceived if this lady has not a violent desire to get your worship a good drubbing." "Sir," said Bellarmine, "I have the honour to be her protector; and, d—n me, if I understand your meaning." "Sir," answered Horatio, "she is rather your protectress; but give yourself no more airs, for you see I am prepared for you" (shaking his whip at him). "Oh! *serviteur très humble*," says Bellarmine: "*Je vous entends parfaitement bien*." At which time the aunt, who had heard of Horatio's visit, entered the room, and soon satisfied all his doubts. She convinced him that he was never more awake in his life, and that nothing more extraordinary had happened in his three days' absence than a small alteration in the affections of Leonora; who now burst into tears, and wondered what reason she had given him to use her in so barbarous a manner. Horatio desired Bellarmine to withdraw with him; but the ladies prevented it by laying violent hands on the latter; upon which the former took his leave without any great ceremony, and departed, leaving the lady with his rival to consult for his safety, which Leonora feared her indiscretion might have endangered; but the aunt comforted her with assurances that Horatio would not venture his person against so accomplished a cavalier as Bellarmine, and that, being a lawyer, he would seek revenge in his own way, and the most they had to apprehend from him was an action.

They at length therefore agreed to permit Bellarmine to retire to his lodgings, having first settled all matters relating to the journey which he was to undertake in the morning, and their preparations for the nuptials at his return.

But, alas! as wise men have observed, the seat of valour is not the countenance; and many a grave and plain man will, on a just provocation, betake himself to that mischievous metal, cold iron; while men of a fiercer brow, and sometimes with that emblem of courage, a cockade, will more prudently decline it.

Leonora was awaked in the morning, from a visionary coach and six, with the dismal account that Bellarmine was run through the body by Horatio; that he lay languishing at an inn, and the surgeons had declared the wound mortal. She immediately leaped out of the bed, danced about the room in a frantic manner, tore her hair and beat her breast in all the agonies of despair; in which sad condition her aunt, who likewise arose at the news, found her. The good old lady applied her utmost art to comfort her niece. She told her, "while there was life there was hope; but that if he should die her affliction would be of no service to Bellarmine, and would only expose herself, which might, probably, keep her some time without any future offer; that, as matters had happened, her wisest way would be to think no more of Bellarmine, but to endeavour to regain the affections of Horatio." "Speak not to me," cried the disconsolate Leonora; is it not owing to me that poor Bellarmine has lost his life? Have not these cursed charms (at which words she looked stedfastly in the glass) been the ruin of the most charming man of this age? Can I ever bear to contemplate my own face again (with her eyes still fixed on the glass)? Am I not the murderess of the finest gentleman? No other woman in the town could have made any impression on him." "Never think of things past," cries the aunt: "think of regaining the affections of Horatio." "What reason," said the niece, "have I to hope he would forgive me? No, I have lost him as well as the other, and it was your wicked advice which was the occasion of all; you seduced me, contrary to my inclinations, to abandon poor Horatio (at which words she burst into tears); you prevailed upon me, whether I would or no, to give up my affections for him; had it not been for you Bellarmine never would have entered into my thoughts; had not his addresses been backed by your persuasions they never would have made any impression on me; I should have defied all the fortune and equipage in the world; but it was you, it was you, who got the better of my youth and simplicity, and forced me to lose my dear Horatio for ever."

The aunt was almost borne down with this torrent of words; she however rallied all the strength she could, and, drawing her mouth up in a purse, began: "I am not surprised, niece, at this ingratitude. Those who advise young women for their interest must always expect such a return: I am convinced my brother will thank me for breaking off your match with Horatio at any rate."—"That may not be in your power yet," answered Leonora, "though it is very ungrateful in you to desire or attempt it, after the presents you have received from him." (For indeed true it is, that many presents, and some pretty valuable ones, had passed from Horatio to the old lady; but as true it is, that Bellarmine, when he breakfasted with her and her niece, had complimented her with a brilliant from his finger, of much greater value than all she had touched of the other.)

The aunt's gall was on float to reply, when a servant brought a letter into the room, which Leonora, hearing it came from Bellarmine, with great eagerness opened, and read as follows:

"MOST DIVINE CREATURE,—The wound which I fear you

have heard I received from my rival is not like to be so fatal as those shot into my heart which have been fired from your eyes, *tout brilliant*. Those are the only cannons by which I am to fall; for my surgeon gives me hopes of being soon able to attend your *ruelle*; till when, unless you would do me an honour which I have scarce the *hardiesse* to think of, your absence will be the greatest anguish which can be felt by, madam, *avec toute le respecte* in the world, your most obedient, most absolute *devoté*,
BELLARMINE."

As soon as Leonora perceived such hopes of Bellarmine's recovery, and that the gossip Fame had, according to custom, so enlarged his danger, she presently abandoned all further thoughts of Horatio, and was soon reconciled to her aunt, who received her again into favour, with a more christian forgiveness than we generally meet with. Indeed, it is possible she might be a little alarmed at the hints which her niece had given her concerning the presents. She might apprehend such rumours, should they get abroad, might injure a reputation which, by frequenting church twice a-day, and preserving the utmost rigour and strictness in her countenance and behaviour for many years, she had established.

Leonora's passion returned now for Bellarmine with greater force, after its small relaxation, than ever. She proposed to her aunt to make him a visit in his confinement, which the old lady, with great and commendable prudence, advised her to decline: "For," says she, "should any accident intervene to prevent your intended match, too forward a behaviour with this lover may injure you in the eyes of others. Every woman, till she is married, ought to consider of, and provide against, the possibility of the affair's breaking off." Leonora said, "she should be indifferent to whatever might happen in such a case; for she had now so absolutely placed her affections on this dear man (so she called him), that, if it was her misfortune to lose him, she should for ever abandon all thoughts of mankind." She therefore resolved to visit him, notwithstanding all the prudent advice of her aunt to the contrary, and that very afternoon executed her resolution.

The lady was proceeding in her story, when the coach drove into the inn where the company were to dine, sorely to the dissatisfaction of Mr. Adams, whose ears were the most hungry part about him; he being, as the reader may perhaps guess, of an insatiable curiosity, and heartily desirous of hearing the end of this amour, though he professed he could scarce wish success to a lady of so inconstant a disposition.

CHAPTER V.

A dreadful quarrel which happened at the inn where the company dined, with its bloody consequences to Mr. Adams.

As soon as the passengers had alighted from the coach, Mr. Adams, as was his custom, made directly to the kitchen, where he found Joseph sitting by the fire, and the hostess anointing his leg; for the horse which Mr. Adams had borrowed of his clerk had so violent a propensity to kneeling, that one would have thought it had been his trade, as well as his master's; nor would he always give any notice of such his intention; he was often found on his knees when the rider least expected it. This foible, however, was of no great inconvenience to the parson, who was accustomed to it; and, as his legs almost touched the ground when he bestrode the beast, had but a little way to fall, and threw himself forward on such occasions with so much dexterity that he never received any mischief; the horse and he frequently rolling many paces' distance, and afterwards both getting up and meeting as good friends as ever.

Poor Joseph, who had not been used to such kind of cattle, though an excellent horseman, did not so happily disengage himself; but, falling with his leg under the beast, received a violent contusion, to which the good woman was, as we have said, applying a warm hand, with some camphorated spirits, just at the time when the parson entered the kitchen.

He had scarce expressed his concern for Joseph's misfortune before the host likewise entered. He was by no means of Mr. Tow-ouse's gentle disposition; and was, indeed, perfect master of his house, and everything in it but his guests.

This surly fellow, who always proportioned his respect to the appearance of a traveller, from "God bless your honour," down to plain "Coming presently," observing his wife on her knees to a footman, cried out, without considering his circumstances, "What a pox is the woman about? why don't you mind the company in the coach? Go and ask them what they will have for dinner." "My dear," says she, "you know they can have nothing but what is at the fire, which will be ready presently; and really the poor young man's leg is very much bruised." At which words she fell to chafing more violently than before: the bell then happening to ring, he damn'd his wife, and bid her go in to the company, and not stand rubbing there all day, for he did not believe the young fellow's leg was so bad as he pretended; and if it was, within twenty miles he would find a surgeon to cut it off. Upon these words, Adams fetched two strides across the room; and, snapping his finger over his head, muttered aloud, He would excommunicate such a wretch for a farthing, for he believed the devil had more humanity. These words occasioned a dialogue between Adams and the host, in which there were two or three sharp replies, till Joseph bade the latter know how to behave himself to his betters. At which the host (having first strictly surveyed Adams), scornfully repeating the word betters, flew into a rage, and, telling Joseph He was as able to walk out of his house as he had been to walk into it, offered to lay violent hands on him; which perceiving, Adams dealt him so sound a compliment over his face with his fist, that the blood immediately gushed out of his nose in a stream. The host, being unwilling to be outdone in courtesy, especially by a person of Adams's figure, returned the favour with so much gratitude, that the parson's nostrils began to look a little redder than usual. Upon which he again assailed his antagonist, and with another stroke laid him sprawling on the floor.

The hostess, who was a better wife than so surly a husband deserved, seeing her husband all bloody and stretched along, hastened presently to his assistance, or rather to revenge the blow, which, to all appearance, was the last he would ever receive; when, lo! a pan full of hog's blood, which unluckily stood on the dresser, presented itself first to her hands. She seized it in her fury, and, without any reflection, discharged it into the parson's face; and with so good an aim, that much the greater part first saluted his countenance, and trickled thence in so large a current down to his beard, and all over his garments, that a more horrible spectacle was hardly to be seen, or even imagined. All which was perceived by Mrs. Slipslop, who entered the kitchen at that instant. This good gentlewoman, not being of a temper so extremely cool and patient as perhaps was required to ask many questions on this occasion, flew with great impetuosity at the hostess's cap, which, together with some of her hair she plucked

from her head in a moment, giving her, at the same time, several hearty cuffs in the face; which, by frequent practice on the inferior servants, she had learned an excellent knack of delivering with a good grace. Poor Joseph could hardly rise from his chair; the parson was employed in wiping the blood from his eyes, which had entirely blinded him; and the landlord was but just beginning to stir; whilst Mrs. Slipslop, holding down the landlady's face with her left hand, made so dexterous a use of her right, that the poor woman began to roar, in a key which alarmed all the company in the inn.

There happened to be in the inn, at this time, besides the ladies who arrived in the stage-coach, the two gentlemen who were present at Mr. Towhouse's when Joseph was detained for his horse's meat, and whom we have before mentioned to have stopped at the alehouse with Adams. There was likewise a gentleman just returned from his travels to Italy; all whom the horrid outcry of murder presently brought into the kitchen, where the several combatants were found in the postures already described.

It was now no difficulty to put an end to the fray, the conquerors being satisfied with the vengeance they had taken, and the conquered having no appetite to renew the fight. The principal figure, and which engaged the eyes of all, was Adams, who was all over covered with blood, which the whole company concluded to be his own, and consequently imagined him no longer for this world. But the host, who had now recovered from his blow, and was risen from the ground, soon delivered them from this apprehension, by damning his wife for wasting the hog's puddings, and telling her all would have been very well if she had not intermeddled, like a b— as she was; adding, he was very glad the gentlewoman had paid her, though not half what she deserved. The poor woman had indeed fared much the worst; having, besides the unmerciful cuffs received, lost a quantity of hair, which Mrs. Slipslop in triumph held in her left hand.

The traveller, addressing himself to Mrs. Graveairs, desired her not to be frightened; for here had been only a little boxing, which he said, to their *disgracia*, the English were *accustomata* to: adding, it must be, however, a sight somewhat strange to him, who was just come from Italy; the Italians not being addicted to the *cuffardo*, but *bastonza*, says he. He then went up to Adams, and, telling him he looked like the ghost of Othello, bid him not shake his gory locks at him, for he could not say he did it. Adams very innocently answered, "Sir, I am far from accusing you." He then returned to the lady, and cried, "I find the bloody gentleman is *uno insipido del nullo senso*. Dammata di me, if I have seen such a *spettaculo* in my way from Viterbo."

One of the gentlemen having learned from the host the occasion of this bustle, and being assured by him that Adams had struck the first blow, whispered in his ear, "He'd warrant he would recover."—"Recover! master," said the host smiling: "yes, yes, I am not afraid of dying with a blow or two neither; I am not such a chicken as that."—"Pugh!" said the gentleman, "I mean you will recover damages in that action which, undoubtedly, you intend to bring, as soon as a writ can be returned from London; for you look like a man of too much spirit and courage to suffer any one to beat you without bringing your action against him: he must be a scandalous fellow indeed who would put up with a drubbing whilst the law is open to revenge it; besides, he hath drawn blood from you, and spoiled your coat; and the jury will give damages for that

too. An excellent new coat upon my word; and now not worth a shilling! I don't care," continued he, "to intermeddle in these cases; but you have a right to my evidence; and if I am sworn, I must speak the truth. I saw you sprawling on the floor, and blood gushing from your nostrils. You may take your own opinion; but was I in your circumstances, every drop of my blood should convey an ounce of gold into my pocket: remember I don't advise you to go to law; but if your jury were christians, they must give swingeing damages. That's all."—"Master," cried the host, scratching his head, "I have no stomach to law, I thank you. I have seen enough of that in the parish, where two of my neighbours have been at law about a house, till they have both lawed themselves into a gaol." At which word he turned about, and began to inquire again after his hog's puddings; nor would it probably have been a sufficient excuse for his wife, that she spilt them in his defence, had not some awe of the company, especially of the Italian traveller, who was a person of great dignity, withheld his rage.

Whilst one of the above-mentioned gentlemen was employed, as we have seen him, on the behalf of the landlord, the other was no less hearty on the side of Mr. Adams, whom he advised to bring his action immediately. He said the assault of the wife was in law the assault of the husband, for they were but one person; and he was liable to pay damages, which he said must be considerable, where so bloody a disposition appeared. Adams answered, "If it was true that they were but one person, he had assaulted the wife; for he was sorry to own he had struck the husband the first blow. 'I am sorry you own it too,' cries the gentleman; for it could not possibly appear to the court; for here was no evidence present but the lame man in the chair, whom I suppose to be your friend, and would consequently say nothing but what made for you."—"How, sir," says Adams, "do you take me for a villain, who would prosecute revenge in cold blood, and use unjustifiable means to obtain it? If you knew me, and my order, I should think you affronted both." At the word order, the gentleman stared (for he was too bloody to be of any modern order of knights); and, turning hastily about, said, "Every man knew his own business."

Matters being now composed, the company retired to their several apartments; the two gentlemen congratulating each other on the success of their good offices in procuring a perfect reconciliation between the contending parties; and the traveller went to his repast, crying, "as the Italian poet says,

* *Je voi very well que tuta e pace,*
So send up dinner, good Boniface."

The coachman began now to grow importunate with his passengers, whose entrance into the coach was retarded by miss Graveairs insisting, against the remonstrance of all the rest, that she would not admit a footman into the coach; for poor Joseph was too lame to mount a horse. A young lady, who was, as it seems, an earl's grand-daughter, begged it, with almost tears in her eyes. Mr. Adams prayed, and Mrs. Slipslop scolded; but all to no purpose. She said, "She would not demean herself to ride with a footman: that there were waggons on the road: that if the master of the coach desired it, she would pay for two places; but would suffer no such fellow to come in."—"Madam," says Slipslop, "I am sure no one can refuse another coming into a stage-coach."—"I don't know, madam," says the lady; "I am not much used to stage-coaches; I seldom travel in them."—"That may be, madam," replied Slipslop;

"very good people do; and some people's betters, for aught I know." Miss Graveairs said, "Some folks might sometimes give their tongues a liberty, to some people that were their betters, which did not become them; for her part, she was not used to converse with servants." Slipslop returned, "Some people kept no servants to converse with; for her part, she thanked Heaven she lived in a family where there were a great many, and had more under her own command than any paltry little gentlewoman in the kingdom." Miss Graveairs cried, "She believed her mistress would not encourage such sauciness to her betters."—"My betters," says Slipslop, "who is my betters, pray?"—"I am your betters," answered miss Graveairs, "and I'll acquaint your mistress."—At which Mrs. Slipslop laughed aloud, and told her, "Her lady was one of the great gentry; and such little paltry gentlewomen as some folks, who travelled in stage-coaches, would not easily come at her."

This smart dialogue between some people and some folks was going on at the coach-door when a solemn person, riding into the inn, and seeing miss Graveairs, immediately accosted her with "Dear child, how do you?" She presently answered, "O! papa, I am glad you have overtaken me."—"So am I," answered he; "for one of our coaches is just at hand; and, there being room for you in it, you shall go no farther in the stage unless you desire it."—"How can you imagine I should desire it?" says she; so, bidding Slipslop ride with her fellow, if she pleased, she took her father by the hand, who was just alighted, and walked with him into a room.

Adams instantly asked the coachman, in a whisper, "If he knew who the gentleman was?" The coachman answered, "He was now a gentleman, and kept his horse and man; but times are altered, master," said he; "I remember when he was no better born than myself."—"Ay! ay!" says Adams. "My father drove the squire's coach," answered he, "when that very man rode postilion; but he is now his steward; and a great gentleman." Adams then snapped his fingers, and cried, "He thought she was some such trollop."

Adams made haste to acquaint Mrs. Slipslop with this good news, as he imagined it; but it found a reception different from what he expected. The prudent gentlewoman, who despised the anger of miss Graveairs whilst she conceived her the daughter of a gentleman of small fortune, now she heard her alliance with the upper servants of a great family in her neighbourhood, began to fear her interest with the mistress. She wished she had not carried the dispute so far, and began to think of endeavouring to reconcile herself to the young lady before she left the inn; when, luckily, the scene at London, which the reader can scarce have forgotten, presented itself to her mind, and comforted her with such assurance, that she no longer apprehended any enemy with her mistress.

Everything being now adjusted, the company entered the coach, which was just on its departure, when one lady recollected she had left her fan, a second her gloves, a third a snuff-box, and a fourth a smelling-bottle behind her; to find all which occasioned some delay and much swearing to the coachman.

As soon as the coach had left the inn the women all together fell to the character of miss Graveairs; whom one of them declared she had suspected to be some low creature from the beginning of their journey, and another affirmed had not even the looks of a gentlewoman: a third warranted she was no better than she should be; and, turning to the lady

who had related the story in the coach, said, "Did you ever hear, madam, anything so prudish as her remarks? Well, deliver me from the censoriousness of such a prude." The fourth added, "O, madam! all these creatures are censorious; but for my part, I wonder where the wretch was bred; indeed, I must own I have seldom conversed with these mean kind of people, so that it may appear stranger to me; but to refuse the general desire of a whole company had something in it so astonishing, that, for my part, I own I should hardly believe it if my own ears had not been witnesses to it."—"Yes, and so handsome a young fellow," cries Slipslop; "the woman must have no compulsion in her: I believe she is more of a Turk than a christian; I am certain, if she had any christian woman's blood in her veins, the sight of such a young fellow must have warmed it. Indeed, there are some wretched, miserable old objects, that turn one's stomach; I should not wonder if she had refused such a one; I am as nice as herself, and should have cared no more than herself for the company of stinking old fellows; but, hold up thy head, Joseph, thou art none of those; and she who hath not compulsion for thee is a Myhummetman, and I will maintain it." This conversation made Joseph uneasy as well as the ladies; who, perceiving the spirits which Mrs. Slipslop was in (for indeed she was not a cup too low), began to fear the consequence; one of them therefore desired the lady to conclude the story. "Ay, madam," said Slipslop, "I beg your ladyship to give us that story you commensated in the morning;" which request that well-bred woman immediately complied with.

CHAPTER VI.

Conclusion of the unfortunate jilt.

LEONORA, having once broke through the bounds which custom and modesty impose on her sex, soon gave an unbridled indulgence to her passion. Her visits to Bellarmine were more constant, as well as longer, than his surgeon's: in a word, she became absolutely his nurse; made his water-gruel, administered him his medicines; and, notwithstanding the prudent advice of her aunt to the contrary, almost entirely resided in her wounded lover's apartment.

The ladies of the town began to take her conduct under consideration: it was the chief topic of discourse at their tea-tables, and was very severely censured by the most part; especially by Lindamira, a lady whose discreet and starch carriage, together with a constant attendance at church three times a-day, had utterly defeated many malicious attacks on her own reputation; for such was the envy that Lindamira's virtue had attracted, that, notwithstanding her own strict behaviour and strict inquiry into the lives of others, she had not been able to escape being the mark of some arrows herself, which, however, did her no injury; a blessing, perhaps, owed by her to the clergy, who were her chief male companions, and with two or three of whom she had been barbarously and unjustly calumniated.

"Not so unjustly neither, perhaps," says Slipslop; "for the clergy are men, as well as other folks."

The extreme delicacy of Lindamira's virtue was cruelly hurt by those freedoms which Leonora allowed herself: she said, "It was an affront to her sex; that she did not imagine it consistent with any woman's honour to speak to the creature, or to be seen in her company; and that, for her part, she should always refuse to dance at an assembly with her, for fear of contamination by taking her by the hand."

But to return to my story: as soon as Bellarmine

was recovered, which was somewhat within a month from his receiving the wound, he set out, according to agreement, for Leonora's father's, in order to propose the match, and settle all matters with him touching settlements, and the like.

A little before his arrival the old gentleman had received an intimation of the affair by the following letter, which I can repeat *verbatim*, and which, they say, was written neither by Leonora nor her aunt, though it was in a woman's hand. The letter was in these words:—

"SIR,—I am sorry to acquaint you that your daughter, Leonora, hath acted one of the basest as well as most simple parts with a young gentleman to whom she had engaged herself, and whom she hath (pardon the word) jilted for another of inferior fortune, notwithstanding his superior figure. You may take what measures you please on this occasion; I have performed what I thought my duty; as I have, though unknown to you, a very great respect for your family."

The old gentleman did not give himself the trouble to answer this kind epistle; nor did he take any notice of it, after he had read it, till he saw Bellarmine. He was, to say the truth, one of those fathers who look on children as an unhappy consequence of their youthful pleasures; which, as he would have been delighted not to have had attended them, so was he no less pleased with any opportunity to rid himself of the incumbrance. He passed, in the world's language, as an exceeding good father; being not only so rapacious as to rob and plunder all mankind to the utmost of his power, but even to deny himself the conveniences, and almost necessities, of life; which his neighbours attributed to a desire of raising immense fortunes for his children: but in fact it was not so; he heaped up money for its own sake only, and looked on his children as his rivals, who were to enjoy his beloved mistress when he was incapable of possessing her, and which he would have been much more charmed with the power of carrying along with him; nor had his children any other security of being his heirs than that the law would constitute them such without a will, and that he had not affection enough for any one living to take the trouble of writing one.

To this gentleman came Bellarmine, on the errand I have mentioned. His person, his equipage, his family, and his estate, seemed to the father to make him an advantageous match for his daughter: he therefore very readily accepted his proposals: but when Bellarmine imagined the principal affair concluded, and began to open the incidental matters of fortune, the old gentleman presently changed his countenance, saying, "He resolved never to marry his daughter on a Smithfield match; that whoever had love for her to take her would, when he died, find her share of his fortune in his coffers; but he had seen such examples of undutifulness happen from the too early generosity of parents, that he had made a vow never to part with a shilling whilst he lived." He commended the saying of Solomon, "he that spareth the rod spoileth the child;" but added, "he might have likewise asserted, That he that spareth the purse saveth the child." He then ran into a discourse on the extravagance of the youth of the age; whence he launched into a dissertation on horses; and came at length to commend those Bellarmine drove. That fine gentleman, who at another season would have been well enough pleased to dwell a little on that subject, was now very eager to resume the circumstance of fortune. He said, "He had a very high value for the young lady, and would receive her with less than he would any other whatever; but that even his love to her made some regard to worldly matters necessary; for it would be a most distracting sight for

him to see her, when he had the honour to be her husband, in less than a coach and six." The old gentleman answered, "Four will do, four will do;" and then took a turn from horses to extravagance, and from extravagance to horses, till he came round to the equipage again; whither he was no sooner arrived than Bellarmine brought him back to the point; but all to no purpose; he made his escape from that subject in a minute; till at last the lover declared, "That in the present situation of his affairs it was impossible for him, though he loved Leonora more than *tout le monde*, to marry her without any fortune." To which the father answered, "He was sorry then his daughter must lose so valuable a match; that, if he had an inclination, at present it was not in his power to advance a shilling: that he had had great losses, and been at great expenses on projects; which, though he had great expectation from them, had yet produced him nothing: that he did not know what might happen hereafter, as on the birth of a son, or such accident; but he would make no promise, nor enter into any article, for he would not break his vow for all the daughters in the world."

In short, ladies, to keep you no longer in suspense, Bellarmine, having tried every argument and persuasion which he could invent, and finding them all ineffectual, at length took his leave, but not in order to return to Leonora; he proceeded directly to his own seat, whence, after a few days' stay, he returned to Paris, to the great delight of the French and the honour of the English nation.

But as soon as he arrived at his home he presently despatched a messenger with the following epistle to Leonora:

"ADORABLE and CHARMANTE,—I am sorry to have the honour to tell you I am not the *heureux* person destined for your divine arms. Your papa hath told me so with a *politesse* not often seen on this side Paris. You may perhaps guess his manner of refusing me. *Ah, mon Dieu!* You will certainly believe me, madam, incapable myself of delivering this *triste* message, which I intend to try the French air to cure the consequences of. *A jamais! Cœur! Ange! Audiable!* If your papa obliges you to a marriage, I hope we shall see you at Paris; till when, the wind that flows from thence will be the warmest *dans le monde*, for it will consist almost entirely of my sighs. *Adieu, ma princesse! Ah, l'amour!*

"BELLARMINE."

I shall not attempt, ladies, to describe Leonora's condition when she received this letter. It is a picture of horror, which I should have as little pleasure in drawing as you in beholding. She immediately left the place where she was the subject of conversation and ridicule, and retired to that house I showed you when I began the story; where she hath ever since led a disconsolate life, and deserves, perhaps, pity for her misfortunes, more than our censure for a behaviour to which the artifices of her aunt very probably contributed, and to which very young women are often rendered too liable by that blamable levity in the education of our sex.

"If I was inclined to pity her," said a young lady in the coach, "it would be for the loss of Horatio; for I cannot discern any misfortune in her missing such a husband as Bellarmine."

"Why, I must own," says Slipslop, "the gentleman was a little false-hearted; but howsumever, it was hard to have two lovers, and get never a husband at all. But pray, madam, what became of *Our-asho?*"

He remains, said the lady, still unmarried, and hath applied himself so strictly to his business, that he hath raised, I hear, a very considerable fortune. And, what is remarkable, they say he never hears the name of Leonora without a sigh, nor hath ever uttered one syllable to charge her with her ill-conduct towards him.

CHAPTER VII.

A very short chapter, in which parson Adams went a great way.

THE lady, having finished her story, received the thanks of the company; and now Joseph, putting his head out of the coach, cried out, "Never believe me if yonder be not our parson Adams walking along without his horse!"—"On my word, and so he is," says Slipslop: "and as sure as twopence he hath left him behind at the inn." Indeed, true it is, the parson had exhibited a fresh instance of his absence of mind; for he was so pleased with having got Joseph into the coach, that he never once thought of the beast in the stable; and, finding his legs as nimble as he desired, he sallied out, brandishing a crabstick, and had kept on before the coach, mending and slackening his pace occasionally, so that he had never been much more or less than a quarter of a mile distant from it.

Mrs. Slipslop desired the coachman to overtake him, which he attempted, but in vain; for the faster he drove the faster ran the parson, often crying out, "Ay, ay, catch me if you can;" till at length the coachman swore he would as soon attempt to drive after a greyhound, and, giving the parson two or three hearty curses, he cried, "Softly, softly, boys," to his horses, which the civil beasts immediately obeyed.

But we will be more courteous to our reader than he was to Mrs. Slipslop; and, leaving the coach and its company to pursue their journey, we will carry our reader on after parson Adams, who stretched forwards without once looking behind him, till, having left the coach full three miles in his rear, he came to a place where, by keeping the extremest track to the right, it was just barely possible for a human creature to miss his way. This track however did he keep, as indeed he had a wonderful capacity at these kinds of bare possibilities, and, travelling in it about three miles over the plain, he arrived at the summit of a hill, whence looking a great way backwards, and perceiving no coach in sight, he sat himself down on the turf, and, pulling out his *Æschylus*, determined to wait here for its arrival.

He had not sat long here before a gun going off very near, a little startled him; he looked up and saw a gentleman within a hundred paces taking up a partridge which he had just shot.

Adams stood up and presented a figure to the gentleman which would have moved laughter in many; for his cassock had just again fallen down below his great-coat, that is to say, it reached his knees, whereas the skirts of his great-coat descended no lower than half way down his thighs; but the gentleman's mirth gave way to his surprise at beholding such a personage in such a place.

Adams, advancing to the gentleman, told him he hoped he had good sport, to which the other answered, "Very little."—"I see, sir," says Adams, "you have smote one partridge;" to which the sportsman made no reply, but proceeded to charge his piece.

Whilst the gun was charging, Adams remained in silence, which he at last broke by observing that it was a delightful evening. The gentleman, who had at first sight conceived a very distasteful opinion of the parson, began, on perceiving a book in his hand and smoking likewise the information of the cassock, to change his thoughts, and made a small advance to conversation on his side by saying, "Sir, I suppose you are not one of these parts?"

Adams immediately told him, "No; that he was a traveller, and invited by the beauty of the evening and

the place to repose a little and amuse himself with reading."—"I may as well repose myself too," said the sportsman, "for I have been out this whole afternoon, and the devil a bird have I seen till I came hither."

"Perhaps then the game is not very plenty hereabouts?" cries Adams. "No, sir," said the gentleman: "the soldiers, who are quartered in the neighbourhood, have killed it all."—"It is very probable," cries Adams, "for shooting is their profession."—"Ay, shooting the game," answered the other; "but I don't see they are so forward to shoot our enemies. I don't like that affair of Carthage; if I had been there, I believe I should have done other-guess things, d—n me: what's a man's life when his country demands it? a man who won't sacrifice his life for his country deserves to be hanged, d—n me." Which words he spoke with so violent a gesture, so loud a voice, so strong an accent, and so fierce a countenance, that he might have frightened a captain of trained-bands at the head of his company; but Mr. Adams was not greatly subject to fear; he told him intrepidly that he very much approved his virtue, but disliked his swearing, and begged him not to addict himself to so bad a custom, without which he said he might fight as bravely as Achilles did. Indeed he was charmed with this discourse; he told the gentleman he would willingly have gone many miles to have met a man of his generous way of thinking; that, if he pleased to sit down, he should be greatly delighted to commune with him; for, though he was a clergyman, he would himself be ready, if thereto called, to lay down his life for his country.

The gentleman sat down, and Adams by him; and then the latter began, as in the following chapter, a discourse which we have placed by itself, as it is not only the most curious in this but perhaps in any other book.

CHAPTER VIII.

A notable dissertation by Mr. Abraham Adams; wherein that gentleman appears in a political light.

"I do assure you, sir," (says he, taking the gentleman by the hand), "I am heartily glad to meet with a man of your kidney; for, though I am a poor parson, I will be bold to say I am an honest man, and would not do an ill thing to be made a bishop; nay, though it hath not fallen in my way to offer so noble a sacrifice, I have not been without opportunities of suffering for the sake of my conscience, I thank Heaven for them; for I have had relations, though I say it, who made some figure in the world; particularly a nephew, who was a shopkeeper and an alderman of a corporation. He was a good lad, and was under my care when a boy; and I believe would do what I bade him to his dying day. Indeed, it looks like extreme vanity in me to affect being a man of such consequence as to have so great an interest in an alderman; but others have thought so too, as manifestly appeared by the rector, whose curate I formerly was, sending for me on the approach of an election, and telling me, if I expected to continue in his cure, that I must bring my nephew to vote for one colonel Courtly, a gentleman whom I had never heard tidings of till that instant. I told the rector I had no power over my nephew's vote (God forgive me for such prevarication!); that I supposed he would give it according to his conscience; that I would by no means endeavour to influence him to give it otherwise. He told me it was in vain to equivocate; that he knew I had already spoke to him in favour of squire Fickle, my neighbour; and, indeed, it was true I had; for it

was at a season when the church was in danger, and when all good men expected they knew not what would happen to us all. I then answered boldly, If he thought I had given my promise, he affronted me in proposing any breach of it. Not to be too prolix; I persevered, and so did my nephew, in the esquire's interest, who was chose chiefly through his means; and so I lost my curacy. Well, sir, but do you think the esquire ever mentioned a word of the church? *Ne verbum quidem, ut ita dicam*: within two years he got a place, and hath ever since lived in London; where I have been informed (but God forbid I should believe that), that he never so much as goeth to church. I remained, sir, a considerable time without any cure, and lived a full month on one funeral sermon, which I preached on the indisposition of a clergyman; but this by the bye. At last, when Mr. Fickle got his place, Colonel Courtly stood again; and who should make interest for him but Mr. Fickle himself! that very identical Mr. Fickle, who had formerly told me the colonel was an enemy to both the church and state, had the confidence to solicit my nephew for him; and the colonel himself offered me to make me chaplain to his regiment, which I refused in favour of sir Oliver Hearty, who told us he would sacrifice everything to his country; and I believe he would, except his hunting, which he stuck so close to, that in five years together he went but twice up to parliament; and one of those times, I have been told, never was within sight of the house. However, he was a worthy man, and the best friend I ever had; for, by his interest with a bishop, he got me replaced into my curacy, and gave me eight pounds out of his own pocket to buy me a gown and cassock, and furnish my house. He had our interest while he lived, which was not many years. On his death I had fresh applications made to me; for all the world knew the interest I had with my good nephew, who now was a leading man in the corporation; and sir Thomas Booby, buying the estate which had been sir Oliver's, proposed himself a candidate. He was then a young gentleman just come from his travels; and it did me good to hear him discourse on affairs which, for my part, I knew nothing of. If I had been master of a thousand votes he should have had them all. I engaged my nephew in his interest, and he was elected; and a very fine parliament-man he was. They tell me he made speeches of an hour long, and, I have been told, very fine ones; but he could never persuade the parliament to be of his opinion. *Non omnia possumus omnes*. He promised me a living, poor man! and I believe I should have had it, but an accident happened, which was, that my lady had promised it before, unknown to him. This, indeed, I never heard till afterwards; for my nephew, who died about a month before the incumbent, always told me I might be assured of it. Since that time, sir Thomas, poor man, had always so much business, that he never could find leisure to see me. I believe it was partly my lady's fault too, who did not think my dress good enough for the gentry at her table. However, I must do him the justice to say he never was ungrateful; and I have always found his kitchen, and his cellar too, open to me: many a time, after service on a Sunday—for I preach at four churches—have I recruited my spirits with a glass of his ale. Since my nephew's death, the corporation is in other hands; and I am not a man of that consequence I was formerly. I have now no longer any talents to lay out in the service of my country; and to whom nothing is given, of him can nothing be required. However, on all proper seasons, such as the approach of an election, I throw a suitable dash or two into

my sermons; which I have the pleasure to hear is not disagreeable to sir Thomas and the other honest gentlemen my neighbours, who have all promised me these five years to procure an ordination for a son of mine, who is now near thirty, hath an infinite stock of learning, and is, I thank Heaven, of an unexceptionable life; though, as he was never at a university, the bishop refuses to ordain him. Too much care cannot indeed be taken in admitting any to the sacred office; though I hope he will never act so as to be a disgrace to any order, but will serve his God and his country to the utmost of his power, as I have endeavoured to do before him; nay, and will lay down his life whenever called to that purpose. I am sure I have educated him in those principles; so that I have acquitted my duty, and shall have nothing to answer for on that account. But I do not distrust him, for he is a good boy; and if Providence should throw it in his way to be of as much consequence in a public light as his father once was, I can answer for him he will use his talents as honestly as I have done."

CHAPTER IX.

In which the gentleman descants on bravery and heroic virtue, till an unlucky accident puts an end to the discourse.

THE gentleman highly commended Mr. Adams for his good resolutions, and told him, "He hoped his son would tread in his steps;" adding, "that if he would not die for his country, he would not be worthy to live in it. I'd make no more of shooting a man that would not die for his country, than—

"Sir," said he, "I have disinherited a nephew, who is in the army, because he would not exchange his commission and go to the West Indies. I believe the rascal is a coward, though he pretends to be in love forsooth. I would have all such fellows hanged, sir; I would have them hanged." Adams answered, "That would be too severe; that men did not make themselves; and if fear had too much ascendance in the mind, the man was rather to be pitied than abhorred; that reason and time might teach him to subdue it." He said, "A man might be a coward at one time, and brave at another. Homer," says he, "who so well understood and copied nature, hath taught us this lesson; for Paris fights and Hector runs away. Nay, we have a mighty instance of this in the history of later ages, no longer ago than the 705th year of Rome, when the great Pompey, who had won so many battles and been honoured with so many triumphs, and of whose valour several authors, especially Cicero and Paterculus, have formed such eulogiums; this very Pompey left the battle of Pharsalia before he had lost it, and retreated to his tent, where he sat like the most pusillanimous rascal in a fit of despair, and yielded a victory, which was to determine the empire of the world, to Caesar. I am not much travelled in the history of modern times, that is to say, these last thousand years; but those who are can, I make no question, furnish you with parallel instances." He concluded, therefore, that, had he taken any such hasty resolutions against his nephew, he hoped he would consider better, and retract them. The gentleman answered with great warmth, and talked much of courage and his country, till, perceiving it grew late, he asked Adams "What place he intended for that night?" He told him, "He waited there for the stage-coach."—"The stage-coach, sir!" said the gentleman; "they are all passed by long ago. You may see the last yourself almost three miles before us."—"I protest and so

they are," cries Adams; "then I must make haste and follow them." The gentleman told him, "He would hardly be able to overtake them; and that, if he did not know his way, he would be in danger of losing himself on the downs, for it would be presently dark; and he might ramble about all night, and perhaps find himself farther from his journey's end in the morning than he was now." He advised him, therefore, "to accompany him to his house, which was very little out of his way," assuring him "that he would find some country fellow in his parish who would conduct him for sixpence to the city where he was going." Adams accepted this proposal, and on they travelled, the gentleman renewing his discourse on courage, and the infamy of not being ready, at all times, to sacrifice our lives to our country. Night overtook them much about the same time as they arrived near some bushes; whence, on a sudden, they heard the most violent shrieks imaginable in a female voice. Adams offered to snatch the gun out of his companion's hand. "What are you doing?" said he. "Doing!" says Adams; "I am hastening to the assistance of the poor creature whom some villains are murdering."—"You are not mad enough, I hope," says the gentleman trembling: "do you consider this gun is only charged with shot, and that the robbers are most probably furnished with pistols loaded with bullets? This is no business of ours; let us make as much haste as possible out of the way, or we may fall into their hands ourselves." The shrieks now increasing, Adams made no answer, but snapped his fingers, and, brandishing his crabstick, made directly to the place whence the voice issued; and the man of courage made as much expedition towards his own home, whither he escaped in a very short time without once looking behind him; where we will leave him, to contemplate his own bravery, and to censure the want of it in others, and return to the good Adams, who, on coming up to the place whence the noise proceeded, found a woman struggling with a man, who had thrown her on the ground, and had almost overpowered her. The great abilities of Mr. Adams were not necessary to have formed a right judgment of this affair on the first sight. He did not therefore want the entreaties of the poor wretch to assist her; but, lifting up his crabstick, he immediately levelled a blow at that part of the ravisher's head where, according to the opinion of the ancients, the brains of some persons are deposited, and which he had undoubtedly let forth, had not Nature (who, as wise men have observed, equips all creatures with what is most expedient for them) taken a provident care (as she always doth with those she intends for encounters) to make this part of the head three times as thick as those of ordinary men who are designed to exercise talents which are vulgarly called rational, and for whom, as brains are necessary, she is obliged to leave some room for them in the cavity of the skull; whereas, those ingredients being entirely useless to persons of the heroic calling, she hath an opportunity of thickening the bone, so as to make it less subject to any impression, or liable to be cracked or broken; and indeed, in some who are predestined to the command of armies and empires, she is supposed sometimes to make that part perfectly solid.

As a game cock, when engaged in amorous toying with a hen, if perchance he espies another cock at hand, immediately quits his female, and opposes himself to his rival, so did the ravisher, on the information of the crabstick, immediately leap from the woman, and hasten to assail the man. He had

no weapons but what nature had furnished him with. However, he clenched his fist, and presently darted it at that part of Adams's breast where the heart is lodged. Adams staggered at the violence of the blow, when, throwing away his staff, he likewise clenched that fist which we have before commemorated, and would have discharged it full in the breast of his antagonist, had he not dexterously caught it with his left hand, at the same time darting his head (which some modern heroes of the lower class use, like the battering-ram of the ancients, for a weapon of offence; another reason to admire the cunningness of Nature, in composing it of those impenetrable materials); dashing his head, I say, into the stomach of Adams, he tumbled him on his back; and, not having any regard to the laws of heroism, which would have restrained him from any farther attack on his enemy till he was again on his legs, he threw himself upon him, and, laying hold on the ground with his left hand, he with his right belaboured the body of Adams till he was weary, and indeed till he concluded (to use the language of fighting) "that he had done his business;" or, in the language of poetry, "that he had sent him to the shades below;" in plain English, "that he was dead."

But Adams, who was no chicken, and could bear a drubbing as well as any boxing champion in the universe, lay still only to watch his opportunity; and now, perceiving his antagonist to pant with his labours, he exerted his utmost force at once, and with such success that he overturned him, and became his superior; when, fixing one of his knees in his breast, he cried out in an exulting voice, "It is my turn now;" and, after a few minutes' constant application, he gave him so dexterous a blow just under his chin that the fellow no longer retained any motion, and Adams began to fear he had struck him once too often; for he often asserted "he should be concerned to have the blood of even the wicked upon him."

Adams got up and called aloud to the young woman. "Be of good cheer, damsel," said he, "you are no longer in danger of your ravisher, who, I am terribly afraid, lies dead at my feet; but God forgive me what I have done in defence of innocence!" The poor wretch, who had been some time in recovering strength enough to rise, and had afterwards, during the engagement, stood trembling, being disabled by fear even from running away, hearing her champion was victorious, came up to him, but not without apprehensions even of her deliverer; which, however, she was soon relieved from by his courteous behaviour and gentle words. They were both standing by the body, which lay motionless on the ground, and which Adams wished to see stir much more than the woman did, when he earnestly begged her to tell him "by what misfortune she came, at such a time of night, into so lonely a place." She acquainted him, "She was travelling towards London, and had accidentally met with the person from whom he had delivered her, who told her he was likewise on his journey to the same place, and would keep her company; an offer which, suspecting no harm, she had accepted; that he told her they were at a small distance from an inn where she might take up her lodging that evening, and he would show her a nearer way to it than by following the road; that if she had suspected him (which she did not, he spoke so kindly to her), being alone on these downs in the dark, she had no human means to avoid him; that therefore she put her whole trust in Providence, and walked on, expecting every moment to arrive at the inn; when on a sudden, being

come to those bushes, he desired her to stop, and after some rude kisses, which she resisted, and some entreaties, which she rejected, he laid violent hands on her, and was attempting to execute his wicked will, when, she thanked G—, he timely came up and prevented him." Adams encouraged her for saying she had put her whole trust in Providence, and told her, "He doubted not but Providence had sent him to her deliverance, as a reward for that trust. He wished indeed he had not deprived the wicked wretch of life, but G—'s will be done." He said, "he hoped the goodness of his intention would excuse him in the next world, and he trusted in her evidence to acquit him in this." He was then silent, and began to consider with himself whether it would be properer to make his escape, or to deliver himself into the hands of justice; which meditation ended as the reader will see in the next chapter.

CHAPTER X.

Giving an account of the strange catastrophe of the preceding adventure, which drew poor Adams into fresh calamities; and who the woman was who owed the preservation of her chastity to his victorious arms.

THE silence of Adams, added to the darkness of the night and loneliness of the place, struck dreadful apprehensions into the poor woman's mind; she began to fear as great an enemy in her deliverer as he had delivered her from; and as she had not light enough to discover the age of Adams, and the benevolence visible in his countenance, she suspected he had used her as some very honest men have used their country; and had rescued her out of the hands of one rascal in order to rifle her himself. Such were the suspicions she drew from his silence; but indeed they were ill-grounded. He stood over his vanquished enemy, wisely weighing in his mind the objections which might be made to either of the two methods of proceeding mentioned in the last chapter, his judgment sometimes inclining to the one, and sometimes to the other; for both seemed to him so equally advisable and so equally dangerous, that probably he would have ended his days, at least two or three of them, on that very spot, before he had taken any resolution; at length he lifted up his eyes, and spied a light at a distance, to which he instantly addressed himself with *Heus tu, traveller, heus tu!* He presently heard several voices, and perceived the light approaching toward him. The persons who attended the light began some to laugh, others to sing, and others to hollo, at which the woman testified some fear (for she had concealed her suspicions of the parson himself); but Adams said, "Be of good cheer, damsel, and repose thy trust in the same Providence which hath hitherto protected thee, and never will forsake the innocent." These people, who now approached, were no other, reader, than a set of young fellows, who came to these bushes in pursuit of a diversion which they call bird-batting. This, if thou art ignorant of it (as perhaps if thou hast never travelled beyond Kensington, Islington, Hackney, or the Borough, thou mayest be), I will inform thee, is performed by holding a large clap-net before a lantern, and at the same time beating the bushes; for the birds, when they are disturbed from their places of rest, or roost, immediately make to the light, and so are enticed within the net. Adams immediately told them what had happened, and desired them to hold the lantern to the face of the man on the ground, for he feared he had smote him fatally. But indeed his fears were frivolous; for the fellow, though he had been stunned by the last blow he received, had long since recovered his

senses, and, finding himself quit of Adams, had listened attentively to the discourse between him and the young woman; for whose departure he had patiently waited, that he might likewise withdraw himself, having no longer hopes of succeeding in his desires, which were moreover almost as well cooled by Mr. Adams as they could have been by the young woman herself had he obtained his utmost wish. This fellow, who had a readiness at improving any accident, thought he might now play a better part than that of a dead man; and, accordingly, the moment the candle was held to his face he leaped up, and, laying hold on Adams, cried out, "No, villain, I am not dead, though you and your wicked whore might well think me so, after the barbarous cruelties you have exercised on me. Gentlemen," said he, "you are luckily come to the assistance of a poor traveller, who would otherwise have been robbed and murdered by this vile man and woman, who led me hither out of my way from the high-road, and both falling on me have used me as you see." Adams was going to answer, when one of the young fellows cried, "D—n them, let's carry them both before the justice." The poor woman began to tremble, and Adams lifted up his voice, but in vain. Three or four of them laid hands on him; and one holding the lantern to his face, they all agreed he had the most villanous countenance they ever beheld; and an attorney's clerk, who was of the company, declared he was sure he had remembered him at the bar. As to the woman, her hair was dishevelled in the struggle, and her nose had bled; so that they could not perceive whether she was handsome or ugly, but they said her fright plainly discovered her guilt. And searching her pockets, as they did those of Adams, for money, which the fellow said he had lost, they found in her pocket a purse with some gold in it, which abundantly convinced them, especially as the fellow offered to swear to it. Mr. Adams was found to have no more than one halfpenny about him. This the clerk said "was a great presumption that he was an old offender, by cunningly giving all the booty to the woman." To which all the rest readily assented.

This accident promising them better sport than what they had proposed, they quitted their intention of catching birds, and unanimously resolved to proceed to the justice with the offenders. Being informed what a desperate fellow Adams was, they tied his hands behind him; and, having hid their nets among the bushes, and the lantern being carried before them, they placed the two prisoners in their front, and then began their march; Adams not only submitting patiently to his own fate, but comforting and encouraging his companion under her sufferings.

Whilst they were on their way the clerk informed the rest that this adventure would prove a very beneficial one; for that they would all be entitled to their proportions of 80% for apprehending the robbers. This occasioned a contention concerning the parts which they had severally borne in taking them; one insisting he ought to have the greatest share, for he had first laid his hands on Adams; another claiming a superior part for having first held the lantern to the man's face on the ground, by which, he said, "the whole was discovered." The clerk claimed four-fifths of the reward for having proposed to search the prisoners, and likewise the carrying them before the justice: he said, "Indeed, in strict justice, he ought to have the whole." These claims, however, they at last consented to refer to a future decision, but seemed all to agree that the clerk was entitled to a moiety.

They then debated what money should be allotted to the young fellow who had been employed only in holding the nets. He very modestly said, "that he did not apprehend any large proportion would fall to his share, but hoped they would allow him something; he desired them to consider that they had assigned their nets to his care, which prevented him from being as forward as any in laying hold of the robbers" (for so those innocent people were called); "that if he had not occupied the nets, some other must;" concluding, however, "that he should be contented with the smallest share imaginable, and should think that rather their bounty than his merit." But they were all unanimous in excluding him from any part whatever, the clerk particularly swearing, "If they gave him a shilling, they might do what they pleased with the rest; for he would not concern himself with the affair." This contention was so hot, and so totally engaged the attention of all the parties, that a dexterous nimble thief, had he been in Mr. Adams's situation, would have taken care to have given the justice no trouble that evening. Indeed, it required not the art of a Shepherd to escape, especially as the darkness of the night would have so much befriended him; but Adams trusted rather to his innocence than his heels, and, without thinking of flight, which was easy, or resistance (which was impossible, as there were six lusty young fellows, besides the villain himself, present), he walked with perfect resignation the way they thought proper to conduct him.

Adams frequently vented himself in ejaculations during their journey; at last, poor Joseph Andrews occurring to his mind, he could not refrain sighing forth his name, which being heard by his companion in affliction, she cried with some vehemence, "Sure I should know that voice; you cannot certainly, sir, be Mr. Abraham Adams?"—"Indeed, damsel," says he, "that is my name; there is something also in your voice which persuades me I have heard it before."—"La! sir," says she, "don't you remember poor Fanny?"—"How, Fanny!" answered Adams: "indeed, I very well remember you; what can have brought you hither?"—"I have told you, sir," replied she, "I was travelling towards London; but I thought you mentioned Joseph Andrews; pray what is become of him?"—"I left him, child, this afternoon," said Adams, "in the stage-coach, in his way towards our parish, whither he is going to see you."—"To see me! La, sir," answered Fanny, "sure you jeer me; what should he be going to see me for?"—"Can you ask that?" replied Adams. "I hope, Fanny, you are not inconstant; I assure you he deserves much better of you."—"La! Mr. Adams," said she, "what is Mr. Joseph to me? I am sure I never had anything to say to him, but as one fellow-servant might to another."—"I am sorry to hear this," said Adams; "a virtuous passion for a young man is what no woman need be ashamed of. You either do not tell me truth, or you are false to a very worthy man." Adams then told her what had happened at the inn, to which she listened very attentively; and a sigh often escaped from her, notwithstanding her utmost endeavours to the contrary; nor could she prevent herself from asking a thousand questions, which would have assured any one but Adams, who never saw farther into people than they desired to let him, of the truth of a passion she endeavoured to conceal. Indeed, the fact was, that this poor girl, having heard of Joseph's misfortune, by some of the servants belonging to the coach which we have formerly mentioned to have stopped at the inn while the poor youth was confined to his bed, that instant abandoned the cow she was milking, and, taking

with her a little bundle of clothes under her arm, and all the money she was worth in her own purse, without consulting any one, immediately set forward in pursuit of one whom, notwithstanding her shyness to the parson, she loved with inexpressible violence, though with the purest and most delicate passion. This shyness, therefore, as we trust it will recommend her character to all our female readers, and not greatly surprise such of our males as are well acquainted with the younger part of the other sex, we shall not give ourselves any trouble to vindicate.

CHAPTER XI.

What happened to them while before the justice. A chapter very full of learning.

THEIR fellow-travellers were so engaged in the hot dispute concerning the division of the reward for apprehending these innocent people, that they attended very little to their discourse. They were now arrived at the justice's house, and had sent one of his servants in to acquaint his worship that they had taken two robbers and brought them before him. The justice, who was just returned from a fox-chase, and had not yet finished his dinner, ordered them to carry the prisoners into the stable, whither they were attended by all the servants in the house, and all the people in the neighbourhood, who flocked together to see them with as much curiosity as if there was something uncommon to be seen, or that a rogue did not look like other people.

The justice, now being in the height of his mirth and his cups, bethought himself of the prisoners; and, telling his company he believed they should have good sport in their examination, he ordered them into his presence. They had no sooner entered the room than he began to revile them, saying, "That robberies on the highway were now grown so frequent, that people could not sleep safely in their beds, and assured them they both should be made examples of at the ensuing assizes." After he had gone on some time in this manner, he was reminded by his clerk, "That it would be proper to take the depositions of the witnesses against them." Which he bid him do, and he would light his pipe in the mean time. Whilst the clerk was employed in writing down the deposition of the fellow who had pretended to be robbed, the justice employed himself in cracking jests on poor Fanny, in which he was seconded by all the company at table. One asked, "Whether she was to be indicted for a highwayman?" Another whispered in her ear, "If she had not provided herself a great belly, he was at her service." A third said, "He warranted she was a relation of Turpin." To which one of the company, a great wit, shaking his head, and then his sides, answered, "He believed she was nearer related to Turpin;" at which there was an universal laugh. They were proceeding thus with the poor girl, when somebody, smoking the cassock peeping forth from under the great-coat of Adams, cried out, "What have we here, a parson?" "How, sirrah," says the justice, "do you go robbing in the dress of a clergyman? let me tell you your habit will not entitle you to the benefit of the clergy." "Yes," said the witty fellow, "he will have one benefit of clergy, he will be exalted above the heads of the people;" at which there was a second laugh. And now the witty spark, seeing his jokes take, began to rise in spirits; and, turning to Adams, challenged him to cap verses, and, provoking him by giving the first blow, he repeated,

"Molle meum levibus cord est vilebile telis."

Upon which Adams, with a look full of ineffable contempt, told him, "He deserved scourging for his pronunciation." The witty fellow answered, "What do you deserve, doctor, for not being able to answer the first time? Why, I'll give one, you blockhead, with an S."

"*Si licet, ut fulvum spectatur in ignibus haurum.*"

"What, canst not with an M neither? Thou art a pretty fellow for a parson! Why didst not steal some of the parson's Latin as well as his gown?" Another at the table then answered, "If he had, you would have been too hard for him; I remember you at the college a very devil at this sport; I have seen you catch a fresh man, for nobody that knew you would engage with you." "I have forgot those things now," cried the wit. "I believe I could have done pretty well formerly. Let's see, what did I end with?—an M again—ay—"

"*Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.*"

"I could have done it once." "Ah! evil betide you, and so you can now," said the other: "nobody in this country will undertake you." Adams could hold no longer: "Friend," said he, "I have a boy not above eight years old who would instruct thee that the last verse runs thus:—"

"*Ut sunt Divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.*"

"I'll hold thee a guinea of that," said the wit, throwing the money on the table. "And I'll go your halves," cries the other. "Done," answered Adams; but upon applying to his pocket he was forced to retract, and own he had no money about him; which set them all a laughing, and confirmed the triumph of his adversary, which was not moderate, any more than the approbation he met with from the whole company, who told Adams he must go a little longer to school before he attempted to attack that gentleman in Latin.

The clerk, having finished the depositions, as well of the fellow himself, as of those who apprehended the prisoners, delivered them to the justice; who, having sworn the several witnesses without reading a syllable, ordered his clerk to make the mittimus.

Adams then said, "He hoped he should not be condemned unheard." "No, no," cries the justice, "you will be asked what you have to say for yourself when you come on your trial: we are not trying you now; I shall only commit you to gaol: if you can prove your innocence at 'size, you will be found ignoramus, and so no harm done." "Is it no punishment, sir, for an innocent man to lie several months in gaol?" cries Adams: "I beg you would at least hear me before you sign the mittimus." "What signifies all you can say?" says the justice: "is it not here in black and white against you? I must tell you you are a very impertinent fellow to take up so much of my time. So make haste with his mittimus."

The clerk now acquainted the justice that among other suspicious things, as a penknife, &c., found in Adams's pocket, they had discovered a book written, as he apprehended, in ciphers: for no one could read a word in it. "Ay," says the justice, "the fellow may be more than a common robber, he may be in a plot against the government. Produce the book." Upon which the poor manuscript of *Æschylus*, which Adams had transcribed with his own hand, was brought forth; and the justice, looking at it, shook his head, and, turning to the prisoner, asked the meaning of those ciphers. "Ciphers?" answered Adams, "it is a manuscript of *Æschylus*." "Who? who?" said the justice. Adams repeated, "*Æschylus*." "That is an outlandish name," cried

the clerk. "A fictitious name rather, I believe," said the justice. One of the company declared it looked very much like Greek. "Greek?" said the justice; why 'tis all writing." "No," says the other, "I don't positively say it is so; for it is a very long time since I have seen any Greek." "There's one," says he, turning to the parson of the parish, who was present, "will tell us immediately." The parson, taking up the book, and putting on his spectacles and gravity together, muttered some words to himself, and then pronounced aloud—"Ay, indeed, it is a Greek manuscript; a very fine piece of antiquity. I make no doubt but it was stolen from the same clergyman from whom the rogue took the cassock." "What did the rascal mean by his *Æschylus*?" says the justice. "Pooh!" answered the doctor, with a contemptuous grin, "do you think that fellow knows anything of this book? *Æschylus*! ho! ho! I see now what it is—a manuscript of one of the fathers. I know a nobleman who would give a great deal of money for such a piece of antiquity. Ay, ay, question and answer, The beginning is the catechism in Greek. Ay, ay, *Pollaki toi*: What's your name?"—"Ay, what's your name?" says the justice to Adams; who answered, "It is *Æschylus*, and I will maintain it."—"O! it is," says the justice: "make Mr. *Æschylus* his mittimus. I will teach you to banter me with a false name."

One of the company, having looked stedfastly at Adams, asked him, "If he did not know lady Booby?" Upon which Adams, presently calling him to mind, answered in a rapture, "O squire! are you there? I believe you will inform his worship I am innocent."—"I can indeed say," replied the squire, "that I am very much surprised to see you in this situation:" and then, addressing himself to the justice, he said, "Sir, I assure you Mr. Adams is a clergyman, as he appears, and a gentleman of a very good character. I wish you would inquire a little farther into this affair; for I am convinced of his innocence."—"Nay," says the justice, "if he is a gentleman, and you are sure he is innocent, I don't desire to commit him, not I: I will commit the woman by herself, and take your bail for the gentleman: look into the book, clerk, and see how it is to take bail—come—and make the mittimus for the woman as fast as you can."—"Sir," cries Adams, "I assure you she is as innocent as myself."—"Perhaps," said the squire, "there may be some mistake: pray let us hear Mr. Adams's relation."—"With all my heart," answered the justice; "and give the gentleman a glass to whet his whistle before he begins. I know how to behave myself to gentlemen as well as another. Nobody can say I have committed a gentleman since I have been in the commission." Adams then began the narrative, in which, though he was very prolix, he was uninterrupted, unless by several hums and hahs of the justice, and his desire to repeat those parts which seemed to him most material. When he had finished, the justice, who, on what the squire had said, believed every syllable of his story on his bare affirmation, notwithstanding the depositions on oath to the contrary, began to let loose several rogues and rascals against the witness, whom he ordered to stand forth, but in vain; the said witness, long since finding what turn matters were likely to take, had privily withdrawn, without attending the issue. The justice now flew into a violent passion, and was hardly prevailed with not to commit the innocent fellows who had been imposed on as well as himself. He swore, "They had best find out the fellow who was guilty of perjury, and bring him

before him within two days, or he would bind them all over to their good behaviour." They all promised to use their best endeavours to that purpose, and were dismissed. Then the justice insisted that Mr. Adams should sit down and take a glass with him; and the parson of the parish delivered him back the manuscript without saying a word; nor would Adams, who plainly discerned his ignorance, expose it. As for Fanny, she was, at her own request, recommended to the care of a maid-servant of the house, who helped her to new dress and clean herself.

The company in the parlour had not been long seated before they were alarmed with a horrible uproar from without, where the persons who had apprehended Adams and Fanny had been regaling, according to the custom of the house, with the justice's strong beer. These were all fallen together by the ears, and were cuffing each other without any mercy. The justice himself sallied out, and with the dignity of his presence soon put an end to the fray. On his return into the parlour, he reported, "That the occasion of the quarrel was no other than a dispute to whom, if Adams had been convicted, the greater share of the reward for apprehending him had belonged." All the company laughed at this, except Adams, who, taking his pipe from his mouth, fetched a deep groan, and said, "He was sorry to see so litigious a temper in men. That he remembered a story something like it in one of the parishes where his cure lay:—There was," continued he, "a competition between three young fellows for the place of the clerk, which I disposed of, to the best of my abilities, according to merit; that is, I gave it to him who had the happiest knack at setting a psalm. The clerk was no sooner established in his place than a contention began between the two disappointed candidates concerning their excellence; each contending on whom, had they two been the only competitors, my election would have fallen. This dispute frequently disturbed the congregation, and introduced a discord into the psalmody, till I was forced to silence them both. But alas! the litigious spirit could not be stifled; and, being no longer able to vent itself in singing, it now broke forth in fighting. It produced many battles (for they were very near a match), and I believe would have ended fatally, had not the death of the clerk given me an opportunity to promote one of them to his place; which presently put an end to the dispute, and entirely reconciled the contending parties." Adams then proceeded to make some philosophical observations on the folly of growing warm in disputes in which neither party is interested. He then applied himself vigorously to smoking; and a long silence ensued, which was at length broke by the justice, who began to sing forth his own praises, and to value himself exceedingly on his nice discernment in the cause which had lately been before him. He was quickly interrupted by Mr. Adams, between whom and his worship a dispute now arose, whether he ought not, in strictness of law, to have committed him, the said Adams; in which the latter maintained he ought to have been committed, and the justice as vehemently held he ought not. This had most probably produced a quarrel (for both were very violent and positive in their opinions), had not Fanny accidentally heard that a young fellow was going from the justice's house to the very inn where the stage-coach in which Joseph was put up. Upon this news, she immediately sent for the parson out of the parlour. Adams, when he found her resolute to go (though she would not own the reason, but pretended she could not bear to see the faces of those who had sus-

pected her of such a crime), was as fully determined to go with her; he accordingly took leave of the justice and company: and so ended a dispute in which the law seemed shamefully to intend to set a magistrate and a divine together by the ears.

CHAPTER XII.

A very delightful adventure, as well to the persons concerned as to the good-natured reader.

ADAMS, Fanny, and the guide, set out together about one in the morning, the moon being then just risen. They had not gone above a mile before a most violent storm of rain obliged them to take shelter in an inn, or rather alehouse, where Adams immediately procured himself a good fire, a toast and ale, and a pipe, and began to smoke with great content, utterly forgetting everything that had happened.

Fanny sat likewise down by the fire; but was much more impatient at the storm. She presently engaged the eyes of the host, his wife, the maid of the house, and the young fellow who was their guide; they all conceived they had never seen anything half so handsome; and indeed, reader, if thou art of an amorous hue, I advise thee to skip over the next paragraph; which, to render our history perfect, we are obliged to set down, humbly hoping that we may escape the fate of Pygmalion; for if it should happen to us, or to thee, to be struck with this picture, we should be perhaps in as helpless a condition as Narcissus, and might say to ourselves, *quod petis est nusquam*. Or, if the finest features in it should set lady —'s image before our eyes, we should be still in as bad a situation, and might say to our desires, *Caelum ipsum petimus stultitia*.

Fanny was now in the nineteenth year of her age; she was tall and delicately shaped; but not one of those slender young women who seem rather intended to hang up in the hall of an anatomist than for any other purpose. On the contrary, she was so plump that she seemed bursting through her tight stays, especially in the part which confined her swelling breasts. Nor did her hips want the assistance of a hoop to extend them. The exact shape of her arms denoted the form of those limbs which she concealed; and though they were a little reddened by her labour, yet, if her sleeve slipped above her elbow, or her handkerchief discovered any part of her neck, a whiteness appeared which the finest Italian paint would be unable to reach. Her hair was of a chestnut brown, and nature had been extremely lavish to her of it, which she had cut, and on Sundays used to curl down her neck, in the modern fashion. Her forehead was high, her eyebrows arched, and rather full than otherwise. Her eyes black and sparkling; her nose just inclining to the Roman; her lips red and moist, and her under lip, according to the opinion of the ladies, too pouting. Her teeth were white, but not exactly even. The small-pox had left one only mark on her chin, which was so large, it might have been mistaken for a dimple, had not her left cheek produced one so near a neighbour to it, that the former served only for a foil to the latter. Her complexion was fair, a little injured by the sun, but overspread with such a bloom that the finest ladies would have exchanged all their white for it: add to these a countenance in which, though she was extremely bashful, a sensibility appeared almost incredible; and a sweetness, whenever she smiled, beyond either imitation or description. To conclude all, she had a natural gentility, superior to the acquisition of art, and which surprised all who beheld her.

This lovely creature was sitting by the fire with

Adams, when her attention was suddenly engaged by a voice from an inner room, which sung the following song :

THE SONG.

SAY, Chloe, where must the swain stray
Who is by thy beauties undone ?
To wash their remembrance away,
To what distant Lethe must run ?
The wretch who is sentenced to die
May escape, and leave justice behind ;
From his country perhaps he may fly,
But O ! can he fly from his mind ?

O rapture unthought of before !
To be thus of Chloe possess'd ;
Nor she, nor no tyrant's hard power,
Her image can tear from my breast.
But felt not Narcissus more joy,
With his eyes he beheld his loved charms ?
Yet what he beheld the fond boy
More eagerly wish'd in his arms.

How can it thy dear image be
Which fills this my bosom with woe ?
Can aught bear resemblance to thee
Which grief and not joy can bestow ?
This counterfeit snatch from my heart,
Ye pow'rs, tho' with torment I rave,
Tho' mortal will prove the fell smart :
I then shall find rest in my grave.

Ah, see the dear nymph o'er the plain
Come smiling and tripping along !
A thousand Loves dance in her train,
The Graces around her all throng.
To meet her soft Zephyrus flies,
And wafts all the sweets from the flowers
Ah, rogue ! whilst he kisses her eyes,
More sweets from her breath he devours.

My soul, whilst I gaze, is on fire :
But her looks were so tender and kind,
My hope almost reach'd my desire,
And left lame despair far behind.
Transported with madness, I flew,
And eagerly seized on my bliss ;
Her bosom but half she withdrew,
But half she refused my fond kiss.

Advances like these made me bold ;
I whisper'd her,—love, we're alone.—
The rest let immortals unfold ;
No language can tell but their own,
Ah, Chloe, expiring, I cried,
How long I thy cruelty bore !
Ah, Strephon, she blushing replied,
You ne'er was so pressing before.

Adams had been ruminating all this time on a passage in *Æschylus*, without attending in the least to the voice, though one of the most melodious that ever was heard, when, casting his eyes on Fanny, he cried out, " Bless us, you look extremely pale ! " — " Pale ! Mr. Adams," says she ; " O Jesus ! " and fell backwards in her chair. Adams jumped up, flung his *Æschylus* into the fire, and fell a roaring to the people of the house for help. He soon summoned every one into the room, and the songster among the rest ; but, O reader ! when this nightingale, who was no other than Joseph Andrews himself, saw his beloved Fanny in the situation we have described her, canst thou conceive the agitations of his mind ? If thou canst not, wave that meditation to behold his happiness, when, clasping her in his arms, he found life and blood returning into her cheeks ; when he saw her open her beloved eyes, and heard her with the soft accent whisper, " Are you Joseph Andrews ? " — " Art thou my Fanny ? " he answered eagerly ; and, pulling her to his heart, he imprinted numberless kisses on her lips, without considering who were present.

If prudes are offended at the lusciousness of this picture, they may take their eyes off from it, and survey parson Adams dancing about the room in a rapture of joy. Some philosophers may perhaps doubt whether he was not the happiest of the three ; for the goodness of his heart enjoyed the blessings

which were exulting in the breasts of both the other two, together with his own. But we shall leave such disquisitions, as too deep for us, to those who are building some favourite hypothesis, which they will refuse no metaphysical rubbish to erect and support : for our part, we give it clearly on the side of Joseph, whose happiness was not only greater than the parson's, but of longer duration ; for as soon as the first tumults of Adams's rapture were over he cast his eyes towards the fire, where *Æschylus* lay expiring ; and immediately rescued the poor remains, to wit, the sheepskin covering, of his dear friend, which was the work of his own hands, and had been his inseparable companion for upwards of thirty years.

Fanny had no sooner perfectly recovered herself than she began to restrain the impetuosity of her transports ; and, reflecting on what she had done and suffered in the presence of so many, she was immediately covered with confusion ; and, pushing Joseph gently from her, she begged him to be quiet, nor would admit either of kiss or embrace any longer. Then, seeing Mrs. Slipslop, she curtsied, and offered to advance to her ; but that high woman would not return her curtsies ; but, casting her eyes another way, immediately withdrew into another room, muttering, as she went, she wondered who the creature was.

CHAPTER XIII.

A dissertation concerning high people and low people, with Mrs. Slipslop's departure in no very good temper of mind, and the evil plight in which she left Adams and his company.

It will doubtless seem extremely odd to many readers, that Mrs. Slipslop, who had lived several years in the same house with Fanny, should, in a short separation, utterly forget her. And indeed the truth is, that she remembered her very well. As we would not willingly, therefore, that anything should appear unnatural in this our history, we will endeavour to explain the reasons of her conduct ; nor do we doubt being able to satisfy the most curious reader that Mrs. Slipslop did not in the least deviate from the common road in this behaviour ; and, indeed, had she done otherwise, she must have descended below herself, and would have very justly been liable to censure.

Be it known then, that the human species are divided into two sorts of people, to wit, high people and low people. As by high people I would not be understood to mean persons literally born higher in their dimensions than the rest of the species, nor metaphorically those of exalted characters or abilities ; so by low people I cannot be construed to intend the reverse. High people signify no other than people of fashion, and low people those of no fashion. Now, this word fashion hath by long use lost its original meaning, from which at present it gives us a very different idea ; for I am deceived if by persons of fashion we do not generally include a conception of birth and accomplishments superior to the herd of mankind ; whereas, in reality, nothing more was originally meant by a person of fashion than a person who dressed himself in the fashion of the times ; and the word really and truly signifies no more at this day. Now, the world being thus divided into people of fashion and people of no fashion, a fierce contention arose between them ; nor would those of one party, to avoid suspicion, be seen publicly to speak to those of the other, though they often held a very good correspondence in private. In this contention it is difficult to say which party succeeded ; for, whilst the people of fashion seized several places to their own use, such as courts, assemblies, operas, balls,

&c., the people of no fashion, besides one royal place, called his Majesty's Bear-garden, have been in constant possession of all hops, fairs, revels, &c. Two places have been agreed to be divided between them, namely, the church and the playhouse, where they segregate themselves from each other in a remarkable manner; for, as the people of fashion exalt themselves at church over the heads of the people of no fashion, so in the playhouse they abase themselves in the same degree under their feet. This distinction I have never met with any one able to account for: it is sufficient that, so far from looking on each other as brethren in the christian language, they seem scarce to regard each other as of the same species. This the terms "strange persons, people one does not know, the creature, wretches, beasts, brutes," and many other appellations, evidently demonstrate; which Mrs. Slipslop, having often heard her mistress use, thought she had also a right to use in her turn; and perhaps she was not mistaken; for these two parties, especially those bordering nearly on each other, to wit, the lowest of the high, and the highest of the low, often change their parties according to place and time; for those who are people of fashion in one place are often people of no fashion in another. And with regard to time, it may not be unpleasant to survey the picture of dependence like a kind of ladder: as, for instance; early in the morning arises the postilion, or some other boy, which great families, no more than great ships, are without, and falls to brushing the clothes and cleaning the shoes of John the footman; who, being dressed himself, applies his hands to the same labours for Mr. Second-hand, the squire's gentleman; the gentleman in the like manner, a little later in the day, attends the squire; the squire is no sooner equipped than he attends the levee of my lord; which is no sooner over than my lord himself is seen at the levee of the favourite, who, after the hour of homage is at an end, appears himself to pay homage to the levee of his sovereign. Nor is there, perhaps, in this whole ladder of dependence, any one step at a greater distance from the other than the first from the second; so that to a philosopher the question might only seem, whether you would choose to be a great man at six in the morning, or at two in the afternoon. And yet there are scarce two of these who do not think the least familiarity with the persons below them a condescension, and, if they were to go one step farther, a degradation.

And now, reader, I hope thou wilt pardon this long digression, which seemed to me necessary to vindicate the great character of Mrs. Slipslop from what low people, who have never seen high people, might think an absurdity; but we who know them must have daily found very high persons know us in one place and not in another, to-day and not to-morrow; all which it is difficult to account for otherwise than I have here endeavoured; and perhaps, if the gods, according to the opinion of some, made men only to laugh at them, there is no part of our behaviour which answers the end of our creation better than this.

But to return to our history: Adams, who knew no more of this than the cat which sat on the table, imagining Mrs. Slipslop's memory had been much worse than it really was, followed her into the next room, crying out, "Madam Slipslop, here is one of your old acquaintance; do but see what a fine woman she is grown since she left lady Booby's service."—"I think I reflect something of her," answered she, with great dignity, "but I can't remember all the inferior servants in our family." She then proceeded to satisfy Adams's curiosity, by tell-

ing him, "when she arrived at the inn, she found a chaise ready for her; that, her lady being expected very shortly in the country, she was obliged to make the utmost haste; and, in commensuration of Joseph's lameness, she had taken him with her;" and lastly, "that the excessive virulence of the storm had driven them into the house where he found them." After which, she acquainted Adams with his having left his horse, and expressed some wonder at his having strayed so far out of his way, and at meeting him, as she said, "in the company of that wench, who she feared was no better than she should be."

The horse was no sooner put into Adams's head but he was immediately driven out by this reflection on the character of Fanny. He protested, "He believed there was not a chaster damsel in the universe. I heartily wish, I heartily wish," cried he (snapping his fingers), "that all her betters were as good." He then proceeded to inform her of the accident of their meeting; but when he came to mention the circumstance of delivering her from the rape, she said, "She thought him properer for the army than the clergy; that it did not become a clergyman to lay violent hands on any one; that he should have rather prayed that she might be strengthened." Adams said, "He was very far from being ashamed of what he had done:" she replied, "Want of shame was not the curri-curitic of a clergyman." This dialogue might have probably grown warmer, had not Joseph opportunely entered the room, to ask leave of madam Slipslop to introduce Fanny; but she positively refused to admit any such trollops, and told him, "She would have been burnt before she would have suffered him to get into a chaise with her, if she had once respected him of having his sluts way-laid on the road for him;" adding, "that Mr. Adams acted a very pretty part, and she did not doubt but to see him a bishop." He made the best bow he could, and cried out, "I thank you, madam, for that right-reverend appellation, which I shall take all honest means to deserve."—"Very honest means," returned she with a sneer, "to bring people together." At these words Adams took two or three strides across the room, when the coachman came to inform Mrs. Slipslop "That the storm was over, and the moon shone very bright." She then sent for Joseph, who was sitting without with his Fanny, and would have had him gone with her; but he peremptorily refused to leave Fanny behind, which threw the good woman into a violent rage. She said "She would inform her lady what doings were carrying on, and did not doubt but she would rid the parish of all such people;" and concluded a long speech, full of bitterness and very hard words, with some reflections on the clergy not decent to repeat; at last, finding Joseph unmoveable, she flung herself into the chaise, casting a look at Fanny as she went, not unlike that which Cleopatra gives Octavia in the play. To say the truth, she was most disagreeably disappointed by the presence of Fanny: she had, from her first seeing Joseph at the inn, conceived hopes of something which might have been accomplished at an alehouse as well as a palace. Indeed, it is probable Mr. Adams had rescued more than Fanny from the danger of a rape that evening.

When the chaise had carried off the enraged Slipslop, Adams, Joseph, and Fanny assembled over the fire, where they had a great deal of innocent chat, pretty enough; but, as possibly it would not be very entertaining to the reader, we shall hasten to the morning; only observing that none of them went to bed that night. Adams, when he had smoked

three pipes, took a comfortable nap in a great chair, and left the lovers, whose eyes were too well employed to permit any desire of shutting them, to enjoy by themselves, during some hours, a happiness of which none of my readers who have never been in love are capable of the least conception, though we had as many tongues as Homer desired to describe it with, and which all true lovers will represent to their own minds without the least assistance from us.

Let it suffice then to say, that Fanny, after a thousand entreaties, at last gave up her whole soul to Joseph; and, almost fainting in his arms, with a sigh infinitely softer and sweeter too than any Arabian breeze, she whispered to his lips, which were then close to hers, "O Joseph, you have won me; I will be yours for ever." Joseph, having thanked her on his knees, and embraced her with an eagerness which she now almost returned, leaped up in a rapture, and awakened the parson, earnestly begging him "that he would that instant join their hands together." Adams rebuked him for his request, and told him "he would by no means consent to anything contrary to the forms of the church; that he had no licence, nor indeed would he advise him to obtain one: that the church had prescribed a form,—namely, the publication of banns,—with which all good christians ought to comply, and to the omission of which he attributed the many miseries which befel great folks in marriage;" concluding, "As many as are joined together otherwise than G—'s word doth allow, are not joined together by G—, neither is their matrimony lawful." Fanny agreed with the parson, saying to Joseph, with a blush, "she assured him she would not consent to any such thing, and that she wondered at his offering it." In which resolution she was comforted and commended by Adams; and Joseph was obliged to wait patiently till after the third publication of the banns, which however he obtained the consent of Fanny, in the presence of Adams, to put in at their arrival.

The sun had now been risen some hours, when Joseph, finding his leg surprisingly recovered, proposed to walk forwards; but when they were all ready to set out, an accident a little retarded them. This was no other than the reckoning, which amounted to seven shillings; no great sum if we consider the immense quantity of ale which Mr. Adams poured in. Indeed, they had no objection to the reasonableness of the bill, but many to the probability of paying it; for the fellow who had taken poor Fanny's purse had unluckily forgot to return it. So that the account stood thus:

	Dr.	£.	s.	d.
Mr. Adams and company,		0	7	0
In Mr. Adams's pocket		0	0	6½
In Mr. Joseph's		0	0	0
In Mrs. Fanny's		0	0	0
Balance		0	6	5½

They stood silent some few minutes, staring at each other, when Adams whipped out on his toes, and asked the hostess, "if there was no clergyman in that parish?" She answered, "There was."—"Is he wealthy?" replied he; to which she likewise answered in the affirmative. Adams then snapping his fingers returned overjoyed to his companions, crying out, "Heureka, Heureka;" which not being understood, he told them in plain English, "They need give themselves no trouble, for he had a brother in the parish who would defray the reckoning, and that he would just step to his house and fetch the money, and return to them instantly."

CHAPTER XIV.

An interview between parson Adams and parson Trulliber.

PARSON ADAMS came to the house of parson Trulliber, whom he found stripped into his waistcoat, with an apron on, and a pail in his hand, just come from serving his hogs; for Mr. Trulliber was a parson on Sundays, but all the other six days might more properly be called a farmer. He occupied a small piece of land of his own, besides which he rented a considerable deal more. His wife milked his cows, managed his dairy, and followed the markets with butter and eggs. The hogs fell chiefly to his care, which he carefully waited on at home, and attended to fairs; on which occasion he was liable to many jokes, his own size being, with much ale, rendered little inferior to that of the beasts he sold. He was indeed one of the largest men you should see, and could have acted the part of sir John Falstaff without stuffing. Add to this that the rotundity of his belly was considerably increased by the shortness of his stature, his shadow ascending very near as far in height, when he lay on his back, as when he stood on his legs. His voice was loud and hoarse, and his accent extremely broad. To complete the whole, he had a stateliness in his gait, when he walked, not unlike that of a goose, only he stalked slower.

Mr. Trulliber, being informed that somebody wanted to speak with him, immediately slipped off his apron and clothed himself in an old night-gown, being the dress in which he always saw his company at home. His wife, who informed him of Mr. Adams's arrival, had made a small mistake; for she had told her husband, "She believed here was a man come for some of his hogs." This supposition made Mr. Trulliber hasten with the utmost expedition to attend his guest. He no sooner saw Adams than, not in the least doubting the cause of his errand to be what his wife had imagined, he told him, "he was come in very good time; that he expected a dealer that very afternoon;" and added, "they were all pure and fat, and upwards of twenty score a-piece." Adams answered, "He believed he did not know him." "Yes, yes," cried Trulliber, "I have seen you often at fair; why we have dealt before now, mun, I warrant you. Yes, yes," cries he, "I remember thy face very well, but won't mention a word more till you have seen them, though I have never sold thee a flitch of such bacon as is now in the sty." Upon which he laid violent hands on Adams, and dragged him into the hog-stye, which was indeed but two steps from his parlour-window. They were no sooner arrived there than he cried out, "Do but handle them; step in, friend; art welcome to handle them, whether dost buy or no." At which words, opening the gate, he pushed Adams into the pig-stye, insisting on it that he should handle them before he would talk one word with him.

Adams, whose natural complacence was beyond any artificial, was obliged to comply before he was suffered to explain himself; and, laying hold on one of their tails, the unruly beast gave such a sudden spring, that he threw poor Adams all along in the mire. Trulliber, instead of assisting him to get up, burst into a laughter, and, entering the stye, said to Adams, with some contempt, "Why, dost not know how to handle a hog?" and was going to lay hold of one himself, but Adams, who thought he had carried his complacence far enough, was no sooner on his legs than he escaped out of the reach of the animals, and cried out, "*Nil habeo cum porcis*: I am a clergyman, sir, and am not come to buy hogs." Trulliber

answered, "he was sorry for the mistake, but that he must blame his wife," adding, "she was a fool, and always committed blunders." He then desired him to walk in and clean himself, that he would only fasten up the stye and follow him. Adams desired leave to dry his great-coat, wig, and hat by the fire, which Trulliber granted. Mrs. Trulliber would have brought him a basin of water to wash his face, but her husband bid her be quiet like a fool as she was, or she would commit more blunders, and then directed Adams to the pump. While Adams was thus employed, Trulliber, conceiving no great respect for the appearance of his guest, fastened the parlour door, and now conducted him into the kitchen, telling him he believed a cup of drink would do him no harm, and whispered his wife to draw a little of the worst ale. After a short silence Adams said, "I fancy, sir, you already perceive me to be a clergyman."—"Ay, ay," cries Trulliber, grinning, "I perceive you have some cassock; I will not venture to caale it a whole one." Adams answered, "It was indeed none of the best, but he had the misfortune to tear it about ten years ago in passing over a stile." Mrs. Trulliber, returning with the drink, told her husband "She fancied the gentleman was a traveller, and that he would be glad to eat a bit." Trulliber bid her hold her impertinent tongue, and asked her, "If parsons used to travel without horses?" adding, "He supposed the gentleman had none by his having no boots on."—"Yes, sir, yes," says Adams; "I have a horse, but I have left him behind me."—"I am glad to hear you have one," says Trulliber; "for I assure you I don't love to see clergymen on foot; it is not seemly nor suiting the dignity of the cloth." Here Trulliber made a long oration on the dignity of the cloth (or rather gown) not much worth relating, till his wife had spread the table and set a mess of porridge on it for his breakfast. He then said to Adams, "I don't know, friend, how you came to caale on me; however, as you are here, if you think proper to eat a morsel, you may." Adams accepted the invitation, and the two parsons sat down together; Mrs. Trulliber waiting behind her husband's chair, as was, it seems, her custom. Trulliber ate heartily, but scarce put anything in his mouth without finding fault with his wife's cookery. All which the poor woman bore patiently. Indeed, she was so absolutely an admirer of her husband's greatness and importance, of which she had frequent hints from his own mouth, that she almost carried her adoration to an opinion of his infallibility. To say the truth, the parson had exercised her more ways than one; and the pious woman had so well edified by her husband's sermons, that she had resolved to receive the bad things of this world together with the good. She had indeed been at first a little contentious; but he had long since got the better; partly by her love for this, partly by her fear of that, partly by her religion, partly by the respect he paid himself, and partly by that which he received from the parish. She had, in short, absolutely submitted, and now worshipped her husband, as Sarah did Abraham, calling him (not lord, but) master. Whilst they were at table her husband gave her a fresh example of his greatness; for, as she had just delivered a cup of ale to Adams, he snatched it out of his hand, and, crying out "I caal'd vurst," swallowed down the ale. Adams denied it; it was referred to the wife, who, though her conscience was on the side of Adams, durst not give it against her husband; upon which he said, "No, sir, no; I should not have been so rude to have taken it from you if you had caal'd vurst, but I'd have you know I'm a better man

than to suffer the best he in the kingdom to drink before me in my own house when I caale vurst."

As soon as their breakfast was ended, Adams began in the following manner: "I think, sir, it is high time to inform you of the business of my embassy. I am a traveller and am passing this way in company with two young people, a lad and a damsel, my parishioners, towards my own cure; we stopped at a house of hospitality in the parish, where they directed me to you as having the cure."—"Though I am but a curate," says Trulliber, "I believe I am as warm as the vicar himself, or perhaps the rector of the next parish too; I believe I could buy them both."—"Sir," cries Adams, "I rejoice thereat. Now, sir, my business is, that we are by various accidents stripped of our money, and are not able to pay our reckoning, being seven shillings. I therefore request you to assist me with the loan of those seven shillings, and also seven shillings more, which, peradventure, I shall return to you; but if not, I am convinced you will joyfully embrace such an opportunity of laying up a treasure in a better place than any this world affords."

Suppose a stranger, who entered the chambers of a lawyer, being imagined a client, when the lawyer was preparing his palm for the fee, should pull out a writ against him. Suppose an apothecary, at the door of a chariot containing some great doctor of eminent skill, should, instead of directions to a patient, present him with a potion for himself. Suppose a minister should, instead of a good round sum, treat my lord ———, or sir ———, or esq. ——— with a good broomstick. Suppose a civil companion, or a lead captain, should, instead of virtue, and honour, and beauty, and parts, and admiration, thunder vice, and infamy, and ugliness, and folly, and contempt, in his patron's ears. Suppose, when a tradesman first carries in his bill, the man of fashion should pay it; or suppose, if he did so, the tradesman should abate what he had overcharged, on the supposition of waiting. In short,—suppose what you will, you never can nor will suppose any thing equal to the astonishment which seized on Trulliber, as soon as Adams had ended his speech. A while he rolled his eyes in silence; sometimes surveying Adams, then his wife; then casting them on the ground, then lifting them up to heaven. At last he burst forth in the following accents: "Sir, I believe I know where to lay up my little treasure as well as another. I thank G—, if I am not so warm as some, I am content; that is a blessing greater than riches; and he to whom that is given need ask no more. To be content with a little is greater than to possess the world; which a man may possess without being so. Lay up my treasure! what matters where a man's treasure is whose heart is in the scripture? there is the treasure of a christian." At these words the water ran from Adams's eyes; and, catching Trulliber by the hand in a rapture, "Brother," says he, "heavens bless the accident by which I came to see you! I would have walked many a mile to have communed with you; and, believe me, I will shortly pay you a second visit; but my friends, I fancy, by this time, wonder at my stay; so let me have the money immediately." Trulliber then put on a stern look, and cried out, "Thou dost not intend to rob me?" At which the wife, bursting into tears, fell on her knees and roared out, "O dear sir! for heaven's sake don't rob my master: we are but poor people." "Get up, for a fool as thou art, and go about thy business," said Trulliber: "dost think the man will venture his life? he is a beggar, and no robber." "Very true, indeed," answered Adams. "I wish, with all my heart, the tithing-

man was here," cries Trulliber: "I would have thee punished as a vagabond for thy impudence. Fourteen shillings indeed! I won't give thee a farthing. I believe thou art no more a clergyman than the woman there (pointing to his wife); but if thou art, dost deserve to have thy gown stripped over thy shoulders for running about the country in such a manner." "I forgive your suspicions," says Adams; "but suppose I am not a clergyman, I am nevertheless thy brother; and thou, as a christian, much more as a clergyman, art obliged to relieve my distress." "Dost preach to me?" replied Trulliber: "dost pretend to instruct me in my duty?" "Ifacks, a good story," cries Mrs. Trulliber, "to preach to my master." "Silence, woman," cries Trulliber. "I would have thee know, friend, (addressing himself to Adams,) I shall not learn my duty from such as thee. I know what charity is, better than to give to vagabonds." "Besides, if we were inclined, the poor's rate obliges us to give so much charity," cries the wife. "Pugh! thou art a fool. Poor's rate! Hold thy nonsense," answered Trulliber; and then, turning to Adams, he told him, "he would give him nothing." "I am sorry," answered Adams, "that you do know what charity is, since you practise it no better: I must tell you, if you trust to your knowledge for your justification, you will find yourself deceived, though you should add faith to it, without good works." "Fellow," cries Trulliber, "dost thou speak against faith in my house? Get out of my doors: I will no longer remain under the same roof with a wretch who speaks wantonly of faith and the scriptures." "Name not the scriptures," says Adams. "How! not name the scriptures! Do you disbelieve the scriptures?" cries Trulliber. "No; but you do," answered Adams, "if I may reason from your practice; for their commands are so explicit, and their rewards and punishments so immense, that it is impossible a man should steadfastly believe without obeying. Now, there is no command more express, no duty more frequently enjoined, than charity. Whoever, therefore, is void of charity, I make no scruple of pronouncing that he is no christian." "I would not advise thee," says Trulliber, "to say that I am no christian: I won't take it of you; for I believe I am as good a man as thyself" (and indeed, though he was now rather too corpulent for athletic exercises, he had, in his youth, been one of the best boxers and cudgel-players in the county). His wife, seeing him clench his fist, interposed, and begged him not to fight, but show himself a true christian, and take the law of him. As nothing could provoke Adams to strike, but an absolute assault on himself or his friend, he smiled at the angry look and gestures of Trulliber; and, telling him he was sorry to see such men in orders, departed without further ceremony.

CHAPTER XV.

An adventure the consequence of a new instance which parson Adams gave of his forgetfulness.

WHEN he came back to the inn he found Joseph and Fanny sitting together. They were so far from thinking his absence long, as he had feared they would, that they never once missed or thought of him. Indeed, I have been often assured by both, that they spent these hours in a most delightful conversation; but, as I never could prevail on either to relate it, so I cannot communicate it to the reader.

Adams acquainted the lovers with the ill success of his enterprise. They were all greatly confounded, none being able to propose any method of depart-

ing, till Joseph at last advised calling in the hostess, and desiring her to trust them; which Fanny said she despaired of her doing, as she was one of the sourest-faced women she had ever beheld.

But she was agreeably disappointed; for the hostess was no sooner asked the question than she readily agreed; and, with a curtsy and smile, wished them a good journey. However, lest Fanny's skill in physiognomy should be called in question, we will venture to assign one reason which might probably incline her to this confidence and good-humour. When Adams said he was going to visit his brother, he had unwittingly imposed on Joseph and Fanny, who both believed he meant his natural brother, and not his brother in divinity, and had so informed the hostess, on her inquiry after him. Now Mr. Trulliber had, by his professions of piety, by his gravity, austerity, reserve, and the opinion of his great wealth, so great an authority in his parish, that they all lived in the utmost fear and apprehension of him. It was therefore no wonder that the hostess, who knew it was in his option whether she should ever sell another mug of drink, did not dare to affront his supposed brother by denying him credit.

They were now just on their departure when Adams recollected he had left his great-coat and hat at Mr. Trulliber's. As he was not desirous of renewing his visit, the hostess herself, having no servant at home, offered to fetch them.

This was an unfortunate expedient; for the hostess was soon undeceived in the opinion she had entertained of Adams, whom Trulliber abused in the grossest terms, especially when he heard he had had the assurance to pretend to be his near relation.

At her return, therefore, she entirely changed her note. She said, "Folks might be ashamed of travelling about, and pretending to be what they were not. That taxes were high, and for her part she was obliged to pay for what she had; she could not therefore possibly, nor would she, trust anybody; no, not her own father. That money was never scarcer, and she wanted to make up a sum. That she expected, therefore, they should pay their reckoning before they left the house."

Adams was now greatly perplexed; but, as he knew that he could easily have borrowed such a sum in his own parish, and as he knew he would have lent it himself to any mortal in distress, so he took fresh courage, and sallied out all round the parish, but to no purpose; he returned as pennyless as he went, groaning and lamenting that it was possible, in a country professing christianity, for a wretch to starve in the midst of his fellow-creatures who abounded.

Whilst he was gone, the hostess, who staid as a sort of guard with Joseph and Fanny, entertained them with the goodness of parson Trulliber. And, indeed, he had not only a very good character as to other qualities in the neighbourhood, but was reputed a man of great charity; for, though he never gave a farthing, he had always that word in his mouth.

Adams was no sooner returned the second time than the storm grew exceeding high, the hostess declaring, among other things, that, if they offered to stir without paying her, she would soon overtake them with a warrant.

Plato and Aristotle, or somebody else, hath said, *that when the most exquisite cunning fails, chance often hits the mark, and that by means the least expected.* Virgil expresses this very boldly:—

*Turne, quod optanti divum promittere nemo
Auderet, volvenda dies, en! attulit ultro.*

I would quote more great men if I could ; but my memory not permitting me, I will proceed to exemplify these observations by the following instance :—

There chanced (for Adams had not cunning enough to contrive it) to be at that time in the ale-house a fellow who had been formerly a drummer in an Irish regiment, and now travelled the country as a pedlar. This man, having attentively listened to the discourse of the hostess, at last took Adams aside, and asked him what the sum was for which they were detained. As soon as he was informed, he sighed, and said, "He was sorry it was so much ; for that he had no more than six shillings and sixpence in his pocket, which he would lend them with all his heart." Adams gave a caper, and cried out, "It would do ; for that he had sixpence himself." And thus these poor people, who could not engage the compassion of riches and piety, were at length delivered out of their distress by the charity of a poor pedlar.

I shall refer it to my reader to make what observations he pleases on this incident : it is sufficient for me to inform him that, after Adams and his companions had returned him a thousand thanks, and told him where he might call to be repaid, they all sallied out of the house without any compliments from their hostess, or indeed without paying her any ; Adams declaring he would take particular care never to call there again ; and she on her side assuring them she wanted no such guests.

CHAPTER XVI.

A very curious adventure, in which Mr. Adams gave a much greater instance of the honest simplicity of his heart, than of his experience in the ways of this world.

OUR travellers had walked about two miles from that inn, which they had more reason to have mistaken for a castle than Don Quixotte ever had any of those in which he sojourned, seeing they had met with such difficulty in escaping out of its walls, when they came to a parish, and beheld a sign of invitation hanging out. A gentleman sat smoking a pipe at the door, of whom Adams inquired the road, and received so courteous and obliging an answer, accompanied with so smiling a countenance, that the good parson, whose heart was naturally disposed to love and affection, began to ask several other questions ; particularly the name of the parish, and who was the owner of a large house whose front they then had in prospect. The gentleman answered as obligingly as before ; and as to the house, acquainted him it was his own. He then proceeded in the following manner : "Sir, I presume by your habit you are a clergyman ; and as you are travelling on foot I suppose a glass of good beer will not be disagreeable to you ; and I can recommend my landlord's within, as some of the best in all this country. What say you, will you halt a little and let us take a pipe together ? there is no better tobacco in the kingdom." This proposal was not displeasing to Adams, who had allayed his thirst that day with no better liquor than what Mrs. Trulliber's cellar had produced ; and which was indeed little superior, either in richness or flavour, to that which distilled from those grains her generous husband bestowed on his hogs. Having therefore abundantly thanked the gentleman for his kind invitation, and bid Joseph and Fanny follow him, he entered the alehouse, where a large loaf and cheese and a pitcher of beer, which truly answered the character given of it, being set before them, the three travellers fell to eating, with appetites infinitely more voracious than are to be found at the most exquisite eating-houses in the parish of St. James's.

The gentleman expressed great delight in the hearty and cheerful behaviour of Adams ; and particularly in the familiarity with which he conversed with Joseph and Fanny, whom he often called his children ; a term he explained to mean no more than his parishioners ; saying, "He looked on all those whom God had intrusted to his cure to stand to him in that relation." The gentleman, shaking him by the hand, highly applauded these sentiments. "They are, indeed," says he, "the true principles of a christian divine ; and I heartily wish they were universal ; but, on the contrary, I am sorry to say the parson of our parish, instead of esteeming his poor parishioners as a part of his family, seems rather to consider them as not of the same species with himself. He seldom speaks to any, unless some few of the richest of us ; nay, indeed, he will not move his hat to the others. I often laugh when I behold him on Sundays strutting along the church-yard like a turkey-cock through rows of his parishioners, who bow to him with as much submission, and are as unregarded, as a set of servile courtiers by the proudest prince in Christendom. But if such temporal pride is ridiculous, surely the spiritual is odious and detestable ; if such a puffed-up empty human bladder, strutting in princely robes, justly moves one's derision, surely in the habit of a priest it must raise our scorn."

"Doubtless," answered Adams, "your opinion is right ; but I hope such examples are rare. The clergy whom I have the honour to know maintain a different behaviour ; and you will allow me, sir, that the readiness which too many of the laity show to condemn the order may be one reason of their avoiding too much humility." "Very true, indeed," says the gentleman ; "I find, sir, you are a man of excellent sense, and am happy in this opportunity of knowing you ; perhaps our accidental meeting may not be disadvantageous to you neither. At present I shall only say to you that the incumbent of this living is old and infirm, and that it is in my gift. Doctor, give me your hand ; and assure yourself of it at his decease." Adams told him "He was never more confounded in his life than at his utter incapacity to make any return to such noble and unmerited generosity." "A mere trifle, sir," cries the gentleman, "scarce worth your acceptance ; a little more than three hundred a-year. I wish it was double the value for your sake." Adams bowed, and cried from the emotion of his gratitude ; when the other asked him, "If he was married, or had any children, besides those in the spiritual sense he had mentioned." "Sir," replied the parson, "I have a wife and six at your service." "That is unlucky," says the gentleman ; "for I would otherwise have taken you into my own house as my chaplain ; however, I have another in the parish (for the parsonage-house is not good enough), which I will furnish for you. Pray, does your wife understand a dairy ?" "I can't profess she does," says Adams. "I am sorry for it," quoth the gentleman ; "I would have given you half a dozen cows, and very good grounds to have maintained them." "Sir," said Adams, in an ecstasy, "you are too liberal ; indeed you are." "Not at all," cries the gentleman : "I esteem riches only as they give me an opportunity of doing good ; and I never saw one whom I had a greater inclination to serve." At which words he shook him heartily by the hand, and told him he had sufficient room in his house to entertain him and his friends. Adams begged he might give him no such trouble ; that they could be very well accommodated in the house where they were ; forgetting they had not a sixpenny piece

among them. The gentleman would not be denied ; and, informing himself how far they were travelling, he said it was too long a journey to take on foot, and begged that they would favour him by suffering him to lend them a servant and horses ; adding, withal, that, if they would do him the pleasure of their company only two days, he would furnish them with his coach and six. Adams, turning to Joseph, said, "How lucky is this gentleman's goodness to you, who I am afraid would be scarce able to hold out on your lame leg!" and then, addressing the person who made him these liberal promises, after much bowing, he cried out, "Blessed be the hour which first introduced me to a man of your charity! you are indeed a christian of the true primitive kind, and an honour to the country wherein you live. I would willingly have taken a pilgrimage to the Holy Land to have beheld you ; for the advantages which we draw from your goodness give me little pleasure, in comparison of what I enjoy for your own sake when I consider the treasures you are by these means laying up for yourself in a country that passeth not away. We will therefore, most generous sir, accept your goodness, as well the entertainment you have so kindly offered us at your house this evening, as the accommodation of your horses to-morrow morning." He then began to search for his hat, as did Joseph for his ; and both they and Fanny were in order of departure, when the gentleman, stopping short, and seeming to meditate by himself for the space of about a minute, exclaimed thus : "Sure never anything was so unlucky ; I had forgot that my housekeeper was gone abroad, and hath locked up all my rooms ; indeed, I would break them open for you, but shall not be able to furnish you with a bed ; for she has likewise put away all my linen. I am glad it entered into my head before I had given you the trouble of walking there ; besides, I believe you will find better accommodations here than you expected.—Landlord, you can provide good beds for these people, can't you?" "Yes, and please your worship," cries the host, "and such as no lord or justice of the peace in the kingdom need be ashamed to lie in." "I am heartily sorry," says the gentleman, "for this disappointment. I am resolved I will never suffer her to carry away the keys again." "Pray, sir, let it not make you uneasy," cries Adams ; "we shall do very well here ; and the loan of your horses is a favour we shall be incapable of making any return to." "Ay!" said the squire, "the horses shall attend you here at what hour in the morning you please," and now, after many civilities too tedious to enumerate, many squeezes by the hand, with most affectionate looks and smiles at each other, and after appointing the horses at seven the next morning, the gentleman took his leave of them, and departed to his own house. Adams and his companions returned to the table, where the parson smoked another pipe, and then they all retired to rest.

Mr. Adams rose very early, and called Joseph out of his bed, between whom a very fierce dispute ensued, whether Fanny should ride behind Joseph, or behind the gentleman's servant ; Joseph insisting on it that he was perfectly recovered, and was as capable of taking care of Fanny as any other person could be. But Adams would not agree to it, and declared he would not trust her behind him ; for that he was weaker than he imagined himself to be.

This dispute continued a long time, and had begun to be very hot, when a servant arrived from their good friend, to acquaint them that he was un-

fortunately prevented from lending them any horses ; for that his groom had, unknown to him, put his whole stable under a course of physic.

This advice presently struck the two disputants dumb : Adams cried out, "was ever anything so unlucky as this poor gentleman? I protest I am more sorry on his account than my own. You see, Joseph, how this good-natured man is treated by his servants ; one locks up his linen, another physicks his horses, and I suppose, by his being at this house last night, the butler had locked up his cellar. Bless us ! how good-nature is used in this world ! I protest I am more concerned on his account than my own." "So am not I," cries Joseph ; "not that I am much troubled about walking on foot : all my concern is, how we shall get out of the house, unless God sends another pedlar to redeem us. But certainly this gentleman has such an affection for you, that he would lend you a larger sum than we owe here, which is not above four or five shillings." "Very true, child," answered Adams ; "I will write a letter to him, and will even venture to solicit him for three half-crowns ; there will be no harm in having two or three shillings in our pockets ; as we have full forty miles to travel, we may possibly have occasion for them."

Fanny being now risen, Joseph paid her a visit, and left Adams to write his letter, which having finished, he despatched a boy with it to the gentleman, and then seated himself by the door, lighted his pipe, and betook himself to meditation.

The boy staying longer than seemed to be necessary, Joseph, who with Fanny was now returned to the parson, expressed some apprehensions that the gentleman's steward had locked up his purse too. To which Adams answered, "It might very possibly be, and he should wonder at no liberties which the devil might put into the head of a wicked servant to take with so worthy a master ;" but added, "that, as the sum was so small, so noble a gentleman would be easily able to procure it in the parish, though he had it not in his own pocket. Indeed," says he, "if it was four or five guineas, or any such large quantity of money, it might be a different matter."

They were now sat down to breakfast over some toast and ale, when the boy returned and informed them that the gentleman was not at home. "Very well!" cries Adams ; "but why, child, did you not stay till his return? Go back again, my good boy, and wait for his coming home ; he cannot be gone far, as his horses are all sick ; and besides, he had no intention to go abroad, for he invited us to spend this day and to-morrow at his house. Therefore go back, child, and tarry till his return home." The messenger departed, and was back again with great expedition, bringing an account that the gentleman was gone a long journey, and would not be at home again this month. At these words Adams seemed greatly confounded, saying, "This must be a sudden accident, as the sickness or death of a relation or some such unforeseen misfortune ;" and then, turning to Joseph, cried, "I wish you had reminded me to have borrowed this money last night." Joseph, smiling, answered, "He was very much deceived if the gentleman would not have found some excuse to avoid lending it.—I own," says he, "I was never much pleased with his professing so much kindness for you at first sight ; for I have heard the gentlemen of our cloth in London tell many such stories of their masters. But when the boy brought the message back of his not being at home, I presently knew what would follow ; for, whenever a man of fashion doth not care to fulfil his promises, the custom is to order his servants that he will never be at home to

the person so promised. In London they call it denying him. I have myself denied sir Thomas Booby above a hundred times, and when the man hath danced attendance for about a month, or sometimes longer, he is acquainted in the end that the gentleman is gone out of town and could do nothing in the business."—"Good Lord!" says Adams, "what wickedness is there in the christian world! I profess almost equal to what I have read of the heathens. But surely, Joseph, your suspicions of this gentleman must be unjust, for what a silly fellow must he be who would do the devil's work for nothing! and canst thou tell me any interest he could possibly propose to himself by deceiving us in his professions?"—"It is not for me," answered Joseph, "to give reasons for what men do to a gentleman of your learning."—"You say right," quoth Adams; "knowledge of men is only to be learnt from book; Plato and Seneca for that; and those are authors, I am afraid, child, you never read."—"Not I, sir, truly," answered Joseph; "all I know is, it is a maxim among the gentlemen of our cloth, that those masters who promise the most perform the least; and I have often heard them say they have found the largest vails in those families where they were not promised any. But, sir, instead of considering any farther these matters, it would be our wisest way to contrive some method of getting out of this house; for the generous gentleman, instead of doing us any service, hath left us the whole reckoning to pay." Adams was going to answer, when their host came in, and, with a kind of jeering smile, said, "Well, masters! the squire hath not sent his horses for you yet. Laud help me! how easily some folks make promises!"—"How!" says Adams; "have you ever known him to do anything of this kind before?"—"Ay! marry have I," answered the host: "it is no business of mine, you know, sir, to say anything to a gentleman to his face; but now he is not here, I will assure you, he hath not his fellow within the three next market-towns. I own I could not help laughing when I heard him offer you the living, for thereby hangs a good jest. I thought he would have offered you my house next, for one is no more his to dispose of than the other." At these words Adams, blessing himself, declared, "he had never read of such a monster. But what vexes me most," says he, "is, that he hath decoyed us into running up a long debt with you, which we are not able to pay, for we have no money about us, and, what is worse, live at such a distance, that if you should trust us, I am afraid you would lose your money for want of our finding any conveniency of sending it."—"Trust you, master!" says the host, "that I will with all my heart. I honour the clergy too much to deny trusting one of them for such a trifle; besides, I like your fear of never paying me. I have lost many a debt in my life-time, but was promised to be paid them all in a very short time. I will score this reckoning for the novelty of it. It is the first, I do assure you, of its kind. But what say you, master, shall we have t'other pot before we part? It will waste but a little chalk more, and if you never pay me a shilling the loss will not ruin me." Adams liked the invitation very well, especially as it was delivered with so hearty an accent. He shook his host by the hand, and thanking him, said, "He would tarry another pot rather for the pleasure of such worthy company than for the liquor;" adding, "he was glad to find some christians left in the kingdom, for that he almost began to suspect that he was sojourning in a country inhabited only by Jews and Turks."

The kind host produced the liquor, and Joseph

with Fanny retired into the garden, where, while they solaced themselves with amorous discourse, Adams sat down with his host; and, both filling their glasses, and lighting their pipes, they began that dialogue which the reader will find in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XVII.

A dialogue between Mr. Abraham Adams and his host, which, by the disagreement in their opinions, seemed to threaten an unlucky catastrophe, had it not been timely prevented by the return of the lovers.

"SIR," said the host, "I assure you you are not the first to whom our squire hath promised more than he hath performed. He is so famous for this practice, that his word will not be taken for much by those who know him. I remember a young fellow whom he promised his parents to make an exciseman. The poor people, who could ill afford it, bred their son to writing and accounts, and other learning, to qualify him for the place; and the boy held up his head above his condition with these hopes; nor would he go to plough, nor to any other kind of work, and went constantly dressed as fine as could be, with two clean Holland shirts a-week, and this for several years; till at last he followed the squire up to London, thinking there to mind him of his promises; but he could never get sight of him. So that, being out of money and business, he fell into evil company and wicked courses; and in the end came to a sentence of transportation, the news of which broke the mother's heart.—I will tell you another true story of him: There was a neighbour of mine, a farmer, who had two sons whom he bred up to the business. Pretty lads they were. Nothing would serve the squire but that the youngest must be made a parson. Upon which he persuaded the father to send him to school, promising that he would afterwards maintain him at the university, and, when he was of a proper age, give him a living. But after the lad had been seven years at school, and his father brought him to the squire, with a letter from his master that he was fit for the university; the squire, instead of minding his promise, or sending him thither at his expense, only told his father that the young man was a fine scholar, and it was a pity he could not afford to keep him at Oxford for four or five years more, by which time, if he could get him a curacy, he might have him ordained. The farmer said, 'He was not a man sufficient to do any such thing.'—'Why, then,' answered the squire, 'I am very sorry you have given him so much learning; for, if he cannot get his living by that, it will rather spoil him for anything else; and your other son, who can hardly write his name, will do more at ploughing and sowing, and is in a better condition, than he.' And indeed so it proved; for the poor lad, not finding friends to maintain him in his learning, as he had expected, and being unwilling to work, fell to drinking, though he was a very sober lad before; and in a short time, partly with grief, and partly with good liquor, fell into a consumption, and died.—Nay, I can tell you more still: there was another, a young woman, and the handsomest in all this neighbourhood, whom he enticed up to London, promising to make her a gentlewoman to one of your women of quality; but, instead of keeping his word, we have since heard, after having a child by her himself, she became a common whore; then kept a coffee-house in Covent Garden; and a little after died of the French distemper in a gaol.—I could tell you many more stories; but how do you imagine he served me myself? You must know, sir, I was bred a sea-faring man, and have been many voyages; till at last I

came to be master of a ship myself, and was in a fair way of making a fortune, when I was attacked by one of those cursed guarda-costas who took our ships before the beginning of the war; and after a fight, wherein I lost the greater part of my crew, my rigging being all demolished, and two shots received between wind and water, I was forced to strike. The villains carried off my ship, a brigantine of 150 tons,—a pretty creature she was,—and put me, a man, and a boy, into a little bad pink, in which, with much ado, we at last made Falmouth; though I believe the Spaniards did not imagine she could possibly live a day at sea. Upon my return hither, where my wife, who was of this country, then lived, the squire told me he was so pleased with the defence I had made against the enemy, that he did not fear getting me promoted to a lieutenancy of a man-of-war, if I would accept of it; which I thankfully assured him I would. Well, sir, two or three years passed, during which I had many repeated promises, not only from the squire, but (as he told me) from the lords of the admiralty. He never returned from London but I was assured I might be satisfied now, for I was certain of the first vacancy; and, what surprises me still, when I reflect on it, these assurances were given me with no less confidence, after so many disappointments, than at first. At last, sir, growing weary, and somewhat suspicious, after so much delay, I wrote to a friend in London, who I knew had some acquaintance at the best house in the admiralty, and desired him to back the squire's interest; for indeed I feared he had solicited the affair with more coldness than he pretended. And what answer do you think my friend sent me? Truly, sir, he acquainted me that the squire had never mentioned my name at the admiralty in his life; and, unless I had much faithfuller interest, advised me to give over my pretensions; which I immediately did, and, with the concurrence of my wife, resolved to set up an alehouse, where you are heartily welcome; and so my service to you; and may the squire, and all such sneaking rascals, go to the devil together."—"O fie!" says Adams, "O fie! He is indeed a wicked man; but G—will, I hope, turn his heart to repentance. Nay, if he could but once see the meanness of this detestable vice; would he but once reflect that he is one of the most scandalous as well as pernicious liars; sure he must despise himself to so intolerable a degree, that it would be impossible for him to continue a moment in such a course. And to confess the truth, notwithstanding the baseness of this character, which he hath too well deserved, he hath in his countenance sufficient symptoms of that *bona indoles*, that sweetness of disposition, which furnishes out a good christian."—"Ah, master! master!" says the host, "if you had travelled as far as I have, and conversed with the many nations where I have traded, you would not give any credit to a man's countenance. Symptoms in his countenance, quotha! I would look there, perhaps, to see whether a man had the smallpox, but for nothing else." He spoke this with so little regard to the parson's observation, that it a good deal nettled him; and, taking the pipe hastily from his mouth, he thus answered: "Master of mine, perhaps I have travelled a great deal farther than you without the assistance of a ship. Do you imagine sailing by different cities or countries is travelling? No.

"*Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.*

"I can go farther in an afternoon than you in a twelvemonth. What, I suppose you have seen the Pillars of Hercules, and perhaps the walls of Carthage. Nay, you may have heard Scylla, and seen

Charybdis; you may have entered the closet where Archimedes was found at the taking of Syracuse. I suppose you have sailed among the Cyclades, and passed the famous straits which take their name from the unfortunate Helle, whose fate is sweetly described by Apollonius Rhodius; you have passed the very spot, I conceive, where Dædalus fell into that sea, his waxen wings being melted by the sun; you have traversed the Euxine sea, I make no doubt; nay, you may have been on the banks of the Caspian, and called at Colchis, to see if there is ever another golden fleece." "Not I, truly, master," answered the host: "I never touched at any of these places."—"But I have been at all these," replied Adams. "Then, I suppose," cries the host, "you have been at the East Indies; for there are no such, I will be sworn, either in the West or the Levant."—"Pray where is the Levant?" quoth Adams; "that should be in the East Indies by right." "Oho! you are a pretty traveller," cries the host, "and not know the Levant! My service to you, master; you must not talk of these things with me! you must not tip us the traveller; it won't go here." "Since thou art so dull to misunderstand me still," quoth Adams, "I will inform thee the travelling I mean is in books, the only way of travelling by which any knowledge is to be acquired. From them I learn what I asserted just now, that nature generally imprints such a portraiture of the mind in the countenance, that a skilful physiognomist will rarely be deceived. I presume you have never read the story of Socrates to this purpose, and therefore I will tell it you. A certain physiognomist asserted of Socrates, that he plainly discovered by his features that he was a rogue in his nature. A character so contrary to the tenor of all this great man's actions, and the generally received opinion concerning him, incensed the boys of Athens so that they threw stones at the physiognomist, and would have demolished him for his ignorance, had not Socrates himself prevented them by confessing the truth of his observations, and acknowledging that, though he corrected his disposition by philosophy, he was indeed naturally as inclined to vice as had been predicted of him. Now, pray resolve me,—How should a man know this story if he had not read it?" "Well, master," said the host, "and what signifies it whether a man knows it or no? He who goes abroad, as I have done, will always have opportunities enough of knowing the world without troubling his head with Socrates, or any such fellows." "Friend," cries Adams, "if a man should sail round the world, and anchor in every harbour of it, without learning, he would return home as ignorant as he went out." "Lord help you!" answered the host; "there was my boatswain, poor fellow! he could scarce either write or read, and yet he would navigate a ship with any master of a man of war; and a very pretty knowledge of trade he had too." "Trade," answered Adams, "as Aristotle proves in his first chapter of Politics, is below a philosopher, and unnatural as it is managed now." The host looked steadfastly at Adams, and after a minute's silence asked him, "If he was one of the writers of the Gazetteers? for I have heard," says he, "they are writ by parsons." "Gazetteers!" answered Adams; "What is that?" "It is a dirty newspaper," replied the host, "which hath been given away all over the nation for these many years, to abuse trade and honest men, which I would not suffer to lie on my table, though it hath been offered me for nothing." "Not I truly," said Adams; "I never write anything but sermons; and I assure you I am no enemy to trade, whilst it is consistent with honesty; nay

I have always looked on the tradesman as a very valuable member of society, and, perhaps, inferior to none but the man of learning." "No, I believe he is not, nor to him neither," answered the host. "Of what use would learning be in a country without trade? What would all you parsons do to clothe your backs and feed your bellies? Who fetches you your silks, and your linens, and your wines, and all the other necessities of life? I speak chiefly with regard to the sailors." "You should say the extravagancies of life," replied the parson; "but admit they were the necessities, there is something more necessary than life itself, which is provided by learning; I mean the learning of the clergy. Who clothes you with piety, meekness, humility, charity, patience, and all the other christian virtues? Who feeds your souls with the milk of brotherly love, and diets them with all the dainty food of holiness, which at once cleanses them of all impure carnal affections, and fattens them with the truly rich spirit of grace? Who doth this?" "Ay, who, indeed?" cries the host; "for I do not remember ever to have seen any such clothing or such feeding. And so, in the mean time, master, my service to you." Adams was going to answer with some severity, when Joseph and Fanny returned and pressed his departure so eagerly that he would not refuse them; and so, grasping his crabstick, he took leave of his host (neither of them being so well pleased with each other as they had been at their first sitting down together), and with Joseph and Fanny, who both expressed much impatience, departed, and now all together renewed their journey.

BOOK III.—CHAPTER I.

Matter prefatory in praise of biography.

NOTWITHSTANDING the preference which may be vulgarly given to the authority of those romance-writers who entitle their books "the History of England, the History of France, of Spain, &c.," it is most certain that truth is to be found only in the works of those who celebrate the lives of great men, and are commonly called biographers, as the others should indeed be termed topographers, or chorographers; words which might well mark the distinction between them; it being the business of the latter chiefly to describe countries and cities, which, with the assistance of maps, they do pretty justly, and may be depended upon; but as to the actions and characters of men; their writings are not quite so authentic, of which there needs no other proof than those eternal contradictions occurring between two topographers who undertake the history of the same country: for instance, between my lord Clarendon and Mr. Whitlock, between Mr. Echard and Rapin, and many others; where, facts being set forth in a different light, every reader believes as he pleases; and, indeed, the more judicious and suspicious very justly esteem the whole as no other than a romance, in which the writer hath indulged a happy and fertile invention. But though these widely differ in the narrative of facts; some ascribing victory to the one, and others to the other party; some representing the same man as a rogue, while others give him a great and honest character; yet all agree in the scene where the fact is supposed to have happened, and where the person, who is both a rogue and an honest man, lived. Now with us biographers the case is different; the facts we deliver may be relied on, though we often mistake the age and country wherein they happened: for, though it may be worth the examination of

critics, whether the shepherd Chrysostom, who, as Cervantes informs us, died for love of the fair Marcella, who hated him, was ever in Spain, will any one doubt but that such a silly fellow hath really existed? Is there in the world such a sceptic as to disbelieve the madness of Cardenio, the perfidy of Ferdinand, the impertinent curiosity of Anselmo, the weakness of Camilla, the irresolute friendship of Lothario? though perhaps, as to the time and place where those several persons lived, that good historian may be deplorably deficient. But the most known instance of this kind is in the true history of Gil Blas, where the inimitable biographer hath made a notorious blunder in the country of Dr. Sangrado, who used his patients as a vintner doth his wine-vessels, by letting out their blood, and filling them up with water. Doth not every one, who is the least versed in physical history, know that Spain was not the country in which this doctor lived? The same writer hath likewise erred in the country of his archbishop, as well as that of those great personages whose understandings were too sublime to taste anything but tragedy, and in many others. The same mistakes may likewise be observed in Scarron, the Arabian Nights, the History of Marianne and le Paisan Parvenu, and perhaps some few other writers of this class, whom I have not read, or do not at present recollect; for I would by no means be thought to comprehend those persons of surprising genius, the authors of immense romances, or the modern novel and Atalantis writers; who, without any assistance from nature or history, record persons who never were, or will be, and facts which never did, nor possibly can, happen; whose heroes are of their own creation, and their brains the chaos whence all the materials are selected. Not that such writers deserve no honour; so far otherwise, that perhaps they merit the highest: for what can be nobler than to be as an example of the wonderful extent of human genius? One may apply to them what Balzac says of Aristotle, that they are a second nature (for they have no communication with the first; by which, authors of an inferior class, who cannot stand alone, are obliged to support themselves as with crutches); but these of whom I am now speaking seem to be possessed of those stilts, which the excellent Voltaire tells us, in his letters, "carry the genius far off, but with an irregular pace." Indeed, far out of the sight of the reader,

Beyond the realms of Chaos and old Night.

But to return to the former class, who are contented to copy nature, instead of forming originals from the confused heap of matter in their own brains; is not such a book as that which records the achievements of the renowned Don Quixotte more worthy the name of a history than even Mariana's: for, whereas the latter is confined to a particular period of time, and to a particular nation, the former is the history of the world in general, at least that part which is polished by laws, arts, and sciences; and of that from the time it was first polished to this day; nay, and forwards as long as it shall so remain?

I shall now proceed to apply these observations to the work before us; for indeed I have set them down principally to obviate some constructions which the good-nature of mankind, who are always forward to see their friends' virtues recorded, may put to particular parts. I question not but several of my readers will know the lawyer in the stage-coach the moment they hear his voice. It is likewise odds but the wit and the prude meet with some of their acquaintance, as well as all the rest of my characters. To prevent therefore any such malicious applications, I declare here, once for all, I

describe not men, but manners; not an individual, but a species. Perhaps it will be answered, Are not the characters then taken from life? To which, I answer in the affirmative; nay, I believe I might aver that I have writ little more than I have seen. The lawyer is not only alive, but hath been so these four thousand years; and I hope G— will indulge his life as many yet to come. He hath not indeed confined himself to one profession, one religion, or one country; but when the first mean selfish creature appeared on the human stage, who made self the centre of the whole creation, would give himself no pain, incur no danger, advance no money, to assist or preserve his fellow-creatures; then was our lawyer born; and, whilst such a person as I have described exists on earth, so long shall he remain upon it. It is therefore doing him little honour to imagine he endeavours to mimic some little obscure fellow, because he happens to resemble him in one particular feature, or perhaps in his profession; whereas his appearance in the world is calculated for much more general and noble purposes; not to expose one pitiful wretch to the small and contemptible circle of his acquaintance; but to hold the glass to thousands in their closets, that they may contemplate their deformity, and endeavour to reduce it, and thus by suffering private mortification may avoid public shame. This places the boundary between, and distinguishes the satirist from the libeller: for the former privately corrects the fault for the benefit of the person, like a parent; the latter publicly exposes the person himself, as an example to others, like an executioner.

There are besides little circumstances to be considered; as the drapery of a picture, which though fashion varies at different times, the resemblance of the countenance is not by those means diminished. Thus I believe we may venture to say Mrs. Towwouse is coeval with our lawyer: and, though perhaps, during the changes which so long an existence must have passed through, she may in her turn have stood behind the bar at an inn, I will not scruple to affirm she hath likewise in the revolution of ages sat on a throne. In short, where extreme turbulence of temper, avarice, and an insensibility of human misery, with a degree of hypocrisy, have united in a female composition, Mrs. Towwouse was that woman; and where a good inclination, eclipsed by a poverty of spirit and understanding, hath glimmered forth in a man, that man hath been no other than her sneaking husband.

I shall detain my reader no longer than to give him one caution more of an opposite kind: for, as in most of our particular characters we mean not to lash individuals, but all of the like sort, so, in our general descriptions, we mean not universals, but would be understood with many exceptions: for instance, in our description of high people, we cannot be intended to include such as, whilst they are an honour to their high rank, by a well-guided condescension make their superiority as easy as possible to those whom fortune chiefly hath placed below them. Of this number I could name a peer no less elevated by nature than by fortune; who, whilst he wears the noblest ensigns of honour on his person, bears the truest stamp of dignity on his mind, adorned with greatness, enriched with knowledge, and embellished with genius. I have seen this man relieve with generosity, while he hath conversed with freedom, and be to the same person a patron and a companion. I could name a commoner, raised higher above the multitude by superior talents than is in the power of his prince to exalt him; whose behaviour to those he hath obliged is

more amiable than the obligation itself; and who is so great a master of affability, that, if he could divest himself of an inherent greatness in his manner, would often make the lowest of his acquaintance forget who was the master of that palace in which they are so courteously entertained. These are pictures which must be, I believe, known: I declare they are taken from the life, and not intended to exceed it. By those high people, therefore, whom I have described, I mean a set of wretches, who, while they are a disgrace to their ancestors, whose honours and fortunes they inherit (or perhaps a greater to their mother, for such degeneracy is scarce credible), have the insolence to treat those with disregard who are at least equal to the founders of their own splendour. It is, I fancy, impossible to conceive a spectacle more worthy of our indignation, than that of a fellow, who is not only a blot in the escutcheon of a great family, but a scandal to the human species, maintaining a supercilious behaviour to men who are an honour to their nature and a disgrace to their fortune.

And now, reader, taking these hints along with you, you may, if you please, proceed to the sequel of this our true history.

CHAPTER II.

A night-scene, wherein several wonderful adventures befel Adams and his fellow-travellers.

IT was so late when our travellers left the inn or ale-house (for it might be called either), that they had not travelled many miles before night overtook them, or met them, which you please. The reader must excuse me if I am not particular as to the way they took; for, as we are now drawing near the seat of the Boobies, and as that is a ticklish name, which malicious persons may apply, according to their evil inclinations, to several worthy country squires, a race of men whom we look upon as entirely inoffensive, and for whom we have an adequate regard, we shall lend no assistance to any such malicious purposes.

Darkness had now overspread the hemisphere, when Fanny whispered Joseph "that she begged to rest herself a little; for that she was so tired she could walk no farther." Joseph immediately prevailed with parson Adams, who was as brisk as a bee, to stop. He had no sooner seated himself than he lamented the loss of his dear *Æschylus*; but was a little comforted when reminded that, if he had it in his possession, he could not see to read.

The sky was so clouded, that not a star appeared. It was indeed, according to Milton, darkness visible. This was a circumstance, however, very favourable to Joseph; for Fanny, not suspicious of being overseen by Adams, gave a loose to her passion which she had never done before, and, reclining her head on his bosom, threw her arm carelessly round him, and suffered him to lay his cheek close to hers. All this infused such happiness into Joseph, that he would not have changed his turf for the finest down in the finest palace in the universe.

Adams sat at some distance from the lovers, and, being unwilling to disturb them, applied himself to meditation; in which he had not spent much time before he discovered a light at some distance that seemed approaching towards him. He immediately hailed it; but, to his sorrow and surprise, it stopped for a moment, and then disappeared. He then called to Joseph, asking him, "if he had not seen the light?" Joseph answered, "he had."—"And did you not mark how it vanished?" returned he: "though I am not afraid of ghosts, I do not absolutely disbelieve them."

He then entered into a meditation on those unsubstantial beings; which was soon interrupted by several voices, which he thought almost at his elbow, though in fact they were not so extremely near. However, he could distinctly hear them agree on the murder of any one they met; and a little after heard one of them say, "he had killed a dozen since that day fortnight."

Adams now fell on his knees, and committed himself to the care of Providence; and poor Fanny, who likewise heard those terrible words, embraced Joseph so closely, that had not he, whose ears were also open, been apprehensive on her account, he would have thought no danger which threatened only himself too dear a price for such embraces.

Joseph now drew forth his penknife, and Adams, having finished his ejaculations, grasped his crabstick, his only weapon, and, coming up to Joseph, would have had him quit Fanny, and place her in the rear; but his advice was fruitless; she clung closer to him, not at all regarding the presence of Adams, and in a soothing voice declared, "she would die in his arms." Joseph, clasping her with inexpressible eagerness, whispered her, "that he preferred death in hers to life out of them." Adams, brandishing his crabstick, said, "he despised death as much as any man," and then repeated aloud,

*Est hic, est animus lucis contemptor et illum,
Qui vita bene credat emi quo tendis, honorem.*

Upon this the voices ceased for a moment, and then one of them called out, "D—n you, who is there?" To which Adams was prudent enough to make no reply; and of a sudden he observed half a dozen lights, which seemed to rise all at once from the ground and advance briskly towards him. This he immediately concluded to be an apparition; and now, beginning to conceive that the voices were of the same kind, he called out, "In the name of the L—d, what wouldst thou have?" He had no sooner spoke than he heard one of the voices cry out, "D—n them, here they come;" and soon after heard several hearty blows, as if a number of men had been engaged at quarterstaff. He was just advancing towards the place of combat, when Joseph, catching him by the skirts, begged him that they might take the opportunity of the dark to convey away Fanny from the danger which threatened her. He presently complied, and, Joseph lifting up Fanny, they all three made the best of their way; and without looking behind them, or being overtaken, they had travelled full two miles, poor Fanny not once complaining of being tired, when they saw far off several lights scattered at a small distance from each other, and at the same time found themselves on the descent of a very steep hill. Adams's foot slipping, he instantly disappeared, which greatly frightened both Joseph and Fanny: indeed, if the light had permitted them to see it, they would scarce have refrained laughing to see the parson rolling down the hill; which he did from top to bottom, without receiving any harm. He then holloed as loud as he could, to inform them of his safety, and relieve them from the fears which they had conceived for him. Joseph and Fanny halted some time, considering what to do; at last they advanced a few paces, where the declivity seemed least steep; and then Joseph, taking his Fanny in his arms, walked firmly down the hill, without making a false step, and at length landed her at the bottom, where Adams soon came to them.

Learn hence, my fair countrywomen, to consider your own weakness, and the many occasions on which the strength of a man may be useful to you;

and, duly weighing this, take care that you match not yourselves with the spindle-shanked beaux and *petit-maitres* of the age, who, instead of being able, like Joseph Andrews, to carry you in lusty arms through the rugged ways and downhill steepes of life, will rather want to support their feeble limbs with your strength and assistance.

Our travellers now moved forwards where the nearest light presented itself; and, having crossed a common field, they came to a meadow, where they seemed to be at a very little distance from the light, when, to their grief, they arrived at the banks of a river. Adams here made a full stop, and declared he could swim, but doubted how it was possible to get Fanny over: to which Joseph answered, "If they walked along its banks, they might be certain of soon finding a bridge, especially as by the number of lights they might be assured a parish was near." "Odso, that's true indeed," said Adams; "I did not think of that."

Accordingly, Joseph's advice being taken, they passed over two meadows, and came to a little orchard, which led them to a house. Fanny begged of Joseph to knock at the door, assuring him "she was so weary that she could hardly stand on her feet." Adams, who was foremost, performed this ceremony; and, the door being immediately opened, a plain kind of man appeared at it: Adams acquainted him "that they had a young woman with them who was so tired with her journey that he should be much obliged to him if he would suffer her to come in and rest herself." The man, who saw Fanny by the light of the candle which he held in his hand, perceiving her innocent and modest look, and having no apprehensions from the civil behaviour of Adams, presently answered, "That the young woman was very welcome to rest herself in his house, and so were her company." He then ushered them into a very decent room, where his wife was sitting at a table: she immediately rose up, and assisted them in setting forth chairs, and desired them to sit down; which they had no sooner done than the man of the house asked them if they would have anything to refresh themselves with? Adams thanked him, and answered he should be obliged to him for a cup of his ale, which was likewise chosen by Joseph and Fanny. Whilst he was gone to fill a very large jug with this liquor, his wife told Fanny she seemed greatly fatigued, and desired her to take something stronger than ale; but she refused with many thanks, saying it was true she was very much tired, but a little rest she hoped would restore her. As soon as the company were all seated, Mr. Adams, who had filled himself with ale, and by public permission had lighted his pipe, turned to the master of the house, asking him, "If evil spirits did not use to walk in that neighbourhood?" To which receiving no answer, he began to inform him of the adventure which they had met with on the downs; nor had he proceeded far in his story when somebody knocked very hard at the door. The company expressed some amazement, and Fanny and the good woman turned pale: her husband went forth, and whilst he was absent, which was some time, they all remained silent, looking at one another, and heard several voices discoursing pretty loudly. Adams was fully persuaded that spirits were abroad, and began to meditate some exorcisms; Joseph a little inclined to the same opinion; Fanny was more afraid of men; and the good woman herself began to suspect her guests, and imagined those without were rogues belonging

to their gang. At length the master of the house returned, and, laughing, told Adams he had discovered his apparition; that the murderers were sheep-stealers, and the twelve persons murdered were no other than twelve sheep; adding, that the shepherds had got the better of them, had secured two, and were proceeding with them to a justice of peace. This account greatly relieved the fears of the whole company; but Adams murmured to himself, "He was convinced of the truth of apparitions for all that."

They now sat cheerfully round the fire, till the master of the house, having surveyed his guests, and conceiving that the cassock, which, having fallen down, appeared under Adams's great-coat, and the shabby livery on Joseph Andrews, did not well suit with the familiarity between them, began to entertain some suspicions not much to their advantage: addressing himself therefore to Adams, he said, "He perceived he was a clergyman by his dress, and supposed that honest man was his footman." "Sir," answered Adams, "I am a clergyman at your service; but as to that young man, whom you have rightly termed honest, he is at present in nobody's service; he never lived in any other family than that of lady Booby, from whence he was discharged, I assure you, for no crime." Joseph said, "He did not wonder the gentleman was surprised to see one of Mr. Adams's character condescend to so much goodness with a poor man."—"Child," said Adams, "I should be ashamed of my cloth if I thought a poor man, who is honest, below my notice or my familiarity. I know not how those who think otherwise can profess themselves followers and servants of Him who made no distinction, unless, peradventure, by preferring the poor to the rich.—Sir," said he, addressing himself to the gentleman, "these two poor young people are my parishioners, and I look on them and love them as my children. There is something singular enough in their history, but I have not now time to recount it." The master of the house, notwithstanding the simplicity which discovered itself in Adams, knew too much of the world to give a hasty belief to professions. He was not yet quite certain that Adams had any more of the clergyman in him than his cassock. To try him therefore further, he asked him, "If Mr. Pope had lately published anything new?" Adams answered, "He had heard great commendations of that poet, but that he had never read nor knew any of his works."—"Ho! ho!" says the gentleman to himself, "have I caught you? What!" said he, "have you never seen his Homer?" Adams answered, "he had never read any translation of the classics." "Why, truly," replied the gentleman, "there is a dignity in the Greek language which I think no modern tongue can reach."—"Do you understand Greek, sir?" said Adams hastily. "A little, sir," answered the gentleman. "Do you know, sir," cried Adams, "where I can buy an *Æschylus*? an unlucky misfortune lately happened to mine." *Æschylus* was beyond the gentleman, though he knew him very well by name; he therefore, returning back to Homer, asked Adams, "What part of the *Iliad* he thought most excellent?" Adams returned, "His question would be properer, What kind of beauty was the chief in poetry? for that Homer was equally excellent in them all. And, indeed," continued he, "what Cicero says of a complete orator may well be applied to a great poet: 'He ought to comprehend all perfections.' Homer did this in the most excellent degree; it is not without reason, therefore, that the philosopher, in the twenty-second chapter

of his *Poetics*, mentions him by no other appellation than that of the Poet. He was the father of the drama as well as the epic; not of tragedy only, but of comedy also; for his *Margites*, which is deplorably lost, bore, says Aristotle, the same analogy to comedy as his *Odyssey* and *Iliad* to tragedy. To him, therefore, we owe Aristophanes as well as Euripides, Sophocles, and my poor *Æschylus*. But if you please we will confine ourselves (at least for the present) to the *Iliad*, his noblest work; though neither Aristotle nor Horace give it the preference, as I remember, to the *Odyssey*. First then, as to his subject, can anything be more simple, and at the same time more noble? He is rightly praised by the first of those judicious critics for not choosing the whole war, which, though he says it hath a complete beginning and end, would have been too great for the understanding to comprehend at one view. I have, therefore, often wondered why so correct a writer as Horace should, in his epistle to Lollius, call him the *Trojani Belli Scriptorem*. Secondly, his action, termed by Aristotle, *Pragmaton Systasis*; is it possible for the mind of man to conceive an idea of such perfect unity, and at the same time so replete with greatness? And here I must observe, what I do not remember to have seen noted by any, the *Harmotton*, that agreement of his action to his subject; for, as the subject is anger, how agreeable is his action, which is war; from which every incident arises and to which every episode immediately relates. Thirdly, his manners, which Aristotle places second in his description of the several parts of tragedy, and which he says are included in the action; I am at a loss whether I should rather admire the exactness of his judgment in the nice distinction or the immensity of his imagination in their variety. For, as to the former of these, how accurately is the sedate, injured resentment of Achilles, distinguished from the hot, insulting passion of Agamemnon! How widely doth the brutal courage of Ajax differ from the amiable bravery of Diomedes; and the wisdom of Nestor, which is the result of long reflection and experience, from the cunning of Ulysses, the effect of art and subtlety only! If we consider their variety, we may cry out, with Aristotle in his 24th chapter, that no part of this divine poem is destitute of manners. Indeed, I might affirm that there is scarce a character in human nature untouched in some part or other. And, as there is no passion which he is not able to describe, so is there none in his reader which he cannot raise. If he hath any superior excellence to the rest, I have been inclined to fancy it is in the pathetic. I am sure I never read with dry eyes the two episodes where Andromache is introduced, in the former lamenting the danger, and in the latter the death, of Hector. The images are so extremely tender in these, that I am convinced the poet had the worthiest and best heart imaginable. Nor can I help observing how Sophocles falls short of the beauties of the original, in that imitation of the dissuasive speech of Andromache which he hath put into the mouth of Tecmessa. And yet Sophocles was the greatest genius who ever wrote tragedy; nor have any of his successors in that art, that is to say, neither Euripides nor Seneca the tragedian, been able to come near him. As to his sentiments and diction, I need say nothing; the former are particularly remarkable for the utmost perfection on that head, namely, propriety; and as to the latter, Aristotle, whom doubtless you have read over and over, is very diffuse. I shall mention but one thing more, which that great critic in his division of tragedy calls *Opsis*, or the scenery; and which is as proper to the epic as to the drama,

with this difference, that in the former it falls to the share of the poet, and in the latter to that of the painter. But did ever painter imagine a scene like that in the 13th and 14th Iliads? where the reader sees at one view the prospect of Troy, with the army drawn up before it; the Grecian army, camp, and fleet; Jupiter sitting on Mount Ida, with his head wrapped in a cloud, and a thunderbolt in his hand, looking towards Thrace; Neptune driving through the sea, which divides on each side to permit his passage, and then seating himself on Mount Samos; the heavens opened, and the deities all seated on their thrones. This is sublime! This is poetry!" Adams then rapt out a hundred Greek verses, and with such a voice, emphasis, and action, that he almost frightened the women; and as for the gentleman, he was so far from entertaining any further suspicion of Adams, that he now doubted whether he had not a bishop in his house. He ran into the most extravagant encomiums on his learning; and the goodness of his heart began to dilate to all the strangers. He said he had great compassion for the poor young woman, who looked pale and faint with her journey; and in truth he conceived a much higher opinion of her quality than it deserved. He said he was sorry he could not accommodate them all: but if they were contented with his fire-side, he would sit up with the men; and the young woman might, if she pleased, partake his wife's bed, which he advised her to; for that they must walk upwards of a mile to any house of entertainment, and that not very good neither. Adams, who liked his seat, his ale, his tobacco, and his company, persuaded Fanny to accept this kind proposal, in which solicitation he was seconded by Joseph. Nor was she very difficultly prevailed on; for she had slept little the last night and not at all the preceding; so that love itself was scarce able to keep her eyes open any longer. The offer therefore being kindly accepted, the good woman produced everything eatable in her house on the table, and the guests, being heartily invited, as heartily regaled themselves, especially parson Adams. As to the other two, they were examples of the truth of that physical observation, that love, like other sweet things, is no whetter of the stomach.

Supper was no sooner ended, than Fanny at her own request, retired, and the good woman bore her company. The man of the house, Adams, and Joseph, who would modestly have withdrawn, had not the gentleman insisted on the contrary, drew round the fire-side, where Adams (to use his own words) replenished his pipe, and the gentleman produced a bottle of excellent beer, being the best liquor in his house.

The modest behaviour of Joseph, with the gracefulness of his person, the character which Adams gave of him, and the friendship he seemed to entertain for him, began to work on the gentleman's affections, and raised in him a curiosity to know the singularity which Adams had mentioned in his history. This curiosity Adams was no sooner informed of than, with Joseph's consent, he agreed to gratify it; and accordingly related all he knew, with as much tenderness as was possible for the character of lady Booby; and concluded with the long, faithful, and mutual passion between him and Fanny, not concealing the meanness of her birth and education. These latter circumstances entirely cured a jealousy which had lately risen in the gentleman's mind, that Fanny was the daughter of some person of fashion, and that Joseph had run away with her, and Adams was concerned in the plot. He was now enamoured of his guests, drank their healths

with great cheerfulness, and returned many thanks to Adams, who had spent much breath, for he was a circumstantial teller of a story.

Adams told him it was now in his power to return that favour; for his extraordinary goodness, as well as that fund of literature he was master of,* which he did not expect to find under such a roof, had raised in him more curiosity than he had ever known. "Therefore," said he, "if it be not too troublesome, sir, your history if you please."

The gentleman answered, he could not refuse him what he had so much right to insist on; and after some of the common apologies, which are the usual preface to a story, he thus began.

CHAPTER III.

In which the gentleman relates the history of his life.

SIR, I am descended of a good family, and was born a gentleman. My education was liberal, and at a public school, in which I proceeded so far as to become master of the Latin, and to be tolerably versed in the Greek language. My father died when I was sixteen, and left me master of myself. He bequeathed me a moderate fortune, which he intended I should not receive till I attained the age of twenty-five: for he constantly asserted that was full early enough to give up any man entirely to the guidance of his own discretion. However, as this intention was so obscurely worded in his will that the lawyers advised me to contest the point with my trustees, I own I paid so little regard to the inclinations of my dead father, which were sufficiently certain to me, that I followed their advice, and soon succeeded, for the trustees did not contest the matter very obstinately on their side. "Sir," said Adams, "may I crave the favour of your name?" The gentleman answered his name was Wilson, and then proceeded.

I staid a very little while at school after his death; for, being a forward youth, I was extremely impatient to be in the world, for which I thought my parts, knowledge, and manhood, thoroughly qualified me. And to this early introduction into life, without a guide, I impute all my future misfortunes; for, besides the obvious mischiefs which attend this, there is one which hath not been so generally observed: the first impression which mankind receives of you will be very difficult to eradicate. How unhappy, therefore, must it be to fix your character in life, before you can possibly know its value, or weigh the consequences of those actions which are to establish your future reputation!

A little under seventeen I left my school, and went to London with no more than six pounds in my pocket: a great sum, as I then conceived; and which I was afterwards surprised to find so soon consumed.

The character I was ambitious of attaining was that of a fine gentleman; the first requisites to which I apprehended were to be supplied by a tailor, a periwig-maker, and some few more trades-

* The author hath by some been represented to have made a blunder here: for Adams had indeed shown some learning (say they), perhaps all the author had; but the gentleman hath shown none, unless his approbation of Mr. Adams be such: but surely it would be preposterous in him to call it so. I have, however, notwithstanding this criticism, which I am told came from the mouth of a great orator in a public coffee-house, left this blunder as it stood in the first edition. I will not have the vanity to apply to anything in this work the observation which M. Dacier makes in her preface to her Aristophanes: *Je tiens pour une maxime constante, qu'une beauté médiocre plait plus généralement qu'une beauté sans défaut.* Mr. Congreve hath made such another blunder in his *Love for Love*, where Tattle tells Miss Prue, "She should admire him as much for the beauty he commends in her as if he himself was possessed of it."

THE ADVENTURES OF JOSEPH ANDREWS.

men, who deal in furnishing out the human body. Notwithstanding the lowness of my purse, I found credit with them more easily than I expected, and was soon equipped to my wish. This I own then agreeably surprised me; but I have since learned that it is a maxim among many tradesmen at the polite end of the town to deal as largely as they can, reckon as high as they can, and arrest as soon as they can.

The next qualifications, namely, dancing, fencing, riding the great horse, and music, came into my head: but, as they required expense and time, I comforted myself, with regard to dancing, that I had learned a little in my youth, and could walk a minuet genteelly enough; as to fencing, I thought my good-humour would preserve me from the danger of a quarrel; as to the horse, I hoped it would not be thought of; and for music, I imagined I could easily acquire the reputation of it; for I had heard some of my school-fellows pretend to knowledge in operas, without being able to sing or play on the fiddle.

Knowledge of the town seemed another ingredient; this I thought I should arrive at by frequenting public places. Accordingly I paid constant attendance to them all; by which means I was soon master of the fashionable phrases, learned to cry up the fashionable diversions, and knew the names and faces of the most fashionable men and women.

Nothing now seemed to remain but an intrigue, which I was resolved to have immediately; I mean the reputation of it; and indeed I was so successful, that in a very short time I had half a dozen with the finest women in the town.

At these words Adams fetched a deep groan, and then, blessing himself, cried out, "Good Lord! what wicked times these are!"

Not so wicked as you imagine, continued the gentleman; for I assure you they were all vestal virgins for anything which I knew to the contrary. The reputation of intriguing with them was all I sought, and was what I arrived at: and perhaps I only flattered myself even in that; for very probably the persons to whom I showed their billets knew as well as I that they were counterfeits, and that I had written them to myself. "Write letters to yourself!" said Adams, staring. O sir, answered the gentleman, it is the very error of the times. Half our modern plays have one of these characters in them. It is incredible the pains I have taken, and the absurd methods I employed, to traduce the character of women of distinction. When another had spoken in raptures of any one, I have answered, "D—n her, she! We shall have her at H—d's very soon." When he hath replied, "He thought her virtuous," I have answered, "Ay, thou wilt always think a woman virtuous, till she is in the streets; but you and I, Jack or Tom (turning to another in company), know better." At which I have drawn a paper out of my pocket, perhaps a tailor's bill, and kissed it, crying at the same time, "By Gad I was once fond of her."

"Proceed, if you please, but do not swear any more," said Adams.

Sir, said the gentleman, I ask your pardon. Well, sir, in this course of life I continued full three years. "What course of life?" answered Adams; "I do not remember you have mentioned any."—Your remark is just, said the gentleman, smiling; I should rather have said, in this course of doing nothing. I remember some time afterwards I wrote the journal of one day, which would serve, I believe, as well for any other during the whole time. I will endeavour to repeat it to you.

In the morning I arose, took my great stick, and walked out in my green frock, with my hair in pa-

pers (a groan from Adams), and sauntered about till ten. Went to the auction; told lady — she had a dirty face; laughed heartily at something captain — said, I can't remember what, for I did not very well hear it; whispered lord —; bowed to the duke of —; and was going to bid for a snuff-box, but did not, for fear I should have had it.

From 2 to 4, dressed myself. *A groan.*
4 to 6, dined. *A groan.*

6 to 8, coffee-house.

8 to 9, Drury-lane playhouse.

9 to 10, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

10 to 12, Drawing-room. *A great groan.*

At all which places nothing happened worth remark.

At which Adams said, with some vehemence, "Sir, this is below the life of an animal, hardly above vegetation: and I am surprised what could lead a man of your sense into it." What leads us into more follies than you imagine, doctor, answered the gentleman—vanity; for as contemptible a creature as I was, and I assure you yourself cannot have more contempt for such a wretch than I now have, I then admired myself, and should have despised a person of your present appearance (you will pardon me), with all your learning and those excellent qualities which I have remarked in you. Adams bowed, and begged him to proceed. After I had continued two years in this course of life, said the gentleman, an accident happened which obliged me to change the scene. As I was one day at St. James's coffee-house, making very free with the character of a young lady of quality, an officer of the guards, who was present, thought proper to give me the lie. I answered I might possibly be mistaken, but I intended to tell no more than the truth. To which he made no reply but by a scornful sneer. After this I observed a strange coldness in all my acquaintance; none of them spoke to me first, and very few returned me even the civility of a bow. The company I used to dine with left me out, and within a week I found myself in as much solitude at St. James's as if I had been in a desert. An honest elderly man, with a great hat and long sword, at last told me he had a compassion for my youth, and therefore advised me to show the world I was not such a rascal as they thought me to be. I did not at first understand him; but he explained himself, and ended with telling me, if I would write a challenge to the captain, he would, out of pure charity, go to him with it. "A very charitable per-son, truly!" cried Adams. I desired till the next day, continued the gentleman, to consider on it, and, retiring to my lodgings, I weighed the consequences on both sides as fairly as I could. On the one, I saw the risk of this alternative, either losing my own life, or having on my hands the blood of a man with whom I was not in the least angry. I soon determined that the good which appeared on the other was not worth this hazard. I therefore resolved to quit the scene, and presently retired to the Temple, where I took chambers. Here I soon got a fresh set of acquaintance, who knew nothing of what had happened to me. Indeed, they were not greatly to my approbation; for the beaux of the Temple are only the shadows of the others. They are the affectation of affectation. The vanity of these is still more ridiculous, if possible, than of the others. Here I met with smart fellows who drank with lords they did not know, and intrigued with women they never saw. Covent Garden was now the farthest stretch of my ambition; where I shone forth in the balconies at the playhouses, visited whores, made love to orange-wenchies, and damned plays. This career was soon put a stop to by my

surgeon, who convinced me of the necessity of confining myself to my room for a month. At the end of which, having had leisure to reflect, I resolved to quit all farther conversation with beaux and smarts of every kind, and to avoid, if possible, any occasion of returning to this place of confinement. "I think," said Adams, "the advice of a month's retirement and reflection was very proper; but I should rather have expected it from a divine than a surgeon." The gentleman smiled at Adams's simplicity, and, without explaining himself farther on such an odious subject, went on thus: I was no sooner perfectly restored to health than I found my passion for women, which I was afraid to satisfy as I had done, made me very uneasy; I determined, therefore, to keep a mistress. Nor was I long before I fixed my choice on a young woman, who had before been kept by two gentlemen, and to whom I was recommended by a celebrated bawd. I took her home to my chambers, and made her a settlement during cohabitation. This would, perhaps, have been very ill paid: however, she did not suffer me to be perplexed on that account; for, before quarter-day, I found her at my chambers in too familiar conversation with a young fellow who was dressed like an officer, but was indeed a city apprentice. Instead of excusing her inconstancy, she rapped out half a dozen oaths, and, snapping her fingers at me, swore she scorned to confine herself to the best man in England. Upon this we parted, and the same bawd presently provided her another keeper. I was not so much concerned at our separation as I found, within a day or two, I had reason to be for our meeting; for I was obliged to pay a second visit to my surgeon. I was now forced to do penance for some weeks, during which time I contracted an acquaintance with a beautiful young girl, the daughter of a gentleman who, after having been forty years in the army, and in all the campaigns under the duke of Marlborough, died a lieutenant on half-pay, and had left a widow, with this only child, in very distressed circumstances: they had only a small pension from the government, with what little the daughter could add to it by her work, for she had great excellence at her needle. This girl was, at my first acquaintance with her, solicited in marriage by a young fellow in good circumstances. He was apprentice to a linen-draper, and had a little fortune, sufficient to set up his trade. The mother was greatly pleased with this match, as indeed she had sufficient reason. However, I soon prevented it. I represented him in so low a light to his mistress, and made so good a use of flattery, promises, and presents, that, not to dwell longer on this subject than is necessary, I prevailed with the poor girl, and conveyed her away from her mother! In a word, I debauched her.—(At which words Adams started up, fetched three strides across the room, and then replaced himself in the chair.) You are not more affected with this part of my story than myself; I assure you it will never be sufficiently repented of in my own opinion: but, if you already detest it, how much more will your indignation be raised when you hear the fatal consequences of this barbarous, this villanous action! If you please, therefore, I will here desist.—"By no means," cries Adams; "go on, I beseech you; and Heaven grant you may sincerely repent of this and many other things you have related!"—I was now, continued the gentleman, as happy as the possession of a fine young creature, who had a good education, and was endued with many agreeable qualities, could make me. We lived some months with vast fondness together, without any company or conversation, more

than we found in one another: but this could not continue always; and, though I still preserved great affection for her, I began more and more to want the relief of other company, and consequently to leave her by degrees—at last, whole days to herself. She failed not to testify some uneasiness on these occasions, and complained of the melancholy life she led; to remedy which, I introduced her into the acquaintance of some other kept mistresses, with whom she used to play at cards, and frequent plays and other diversions. She had not lived long in this intimacy before I perceived a visible alteration in her behaviour; all her modesty and innocence vanished by degrees, till her mind became thoroughly tainted. She affected the company of rakes, gave herself all manners of airs, was never easy but abroad, or when she had a party at my chambers. She was rapacious of money, extravagant to excess, loose in her conversation; and, if ever I demurred to any of her demands, oaths, tears, and fits were the immediate consequences. As the first raptures of fondness were long since over, this behaviour soon estranged my affections from her; I began to reflect with pleasure that she was not my wife, and to conceive an intention of parting with her; of which having given her a hint, she took care to prevent me the pains of turning her out of doors, and accordingly departed herself, having first broken open my escritoire, and taken with her all she could find, to the amount of about 200*l*. In the first heat of my resentment I resolved to pursue her with all the vengeance of the law: but, as she had the good luck to escape me during that ferment, my passion afterwards cooled; and, having reflected that I had been the first aggressor, and had done her an injury for which I could make her no reparation, by robbing her of the innocence of her mind; and hearing at the same time that the poor old woman her mother had broke her heart on her daughter's elopement from her, I, concluding myself her murderer ("As you very well might," cries Adams, with a groan), was pleased that God Almighty had taken this method of punishing me, and resolved quietly to submit to the loss. Indeed, I could wish I had never heard more of the poor creature, who became in the end an abandoned profligate; and, after being some years a common prostitute, at last ended her miserable life in Newgate.—Here the gentleman fetched a deep sigh, which Mr. Adams echoed very loudly; and both continued silent, looking on each other for some minutes. At last the gentleman proceeded thus: "I had been perfectly constant to this girl during the whole time I kept her: but she had scarce departed before I discovered more marks of her infidelity to me than the loss of my money. In short, I was forced to make a third visit to my surgeon, out of whose hands I did not get a hasty discharge.

I now forswore all future dealings with the sex, complained loudly that the pleasure did not compensate the pain, and railed at the beautiful creatures in as gross language as Juvenal himself formerly reviled them in. I looked on all the town harlots with a detestation not easy to be conceived; their persons appeared to me as painted palaces, inhabited by Disease and Death: nor could their beauty make them more desirable objects in my eyes than gilding could make me covet a pill, or golden plates a coffin. But though I was no longer the absolute slave, I found some reasons to own myself still the subject, of love. My hatred for women decreased daily; and I am not positive but time might have betrayed me again to some common harlot, had I not been secured by a passion for the

charming Sapphira, which, having once entered upon, made a violent progress in my heart. Sapphira was wife to a man of fashion and gallantry, and one who seemed, I own, every way worthy of her affections; which, however, he had not the reputation of having. She was indeed a coquette *achevée*. "Pray, sir," says Adams, "what is a coquette? I have met with the word in French authors, but never could assign any idea to it. I believe it is the same with *une sottise*, Anglicè, a fool." Sir, answered the gentleman, perhaps you are not much mistaken; but, as it is a particular kind of folly, I will endeavour to describe it. Were all creatures to be ranked in the order of creation according to their usefulness, I know few animals that would not take place of a coquette; nor indeed hath this creature much pretence to anything beyond instinct; for, though sometimes we might imagine it was animated by the passion of vanity, yet far the greater part of its actions fall beneath even that low motive; for instance, several absurd gestures and tricks, infinitely more foolish than what can be observed in the most ridiculous birds and beasts, and which would persuade the beholder that the silly wretch was aiming at our contempt. Indeed its characteristic is affectation, and this led and governed by whim only: for as beauty, wisdom, wit, good-nature, politeness, and health, are sometimes affected by this creature, so are ugliness, folly, nonsense, ill-nature, ill-breeding, and sickness, likewise put on by it in their turn. Its life is one constant lie; and the only rule by which you can form any judgment of them is, that they are never what they seem. If it was possible for a coquette to love (as it is not, for if ever it attains this passion the coquette ceases instantly), it would wear the face of indifference, if not of hatred, to the beloved object; you may therefore be assured, when they endeavour to persuade you of their liking, that they are indifferent to you at least. And indeed this was the case of my Sapphira, who no sooner saw me in the number of her admirers than she gave me what is commonly called encouragement: she would often look at me, and, when she perceived me meet her eyes, would instantly take them off, discovering at the same time as much surprise and emotion as possible. These arts failed not of the success she intended; and, as I grew more particular to her than the rest of her admirers, she advanced, in proportion, more directly to me than to the others. She affected the low voice, whisper, lisp, sigh, start, laugh, and many other indications of passion which daily deceive thousands. When I played at whist with her, she would look earnestly at me, and at the same time lose deal or revoke; then burst into a ridiculous laugh, and cry, "La! I can't imagine what I was thinking of." To detain you no longer, after I had gone through a sufficient course of gallantry, as I thought, and was thoroughly convinced I had raised a violent passion in my mistress, I sought an opportunity of coming to an *eclaircissement* with her. She avoided this as much as possible; however, great assiduity at length presented me one. I will not describe all the particulars of this interview; let it suffice that, till she could no longer pretend not to see my drift, she first affected a violent surprise, and immediately after as violent a passion: she wondered what I had seen in her conduct which could induce me to affront her in this manner; and, breaking from me the first moment she could, told me I had no other way to escape the consequence of her resentment than by never seeing, or at least speaking to her more. I was not contented with this answer; I still pursued

her, but to no purpose; and was at length convinced that her husband had the sole possession of her person, and that neither he nor any other had made any impression on her heart. I was taken off from following this *ignis fatuus* by some advances which were made me by the wife of a citizen, who, though neither very young nor handsome, was yet too agreeable to be rejected by my amorous constitution. I accordingly soon satisfied her that she had not cast away her hints on a barren or cold soil: on the contrary, they instantly produced her an eager and desiring lover. Nor did she give me any reason to complain; she met the warmth she had raised with equal ardour. I had no longer a coquette to deal with, but one who was wiser than to prostitute the noble passion of love to the ridiculous lust of vanity. We presently understood one another; and, as the pleasures we sought lay in a mutual gratification, we soon found and enjoyed them. I thought myself at first greatly happy in the possession of this new mistress, whose fondness would have quickly surfeited a more sickly appetite; but it had a different effect on mine: she carried my passion higher by it than youth or beauty had been able. But my happiness could not long continue uninterrupted. The apprehensions we lay under from the jealousy of her husband gave us great uneasiness. "Poor wretch! I pity him," cried Adams. He did indeed deserve it, said the gentleman; for he loved his wife with great tenderness; and, I assure you, it is a great satisfaction to me that I was not the man who first seduced her affections from him. These apprehensions appeared also too well grounded, for in the end he discovered us, and procured witnesses of our caresses. He then prosecuted me at law, and recovered 3000*l.* damages, which much distressed my fortune to pay; and, what was worse, his wife, being divorced, came upon my hands. I led a very uneasy life with her; for, besides that my passion was now much abated, her excessive jealousy was very troublesome. At length death ride me of an inconvenience which the consideration of my having been the author of her misfortunes would never suffer me to take any other method of discarding.

I now bade adieu to love, and resolved to pursue other less dangerous and expensive pleasures. I fell into the acquaintance of a set of jolly companions, who slept all day and drank all night; fellows who might rather be said to consume time than to live. Their best conversation was nothing but noise: singing, holloing, wrangling, drinking, toasting, sp—wing, smoking, were the chief ingredients of our entertainment. And yet, bad as they were, they were more tolerable than our graver scenes, which were either excessive tedious narratives of dull common matters of fact, or hot disputes about trifling matters, which commonly ended in a wager. This way of life the first serious reflection put a period to; and I became member of a club frequented by young men of great abilities. The bottle was now only called in to the assistance of our conversation, which rolled on the deepest points of philosophy. These gentlemen were engaged in a search after truth, in the pursuit of which they threw aside all the prejudices of education, and governed themselves only by the infallible guide of human reason. This great guide, after having shown them the falsehood of that very ancient but simple tenet, that there is such a being as a Deity in the universe, helped them to establish in his stead a certain rule of right, by adhering to which they all arrived at the utmost purity of morals. Reflection made me as much delighted with this society as it had taught me to despise and detest the former. I began now to esteem myself a

being of a higher order than I had ever before conceived ; and was the more charmed with this rule of right, as I really found in my own nature nothing repugnant to it. I held in utter contempt all persons who wanted any other inducement to virtue besides her intrinsic beauty and excellence ; and had so high an opinion of my present companions, with regard to their morality, that I would have trusted them with whatever was nearest and dearest to me. Whilst I was engaged in this delightful dream, two or three accidents happened successively, which at first much surprised me ;—for one of our greatest philosophers, or rule-of-right men, withdrew himself from us, taking with him the wife of one of his most intimate friends. Secondly, another of the same society left the club without remembering to take leave of his bail. A third, having borrowed a sum of money of me, for which I received no security, when I asked him to repay it, absolutely denied the loan. These several practices, so inconsistent with our golden rule, made me begin to suspect its infallibility ; but when I communicated my thoughts to one of the club, he said, “ There was nothing absolutely good or evil in itself ; that actions were denominated good or bad by the circumstances of the agent. That possibly the man who ran away with his neighbour’s wife might be one of very good inclinations, but over-prevalled on by the violence of an unruly passion ; and, in other particulars, might be a very worthy member of society : that if the beauty of any woman created in him an uneasiness, he had a right from nature to relieve himself ;”—with many other things, which I then detested so much, that I took leave of the society that very evening and never returned to it again. Being now reduced to a state of solitude, which I did not like, I became a great frequenter of the playhouses, which indeed was always my favourite diversion ; and most evenings passed away two or three hours behind the scenes, where I met with several poets, with whom I made engagements at the taverns. Some of the players were likewise of our parties. At these meetings we were generally entertained by the poets with reading their performances, and by the players with repeating their parts : upon which occasions, I observed the gentleman who furnished our entertainment was commonly the best pleased of the company ; who, though they were pretty civil to him to his face, seldom failed to take the first opportunity of his absence to ridicule him. Now I made some remarks which probably are too obvious to be worth relating. “ Sir,” said Adams, “ your remarks if you please.” First then, says he, I concluded that the general observation, that wits are most inclined to vanity, is not true. Men are equally vain of riches, strength, beauty, honours, &c. But these appear of themselves to the eyes of the beholders, whereas the poor wit is obliged to produce his performance to show you his perfection ; and on his readiness to do this that vulgar opinion I have before mentioned is grounded ; but doth not the person who expends vast sums in the furniture of his house or the ornaments of his person, who consumes much time and employs great pains in dressing himself, or who thinks himself paid for self-denial, labour, or even villany, by a title or a riband, sacrifice as much to vanity as the poor wit who is desirous to read you his poem or his play ? My second remark was, that vanity is the worst of passions, and more apt to contaminate the mind than any other : for, as selfishness is much more general than we please to allow it, so it is natural to hate and envy those who stand between us and the good we desire. Now, in lust and ambition these are few ; and even

in avarice we find many who are no obstacles to our pursuits ; but the vain man seeks pre-eminence ; and everything which is excellent or praiseworthy in another renders him the mark of his antipathy. Adams now began to fumble in his pockets, and soon cried out, “ O la ! I have it not about me.” Upon this, the gentleman asking him what he was searching for, he said he searched after a sermon, which he thought his masterpiece, against vanity. “ Fie upon it, fie upon it !” cries he, “ why do I ever leave that sermon out of my pocket ? I wish it was within five miles ; I would willingly fetch it, to read it you.” The gentleman answered that there was no need, for he was cured of the passion. “ And for that very reason,” quoth Adams, “ I would read it, for I am confident you would admire it : indeed, I have never been a greater enemy to any passion than that silly one of vanity.” The gentleman smiled, and proceeded—From this society I easily passed to that of the gamesters, where nothing remarkable happened but the finishing my fortune, which those gentlemen soon helped me to the end of. This opened scenes of life hitherto unknown ; poverty and distress, with their horrid train of duns, attorneys, bailiffs, haunted me day and night. My clothes grew shabby, my credit bad, my friends and acquaintance of all kinds cold. In this situation the strangest thought imaginable came into my head ; and what was this but to write a play ? for I had sufficient leisure : fear of bailiffs confined me every day to my room : and, having always had a little inclination and something of a genius that way, I set myself to work, and within a few months produced a piece of five acts, which was accepted of at the theatre. I remembered to have formerly taken tickets of other poets for their benefits, long before the appearance of their performances ; and, resolving to follow a precedent which was so well suited to my present circumstances, I immediately provided myself with a large number of little papers. Happy indeed would be the state of poetry, would these tickets pass current at the bakehouse, the alehouse, and the chandler’s-shop : but alas ! far otherwise ; no tailor will take them in payment for buckram, canvas, staytape ; nor no bailiff for civility-money. They are, indeed, no more than a passport to beg with ; a certificate that the owner wants five shillings, which induces well-disposed christians to charity. I now experienced what is worse than poverty, or rather what is the worst consequence of poverty,—I mean attendance and dependence on the great. Many a morning have I waited hours in the cold parlours of men of quality ; where, after seeing the lowest rascals in lace and embroidery, the pimps and buffoons in fashion, admitted, I have been sometimes told, on sending in my name, that my lord could not possibly see me this morning : a sufficient assurance that I should never more get entrance into that house. Sometimes I have been at last admitted ; and the great man hath thought proper to excuse himself, by telling me he was tied up. “ Tied up,” says Adams, “ pray what’s that ?” Sir, says the gentleman, the profit which booksellers allowed authors for the best works was so very small, that certain men of birth and fortune some years ago, who were the patrons of wit and learning, thought fit to encourage them farther by entering into voluntary subscriptions for their encouragement. Thus Prior, Rowe, Pope, and some other men of genius, received large sums for their labours from the public. This seemed so easy a method of getting money, that many of the lowest scribblers of the times ventured to publish their works in the same way ; and

many had the assurance to take in subscriptions for what was not writ, nor ever intended. Subscriptions in this manner growing infinite, and a kind of tax on the public, some persons, finding it not so easy a task to discern good from bad authors, or to know what genius was worthy encouragement and what was not, to prevent the expense of subscribing to so many, invented a method to excuse themselves from all subscriptions whatever; and this was to receive a small sum of money in consideration of giving a large one if ever they subscribed; which many have done, and many more have pretended to have done, in order to silence all solicitation. The same method was likewise taken with playhouse tickets, which were no less a public grievance; and this is what they call being tied up from subscribing. "I can't say but the term is apt enough, and somewhat typical," said Adams; "for a man of large fortune, who ties himself up, as you call it, from the encouragement of men of merit, ought to be tied up in reality." Well, sir, says the gentleman, to return to my story. Sometimes I have received a guinea from a man of quality, given with as ill a grace as alms are generally to the meanest beggar; and purchased too with as much time spent in attendance as, if it had been spent in honest industry, might have brought me more profit with infinitely more satisfaction. After about two months spent in this disagreeable way, with the utmost mortification, when I was pluming my hopes on the prospect of a plentiful harvest from my play, upon applying to the prompter to know when it came into rehearsal, he informed me he had received orders from the managers to return me the play again, for that they could not possibly act it that season; but, if I would take it and revise it against the next, they should be glad to see it again. I snatched it from him with great indignation, and retired to my room, where I threw myself on the bed in a fit of despair. "You should rather have thrown yourself on your knees," says Adams, "for despair is sinful." As soon, continued the gentleman, as I had indulged the first tumult of my passion, I began to consider coolly what course I should take, in a situation without friends, money, credit, or reputation of any kind. After revolving many things in my mind, I could see no other possibility of furnishing myself with the miserable necessities of life than to retire to a garret near the Temple, and commence hackney-writer to the lawyers, for which I was well qualified, being an excellent penman. This purpose I resolved on, and immediately put it in execution. I had an acquaintance with an attorney who had formerly transacted affairs for me, and to him I applied; but, instead of furnishing me with any business, he laughed at my undertaking, and told me, "He was afraid I should turn his deeds into plays, and he should expect to see them on the stage." Not to tire you with instances of this kind from others, I found that Plato himself did not hold poets in greater abhorrence than these men of business do. Whenever I durst venture to a coffee-house, which was on Sundays only, a whisper ran round the room, which was constantly attended with a sneer—That's poet Wilson; for I know not whether you have observed it, but there is a malignity in the nature of man, which, when not weeded out, or at least covered by a good education and politeness, delights in making another uneasy or dissatisfied with himself. This abundantly appears in all assemblies, except those who are filled by people of fashion, and especially among the younger people of both sexes whose birth and fortunes place them just without the polite circles; I

mean the lower class of the gentry, and the higher of the mercantile world, who are, in reality, the worst-bred part of mankind. Well, sir, whilst I continued in this miserable state, with scarce sufficient business to keep me from starving, the reputation of a poet being my bane, I accidentally became acquainted with a bookseller, who told me, "It was pity a man of my learning and genius should be obliged to such a method of getting his livelihood; that he had a compassion for me, and, if I would engage with him, he would undertake to provide handsomely for me." A man in my circumstances, as he very well knew, had no choice. I accordingly accepted his proposal with his conditions, which were none of the most favourable, and fell to translating with all my might. I had no longer reason to lament the want of business; for he furnished me with so much, that in half a year I almost writ myself blind. I likewise contracted a distemper by my sedentary life, in which no part of my body was exercised but my right arm, which rendered me incapable of writing for a long time. This unluckily happening to delay the publication of a work, and my last performance not having sold well, the bookseller declined any further engagement, and aspersed me to his brethren as a careless idle fellow. I had, however, by having half-worked and half-starved myself to death during the time I was in his service, saved a few guineas, with which I bought a lottery-ticket, resolving to throw myself into Fortune's lap, and try if she would make me amends for the injuries she had done me at the gaming-table. This purchase, being made, left me almost penniless; when, as if I had not been sufficiently miserable, a bailiff in woman's clothes got admittance to my chamber, whither he was directed by the bookseller. He arrested me at my tailor's suit for thirty-five pounds; a sum for which I could not procure bail; and was therefore conveyed to his house, where I was locked up in an upper chamber. I had now neither health (for I was scarce recovered from my indisposition), liberty, money, or friends; and had abandoned all hopes, and even the desire, of life. "But this could not last long," said Adams; "for doubtless the tailor released you the moment he was truly acquainted with your affairs, and knew that your circumstances would not permit you to pay him." "Oh, sir," answered the gentleman, "he knew that before he arrested me; nay, he knew that nothing but incapacity could prevent me paying my debts; for I had been his customer many years, had spent vast sums of money with him, and had always paid most punctually in my prosperous days; but when I reminded him of this, with assurances that, if he would not molest my endeavours, I would pay him all the money I could by my utmost labour and industry procure, reserving only what was sufficient to preserve me alive, he answered, his patience was worn out; that I had put him off from time to time; that he wanted the money; that he had put it into a lawyer's hands; and if I did not pay him immediately, or find security, I must lie in jail and expect no mercy." "He may expect mercy," cries Adams, starting from his chair, "where he will find none! How can such a wretch repeat the Lord's prayer; where the word, which is translated, I know not for what reason, trespasses, it is in the original, debts? And as surely as we do not forgive others their debts, when they are unable to pay them, so surely shall we ourselves be unforgiven when we are in no condition of paying." He ceased, and the gentleman proceeded. While I was in this deplorable situation, a former acquaintance, to whom I had communicated my lottery-

ticket, found me out, and, making me a visit, with great delight in his countenance, shook me heartily by the hand, and wished me joy of my good fortune: for, says he, your ticket is come up a prize of 3000*l*. Adams snapped his fingers at these words in an ecstasy of joy; which, however, did not continue long; for the gentleman thus proceeded:—Alas! sir, this was only a trick of Fortune to sink me the deeper; for I had disposed of this lottery-ticket two days before to a relation, who refused lending me a shilling without it, in order to procure myself bread. As soon as my friend was acquainted with my unfortunate sale he began to revile me and remind me of all the ill-conduct and miscarriages of my life. He said I was one whom Fortune could not save if she would; that I was now ruined without any hopes of retrieval, nor must expect any pity from my friends; that it would be extreme weakness to compassionate the misfortunes of a man who ran headlong to his own destruction. He then painted to me, in as lively colours as he was able, the happiness I should have now enjoyed, had I not foolishly disposed of my ticket. I urged the plea of necessity; but he made no answer to that, and began again to revile me, till I could bear it no longer, and desired him to finish his visit. I soon exchanged the bailiff's house for a prison; where, as I had not money sufficient to procure me a separate apartment, I was crowded in with a great number of miserable wretches, in common with whom I was destitute of every convenience of life, even that which all the brutes enjoy, wholesome air. In these dreadful circumstances I applied by letter to several of my old acquaintance, and such to whom I had formerly lent money without any great prospect of its being returned, for their assistance; but in vain. An excuse, instead of a denial, was the gentlest answer I received. Whilst I languished in a condition too horrible to be described, and which, in a land of humanity, and, what is much more, christianity, seems a strange punishment for a little inadvertency and indiscretion; whilst I was in this condition, a fellow came into the prison, and, inquiring me out, delivered me the following letter:—

"SIR,—My father, to whom you sold your ticket in the last lottery, died the same day in which it came up a prize, as you have possibly heard, and left me sole heiress of all his fortune. I am so much touched with your present circumstances, and the uneasiness you must feel at having been driven to dispose of what might have made you happy, that I must desire your acceptance of the enclosed, and am your humble servant,

"HARRIET HEARTY."

And what do you think was enclosed? "I don't know," cried Adams; "not less than a guinea, I hope." Sir, it was a bank-note for 200*l*.—"200*l*?" says Adams, in a rapture. No less, I assure you, answered the gentleman; a sum I was not half so delighted with as with the dear name of the generous girl that sent it me; and who was not only the best but the handsomest creature in the universe, and for whom I had long had a passion which I never durst disclose to her. I kissed her name a thousand times, my eyes overflowing with tenderness and gratitude; I repeated—But not to detain you with these raptures, I immediately acquired my liberty; and, having paid all my debts, departed, with upwards of fifty pounds in my pocket, to thank my kind deliverer. She happened to be then out of town, a circumstance, which, upon reflection, pleased me; for by that means I had an opportunity to appear before her in a more decent dress. At her return to town, within a day or two, I threw myself at her feet with the most ardent acknowledgments, which she rejected with an unfeigned greatness of mind, and told me I could not oblige

her more than by never mentioning, or if possible thinking on, a circumstance which must bring to my mind an accident that might be grievous to me to think on. She proceeded thus: "What I have done is in my own eyes a trifle, and perhaps infinitely less than would have become me to do. And if you think of engaging in any business where a larger sum may be serviceable to you, I shall not be over-rigid either as to the security or interest." I endeavoured to express all the gratitude in my power to this profusion of goodness, though perhaps it was my enemy, and began to afflict my mind with more agonies than all the miseries I had underwent; it affected me with severer reflections than poverty, distress, and prisons united had been able to make me feel; for, sir, these acts and professions of kindness, which were sufficient to have raised in a good heart the most violent passion of friendship to one of the same, or to age and ugliness in a different sex, came to me from a woman, a young and beautiful woman; one whose perfections I had long known, and for whom I had long conceived a violent passion, though with a despair which made me endeavour rather to curb and conceal, than to nourish or acquaint her with it. In short, they came upon me united with beauty, softness, and tenderness: such bewitching smiles!—O Mr. Adams, in that moment I lost myself, and, forgetting our different situations, not considering what return I was making to her goodness by desiring her, who had given me so much, to bestow her all, I laid gently hold on her hand, and, conveying it to my lips, I pressed it with inconceivable ardour; then, lifting up my swimming eyes, I saw her face and neck overspread with one blush: she offered to withdraw her hand, yet not so as to deliver it from mine, though I held it with the gentlest force. We both stood trembling; her eyes cast on the ground, and mine stedfastly fixed on her. Good G—d, what was then the condition of my soul! burning with love, desire, admiration, gratitude, and every tender passion, all bent on one charming object. Passion at last got the better of both reason and respect, and, softly letting go her hand, I offered madly to clasp her in my arms; when, a little recovering herself, she started from me, asking me, with some show of anger, "If she had any reason to expect this treatment from me." I then fell prostrate before her, and told her, if I had offended, my life was absolutely in her power, which I would in any manner lose for her sake. Nay, madam, said I, you shall not be so ready to punish me as I to suffer. I own my guilt. I detest the reflection that I would have sacrificed your happiness to mine. Believe me, I sincerely repent my ingratitude; yet, believe me too, it was my passion, my unbounded passion for you, which hurried me so far: I have loved you long and tenderly, and the goodness you have shown me hath innocently weighed down a wretch undone before. Acquit me of all mean, mercenary views; and, before I take my leave of you for ever, which I am resolved instantly to do, believe me that Fortune could have raised me to no height to which I could not have gladly lifted you. O, cursed be Fortune!—"Do not," says she, interrupting me with the sweetest voice, "Do not curse Fortune, since she hath made me happy; and, if she hath put your happiness in my power, I have told you you shall ask nothing in reason which I will refuse." Madam, said I, you mistake me if you imagine, as you seem, my happiness is in the power of Fortune now. You have obliged me too much already; if I have any wish, it is for some blessed accident, by which I may con-

tribute with my life to the least augmentation of your felicity. As for myself, the only happiness I can ever have will be hearing of yours; and if Fortune will make that complete, I will forgive her all her wrongs to me. "You may, indeed," answered she, smiling, "for your own happiness must be included in mine. I have long known your worth; nay, I must confess," said she, blushing, "I have long discovered that passion for me you profess, notwithstanding those endeavours, which I am convinced were unaffected, to conceal it; and if all I can give with reason will not suffice, take reason away; and now I believe you cannot ask me what I will deny."—She uttered these words with a sweetness not to be imagined. I immediately started; my blood, which lay freezing at my heart, rushed tumultuously through every vein. I stood for a moment silent; then, flying to her, I caught her in my arms, no longer resisting, and softly told her she must give me then herself. O, sir! can I describe her look? She remained silent, and almost motionless, several minutes. At last, recovering herself a little, she insisted on my leaving her, and in such a manner that I instantly obeyed: you may imagine, however, I soon saw her again.—But I ask pardon: I fear I have detained you too long in relating the particulars of the former interview. "So far otherwise," said Adams, licking his lips, "that I could willingly hear it over again." Well, sir, continued the gentleman, to be as concise as possible, within a week she consented to make me the happiest of mankind.—We were married shortly after; and when I came to examine the circumstances of my wife's fortune (which, I do assure you, I was not presently at leisure enough to do), I found it amounted to about six thousand pounds, most part of which lay in effects; for her father had been a wine-merchant, and she seemed willing, if I liked it, that I should carry on the same trade. I readily, and too inconsiderately, undertook it; for, not having been bred to the secrets of the business, and endeavouring to deal with the utmost honesty and uprightness, I soon found our fortune in a declining way, and my trade decreasing by little and little; for my wines, which I never adulterated after their importation, and were sold as neat as they came over, were universally decried by the vintners, to whom I could not allow them quite as cheap as those who gained double the profit by a less price. I soon began to despair of improving our fortune by these means; nor was I at all easy at the visits and familiarity of many who had been my acquaintance in my prosperity, but denied and shunned me in my adversity, and now very forwardly renewed their acquaintance with me. In short, I had sufficiently seen that the pleasures of the world are chiefly folly, and the business of it mostly knavery, and both nothing better than vanity; the men of pleasure tearing one another to pieces from the emulation of spending money, and the men of business from envy in getting it. My happiness consisted entirely in my wife, whom I loved with an inexpressible fondness, which was perfectly returned; and my prospects were no other than to provide for our growing family; for she was now big of her second child: I therefore took an opportunity to ask her opinion of entering into a retired life, which, after hearing my reasons and perceiving my affection for it, she readily embraced. We soon put our small fortune, now reduced under three thousand pounds, into money, with part of which we purchased this little place, whither we retired soon after her delivery, from a world full of bustle, noise, hatred, envy, and ingratitude, to ease, quiet, and

love. We have here lived almost twenty years, with little other conversation than our own, most of the neighbourhood taking us for very strange people; the squire of the parish representing me as a madman, and the parson as a presbyterian, because I will not hunt with the one nor drink with the other. "Sir," says Adams, "Fortune hath, I think, paid you all her debts in this sweet retirement." Sir, replied the gentleman, I am thankful to the great Author of all things for the blessings I here enjoy. I have the best of wives, and three pretty children, for whom I have the true tenderness of a parent. But no blessings are pure in this world: within three years of my arrival here I lost my eldest son. (Here he sighed bitterly.) "Sir," said Adams, "we must submit to Providence, and consider death as common to all." We must submit, indeed, answered the gentleman; and if he had died I could have borne the loss with patience; but alas! sir, he was stolen away from my door by some wicked travelling people whom they call gipsies; nor could I ever, with the most diligent search, recover him. Poor child! he had the sweetest look—the exact picture of his mother; at which some tears unwittingly dropped from his eyes, as did likewise from those of Adams, who always sympathised with his friends on those occasions. Thus, sir, said the gentleman, I have finished my story, in which if I have been too particular, I ask your pardon; and now, if you please, I will fetch you another bottle: which proposal the parson thankfully accepted.

CHAPTER IV.

A description of Mr. Wilson's way of living. The tragical adventure of the dog, and other grave matters.

THE gentleman returned with the bottle; and Adams and he sat some time silent, when the former started up, and cried, "No, that won't do." The gentleman inquired into his meaning; he answered, "He had been considering that it was possible the late famous king Theodore might have been the very son whom he had lost;" but added, "that his age could not answer that imagination. However," says he "G—disposes all things for the best; and very probably he may be some great man, or duke, and may, one day or other, revisit you in that capacity." The gentleman answered, he should know him amongst ten thousand, for he had a mark on his left breast of a strawberry, which his mother had given him by longing for that fruit.

That beautiful young lady the Morning now rose from her bed, and with a countenance blooming with fresh youth and sprightliness, like miss —*, with soft dews hanging on her pouting lips, began to take her early walk over the eastern hills; and presently after, that gallant person the Sun stole softly from his wife's chamber to pay his addresses to her; when the gentleman asked his guest if he would walk forth and survey his little garden; which he readily agreed to; and Joseph, at the same time awaking from a sleep in which he had been two hours buried, went with them. No parterres, no fountains, no statues, embellished this little garden. Its only ornament was a short walk, shaded on each side by a filbert-hedge, with a small alcove at one end, whither in hot weather the gentleman and his wife used to retire and divert themselves with their children, who played in the walk before them. But, though vanity had no votary in this little spot, here was variety of fruit and everything useful for the kitchen, which was abundantly sufficient to catch the admiration of Adams, who told the gentleman

* Whoever the reader pleases.

he had certainly a good gardener. Sir, answered he, that gardener is now before you: whatever you see here is the work solely of my own hands. Whilst I am providing necessaries for my table, I likewise procure myself an appetite for them. In fair seasons I seldom pass less than six hours of the twenty-four in this place, where I am not idle; and by these means I have been able to preserve my health ever since my arrival here, without assistance from physic. Hither I generally repair at the dawn, and exercise myself whilst my wife dresses her children and prepares our breakfast; after which we are seldom asunder during the residue of the day, for, when the weather will not permit them to accompany me here, I am usually within with them; for I am neither ashamed of conversing with my wife nor of playing with my children: to say the truth, I do not perceive that inferiority of understanding which the levity of rakes, the dulness of men of business, or the austerity of the learned, would persuade us of in women. As for my woman, I declare I have found none of my own sex capable of making juster observations on life, or of delivering them more agreeably; nor do I believe any one possessed of a faithfuller or braver friend. And sure as this friendship is sweetened with more delicacy and tenderness, so is it confirmed by dearer pledges than can attend the closest male alliance; for what union can be so fast as our common interest in the fruits of our embraces? Perhaps, sir, you are not yourself a father; if you are not, be assured you cannot conceive the delight I have in my little ones. Would you not despise me if you saw me stretched on the ground, and my children playing round me? "I should reverence the sight," quoth Adams; "I myself am now the father of six, and have been of eleven, and I can say I never scourged a child of my own, unless as his schoolmaster, and then have felt every stroke on my own posteriors. And as to what you say concerning women, I have often lamented my own wife did not understand Greek."—The gentleman smiled, and answered, he would not be apprehended to insinuate that his own had an understanding above the care of her family; on the contrary, says he, my Harriet, I assure you, is a notable housewife, and few gentlemen's housekeepers understand cookery or confectionary better; but these are arts which she hath no great occasion for now: however, the wine you commended so much last night at supper was of her own making, as is indeed all the liquor in my house, except my beer, which falls to my province. "And I assure you it is as excellent," quoth Adams, "as ever I tasted." We formerly kept a maid-servant, but since my girls have been growing up she is unwilling to indulge them in idleness; for as the fortunes I shall give them will be very small, we intend not to breed them above the rank they are likely to fill hereafter, nor to teach them to despise or ruin a plain husband. Indeed, I could wish a man of my own temper, and a retired life, might fall to their lot; for I have experienced that calm serene happiness, which is seated in content, is inconsistent with the hurry and bustle of the world. He was proceeding thus when the little things, being just risen, ran eagerly towards him and asked him blessing. They were shy to the strangers, but the eldest acquainted her father, that her mother and the young gentlewoman were up, and that breakfast was ready. They all went in, where the gentleman was surprised at the beauty of Fanny, who had now recovered herself from her fatigue, and was entirely clean dressed; for the rogues who had taken away her purse had left her her bundle. But if he was so

much amazed at the beauty of this young creature, his guests were no less charmed at the tenderness which appeared in the behaviour of the husband and wife to each other, and to their children, and at the dutiful and affectionate behaviour of these to their parents. These instances pleased the well-disposed mind of Adams equally with the readiness which they expressed to oblige their guests, and their forwardness to offer them the best of everything in their house; and what delighted him still more was an instance or two of their charity; for whilst they were at breakfast the good woman was called forth to assist her sick neighbour, which she did with some cordials made for the public use, and the good man went into his garden at the same time to supply another with something which he wanted thence, for they had nothing which those who wanted it were not welcome to. These good people were in the utmost cheerfulness when they heard the report of a gun, and immediately afterwards a little dog, the favourite of the eldest daughter, came limping in all bloody and laid himself at his mistress's feet: the poor girl, who was about eleven years old, burst into tears at the sight; and presently one of the neighbours came in and informed them that the young squire, the son of the lord of the manor, had shot him as he passed by, swearing at the same time he would prosecute the master of him for keeping a spaniel, for that he had given notice he would not suffer one in the parish. The dog, whom his mistress had taken into her lap, died in a few minutes, licking her hand. She expressed great agony at his loss, and the other children began to cry for their sister's misfortune; nor could Fanny herself refrain. Whilst the father and mother attempted to comfort her, Adams grasped his crabstick and would have sallied out after the squire had not Joseph withheld him. He could not however bridle his tongue—he pronounced the word rascal with great emphasis; said he deserved to be hanged more than a highwayman, and wished he had the scourging him. The mother took her child, lamenting and carrying the dead favourite in her arms, out of the room, when the gentleman said this was the second time this squire had endeavoured to kill the little wretch, and had wounded him smartly once before; adding, he could have no motive but ill-nature, for the little thing, which was not near as big as one's fist, had never been twenty yards from the house in the six years his daughter had had it. He said he had done nothing to deserve this usage, but his father had too great a fortune to contend with: that he was as absolute as any tyrant in the universe, and had killed all the dogs and taken away all the guns in the neighbourhood; and not only that, but he trampled down hedges and rode over corn and gardens, with no more regard than if they were the highway. "I wish I could catch him in my garden," said Adams, "though I would rather forgive him riding through my house than such an ill-natured act as this."

The cheerfulness of the conversation being interrupted by this accident, in which the guests could be of no service to their kind entertainer; and as the mother was taken up in administering consolation to the poor girl, whose disposition was too good hastily to forget the sudden loss of her little favourite, which had been fondling with her a few minutes before; and as Joseph and Fanny were impatient to get home and begin those previous ceremonies to their happiness which Adams had insisted on, they now offered to take their leave. The gentleman importuned them much to stay dinner; but when he found their eagerness to depart he summoned his

wife; and accordingly, having performed all the usual ceremonies of bows and curtsies more pleasant to be seen than to be related, they took their leave, the gentleman and his wife heartily wishing them a good journey, and they as heartily thanking them for their kind entertainment. They then departed, Adams declaring that this was the manner in which the people had lived in the golden age.

CHAPTER V.

A disputation on schools held on the road by Mr. Abraham Adams and Joseph; and a discovery not unwelcome to them both.

OUR travellers, having well refreshed themselves at the gentleman's house, Joseph and Fanny with sleep, and Mr. Abraham Adams with ale and tobacco, renewed their journey with great alacrity; and, pursuing the road in which they were directed, travelled many miles before they met with any adventure worth relating. In this interval we shall present our readers with a very curious discourse, as we apprehend it, concerning public schools, which passed between Mr. Joseph Andrews and Mr. Abraham Adams.

They had not gone far before Adams, calling to Joseph, asked him, "If he had attended to the gentleman's story?" he answered, "To all the former part."—"And don't you think," says he, "he was a very unhappy man in his youth?"—"A very unhappy man, indeed," answered the other. "Joseph," cries Adams, screwing up his mouth, "I have found it; I have discovered the cause of all the misfortunes which befel him: a public school, Joseph, was the cause of all the calamities which he afterwards suffered. Public schools are the nurseries of all vice and immorality. All the wicked fellows whom I remember at the university were bred at them.—Ah, Lord! I can remember as well as if it was but yesterday, a knot of them; they called them King's scholars, I forget why—very wicked fellows! Joseph, you may thank the Lord you were not bred at a public school; you would never have preserved your virtue as you have. The first care I always take is of a boy's morals; I had rather he should be a blockhead than an atheist or a presbyterian. What is all the learning of the world compared to his immortal soul? What shall a man take in exchange for his soul? But the masters of great schools trouble themselves about no such thing. I have known a lad of eighteen at the university, who hath not been able to say his catechism; but for my own part, I always scourged a lad sooner for missing that than any other lesson. Believe me, child, all that gentleman's misfortunes arose from his being educated at a public school."

"It doth not become me," answered Joseph, "to dispute anything, sir, with you, especially a matter of this kind; for to be sure you must be allowed by all the world to be the best teacher of a school in all our county." "Yes, that," says Adams, "I believe, is granted me; that I may without much vanity pretend to—nay, I believe I may go to the next county too—but *gloriari non est meum*."—"However, sir, as you are pleased to bid me speak," says Joseph, "you know my late master, sir Thomas Booby, was bred at a public school, and he was the finest gentleman in all the neighbourhood. And I have often heard him say, if he had a hundred boys he would breed them all at the same place. It was his opinion, and I have often heard him deliver it, that a boy taken from a public school and carried into the world, will learn more in one year there than one of a private education will in five. He used to say the school itself initiated him a great way (I remember that was his very expression), for great schools are little societies, where a boy of any observation may see in epitome what he will afterwards find in the world at large."—"Hinc

illæ lachrymæ: for that very reason," quoth Adams, "I prefer a private school, where boys may be kept in innocence and ignorance; for, according to that fine passage in the play of Cato, the only English tragedy I ever read,

"If knowledge of the world must make men villains,
May Juba ever live in ignorance!"

"Who would not rather preserve the purity of his child, than wish him to attain the whole circle of arts and sciences? which, by the bye, he may learn in the classes of a private school; for I would not be vain, but I esteem myself to be second to none, *nulli secundum*, in teaching these things; so that a lad may have as much learning in a private as in a public education."—"And, with submission," answered Joseph, "he may get as much vice: witness several country gentlemen, who were educated within five miles of their own houses, and are as wicked as if they had known the world from their infancy. I remember when I was in the stable, if a young horse was vicious in his nature, no correction would make him otherwise: I take it to be equally the same among men: if a boy be of a mischievous wicked inclination, no school, though ever so private, will ever make him good: on the contrary, if he be of a righteous temper, you may trust him to London, or wherever else you please—he will be in no danger of being corrupted. Besides, I have often heard my master say that the discipline practised in public schools was much better than that in private."—"You talk like a jackanapes," says Adams, "and so did your master. Discipline indeed! Because one man scourges twenty or thirty boys more in a morning than another, is he therefore a better disciplinarian? I do presume to confer in this point with all who have taught from Chiron's time to this day; and, if I was master of six boys only, I would preserve as good discipline amongst them as the master of the greatest school in the world. I say nothing, young man; remember, I say nothing; but if sir Thomas himself had been educated nearer home, and under the tuition of somebody—remember, I name nobody—it might have been better for him:—but his father must institute him in the knowledge of the world. *Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*." Joseph, seeing him run on in this manner, asked pardon many times, assuring him he had no intention to offend. "I believe you had not, child," said he, "and I am not angry with you: but for maintaining good discipline in a school; for this"—And then he ran on as before, named all the masters who are recorded in old books, and preferred himself to them all. Indeed, if this good man had an enthusiasm, or what the vulgar call a blind side, it was this: he thought a schoolmaster the greatest character in the world, and himself the greatest of all schoolmasters; neither of which points he would have given up to Alexander the Great at the head of his army.

Adams continued his subject till they came to one of the beautifullest spots of ground in the universe. It was a kind of natural amphitheatre formed by the winding of a small rivulet, which was planted with thick woods; and the trees rose gradually above each other, by the natural ascent of the ground they stood on; which ascent as they hid with their boughs, they seemed to have been disposed by the design of the most skilful planter. The soil was spread with a verdure which no paint could imitate; and the whole place might have raised romantic ideas in older minds than those of Joseph and Fanny, without the assistance of love.

Here they arrived about noon, and Joseph proposed to Adams that they should rest a while in this delightful place, and refresh themselves with some

provisions which the good-nature of Mrs. Wilson had provided them with. Adams made no objection to the proposal; so down they sat, and, pulling out a cold fowl and a bottle of wine, they made a repast with a cheerfulness which might have attracted the envy of more splendid tables. I should not omit that they found among their provision a little paper containing a piece of gold, which, Adams imagining had been put there by mistake, would have returned back to restore it; but he was at last convinced by Joseph that Mr. Wilson had taken this handsome way of furnishing them with a supply for their journey, on his having related the distress which they had been in, when they were relieved by the generosity of the pedlar. Adams said he was glad to see such an instance of goodness, not so much for the conveniency which it brought them as for the sake of the doer, whose reward would be great in heaven. He likewise comforted himself with a reflection that he should shortly have an opportunity of returning it him; for the gentleman was within a week to make a journey into Somersetshire, to pass through Adams's parish, and had faithfully promised to call on him; a circumstance which we thought too immaterial to mention before; but which those who have as great an affection for that gentleman as ourselves will rejoice at, as it may give them hopes of seeing him again. Then Joseph made a speech on charity, which the reader, if he is so disposed, may see in the next chapter; for we scorn to betray him into any such reading, without first giving him warning.

CHAPTER VI.

Moral reflections by Joseph Andrews; with the hunting adventure, and parson Adams's miraculous escape.

"I HAVE often wondered, sir," said Joseph, "to observe so few instances of charity among mankind; for though the goodness of a man's heart did not incline him to relieve the distresses of his fellow-creatures, methinks the desire of honour should move him to it. What inspires a man to build fine houses, to purchase fine furniture, pictures, clothes, and other things, at a great expense, but an ambition to be respected more than other people? Now, would not one great act of charity, one instance of redeeming a poor family from all the miseries of poverty, restoring an unfortunate tradesman by a sum of money to the means of procuring a livelihood by his industry, discharging an undone debtor from his debts or a gaol, or any such-like example of goodness, create a man more honour and respect than he could acquire by the finest house, furniture, pictures, or clothes, that were ever beheld? For not only the object himself who was thus relieved, but all who heard the name of such a person, must, I imagine, reverence him infinitely more than the possessor of all those other things; which, when we so admire, we rather praise the builder, the workman, the painter, the lace-maker, the tailor, and the rest, by whose ingenuity they are produced, than the person who by his money makes them his own. For my own part, when I have waited behind my lady in a room hung with fine pictures, while I have been looking at them I have never once thought of their owner, nor hath any one else, as I ever observed; for when it has been asked whose picture that was, it was never once answered the master's of the house; but Ammyconni, Paul Varnish, Hannibal Scratchi, or Hogarthi, which I suppose were the names of the painters; but if it was asked—Who redeemed such a one out of prison? Who lent such a ruined tradesman money to set up? Who clothed that family of poor small children? it is very plain what must be the

answer. And besides, these great folks are mistaken if they imagine they get any honour at all by these means; for I do not remember I ever was with my lady at any house where she commended the house or furniture but I have heard her at her return home make sport and jeer at whatever she had before commended; and I have been told by other gentlemen in livery that it is the same in their families: but I defy the wisest man in the world to turn a true good action into ridicule. I defy him to do it. He who should endeavour it would be laughed at himself, instead of making others laugh. Nobody scarce doth any good, yet they all agree in praising those who do. Indeed, it is strange that all men should consent in commending goodness, and no man endeavour to deserve that commendation; whilst, on the contrary, all rail at wickedness, and all are as eager to be what they abuse. This I know not the reason of; but it is as plain as daylight to those who converse in the world, as I have done these three years." "Are all the great folks wicked then?" says Fanny. "To be sure there are some exceptions," answered Joseph. "Some gentlemen of our cloth report charitable actions done by their lords and masters; and I have heard squire Pope, the great poet, at my lady's table, tell stories of a man that lived at a place called Ross, and another at the Bath, one Al—Al—I forget his name, but it is in the book of verses. This gentleman hath built up a stately house too, which the squire likes very well; but his charity is seen farther than his house, though it stands on a hill,—ay, and brings him more honour too. It was his charity that put him in the book, where the squire says he puts all those who deserve it; and to be sure, as he lives among all the great people, if there were any such, he would know them." This was all of Mr. Joseph Andrews's speech which I could get him to recollect, which I have delivered as near as was possible in his own words, with a very small embellishment. But I believe the reader hath not been a little surprised at the long silence of parson Adams, especially as so many occasions offered themselves to exert his curiosity and observation. The truth is, he was fast asleep, and had so been from the beginning of the preceding narrative; and, indeed, if the reader considers that so many hours had passed since he had closed his eyes, he will not wonder at his repose, though even Henley himself, or as great an orator (if any such be), had been in his rostrum or tub before him.

Joseph, who whilst he was speaking had continued in one attitude, with his head reclining on one side, and his eyes cast on the ground, no sooner perceived, on looking up, the position of Adams, who was stretched on his back, and snored louder than the usual braying of the animal with long ears, than he turned towards Fanny, and, taking her by the hand, began a dalliance, which, though consistent with the purest innocence and decency, neither he would have attempted nor she permitted before any witness. Whilst they amused themselves in this harmless and delightful manner they heard a pack of hounds approaching in full cry towards them, and presently afterwards saw a hare pop forth from the wood, and, crossing the water, land within a few yards of them in the meadows. The hare was no sooner on shore than it seated itself on its hinder legs, and listened to the sound of the pursuers. Fanny was wonderfully pleased with the little wretch, and eagerly longed to have it in her arms, that she might preserve it from the dangers which seemed to threaten it; but the rational part of the creation do not always aptly dis-

tinguish their friends from their foes; what wonder then if this silly creature, the moment it beheld her, fled from the friend who would have protected it, and, traversing the meadows again, passed the little rivulet on the opposite side? It was, however, so spent and weak, that it fell down twice or thrice in its way. This affected the tender heart of Fanny, who exclaimed, with tears in her eyes, against the barbarity of worrying a poor innocent defenceless animal out of its life, and putting it to the extremest torture for diversion. She had not much time to make reflections of this kind, for on a sudden the hounds rushed through the wood, which resounded with their throats and the throats of their retinue, who attended them on horseback. The dogs now passed the rivulet, and pursued the footsteps of the hare; five horsemen attempted to leap over, three of whom succeeded, and two were in the attempt thrown from their saddles into the water; their companions, and their own horses too, proceeded after their sport, and left their friends and riders to invoke the assistance of Fortune, or employ the more active means of strength and agility for their deliverance. Joseph, however, was not so unconcerned on this occasion; he left Fanny for a moment to herself, and ran to the gentlemen, who were immediately on their legs, shaking their ears, and easily with the help of his hand, obtained the bank (for the rivulet was not at all deep); and, without staying to thank their kind assister, ran dripping across the meadow, calling to their brother sportsmen to stop their horses; but they heard them not.

The hounds were now very little behind their poor reeling, staggering prey, which, fainting almost at every step, crawled through the wood, and had almost got round to the place where Fanny stood, when it was overtaken by its enemies, and, being driven out of the covert, was caught, and instantly tore to pieces before Fanny's face, who was unable to assist it with any aid more powerful than pity; nor could she prevail on Joseph, who had been himself a sportsman in his youth, to attempt anything contrary to the laws of hunting in favour of the hare, which he said was killed fairly.

The hare was caught within a yard or two of Adams, who lay asleep at some distance from the lovers; and the hounds, in devouring it, and pulling it backwards and forwards, had drawn it so close to him, that some of them (by mistake perhaps for the hare's skin) laid hold of the skirts of his cassock; others, at the same time applying their teeth to his whig, which he had with a handkerchief fastened to his head, began to pull him about; and had not the motion of his body had more effect on him than seemed to be wrought by the noise, they must certainly have tasted his flesh, which delicious flavour might have been fatal to him; but, being roused by these tuggings, he instantly awaked, and with a jerk delivering his head from his wig, he with most admirable dexterity recovered his legs, which now seemed the only members he could intrust his safety to. Having, therefore, escaped likewise from at least a third part of his cassock, which he willingly left as his *exuvie* or spoils to the enemy, he fled with the utmost speed he could summon to his assistance. Nor let this be any detraction from the bravery of his character: let the number of the enemies, and the surprise in which he was taken, be considered; and if there be any modern so outrageously brave that he cannot admit of flight in any circumstance whatever, I say (but I whisper that softly, and I solemnly declare without any intention of giving offence to any brave man in the

nation), I say, or rather I whisper, that he is an ignorant fellow, and hath never read Homer nor Virgil, nor knows he anything of Hector or Turnus; nay, he is unacquainted with the history of some great men living, who, though as brave as lions, ay, as tigers, have run away, the Lord knows how far, and the Lord knows why, to the surprise of their friends and the entertainment of their enemies. But if persons of such heroic disposition are a little offended at the behaviour of Adams, we assure them they shall be as much pleased with what we shall immediately relate of Joseph Andrews. The master of the pack was just arrived, or, as the sportsmen call it, come in, when Adams set out, as we have before mentioned. This gentleman was generally said to be a great lover of humour; but, not to mince the matter, especially as we are upon this subject, he was a greater hunter of men; indeed, he had hitherto followed the sport only with dogs of his own species; for he kept two or three couple of barking curs for that use only. However, as he thought he had now found a man nimble enough, he was willing to indulge himself with other sport, and accordingly, crying out, stole away, encouraged the hounds to pursue Mr. Adams, swearing it was the largest jack-hare he ever saw; at the same time hallooing and hooping as if a conquered foe was flying before him; in which he was imitated by those two or three couple of human or rather two-legged curs on horseback which we have mentioned before.

Now thou, whoever thou art, whether a muse, or by what other name soever thou chooseth to be called, who presidest over biography, and hast inspired all the writers of lives in these our times: thou who didst infuse such wonderful humour into the pen of immortal Gulliver; who hast carefully guided the judgment whilst thou hast exalted the nervous manly style of thy Mallet: thou who hadst no hand in that dedication and preface, or the translations, which thou wouldst willingly have struck out of the life of Cicero: lastly, thou who, without the assistance of the least spice of literature, and even against his inclination, hast, in some pages of his book, forced Colley Cibber to write English; do thou assist me in what I find myself unequal to. Do thou introduce on the plain the young, the gay, the brave Joseph Andrews, whilst men shall view him with admiration and envy, tender virgins with love and anxious concern for his safety.

No sooner did Joseph Andrews perceive the distress of his friend, when first the quick-scenting dogs attacked him, than he grasped his cudgel in his right hand—a cudgel which his father had of his grandfather, to whom a mighty strong man of Kent had given it for a present in that day when he broke three heads on the stage. It was a cudgel of mighty strength and wonderful art, made by one of Mr. Deard's best workmen, whom no other artificer can equal, and who hath made all those sticks which the beaux have lately walked with about the Park in a morning; but this was far his masterpiece. On its head was engraved a nose and chin, which might have been mistaken for a pair of nutcrackers. The learned have imagined it designed to represent the Gorgon; but it was in fact copied from the face of a certain long English baronet, of infinite wit, humour, and gravity. He did intend to have engraved here many histories: as the first night of captain B——'s play, where you would have seen critics in embroidery transplanted from the boxes to the pit, whose ancient inhabitants were exalted to the galleries, where they played on catcalls. He did intend to have painted an auction-room, where Mr. Cock would have appeared aloft in his pulpit, trum-

peting forth the praises of a china basin, and with astonishment wondering that "Nobody bids more for that fine, that superb"—He did intend to have engraved many other things, but was forced to leave all out for want of room.

No sooner had Joseph grasped his cudgel in his hands than lightning darted from his eyes; and the heroic youth, swift of foot, ran with the utmost speed to his friend's assistance. He overtook him just as Rockwood had laid hold of the skirt of his cassock, which, being torn, hung to the ground. Reader, we would make a simile on this occasion, but for two reasons: the first is, it would interrupt the description, which should be rapid in this part; but that doth not weigh much, many precedents occurring for such an interruption: the second and much the greater reason is, that we could find no simile adequate to our purpose: for indeed, what instance could we bring to set before our reader's eyes at once the idea of friendship, courage, youth, beauty, strength, and swiftness? all which blazed in the person of Joseph Andrews. Let those, therefore, that describe lions and tigers, and heroes fiercer than both, raise their poems or plays with the simile of Joseph Andrews, who is himself above the reach of any simile.

Now Rockwood had laid fast hold on the parson's skirts, and stopped his flight; which Joseph no sooner perceived than he levelled his cudgel at his head and laid him sprawling. Jowler and Ringwood then fell on his great-coat, and had undoubtedly brought him to the ground, had not Joseph, collecting all his force, given Jowler such a rap on the back, that, quitting his hold, he ran howling over the plain. A harder fate remained for thee, O Ringwood! Ringwood, the best hound that ever pursued a hare, who never threw his tongue but where the scent was undoubtedly true; good at trailing, and sure in a highway; no babbler, no overrunner; respected by the whole pack, who, whenever he opened, knew the game was at hand. He fell by the stroke of Joseph. Thunder and Plunder, and Wonder and Blunder, where the next victims of his wrath, and measured their lengths on the ground. Then Fairmaid, a bitch which Mr. John Temple had bred up in his house, and fed at his own table, and lately sent the squire fifty miles for a present, ran fiercely at Joseph and bit him by the leg: no dog was ever fiercer than she, being descended from an Amazonian breed, and had worried bulls in her own country, but now waged an unequal fight, and had shared the fate of those we have mentioned before, had not Diana (the reader may believe or not if he pleases) in that instant interposed, and, in the shape of the huntsman, snatched her favourite up in her arms.

The parson now faced about, and with his crabstick felled many to the earth, and scattered others, till he was attacked by Cæsar and pulled to the ground. Then Joseph flew to his rescue, and with such might fell on the victor, that, O eternal blot to his name! Cæsar ran yelping away.

The battle now raged with the most dreadful violence, when, lo! the huntsman, a man of years and dignity, lifted his voice, and called his hounds from the fight, telling them, in a language they understood, that it was in vain to contend longer, for that fate had decreed the victory to their enemies.

Thus far the muse hath with her usual dignity related this prodigious battle, a battle we apprehend never equalled by any poet, romance or life writer whatever, and, having brought it to a conclusion, she ceased; we shall therefore proceed in our ordinary style with the continuation of this

history. The squire and his companions, whom the figure of Adams and the gallantry of Joseph had at first thrown into a violent fit of laughter, and who had hitherto beheld the engagement with more delight than any chase, shooting-match, race, cock-fighting, bull or bear baiting, had ever given them, began now to apprehend the danger of their hounds, many of which lay sprawling in the fields. The squire, therefore, having first called his friends about him, as guards for safety of his person, rode manfully up to the combatants, and, summoning all the terror he was master of into his countenance, demanded with an authoritative voice of Joseph what he meant by assaulting his dogs in that manner? Joseph answered, with great intrepidity, that they had first fallen on his friend; and if they had belonged to the greatest man in the kingdom, he would have treated them in the same way; for, whilst his veins contained a single drop of blood, he would not stand idle by and see that gentleman (pointing to Adams) abused either by man or beast; and, having so said, both he and Adams brandished their wooden weapons, and put themselves into such a posture, that the squire and his company thought proper to preponderate before they offered to revenge the cause of their four-footed allies.

At this instant Fanny, whom the apprehension of Joseph's danger had alarmed so much that, forgetting her own, she had made the utmost expedition, came up. The squire and all the horsemen were so surprised with her beauty, that they immediately fixed both their eyes and thoughts solely on her, every one declaring he had never seen so charming a creature. Neither mirth nor anger engaged them a moment longer, but all sat in silent amaze. The huntsman only was free from her attraction, who was busy in cutting the ears of the dogs, and endeavouring to recover them to life; in which he succeeded so well, that only two of no great note remained slaughtered on the field of action. Upon this the huntsman declared, "'Twas well it was no worse; for his part he could not blame the gentleman, and wondered his master would encourage the dogs to hunt christians; that it was the surest way to spoil them, to make them follow vermin instead of sticking to a hare."

The squire, being informed of the little mischief that had been done, and perhaps having more mischief of another kind in his head, accosted Mr. Adams with a more favourable aspect than before: he told him he was sorry for what had happened; that he had endeavoured all he could to prevent it the moment he was acquainted with his cloth, and greatly commended the courage of his servant, for so he imagined Joseph to be. He then invited Mr. Adams to dinner, and desired the young woman might come with him. Adams refused a long while; but the invitation was repeated with so much earnestness and courtesy, that at length he was forced to accept it. His wig and hat, and other spoils of the field, being gathered together by Joseph (for otherwise probably they would have been forgotten), he put himself into the best order he could; and then the horse and foot moved forward in the same pace towards the squire's house, which stood at a very little distance.

Whilst they were on the road the lovely Fanny attracted the eyes of all: they endeavoured to outvie one another in encomiums on her beauty; which the reader will pardon my not relating, as they had not anything new or uncommon in them: so must he likewise my not setting down the many curious jests which were made on Adams; some of them declaring that parson-hunting was the best sport in the world;

others commending his standing at bay, which they said he had done as well as any badger; with such-like merriment, which, though it would ill become the dignity of this history, afforded much laughter and diversion to the squire and his facetious companions.

CHAPTER VII.

A scene of roasting, very nicely adapted to the present taste and times.

THEY arrived at the squire's house just as his dinner was ready. A little dispute arose on the account of Fanny, whom the squire, who was a bachelor, was desirous to place at his own table; but she would not consent, nor would Mr. Adams permit her to be parted from Joseph; so that she was at length with him consigned over to the kitchen, where the servants were ordered to make him drunk; a favour which was likewise intended for Adams; which design being executed, the squire thought he should easily accomplish what he had when he first saw her intended to perpetrate with Fanny.

It may not be improper, before we proceed farther, to open a little the character of this gentleman, and that of his friends. The master of this house, then, was a man of a very considerable fortune; a bachelor, as we have said, and about forty years of age: he had been educated (if we may use the expression) in the country, and at his own home, under the care of his mother and a tutor, who had orders never to correct him, nor to compel him to learn more than he liked, which it seems was very little, and that only in his childhood; for from the age of fifteen he addicted himself entirely to hunting and other rural amusements, for which his mother took care to equip him with horses, hounds, and all other necessities; and his tutor, endeavouring to ingratiate himself with his young pupil, who would, he knew, be able handsomely to provide for him, became his companion, not only at these exercises, but likewise over a bottle, which the young squire had a very early relish for. At the age of twenty his mother began to think she had not fulfilled the duty of a parent; she therefore resolved to persuade her son, if possible, to that which she imagined would well supply all that he might have learned at a public school or university,—this is what they commonly call travelling; which, with the help of the tutor, who was fixed on to attend him, she easily succeeded in. He made in three years the tour of Europe, as they term it, and returned home well furnished with French clothes, phrases, and servants, with a hearty contempt for his own country; especially what had any savour of the plain spirit and honesty of our ancestors. His mother greatly applauded herself at his return. And now, being master of his own fortune, he soon procured himself a seat in parliament, and was in the common opinion one of the finest gentlemen of his age: but what distinguished him chiefly was a strange delight which he took in everything which is ridiculous, odious, and absurd in his own species; so that he never chose a companion without one or more of these ingredients, and those who were marked by nature in the most eminent degree with them were most his favourites. If he ever found a man who either had not, or endeavoured to conceal, these imperfections, he took great pleasure in inventing methods of forcing him into absurdities which were not natural to him, or in drawing forth and exposing those that were; for which purpose he was always provided with a set of fellows, whom we have before called curs, and who did, indeed, no great honour to the canine kind; their business was to hunt out and display everything that had any savour of the above-mentioned qualities, and especially in the gravest and best characters; but if they failed in their search,

they were to turn even virtue and wisdom themselves into ridicule, for the diversion of their master and feeder. The gentlemen of curlike disposition who were now at his house, and whom he had brought with him from London, were, an old half-pay officer, a player, a dull poet, a quack-doctor, a scraping fiddler, and a lame German dancing-master.

As soon as dinner was served, while Mr. Adams was saying grace, the captain conveyed his chair from behind him; so that when he endeavoured to seat himself he fell down on the ground, and thus completed joke the first, to the great entertainment of the whole company. The second joke was performed by the poet, who sat next him on the other side, and took an opportunity, while poor Adams was respectfully drinking to the master of the house, to overturn a plate of soup into his breeches; which, with the many apologies he made, and the parson's gentle answers, caused much mirth in the company. Joke the third was served up by one of the waiting-men, who had been ordered to convey a quantity of gin into Mr. Adams's ale, which he declaring to be the best liquor he ever drank, but rather too rich of the malt, contributed again to their laughter. Mr. Adams, from whom we had most of this relation, could not recollect all the jests of this kind practised on him, which the inoffensive disposition of his own heart made him slow in discovering; and indeed, had it not been for the information which we received from a servant of the family, this part of our history, which we take to be none of the least curious, must have been deplorably imperfect; though we must own it probable that some more jokes were (as they call it) cracked during their dinner; but we have by no means been able to come at the knowledge of them. When dinner was removed, the poet began to repeat some verses, which, he said, were made extempore. The following is a copy of them, procured with the greatest difficulty:

An extempore Poem on parson Adams.

Did ever mortal such a parson view?
His cassock old, his wig not over-new.
Well might the hounds have him for fox mistaken,
In smell more like to that than rusty bacon;*
But would it not make any mortal stare
To see this parson taken for a hare?
Could Phœbus err thus grossly, even he
For a good player might have taken thee.

At which words the bard whipt off the player's wig, and received the approbation of the company, rather perhaps for the dexterity of his hand than his head. The player, instead of retorting the jest on the poet, began to display his talents on the same subject. He repeated many scraps of wit out of plays, reflecting on the whole body of the clergy, which were received with great acclamations by all present. It was now the dancing-master's turn to exhibit his talents; he therefore, addressing himself to Adams in broken English, told him, "He was a man ver well made for de dance, and he suppose by his walk dat he had learn of some great master." He said, "It was ver pretty quality in clergyman to dance;" and concluded with desiring him to dance a minuet, telling him, "his cassock would serve for petticoats; and that he would himself be his partner." At which words, without waiting for an answer, he pulled out his gloves, and the fiddler was preparing his fiddle. The company all offered the dancing-master wagers that the parson out-danced him, which he refused, saying "he believed so too, for he had never seen any man in his life who looked de dance so well as de gentleman:" he then stepped forwards to take Adams by the hand, which the latter hastily withdrew, and, at the same time clench-

* All hounas that will hunt fox or other vermin will hunt a piece of rusty bacon trailed on the ground.

ing his fist, advised him not to carry the jest too far, for he would not endure being put upon. The dancing-master no sooner saw the fist than he prudently retired out of its reach, and stood aloof, mimicking Adams, whose eyes were fixed on him, not guessing what he was at, but to avoid his laying hold on him, which he had once attempted. In the mean while, the captain, perceiving an opportunity, pinned a cracker or devil to the cassock, and then lighted it with their little smoking-candle. Adams, being a stranger to this sport, and believing he had been blown up in reality, started from his chair, and jumped about the room, to the infinite joy of the beholders, who declared he was the best dancer in the universe. As soon as the devil had done tormenting him, and he had a little recovered his confusion, he returned to the table, standing up in the posture of one who intended to make a speech. They all cried out, Hear him, hear him; and he then spoke in the following manner: "Sir, I am sorry to see one to whom Providence hath been so bountiful in bestowing his favours make so ill and ungrateful a return for them; for, though you have not insulted me yourself, it is visible you have delighted in those that do it, nor have once discouraged the many rudenesses which have been shown towards me; indeed, towards yourself, if you rightly understood them; for I am your guest, and by the laws of hospitality entitled to your protection. One gentleman had thought proper to produce some poetry upon me, of which I shall only say, that I had rather be the subject than the composer. He hath pleased to treat me with disrespect as a parson. I apprehend my order is not the object of scorn, nor that I can become so, unless by being a disgrace to it, which I hope poverty will never be called. Another gentleman, indeed, hath repeated some sentences, where the order itself is mentioned with contempt. He says they are taken from plays. I am sure such plays are a scandal to the government which permits them, and cursed will be the nation where they are represented. How others have treated me I need not observe; they themselves, when they reflect, must allow the behaviour to be as improper to my years as to my cloth. You found me, sir, travelling with two of my parishioners (I omit your hounds falling on me; for I have quite forgiven it, whether it proceeded from the wantonness or negligence of the huntsman): my appearance might very well persuade you that your invitation was an act of charity, though in reality we were well provided; yes, sir, if we had had an hundred miles to travel, we had sufficient to bear our expenses in a noble manner." (At which words he produced the half-guinea which was found in the basket.) "I do not show you this out of ostentation of riches, but to convince you I speak truth. Your seating me at your table was an honour which I did not ambitiously affect. When I was here, I endeavoured to behave towards you with the utmost respect; if I have failed, it was not with design; nor could I certainly, so far be guilty as to deserve the insults I have suffered. If they were meant, therefore, either to my order or my poverty (and you see I am not very poor), the shame doth not lie at my door, and I heartily pray that the sin may be averted from yours." He thus finished, and received a general clap from the whole company. Then the gentleman of the house told him, "He was sorry for what had happened; that he could not accuse him of any share in it; that the verses were as himself had well observed, so bad, that he might easily answer them; and for the serpent, it was undoubtedly a very great affront done him by the dancing-master, for which, if he well thrashed

him, as he deserved, he should be very much pleased to see it" (in which, probably, he spoke truth). Adams answered, "Whoever had done it, it was not his profession to punish him that way; but for the person whom he had accused, I am a witness," says he, "of his innocence; for I had my eye on him all the while. Whoever he was, God forgive him, and bestow on him a little more sense as well as humanity." The captain answered with a surly look and accent, "That he hoped he did not mean to reflect upon him; d—n him, he had as much imanity as another, and, if any man said he had not, he would convince him of his mistake by cutting his throat." Adams, smiling, said, "He believed he had spoke right by accident." To which the captain returned, "What do you mean by my speaking right? If you was not a parson, I would not take these words; but your gown protects you. If any man who wears a sword had said so much, I had pulled him by the nose before this." Adams replied, "If he attempted any rudeness to his person, he would not find any protection for himself in his gown;" and, clenching his fist, declared "he had thrashed many a stouter man." The gentleman did all he could to encourage this warlike disposition in Adams, and was in hopes to have produced a battle, but he was disappointed; for the captain made no other answer than, "It is very well you are a parson;" and so, drinking off a bumper to old mother Church, ended the dispute.

Then the doctor, who had hitherto been silent, and who was the gravest but most mischievous dog of all, in a very pompous speech highly applauded what Adams had said, and as much discommended the behaviour to him. He proceeded to encomiums on the church and poverty; and, lastly, recommended forgiveness of what had passed to Adams, who immediately answered, "That everything was forgiven;" and in the warmth of his goodness he filled a bumper of strong beer (a liquor he preferred to wine), and drank a health to the whole company, shaking the captain and the poet heartily by the hand, and addressing himself with great respect to the doctor; who, indeed, had not laughed outwardly at anything that passed, as he had a perfect command of his muscles, and could laugh inwardly without betraying the least symptoms in his countenance. The doctor now began a second formal speech, in which he declaimed against all levity of conversation, and what is usually called mirth. He said, "There were amusements fitted for persons of all ages and degrees, from the rattle to the discussing a point of philosophy; and that men discovered themselves in nothing more than in the choice of their amusements; for," says he, "as it must greatly raise our expectation of the future conduct in life of boys whom in their tender years we perceive, instead of taw or balls, or other childish playthings, to choose, at their leisure hours, to exercise their genius in contentions of wit, learning, and such like; so must it inspire one with equal contempt of a man, if we should discover him playing at taw or other childish play." Adams highly commended the doctor's opinion, and said, "He had often wondered at some passages in ancient authors, where Scipio, Lælius, and other great men, were represented to have passed many hours in amusements of the most trifling kind." The doctor replied, "He had by him an old Greek manuscript where a favourite diversion of Socrates was recorded." "Ay!" says the parson eagerly: "I should be most infinitely obliged to you for the favour of perusing it." The doctor promised to send it him, and farther said, "That he believed he could describe it. I

think," says he, "as near as I can remember, it was this: there was a throne erected, on one side of which sat a king, and on the other a queen, with their guards and attendants ranged on both sides; to them was introduced an ambassador, which part Socrates always used to perform himself; and when he was led up to the footsteps of the throne he addressed himself to the monarchs in some grave speech, full of virtue, and goodness, and morality, and such like. After which, he was seated between the king and queen, and royally entertained. This I think was the chief part. Perhaps I may have forgot some particulars; for it is long since I read it." Adams said, "It was, indeed, a diversion worthy the relaxation of so great a man; and thought something resembling it should be instituted among our great men, instead of cards and other idle pastime, in which, he was informed, they trifled away too much of their lives." He added, "The christian religion was a nobler subject for these speeches than any Socrates could have invented." The gentleman of the house approved what Mr. Adams said, and declared "He resolved to perform the ceremony this very evening." To which the doctor objected, as no one was prepared with a speech, "unless," said he (turning to Adams with a gravity of countenance which would have deceived a more knowing man), "you have a sermon about you, doctor." "Sir," says Adams, "I never travel without one, for fear of what may happen." He was easily prevailed on by his worthy friend, as he now called the doctor, to undertake the part of the ambassador; so that the gentleman sent immediate orders to have the throne erected, which was performed before they had drank two bottles; and, perhaps, the reader will hereafter have no great reason to admire the nimbleness of the servants. Indeed, to confess the truth, the throne was no more than this: there was a great tub of water provided, on each side of which were placed two stools raised higher than the surface of the tub, and over the whole was laid a blanket; on these stools were placed the king and queen, namely, the master of the house and the captain. And now the ambassador was introduced between the poet and the doctor; who, having read his sermon, to the great entertainment of all present, was led up to his place and seated between their majesties. They immediately rose up, when the blanket, wanting its supports at either end, gave way, and soused Adams over head and ears in the water. The captain made his escape, but, unluckily, the gentleman himself not being as nimble as he ought, Adams caught hold of him before he descended from his throne, and pulled him in with him, to the entire secret satisfaction of all the company. Adams after ducking the squire twice or thrice, leaped out of the tub, and looked sharp for the doctor, whom he would certainly have conveyed to the same place of honour; but he had wisely withdrawn: he then searched for his crabstick, and having found that, as well as his fellow-travellers, he declared he would not stay a moment longer in such a house. He then departed, without taking leave of his host, whom he had exacted a more severe revenge on than he intended; for, as he did not use sufficient care to dry himself in time, he caught a cold by the accident which threw him into a fever that had like to have cost him his life.

CHAPTER VIII.

Which some readers will think too short, others too long.

ADAMS, and Joseph, who was no less enraged than his friend at the treatment he met with, went out

with their sticks in their hands, and carried off Fanny, notwithstanding the opposition of the servants, who did all, without proceeding to violence, in their power to detain them. They walked as fast as they could, not so much from any apprehension of being pursued as that Mr. Adams might, by exercise, prevent any harm from the water. The gentleman, who had given such orders to his servants concerning Fanny that he did not in the least fear her getting away, no sooner heard that she was gone, than he began to rave, and immediately despatched several with orders either to bring her back or never return. The poet, the player, and all but the dancing-master and doctor, went on this errand.

The night was very dark in which our friends began their journey; however, they made such expedition, that they soon arrived at an inn which was at seven miles' distance. Here they unanimously consented to pass the evening, Mr. Adams being now as dry as he was before he had set out on his embassy.

This inn, which indeed we might call an ale-house, had not the words, *The New Inn*, been writ on the sign, afforded them no better provisions than bread and cheese and ale; on which, however, they made a very comfortable meal; for hunger is better than a French cook.

They had no sooner supped than Adams, returning thanks to the Almighty for his food, declared he had ate his homely commons with much greater satisfaction than his splendid dinner; and expressed great contempt for the folly of mankind, who sacrificed their hopes of heaven to the acquisition of vast wealth, since so much comfort was to be found in the humblest state and the lowest provision. "Very true, sir," says a grave man who sat smoking his pipe by the fire, and who was a traveller as well as himself. "I have often been as much surprised as you are, when I consider the value which mankind in general set on riches, since every day's experience shows us how little is in their power; for what, indeed, truly desirable, can they bestow on us? Can they give beauty to the deformed, strength to the weak, or health to the infirm? Surely, if they could we should not see so many ill-favoured faces haunting the assemblies of the great, nor would such numbers of feeble wretches languish in their coaches and palaces. No, not the wealth of a kingdom can purchase any paint to dress pale Ugliness in the bloom of that young maiden, nor any drugs to equip Disease with the vigour of that young man. Do not riches bring us solicitude instead of rest, envy instead of affection, and danger instead of safety? Can they prolong their own possession, or lengthen his days who enjoys them? So far otherwise, that the sloth, the luxury, the care which attend them, shorten the lives of millions, and bring them with pain and misery to an untimely grave. Where then is their value if they can neither embellish nor strengthen our forms, sweeten nor prolong our lives?—Again: Can they adorn the mind more than the body? Do they not rather swell the heart with vanity, puff up the cheeks with pride, shut our ears to every call of virtue, and our bowels to every motive of compassion?" "Give me your hand, brother," said Adams, in a rapture, "for I suppose you are a clergyman."—"No, truly," answered the other (indeed, he was a priest of the church of Rome; but those who understand our laws will not wonder he was not over-ready to own it).—"Whatever you are," cries Adams, "you have spoken my sentiments: I believe I have preached every syllable of your speech twenty times over; for it hath always appeared to me easier for a cable-rope (which by the way is the true rendering of that

word we have translated camel) to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to get into the kingdom of heaven."—"That, sir," said the other, "will be easily granted you by divines, and is deplorably true; but as the prospect of our good at a distance doth not so forcibly affect us, it might be of some service to mankind to be made thoroughly sensible—which I think they might be with very little serious attention—that even the blessings of this world are not to be purchased with riches; a doctrine, in my opinion, not only metaphysically, but, if I may say so, mathematically demonstrable; and which I have been always so perfectly convinced of that I have a contempt for nothing so much as for gold." Adams now began a long discourse: but as most which he said occurs among many authors who have treated this subject, I shall omit inserting it. During its continuance Joseph and Fanny retired to rest, and the host likewise left the room. When the English parson had concluded, the Romish resumed the discourse, which he continued with great bitterness and invective; and at last ended by desiring Adams to lend him eighteen-pence to pay his reckoning; promising, if he never paid him, he might be assured of his prayers. The good man answered that eighteen-pence would be too little to carry him any very long journey; that he had half a guinea in his pocket, which he would divide with him. He then fell to searching his pockets, but could find no money; for indeed the company with whom he dined had passed one jest upon him which we did not then enumerate, and had picked his pocket of all that treasure which he had so ostentatiously produced.

"Bless me!" cried Adams, "I have certainly lost it; I can never have spent it. Sir, as I am a christian, I had a whole half-guinea in my pocket this morning, and have not now a single halfpenny of it left. Sure the devil must have taken it from me!"—"Sir," answered the priest smiling, "you need make no excuses; if you are not willing to lend me the money I am contented."—"Sir," cries Adams, "if I had the greatest sum in the world—ay, if I had ten pounds about me—I would bestow it all to rescue any christian from distress. I am more vexed at my loss on your account than my own. Was ever anything so unlucky? Because I have no money in my pocket I shall be suspected to be no christian."—"I am more unlucky," quoth the other, "if you are as generous as you say; for really a crown would have made me happy, and conveyed me in plenty to the place I am going, which is not above twenty miles off, and where I can arrive by to-morrow night. I assure you I am not accustomed to travel pennyless. I am but just arrived in England; and we were forced by a storm in our passage to throw all we had overboard. I don't suspect but this fellow will take my word for the trifle I owe him; but I hate to appear so mean as to confess myself without a shilling to such people; for these, and indeed too many others, know little difference in their estimation between a beggar and a thief." However, he thought he should deal better with the host that evening than the next morning: he therefore resolved to set out immediately, notwithstanding the darkness; and accordingly, as soon as the host returned, he communicated to him the situation of his affairs; upon which the host, scratching his head, answered, "Why I do not know, master; if it be so, and you have no money, I must trust, I think, though I had rather always have ready money if I could; but, marry, you look like so honest a gentleman that I don't fear your paying me if it was twenty times as much." The priest

made no reply, but, taking leave of him and Adams as fast as he could, not without confusion, and perhaps with some distrust of Adams's sincerity, departed.

He was no sooner gone than the host fell a shaking his head, and declared, if he had suspected the fellow had no money, he would not have drawn him a single drop of drink, saying, he despaired of ever seeing his face again, for that he looked like a confounded rogue. "Rabbit the fellow," cries he, "I thought, by his talking so much about riches, that he had a hundred pounds at least in his pocket." Adams chid him for his suspicions, which, he said, were not becoming a christian; and then, without reflecting on his loss, or considering how he himself should depart in the morning, he retired to a very homely bed, as his companions had before; however, health and fatigue gave them a sweeter repose than is often in the power of velvet and down to bestow.

CHAPTER IX.

Containing as surprising and bloody adventures as can be found in this or perhaps any other authentic history.

It was almost morning when Joseph Andrews, whose eyes the thoughts of his dear Fanny had opened, as he lay fondly meditating on that lovely creature, heard a violent knocking at the door over which he lay. He presently jumped out of bed, and, opening the window, was asked if there were no travellers in the house? and presently, by another voice, if two men and a young woman had not taken up there their lodging that night? Though he knew not the voices, he began to entertain a suspicion of the truth—for indeed he had received some information from one of the servants of the squire's house of his design—and answered in the negative. One of the servants, who knew the host well, called out to him by his name just as he had opened another window, and asked him the same question; to which he answered in the affirmative. O ho! said another, have we found you? and ordered the host to come down and open the door. Fanny, who was as wakeful as Joseph, no sooner heard all this than she leaped from her bed, and, hastily putting on her gown and petticoats, ran as fast as possible to Joseph's room, who then was almost dressed. He immediately let her in, and, embracing her with the most passionate tenderness, bid her fear nothing, for he would die in her defence. "Is that a reason why I should not fear," says she, "when I should lose what is dearer to me than the whole world?" Joseph, then kissing her hand, said, "He could almost thank the occasion which had extorted from her a tenderness she would never indulge him with before." He then ran and waked his bedfellow Adams, who was yet fast asleep, notwithstanding many calls from Joseph; but was no sooner made sensible of their danger than he leaped from his bed, without considering the presence of Fanny, who hastily turned her face from him, and enjoyed a double benefit from the dark, which, as it would have prevented any offence to an innocence less pure, or a modesty less delicate, so it concealed even those blushes which were raised in her.

Adams had soon put on all his clothes but his breeches, which, in the hurry, he forgot; however, they were pretty well supplied by the length of his other garments; and now, the house-door being opened, the captain, the poet, the player, and three servants, came in. The captain told the host that two fellows, who were in his house, had run away with a young woman, and desired to know in which room she lay. The host, who presently believed

the story, directed them, and instantly the captain and poet, jostling one another, ran up. The poet, who was the nimblest, entering the chamber first, searched the bed, and every other part, but to no purpose; the bird was flown, as the impatient reader, who might otherwise have been in pain for her, was before advertised. They then inquired where the men lay, and were approaching the chamber, when Joseph roared out, in a loud voice, that he would shoot the first man who offered to attack the door. The captain inquired what fire-arms they had; to which the host answered, he believed they had none; nay, he was almost convinced of it, for he had heard one ask the other in the evening what they should have done if they had been overtaken, when they had no arms; to which the other answered, they would have defended themselves with their sticks as long as they were able, and God would assist a just cause. This satisfied the captain, but not the poet, who prudently retreated down stairs, saying, it was his business to record great actions, and not to do them. The captain was no sooner well satisfied that there were no fire-arms than, bidding defiance to gunpowder, and swearing he loved the smell of it, he ordered the servants to follow him, and, marching boldly up, immediately attempted to force the door, which the servants soon helped him to accomplish. When it was opened, they discovered the enemy drawn up three deep; Adams in the front, and Fanny in the rear. The captain told Adams that if they would go all back to the house again they should be civilly treated; but unless they consented he had orders to carry the young lady with him, whom there was great reason to believe they had stolen from her parents; for, notwithstanding her disguise, her air, which she could not conceal, sufficiently discovered her birth to be infinitely superior to theirs. Fanny, bursting into tears, solemnly assured him he was mistaken; that she was a poor helpless foundling, and had no relation in the world which she knew of; and, throwing herself on her knees, begged that he would not attempt to take her from her friends, who, she was convinced, would die before they would lose her: which Adams confirmed with words not far from amounting to an oath. The captain swore he had no leisure to talk, and, bidding them thank themselves for what happened, he ordered the servants to fall on, at the same time endeavouring to pass by Adams, in order to lay hold on Fanny; but the parson, interrupting him, received a blow from one of them, which, without considering whence it came, he returned to the captain, and gave him so dexterous a knock in that part of the stomach which is vulgarly called the pit, that he staggered some paces backwards. The captain, who was not accustomed to this kind of play, and who wisely apprehended the consequence of such another blow, two of them seeming to him equal to a thrust through the body, drew forth his hanger, as Adams approached him, and was levelling a blow at his head which would probably have silenced the preacher for ever, had not Joseph in that instant lifted up a certain huge stone pot of the chamber with one hand, which six beaux could not have lifted with both, and discharged it, together with the contents, full in the captain's face. The uplifted hanger dropped from his hand, and he fell prostrated on the floor with a lumpish noise, and his halfpence rattled in his pocket; the red liquor which his veins contained, and the white liquor which the pot contained, ran in one stream down his face and his clothes. Nor had Adams quite escaped, some of the water having in its passage shed its honours on his head, and began to trickle down the wrinkles or rather furrows of his

cheeks, when one of the servants, snatching a mop out of a pail of water, which had already done its duty in washing the house, pushed it in the parson's face; yet could not he bear him down, for the parson, wresting the mop from the fellow with one hand, with his other brought the enemy as low as the earth, having given him a stroke over that part of the face where, in some men of pleasure, the natural and artificial noses are conjoined.

Hitherto, Fortune seemed to incline the victory on the travellers' side, when, according to her custom, she began to show the fickleness of her disposition; for now the host, entering the field, or rather chamber of battle, flew directly at Joseph, and, darting his head into his stomach (for he was a stout fellow and an expert boxer), almost staggered him: but Joseph, stepping one leg back, did with his left hand so chuck him under the chin that he reeled. The youth was pursuing his blow with his right hand when he received from one of the servants such a stroke with a cudgel on his temples, that it instantly deprived him of sense, and he measured his length on the ground.

Fanny rent the air with her cries, and Adams was coming to the assistance of Joseph; but the two serving-men and the host now fell on him, and soon subdued him, though he fought like a madman, and looked so black with the impressions he had received from the mop, than Don Quixotte would certainly have taken him for an enchanted Moor. But now follows the most tragical part; for the captain was risen again, and, seeing Joseph on the floor, and Adams secured, he instantly laid hold on Fanny, and, with the assistance of the poet and player, who, hearing the battle was over, were now come up, dragged her, crying and tearing her hair, from the sight of her Joseph, and, with a perfect deafness to all her entreaties, carried her down stairs by violence, and fastened her on the player's horse; and the captain, mounting his own, and leading that on which this poor miserable wretch was, departed, without any more consideration of her cries than a butcher hath of those of a lamb; for indeed his thoughts were entertained only with the degree of favour which he promised himself from the squire on the success of this adventure.

The servants, who were ordered to secure Adams and Joseph as safe as possible, that the squire might receive no interruption to his design on poor Fanny, immediately, by the poet's advice, tied Adams to one of the bed-posts, as they did Joseph on the other side, as soon as they could bring him to himself; and then, leaving them together, back to back, and desiring the host not to set them at liberty, nor to go near them, till he had further orders, they departed towards their master; but happened to take a different road from that which the captain had fallen into.

CHAPTER X.

A discourse between the poet and the player; of no other use in this history but to divert the reader.

BEFORE we proceed any farther in this tragedy we shall leave Mr. Joseph and Mr. Adams to themselves, and imitate the wise conductors of the stage, who in the midst of a grave action entertain you with some excellent piece of satire or humour called a dance. Which piece, indeed, is therefore danced, and not spoke, as it is delivered to the audience by persons whose thinking faculty is by most people held to lie in their heels; and to whom, as well as heroes, who think with their hands, Nature hath only given heads for the sake of conformity, and as they are of use in dancing, to hang their hats on.

The poet, addressing the player, proceeded thus:

"As I was saying" (for they had been at this discourse all the time of the engagement above stairs), "the reason you have no good new plays is evident; it is from your discouragement of authors. Gentlemen will not write, sir, they will not write, without the expectation of fame or profit, or perhaps both. Plays are like trees, which will not grow without nourishment; but, like mushrooms, they shoot up spontaneously, as it were, in a rich soil. The muses, like vines, may be pruned, but not with a hatchet. The town, like a peevish child, knows not what it desires, and is always best pleased with a rattle. A farce-writer hath indeed some chance for success: but they have lost all taste for the sublime. Though I believe one reason of their depravity is the badness of the actors. If a man writes like an angel, sir, those fellows know not how to give a sentiment utterance."—"Not so fast," says the player: "the modern actors are as good at least as their authors, nay, they come nearer their illustrious predecessors; and I expect a Booth on the stage again, sooner than a Shakspeare or an Otway; and indeed I may turn your observation against you, and with truth say, that the reason no actors are encouraged is because we have no good new plays."—"I have not affirmed the contrary," said the poet; "but I am surprised you grow so warm; you cannot imagine yourself interested in this dispute; I hope you have a better opinion of my taste than to apprehend I squinted at yourself. No, sir, if we had six such actors as you, we should soon rival the Bettertons and Sandfords of former times; for, without a compliment to you, I think it impossible for any one to have excelled you in most of your parts. Nay, it is solemn truth, and I have heard many, and all great judges, express as much; and, you will pardon me if I tell you, I think every time I have seen you lately you have constantly acquired some new excellence, like a snowball. You have deceived me in my estimation of perfection, and have outdone what I thought inimitable."—"You are as little interested," answered the player, "in what I have said of other poets; for d—n me if there are not many strokes, ay, whole scenes, in your last tragedy, which at least equal Shakspeare. There is a delicacy of sentiment, a dignity of expression in it, which I will own many of our gentlemen did not do adequate justice to. To confess the truth, they are bad enough, and I pity an author who is present at the murder of his works."—"Nay, it is but seldom that it can happen," returned the poet; "the works of most modern authors, like dead-born children, cannot be murdered. It is such wretched half-begotten, half-writ, lifeless, spiritless, low, grovelling stuff, that I almost pity the actor who is obliged to get it by heart, which must be almost as difficult to remember as words in a language you do not understand."—"I am sure," said the player, "if the sentences have little meaning when they are writ, when they are spoken they have less. I know scarce one who ever lays an emphasis right, and much less adapts his action to his character. I have seen a tender lover in an attitude of fighting with his mistress, and a brave hero suing to his enemy with his sword in his hand. I don't care to abuse my profession, but rot me if in my heart I am not inclined to the poet's side."—"It is rather generous in you than just," said the poet; "and, though I hate to speak ill of any person's production,—nay, I never do it, nor will,—but yet, to do justice to the actors, what could Booth or Betterton have made of such horrible stuff as Fenton's Mariamne, Frowd's Philotas, or Mallet's Eurydice; or those low, dirty,

last-dying speeches, which a fellow in the city or Wapping, your Dillo or Lillo, what was his name, called tragedies?"—"Very well," says the player; "and pray what do you think of such fellows as Quin and Delane, or that face-making puppy young Cibber, that ill-looking dog Macklin, or that saucy slut Mrs. Clive? What work would they make with your Shakspeares, Otways, and Lees? How would those harmonious lines of the last come from their tongues?"—

"— No more; for I disdain
All pomp when thou art by: far be the noise
Of kings and crowns from us, whose gentle souls
Our kinder fates have steer'd another way.
Free as the forest birds we'll pair together,
Without rememb'ring who our fathers were:
Fly to the arbours, grots, and flow'ry meads:
There in soft murmurs interchange our souls;
Together drink the crystal of the stream,
Or taste the yellow fruit which autumn yields;
And, when the golden evening calls us home,
Wing to our downy nests, and sleep till morn."

"Or how would this disdain of Otway—

"Who'd be that foolish sordid thing called man?"

"Hold! hold! hold!" said the poet: "Do repeat that tender speech in the third act of my play which you made such a figure in."—"I would willingly," said the player, "but I have forgot it."—"Ay, you was not quite perfect enough in it when you played it," cries the poet, "or you would have had such an applause as was never given on the stage; an applause I was extremely concerned for your losing."—"Sure," says the player, "if I remember, that was hissed more than any passage in the whole play."—"Ay, your speaking it was hissed," said the poet. "My speaking it!" said the player.—"I mean your not speaking it," said the poet. "You was out, and then they hissed."—"They hissed, and then I was out, if I remember," answered the player; "and I must say this for myself, that the whole audience allowed I did your part justice; so don't lay the damnation of your play to my account."—"I don't know what you mean by damnation," replied the poet.—"Why, you know it was acted but one night," cried the player.—"No," said the poet, "you and the whole town were enemies; the pit were all my enemies, fellows that would cut my throat, if the fear of hanging did not restrain them. All tailors, sir, all tailors."—"Why should the tailors be so angry with you?" cries the player. "I suppose you don't employ so many in making your clothes."—"I admit your jest," answered the poet; "but you remember the affair as well as myself; you know there was a party in the pit and upper-gallery would not suffer it to be given out again; though much, ay infinitely, the majority, all the boxes in particular, were desirous of it; nay, most of the ladies swore they never would come to the house till it was acted again. Indeed, I must own their policy was good in not letting it be given out a second time: for the rascals knew if it had gone a second night it would have run fifty; for if ever there was distress in a tragedy,—I am not fond of my own performance; but if I should tell you what the best judges said of it—Nor was it entirely owing to my enemies neither that it did not succeed on the stage as well as it hath since among the polite readers; for you can't say it had justice done it by the performers."—"I think," answered the player, "the performers did the distress of it justice; for I am sure we were in distress enough, who were pelted with oranges all the last act: we all imagined it would have been the last act of our lives."

The poet, whose fury was now raised, had just attempted to answer when they were interrupted,

and an end put to their discourse, by an accident, which if the reader is impatient to know, he must skip over the next chapter, which is a sort of counterpart to this, and contains some of the best and gravest matters in the whole book, being a discourse between parson Abraham Adams and Mr. Joseph Andrews.

CHAPTER XI.

Containing the exhortations of parson Adams to his friend in affliction; calculated for the instruction and improvement of the reader.

JOSEPH no sooner came perfectly to himself than, perceiving his mistress gone, he bewailed her loss with groans which would have pierced any heart but those which are possessed by some people, and are made of a certain composition, not unlike flint in its hardness and other properties; for you may strike fire from them, which will dart through the eyes, but they can never distil one drop of water the same way. His own, poor youth! was of a softer composition; and at those words, O my dear Fanny! O my love! shall I never see thee more? his eyes overflowed with tears, which would have become anything but a hero. In a word, his despair was more easy to be conceived than related.

Mr. Adams, after many groans, sitting with his back to Joseph, began thus in a sorrowful tone: "You cannot imagine, my good child, that I entirely blame these first agonies of your grief; for, when misfortunes attack us by surprise, it must require infinitely more learning than you are master of to resist them; but it is the business of a man and a christian to summon Reason as quickly as he can to his aid; and she will presently teach him patience and submission. Be comforted, therefore, child; I say be comforted. It is true, you have lost the prettiest, kindest, loveliest, sweetest young woman, one with whom you might have expected to have lived in happiness, virtue, and innocence; by whom you might have promised yourself many little darlings, who would have been the delight of your youth and the comfort of your age. You have not only lost her, but have reason to fear the utmost violence which lust and power can inflict upon her. Now, indeed, you may easily raise ideas of horror, which might drive you to despair."—"O I shall run mad!" cries Joseph. "O that I could but command my hands to tear my eyes out and my flesh off!"—"If you would use them to such purposes, I am glad you can't," answered Adams. "I have stated your misfortunes as strong as I possibly can; but, on the other side, you are to consider you are a christian, that no accident happens to us without the divine permission, and that it is the duty of a man and a christian to submit. We did not make ourselves; but the same power which made us rules over us, and we are absolutely at his disposal; he may do with us what he pleases, nor have we any right to complain. A second reason against our complaint is our ignorance; for, as we know not future events, so neither can we tell to what purpose any accident tends; and that which at first threatens us with evil may in the end produce our good. I should indeed have said our ignorance is twofold (but I have not at present time to divide properly), for, as we know not to what purpose any event is ultimately directed, so neither can we affirm from what cause it originally sprung. You are a man, and consequently a sinner; and this may be a punishment to you for your sins: indeed in this sense it may be esteemed as a good, yea, as the greatest good, which satisfies the anger of heaven, and averts that wrath which cannot continue without our

destruction. Thirdly, our impotency in relieving ourselves demonstrates the folly and absurdity of our complaints: for whom do we resist, or against whom do we complain, but a power from whose shafts no armour can guard us, no speed can fly?—a power which leaves us no hope but in submission." "O sir!" cried Joseph, "all this is very true, and very fine, and I could hear you all day if I was not so grieved at heart as now I am."—"Would you take physic," says Adams, "when you are well, and refuse it when you are sick? Is not comfort to be administered to the afflicted, and not to those who rejoice or those who are at ease?" "O! you have not spoken one word of comfort to me yet!" returned Joseph. "No!" cries Adams; "what am I then doing? what can I say to comfort you?" "O tell me," cries Joseph, "that Fanny will escape back to my arms, that they shall again enclose that lovely creature, with all her sweetness, all her untainted innocence about her!" "Why, perhaps you may," cries Adams, "but I can't promise you what's to come. You must, with perfect resignation, wait the event: if she be restored to you again, it is your duty to be thankful, and so it is if she be not. Joseph, if you are wise and truly know your own interest, you will peaceably and quietly submit to all the dispensations of Providence, being thoroughly assured that all the misfortunes, how great soever, which happen to the righteous, happen to them for their own good. Nay, it is not your interest only, but your duty, to abstain from immoderate grief; which if you indulge, you are not worthy the name of christian." He spoke these last words with an accent a little severer than usual; upon which Joseph begged him not to be angry, saying, he mistook him if he thought he denied it was his duty, for he had known that long ago. "What signifies knowing your duty, if you do not perform it?" answered Adams. "Your knowledge increases your guilt. O Joseph! I never thought you had this stubbornness in your mind." Joseph replied, "He fancied he misunderstood him; which I assure you," says he, "you do, if you imagine I endeavour to grieve; upon my soul I don't." Adams rebuked him for swearing, and then proceeded to enlarge on the folly of grief, telling him, all the wise men and philosophers, even among the heathens, had written against it, quoting several passages from Seneca, and the consolation, which, though it was not Cicero's, was, he said, as good almost as any of his works; and concluded all by hinting that immoderate grief in this case might incense that power which alone could restore him his Fanny. This reason, or indeed rather the idea which it raised of the restoration of his mistress, had more effect than all which the parson had said before, and for a moment abated his agonies; but, when his fears sufficiently set before his eyes the danger that poor creature was in, his grief returned again with repeated violence, nor could Adams in the least assuage it; though it may be doubted in his behalf whether Socrates himself could have prevailed any better.

They remained some time in silence, and groans and sighs issued from them both; at length Joseph burst out into the following soliloquy:—

"Yes, I will bear my sorrows like a man,
But I must also feel them as a man.
I cannot but remember such things were,
And were most dear to me."

Adams asked him what stuff that was he repeated? To which he answered, they were some lines he had gotten by heart out of a play. "Ay, there is nothing but heathenism to be learned from plays," replied

he. "I never heard of any plays fit for a christian to read, but *Cato* and the *Conscious Lovers*; and, I must own, in the latter there are some things almost solemn enough for a sermon." But we shall now leave them a little, and inquire after the subject of their conversation.

CHAPTER XII.

More adventures, which we hope will as much please as surprise the reader.

NEITHER the facetious dialogue which passed between the poet and the player, nor the grave and truly solemn discourse of Mr. Adams, will, we conceive, make the reader sufficient amends for the anxiety which he must have felt on the account of poor Fanny, whom we left in so deplorable a condition. We shall therefore now proceed to the relation of what happened to that beautiful and innocent virgin, after she fell into the wicked hands of the captain.

The man of war, having conveyed his charming prize out of the inn a little before day, made the utmost expedition in his power towards the squire's house, where this delicate creature was to be offered up a sacrifice to the lust of a ravisher. He was not only deaf to all her bewailings and entreaties on the road, but accosted her ears with impurities which, having been never before accustomed to them, she happily for herself very little understood. At last he changed this note, and attempted to soothe and mollify her, by setting forth the splendour and luxury which would be her fortune with a man who would have the inclination, and power too, to give her whatever her utmost wishes could desire; and told her he doubted not but she would soon look kinder on him, as the instrument of her happiness, and despise that pitiful fellow whom her ignorance only could make her fond of. She answered, she knew not whom he meant; she never was fond of any pitiful fellow. "Are you affronted, madam," says he, "at my calling him so? But what better can be said of one in a livery, notwithstanding your fondness for him?" She returned, that she did not understand him, that the man had been her fellow-servant, and she believed was as honest a creature as any alive; but as for fondness for men—"I warrant ye," cries the captain, "we shall find means to persuade you to be fond; and I advise you to yield to gentle ones, for you may be assured that it is not in your power, by any struggles whatever, to preserve your virginity two hours longer. It will be your interest to consent; for the squire will be much kinder to you if he enjoys you willingly than by force." At which words she began to call aloud for assistance (for it was now open day), but, finding none, she lifted her eyes to heaven, and supplicated the divine assistance to preserve her innocence. The captain told her, if she persisted in her vociferation, he would find a means of stopping her mouth. And now the poor wretch, perceiving no hopes of succour, abandoned herself to despair, and, sighing out the name of Joseph! Joseph! a river of tears ran down her lovely cheeks, and wet the handkerchief which covered her bosom. A horseman now appeared in the road, upon which the captain threatened her violently if she complained; however, the moment they approached each other she begged him with the utmost earnestness to relieve a distressed creature who was in the hands of a ravisher. The fellow stopped at these words, but the captain assured him it was his wife, and that he was carrying her home from her adulterer, which so satisfied the fellow, who was an old one (and perhaps a married one too),

that he wished him a good journey, and rode on. He was no sooner passed than the captain abused her violently for breaking his commands, and threatened to gag her, when two more horsemen, armed with pistols, came into the road just before them. She again solicited their assistance, and the captain told the same story as before. Upon which one said to the other, "That's a charming wench, Jack; I wish I had been in the fellow's place, whoever he is." But the other instead of answering him, cried out, "Zounds, I know her;" and then, turning to her, said, "Sure you are not Fanny Goodwill?"—"Indeed, indeed, I am," she cried—"O John! I know you now—Heaven hath sent you to my assistance, to deliver me from this wicked man, who is carrying me away for his vile purposes—O for God's sake rescue me from him!" A fierce dialogue immediately ensued between the captain and these two men, who, being both armed with pistols, and the chariot which they attended being now arrived, the captain saw both force and stratagem were vain, and endeavoured to make his escape, in which however he could not succeed. The gentleman who rode in the chariot ordered it to stop, and with an air of authority examined into the merits of the cause; of which being advertised by Fanny, whose credit was confirmed by the fellow who knew her, he ordered the captain, who was all bloody from his encounter at the inn, to be conveyed as a prisoner behind the chariot, and very gallantly took Fanny into it; for, to say the truth, this gentleman (who was no other than the celebrated Mr. Peter Pounce, and who preceded the lady Booby only a few miles, by setting out earlier in the morning) was a very gallant person, and loved a pretty girl better than anything besides his own money or the money of other people.

The chariot now proceeded towards the inn, which, as Fanny was informed, lay in their way, and where it arrived at that very time while the poet and player were disputing below stairs, and Adams and Joseph were discoursing back to back above; just at that period to which we brought them both in the two preceding chapters the chariot stopped at the door, and in an instant Fanny, leaping from it, ran up to her Joseph.—O reader! conceive if thou canst the joy which fired the breasts of these lovers on this meeting; and if thy own heart doth not sympathetically assist thee in this conception, I pity thee sincerely from my own; for let the hard-hearted villain know this, that there is a pleasure in a tender sensation beyond any which he is capable of tasting.

Peter, being informed by Fanny of the presence of Adams, stopped to see him, and receive his homage; for, as Peter was an hypocrite, a sort of people whom Mr. Adams never saw through, the one paid that respect to his seeming goodness which the other believed to be paid to his riches; hence Mr. Adams was so much his favourite, that he once lent him four pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence to prevent his going to gaol, on no greater security than a bond and judgment, which probably he would have made no use of, though the money had not been (as it was) paid exactly at the time.

It is not perhaps easy to describe the figure of Adams; he had risen in such a hurry, that he had neither breeches, garters, nor stockings; nor had he taken from his head a red spotted handkerchief, which by night bound his wig, turned inside out, around his head. He had on his torn cassock and his great-coat; but, as the remainder of his cassock hung down below his great-coat, so did a small stripe of white, or rather whitish, linen appear below that;

to which we may add the several colours which appeared on his face, where a long piss-burnt beard served to retain the liquor of the stone-pot, and that of a blacker hue which distilled from the mop.—This figure, which Fanny had delivered from his captivity, was no sooner spied by Peter than it disordered the composed gravity of his muscles; however, he advised him immediately to make himself clean, nor would accept his homage in that pickle.

The poet and player no sooner saw the captain in captivity than they began to consider of their own safety, of which flight presented itself as the only means; they therefore both of them mounted the poet's horse, and made the most expeditious retreat in their power.

The host, who well knew Mr. Pounce and lady Booby's livery, was not a little surprised at this change of the scene; nor was his confusion much helped by his wife, who was now just risen, and, having heard from him the account of what had passed, comforted him with a decent number of fools and blockheads; asked him why he did not consult her, and told him he would never leave following the nonsensical dictates of his own numskull till she and her family were ruined.

Joseph, being informed of the captain's arrival, and seeing his Fanny now in safety, quitted her a moment, and, running down stairs, went directly to him, and, stripping off his coat, challenged him to fight; but the captain refused, saying he did not understand boxing. He then grasped a cudgel in one hand, and, catching the captain by the collar with the other, gave him a most severe drubbing, and ended with telling him he had now had some revenge for what his dear Fanny had suffered.

When Mr. Pounce had a little regaled himself with some provision which he had in his chariot, and Mr. Adams had put on the best appearance his clothes would allow him, Pounce ordered the captain into his presence, for he said he was guilty of felony, and the next justice of peace should commit him; but the servants (whose appetite for revenge is soon satisfied), being sufficiently contented with the drubbing which Joseph had inflicted on him, and which was indeed of no very moderate kind, had suffered him to go off, which he did, threatening a severe revenge against Joseph, which I have never heard he thought proper to take.

The mistress of the house made her voluntary appearance before Mr. Pounce, and with a thousand curtsies told him, "She hoped his honour would pardon her husband, who was a very nonsense man, for the sake of his poor family; that indeed if he could be ruined alone, she should be very willing of it; for because as why, his worship very well knew he deserved it: but she had three poor small children, who were not capable to get their own living; and if her husband was sent to gaol, they must all come to the parish; for she was a poor weak woman, continually a-breeding, and had no time to work for them. She therefore hoped his honour would take it into his worship's consideration, and forgive her husband this time; for she was sure he never intended any harm to man, woman, or child; and, if it was not for that blockhead of his own, the man in some things was well enough; for she had had three children by him in less than three years, and was almost ready to cry out the fourth time." She would have proceeded in this manner much longer, had not Peter stopped her tongue, by telling her he had nothing to say to her husband nor her neither. So, as Adams and the rest had assured her of forgiveness, she cried and curtsied out of the room.

Mr. Pounce was desirous that Fanny should con-

tinue her journey with him in the chariot; but she absolutely refused, saying she would ride behind Joseph on a horse which one of lady Booby's servants had equipped him with. But, alas! when the horse appeared, it was found to be no other than that identical beast which Mr. Adams had left behind him at the inn, and which these honest fellows, who knew him, had redeemed. Indeed, whatever horse they had provided for Joseph, they would have prevailed with him to mount none, no not even to ride before his beloved Fanny, till the parson was supplied; much less would he deprive his friend of the beast which belonged to him, and which he knew the moment he saw, though Adams did not; however, when he was reminded of the affair, and told that they had brought the horse with them which he left behind, he answered—Bless me! and so I did.

Adams was very desirous that Joseph and Fanny should mount this horse, and declared he could very easily walk home. "If I walked alone," says he, "I would wage a shilling that the pedestrian outstripped the equestrian travellers; but, as I intend to take the company of a pipe, peradventure I may be an hour later." One of the servants whispered Joseph to take him at his word, and suffer the old put to walk if he would: this proposal was answered with an angry look and a peremptory refusal by Joseph, who, catching Fanny up in his arms, averred he would rather carry her home in that manner, than take away Mr. Adams's horse and permit him to walk on foot.

Perhaps, reader, thou hast seen a contest between two gentlemen, or two ladies, quickly decided, though they have both asserted they would not eat such a nice morsel, and each insisted on the other's accepting it; but in reality both were very desirous to swallow it themselves. Do not therefore conclude hence that this dispute would have come to a speedy decision: for here both parties were heartily in earnest, and it is very probable they would have remained in the inn-yard to this day, had not the good Peter Pounce put a stop to it; for, finding he had no longer hopes of satisfying his old appetite with Fanny, and being desirous of having some one to whom he might communicate his grandeur, he told the parson he would convey him home in his chariot. This favour was by Adams, with many bows and acknowledgments, accepted, though he afterwards said, "he ascended the chariot rather that he might not offend than from any desire of riding in it, for that in his heart he preferred the pedestrian even to the vehicular expedition." All matters being now settled, the chariot, in which rode Adams and Pounce, moved forwards; and Joseph having borrowed a pillion from the host, Fanny had just seated herself thereon, and had laid hold of the girdle which her lover wore for that purpose, when the wise beast, who concluded that one at a time was sufficient, that two to one were odds, &c., discovered much uneasiness at his double load, and began to consider his hinder as his fore legs, moving the direct contrary way to that which is called forwards. Nor could Joseph, with all his horsemanship, persuade him to advance; but, without having any regard to the lovely part of the lovely girl which was on his back, he used such agitations, that, had not one of the men come immediately to her assistance, she had, in plain English, tumbled backwards on the ground. This inconvenience was presently remedied by an exchange of horses; and then Fanny being again placed on her pillion, on a better-natured and somewhat a better-fed beast, the parson's horse, finding he had no longer odds to contend with, agreed to march; and the whole procession set forwards for Booby-

hall, where they arrived in a few hours without anything remarkable happening on the road, unless it was a curious dialogue between the parson and the steward: which, to use the language of a late Apologist, a pattern to all biographers, "waits for the reader in the next chapter."

CHAPTER XIII.

A curious dialogue which passed between Mr. Abraham Adams and Mr. Peter Pounce, better worth reading than all the works of Colley Cibber and many others.

THE chariot had not proceeded far before Mr. Adams observed it was a very fine day. "Ay, and a very fine country too," answered Pounce.—"I should think so more," returned Adams, "if I had not lately travelled over the Downs, which I take to exceed this and all other prospects in the universe."—"A fig for prospects!" answered Pounce; "one acre here is worth ten there; and for my own part, I have no delight in the prospect of any land but my own."—"Sir," said Adams, "you can indulge yourself with many fine prospects of that kind."—"I thank God I have a little," replied the other, "with which I am content, and envy no man: I have a little, Mr. Adams, with which I do as much good as I can." Adams answered, "That riches without charity were nothing worth; for that they were a blessing only to him who made them a blessing to others."—"You and I," said Peter, "have different notions of charity. I own, as it is generally used, I do not like the word, nor do I think it becomes one of us gentlemen; it is a mean parson-like quality; though I would not infer many parsons have it neither."—"Sir," said Adams, "my definition of charity is, a generous disposition to relieve the distressed."—"There is something in that definition," answered Peter, "which I like well enough; it is, as you say, a disposition, and does not so much consist in the act as in the disposition to do it. But, alas! Mr. Adams, who are meant by the distressed? Believe me, the distresses of mankind are mostly imaginary, and it would be rather folly than goodness to relieve them."—"Sure, sir," replied Adams, "hunger and thirst, cold and nakedness, and other distresses which attend the poor, can never be said to be imaginary evils."—"How can any man complain of hunger," said Peter, "in a country where such excellent salads are to be gathered in almost every field? or of thirst, where every river and stream produces such delicious potations? And as for cold and nakedness, they are evils introduced by luxury and custom. A man naturally wants clothes no more than a horse or any other animal; and there are whole nations who go without them; but these are things perhaps which you, who do not know the world"—"You will pardon me, sir," returned Adams; "I have read of the Gymnosophists."—"A plague of your Jehosaphats!" cried Peter; "the greatest fault in our constitution is the provision made for the poor, except that perhaps made for some others. Sir, I have not an estate which doth not contribute almost as much again to the poor as to the land-tax; and I do assure you I expect to come myself to the parish in the end." To which Adams giving a dissenting smile, Peter thus proceeded: "I fancy, Mr. Adams, you are one of those who imagine I am a lump of money; for there are many who, I fancy, believe that not only my pockets, but my whole clothes, are lined with bank-bills; but I assure you, you are all mistaken; I am not the man the world esteems me. If I can hold my head above water it is all I can. I have injured myself by purchasing. I have been too liberal of my money.

Indeed, I fear my heir will find my affairs in a worse situation than they are reputed to be. Ah! he will have reason to wish I had loved money more and land less. Pray, my good neighbour, where should I have that quantity of riches the world is so liberal to bestow on me? Where could I possibly, without I had stole it, acquire such a treasure?" "Why truly," says Adams, "I have been always of your opinion; I have wondered as well as yourself with what confidence they could report such things of you, which have to me appeared as mere impossibilities; for you know, sir, and I have often heard you say it, that your wealth is of your own acquisition; and can it be credible that in your short time you should have amassed such a heap of treasure as these people will have you worth? Indeed, had you inherited an estate like sir Thomas Booby, which had descended in your family for many generations, they might have had a colour for their assertions." "Why, what do they say I am worth?" cries Peter with a malicious sneer. "Sir," answered Adams, "I have heard some aver you are not worth less than twenty thousand pounds." At which Peter frowned. "Nay, sir," said Adams, "you ask me only the opinion of others; for my own part, I have always denied it, nor did I ever believe you could possibly be worth half that sum." "However, Mr. Adams," said he, squeezing him by the hand, "I would not sell them all I am worth for double that sum; and as to what you believe, or they believe, I care not a fig, no not a fart. I am not poor because you think me so, nor because you attempt to undervalue me in the country. I know the envy of mankind very well; but I thank heaven I am above them. It is true, my wealth is of my own acquisition. I have not an estate, like sir Thomas Booby, that has descended in my family through many generations; but I know heirs of such estates who are forced to travel about the country like some people in torn cassocks, and might be glad to accept of a pitiful curacy for what I know. Yes, sir, as shabby fellows as yourself, whom no man of my figure, without that vice of good-nature about him, would suffer to ride in a chariot with him." "Sir," said Adams, "I value not your chariot of a rush; and if I had known you had intended to affront me, I would have walked to the world's end on foot ere I would have accepted a place in it. However, sir, I will soon rid you of that inconvenience;" and, so saying, he opened the chariot door, without calling to the coachman, and leaped out into the highway, forgetting to take his hat along with him; which, however, Mr. Pounce threw after him with great violence. Joseph and Fanny stopped to bear him company the rest of the way, which was not above a mile.

BOOK IV.—CHAPTER I.

The arrival of lady Booby and the rest at Booby-hall.

THE coach and six, in which lady Booby rode, overtook the other travellers as they entered the parish. She no sooner saw Joseph than her cheeks glowed with red, and immediately after became as totally pale. She had in her surprise almost stopped her coach; but recollected herself timely enough to prevent it. She entered the parish amidst the ringing of bells and the acclamations of the poor, who were rejoiced to see their patroness returned after so long an absence, during which time all her rents had been drafted to London, without a shilling being spent among them, which tended not a little to their utter impoverishing; for, if the court would be severely missed in such a city as London, how

much more must the absence of a person of great fortune be felt in a little country village, for whose inhabitants such a family finds a constant employment and supply; and with the offals of whose table the infirm, aged, and infant poor are abundantly fed, with a generosity which hath scarce a visible effect on their benefactors' pockets!

But, if their interest inspired so public a joy into every countenance, how much more forcibly did the affection which they bore parson Adams operate upon all who beheld his return? They flocked about him like dutiful children round an indulgent parent, and vied with each other in demonstrations of duty and love. The parson on his side shook every one by the hand, inquired heartily after the healths of all that were absent, of their children and relations; and expressed a satisfaction in his face which nothing but benevolence made happy by its objects could infuse.

Nor did Joseph and Fanny want a hearty welcome from all who saw them. In short, no three persons could be more kindly received, as, indeed, none ever more deserved to be universally beloved.

Adams carried his fellow-travellers home to his house, where he insisted on their partaking whatever his wife, whom, with his children, he found in health and joy, could provide:—where we shall leave them enjoying perfect happiness over a homely meal, to view scenes of greater splendour, but infinitely less bliss.

Our more intelligent readers will doubtless suspect, by this second appearance of lady Booby on the stage, that all was not ended by the dismissal of Joseph; and, to be honest with them, they are in the right: the arrow had pierced deeper than she imagined; nor was the wound so easily to be cured. The removal of the object soon cooled her rage, but it had a different effect on her love; that departed with his person, but this remained lurking in her mind with his image. Restless interrupted slumbers, and confused horrible dreams, were her portion the first night. In the morning, fancy painted her a more delicious scene; but to delude, not delight her; for, before she could reach the promised happiness, it vanished, and left her to curse, not bless, the vision.

She started from her sleep, her imagination being all on fire with the phantom, when, her eyes accidentally glancing towards the spot where yesterday the real Joseph had stood, that little circumstance raised his idea in the liveliest colours in her memory. Each look, each word, each gesture rushed back on her mind with charms which all his coldness could not abate. Nay, she imputed that to his youth, his folly, his awe, his religion, to everything but what would instantly have produced contempt, want of passion for the sex, or that which would have roused her hatred, want of liking to her.

Reflection then hurried her farther, and told her she must see this beautiful youth no more; nay, suggested to her that she herself had dismissed him for no other fault than probably that of too violent an awe and respect for herself; and which she ought rather to have esteemed a merit, the effects of which were besides so easily and surely to have been removed; she then blamed, she cursed the hasty rashness of her temper; her fury was vented all on herself, and Joseph appeared innocent in her eyes. Her passion at length grew so violent, that it forced her on seeking relief, and now she thought of recalling him: but pride forbade that; pride, which soon drove all softer passions from her soul, and represented to her the meanness of him she was fond of. That thought soon began to obscure his beauties; con-

tempt succeeded next, and then disdain, which presently introduced her hatred of the creature who had given her so much uneasiness. These enemies of Joseph had no sooner taken possession of her mind than they insinuated to her a thousand things in his disfavour; everything but dislike of her person; a thought which, as it would have been intolerable to bear, she checked the moment it endeavoured to arise. Revenge came now to her assistance; and she considered her dismissal of him, stripped, and without a character, with the utmost pleasure. She rioted in the several kinds of misery which her imagination suggested to her might be his fate; and, with a smile composed of anger, mirth, and scorn, viewed him in the rags in which her fancy had dressed him.

Mrs. Slipslop, being summoned, attended her mistress, who had now in her own opinion totally subdued this passion. Whilst she was dressing she asked if that fellow had been turned away according to her orders. Slipslop answered, she had told her ladyship so (as indeed she had).—"And how did he behave?" replied the lady. "Truly, madam," cries Slipslop, "in such a manner that infected everybody who saw him. The poor lad had but little wages to receive; for he constantly allowed his father and mother half his income; so that, when your ladyship's livery was stripped off, he had not wherewithal to buy a coat, and must have gone naked if one of the footmen had not incommodated him with one; and whilst he was standing in his shirt (and, to say the truth, he was an amorous figure), being told your ladyship would not give him a character, he sighed, and said he had done nothing willingly to offend; that, for his part, he should always give your ladyship a good character wherever he went; and he prayed God to bless you; for you was the best of ladies, though his enemies had set you against him. I wish you had not turned him away; for I believe you have not a faithfuller servant in the house."—"How came you then," replied the lady, "to advise me to turn him away?"—"I, madam!" said Slipslop; "I am sure you will do me the justice to say, I did all in my power to prevent it; but I saw your ladyship was angry; and it is not the business of us upper servants to interfere on these occasions."—"And was it not you, audacious wretch!" cried the lady, "who made me angry? Was it not your tittle-tattle, in which I believe you belied the poor fellow, which incensed me against him? He may thank you for all that hath happened; and so may I for the loss of a good servant, and one who probably had more merit than all of you. Poor fellow! I am charmed with his goodness to his parents. Why did not you tell me of that, but suffer me to dismiss so good a creature without a character? I see the reason of your whole behaviour now as well as your complaint; you was jealous of the wenches."—"I jealous!" said Slipslop; "I assure you, I look upon myself as his betters; I am not meat for a footman, I hope." These words threw the lady into a violent passion, and she sent Slipslop from her presence, who departed, tossing her nose, and crying, "Marry come up!" there are some people more jealous than I, I believe." Her lady affected not to hear these words, though in reality she did, and understood them too. Now ensued a second conflict, so like the former, that it might savour of repetition to relate it minutely. It may suffice to say that lady Booby found good reason to doubt whether she had so absolutely conquered her passion as she had flattered herself; and, in order to accomplish it quite, took a resolution, more common than wise, to retire immediately into the country. The reader hath

long ago seen the arrival of Mrs. Slipslop, whom no pertness could make her mistress resolve to part with; lately, that of Mr. Pounce, her forerunners; and, lastly, that of the lady herself.

The morning after her arrival being Sunday, she went to church, to the great surprise of everybody, who wondered to see her ladyship, being no very constant church-woman, there so suddenly upon her journey. Joseph was likewise there; and I have heard it was remarked that she fixed her eyes on him much more than on the parson; but this I believe to be only a malicious rumour. When the prayers were ended Mr. Adams stood up, and with a loud voice pronounced, "I publish the bans of marriage between Joseph Andrews and Frances Goodwill, both of this parish," &c. Whether this had any effect on lady Booby or no, who was then in her pew, which the congregation could not see into, I could never discover: but certain it is, that in about a quarter of an hour she stood up, and directed her eyes to that part of the church where the women sat, and persisted in looking that way during the remainder of the sermon in so scrutinising a manner, and with so angry a countenance, that most of the women were afraid she was offended at them. The moment she returned home she sent for Slipslop into her chamber, and told her she wondered what that impudent fellow Joseph did in that parish? Upon which Slipslop gave her an account of her meeting Adams with him on the road, and likewise the adventure with Fanny. At the relation of which the lady often changed her countenance; and when she had heard all, she ordered Mr. Adams into her presence, to whom she behaved as the reader will see in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

Dialogue between Mr. Abraham Adams and lady Booby.

MR. ADAMS was not far off, for he was drinking her ladyship's health below in a cup of her ale. He no sooner came before her than she began in the following manner: "I wonder, sir, after the many great obligations you have had to this family" (with all which the reader hath in the course of this history been minutely acquainted), that you will ungratefully show any respect to a fellow who hath been turned out of it for his misdeeds. Nor doth it, I can tell you, sir, become a man of your character, to run about the country with an idle fellow and wench. Indeed, as for the girl, I know no harm of her. Slipslop tells me she was formerly bred up in my house, and behaved as she ought, till she hankered after this fellow, and he spoiled her. Nay, she may still, perhaps, do very well, if he will let her alone. You are, therefore, doing a monstrous thing in endeavouring to procure a match between these two people, which will be the ruin of them both."—"Madam," says Adams, "if your ladyship will but hear me speak, I protest I never heard any harm of Mr. Joseph Andrews; if I had, I should have corrected him for it; for I never have, nor will, encourage the faults of those under my cure. As for the young woman, I assure your ladyship I have as good an opinion of her as your ladyship yourself or any other can have. She is the sweetest-tempered, honestest, worthiest, young creature; indeed, as to her beauty, I do not commend her on that account, though all men allow she is the handsomest woman, gentle or simple, that ever appeared in the parish."—"You are very impertinent," says she, "to talk such fulsome stuff to me. It is mighty becoming truly in a clergyman to trouble himself about handsome women, and you are a delicate judge of beauty, no doubt. A man who hath lived all his life in such a parish as this is a rare judge of beauty! Ridiculous! beauty

indeed! a country wench a beauty! I shall be sick whenever I hear beauty mentioned again. And so this wench is to stock the parish with beauties, I hope. But, sir, our poor is numerous enough already; I will have no more vagabonds settled here."—"Madam," says Adams, "your ladyship is offended with me, I protest, without any reason. This couple were desirous to consummate long ago, and I dissuaded them from it; nay, I may venture to say, I believe I was the sole cause of their delaying it."—"Well," says she, "and you did very wisely and honestly too, notwithstanding she is the greatest beauty in the parish."—"And now, madam," continued he, "I only perform my office to Mr. Joseph."—"Pray, don't mister such fellows to me," cries the lady. "He," said the parson, "with the consent of Fanny, before my face put in the bans."—"Yes," answered the lady, "I suppose the slut is forward enough; Slipslop tells me how her head runs upon fellows; that is one of her beauties, I suppose. But if they have put in the bans, I desire you will publish them no more without my orders."—"Madam," cries Adams, "if any one puts in sufficient caution, and assigns a proper reason against them, I am willing to surcease."—"I tell you a reason," says she: "he is a vagabond, and he shall not settle here, and bring a nest of beggars into the parish; it will make us but little amends that they will be beauties."—"Madam," answered Adams, "with the utmost submission to your ladyship, I have been informed by lawyer Scout that any person who serves a year gains a settlement in the parish where he serves."—"Lawyer Scout," replied the lady, "is an impudent coxcomb; I will have no lawyer Scout interfere with me. I repeat to you again, I will have no more incumbrances brought on us: so I desire you will proceed no farther."—"Madam," returned Adams, "I would obey your ladyship in everything that is lawful; but surely the parties being poor is no reason against their marrying. God forbid there should be any such law! The poor have little share enough of this world already; it would be barbarous indeed to deny them the common privileges and innocent enjoyments which nature indulges to the animal creation."—"Since you understand yourself no better," cries the lady, "nor the respect due from such as you to a woman of my distinction, than to affront my ears by such loose discourse, I shall mention but one short word; it is my orders to you that you publish these bans no more; and if you dare, I will recommend it to your master, the doctor, to discard you from his service. I will, sir, notwithstanding your poor family; and then you and the greatest beauty in the parish may go and beg together."—"Madam," answered Adams, "I know not what your ladyship means by the terms master and service. I am in the service of a master who will never discard me for doing my duty; and if the doctor (for indeed I have never been able to pay for a licence) thinks proper to turn me from my cure, God will provide me, I hope, another. At least, my family, as well as myself, have hands; and he will prosper, I doubt not, our endeavours to get our bread honestly with them. Whilst my conscience is pure, I shall never fear what man can do unto me."—"I condemn my humility," said the lady, "for demeaning myself to converse with you so long. I shall take other measures; for I see you are a confederate with them. But the sooner you leave me the better; and I shall give orders that my doors may no longer be open to you. I will suffer no parsons who run about the country with beauties to be entertained here."—"Madam," said Adams, "I shall enter into no persons' doors against their will; but I am assured, when you have inquired farther

into this matter, you will applaud, not blame, my proceeding; and so I humbly take my leave:’ which he did with many bows, or at least many attempts at a bow.

CHAPTER III.

What passed between the lady and lawyer Scout.

IN the afternoon the lady sent for Mr. Scout, whom she attacked most violently for intermeddling with her servants, which he denied, and indeed with truth, for he had only asserted accidentally, and perhaps rightly, that a year’s service gained a settlement; and so far he owned he might have formerly informed the parson and believed it was law. “I am resolved,” said the lady, “to have no discarded servants of mine settled here; and so, if this be your law, I shall send to another lawyer.” Scout said, “If she sent to a hundred lawyers, not one or all of them could alter the law. The utmost that was in the power of a lawyer was to prevent the law taking effect; and that he himself could do for her ladyship as well as any other; and I believe,” says he, “madam, your ladyship, not being conversant in these matters, hath mistaken a difference; for I asserted only that a man who served a year was settled. Now there is a material difference between being settled in law and settled in fact; and as I affirmed generally he was settled, and law is preferable to fact, my settlement must be understood in law and not in fact. And suppose, madam, we admit he was settled in law, what use will they make of it? how doth that relate to fact? He is not settled in fact; and if he be not settled in fact, he is not an inhabitant; and if he is not an inhabitant, he is not of this parish; and then undoubtedly he ought not to be published here; for Mr. Adams hath told me your ladyship’s pleasure, and the reason, which is a very good one, to prevent burdening us with the poor; we have too many already, and I think we ought to have an act to hang or transport half of them. If we can prove in evidence that he is not settled in fact, it is another matter. What I said to Mr. Adams was on a supposition that he was settled in fact; and indeed, if that was the case, I should doubt.”—“Don’t tell me your facts and your ifs,” said the lady; “I don’t understand your gibberish; you take too much upon you, and are very impertinent, in pretending to direct in this parish; and you shall be taught better, I assure you, you shall. But as to the wench, I am resolved she shall not settle here; I will not suffer such beauties as these to produce children for us to keep.”—“Beauties, indeed! your ladyship is pleased to be merry,” answered Scout.—“Mr. Adams described her so to me,” said the lady. “Pray, what sort of dowdy is it, Mr. Scout?”—“The ugliest creature almost I ever beheld; a poor dirty drab; your ladyship never saw such a wretch.”—“Well, but dear Mr. Scout, let her be what she will, these ugly women will bring children, you know; so that we must prevent the marriage.”—“True, madam,” replied Scout, “for the subsequent marriage co-operating with the law will carry law into fact. When a man is married he is settled in fact, and then he is not removeable. I will see Mr. Adams, and I make no doubt of prevailing with him. His only objection is, doubtless, that he shall lose his fee; but that being once made easy, as it shall be, I am confident no farther objection will remain. No, no, it is impossible; but your ladyship can’t commend his unwillingness to depart from his fee. Every man ought to have a proper value for his fee. As to the matter in question, if your ladyship pleases to employ me in it, I will venture to promise

you success. The laws of this land are not so vulgar to permit a mean fellow to contend with one of your ladyship’s fortune. We have one sure card, which is, to carry him before justice Frolick, who, upon hearing your ladyship’s name, will commit him without any farther questions. As for the dirty slut, we shall have nothing to do with her; for, if we get rid of the fellow, the ugly jade will—”—“Take what measures you please, good Mr. Scout,” answered the lady: “but I wish you could rid the parish of both; for Slipslop tells me such stories of this wench, that I abhor the thoughts of her; and, though you say she is such an ugly slut, yet you know, dear Mr. Scout, these forward creatures, who run after men, will always find some as forward as themselves; so that, to prevent the increase of beggars, we must get rid of her.”—“Your ladyship is very much in the right,” answered Scout; “but I am afraid the law is a little deficient in giving us any such power of prevention; however, the justice will stretch it as far as he is able, to oblige your ladyship. To say truth, it is a great blessing to the country that he is in the commission, for he hath taken several poor off our hands that the law would never lay hold on. I know some justices who think as much of committing a man to Bridewell as his lordship at ’size would of hanging him; but it would do a man good to see his worship, our justice, commit a fellow to Bridewell, he takes so much pleasure in it; and when once we ha’um there, we seldom hear any more o’um. He’s either starved or eat up by vermin in a month’s time.”—Here the arrival of a visitor put an end to the conversation, and Mr. Scout, having undertaken the cause and promised it success, departed.

This Scout was one of those fellows who, without any knowledge of the law, or being bred to it, take upon them, in defiance of an act of parliament, to act as lawyers in the country, and are called so. They are the pests of society, and a scandal to a profession, to which indeed they do not belong, and which owes to such kind of rascallions the ill-will which weak persons bear towards it. With this fellow, to whom a little before she would not have condescended to have spoken, did a certain passion for Joseph, and the jealousy and the disdain of poor innocent Fanny, betray the lady Booby into a familiar discourse, in which she inadvertently confirmed many hints with which Slipslop, whose gallant he was, had pre-acquainted him; and whence he had taken an opportunity to assert those severe falsehoods of little Fanny which possibly the reader might not have been well able to account for if we had not thought proper to give him this information.

CHAPTER IV.

A short chapter, but very full of matter; particularly the arrival of Mr. Booby and his lady.

ALL that night, and the next day, the lady Booby passed with the utmost anxiety; her mind was distracted and her soul tossed up and down by many turbulent and opposite passions. She loved, hated, pitied, scorned, admired, despised the same person by fits, which changed in a very short interval. On Tuesday morning, which happened to be a holiday, she went to church, where, to her surprise, Mr. Adams published the bans again with as audible a voice as before. It was lucky for her that, as there was no sermon, she had an immediate opportunity of returning home to vent her rage, which she could not have concealed from the congregation five minutes; indeed, it was not then very numerous, the assembly consisting of no more than Adams, his clerk, his wife, the lady, and one of her servants.

At her return she met Slipslop, who accosted her in these words:—"O meam, what doth your ladyship think? To be sure, lawyer Scout hath carried Joseph and Fanny both before the justice. All the parish are in tears, and say they will certainly be hanged; for nobody knows what it is for."—"I suppose they deserve it," says the lady. "Why dost thou mention such wretches to me?"—"O dear madam!" answered Slipslop, "is it not a pity such a graceless young man should die a virulent death? I hope the judge will take commensuration on his youth. As for Fanny, I don't think it signifies much what becomes of her; and if poor Joseph hath done anything, I could venture to swear she traduced him to it: few men ever come to fragrant punishment, but by those nasty creatures, which are a scandal to our sect." The lady was no more pleased at this news, after a moment's reflection, than Slipslop herself; for, though she wished Fanny far enough, she did not desire the removal of Joseph, especially with her. She was puzzled how to act or what to say on this occasion, when a coach and six drove into the court, and a servant acquainted her with the arrival of her nephew Booby and his lady. She ordered them to be conducted into a drawing-room, whither she presently repaired, having composed her countenance as well as she could, and being a little satisfied that the wedding would by these means be at least interrupted, and that she should have an opportunity to execute any resolution she might take, for which she saw herself provided with an excellent instrument in Scout.

The lady Booby apprehended her servant had made a mistake when he mentioned Mr. Booby's lady; for she had never heard of his marriage: but how great was her surprise when, at her entering the room, her nephew presented his wife to her! saying, "Madam, this is that charming Pamela, of whom I am convinced you have heard so much." The lady received her with more civility than he expected; indeed with the utmost; for she was perfectly polite, nor had any vice inconsistent with good-breeding. They passed some little time in ordinary discourse, when a servant came and whispered Mr. Booby, who presently told the ladies he must desert them a little on some business of consequence; and, as their discourse during his absence would afford little improvement or entertainment to the reader, we will leave them for a while to attend Mr. Booby.

CHAPTER V.

Containing justice business; curious precedents of depositions, and other matters necessary to be perused by all justices of the peace and their clerks.

THE young squire and his lady were no sooner alighted from their coach than the servants began to inquire after Mr. Joseph, from whom they said their lady had not heard a word, to her great surprise, since he had left lady Booby's. Upon this they were instantly informed of what had lately happened, with which they hastily acquainted their master, who took an immediate resolution to go himself, and endeavour to restore his Pamela her brother, before she even knew she had lost him.

The justice before whom the criminals were carried, and who lived within a short mile of the lady's house, was luckily Mr. Booby's acquaintance, by his having an estate in his neighbourhood. Ordering therefore his horses to his coach, he set out for the judgment-seat, and arrived when the justice had almost finished his business. He was conducted into a hall, where he was acquainted that

his worship would wait on him in a moment; for he had only a man and a woman to commit to bridewell first. As he was now convinced he had not a minute to lose, he insisted on the servant's introducing him directly into the room where the justice was then executing his office, as he called it. Being brought thither, and the first compliments being passed between the squire and his worship, the former asked the latter what crime those two young people had been guilty of? "No great crime," answered the justice; "I have only ordered them to bridewell for a month." "But what is their crime?" repeated the squire. "Larceny, an't please your honour," said Scout. "Ay," says the justice, "a kind of felonious larcenous thing. I believe I must order them a little correction too, a little stripping and whipping." (Poor Fanny, who had hitherto supported all with the thoughts of Joseph's company, trembled at that sound; but, indeed, without reason, for none but the devil himself would have executed such a sentence on her.) "Still," said the squire, "I am ignorant of the crime—the fact I mean." "Why, there it is in peaper," answered the justice, showing him a deposition which, in the absence of his clerk, he had writ himself, of which we have with great difficulty procured an authentic copy; and here it follows *verbatim et literatim*:—

The deposition of James Scout, layer, and Thomas Trotter, yeoman, taken before me, one of his majesty's justices of the peace for Zumerzet-shire.

"THESE deponants saith, and first Thomas Trotter for himself saith, that on the of this instant October, being Sabbath-day, between the ours of 2 and 4 in the afternoon, he zeed Joseph Andrews and Francis Goodwill walk akross a certane felde belonging to layer Scout, and out of the path which ledes thru the said felde, and there he zede Joseph Andrews with a nife cut one hasel twig, of the value, as he believes, of three half-pence, or thereabouts; and he saith that the said Francis Goodwill was likewise walking on the grass out of the said path in the said felde, and did receive and karry in her hand the said twig, and so was comfaring, eading, and abating to the said Joseph therein. And the said James Scout for himself says that he verily believes the said twig to be his own proper twig," &c.

"Jesu!" said the squire, "would you commit two persons to bridewell for a twig?" "Yes," said the lawyer, "and with great lenity too; for if we had called it a young tree, they would have been both hanged." "Harkee," said the justice, taking aside the squire; "I should not have been so severe on this occasion, but lady Booby desires to get them out of the parish; so lawyer Scout will give the constable orders to let them run away, if they please: but it seems they intend to marry together, and the lady hath no other means, as they are legally settled there, to prevent their bringing an incumbrance on her own parish." "Well," said the squire, "I will take care my aunt shall be satisfied in this point; and likewise I promise you, Joseph here shall never be any incumbrance on her. I shall be obliged to you, therefore, if, instead of bridewell, you will commit them to my custody." "O! to be sure, sir, if you desire it," answered the justice; and without more ado Joseph and Fanny were delivered over to squire Booby, whom Joseph very well knew, but little guessed how nearly he was related to him. The justice burnt his mittimus, the constable was sent about his business, the lawyer made no complaint for want of justice; and the prisoners, with exulting hearts, gave a thousand thanks to his honour Mr. Booby; who did not intend their obligations to him should cease here; for, ordering his man to produce a cloak-bag, which he had caused to be brought from lady Booby's on purpose, he desired the justice that he might have Joseph with him into a room; where, ordering a servant

to take out a suit of his own clothes, with linen and other necessities, he left Joseph to dress himself, who, not yet knowing the cause of all this civility, excused his accepting such a favour as long as decently he could. Whilst Joseph was dressing, the squire repaired to the justice, whom he found talking with Fanny; for, during the examination, she had flopped her hat over her eyes, which were also bathed in tears, and had by that means concealed from his worship what might perhaps have rendered the arrival of Mr. Booby unnecessary, at least for herself. The justice no sooner saw her countenance cleared up, and her bright eyes shining through her tears, than he secretly cursed himself for having once thought of bridewell for her. He would willingly have sent his own wife thither, to have had Fanny in her place. And, conceiving almost at the same instant desires and schemes to accomplish them, he employed the minutes whilst the squire was absent with Joseph in assuring her how very sorry he was for having treated her so roughly before he knew her merit; and told her, that since lady Booby was unwilling that she should settle in her parish, she was heartily welcome to his, where he promised her his protection, adding that he would take Joseph and her into his own family, if she liked; which assurance he confirmed with a squeeze by the hand. She thanked him very kindly, and said, "She would acquaint Joseph with the offer, which he would certainly be glad to accept; for that lady Booby was angry with them both; though she did not know either had done anything to offend her, but imputed it to madam Slipslop, who had always been her enemy."

The squire now returned, and prevented any farther continuance of this conversation; and the justice, out of a pretended respect to his guest, but in reality from an apprehension of a rival (for he knew nothing of his marriage), ordered Fanny into the kitchen, whither she gladly retired; nor did the squire, who declined the trouble of explaining the whole matter, oppose it.

It would be unnecessary, if I was able, which indeed I am not, to relate the conversation between these two gentlemen, which rolled, as I have been informed, entirely on the subject of horse-racing. Joseph was soon dressed in the plainest dress he could find, which was a blue coat and breeches, with a gold edging, and a red waistcoat with the same: and as this suit, which was rather too large for the squire, exactly fitted him, so he became it so well, and looked so genteel, that no person would have doubted its being as well adapted to his quality as his shape; nor have suspected, as one might, when my lord—, or sir—, or Mr.—, appear in lace or embroidery, that the tailor's man wore those clothes home on his back which he should have carried under his arm.

The squire now took leave of the justice; and, calling for Fanny, made her and Joseph, against their wills, get into the coach with him, which he then ordered to drive to lady Booby's. It had moved a few yards only, when the squire asked Joseph if he knew who that man was crossing the field; for, added he, I never saw one take such strides before. Joseph answered eagerly, "O, sir, it is parson Adams!" "O la, indeed, and so it is," said Fanny; "poor man, he is coming to do what he could for us. Well, he is the worthiest best-natured creature."—"Ay," said Joseph; "God bless him! for there is not such another in the universe." "The best creature living sure," cries Fanny. "Is he?" says the squire; "then I am resolved to have the best creature living in my

coach;" and so saying, he ordered it to stop, whilst Joseph, at his request, halloed to the parson, who, well knowing his voice, made all the haste imaginable, and soon came up with them. He was desired by the master, who could scarce refrain from laughter at his figure, to mount into the coach, which he with many thanks refused, saying he could walk by its side, and he'd warrant he kept up with it; but he was at length over-prevalled on. The squire now acquainted Joseph with his marriage; but he might have spared himself that labour; for his servant, whilst Joseph was dressing, had performed that office before. He continued to express the vast happiness he enjoyed in his sister, and the value he had for all who belonged to her. Joseph made many bows, and expressed as many acknowledgments: and parson Adams, who now first perceived Joseph's new apparel, burst into tears with joy, and fell to rubbing his hands and snapping his fingers as if he had been mad.

They were now arrived at the lady Booby's, and the squire, desiring them to wait a moment in the court, walked in to his aunt, and, calling her out from his wife, acquainted her with Joseph's arrival; saying, "Madam, as I have married a virtuous and worthy woman, I am resolved to own her relations, and show them all a proper respect; I shall think myself therefore infinitely obliged to all mine who will do the same. It is true, her brother hath been your servant, but he is now become my brother; and I have one happiness, that neither his character, his behaviour, or appearance, give me any reason to be ashamed of calling him so. In short, he is now below, dressed like a gentleman, in which light I intend he shall hereafter be seen; and you will oblige me beyond expression if you will admit him to be of our party; for I know it will give great pleasure to my wife, though she will not mention it."

This was a stroke of fortune beyond the lady Booby's hopes or expectation; she answered him eagerly, "Nephew, you know how easily I am prevailed on to do anything which Joseph Andrews desires—Phoo, I mean which you desire me; and, as he is now your relation, I cannot refuse to entertain him as such." The squire told her he knew his obligation to her for her compliance; and going three steps, returned and told her—he had one more favour, which he believed she would easily grant, as she had accorded him the former. "There is a young woman—"—"Nephew," says she, "don't let my good-nature make you desire, as is too commonly the case, to impose on me. Nor think, because I have with so much condescension agreed to suffer your brother-in-law to come to my table, that I will submit to the company of all my own servants, and all the dirty trollops in the country." "Madam," answered the squire, "I believe you never saw this young creature. I never beheld such sweetness and innocence joined with such beauty, and withal so genteel." "Upon my soul I won't admit her," replied the lady in a passion; "the whole world shan't prevail on me; I resent even the desire as an affront, and"—The squire, who knew her inflexibility, interrupted her, by asking pardon, and promising not to mention it more. He then returned to Joseph, and she to Pamela. He took Joseph aside, and told him he would carry him to his sister, but could not prevail as yet for Fanny. Joseph begged that he might see his sister alone, and then be with his Fanny; but the squire, knowing the pleasure his wife would have in her brother's company, would not admit it, telling Joseph there would be nothing in so short an absence from Fanny,

whilst he was assured of her safety; adding, he hoped he could not so easily quit a sister whom he had not seen so long, and who so tenderly loved him. Joseph immediately complied; for indeed no brother could love a sister more; and, recommending Fanny, who rejoiced that she was not to go before lady Booby, to the care of Mr. Adams, he attended the squire up stairs, whilst Fanny repaired with the parson to his house, where she thought herself secure of a kind reception.

CHAPTER VI.

Of which you are desired to read no more than you like.

THE meeting between Joseph and Pamela was not without tears of joy on both sides; and their embraces were full of tenderness and affection. They were, however, regarded with much more pleasure by the nephew than by the aunt, to whose flame they were fuel only; and being assisted by the addition of dress, which was indeed not wanted to set off the lively colours in which Nature had drawn health, strength, comeliness, and youth. In the afternoon Joseph, at their request, entertained them with an account of his adventures: nor could lady Booby conceal her dissatisfaction at those parts in which Fanny was concerned, especially when Mr. Booby launched forth into such rapturous praises of her beauty. She said, applying to her niece, that she wondered her nephew, who had pretended to marry for love, should think such a subject proper to amuse his wife with; adding, that, for her part, she should be jealous of a husband who spoke so warmly in praise of another woman. Pamela answered, indeed, she thought she had cause; but it was an instance of Mr. Booby's aptness to see more beauty in women than they were mistresses of. At which words both the women fixed their eyes on two looking-glasses; and lady Booby replied, that men were, in the general, very ill judges of beauty; and then, whilst both contemplated only their own faces, they paid a cross compliment to each other's charms. When the hour of rest approached, which the lady of the house deferred as long as decently she could, she informed Joseph (whom for the future we shall call Mr. Joseph, he having as good a title to that appellation as many others—I mean that incontestable one of good clothes) that she had ordered a bed to be provided for him. He declined this favour to his utmost; for his heart had long been with his Fanny; but she insisted on his accepting it, alleging that the parish had no proper accommodation for such a person as he was now to esteem himself. The squire and his lady both joining with her, Mr. Joseph was at last forced to give over his design of visiting Fanny that evening; who, on her side, as impatiently expected him till midnight, when, in complacency to Mr. Adams's family, who had sat up two hours out of respect to her, she retired to bed, but not to sleep; the thoughts of her love kept her waking, and his not returning according to his promise filled her with uneasiness; of which, however, she could not assign any other cause than merely that of being absent from him.

Mr. Joseph rose early in the morning, and visited her in whom his soul delighted. She no sooner heard his voice in the parson's parlour than she leaped from her bed, and, dressing herself in a few minutes, went down to him. They passed two hours with inexpressible happiness together; and then, having appointed Monday, by Mr. Adams's permission, for their marriage, Mr. Joseph returned, according to his promise, to breakfast at the lady

Booby's, with whose behaviour, since the evening, we shall now acquaint the reader.

She was no sooner retired to her chamber than she asked Slipslop "What she thought of this wonderful creature her nephew had married?"—"Madam!" said Slipslop, not yet sufficiently understanding what answer she was to make. "I ask you," answered the lady, "what you think of the dowdy, my niece, I think I am to call her?" Slipslop, wanting no farther hint, began to pull her to pieces, and so miserably defaced her, that it would have been impossible for any one to have known the person. The lady gave her all the assistance she could, and ended with saying, "I think, Slipslop, you have done her justice; but yet, bad as she is, she is an angel compared to this Fanny." Slipslop then fell on Fanny, whom she hacked and hewed in the like barbarous manner, concluding with an observation that there was always something in those low-life creatures which must externally extinguish them from their betters. "Really," said the lady, "I think there is one exception to your rule; I am certain you may guess who I mean."—"Not I, upon my word, madam," said Slipslop. "I mean a young fellow; sure you are the dullest wretch," said the lady. "O la! I am indeed. Yes, truly madam, he is an accession," answered Slipslop. "Ay, is he not, Slipslop?" returned the lady. "Is he not so genteel that a prince might, without a blush, acknowledge him for his son? His behaviour is such that would not shame the best education. He borrows from his station a condescension in everything to his superiors, yet unattended by that mean servility which is called good behaviour in such persons. Everything he doth hath no mark of the base motive of fear, but visibly shows some respect and gratitude, and carries with it the persuasion of love. And then for his virtues: such piety to his parents, such tender affection to his sister, such integrity in his friendship, such bravery, such goodness, that, if he had been born a gentleman, his wife would have possessed the most invaluable blessing."—"To be sure, ma'am," says Slipslop. "But as he is," answered the lady, "if he had a thousand more good qualities, it must render a woman of fashion contemptible even to be suspected of thinking of him; yes, I should despise myself for such a thought."—"To be sure, ma'am," said Slipslop. "And why to be sure?" replied the lady; "thou art always one's echo. Is he not more worthy of affection than a dirty country clown, though born of a family as old as the flood? or an idle worthless rake, or little puisny beau of quality? And yet these we must condemn ourselves to, in order to avoid the censure of the world; to shun the contempt of others, we must ally ourselves to those we despise; we must prefer birth, title, and fortune, to real merit. It is a tyranny of custom, a tyranny we must comply with; for we people of fashion are the slaves of custom."—"Marry come up!" said Slipslop, who now knew well which part to take. "If I was a woman of your ladyship's fortune and quality, I would be a slave to nobody."—"Me," said the lady; "I am speaking if a young woman of fashion, who had seen nothing of the world, should happen to like such a fellow.—Me, indeed! I hope thou dost not imagine"—"No, ma'am, to be sure," cries Slipslop. "No! what no?" cried the lady. "Thou art always ready to answer before thou hast heard one. So far I must allow he is a charming fellow. Me, indeed! No, Slipslop, all thoughts of men are over with me. I have lost a husband who—but if I should reflect I should run mad. My future ease must depend upon

forgetfulness. Slipslop, let me hear some of thy nonsense, to turn my thoughts another way. What dost thou think of Mr. Andrews?"—"Why I think," says Slipslop, "he is the handsomest, most properest man I ever saw; and if I was a lady of the greatest degree it would be well for some folks. Your ladyship may talk of custom, if you please: but I am confidous there is no more comparison between young Mr. Andrews and most of the young gentlemen who come to your ladyship's house in London; a parcel of whipper-snapper sparks: I would sooner marry our old parson Adams. Never tell me what people say, whilst I am happy in the arms of him I love. Some folks rail against other folks because other folks have what some folks would be glad of."—"And so," answered the lady, "if you was a woman of condition, you would really marry Mr. Andrews?"—"Yes, I assure your ladyship," replied Slipslop, "if he would have me."—"Fool, idiot!" cries the lady; "if he would have a woman of fashion! is that a question?"—"No, truly, madam," said Slipslop, "I believe it would be none if Fanny was out of the way; and I am confidous, if I was in your ladyship's place, and liked Mr. Joseph Andrews, she should not stay in the parish a moment. I am sure lawyer Scout would send her a-packing if your ladyship would but say the word." This last speech of Slipslop raised a tempest in the mind of her mistress. She feared Scout had betrayed her, or rather that she had betrayed herself. After some silence, and a double change of her complexion, first to pale and then to red, she thus spoke: "I am astonished at the liberty you give your tongue. Would you insinuate that I employed Scout against this wench on account of the fellow?"—"La, ma'am," said Slipslop, frightened out of her wits, "I assassinate such a thing!"—"I think you dare not," answered the lady; "I believe my conduct may defy malice itself to assert so cursed a slander. If I had ever discovered any wantonness, any lightness in my behaviour; if I had followed the example of some whom thou hast, I believe, seen, in allowing myself indecent liberties, even with a husband; but the dear man who is gone" (here she began to sob), "was he alive again" (then she produced tears), "could not upbraid me with any one act of tenderness or passion. No, Slipslop, all the time I cohabited with him he never obtained even a kiss from me without my expressing reluctance in the granting it. I am sure he himself never suspected how much I loved him. Since his death, thou knowest, though it is almost six weeks (it wants but a day) ago, I have not admitted one visitor till this fool my nephew arrived. I have confined myself quite to one party of friends. And can such a conduct as this fear to be arraigned? To be accused, not only of a passion which I have always despised, but of fixing it on such an object, a creature so much beneath my notice!"—"Upon my word, ma'am," says Slipslop, "I do not understand your ladyship; nor know I anything of the matter."—"I believe indeed thou dost not understand me. Those are delicacies which exist only in superior minds; thy coarse ideas cannot comprehend them. Thou art a low creature, of the Andrews breed, a reptile of a lower order, a weed that grows in the common garden of the creation."—"I assure your ladyship," says Slipslop, whose passions were almost of as high an order as her lady's, "I have no more to do with Common Garden than other folks. Really, your ladyship talks of servants as if they were not born of the christian specious. Servants have flesh and blood as well as quality; and Mr. Andrews himself is a proof that they have as good,

if not better. And for my own part, I can't perceive my dears* are coarser than other people's; and I am sure, if Mr. Andrews was a dear of mine, I should not be ashamed of him in company with gentlemen; for whoever hath seen him in his new clothes must confess he looks as much like a gentleman as anybody. Coarse, quotha! I can't bear to hear the poor young fellow run down neither; for I will say this, I never heard him say an ill word of anybody in his life. I am sure his coarseness doth not lie in his heart, for he is the best-natured man in the world; and as for his skin, it is no coarser than other people's, I am sure. His bosom, when a boy, was as white as driven snow; and, where it is not covered with hairs, is so still. 'Ifackins! if I was Mrs. Andrews, with a hundred a-year, I should not envy the best she who wears a head. A woman that could not be happy with such a man ought never to be so; for if he can't make a woman happy, I never yet beheld the man who could. I say again, I wish I was a great lady for his sake. I believe, when I had made a gentleman of him, he'd behave so that nobody should deprecate what I had done; and I fancy few would venture to tell him he was no gentleman to his face, nor to mine neither." At which words, taking up the candles, she asked her mistress, who had been some time in her bed, if she had any farther commands? who mildly answered, she had none; and, telling her she was a comical creature, bid her good night.

CHAPTER VII.

Philosophical reflections, the like not to be found in any light French romance. Mr. Booby's grave advice to Joseph, and Fanny's encounter with a beau.

HABIT, my good reader, hath so vast a prevalence over the human mind, that there is scarce anything too strange or too strong to be asserted of it. The story of the miser, who, from long accustoming to cheat others, came at last to cheat himself, and with great delight and triumph picked his own pocket of a guinea to convey to his hoard, is not impossible or improbable. In like manner it fares with the practisers of deceit, who, from having long deceived their acquaintance, gain at last a power of deceiving themselves, and acquire that very opinion (however false) of their own abilities, excellencies, and virtues, into which they have for years perhaps endeavoured to betray their neighbours. Now, reader, to apply this observation to my present purpose, thou must know, that as the passion generally called love exercises most of the talents of the female or fair world, so in this they now and then discover a small inclination to deceit; for which thou wilt not be angry with the beautiful creatures when thou hast considered that at the age of seven, or something earlier, miss is instructed by her mother that master is a very monstrous kind of animal, who will, if she suffers him to come too near her, infallibly eat her up and grind her to pieces: that, so far from kissing or toying with him on her own accord, she must not admit him to kiss or toy with her: and, lastly, that she must never have any affection towards him; for if she should, all her friends in petticoats would esteem her a traitress, point at her, and hunt her out of their society. These impressions, being first received, are farther and deeper inculcated by their school-mistresses and companions; so that by the age of ten they have contracted such a dread and abhorrence of the above-named monster, that whenever they see him they fly from him as the innocent hare doth from the greyhound. Hence, to the age of fourteen or fifteen, they entertain a mighty antipathy

* Meaning perhaps ideas.

to master ; they resolve, and frequently profess, that they will never have any commerce with him, and entertain fond hopes of passing their lives out of his reach, of the possibility of which they have so visible an example in their good maiden aunt. But when they arrive at this period, and have now passed their second climacteric, when their wisdom, grown riper, begins to see a little farther, and, from almost daily falling in master's way, to apprehend the great difficulty of keeping out of it ; and when they observe him look often at them, and sometimes very eagerly and earnestly too (for the monster seldom takes any notice of them till at this age), they then begin to think of their danger ; and, as they perceive they cannot easily avoid him, the wiser part bethink themselves of providing by other means for their security. They endeavour, by all methods they can invent, to render themselves so amiable in his eyes, that he may have no inclination to hurt them ; in which they generally succeed so well, that his eyes, by frequent languishing, soon lessen their idea of his fierceness, and so far abate their fears, that they venture to parley with him ; and when they perceive him so different from what he hath been described, all gentleness, softness, kindness, tenderness, fondness, their dreadful apprehensions vanish in a moment ; and now (it being usual with the human mind to skip from one extreme to its opposite, as easily, and almost as suddenly, as a bird from one bough to another) love instantly succeeds to fear : but, as it happens to persons who have in their infancy been thoroughly frightened with certain no-persons called ghosts, that they retain their dread of those beings after they are convinced that there are no such things, so these young ladies, though they no longer apprehend devouring, cannot so entirely shake off all that hath been instilled into them ; they still entertain the idea of that censure which was so strongly imprinted on their tender minds, to which the declarations of abhorrence they every day hear from their companions greatly contribute. To avoid this censure, therefore, is now their only care ; for which purpose they still pretend the same aversion to the monster : and the more they love him, the more ardently they counterfeit the antipathy. By the continual and constant practice of which deceit on others, they at length impose on themselves, and really believe they hate what they love. Thus, indeed, it happened to lady Booby, who loved Joseph long before she knew it ; and now loved him much more than she suspected. She had indeed, from the time of his sister's arrival in the quality of her niece, and from the instant she viewed him in the dress and character of a gentleman, began to conceive secretly a design which love had concealed from herself till a dream betrayed it to her.

She had no sooner risen than she sent for her nephew. When he came to her, after many compliments on his choice, she told him, "He might perceive, in her condescension to admit her own servant to her table, that she looked on the family of Andrews as his relations, and indeed hers ; that, as he had married into such a family, it became him to endeavour by all methods to raise it as much as possible. At length she advised him to use all his heart to dissuade Joseph from his intended match, which would still enlarge their relation to meanness and poverty ; concluding that, by a commission in the army, or some other genteel employment, he might soon put young Mr. Andrews on the foot of a gentleman ; and, that being once done, his accomplishments might quickly gain him an alliance which would not be to their discredit."

Her nephew heartily embraced this proposal ; and,

finding Mr. Joseph with his wife, at his return to her chamber, he immediately began thus : "My love to my dear Pamela, brother, will extend to all her relations ; nor shall I show them less respect than if I had married into the family of a duke. I hope I have given you some early testimonies of this, and shall continue to give you daily more. You will excuse me therefore, brother, if my concern for your interest makes me mention what may be, perhaps, disagreeable to you to hear : but I must insist upon it, that, if you have any value for my alliance or my friendship, you will decline any thoughts of engaging farther with a girl who is, as you are a relation of mine, so much beneath you. I know there may be at first some difficulty in your compliance, but that will daily diminish ; and you will in the end sincerely thank me for my advice. I own indeed, the girl is handsome ; but beauty alone is a poor ingredient, and will make but an uncomfortable marriage."—"Sir," said Joseph, "I assure you her beauty is her least perfection ; nor do I know a virtue which that young creature is not possessed of."—"As to her virtues," answered Mr. Booby, "you can be yet but a slender judge of them ; but, if she had never so many, you will find her equal in these among her superiors in birth and fortune, which now you are to esteem on a footing with yourself, at least I will take care they shall shortly be so, unless you prevent me by degrading yourself with such a match, a match I have hardly patience to think of, and which would break the hearts of your parents, who now rejoice in the expectation of seeing you make a figure in the world."—"I know not," replied Joseph, "that my parents have any power over my inclinations ; nor am I obliged to sacrifice my happiness to their whim or ambition : besides, I shall be very sorry to see that the unexpected advancement of my sister should so suddenly inspire them with this wicked pride, and make them despise their equals. I am resolved on no account to quit my dear Fanny ; no, though I could raise her as high above her present station as you have my sister."—"Your sister, as well as myself," said Booby, "are greatly obliged to you for the comparison : but, sir, she is not worthy to be compared in beauty to my Pamela ; nor hath she half her merit. And besides, sir, as you civilly throw my marriage with your sister in my teeth, I must teach you the wide difference between us : my fortune enabled me to please myself ; and it would have been as overgrown a folly in me to have omitted it as in you to do it."—"My fortune enables me to please myself likewise," said Joseph ; "for all my pleasure is centered in Fanny ; and whilst I have health I shall be able to support her with my labour in that station to which she was born, and with which she is content."—"Brother," said Pamela, "Mr. Booby advises you as a friend ; and no doubt my papa and mamma will be of his opinion, and will have great reason to be angry with you for destroying what his goodness hath done, and throwing down our family again, after he hath raised it. It would become you better, brother, to pray for the assistance of grace against such a passion than to indulge it."—"Sure, sister, you are not in earnest ; I am sure she is your equal, at least."—"She was my equal," answered Pamela ; "but I am no longer Pamela Andrews ; I am now this gentleman's lady, and, as such, am above her.—I hope I shall never behave with an unbecoming pride : but, at the same time, I shall always endeavour to know myself, and question not the assistance of grace to that purpose." They were now summoned to breakfast, and thus ended their discourse for the present, very little to the satisfaction of any of the parties.

Fanny was now walking in an avenue at some distance from the house, where Joseph had promised to take the first opportunity of coming to her. She had not a shilling in the world, and had subsisted ever since her return entirely on the charity of parson Adams. A young gentleman, attended by many servants, came up to her, and asked her if that was not the lady Booby's house before him? This, indeed, he well knew; but had framed the question for no other reason than to make her look up, and discover if her face was equal to the delicacy of her shape. He no sooner saw it than he was struck with amazement. He stopped his horse, and swore she was the most beautiful creature he ever beheld. Then, instantly alighting and delivering his horse to his servant, he rapt out half a dozen oaths that he would kiss her; to which she at first submitted, begging he would not be rude; but he was not satisfied with the civility of a salute, nor even with the rudest attack he could make on her lips, but caught her in his arms, and endeavoured to kiss her breasts, which with all her strength she resisted, and, as our spark was not of the Herculean race, with some difficulty prevented. The young gentleman, being soon out of breath in the struggle, quitted her, and, remounting his horse, called one of his servants to him, whom he ordered to stay behind with her, and make her any offers whatever to prevail on her to return home with him in the evening; and to assure her he would take her into keeping. He then rode on with his other servants, and arrived at the lady's house, to whom he was a distant relation, and was come to pay a visit.

The trusty fellow, who was employed in an office he had been long accustomed to, discharged his part with all the fidelity and dexterity imaginable, but to no purpose. She was entirely deaf to his offers, and rejected them with the utmost disdain. At last the pimp, who had perhaps more warm blood about him than his master, began to solicit for himself; he told her, though he was a servant, he was a man of some fortune, which he would make her mistress of; and this without any insult to her virtue, for that he would marry her. She answered, if his master himself, or the greatest lord in the land, would marry her, she would refuse him. At last, being weary with persuasions, and on fire with charms which would have almost kindled a flame in the bosom of an ancient philosopher or modern divine, he fastened his horse to the ground, and attacked her with much more force than the gentleman had exerted. Poor Fanny would not have been able to resist his rudeness a short time, but the deity who presides over chaste love sent her Joseph to her assistance. He no sooner came within sight, and perceived her struggling with a man, than, like a cannon-ball, or like lightning, or anything that is swifter, if anything be, he ran towards her, and, coming up just as the ravisher had torn her handkerchief from her breast, before his lips had touched that seat of innocence and bliss, he dealt him so lusty a blow in that part of his neck which a rope would have become with the utmost propriety, that the fellow staggered backwards, and, perceiving he had to do with something rougher than the little, tender, trembling hand of Fanny, he quitted her, and, turning about, saw his rival, with fire flashing from his eyes, again ready to assail him; and, indeed, before he could well defend himself, or return the first blow, he received a second, which, had it fallen on that part of the stomach to which it was directed, would have been probably the last he would have had any occasion for; but the ravisher, lifting up his hand, drove the

blow upwards to his mouth, whence it dislodged three of his teeth; and now, not conceiving any extraordinary affection for the beauty of Joseph's person, nor being extremely pleased with this method of salutation, he collected all his force, and aimed a blow at Joseph's breast, which he artfully parried with one fist, so that it lost its force entirely in air; and, stepping one foot backward, he darted his fist so fiercely at his enemy, that, had he not caught it in his hand (for he was a boxer of no inferior fame), it must have tumbled him on the ground. And now the ravisher meditated another blow, which he aimed at that part of the breast where the heart is lodged; Joseph did not catch it as before, yet so prevented its aim that it fell directly on his nose, but with abated force. Joseph then, moving both fist and foot forwards at the same time, threw his head so dexterously into the stomach of the ravisher that he fell a lifeless lump on the field, where he lay many minutes breathless and motionless.

When Fanny saw her Joseph receive a blow in his face, and blood running in a stream from him, she began to tear her hair and invoke all human and divine power to his assistance. She was not, however, long under this affliction before Joseph, having conquered his enemy, ran to her, and assured her he was not hurt; she then instantly fell on her knees, and thanked God that he had made Joseph the means of her rescue, and at the same time preserved him from being injured in attempting it. She offered, with her handkerchief, to wipe his blood from his face; but he, seeing his rival attempting to recover his legs, turned to him, and asked him if he had enough? To which the other answered he had; for he believed he had fought with the devil instead of a man; and, loosening his horse, said he should not have attempted the wench if he had known she had been so well provided for.

Fanny now begged Joseph to return with her to parson Adams, and to promise that he would leave her no more. These were propositions so agreeable to Joseph, that, had he heard them, he would have given an immediate assent; but indeed his eyes were now his only sense; for you may remember, reader, that the ravisher had tore her handkerchief from Fanny's neck, by which he had discovered such a sight, that Joseph hath declared all the statues he ever beheld were so much inferior to it in beauty, that it was more capable of converting a man into a statue than of being imitated by the greatest master of that art. This modest creature, whom no warmth in summer could ever induce to expose her charms to the wanton sun, a modesty to which, perhaps, they owed their inconceivable whiteness, had stood many minutes bare-necked in the presence of Joseph before her apprehension of his danger and the horror of seeing his blood would suffer her once to reflect on what concerned herself; till at last, when the cause of her concern had vanished, an admiration at his silence, together with observing the fixed position of his eyes, produced an idea in the lovely maid which brought more blood into her face than had flowed from Joseph's nostrils. The snowy hue of her bosom was likewise changed to vermilion at the instant when she clapped her handkerchief around her neck. Joseph saw the uneasiness she suffered, and immediately removed his eyes from an object, in surveying which he had felt the greatest delight which the organs of sight were capable of conveying to his soul;—so great was his fear of offending her, and so truly did his passion for her deserve the noble name of love.

Fanny, being recovered from her confusion, which

was almost equalled by what Joseph had felt from observing it, again mentioned her request; this was instantly and gladly complied with; and together they crossed two or three fields, which brought them to the habitation of Mr. Adams.

CHAPTER VIII.

A discourse which happened between Mr. Adams, Mrs. Adams, Joseph, and Fanny; with some behaviour of Mr. Adams which will be called by some few readers very low, absurd, and unnatural.

THE parson and his wife had just ended a long dispute when the lovers came to the door. Indeed, this young couple had been the subject of the dispute; for Mrs. Adams was one of those prudent people who never do anything to injure their families, or, perhaps, one of those good mothers who would even stretch their conscience to serve their children. She had long entertained hopes of seeing her eldest daughter succeed Mrs. Slipslop, and of making her second son an exciseman by lady Booby's interest. These were expectations she could not endure the thoughts of quitting, and was, therefore, very uneasy to see her husband so resolute to oppose the lady's intention in Fanny's affair. She told him, "It behoved every man to take the first care of his family; that he had a wife and six children, the maintaining and providing for whom would be business enough for him without intermeddling in other folks' affairs; that he had always preached up submission to superiors, and would do ill to give an example of the contrary behaviour in his own conduct; that if lady Booby did wrong she must answer for it herself, and the sin would not lie at their door; that Fanny had been a servant, and bred up in the lady's own family, and consequently she must have known more of her than they did, and it was very improbable, if she had behaved herself well, that the lady would have been so bitterly her enemy; that perhaps he was too much inclined to think well of her because she was handsome, but handsome women were often no better than they should be; that G— made ugly women as well as handsome ones; and that if a woman had virtue it signified nothing whether she had beauty or no." For all which reasons she concluded he should oblige the lady, and stop the future publication of the bans. But all these excellent arguments had no effect on the parson, who persisted in doing his duty without regarding the consequence it might have on his worldly interest. He endeavoured to answer her as well as he could; to which she had just finished her reply (for she had always the last word everywhere but at church) when Joseph and Fanny entered their kitchen, where the parson and his wife then sat at breakfast over some bacon and cabbage. There was a coldness in the civility of Mrs. Adams which persons of accurate speculation might have observed, but escaped her present guests; indeed, it was a good deal covered by the heartiness of Adams, who no sooner heard that Fanny had neither eat nor drank that morning than he presented her a bone of bacon he had just been gnawing, being the only remains of his provision, and then ran nimbly to the tap, and produced a mug of small beer, which he called ale; however, it was the best in his house. Joseph, addressing himself to the parson, told him the discourse which had passed between squire Booby, his sister, and himself, concerning Fanny; he then acquainted him with the dangers whence he had rescued her, and communicated some apprehensions on her account. He concluded that he should never have an easy moment till Fanny was absolutely his, and begged that he

might be suffered to fetch a licence, saying he could easily borrow the money. The parson answered, That he had already given his sentiments concerning a licence, and that a very few days would make it unnecessary. "Joseph," says he, "I wish this haste doth not arise rather from your impatience than your fear; but, as it certainly springs from one of these causes, I will examine both. Of each of these therefore in their turn; and first for the first of these, namely, impatience. Now, child, I must inform you that, if in your purposed marriage with this young woman you have no intention but the indulgence of carnal appetites, you are guilty of a very heinous sin. Marriage was ordained for nobler purposes, as you will learn when you hear the service provided on that occasion read to you. Nay, perhaps, if you are a good lad, I, child, shall give you a sermon *gratis*, wherein I shall demonstrate how little regard ought to be had to the flesh on such occasions. The text will be, Matthew the 5th, and part of the 28th verse—*Whosoever looketh on a woman, so as to lust after her*. The latter part I shall omit, as foreign to my purpose. Indeed, all such brutal lusts and affections are to be greatly subdued, if not totally eradicated, before the vessel can be said to be consecrated to honour. To marry with a view of gratifying those inclinations is a prostitution of that holy ceremony, and must entail a curse on all who so lightly undertake it. If, therefore, this haste arises from impatience, you are to correct, and not give way to it. Now, as to the second head which I proposed to speak to, namely, fear: it argues a diffidence, highly criminal, of that Power in which alone we should put our trust, seeing we may be well assured that he is able, not only to defeat the designs of our enemies, but even to turn their hearts. Instead of taking, therefore, any unjustifiable or desperate means to rid ourselves of fear, we should resort to prayer only on these occasions; and we may be then certain of obtaining what is best for us. When any accident threatens us we are not to despair, nor, when it overtakes us, to grieve; we must submit in all things to the will of Providence, and set our affections so much on nothing here that we cannot quit it without reluctance. You are a young man, and can know but little of this world; I am older, and have seen a great deal. All passions are criminal in their excess; and even love itself, if it is not subservient to our duty, may render us blind to it. Had Abraham so loved his son Isaac as to refuse the sacrifice required, is there any of us who would not condemn him? Joseph, I know your many good qualities, and value you for them; but, as I am to render an account of your soul, which is committed to my cure, I cannot see any fault without reminding you of it. You are too much inclined to passion, child, and have set your affection so absolutely on this young woman, that, if G— required her at your hands, I fear you would reluctantly part with her. Now, believe me, no christian ought so to set his heart on any person or thing in this world, but that, whenever it shall be required or taken from him in any manner by Divine Providence, he may be able, peaceably, quietly, and contentedly to resign it." At which words one came hastily in, and acquainted Mr. Adams that his youngest son was drowned. He stood silent a moment, and soon began to stamp about the room and deplore his loss with the bitterest agony. Joseph, who was overwhelmed with concern likewise, recovered himself sufficiently to endeavour to comfort the parson; in which attempt he used many arguments that he had at several times remem-

bered out of his own discourses, both in private and public (for he was a great enemy to the passions, and preached nothing more than the conquest of them by reason and grace), but he was not at leisure now to hearken to his advice. "Child, child," said he, "do not go about impossibilities. Had it been any other of my children I could have borne it with patience; but my little prattler, the darling and comfort of my old age,—the little wretch, to be snatched out of life just at his entrance into it; the sweetest, best-tempered boy, who never did a thing to offend me. It was but this morning I gave him his first lesson in *Quæ Genus*. This was the very book he learnt; poor child! it is of no further use to thee now. He would have made the best scholar, and have been an ornament to the church;—such parts and such goodness never met in one so young." "And the handsomest lad too," says Mrs. Adams, recovering from a swoon in Fanny's arms. "My poor Jacky, shall I never see thee more?" cries the parson. "Yes, surely," says Joseph, "and in a better place; you will meet again, never to part more." I believe the parson did not hear these words, for he paid little regard to them, but went on lamenting, whilst the tears trickled down into his bosom. At last he cried out, "Where is my little darling?" and was sallying out, when, to his great surprise and joy, in which I hope the reader will sympathise, he met his son in a wet condition indeed, but alive and running towards him. The person who brought the news of his misfortune had been a little too eager, as people sometimes are, from, I believe, no very good principle, to relate ill news; and, seeing him fall into the river, instead of running to his assistance, directly ran to acquaint his father of a fate which he had concluded to be inevitable, but whence the child was relieved by the same poor pedlar who had relieved his father before from a less distress. The parson's joy was now as extravagant as his grief had been before; he kissed and embraced his son a thousand times, and danced about the room like one frantic; but as soon as he discovered the face of his old friend the pedlar, and heard the fresh obligation he had to him, what were his sensations? not those which two courtiers feel in one another's embraces; not those with which a great man receives the vile treacherous engines of his wicked purposes, not those with which a worthless younger brother wishes his elder joy of a son, or a man congratulates his rival on his obtaining a mistress, a place, or an honour.—No, reader; he felt the ebullition, the overflowings of a full, honest, open heart, towards the person who had conferred a real obligation, and of which, if thou canst not conceive an idea within, I will not vainly endeavour to assist thee.

When these tumults were over, the parson, taking Joseph aside, proceeded thus—"No, Joseph, do not give too much way to thy passions, if thou dost expect happiness." The patience of Joseph, nor perhaps of Job, could bear no longer; he interrupted the parson, saying, "It was easier to give advice than take it; nor did he perceive he could so entirely conquer himself, when he apprehended he had lost his son, or when he found him recovered."—"Boy," replied Adams, raising his voice, "it doth not become green heads to advise grey hairs.—Thou art ignorant of the tenderness of fatherly affection; when thou art a father thou wilt be capable then only of knowing what a father can feel. No man is obliged to impossibilities; and the loss of a child is one of those great trials where our grief may be allowed to become immoderate."—"Well, sir," cries Joseph, "and if I love a mistress as well as you your

child, surely her loss would grieve me equally."—"Yes, but such love is foolishness and wrong in itself, and ought to be conquered," answered Adams; "it savours too much of the flesh."—"Sure, sir," says Joseph, "it is not sinful to love my wife, no, not even to doat on her to distraction!"—"Indeed but it is," says Adams. "Every man ought to love his wife, no doubt; we are commanded so to do; but we ought to love her with moderation and discretion."—"I am afraid I shall be guilty of some sin in spite of all my endeavours," says Joseph; "for I shall love without any moderation, I am sure."—"You talk foolishly and childishly," cries Adams.—"Indeed," says Mrs. Adams, who had listened to the latter part of their conversation, "you talk more foolishly yourself. I hope, my dear, you will never preach any such doctrines as that husbands can love their wives too well. If I knew you had such a sermon in the house I am sure I would burn it; and I declare, if I had not been convinced you had loved me as well as you could, I can answer for myself, I should have hated and despised you. Marry come up! Fine doctrine, indeed! A wife hath a right to insist on her husband's loving her as much as ever he can; and he is a sinful villain who doth not. Doth he not promise to love her, and to comfort her, and to cherish her, and all that? I am sure I remember it all as well as if I had repeated it over but yesterday, and shall never forget it. Besides, I am certain you do not preach as you practise; for you have been a loving and a cherishing husband to me, that's the truth on't; and why you should endeavour to put such wicked nonsense into this youngman's head I cannot devise. Don't hearken to him, Mr. Joseph; be as good a husband as you are able, and love your wife with all your body and soul too." Here a violent rap at the door put an end to their discourse, and produced a scene which the reader will find in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

A visit which the polite lady Booby and her polite friend paid to the parson.

THE lady Booby had no sooner had an account from the gentleman of his meeting a wonderful beauty near her house, and perceived the raptures with which he spoke of her, than, immediately concluding it must be Fanny, she began to meditate a design of bringing them better acquainted; and to entertain hopes that the fine clothes, presents, and promises of this youth, would prevail on her to abandon Joseph: she therefore proposed to her company a walk in the fields before dinner, when she led them towards Mr. Adams's house; and, as she approached it, told them if they pleased she would divert them with one of the most ridiculous sights they had ever seen, which was an old foolish parson, who, she said, laughing, kept a wife and six brats on a salary of about twenty pounds a-year; adding, that there was not such another ragged family in the parish. They all readily agreed to this visit, and arrived whilst Mrs. Adams was declaiming as in the last chapter. Beau Didapper, which was the name of the young gentleman we have seen riding towards lady Booby's, with his cane mimicked the rap of a London footman at the door. The people within, namely, Adams, his wife and three children, Joseph, Fanny, and the pedlar, were all thrown into confusion by this knock, but Adams went directly to the door, which being opened, the lady Booby and her company walked in, and were received by the parson with about two hundred bows, and by his wife with as many curtsies; the latter telling the lady "She was ashamed to be seen in such a pickle, and that her house was

in such a litter; but that if she had expected such an honour from her ladyship she should have found her in a better manner." The parson made no apologies, though he was in his half-cassock and a flannel night-cap. He said "They were heartily welcome to his poor cottage," and, turning to Mr. Didapper, cried out, "*Non mea renidet in domo lacunar.*" The beau answered, "He did not understand Welsh;" at which the parson stared and made no reply.

Mr. Didapper, or beau Didapper, was a young gentleman of about four foot five inches in height. He wore his own hair, though the scarcity of it might have given him sufficient excuse for a periwig. His face was thin and pale; the shape of his body and legs none of the best, for he had very narrow shoulders and no calf; and his gait might more properly be called hopping than walking. The qualifications of his mind were well adapted to his person. We shall handle them first negatively. He was not entirely ignorant; for he could talk a little French and sing two or three Italian songs: he had lived too much in the world to be bashful, and too much at court to be proud: he seemed not much inclined to avarice, for he was profuse in his expenses; nor had he all the features of prodigality, for he never gave a shilling: no hater of women, for he always dangled after them; yet so little subject to lust, that he had, among those who knew him best, the character of great moderation in his pleasures: no drinker of wine; nor so addicted to passion but that a hot word or two from an adversary made him immediately cool.

Now, to give him only a dash or two on the affirmative side: though he was born to an immense fortune, he chose, for the pitiful and dirty consideration of a place of little consequence, to depend entirely on the will of a fellow whom they call a great man; who treated him with the utmost disrespect, and exacted of him a plenary obedience to his commands, which he implicitly submitted to, at the expense of his conscience, his honour, and of his country, in which he had himself so very large a share. And to finish his character; as he was entirely well satisfied with his own person and parts, so he was very apt to ridicule and laugh at any imperfection in another. Such was the little person, or rather thing, that hopped after lady Booby into Mr. Adams's kitchen.

The parson and his company retreated from the chimney-side, where they had been seated, to give room to the lady and hers. Instead of returning any of the curtsies or extraordinary civility of Mrs. Adams, the lady, turning to Mr. Booby, cried out, "*Quelle Bête! Quel Animal!*" And presently after discovering Fanny (for she did not need the circumstance of her standing by Joseph to assure the identity of her person), she asked the beau "Whether he did not think her a pretty girl?"—"Begad, madam," answered he, "'tis the very same I met." "I did not imagine," replied the lady, "you had so good a taste."—"Because I never liked you, I warrant," cries the beau. "Ridiculous!" said she: "you know you was always my aversion." "I would never mention aversion," answered the beau, "with that face; * dear lady Booby, wash your face before you mention aversion, I beseech you." He then laughed, and turned about to coquet it with Fanny.

Mrs. Adams had been all this time begging and praying the ladies to sit down, a favour which she at last obtained. The little boy to whom the accident

* Lest this should appear unnatural to some readers, we think proper to acquaint them, that it is taken verbatim from very polite conversation.

had happened, still keeping his place by the fire, was chid by his mother for not being more manly: but lady Booby took his part, and, commending his beauty, told the parson he was his very picture. She then, seeing a book in his hand, asked "If he could read?"—"Yes," cried Adams, "a little Latin, madam: he is just got into *Quæ Genus.*"—"A fig for *quære genius!*" answered she; "let me hear him read a little English."—"Lege, Dick, lege," said Adams: but the boy made no answer, till he saw the parson knit his brows, and then cried, "I don't understand you, father."—"How, boy!" says Adams; "what doth *lego* make in the imperative mood? *Legito*, doth it not?"—"Yes," answered Dick.—"And what besides?" says the father. "Lege," quoth the son, after some hesitation. "A good boy," says the father: "and now, child, what is the English of *lego*?"—To which the boy, after long puzzling, answered, he could not tell. "How!" cries Adams, in a passion;—"what, hath the water washed away your learning? Why, what is Latin for the English verb read? Consider before you speak." The child considered some time, and then the parson cried twice or thrice, "Le—, Le—" Dick answered, "Lego."—"Very well;—and then what is the English," says the parson, "of the verb *lego*?"—"To read," cried Dick.—"Very well," said the parson; "a good boy: you can do well if you will take pains.—I assure your ladyship he is not much above eight years old, and is out of his *Propria quæ Maribus* already.—Come, Dick, read to her ladyship;"—which she again desiring, in order to give the beau time and opportunity with Fanny, Dick began as in the following chapter.

CHAPTER X.

The history of two friends, which may afford an useful lesson to all those persons who happen to take up their residence in married families.

"LEONARD and Paul were two friends."—"Pronounce it Lennard, child," cried the parson.—"Pray, Mr. Adams," says lady Booby, "let your son read without interruption." Dick then proceeded. "Lennard and Paul were two friends, who, having been educated together at the same school, commenced a friendship which they preserved a long time for each other. It was so deeply fixed in both their minds, that a long absence, during which they had maintained no correspondence, did not eradicate nor lessen it: but it revived in all its force at their first meeting, which was not till after fifteen years' absence, most of which time Lennard had spent in the East Indi-es."—"Pronounce it short, Indies," says Adams.—"Pray, sir, be quiet," says the lady.—The boy repeated,—"in the East Indies, whilst Paul had served his king and country in the army. In which different services they had found such different success, that Lennard was now married, and retired with a fortune of thirty thousand pounds; and Paul was arrived to the degree of a lieutenant of foot; and was not worth a single shilling.

"The regiment in which Paul was stationed happened to be ordered into quarters within a small distance from the estate which Lennard had purchased, and where he was settled. This latter, who was now become a country gentleman, and a justice of peace, came to attend the quarter sessions in the town where his old friend was quartered, soon after his arrival. Some affair in which a soldier was concerned occasioned Paul to attend the justices. Manhood, and time, and the change of climate, had so much altered Lennard, that Paul did not imme-

diately recollect the features of his old acquaintance : but it was otherwise with Lennard. He knew Paul the moment he saw him ; nor could he contain himself from quitting the bench, and running hastily to embrace him. Paul stood at first a little surprised ; but had soon sufficient information from his friend, whom he no sooner remembered than he returned his embrace with a passion which made many of the spectators laugh, and gave to some few a much higher and more agreeable sensation.

"Not to detain the reader with minute circumstances, Lennard insisted on his friend's returning with him to his house that evening ; which request was complied with, and leave for a month's absence for Paul obtained of the commanding officer.

"If it was possible for any circumstance to give any addition to the happiness which Paul proposed in this visit, he received that additional pleasure by finding, on his arrival at his friend's house, that his lady was an old acquaintance which he had formerly contracted at his quarters, and who had always appeared to be of a most agreeable temper ; a character she had ever maintained among her intimates, being of that number, every individual of which is called quite the best sort of woman in the world.

"But, good as this lady was, she was still a woman ; that is to say, an angel, and not an angel."—"You must mistake, child," cries the parson, "for you read nonsense."—"It is so in the book," answered the son. Mr. Adams was then silenced by authority, and Dick proceeded.—"For though her person was of that kind to which men attribute the name of angel, yet in her mind she was perfectly woman. Of which a great degree of obstinacy gave the most remarkable and perhaps most pernicious instance.

"A day or two passed after Paul's arrival before any instances of this appeared ; but it was impossible to conceal it long. Both she and her husband soon lost all apprehension from their friend's presence, and fell to their disputes with as much vigour as ever. These were still pursued with the utmost ardour and eagerness, however trifling the causes were whence they first arose. Nay, however incredible it may seem, the little consequence of the matter in debate was frequently given as a reason for the fierceness of the contention, as thus : 'If you loved me, sure you would never dispute with me such a trifle as this.' The answer to which is very obvious ; for the argument would hold equally on both sides, and was constantly retorted with some additions, as—'I am sure I have much more reason to say so, who am in the right.' During all these disputes, Paul always kept strict silence, and preserved an even countenance, without showing the least visible inclination to either party. One day, however, when madam had left the room in a violent fury, Lennard could not refrain from referring his cause to his friend. Was ever anything so unreasonable, says he, as this woman ? What shall I do with her ? I doat on her to distraction ; nor have I any cause to complain of, more than this obstinacy in her temper ; whatever she asserts, she will maintain against all the reason and conviction in the world. Pray give me your advice.—First, says Paul, I will give you my opinion, which is, flatly, that you are in the wrong ; for, supposing she is in the wrong, was the subject of your contention any ways material ? What signified it whether you was married in a red or yellow waistcoat ? for that was your dispute. Now, suppose she was mistaken ; as you love her you say so tenderly, and I believe she deserves it, would it not have been wiser to have yielded, though you certainly knew yourself in the right, than to give either her or your-

self any uneasiness ? For my own part, if ever I marry, I am resolved to enter into an agreement with my wife, that in all disputes (especially about trifles) that party who is most convinced they are right shall always surrender the victory ; by which means we shall both be forward to give up the cause. I own, said Lennard, my dear friend, shaking him by the hand, there is great truth and reason in what you say ; and I will for the future endeavour to follow your advice. They soon after broke up the conversation, and Lennard, going to his wife, asked her pardon, and told her his friend had convinced him he had been in the wrong. She immediately began a vast encomium on Paul, in which he seconded her, and both agreed he was the worthiest and wisest man upon earth. When next day they met, which was at supper, though she had promised not to mention what her husband told her, she could not forbear casting the kindest and most affectionate looks on Paul, and asked him, with the sweetest voice, whether she should help him to some potted woodcock ? Potted partridge, my dear, you mean, says the husband. My dear, says she, I ask your friend, if he will eat any potted woodcock ; and I am sure I must know, who potted it. I think I should know too, who shot them, replied the husband, and I am convinced that I have not seen a woodcock this year ; however, though I know I am in the right, I submit, and the potted partridge is potted woodcock if you desire to have it so. It is equal to me, says she, whether it is one or the other ; but you would persuade one out of one's senses ; to be sure, you are always in the right in your own opinion ; but your friend, I believe, knows which he is eating. Paul answered nothing, and the dispute continued, as usual, the greatest part of the evening. The next morning the lady, accidentally meeting Paul, and being convinced he was her friend, and of her side, accosted him thus :—I am certain, sir, you have long since wondered at the unreasonableness of my husband. He is indeed, in other respects, a good sort of man, but so positive, that no woman but one of my complying temper could possibly live with him. Why, last night, now, was ever any creature so unreasonable ? I am certain you must condemn him. Pray, answer me, was he not in the wrong ? Paul, after a short silence, spoke as follows : I am sorry, madam, that, as good manners obliges me to answer against my will, so an adherence to truth forces me to declare myself of a different opinion. To be plain and honest, you was entirely in the wrong ; the cause I own not worth disputing, but the bird was undoubtedly a partridge. O sir ! replied the lady, I cannot possibly help your taste. Madam, returned Paul, that is very little material ; for, had it been otherwise, a husband might have expected submission.—Indeed ! sir, says she, I assure you !—Yes, madam, cried he, he might, from a person of your excellent understanding ; and pardon me for saying, such a condescension would have shown a superiority of sense even to your husband himself.—But, dear sir, said she, why should I submit when I am in the right ?—For that very reason, answered he ; it would be the greatest instance of affection imaginable ; for can anything be a greater object of our compassion than a person we love in the wrong ? Ay, but I should endeavour, said she, to set him right. Pardon me, madam, answered Paul : I will apply to your own experience if you ever found your arguments had that effect. The more our judgments err, the less we are willing to own it : for my own part, I have always observed the persons who maintain the worst side in any contest are the warmest. Why, says she, I must confess there is truth in what

you say, and I will endeavour to practise it. The husband then coming in, Paul departed. And Lennard, approaching his wife with an air of good humour, told her he was sorry for their foolish dispute the last night; but he was now convinced of his error. She answered, smiling, she believed she owed his condescension to his complacency; that she was ashamed to think a word had passed on so silly an occasion, especially as she was satisfied she had been mistaken. A little contention followed, but with the utmost good will to each other, and was concluded by her asserting that Paul had thoroughly convinced her she had been in the wrong. Upon which they both united in the praises of their common friend.

"Paul now passed his time with great satisfaction, these disputes being much less frequent, as well as shorter than usual; but the devil, or some unlucky accident in which perhaps the devil had no hand, shortly put an end to happiness. He was now eternally the private referee of every difference; in which, after having perfectly, as he thought, established the doctrine of submission, he never scrupled to assure both privately that they were in the right in every argument, as before he had followed the contrary method. One day a violent litigation happened in his absence, and both parties agreed to refer it to his decision. The husband professing himself sure the decision would be in his favour; the wife answered, he might be mistaken; for she believed his friend was convinced how seldom she was to blame; and that if he knew all — The husband replied, My dear, I have no desire of any retrospect; but I believe, if you knew all too, you would not imagine my friend so entirely on your side. Nay, says she, since you provoke me, I will mention one instance. You may remember our dispute about sending Jacky to school in cold weather, which point I gave up to you from mere compassion, knowing myself to be in the right; and Paul himself told me afterwards he thought me so. My dear, replied the husband, I will not scruple your veracity; but I assure you solemnly, on my applying to him, he gave it absolutely on my side, and said he would have acted in the same manner. They then proceeded to produce numberless other instances, in all which Paul had, on vows of secrecy, given his opinion on both sides. In the conclusion, both believing each other, they fell severely on the treachery of Paul, and agreed that he had been the occasion of almost every dispute which had fallen out between them. They then became extremely loving, and so full of condescension on both sides, that they vied with each other in censuring their own conduct, and jointly vented their indignation on Paul, whom the wife, fearing a bloody consequence, earnestly entreated her husband to suffer quietly to depart the next day, which was the time fixed for his return to quarters, and then drop his acquaintance.

"However ungenerous this behaviour in Lennard may be esteemed, his wife obtained a promise from him (though with difficulty) to follow her advice; but they both expressed such unusual coldness that day to Paul, that he, who was quick of apprehension, taking Lennard aside, pressed him so home, that he at last discovered the secret. Paul acknowledged the truth, but told him the design with which he had done it. — To which the other answered, he would have acted more friendly to have let him into the whole design; for that he might have assured himself of his secrecy. Paul replied, with some indignation, he had given him a sufficient proof how capable he was of concealing a secret from his wife. Lennard returned with some warmth—he had more reason

to upbraid him, for that he had caused most of the quarrels between them by his strange conduct, and might (if they had not discovered the affair to each other) have been the occasion of their separation. Paul then said—"But something now happened which put a stop to Dick's reading, and of which we shall treat in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

In which the history is continued.

JOSEPH ANDREWS had borne with great uneasiness the impertinence of beau Didapper to Fanny, who had been talking pretty freely to her, and offering her settlements; but the respect to the company had restrained him from interfering whilst the beau confined himself to the use of his tongue only; but the said beau, watching an opportunity whilst the ladies' eyes were disposed another way, offered a rudeness to her with his hands; which Joseph no sooner perceived than he presented him with so sound a box on the ear, that it conveyed him several paces from where he stood. The ladies immediately screamed out, rose from their chairs; and the beau, as soon as he recovered himself, drew his hanger: which Adams observing, snatched up the lid of a pot in his left hand, and, covering himself with it as with a shield, without any weapon of offence in his other hand, stepped in before Joseph, and exposed himself to the enraged beau, who threatened such perdition and destruction, that it frightened the women, who were all got in a huddle together, out of their wits, even to hear his denunciations of vengeance. Joseph was of a different complexion, and begged Adams to let his rival come on; for he had a good cudgel in his hand, and did not fear him. Fanny now fainted into Mrs. Adams's arms, and the whole room was in confusion, when Mr. Booby, passing by Adams, who lay snug under the pot-lid, came up to Didapper, and insisted on his sheathing the hanger, promising he should have satisfaction; which Joseph declared he would give him, and fight him at any weapon whatever. The beau now sheathed his hanger, and taking out a pocket-glass, and vowing vengeance all the time, re-adjusted his hair; the parson deposited his shield; and Joseph, running to Fanny, soon brought her back to life. Lady Booby chid Joseph for his insult on Didapper; but he answered, he would have attacked an army in the same cause. "What cause?" said the lady. "Madam," answered Joseph, "he was rude to that young woman."—"What," says the lady, "I suppose he would have kissed the wench; and is a gentleman to be struck for such an offer? I must tell you, Joseph, these airs do not become you."—"Madam," said Mr. Booby, "I saw the whole affair, and I do not commend my brother; for I cannot perceive why he should take upon him to be this girl's champion."—"I can commend him," says Adams: "he is a brave lad; and it becomes any man to be the champion of the innocent; and he must be the basest coward who would not vindicate a woman with whom he is on the brink of marriage."—"Sir," says Mr. Booby, "my brother is not a match for such a young woman as this."—"No," says lady Booby; "nor do you, Mr. Adams, act in your proper character by encouraging any such doings; and I am very much surprised you should concern yourself in it. I think your wife and family your proper care."—"Indeed, madam, your ladyship says very true," answered Mrs. Adams: "he talks a pack of nonsense, that the whole parish are his children. I am sure I don't understand what he means by it; it would make some women suspect he had gone astray, but I

acquit him of that; I can read scripture as well as he, and I never found that the parson was obliged to provide for other folks' children; and besides, he is but a poor curate, and hath little enough, as your ladyship knows, for me and mine."—"You say very well, Mrs. Adams," quoth the lady Booby, who had not spoke a word to her before; "you seem to be a very sensible woman; and I assure you, your husband is acting a very foolish part, and opposing his own interest, seeing my nephew is violently set against this match; and indeed I can't blame him; it is by no means one suitable to our family." In this manner the lady proceeded with Mrs. Adams, whilst the beau hopped about the room, shaking his head, partly from pain and partly from anger; and Pamela was chiding Fanny for her assurance in aiming at such a match as her brother. Poor Fanny answered only with her tears, which had long since begun to wet her handkerchief; which Joseph perceiving, took her by the arm, and wrapping it in his carried her off, swearing he would own no relation to any one who was an enemy to her he loved more than all the world. He went out with Fanny under his left arm, brandishing a cudgel in his right, and neither Mr. Booby nor the beau thought proper to oppose him. Lady Booby and her company made a very short stay behind him; for the lady's bell now summoned them to dress; for which they had just time before dinner.

Adams seemed now very much dejected, which his wife perceiving, began to apply some matrimonial balsam. She told him he had reason to be concerned, for that he had probably ruined his family with his tricks almost; but perhaps he was grieved for the loss of his two children, Joseph and Fanny. His eldest daughter went on: "Indeed, father, it is very hard to bring strangers here to eat your children's bread out of their mouths. You have kept them ever since they came home; and, for anything I see to the contrary, may keep them a month longer; are you obliged to give her meat, tho'f she was never so handsome? But I don't see she is so much handsomer than other people. If people were to be kept for their beauty, she would scarce fare better than her neighbours, I believe. As for Mr. Joseph, I have nothing to say: he is a young man of honest principles, and will pay some time or other for what he hath; but for the girl,—why doth she not return to her place she ran away from? I would not give such a vagabond slut a halfpenny though I had a million of money; no, though she was starving." "Indeed but I would," cries little Dick; "and, father, rather than poor Fanny shall be starved, I will give her all this bread and cheese"—(offering what he held in his hand). Adams smiled on the boy, and told him he rejoiced to see he was a christian; and that, if he had a halfpenny in his pocket, he would have given it him; telling him it was his duty to look upon all his neighbours as his brothers and sisters, and love them accordingly. "Yes, papa," says he, "I love her better than my sisters, for she is handsomer than any of them." "Is she so, saucebox?" says the sister, giving him a box on the ear; which the father would probably have resented, had not Joseph, Fanny, and the pedlar at that instant returned together. Adams bid his wife prepare some food for their dinner; she said, "Truly she could not, she had something else to do." Adams rebuked her for disputing his commands, and quoted many texts of scripture to prove "That the husband is the head of the wife, and she is to submit and obey." The wife answered, "It was blasphemy to talk scripture out of church; that such things were very proper to be said in the pul-

pit, but that it was profane to talk them in common discourse." Joseph told Mr. Adams "He was not come with any design to give him or Mrs. Adams any trouble; but to desire the favour of all their company to the George (an alehouse in the parish), where he had bespoken a piece of bacon and greens for their dinner." Mrs. Adams, who was a very good sort of woman, only rather too strict in economics, readily accepted this invitation, as did the parson himself by her example; and away they all walked together, not omitting little Dick, to whom Joseph gave a shilling when he heard of his intended liberality to Fanny.

CHAPTER XII.

Where the good-natured reader will see something which will give him no great pleasure.

THE pedlar had been very inquisitive from the time he had first heard that the great house in this parish belonged to the lady Booby, and had learned that she was the widow of sir Thomas, and that sir Thomas had bought Fanny, about the age of three or four years, of a travelling woman; and, now their homely but hearty meal was ended, he told Fanny he believed he could acquaint her with her parents. The whole company, especially she herself, started at this offer of the pedlar's. He then proceeded thus, while they all lent their strictest attention:—"Though I am now contented with this humble way of getting my livelihood, I was formerly a gentleman; for so all those of my profession are called. In a word, I was a drummer in an Irish regiment of foot. Whilst I was in this honourable station I attended an officer of our regiment into England a recruiting. In our march from Bristol to Froome (for since the decay of the woollen trade the clothing towns have furnished the army with a great number of recruits) we overtook on the road a woman, who seemed to be about thirty years old or thereabouts, not very handsome, but well enough for a soldier. As we came up to her, she mended her pace, and, falling into discourse with our ladies (for every man of the party, namely, a serjeant, two private men, and a drum, were provided with their woman except myself), she continued to travel on with us. I, perceiving she must fall to my lot, advanced presently to her, made love to her in our military way, and quickly succeeded to my wishes. We struck a bargain within a mile, and lived together as man and wife to her dying day." "I suppose," says Adams, interrupting him, "you were married with a licence; for I don't see how you could contrive to have the bans published while you were marching from place to place." "No, sir," said the pedlar, "we took a licence to go to bed together without any bans." "Ay! ay!" said the parson; "*ex necessitate*, a licence may be allowable enough; but surely, surely, the other is the more regular and eligible way." The pedlar proceeded thus: "she returned with me to our regiment, and removed with us from quarters to quarters, till at last, whilst we lay at Galway, she fell ill of a fever and died. When she was on her death-bed she called me to her, and, crying bitterly, declared she could not depart this world without discovering a secret to me, which, she said, was the only sin which sat heavy on her heart. She said she had formerly travelled in a company of gipsies, who had made a practice of stealing away children; that for her own part, she had been only once guilty of the crime; which, she said, she lamented more than all the rest of her sins, since probably it might have occasioned the death of the parents; for, added

she, it is almost impossible to describe the beauty of the young creature, which was about a year and a half old when I kidnapped it. We kept her (for she was a girl) above two years in our company, when I sold her myself, for three guineas, to sir Thomas Booby, in Somersetshire. Now, you know whether there are any more of that name in this county." "Yes," says Adams, "there are several Boobys who are squires, but I believe no baronet now alive; besides, it answers so exactly in every point, there is no room for doubt; but you have forgot to tell us the parents from whom the child was stolen." "Their name," answered the pedlar, was Andrews. They lived about thirty miles from the squire; and she told me that I might be sure to find them out by one circumstance; for that they had a daughter of a very strange name, Pamēla, or Pamēla; some pronounced it one way, and some the other." Fanny, who had changed colour at the first mention of the name, now fainted away; Joseph turned pale, and poor Dicky began to roar; the parson fell on his knees, and ejaculated many thanksgivings that this discovery had been made before the dreadful sin of incest was committed; and the pedlar was struck with amazement, not being able to account for all this confusion; the cause of which was presently opened by the parson's daughter, who was the only unconcerned person (for the mother was chafing Fanny's temples, and taking the utmost care of her): and, indeed, Fanny was the only creature whom the daughter would not have pitied in her situation; wherein, though we compassionate her ourselves, we shall leave her for a little while, and pay a short visit to lady Booby.

CHAPTER XIII.

The history, returning to the lady Booby, gives some account of the terrible conflict in her breast between love and pride; with what happened on the present discovery.

THE lady sat down with her company to dinner, but ate nothing. As soon as her cloth was removed she whispered Pamela that she was taken a little ill, and desired her to entertain her husband and beau Didapper. She then went up into her chamber, sent for Slipslop, threw herself on the bed in the agonies of love, rage, and despair; nor could she conceal these boiling passions longer without bursting. Slipslop now approached her bed, and asked how her ladyship did; but, instead of revealing her disorder, as she intended, she entered into a long encomium on the beauty and virtues of Joseph Andrews; ending, at last, with expressing her concern that so much tenderness should be thrown away on so despicable an object as Fanny. Slipslop, well knowing how to humour her mistress's phrensy, proceeded to repeat, with exaggeration, if possible, all her mistress had said, and concluded with a wish that Joseph had been a gentleman, and that she could see her lady in the arms of such a husband. The lady then started from the bed, and, taking a turn or two across the room, cried out, with a deep sigh, "Sure he would make any woman happy!"—"Your ladyship," says she, "would be the happiest woman in the world with him. A fig for custom and nonsense! What 'vails what people say? Shall I be afraid of eating sweetmeats because people may say I have a sweet tooth? If I had a mind to marry a man, all the world should not hinder me. Your ladyship hath no parents to tutelar your infections; besides, he is of your ladyship's family now, and as good a gentleman as any in the country; and why should not a woman follow her mind as well as man? Why should not your ladyship

marry the brother as well as your nephew the sister? I am sure, if it was a fragrant crime, I would not persuade your ladyship to it."—"But, dear Slipslop," answered the lady, "if I could prevail on myself to commit such a weakness, there is that cursed Fanny in the way, whom the idiot—O how I hate and despise him!"—"She! a little ugly minx," cries Slipslop; "leave her to me. I suppose your ladyship hath heard of Joseph's fitting with one of Mr. Didapper's servants about her; and his master hath ordered them to carry her away by force this evening. I'll take care they shall not want assistance. I was talking with this gentleman, who was below, just when your ladyship sent for me."—"Go back," says the lady Booby, "this instant, for I expect Mr. Didapper will soon be going. Do all you can; for I am resolved this wench shall not be in our family: I will endeavour to return to the company; but let me know as soon as she is carried off." Slipslop went away; and her mistress began to arraign her own conduct in the following manner:

"What am I doing? How do I suffer this passion to creep imperceptibly upon me! How many days are passed since I could have submitted to ask myself the question?—Marry a footman! Distraction! Can I afterwards bear the eyes of my acquaintance? But I can retire from them; retire with one in whom I propose more happiness than the world without him can give me! Retire—to feed continually on beauties which my inflamed imagination sickens with eagerly gazing on; to satisfy every appetite, every desire, with their utmost wish. Ha! and do I doat thus on a footman? I despise, I detest my passion.—Yet why? Is he not generous, gentle, kind?—Kind! to whom? to the meanest wretch, a creature below my consideration. Doth he not—yes, he doth prefer her. Curse his beauties, and the little low heart that possesses them; which can basely descend to this despicable wench, and be ungratefully deaf to all the honours I do him. And can I then love this monster? No, I will tear his image from my bosom, tread on him, spurn him. I will have those pitiful charms, which now I depise, mangled in my sight; for I will not suffer the little jade I hate to riot in the beauties I contemn. No; though I despise him myself, though I would spurn him from my feet, was he to languish at them, no other shall taste the happiness I scorn. Why do I say happiness? To me it would be misery. To sacrifice my reputation, my character, my rank in life, to the indulgence of a mean and a vile appetite! How I detest the thought! How much more exquisite is the pleasure resulting from the reflection of virtue and prudence than the faint relish of what flows from vice and folly! Whither did I suffer this improper, this mad passion to hurry me, only by neglecting to summon the aids of reason to my assistance? Reason, which hath now set before me my desires in their proper colours, and immediately helped me to expel them. Yes, I thank Heaven and my pride, I have now perfectly conquered this unworthy passion; and if there was no obstacle in its way, my pride would disdain any pleasures which could be the consequence of so base, so mean, so vulgar—" Slipslop returned at this instant in a violent hurry, and, with the utmost eagerness, cried out, "O madam! I have strange news. Tom the footman is just come from the George; where, it seems, Joseph and the rest of them are jinketting; and he says there is a strange man who hath discovered that Fanny and Joseph are brother and sister."—"How, Slipslop!" cries the lady, in a surprise.—"I had not time, madam,"

cries Slipslop, "to inquire about particles, but Tom says it is most certainly true."

This unexpected account entirely obliterated all those admirable reflections which the supreme power of reason had so wisely made just before. In short, when despair, which had more share in producing the resolutions of hatred we have seen taken, began to retreat, the lady hesitated a moment, and then, forgetting all the purport of her soliloquy, dismissed her woman again, with orders to bid Tom attend her in the parlour, whither she now hastened to acquaint Pamela with the news. Pamela said she could not believe it; for she had never heard that her mother had lost any child, or that she had ever had any more than Joseph and herself. The lady flew into a violent rage with her, and talked of upstarts and disowning relations who had so lately been on a level with her. Pamela made no answer; but her husband, taking up her cause, severely reprimanded his aunt for her behaviour to his wife: he told her, if it had been earlier in the evening she should not have staid a moment longer in her house; that he was convinced, if this young woman could be proved her sister, she would readily embrace her as such, and he himself would do the same. He then desired the fellow might be sent for, and the young woman with him, which lady Booby immediately ordered; and, thinking proper to make some apology to Pamela for what she had said, it was readily accepted, and all things reconciled.

The pedlar now attended, as did Fanny and Joseph, who would not quit her; the parson likewise was induced, not only by curiosity, of which he had no small portion, but his duty, as he apprehended it, to follow them; for he continued all the way to exhort them, who were now breaking their hearts, to offer up thanksgivings, and be joyful for so miraculous an escape.

When they arrived at Booby-Hall they were presently called into the parlour, where the pedlar repeated the same story he had told before, and insisted on the truth of every circumstance; so that all who heard him were extremely well satisfied of the truth, except Pamela, who imagined, as she had never heard either of her parents mention such an accident, that it must be certainly false; and except the lady Booby, who suspected the falsehood of the story from her ardent desire that it should be true; and Joseph, who feared its truth, from his earnest wishes that it might prove false.

Mr. Booby now desired them all to suspend their curiosity and absolute belief or disbelief till the next morning, when he expected old Mr. Andrews and his wife to fetch himself and Pamela home in his coach, and then they might be certain of certainly knowing the truth or falsehood of this relation; in which, he said, as there were many strong circumstances to induce their credit, so he could not perceive any interest the pedlar could have in inventing it, or in endeavouring to impose such a falsehood on them.

The lady Booby, who was very little used to such company, entertained them all—*viz.* her nephew, his wife, her brother and sister, the beau, and the parson, with great good humour at her own table. As to the pedlar, she ordered him to be made as welcome as possible by her servants. All the company in the parlour, except the disappointed lovers, who sat sullen and silent, were full of mirth; for Mr. Booby had prevailed on Joseph to ask Mr. Didapper's pardon, with which he was perfectly satisfied. Many jokes passed between the beau and the parson, chiefly on each other's dress; these

afforded much diversion to the company. Pamela chid her brother Joseph for the concern which he expressed at discovering a new sister. She said, if he loved Fanny as he ought, with a pure affection, he had no reason to lament being related to her.—Upon which Adams began to discourse on Platonic love; whence he made a quick transition to the joys in the next world, and concluded with strongly asserting that there was no such thing as pleasure in this. At which Pamela and her husband smiled on one another.

This happy pair proposing to retire (for no other person gave the least symptom of desiring rest), they all repaired to several beds provided for them in the same house; nor was Adams himself suffered to go home, it being a stormy night. Fanny indeed often begged she might go home with the parson; but her stay was so strongly insisted on, that she at last, by Joseph's advice, consented.

CHAPTER XIV.

Containing several curious night-adventures, in which Mr. Adams fell into many hair-breadth 'scapes, partly owing to his goodness, and partly to his inadvertency.

ABOUT an hour after they had all separated (it being now past three in the morning), beau Didapper, whose passion for Fanny permitted him not to close his eyes, but had employed his imagination in contrivances how to satisfy his desires, at last hit on a method by which he hoped to effect it. He had ordered his servant to bring him word where Fanny lay, and had received his information; he therefore arose, put on his breeches and nightgown, and stole softly along the gallery which led to her apartment; and, being come to the door, as he imagined it, he opened it with the least noise possible and entered the chamber. A savour now invaded his nostrils which he did not expect in the room of so sweet a young creature, and which might have probably had no good effect on a cooler lover. However, he groped out the bed with difficulty, for there was not a glimpse of light, and, opening the curtains, he whispered in Joseph's voice (for he was an excellent mimic), "Fanny, my angel! I am come to inform thee that I have discovered the falsehood of the story we last night heard. I am no longer thy brother, but thy lover; nor will I be delayed the enjoyment of thee one moment longer. You have sufficient assurances of my constancy not to doubt my marrying you, and it would be want of love to deny me the possession of thy charms."—So saying, he disencumbered himself from the little clothes he had on, and, leaping into bed, embraced his angel, as he conceived her, with great rapture. If he was surprised at receiving no answer, he was no less pleased to find his hug returned with equal ardour. He remained not long in this sweet confusion; for both he and his paramour presently discovered their error. Indeed it was no other than the accomplished Slipslop whom he had engaged; but, though she immediately knew the person whom she had mistaken for Joseph, he was at a loss to guess at the representative of Fanny. He had so little seen or taken notice of this gentlewoman, that light itself would have afforded him no assistance in his conjecture. Beau Didapper no sooner had perceived his mistake than he attempted to escape from the bed with much greater haste than he had made to it; but the watchful Slipslop prevented him. For that prudent woman, being disappointed of those delicious offerings which her fancy had promised her pleasure, resolved to make an immediate sacrifice to her virtue. Indeed she wanted an opportunity to heal some wounds, which her late conduct had, she

feared, given her reputation; and, as she had a wonderful presence of mind, she conceived the person of the unfortunate beau to be luckily thrown in her way to restore her lady's opinion of her impregnable chastity. At that instant, therefore, when he offered to leap from the bed, she caught fast hold of his shirt, at the same time roaring out, "O thou villain! who hast attacked my chastity, and, I believe, ruined me in my sleep; I will swear a rape against thee, I will prosecute thee with the utmost vengeance." The beau attempted to get loose, but she held him fast, and when he struggled she cried out "Murder! murder! rape! robbery! ruin!" At which words, parson Adams, who lay in the next chamber, wakeful, and meditating on the pedlar's discovery, jumped out of bed, and, without staying to put a rag of clothes on, hastened into the apartment whence the cries proceeded. He made directly to the bed in the dark, where, laying hold of the beau's skin, (for Slipslop had torn his shirt almost off,) and finding his skin extremely soft, and hearing him in a low voice begging Slipslop to let him go, he no longer doubted but this was the young woman in danger of ravishing, and immediately falling on the bed, and laying hold on Slipslop's chin, where he found a rough beard, his belief was confirmed; he therefore rescued the beau, who presently made his escape, and then, turning towards Slipslop, received such a cuff on his chops, that, his wrath kindling instantly, he offered to return the favour so stoutly, that had poor Slipslop received the fist, which in the dark passed by her and fell on the pillow, she would most probably have given up the ghost. Adams, missing his blow, fell directly on Slipslop, who cuffed and scratched as well as she could; nor was he behindhand with her in his endeavours, but happily the darkness of the night befriended her. She then cried she was a woman; but Adams answered, she was rather the devil, and if she was he would grapple with him; and, being again irritated by another stroke on the chops, he gave her such a remembrance in the guts, that she began to roar loud enough to be heard all over the house. Adams then, seizing her by the hair (for her double-clout had fallen off in the scuffle), pinned her head down to the bolster, and then both called for lights together. The lady Booby, who was as wakeful as any of her guests, had been alarmed from the beginning; and, being a woman of a bold spirit, she slipped on a nightgown, petticoat, and slippers, and taking a candle, which always burnt in her chamber, in her hand, she walked undauntedly to Slipslop's room; where she entered just at the instant as Adams had discovered, by the two mountains which Slipslop carried before her, that he was concerned with a female. He then concluded her to be a witch, and said he fancied those breasts gave suck to a legion of devils. Slipslop, seeing lady Booby enter the room, cried help! or I am ravished, with a most audible voice: and Adams, perceiving the light, turned hastily, and saw the lady (as she did him) just as she came to the feet of the bed; nor did her modesty, when she found the naked condition of Adams, suffer her to approach farther. She then began to revile the parson as the wickedest of all men, and particularly railed at his impudence in choosing her house for the scene of his debaucheries, and her own woman for the object of his bestiality. Poor Adams had before discovered the countenance of his bedfellow, and, now first recollecting he was naked, he was no less confounded than lady Booby herself, and immediately whipped under the bed-clothes, whence the chaste Slipslop endeavoured in vain to shut him out. Then putting

forth his head, on which, by way of ornament, he wore a flannel nightcap, he protested his innocence, and asked ten thousand pardons of Mrs. Slipslop for the blows he had struck her, vowing he had mistaken her for a witch. Lady Booby, then casting her eyes on the ground, observed something sparkle with great lustre, which, when she had taken it up, appeared to be a very fine pair of diamond buttons for the sleeves. A little farther she saw lie the sleeve itself of a shirt with laced ruffles. "Heyday!" says she, "what is the meaning of this?" "O, madam," says Slipslop, "I don't know what hath happened, I have been so terrified. Here may have been a dozen men in the room." "To whom belongs this laced shirt and jewels?" says the lady. "Undoubtedly," cries the parson, "to the young gentleman whom I mistook for a woman on coming into the room, whence proceeded all the subsequent mistakes; for if I had suspected him for a man, I would have seized him, had he been another Hercules, though, indeed, he seems rather to resemble Hylas." He then gave an account of the reason of his rising from bed, and the rest, till the lady came into the room; at which, and the figures of Slipslop and her gallant, whose heads only were visible at the opposite corners of the bed, she could not refrain from laughter; nor did Slipslop persist in accusing the parson of any motions towards a rape. The lady therefore desired him to return to his bed as soon as she was departed, and then ordering Slipslop to rise and attend her in her own room, she returned herself thither. When she was gone, Adams renewed his petitions for pardon to Mrs. Slipslop, who, with a most christian temper, not only forgave, but began to move with much courtesy towards him, which he taking as a hint to be gone, immediately quitted the bed, and made the best of his way towards his own; but unluckily, instead of turning to the right, he turned to the left, and went to the apartment where Fanny lay, who (as the reader may remember) had not slept a wink the preceding night, and who was so hagged out with what had happened to her in the day, that, notwithstanding all thoughts of her Joseph, she was fallen into so profound a sleep, that all the noise in the adjoining room had not been able to disturb her. Adams groped out the bed, and, turning the clothes down softly, a custom Mrs. Adams had long accustomed him to, crept in, and deposited his carcase on the bed-post, a place which that good woman had always assigned him.

As the cat or lap-dog of some lovely nymph, for whom ten thousand lovers languish, lies quietly by the side of the charming maid, and, ignorant of the scene of delight on which they repose, meditates the future capture of a mouse, or surprisal of a plate of bread and butter: so Adams lay by the side of Fanny, ignorant of the paradise to which he was so near; nor could the emanation of sweets which flowed from her breath overpower the fumes of tobacco which played in the parson's nostrils. And now sleep had not overtaken the good man, when Joseph, who had secretly appointed Fanny to come to her at the break of day, rapped softly at the chamber-door, which when he had repeated twice, Adams cried, "Come in, whoever you are." Joseph thought he had mistaken the door, though she had given him the most exact directions; however, knowing his friend's voice, he opened it, and saw some female vestments lying on a chair. Fanny waking at the same instant, and stretching out her hand on Adams's beard, she cried out,—"O heavens! where am I?" "Bless me! where am I?" said the parson. Then Fanny screamed, Adams leaped out of

bed, and Joseph stood, as the tragedians call it, like the statue of Surprise. "How came she into my room?" cried Adams. "How came you into her's?" cried Joseph, in an astonishment. "I know nothing of the matter," answered Adams, "but that she is a vestal for me. As I am a christian, I know not whether she is a man or woman. He is an infidel who doth not believe in witchcraft. They as surely exist now as in the days of Saul. My clothes are bewitched away too, and Fanny's brought into their place." For he still insisted he was in his own apartment; but Fanny denied it vehemently, and said his attempting to persuade Joseph of such a falsehood convinced her of his wicked designs. "How!" said Joseph in a rage, "hath he offered any rudeness to you?" She answered—She could not accuse him of any more than villanously stealing to bed to her, which she thought rudeness sufficient, and what no man would do without a wicked intention.

Joseph's great opinion of Adams was not easily to be staggered, and when he heard from Fanny that no harm had happened he grew a little cooler; yet still he was confounded, and, as he knew the house, and that the women's apartments were on this side Mrs. Slipslop's room, and the men's on the other, he was convinced that he was in Fanny's chamber. Assuring Adams therefore of this truth, he begged him to give some account how he came there. Adams then, standing in his shirt which did not offend Fanny, as the curtains of the bed were drawn, related all that had happened; and when he had ended Joseph told him,—It was plain he had mistaken by turning to the right instead of the left. "Odso!" cries Adams, "that's true: as sure as sixpence, you have hit on the very thing." He then traversed the room, rubbing his hands, and begged Fanny's pardon, assuring her he did not know whether she was man or woman. That innocent creature, firmly believing all he said, told him she was no longer angry, and begged Joseph to conduct him into his own apartment, where he should stay himself till she had put her clothes on. Joseph and Adams accordingly departed, and the latter soon was convinced of the mistake he had committed; however, whilst he was dressing himself, he often asserted he believed in the power of witchcraft notwithstanding, and did not see how a christian could deny it.

CHAPTER XV.

The arrival of Gaffer and Gammer Andrews, with another person not much expected; and a perfect solution of the difficulties raised by the pedlar.

As soon as Fanny was dressed Joseph returned to her, and they had a long conversation together, the conclusion of which was, that, if they found themselves to be really brother and sister, they vowed a perpetual celibacy, and to live together all their days, and indulge a Platonic friendship for each other.

The company were all very merry at breakfast, and Joseph and Fanny rather more cheerful than the preceding night. The lady Booby produced the diamond button, which the beau most readily owned, and alleged that he was very subject to walk in his sleep. Indeed, he was far from being ashamed of his amour, and rather endeavoured to insinuate that more than was really true had passed between him and the fair Slipslop.

Their tea was scarce over when news came of the arrival of old Mr. Andrews and his wife. They were immediately introduced, and kindly received by the lady Booby, whose heart went now pit-a-pat,

as did those of Joseph and Fanny. They felt, perhaps, little less anxiety in this interval than *Cepidus* himself, whilst his fate was revealing.

Mr. Booby first opened the cause by informing the old gentleman that he had a child in the company more than he knew of, and, taking Fanny by the hand, told him, this was that daughter of his who had been stolen away by gipsies in her infancy. Mr. Andrews, after expressing some astonishment, assured his honour that he had never lost a daughter by gipsies, nor ever had any other children than Joseph and Pamela. These words were a cordial to the two lovers; but had a different effect on lady Booby. She ordered the pedlar to be called, who recounted his story as he had done before.—At the end of which, old Mrs. Andrews, running to Fanny, embraced her, crying out, "She is, she is my child!" The company were all amazed at this disagreement between the man and his wife; and the blood had now forsaken the cheeks of the lovers, when the old woman, turning to her husband, who was more surprised than all the rest, and having a little recovered her own spirits, delivered herself as follows: "You may remember, my dear, when you went a serjeant to Gibraltar, you left me big with child; you stayed abroad, you know, upwards of three years. In your absence I was brought to bed, I verily believe, of this daughter, whom I am sure I have reason to remember, for I suckled her at this very breast till the day she was stolen from me. One afternoon, when the child was about a year, or a year and a half old, or thereabouts, two gipsy-women came to the door and offered to tell my fortune. One of them had a child in her lap. I showed them my hand, and desired to know if you was ever to come home again, which I remember as well as if it was but yesterday: they faithfully promised me you should.—I left the girl in the cradle, and went to draw them a cup of liquor, the best I had: when I returned with the pot (I am sure I was not absent longer than whilst I am telling it to you) the women were gone. I was afraid they had stolen something, and looked and looked, but to no purpose, and, Heaven knows, I had very little for them to steal. At last, hearing the child cry in the cradle, I went to take it up—but, O the living! how was I surprised to find, instead of my own girl that I had put into the cradle, who was as fine a fat thriving child as you shall see in a summer's day, a poor sickly boy, that did not seem to have an hour to live. I ran out, pulling my hair off, and crying like any mad after the women, but never could hear a word of them from that day to this. When I came back the poor infant (which is our Joseph there, as stout as he now stands) lifted up its eyes upon me so piteously, that, to be sure, notwithstanding my passion, I could not find in my heart to do it any mischief. A neighbour of mine, happening to come in at the same time, and hearing the case, advised me to take care of this poor child, and God would perhaps one day restore me my own. Upon which I took the child up, and suckled it, to be sure, all the world as if it had been born of my own natural body; and, as true as I am alive, in a little time I loved the boy all to nothing as if it had been my own girl.—Well, as I was saying, times growing very hard, I having two children and nothing but my own work, which was little enough, God knows, to maintain them, was obliged to ask relief of the parish; but, instead of giving it me, they removed me, by justices' warrants, fifteen miles, to the place where I now live, where I had not been long settled before you came home. Joseph (for that was the name I gave him

myself—the Lord knows whether he was baptized or no, or by what name), Joseph, I say, seemed to me about five years old when you returned; for I believe he is two or three years older than our daughter here (for I am thoroughly convinced she is the same); and when you saw him you said he was a chopping boy, without ever minding his age; and so I, seeing you did not suspect anything of the matter, thought I might e'en as well keep it to myself, for fear you should not love him as well as I did. And all this is veritably true, and I will take my oath of it before any justice in the kingdom."

The pedlar, who had been summoned by the order of lady Booby, listened with the utmost attention to Gammer Andrews's story; and, when she had finished, asked her if the supposititious child had no mark on its breast? To which she answered, "Yes, he had as fine a strawberry as ever grew in a garden." This Joseph acknowledged, and, unbuttoning his coat, at the intercession of the company, showed to them. "Well," says Gaffer Andrews, who was a comical sly old fellow, and very likely desired to have no more children than he could keep, "you have proved, I think, very plainly, that this boy doth not belong to us; but how are you certain that the girl is ours?" The parson then brought the pedlar forward, and desired him to repeat the story which he had communicated to him the preceding day at the ale-house; which he complied with, and related what the reader, as well as Mr. Adams, hath seen before. He then confirmed, from his wife's report, all the circumstances of the exchange, and of the strawberry on Joseph's breast. At the repetition of the word strawberry, Adams, who had seen it without any emotion, started and cried, "Bless me! something comes into my head." But before he had time to bring anything out a servant called him forth. When he was gone the pedlar assured Joseph that his parents were persons of much greater circumstances than those he had hitherto mistaken for such; for that he had been stolen from a gentleman's house by those whom they call gipsies, and had been kept by them during a whole year, when, looking on him as in a dying condition, they had exchanged him for the other healthier child, in the manner before related. He said, As to the name of his father, his wife had either never known or forgot it; but that she had acquainted him he lived about forty miles from the place where the exchange had been made, and which way, promising to spare no pains in endeavouring with him to discover the place.

But Fortune, which seldom doth good or ill, or makes men happy or miserable, by halves, resolved to spare him this labour. The reader may please to recollect that Mr. Wilson had intended a journey to the west, in which he was to pass through Mr. Adams's parish, and had promised to call on him. He was now arrived at the lady Booby's gates for that purpose, being directed thither from the parson's house, and had sent in the servant whom we have above seen call Mr. Adams forth. This had no sooner mentioned the discovery of a stolen child, and had uttered the word strawberry, than Mr. Wilson, with wildness in his looks, and the utmost eagerness in his words, begged to be shown into the room, where he entered without the least regard to any of the company but Joseph, and, embracing him with a complexion all pale and trembling, desired to see the mark on his breast; the parson followed him capering, rubbing his hands, and crying out, *Hic est quem queris; inventus est, &c.* Joseph complied with the request of Mr. Wilson, who no sooner saw the mark than, abandoning himself to the most extravagant

rapture of passion, he embraced Joseph with inexpressible ecstasy, and cried out in tears of joy, "I have discovered my son, I have him again in my arms!" Joseph was not sufficiently apprised yet to taste the same delight with his father (for so in reality he was); however, he returned some warmth to his embraces: but he no sooner perceived, from his father's account, the agreement of every circumstance, of person, time, and place, than he threw himself at his feet, and, embracing his knees, with tears begged his blessing, which was given with much affection, and received with such respect, mixed with such tenderness on both sides, that it affected all present; but none so much as lady Booby, who left the room in an agony, which was but too much perceived, and not very charitably accounted for by some of the company.

CHAPTER XVI.

Being the last. In which this true history is brought to a happy conclusion.

FANNY was very little behind her Joseph in the duty she expressed towards her parents, and the joy she evidenced in discovering them. Gammer Andrews kissed her, and said, She was heartily glad to see her; but for her part, she could never love any one better than Joseph. Gaffer Andrews testified no remarkable emotion: he blessed and kissed her, but complained bitterly that he wanted his pipe, not having had a whiff that morning.

Mr. Booby, who knew nothing of his aunt's fondness, imputed her abrupt departure to her pride, and disdain of the family into which he was married; he was therefore desirous to be gone with the utmost celerity; and now, having congratulated Mr. Wilson and Joseph on the discovery, he saluted Fanny, called her sister, and introduced her as such to Pamela, who behaved with great decency on the occasion.

He now sent a message to his aunt, who returned that she wished him a good journey, but was too disordered to see any company: he therefore prepared to set out, having invited Mr. Wilson to his house; and Pamela and Joseph both so insisted on his complying, that he at last consented, having first obtained a messenger from Mr. Booby to acquaint his wife with the news; which, as he knew it would render her completely happy, he could not prevail on himself to delay a moment in acquainting her with.

The company were ranged in this manner: the two old people, with their two daughters, rode in the coach; the squire, Mr. Wilson, Joseph, parson Adams, and the pedlar, proceeded on horseback.

In their way, Joseph informed his father of his intended match with Fanny; to which, though he expressed some reluctance at first, on the eagerness of his son's instances he consented; saying, if she was so good a creature as she appeared, and he described her, he thought the disadvantages of birth and fortune might be compensated. He however insisted on the match being deferred till he had seen his mother; in which, Joseph perceiving him positive, with great duty obeyed him, to the great delight of parson Adams, who by these means saw an opportunity of fulfilling the church forms, and marrying his parishioners without a licence.

Mr. Adams greatly exulting on this occasion (for such ceremonies were matters of no small moment with him), accidentally gave spurs to his horse, which the generous beast disdaining,—for he was of high mettle, and had been used to more expert riders than the gentleman who at present bestrode him, for whose horsemanship he had perhaps some contempt,

—immediately ran away full speed, and played so many antic tricks that he tumbled the parson from his back; which Joseph perceiving, came to his relief.

This accident afforded infinite merriment to the servants, and no less frightened poor Fanny, who beheld him as he passed by the coach; but the mirth of the one and terror of the other were soon determined, when the parson declared he had received no damage.

The horse having freed himself from his unworthy rider, as he probably thought him, proceeded to make the best of his way; but was stopped by a gentleman and his servants, who were travelling the opposite way, and were now at a little distance from the coach. They soon met; and, as one of the servants delivered Adams his horse, his master hailed him, and Adams, looking up, presently recollected he was the justice of peace before whom he and Fanny had made their appearance. The parson presently saluted him very kindly; and the justice informed him that he had found the fellow who attempted to swear against him, and the young woman the very next day, and had committed him to Salisbury gaol, where he was charged with many robberies.

Many compliments having passed between the parson and the justice, the latter proceeded on his journey; and the former, having with some disdain refused Joseph's offer of changing horses, and declared he was as able a horseman as any in the kingdom, remounted his beast; and now the company again proceeded, and happily arrived at their journey's end, Mr. Adams, by good luck, rather than by good riding, escaping a good fall.

The company, arriving at Mr. Booby's house, were all received by him in the most courteous and entertained in the most splendid manner, after the custom of the old English hospitality, which is still preserved in some very few families in the remote parts of England. They all passed that day with the utmost satisfaction; it being perhaps impossible to find any set of people more solidly and sincerely happy. Joseph and Fanny found means to be alone upwards of two hours, which were the shortest but the sweetest imaginable.

In the morning Mr. Wilson proposed to his son to make a visit with him to his mother; which, notwithstanding his dutiful inclinations, and a longing desire he had to see her, a little concerned him, as he must be obliged to leave his Fanny; but the goodness of Mr. Booby relieved him; for he proposed to send his own coach and six for Mrs. Wilson, whom Pamela so very earnestly invited, that Mr. Wilson at length agreed with the entreaties of Mr. Booby and Joseph, and suffered the coach to go empty for his wife.

On Saturday night the coach returned with Mrs. Wilson, who added one more to this happy assembly. The reader may imagine much better and quicker too than I can describe the many embraces and tears of joy which succeeded her arrival. It is sufficient to say she was easily prevailed with to follow her husband's example in consenting to the match.

On Sunday Mr. Adams performed the service at the squire's parish church, the curate of which very kindly exchanged duty, and rode twenty miles to the lady Booby's parish so to do; being particularly charged not to omit publishing the bans, being the third and last time.

At length the happy day arrived which was to put Joseph in the possession of all his wishes. He arose, and dressed himself in a neat but plain suit of Mr. Booby's, which exactly fitted him; for he

refused all finery; as did Fanny likewise, who could be prevailed on by Pamela to attire herself in nothing richer than a white dimity nightgown. Her shift indeed, which Pamela presented her, was of the finest kind, and had an edging of lace round the bosom. She likewise equipped her with a pair of fine white thread stockings, which were all she would accept; for she wore one of her own short round-eared caps, and over it a little straw hat, lined with cherry-coloured silk, and tied with a cherry-coloured riband. In this dress she came forth from her chamber, blushing and breathing sweets; and was by Joseph, whose eyes sparkled fire, led to church, the whole family attending, where Mr. Adams performed the ceremony; at which nothing was so remarkable as the extraordinary and unaffected modesty of Fanny, unless the true christian piety of Adams, who publicly rebuked Mr. Booby and Pamela for laughing in so sacred a place, and on so solemn an occasion. Our parson would have done no less to the highest prince on earth; for, though he paid all submission and deference to his superiors in other matters, where the least spice of religion intervened he immediately lost all respect of persons. It was his maxim, that he was a servant of the Highest, and could not, without departing from his duty, give up the least article of his honour or of his cause to the greatest earthly potentate. Indeed, he always asserted that Mr. Adams at church with his surplice on, and Mr. Adams without that ornament in any other place, were two very different persons.

When the church rites were over Joseph led his blooming bride back to Mr. Booby's (for the distance was so very little they did not think proper to use a coach); the whole company attended them likewise on foot; and now a most magnificent entertainment was provided, at which parson Adams demonstrated an appetite surprising as well as surpassing every one present. Indeed the only persons who betrayed any deficiency on this occasion were those on whose account the feast was provided. They pampered their imaginations with the much more exquisite repast which the approach of night promised them; the thoughts of which filled both their minds, though with different sensations; the one all desire, while the other had her wishes tempered with fears.

At length, after a day passed with the utmost merriment, corrected by the strictest decency, in which, however, parson Adams, being well filled with ale and pudding, had given a loose to more facetiousness than was usual to him, the happy, the blessed moment arrived when Fanny retired with her mother, her mother-in-law, and her sister.

She was soon undressed; for she had no jewels to deposit in their caskets, nor fine laces to fold with the nicest exactness. Undressing to her was properly discovering, not putting off, ornaments; for, as all her charms were the gifts of nature, she could divest herself of none. How, reader, shall I give thee an adequate idea of this lovely young creature? the bloom of roses and lilies might a little illustrate her complexion, or their smell her sweetness; but to comprehend her entirely, conceive youth, health, bloom, neatness, and innocence, in her bridal bed; conceive all these in their utmost perfection, and you may place the charming Fanny's picture before your eyes.

Joseph no sooner heard she was in bed than he fled with the utmost eagerness to her. A minute carried him into her arms, where we shall leave this happy couple to enjoy the private rewards of their constancy; rewards so great and sweet, that I ap-

prehend Joseph neither envied the noblest duke, nor Fanny the finest duchess, that night.

The third day Mr. Wilson and his wife, with their son and daughter, returned home; where they now live together in a state of bliss scarce ever equalled. Mr. Booby hath, with unprecedented generosity, given Fanny a fortune of two thousand pounds, which Joseph hath laid out in a little estate in the same parish with his father, which he now occupies (his father having stocked it for him); and Fanny presides with most excellent management in his dairy; where, however, she is not at present very able to bustle much, being, as Mr. Wilson informs me in his last letter, extremely big with her first child.

Mr. Booby hath presented Mr. Adams with a living of one hundred and thirty pounds a-year. He at first refused it, resolving not to quit his parishioners, with whom he had lived so long; but, on re-

collecting he might keep a curate at this living, he hath been lately inducted into it.

The pedlar, besides several handsome presents, both from Mr. Wilson and Mr. Booby, is, by the latter's interest, made an exciseman; a trust which he discharges with such justice, that he is greatly beloved in his neighbourhood.

As for the lady Booby, she returned to London in a few days, where a young captain of dragoons, together with eternal parties at cards, soon obliterated the memory of Joseph.

Joseph remains blessed with his Fanny, whom he doats on with the utmost tenderness, which is all returned on her side. The happiness of this couple is a perpetual fountain of pleasure to their fond parents; and, what is particularly remarkable, he declares he will imitate them in their retirement, nor will be prevailed on by any booksellers, or their authors, to make his appearance in high life.

AMELIA.

*Felices ter et amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula.*

Γυναικὸς ἄδεν χρῆμα' ἀνὴρ ληΐζεται
'Εσθλῆς αἰετινον, ἠδὲ ῥίγιον κακῆς.

To RALPH ALLEN, Esq.

SIR,—The following book is sincerely designed to promote the cause of virtue, and to expose some of the most glaring evils, as well public as private, which at present infest the country; though there is scarce, as I remember, a single stroke of satire aimed at any one person throughout the whole.

The best man is the properest patron of such an attempt. This, I believe, will be readily granted; nor will the public voice, I think, be more divided to whom they shall give that appellation. Should a letter, indeed, be thus inscribed, *DE TUR OPTIMO*, there are few persons who would think it wanted any other direction.

I will not trouble you with a preface concerning the work, nor endeavour to obviate any criticisms which can be made on it. The good-natured reader, if his heart should be here affected, will be inclined to pardon many faults for the pleasure he will receive from a tender sensation; and for readers of a different stamp, the more faults they can discover, the more, I am convinced, they will be pleased.

Nor will I assume the fulsome style of common dedicators. I have not their usual design in this epistle, nor will I borrow their language. Long, very long may it be before a most dreadful circumstance shall make it possible for any pen to draw a just and true character of yourself without incurring a suspicion of flattery in the bosoms of the malignant. This task, therefore, I shall defer till that day (if I should be so unfortunate as ever to see it) when every good man shall pay a tear for the satisfaction of his curiosity; a day which, at present, I believe, there is but one good man in the world who can think of it with unconcern.

Accept then, sir, this small token of that love, that gratitude, and that respect, with which I shall always esteem it my GREATEST HONOUR to be, sir, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

Bow Street, Dec. 2, 1751.

BOOK I.—CHAPTER I.

Contains the exordium, &c.

THE various accidents which befel a very worthy couple after their uniting in the state of matrimony will be the subject of the following history. The distresses which they waded through were some of them so exquisite, and the incidents which produced these so extraordinary, that they seemed to require not only the utmost malice, but the utmost invention, which superstition hath ever attributed to Fortune: though whether any such being interfered in the case, or, indeed, whether there be any such being in the universe, is a matter which I by no means pre-

sume to determine in the affirmative. To speak a bold truth, I am, after much mature deliberation, inclined to suspect that the public voice hath, in all ages, done much injustice to Fortune, and hath convicted her of many facts in which she had not the least concern. I question much whether we may not, by natural means, account for the success of knaves, the calamities of fools, with all the miseries in which men of sense sometimes involve themselves, by quitting the directions of Prudence, and following the blind guidance of a predominant passion; in short, from all the ordinary phenomena which are imputed to fortune; whom, perhaps, men accuse with no less absurdity in life, than a bad player complains of ill luck at the game of chess.

But if men are sometimes guilty of laying improper blame on this imaginary being, they are altogether as apt to make her amends by ascribing to her honours which she as little deserves. To retrieve the ill consequences of a foolish conduct, and by struggling manfully with distress to subdue it, is one of the noblest efforts of wisdom and virtue. Whoever, therefore, calls such a man fortunate, is guilty of no less impropriety in speech than he would be who should call the statuary or the poet fortunate who carved a Venus or who writ an Iliad.

Life may as properly be called an art as any other; and the great incidents in it are no more to be considered as mere accidents than the several members of the fine statue or a noble poem. The critics in all these are not content with seeing anything to be great without knowing why and how it came to be so. By examining carefully the several gradations which conduce to bring every model to perfection, we learn truly to know that science in which the model is formed: as histories of this kind, therefore, may properly be called models of HUMAN LIFE, so, by observing minutely the several incidents which tend to the catastrophe or completion of the whole, and the minute causes whence those incidents are produced, we shall best be instructed in this most useful of all arts, which I call the ART of LIFE.

CHAPTER II.

The history sets out. Observations on the excellency of the English constitution and curious examinations before a justice of peace.

ON the first of April, in the year —, the watchmen of a certain parish (I know not particularly which) within the liberty of Westminster brought several persons whom they had apprehended the preceding night before Jonathan Thrasher, esq. one of the justices of the peace for that liberty.

But here, reader, before we proceed to the trials of these offenders, we shall, after our usual manner, premise some things which it may be necessary for thee to know.

It hath been observed, I think, by many, as well as the celebrated writer of three letters, that no human institution is capable of consummate perfection. An observation which, perhaps, that writer at least gathered from discovering some defects in the polity even of this well-regulated nation. And, indeed, if there should be any such defect in a constitution which my lord Coke long ago told us "the wisdom of all the wise men in the world, if they had all met together at one time, could not have equalled," which some of our wisest men who were met together long before said was too good to be altered in any particular, and which, nevertheless, hath been mending ever since, by a very great number of the said wise men: if I say this constitution should be imperfect, we may be allowed, I think, to doubt whether any such faultless model can be found among the institutions of men.

It will probably be objected, that the small imperfections which I am about to produce do not lie in the laws themselves, but in the ill execution of them; but, with submission, this appears to me to be no less an absurdity than to say of any machine that it is excellently made, though incapable of performing its functions. Good laws should execute themselves in a well regulated state; at least, if the same legislature which provides the laws doth not provide for the execution of them, they act as Graham would do if he should form all the parts of a clock in the most exquisite manner, yet put them so together that the clock could not go. In this case, surely, we might say that there was a small defect in the constitution of the clock.

To say the truth, Graham would soon see the fault, and would easily remedy it. The fault, indeed, could be no other than the parts were improperly disposed.

Perhaps, reader, I have another illustration, which will set my intention in a still clearer light before you. Figure to yourself then a family, the master of which should dispose of the several economical offices in the following manner; viz. should put his butler on the coach-box, his steward behind his coach, his coachman in the butlery, and his footman in the stewardship, and in the same ridiculous manner should misemploy the talents of every other servant; it is easy to see what a figure such a family must make in the world.

As ridiculous as this may seem, I have often considered some of the lower officers in our civil government to be disposed in this very manner. To begin, I think, as low as I well can, with the watchmen in our metropolis, who, being to guard our streets by night from thieves and robbers, an office which at least requires strength of body, are chosen out of those poor old decrepit people who are, from their want of bodily strength, rendered incapable

of getting a livelihood by work. These men, armed only with a pole, which some of them are scarce able to lift, are to secure the persons and houses of his majesty's subjects from the attacks of gangs of young, bold, stout, desperate, and well-armed villains.

*Quæ non viribus istis
Munera conveniunt.*

If the poor old fellows should run away from such enemies, no one I think can wonder, unless it be that they were able to make their escape.

The higher we proceed among our public officers and magistrates, the less defects of this kind will, perhaps, be observable. Mr. Thrasher, however, the justice before whom the prisoners above mentioned were now brought, had some few imperfections in his magistratical capacity. I own, I have been sometimes inclined to think that this office of a justice of peace requires some knowledge of the law: for this simple reason; because, in every case which comes before him, he is to judge and act according to law. Again, as these laws are contained in a great variety of books, the statutes which relate to the office of a justice of peace making of themselves at least two large volumes in folio; and that part of his jurisdiction which is founded on the common law being dispersed in above a hundred volumes, I cannot conceive how this knowledge should be acquired without reading; and yet certain it is, Mr. Thrasher never read one syllable of the matter.

This, perhaps, was a defect; but this was not all: for where mere ignorance is to decide a point between two litigants, it will always be an even chance whether it decides right or wrong: but sorry am I to say, right was often in a much worse situation than this, and wrong hath often had five hundred to one of his side before that magistrate; who, if he was ignorant of the laws of England, was yet well versed in the laws of nature. He perfectly well understood that fundamental principle so strongly laid down in the institutes of the learned Rochefoucault, by which the duty of self-love is so strongly enforced, and every man is taught to consider himself as the centre of gravity, and to attract all things thither. To speak the truth plainly, the justice was never indifferent in a cause but when he could get nothing on either side.

Such was the justice to whose tremendous bar Mr. Gotobed the constable, on the day above mentioned, brought several delinquents, who, as we have said, had been apprehended by the watch for divers outrages.

The first who came upon this trial was as bloody a spectre as ever the imagination of a murderer or a tragic poet conceived. This poor wretch was charged with a battery by a much stouter man than himself; indeed the accused person bore about him some evidence that he had been in an affray, his clothes being very bloody, but certain open sluices on his own head sufficiently showed whence all the scarlet stream had issued: whereas the accuser had not the least mark or appearance of any wound. The justice asked the defendant, What he meant by breaking the king's peace?—To which he answered—"Upon my shoul I do love the king very well, and I have not been after breaking anything of his that I do know; but upon my shoul this man hath brake my head, and my head did brake his stick; that is all, gra." He then offered to produce several witnesses against this improbable accusation; but the justice presently interrupted him, saying, "Sirrah, your tongue betrays your guilt.

You are an Irishman, and that is always sufficient evidence with me."

The second criminal was a poor woman, who was taken up by the watch as a street-walker. It was alleged against her that she was found walking the streets after twelve o'clock, and the watchman declared he believed her to be a common strumpet. She pleaded in her defence (as was really the truth) that she was a servant, and was sent by her mistress, who was a little shopkeeper and upon the point of delivery, to fetch a midwife; which she offered to prove by several of the neighbours, if she was allowed to send for them. The justice asked her, why she had not done it before? to which she answered, she had no money, and could get no messenger. The justice then called her several scurrilous names, and, declaring she was guilty within the statute of street-walking, ordered her to Bridewell for a month.

A genteel young man and woman were then set forward, and a very grave-looking person swore he caught them in a situation which we cannot as particularly describe here as he did before the magistrate; who, having received a wink from his clerk, declared with much warmth that the fact was incredible and impossible. He presently discharged the accused parties, and was going, without any evidence, to commit the accuser for perjury; but this the clerk dissuaded him from, saying he doubted whether a justice of peace had any such power. The justice at first differed in opinion, and said, "He had seen a man stand in the pillory about perjury; nay, he had known a man in gaol for it too; and how came he there if he was not committed thither?" "Why, that is true, sir," answered the clerk; "and yet I have been told by a very great lawyer that a man cannot be committed for perjury before he is indicted; and the reason is, I believe, because it is not against the peace before the indictment makes it so." "Why, that may be," cries the justice, "and indeed perjury is but scandalous words, and I know a man cannot have a warrant for those, unless you put for rioting* them into the warrant."

The witness was now about to be discharged, when the lady whom he had accused declared she would swear the peace against him, for that he had called her a whore several times. "Oho! you will swear the peace, madam, will you?" cries the justice: "Give her the peace, presently; and pray, Mr. Constable, secure the prisoner, now we have him, while a warrant is made to take him up." All which was immediately performed, and the poor witness, for want of sureties, was sent to prison.

A young fellow, whose name was Booth, was now charged with beating a watchman in the execution of his office and breaking his lantern. This was deposed by two witnesses; and the shattered remains of a broken lantern, which had been long preserved for the sake of its testimony, were produced to corroborate the evidence. The justice, perceiving the criminal to be but shabbily dressed, was going to commit him without asking any further questions. At length, however, at the earnest request of the accused, the worthy magistrate sub-

mitted to hear his defence. The young man then alleged, as was in reality the case, "That as he was walking home to his lodgings he saw two men in the street cruelly beating a third, upon which he had stopped and endeavoured to assist the person who was so unequally attacked; that the watch came up during the affray, and took them all four into custody; that they were immediately carried to the roundhouse, where the two original assailants, who appeared to be men of fortune, found means to make up the matter, and were discharged by the constable, a favour which he himself, having no money in his pocket, was unable to obtain. He utterly denied having assaulted any of the watchmen, and solemnly declared that he was offered his liberty at the price of half a crown."

Though the bare word of an offender can never be taken against the oath of his accuser, yet the matter of this defence was so pertinent, and delivered with such an air of truth and sincerity, that, had the magistrate been endued with much sagacity, or had he been very moderately gifted with another quality very necessary to all who are to administer justice, he would have employed some labour in cross-examining the watchman; at least he would have given the defendant the time he desired to send for the other persons who were present at the affray; neither of which he did. In short, the magistrate had too great an honour for Truth to suspect that she ever appeared in sordid apparel; nor did he ever sully his sublime notions of that virtue by uniting them with the mean ideas of poverty and distress.

There remained now only one prisoner, and that was the poor man himself in whose defence the last-mentioned culprit was engaged. His trial took but a very short time. A cause of battery and broken lantern was instituted against him, and proved in the same manner; nor would the justice hear one word in defence; but, though his patience was exhausted, his breath was not; for against this last wretch he poured forth a great many volleys of menaces and abuse.

The delinquents were then all despatched to prison under a guard of watchmen, and the justice and the constable adjourned to a neighbouring alehouse to take their morning repast.

CHAPTER III.

Containing the inside of a prison.

MR. BOOTH (for we shall not trouble you with the rest) was no sooner arrived in the prison than a number of persons gathered around him, all demanding garnish; to which Mr. Booth not making a ready answer, as indeed he did not understand the word, some were going to lay hold of him, when a person of apparent dignity came up and insisted that no one should affront the gentleman. This person then, who was no less than the master or keeper of the prison, turning towards Mr. Booth, acquainted him that it was the custom of the place for every prisoner upon his first arrival there to give something to the former prisoners to make them drink. This, he said, was what they called garnish; and concluded with advising his new customer to draw his purse upon the present occasion. Mr. Booth answered that he would very readily comply with this laudable custom, was it in his power; but that in reality he had not a shilling in his pocket, and, what was worse, he had not a shilling in the world.—"Oho! if that be the case," cries the keeper, "it is another matter, and I have nothing to say." Upon which he immediately departed, and left poor Booth to the mercy of his companions, who without loss of

* *Opus est interprete.* By the laws of England abusive words are not punishable by the magistrate; some commissioners of the peace, therefore, when one scold hath applied to them for a warrant against another, from a too eager desire of doing justice, have construed a little harmless scolding into a riot, which is in law an outrageous breach of the peace committed by several persons, by three at the least, nor can a less number be convicted of it. Under this word rioting, or riotting (for I have seen it spelt both ways), many thousands of old women have been arrested and put to expense, sometimes in prison, for a little intemperate use of their tongues. This practice began to decrease in the year 1749.

time applied themselves to uncasing, as they termed it, and with such dexterity, that his coat was not only stripped off, but out of sight in a minute.

Mr. Booth was too weak to resist and too wise to complain of this usage. As soon, therefore, as he was at liberty, and declared free of the place, he summoned his philosophy, of which he had no inconsiderable share, to his assistance, and resolved to make himself as easy as possible under his present circumstances.

Could his own thoughts indeed have suffered him a moment to forget where he was, the dispositions of the other prisoners might have induced him to believe that he had been in a happier place: for much the greater part of his fellow-sufferers, instead of wailing and repining at their conditions, were laughing, singing, and diverting themselves with various kinds of sports and gambols.

The first person who accosted him was called Blear-eyed Moll, a woman of no very comely appearance. Her eye (for she had but one), whence she derived her nickname, was such as that nickname bespoke; besides which, it had two remarkable qualities; for first, as if Nature had been careful to provide for her own defect, it constantly looked towards her blind side; and secondly, the ball consisted almost entirely of white, or rather yellow, with a little grey spot in the corner, so small that it was scarce discernible. Nose she had none; for Venus, envious perhaps at her former charms, had carried off the gristly part; and some earthly damsel, perhaps, from the same envy, had levelled the bone with the rest of her face: indeed it was far beneath the bones of her cheeks, which rose proportionally higher than is usual. About half a dozen ebony teeth fortified that large and long canal which nature had cut from ear to ear, at the bottom of which was a chin preposterously short, nature having turned up the bottom, instead of suffering it to grow to its due length.

Her body was well adapted to her face; she measured full as much round the middle as from head to foot; for, besides the extreme breadth of her back, her vast breasts had long since forsaken their native home, and had settled themselves a little below the girdle.

I wish certain actresses on the stage, when they are to perform characters of no amiable cast, would study to dress themselves with the propriety with which Blear-eyed Moll was now arrayed. For the sake of our squeamish reader, we shall not descend to particulars; let it suffice to say, nothing more ragged or more dirty was ever emptied out of the roundhouse at St. Giles's.

We have taken the more pains to describe this person, for two remarkable reasons; the one is, that this unlovely creature was taken in the fact with a very pretty young fellow; the other, which is more productive of moral lesson, is, that however wretched her fortune may appear to the reader, she was one of the merriest persons in the whole prison.

Blear-eyed Moll then came up to Mr. Booth with a smile, or rather grin, on her countenance, and asked him for a dram of gin; and when Booth assured her that he had not a penny of money, she replied,—“D—n your eyes, I thought by your look you had been a clever fellow, and upon the snaffling lay* at least; but, d—n your body and eyes, I find you are some sneaking budge† rascal.” She then launched forth a volley of dreadful oaths, interlarded with some language not proper to be repeated here, and was

going to lay hold on poor Booth, when a tall prisoner, who had been very earnestly eyeing Booth for some time, came up, and, taking her by the shoulder, flung her off at some distance, cursing her for a b—h, and bidding her let the gentleman alone.

The person was not himself of the most inviting aspect. He was long visaged, and pale, with a red beard of above a fortnight's growth. He was attired in a brownish-black coat, which would have showed more holes than it did, had not the lining, which appeared through it, been entirely of the same colour with the cloth.

This gentleman, whose name was Robinson, addressed himself very civilly to Mr. Booth, and told him he was sorry to see one of his appearance in that place: “For as to your being without your coat, sir,” says he, “I can easily account for that; and, indeed, dress is the least part which distinguishes a gentleman.” At which words he cast a significant look on his own coat, as if he desired they should be applied to himself. He then proceeded in the following manner:

“I perceive, sir, you are but just arrived in this dismal place, which is, indeed, rendered more detestable by the wretches who inhabit it than by any other circumstance; but even these a wise man will soon bring himself to bear with indifference; for what is, is; and what must be, must be. The knowledge of this, which, simple as it appears, is in truth the height of all philosophy, renders a wise man superior to every evil which can befall him. I hope, sir, no very dreadful accident is the cause of your coming hither; but, whatever it was, you may be assured it could not be otherwise; for all things happen by an inevitable fatality; and a man can no more resist the impulse of fate than a wheelbarrow can the force of its driver.

Besides the obligation which Mr. Robinson had conferred on Mr. Booth in delivering him from the insults of Blear-eyed Moll, there was something in the manner of Robinson which, notwithstanding the meanness of his dress, seemed to distinguish him from the crowd of wretches who swarmed in those regions; and, above all, the sentiments which he had just declared very nearly coincided with those of Mr. Booth: this gentleman was what they call a freethinker; that is to say, a deist, or, perhaps, an atheist; for, though he did not absolutely deny the existence of a God, yet he entirely denied his providence. A doctrine which, if it is not downright atheism, hath a direct tendency towards it; and, as Dr. Clarke observes, may soon be driven into it. And as to Mr. Booth, though he was in his heart an extreme well-wisher to religion (for he was an honest man), yet his notions of it were very slight and uncertain. To say truth, he was in the wavering condition so finely described by Claudian:

labefacta cadebat
Religio, causæque viam non sponte sequer
Alterius; vacuo quæ currere semina motu
Affirmat; magnumque novas per inane figuras
Fortuna, non arte, regi; quæ numina sensu
Ambiguo, vel nulla putat, vel nescia nostri.

This way of thinking, or rather of doubting, he had contracted from the same reason which Claudian assigns, and which had induced Brutus in his latter days to doubt the existence of that virtue which he had all his life cultivated. In short, poor Booth imagined that a larger share of misfortunes had fallen to his lot than he had merited; and this led him, who (though a good classical scholar) was not deeply learned in religious matters, into a disadvantageous opinion of Providence. A dangerous way of reasoning, in which our conclusions are not only too hasty, from an imperfect view of things;

* A cant term for robbery on the highway.

† Another cant term for pilfering.

but we are likewise liable to much error from partiality to ourselves; viewing our virtues and vices as through a perspective, in which we turn the glass always to our own advantage, so as to diminish the one, and as greatly to magnify the other.

From the above reasons, it can be no wonder that Mr. Booth did not decline the acquaintance of this person, in a place which could not promise to afford him any better. He answered him, therefore, with great courtesy, as indeed he was of a very good and gentle disposition, and, after expressing a civil surprise at meeting him there, declared himself to be of the same opinion with regard to the necessity of human actions; adding, however, that he did not believe men were under any blind impulse or direction of fate, but that every man acted merely from the force of that passion which was uppermost in his mind, and could do no otherwise.

A discourse now ensued between the two gentlemen on the necessity arising from the impulse of fate, and the necessity arising from the impulse of passion, which, as it will make a pretty pamphlet of itself, we shall reserve for some future opportunity. When this was ended they set forward to survey the gaol and the prisoners, with the several cases of whom Mr. Robinson, who had been some time under confinement, undertook to make Mr. Booth acquainted.

CHAPTER IV.

Disclosing further secrets of the prison-house.

THE first persons whom they passed by were three men in fetters, who were enjoying themselves very merrily over a bottle of wine and a pipe of tobacco. These, Mr. Robinson informed his friend, were three street-robbers, and were all certain of being hanged the ensuing sessions. So inconsiderable an object, said he, is misery to light minds, when it is at any distance.

A little farther they beheld a man prostrate on the ground, whose heavy groans and frantic actions plainly indicated the highest disorder of mind. This person was, it seems, committed for a small felony; and his wife, who then lay-in, upon hearing the news, had thrown herself from a window two pair of stairs high, by which means he had, in all probability, lost both her and his child.

A very pretty girl then advanced towards them, whose beauty Mr. Booth could not help admiring the moment he saw her; declaring, at the same time, he thought she had great innocence in her countenance. Robinson said she was committed thither as an idle and disorderly person, and a common street-walker. As she passed by Mr. Booth, she damned his eyes, and discharged a volley of words, every one of which was too indecent to be repeated.

They now beheld a little creature sitting by herself in a corner, and crying bitterly. This girl, Mr. Robinson said, was committed because her father-in-law, who was in the grenadier guards, had sworn that he was afraid of his life, or of some bodily harm which she would do him, and she could get no sureties for keeping the peace; for which reason justice Thrasher had committed her to prison.

A great noise now arose, occasioned by the prisoners all flocking to see a fellow whipped for petty larceny, to which he was condemned by the court of quarter-sessions; but this soon ended in the disappointment of the spectators; for the fellow, after being stripped, having advanced another sixpence, was discharged untouched.

This was immediately followed by another bustle; Blear-eyed Moll, and several of her companions, having got possession of a man who was committed

for certain odious unmanlike practices, not fit to be named, were giving him various kinds of discipline, and would probably have put an end to him, had he not been rescued out of their hands by authority.

When this bustle was a little allayed, Mr. Booth took notice of a young woman in rags sitting on the ground, and supporting the head of an old man in her lap, who appeared to be giving up the ghost. These, Mr. Robinson informed him, were father and daughter; that the latter was committed for stealing a loaf, in order to support the former, and the former for receiving it, knowing it to be stolen.

A well-dressed man then walked surlily by them, whom Mr. Robinson reported to have been committed on an indictment found against him for a most horrid perjury; but, says he, we expect him to be bailed to-day. Good Heaven! cries Booth, can such villains find bail, and is no person charitable enough to bail that poor father and daughter? Oh! sir, answered Robinson, the offence of the daughter, being felony, is held not be bailable in law; whereas perjury is a misdemeanor only; and therefore persons who are even indicted for it are, nevertheless, capable of being bailed. Nay, of all perjuries, that of which this man is indicted is the worst; for it was with an intention of taking away the life of an innocent person by form of law. As to perjuries in civil matters, they are not so very criminal. They are not, said Booth; and yet even these are a most flagitious offence, and worthy the highest punishment. Surely they ought to be distinguished, answered Robinson, from the others: for what is taking away a little property from a man, compared to taking away his life and his reputation, and ruining his family into the bargain?—I hope there can be no comparison in the crimes, and I think there ought to be none in the punishment. However, at present, the punishment of all perjury is only pillory and transportation for seven years; and, as it is a traversable and bailable offence, methods are often found to escape any punishment at all.*

Booth expressed great astonishment at this, when his attention was suddenly diverted by the most miserable object that he had yet seen. This was a wretch almost naked, and who bore in his countenance, joined to an appearance of honesty, the marks of poverty, hunger, and disease. He had, moreover, a wooden leg, and two or three scars on his forehead. The case of this poor man is, indeed, unhappy enough, said Robinson. He hath served his country, lost his limb, and received several wounds at the siege of Gibraltar. When he was discharged from the hospital abroad he came over to get into that of Chelsea, but could not immediately, as none of his officers were then in England. In the mean time, he was one day apprehended and committed hither on suspicion of stealing three herrings from a fish-monger. He was tried several months ago for this offence, and acquitted; indeed, his innocence manifestly appeared at the trial; but he was brought back again for his fees, and here he hath lain ever since.

Booth expressed great horror at this account, and declared, if he had only so much money in his pocket, he would pay his fees for him; but added that he was not possessed of a single farthing in the world.

Robinson hesitated a moment, and then said, with a smile, "I am going to make you, sir, a very odd proposal after your last declaration; but what say you to a game at cards? it will serve to pass a tedious

* By removing the indictment by *certiorari* into the King's Bench, the trial is so long postponed, and the costs are so highly increased, that prosecutors are often tired out, and some incapacitated from pursuing. *Verbum sapienti.*

ous hour, and may divert your thoughts from more unpleasant speculations."

I do not imagine Booth would have agreed to this; for, though some love of gaming had been formerly amongst his faults, yet he was not so egregiously addicted to that vice as to be tempted by the shabby plight of Robinson, who had, if I may so express myself, no charms for a gamester. If he had, however, any such inclinations, he had no opportunity to follow them, for, before he could make any answer to Robinson's proposal, a strapping wench came up to Booth, and, taking hold of his arm, asked him to walk aside with her; saying, "What a pox, are you such a fresh cull that you do not know this fellow? why, he is a gambler, and committed for cheating at play. There is not such a pickpocket in the whole quad."*

A scene of altercation now ensued between Robinson and the lady, which ended in a bout at fisticuffs, in which the lady was greatly superior to the philosopher.

While the two combatants were engaged, a grave-looking man, rather better dressed than the majority of the company, came up to Mr. Booth, and, taking him aside, said, "I am sorry, sir, to see a gentleman, as you appear to be, in such intimacy with that rascal, who makes no scruple of disowning all revealed religion. As for crimes, they are human errors, and signify but little; nay, perhaps the worse a man is by nature, the more room there is for grace. The spirit is active, and loves best to inhabit those minds where it may meet with the most work. Whatever your crime be, therefore, I would not have you despair, but rather rejoice at it; for perhaps it may be the means of your being called." He ran on for a considerable time with this cant, without waiting for an answer, and ended in declaring himself a methodist.

Just as the methodist had finished his discourse, a beautiful young woman was ushered into the gaol. She was genteel and well dressed, and did not in the least resemble those females whom Mr. Booth had hitherto seen. The constable had no sooner delivered her at the gate than she asked with a commanding voice for the keeper; and, when he arrived, she said to him, "Well, sir, whither am I to be conducted? I hope I am not to take up my lodgings with these creatures." The keeper answered, with a kind of surly respect, "Madam, we have rooms for those who can afford to pay for them." At these words she pulled a handsome purse from her pocket, in which many guineas chinked, saying, with an air of indignation, "That she was not come thither on account of poverty." The keeper no sooner viewed the purse than his features became all softened in an instant; and, with all the courtesy of which he was master, he desired the lady to walk with him, assuring her that she should have the best apartment in his house.

Mr. Booth was now left alone; for the methodist had forsaken him, having, as the phrase of the sect is, searched him to the bottom. In fact, he had thoroughly examined every one of Mr. Booth's pockets; from which he had conveyed away a pen-knife and an iron snuff-box, these being all the moveables which were to be found.

Booth was standing near the gate of the prison when the young lady above mentioned was introduced into the yard. He viewed her features very attentively, and was persuaded that he knew her. She was indeed so remarkably handsome, that it was hardly possible for any who had ever seen her

to forget her. He inquired of one of the under-keepers if the name of the prisoner lately arrived was not Matthews; to which he was answered that her name was not Matthews but Vincent, and that she was committed for murder.

The latter part of this information made Mr. Booth suspect his memory more than the former; for it was very possible that she might have changed her name; but he hardly thought she could so far have changed her nature as to be guilty of a crime so very incongruous with her former gentle manners: for Miss Matthews had both the birth and education of a gentlewoman. He concluded, therefore, that he was certainly mistaken, and rested satisfied without any further inquiry.

CHAPTER V.

Containing certain adventures which befel Mr. Booth in the prison.

THE remainder of the day Mr. Booth spent in melancholy contemplation on his present condition. He was destitute of the common necessities of life, and consequently unable to subsist where he was; nor was there a single person in town to whom he could, with any reasonable hope, apply for his delivery. Grief for some time banished the thoughts of food from his mind; but in the morning nature began to grow uneasy for want of her usual nourishment: for he had not ate a morsel during the last forty hours. A penny loaf, which is it seems the ordinary allowance to the prisoners in Bridewell, was now delivered him; and while he was eating this a man brought him a little packet sealed up, informing him that it came by a messenger, who said it required no answer.

Mr. Booth now opened his packet, and, after unfolding several pieces of blank paper successively, at last discovered a guinea, wrapped with great care in the inmost paper. He was vastly surprised at this sight, as he had few if any friends from whom he could expect such a favour, slight as it was; and not one of his friends, as he was apprised, knew of his confinement. As there was no direction to the packet, nor a word of writing contained in it, he began to suspect that it was delivered to the wrong person; and, being one of the most untainted honesty, he found out the man who gave it him, and again examined him concerning the person who brought it, and the message delivered with it. The man assured Booth that he had made no mistake; saying, "If your name is Booth, sir, I am positive you are the gentleman to whom the parcel I gave you belongs."

The most scrupulous honesty would, perhaps, in such a situation, have been well enough satisfied in finding no owner for the guinea; especially when proclamation had been made in the prison that Mr. Booth had received a packet without any direction, to which, if any person had any claim, and would discover the contents, he was ready to deliver it to such claimant. No such claimant being found (I mean none who knew the contents; for many swore that they expected just such a packet, and believed it to be their property), Mr. Booth very calmly resolved to apply the money to his own use.

The first thing after redemption of the coat, which Mr. Booth, hungry as he was, thought of, was to supply himself with snuff, which he had long, to his great sorrow, been without. On this occasion he presently missed that iron box which the methodist had so dextrously conveyed out of his pocket, as we mentioned in the last chapter.

* A cant word for a prison.

He no sooner missed this box than he immediately suspected that the gambler was the person who had stolen it; nay, so well was he assured of this man's guilt, that it may, perhaps, be improper to say he barely suspected it. Though Mr. Booth was, as we have hinted, a man of very sweet disposition, yet was he rather overwarm. Having, therefore, no doubt concerning the person of the thief, he eagerly sought him out, and very bluntly charged him with the fact.

The gambler, whom I think we should now call the philosopher, received this charge without the least visible emotion either of mind or muscle. After a short pause of a few moments, he answered, with great solemnity, as follows: "Young man, I am entirely unconcerned at your groundless suspicion. He that censures a stranger, as I am to you, without any cause, makes a worse compliment to himself than to the stranger. You know yourself, friend; you know not me. It is true, indeed, you heard me accused of being a cheat and a gamester; but who is my accuser? Look at my apparel, friend; do thieves and gamesters wear such clothes as these? play is my folly, not my vice; it is my impulse, and I have been a martyr to it. Would a gamester have asked another to play when he could have lost eighteen-pence and won nothing? however, if you are not satisfied, you may search my pockets; the outside of all but one will serve your turn, and in that one there is the eighteen-pence I told you of." He then turned up his clothes; and his pockets entirely resembled the pitchers of the Belides.

Booth was a little staggered at this defence. He said the real value of the iron box was too inconsiderable to mention; but that he had a capricious value for it, for the sake of the person who gave it him; "for, though it is not," said he, "worth six-pence, I would willingly give a crown to any one who would bring it me again."

Robinson answered, "If that be the case, you have nothing more to do but to signify your intention in the prison, and I am well convinced you will not be long without regaining the possession of your snuff-box."

This advice was immediately followed, and with success, the methodist presently producing the box, which, he said, he had found, and should have returned it before, had he known the person to whom it belonged; adding, with uplifted eyes, that the spirit would not suffer him knowingly to detain the goods of another, however inconsiderable the value was. "Why so, friend?" said Robinson. "Have I not heard you often say, the wickedest any man was the better, provided he was what you call a believer?" "You mistake me," cries Cooper (for that was the name of the methodist): "no man can be wicked after he is possessed by the spirit. There is a wide difference between the days of sin and the days of grace. I have been a sinner myself." "I believe thee," cries Robinson, with a sneer. "I care not," answered the other, "what an atheist believes. I suppose you would insinuate that I stole the snuff-box; but I value not your malice; the Lord knows my innocence." He then walked off with the reward; and Booth, returning to Robinson, very earnestly asked pardon for his groundless suspicion; which the other, without any hesitation, accorded him, saying, "You never accused me, sir; you suspected some gambler, with whose character I have no concern. I should be angry with a friend or acquaintance who should give a hasty credit to any allegation against me; but I have no reason to be offended with you for believing what the woman,

and the rascal who is just gone, and who is committed here for a pickpocket, which you did not perhaps know, told you to my disadvantage. And if you thought me to be a gambler you had just reason to suspect any ill of me; for I myself am confined here by the perjury of one of those villains, who, having cheated me of my money at play, and hearing that I intended to apply to a magistrate against him, himself began the attack, and obtained a warrant against me of justice Thrasher, who, without hearing one speech in my defence, committed me to this place."

Booth testified great compassion at this account; and, he having invited Robinson to dinner, they spent that day together. In the afternoon Booth indulged his friend with a game at cards; at first for halfpence and afterwards for shillings, when fortune so favoured Robinson that he did not leave the other a single shilling in his pocket.

A surprising run of luck in a gamester is often mistaken for somewhat else by persons who are not over-zealous believers in the divinity of fortune. I have known a stranger at Bath, who hath happened fortunately (I might almost say unfortunately) to have four by honours in his hand almost every time he dealt for a whole evening, shunned universally by the whole company the next day. And certain it is, that Mr. Booth, though of a temper very little inclined to suspicion, began to waver in his opinion whether the character given by Mr. Robinson of himself, or that which the others gave of him, was the truer.

In the morning hunger paid him a second visit, and found him again in the same situation as before. After some deliberation, therefore, he resolved to ask Robinson to lend him a shilling or two of that money which was lately his own. And this experiment, he thought, would confirm him either in a good or evil opinion of that gentleman.

To this demand Robinson answered, with great alacrity, that he should very gladly have complied, had not fortune played one of her jade tricks with him: "for since my winning of you," said he, "I have been stripped not only of your money but my own. He was going to harangue farther; but Booth, with great indignation, turned from him.

This poor gentleman had very little time to reflect on his own misery, or the rascality, as it appeared to him, of the other, when the same person who had the day before delivered him the guinea from the unknown hand, again accosted him, and told him a lady in the house (so he expressed himself) desired the favour of his company.

Mr. Booth immediately obeyed the message, and was conducted into a room in the prison, where he was presently convinced that Mrs. Vincent was no other than his old acquaintance Miss Matthews.

CHAPTER VI.

Containing the extraordinary behaviour of Miss Matthews on her meeting with Booth, and some endeavours to prove, by reason and authority, that it is possible for a woman to appear to be what she really is not.

EIGHT or nine years had passed since any interview between Mr. Booth and Miss Matthews; and their meeting now in so extraordinary a place affected both of them with an equal surprise.

After some immaterial ceremonies, the lady acquainted Mr. Booth that, having heard there was a person in the prison who knew her by the name of Matthews, she had great curiosity to inquire who he was, whereupon he had been shown to her from the window of the house; that she immediately recollected him, and, being informed of his distressful

situation, for which she expressed great concern, she had sent him that guinea which he had received the day before; and then proceeded to excuse herself for not having desired to see him at that time, when she was under the greatest disorder and hurry of spirits.

Booth made many handsome acknowledgments of her favour; and added that he very little wondered at the disorder of her spirits, concluding that he was heartily concerned at seeing her there; "but I hope, madam," said he—

Here he hesitated; upon which, bursting into an agony of tears, she cried out, "O captain! captain! many extraordinary things have passed since last I saw you. O gracious heaven! did I ever expect that this would be the next place of our meeting?"

She then flung herself into her chair, where she gave loose to her passion, whilst he, in the most affectionate and tender manner, endeavoured to soothe and comfort her; but passion itself did probably more for its own relief than all his friendly consolations. Having vented this in a large flood of tears, she became pretty well composed; but Booth unhappily mentioning her father, she again relapsed into an agony, and cried out, "Why? why will you repeat the name of that dear man? I have disgraced him, Mr. Booth, I am unworthy the name of his daughter."—Here passion again stopped her words, and discharged itself in tears.

After this second vent of sorrow or shame, or, if the reader pleases, of rage, she once more recovered from her agonies. To say the truth, these are, I believe, as critical discharges of nature as any of those which are so called by the physicians, and do more effectually relieve the mind than any remedies with which the whole materia medica of philosophy can supply it.

When Mrs. Vincent had recovered her faculties, she perceived Booth standing silent, with a mixture of concern and astonishment in his countenance; then addressing herself to him with an air of most bewitching softness, of which she was a perfect mistress, she said, "I do not wonder at your amazement, captain Booth, nor indeed at the concern which you so plainly discover for me; for I well know the goodness of your nature: but, O, Mr. Booth! believe me, when you know what hath happened since our last meeting, your concern will be raised, however your astonishment may cease. O, sir! you are a stranger to the cause of my sorrows."

"I hope I am, madam," answered he; "for I cannot believe what I have heard in the prison—surely murder"—at which words she started from her chair, repeating, murder! "Oh! it is music in my ears!—You have heard then the cause of my commitment, my glory, my delight, my reparation! Yes, my old friend, this is the hand, this is the arm that drove the penknife to his heart. Unkind fortune, that not one drop of his blood reached my hand.—Indeed, sir, I would never have washed it from it.—But, though I have not the happiness to see it on my hand, I have the glorious satisfaction of remembering I saw it run in rivers on the floor; I saw it forsake his cheeks, I saw him fall a martyr to my revenge. And is the killing a villain to be called murder? perhaps the law calls it so.—Let it call it what it will, or punish me as it pleases.—Punish me!—no, no—that is not in the power of man—not of that monster man, Mr. Booth. I am undone, am revenged, and have now no more business for life; let them take it from me when they will."

Our poor gentleman turned pale with horror at

this speech, and the ejaculation of Good heavens! what do I hear? burst spontaneously from his lips; nor can we wonder at this, though he was the bravest of men; for her voice, her looks, her gestures, were properly adapted to the sentiments she expressed. Such indeed was her image, that neither could Shakspeare describe, nor Hogarth paint, nor Clive act a fury in higher perfection.

"What do you hear?" reiterated she. "You hear the resentment of the most injured of women. You have heard, you say, of the murder; but do you know the cause, Mr. Booth? Have you since your return to England visited that country where we formerly knew one another? tell me, do you know my wretched story? tell me that, my friend."

Booth hesitated for an answer; indeed, he had heard some imperfect stories, not much to her advantage. She waited not till he had formed a speech; but cried, "Whatever you may have heard, you cannot be acquainted with all the strange accidents which have occasioned your seeing me in a place which at our last parting was so unlikely that I should ever have been found in; nor can you know the cause of all that I have uttered, and which, I am convinced, you never expected to have heard from my mouth. If these circumstances raise your curiosity, I will satisfy it."

He answered, that curiosity was too mean a word to express his ardent desire of knowing her story. Upon which, with very little previous ceremony, she began to relate what is written in the following chapter.

But before we put an end to this it may be necessary to whisper a word or two to the critics, who have, perhaps, begun to express no less astonishment than Mr. Booth, that a lady in whom we had remarked a most extraordinary power of displaying softness should, the very next moment after the words were out of her mouth, express sentiments becoming the lips of a Dalila, Jezebel, Medea, Semiramis, Parysatis, Tanaquil, Livilla, Messalina, Agrippina, Brunichilde, Elfrida, lady Macbeth, Joan of Naples, Christina of Sweden, Katharine Hays, Sarah Malcolm, Con Philips,* or any other heroine of the tender sex, which history, sacred or profane, ancient or modern, false or true, hath recorded.

We desire such critics to remember that it is the same English climate in which, on the lovely 10th of June, under a serene sky, the amorous Jacobite, kissing the odoriferous zephyr's breath, gathers a nosegay of white roses to deck the whiter breast of Celia; and in which, on the 11th of June, the very next day, the boisterous Boreas, roused by the hollow thunder, rushes horribly through the air, and, driving the wet tempest before him, levels the hope of the husbandman with the earth, dreadful remembrance of the consequences of the revolution.

Again, let it be remembered that this is the self-same Celia, all tender, soft, and delicate, who with a voice, the sweetness of which the Syrens might envy, warbles the harmonious song in praise of the young adventurer; and again, the next day, or, perhaps the next hour, with fiery eyes, wrinkled brows, and foaming lips, roars forth treason and nonsense in a political argument with some fair one of a different principle.

Or, if the critic be a whig, and consequently dislikes such kind of similes, as being too favourable to Jacobitism, let him be contented with the following story:

I happened in my youth to sit behind two ladies in a side-box at a play, where, in the balcony on

* Though last not least.

the opposite side, was placed the inimitable B——y C——s, in company with a young fellow of no very formal, or indeed sober, appearance. One of the ladies, I remember, said to the other—"Did you ever see anything look so modest and so innocent as that girl over the way? what pity it is such a creature should be in the way of ruin, as I am afraid she is, by her being alone with that young fellow!" Now this lady was no bad physiognomist, for it was impossible to conceive a greater appearance of modesty, innocence, and simplicity, than what nature had displayed in the countenance of that girl; and yet, all appearances notwithstanding, I myself (remember, critic, it was in my youth) had a few mornings before seen that very identical picture of all those engaging qualities in bed with a rake at a bagnio, smoking tobacco, drinking punch, talking obscenity, and swearing and cursing with all the impudence and impiety of the lowest and most abandoned trull of a soldier.

CHAPTER VII.

In which Miss Matthews begins her history.

MISS MATTHEWS, having barred the door on the inside as securely as it was before barred on the outside, proceeded as follows:

"You may imagine I am going to begin my history at the time when you left the country; but I cannot help reminding you of something which happened before. You will soon recollect the incident; but I believe you little know the consequence either at that time or since. Alas! I could keep a secret then! now I have no secrets; the world knows all; and it is not worth my while to conceal anything. Well!—You will not wonder, I believe.—I protest I can hardly tell it you, even now.—But I am convinced you have too good an opinion of yourself to be surprised at any conquest you may have made.—Few men want that good opinion—and perhaps very few had ever more reason for it. Indeed, Will, you was a charming fellow in those days; nay, you are not much altered for the worse now, at least in the opinion of some women; for your complexion and features are grown much more masculine than they were." Here Booth made her a low bow, most probably with a compliment; and after a little hesitation she again proceeded.—"Do you remember a contest which happened at an assembly, betwixt myself and Miss Johnson, about standing uppermost? you was then my partner; and young Williams danced with the other lady. The particulars are not now worth mentioning, though I suppose you have long since forgot them. Let it suffice that you supported my claim, and Williams very sneakingly gave up that of his partner, who was, with much difficulty, afterwards prevailed to dance with him. You said—I am sure I repeat the words exactly—that 'you would not for the world affront any lady there; but that you thought you might, without any such danger, declare that there was no assembly in which that lady, meaning your humble servant, was not worthy of the uppermost place; nor will I,' said you, 'suffer the first duke in England, when she is at the uppermost end of the room, and hath called her dance, to lead his partner above her.'"

"What made this the more pleasing to me was, that I secretly hated Miss Johnson. Will you have the reason? why, then, I will tell you honestly, she was my rival. That word perhaps astonishes you, as you never, I believe, heard of any one who made his addresses to me; and indeed my heart was, till that night, entirely indifferent to all mankind: I mean, then, that she was my rival for praise, for

beauty, for dress, for fortune, and consequently for admiration. My triumph on this conquest is not to be expressed any more than my delight in the person to whom I chiefly owed it. The former, I fancy, was visible to the whole company; and I desired it should be so; but the latter was so well concealed, that no one, I am confident, took any notice of it. And yet you appeared to me that night to be an angel. You looked, you danced, you spoke—everything charmed me."

"Good heavens!" cries Booth, "is it possible you should do me so much unmerited honour, and I should be duncce enough not to perceive the least symptom?"

"I assure you," answered she, "I did all I could to prevent you; and yet I almost hated you for not seeing through what I strove to hide. Why, Mr. Booth, was you not more quick-sighted?—I will answer for you—your affections were more happily disposed of to a much better woman than myself, whom you married soon afterwards. I should ask you for her, Mr. Booth; I should have asked you for her before; but I am unworthy of asking for her, or of calling her my acquaintance."

Booth stopped her short, as she was running into another fit of passion, and begged her to omit all former matters, and acquaint him with that part of her history to which he was an entire stranger.

She then renewed her discourse as follows: "You know, Mr. Booth, I soon afterwards left that town, upon the death of my grandmother, and returned home to my father's house; where I had not been long arrived before some troops of dragoons came to quarter in our neighbourhood. Among the officers there was a cornet whose detested name was Hebbers, a name I could scarce repeat, had I not at the same time the pleasure to reflect that he is now no more. My father, you know, who is a hearty well-wisher to the present government, used always to invite the officers to his house; so did he these. Nor was it long before this cornet in so particular a manner recommended himself to the poor old gentleman (I cannot think of him without tears), that our house became his principal habitation, and he was rarely at his quarters, unless when his superior officers obliged him to be there. I shall say nothing of his person, nor could that be any recommendation to a man; it was such, however, as no woman could have made an objection to. Nature had certainly wrapped up her odious work in a most beautiful covering. To say the truth, he was the handsomest man, except one only, that I ever saw—I assure you, I have seen a handsomer—but—well.—He had, besides, all the qualifications of a gentleman; was genteel and extremely polite; spoke French well, and danced to a miracle; but what chiefly recommended him to my father was his skill in music, of which you know that dear man was the most violent lover. I wish he was not too susceptible of flattery on that head; for I have heard Hebbers often greatly commend my father's performance, and have observed that the good man was wonderfully pleased with such commendations. To say the truth, it is the only way I can account for the extraordinary friendship which my father conceived for this person; such a friendship, that he at last became a part of our family."

"This very circumstance, which, as I am convinced, strongly recommended him to my father, had the very contrary effect with me: I had never any delight in music, and it was not without much difficulty I was prevailed on to learn to play on the harpsichord, in which I had made a very slender progress. As this man, therefore, was frequently

the occasion of my being importuned to play against my will, I began to entertain some dislike for him on that account; and as to his person, I assure you, I long continued to look on it with great indifference.

"How strange will the art of this man appear to you presently, who had sufficient address to convert that very circumstance which had at first occasioned my dislike into the first seeds of affection for him!

"You have often, I believe, heard my sister Betty play on the harpsichord; she was, indeed, reputed the best performer in the whole country.

"I was the farthest in the world from regarding this perfection of hers with envy. In reality, perhaps, I despised all perfection of this kind; at least, as I had neither skill nor ambition to excel this way, I looked upon it as a matter of mere indifference.

"Hebbers first put this emulation in my head. He took great pains to persuade me that I had much greater abilities of the musical kind than my sister, and that I might with the greatest ease, if I pleased, excel her; offering me, at the same time, his assistance if I would resolve to undertake it.

"When he had sufficiently inflamed my ambition, in which, perhaps, he found too little difficulty, the continual praises of my sister, which before I had disregarded, became more and more nauseous in my ears; and the rather, as, music being the favourite passion of my father, I became apprehensive (not without frequent hints from Hebbers of that nature) that she might gain too great a preference in his favour.

"To my harpsichord then I applied myself night and day, with such industry and attention, that I soon began to perform in a tolerable manner. I do not absolutely say I excelled my sister, for many were of a different opinion; but, indeed, there might be some partiality in all that.

"Hebbers, at least, declared himself on my side, and nobody could doubt his judgment. He asserted openly that I played in the better manner of the two; and one day, when I was playing to him alone, he affected to burst into a rapture of admiration, and, squeezing me gently by the hand, said, There, madam, I now declare you excel your sister as much in music as, added he in a whispering sigh, you do her, and all the world, in every other charm.

"No woman can bear any superiority in whatever thing she desires to excel in. I now began to hate all the admirers of my sister, to be uneasy at every commendation bestowed on her skill in music, and consequently to love Hebbers for the preference which he gave to mine.

"It was now that I began to survey the handsome person of Hebbers with pleasure. And here, Mr. Booth, I will betray to you the grand secret of our sex.—Many women, I believe, do, with great innocence, and even with great indifference, converse with men of the finest persons; but this I am confident may be affirmed with truth, that, when once a woman comes to ask this question of herself, Is the man whom I like for some other reason, handsome? her fate, and his too, very strongly depend on her answering in the affirmative.

"Hebbers no sooner perceived that he made an impression on my heart, of which I am satisfied I gave him too undeniable tokens, than he affected on a sudden to shun me in the most apparent manner. He wore the most melancholy air in my presence, and, by his dejected looks and sighs, firmly persuaded me that there was some secret sorrow labouring in his bosom; nor will it be difficult for you to imagine to what cause I imputed it.

"Whilst I was wishing for his declaration of a passion in which I thought I could not be mistaken, and at the same time trembling whenever we met with the apprehension of this very declaration, the widow Carey came from London to make us a visit, intending to stay the whole summer at our house.

"Those who know Mrs. Carey will scarce think I do her an injury in saying she is far from being handsome; and yet she is as finished a coquette as if she had the highest beauty to support that character. But perhaps you have seen her; and if you have I am convinced you will readily subscribe to my opinion."

Booth answered he had not; and then she proceeded as in the following chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

The history of Miss Matthews continued.

"THIS young lady had not been three days with us before Hebbers grew so particular with her, that it was generally observed; and my poor father, who, I believe, loved the cornet as if he had been his son, began to jest on the occasion, as one who would not be displeased at throwing a good jointure into the arms of his friend.

"You will easily guess, sir, the disposition of my mind on this occasion; but I was not permitted to suffer long under it; for one day, when Hebbers was alone with me, he took an opportunity of expressing his abhorrence at the thoughts of marrying for interest, contrary to his inclinations. I was warm on the subject, and, I believe, went so far as to say that none but fools and villains did so. He replied, with a sigh, Yes, madam, but what would you think of a man whose heart is all the while bleeding for another woman, to whom he would willingly sacrifice the world; but, because he must sacrifice her interest as well as his own, never durst even give her a hint of that passion which was preying on his very vitals? Do you believe, Miss Fanny, there is such a wretch on earth? I answered, with an assumed coldness, I did not believe there was. He then took me gently by the hand, and, with a look so tender that I cannot describe it, vowed he was himself that wretch. Then starting, as if conscious of an error committed, he cried with a faltering voice, What am I saying? Pardon me, Miss Fanny; since I beg only your pity, I never will ask for more.—At these words, hearing my father coming up, I betrayed myself entirely, if, indeed, I had not done it before. I hastily withdrew my hand, crying, Hush! for heaven's sake, my father is just coming in; my blushes, my look, and my accent, telling him, I suppose, all which he wished to know.

"A few days now brought matters to an éclaircissement between us; the being undeceived in what had given me so much uneasiness gave me a pleasure too sweet to be resisted. To triumph over the widow, for whom I had in a very short time contracted a most inveterate hatred, was a pride not to be described. Hebbers appeared to me to be the cause of all this happiness. I doubted not but that he had the most disinterested passion for me, and thought him every way worthy of its return. I did return it, and accepted him as my lover.

"He declared the greatest apprehensions of my father's suspicion, though I am convinced these were causeless had his designs been honourable. To blind these, I consented that he should carry on sham addresses to the widow, who was now a constant jest between us; and he pretended, from time to time, to acquaint me faithfully with everything that passed at his interviews with her; nor was this

faithless woman wanting in her part of the deceit. She carried herself to me all the while with a show of affection, and pretended to have the utmost friendship for me. But such are the friendships of women!"

At this remark, Booth, though enough affected at some parts of the story, had great difficulty to refrain from laughter; but, by good luck, he escaped being perceived; and the lady went on without interruption.

"I am come now to a part of my narrative in which it is impossible to be particular without being tedious; for, as to the commerce between lovers, it is, I believe, much the same in all cases; and there is, perhaps, scarce a single phrase that hath not been repeated ten millions of times.

"One thing, however, as I strongly remarked it then, so I will repeat to you now. In all our conversations, in moments when he fell into the warmest raptures, and expressed the greatest uneasiness at the delay of his joys, he seldom mentioned the word marriage; and never once solicited a day for that purpose. Indeed, women cannot be cautioned too much against such lovers; for though I have heard, and perhaps truly, of some of our sex, of a virtue so exalted that it is proof against every temptation, yet the generality, I am afraid, are too much in the power of a man to whom they have owned an affection. What is called being upon a good footing is, perhaps, being upon a very dangerous one; and a woman who hath given her consent to marry can hardly be said to be safe till she is married.

"And now, sir, I hasten to the period of my ruin. We had a wedding in our family; my musical sister was married to a young fellow as musical as herself. Such a match, you may be sure, amongst other festivities, must have a ball. Oh! Mr. Booth, shall modesty forbid me to remark to you what passed on that occasion? But why do I mention modesty, who have no pretensions to it? Everything was said and practised on that occasion, as if the purpose had been to inflame the mind of every woman present. That effect, I freely own to you, it had with me. Music, dancing, wine, and the most luscious conversation, in which my poor dear father innocently joined, raised ideas in me of which I shall for ever repent; and I wished (why should I deny it?) that it had been my wedding instead of my sister's.

"The villain Hebberts danced with me that night, and he lost no opportunity of improving the occasion. In short, the dreadful evening came. My father, though it was a very unusual thing with him, grew intoxicated with liquor; most of the men were in the same condition; nay, I myself drank more than I was accustomed to, enough to inflame, though not to disorder. I lost my former bed-fellow, my sister, and,—you may, I think, guess the rest,—the villain found means to steal to my chamber, and I was undone.

"Two months I passed in this detested commerce, buying, even then, my guilty, half-tasted pleasures at too dear a rate, with continual horror and apprehension; but what have I paid since—what do I pay now, Mr. Booth? O may my fate be a warning to every woman to keep her innocence, to resist every temptation, since she is certain to repent of the foolish bargain. May it be a warning to her to deal with mankind with care and caution; to shun the least approaches of dishonour, and never to confide too much in the honesty of a man, nor in her own strength, where she has so much at stake; let her remember she walks on a precipice, and the bottomless pit is to receive her if she slips; nay, if she makes one false step.

"I ask your pardon, Mr. Booth; I might have spared these exhortations, since no woman hears me; but you will not wonder at seeing me affected on this occasion."

Booth declared he was much more surprised at her being able so well to preserve her temper in recounting her story.

"O sir," answered she, "I am at length reconciled to my fate; and I can now die with pleasure, since I die revenged. I am not one of those mean wretches who can sit down and lament their misfortunes. If I ever shed tears, they are the tears of indignation.—But I will proceed.

"It was my fate now to solicit marriage; and I failed not to do it in the most earnest manner. He answered me at first with procrastinations, declaring, from time to time, he would mention it to my father; and still excusing himself for not doing it. At last he thought on an expedient to obtain a longer reprieve. This was by pretending that he should, in a very few weeks, be preferred to the command of a troop; and then, he said, he could with some confidence propose the match.

"In this delay I was persuaded to acquiesce, and was indeed pretty easy, for I had not yet the least mistrust of his honour; but what words can paint my sensations, when one morning he came into my room, with all the marks of dejection in his countenance, and, throwing an open letter on the table, said, There is news, madam, in that letter which I am unable to tell you; nor can it give you more concern than it hath given me.

"This letter was from his captain, to acquaint him that the rout, as they call it, was arrived, and that they were to march within two days. And this, I am since convinced, was what he expected, instead of the preferment which had been made the pretence of delaying our marriage.

"The shock which I felt at reading this was inexpressible, occasioned indeed principally by the departure of a villain whom I loved. However, I soon acquired sufficient presence of mind to remember the main point; and I now insisted peremptorily on his making me immediately his wife, whatever might be the consequence.

"He seemed thunderstruck at this proposal, being, I suppose, destitute of any excuse: but I was too impatient to wait for an answer, and cried out with much eagerness, Sure you cannot hesitate a moment upon this matter—Hesitate! madam! replied he—what you ask is impossible. Is this a time for me to mention a thing of this kind to your father?—My eyes were now opened all at once—I fell into a rage little short of madness. Tell not me, I cried, of impossibilities, nor times, nor of my father,—my honour, my reputation, my all are at stake.—I will have no excuse, no delay—make me your wife this instant, or I will proclaim you over the face of the whole earth for the greatest of villains. He answered, with a kind of sneer, What will you proclaim, madam?—whose honour will you injure? My tongue faltered when I offered to reply, and I fell into a violent agony, which ended in a fit; nor do I remember any thing more that passed till I found myself in the arms of my poor affrighted father.

"O, Mr. Booth, what was then my situation! I tremble even now from the reflection.—I must stop a moment. I can go no farther." Booth attempted all in his power to soothe her; and she soon recovered her powers, and proceeded in her story.

CHAPTER IX.

In which Miss Matthews concludes her relation.

"BEFORE I had recovered my senses I had sufficiently betrayed myself to the best of men, who, instead of upbraiding me, or exerting any anger, endeavoured to comfort me all he could with assurances that all should yet be well. This goodness of his affected me with inexpressible sensations; I prostrated myself before him, embraced and kissed his knees, and almost dissolved in tears and a degree of tenderness hardly to be conceived—but I am running into too minute descriptions.

"Hebbers, seeing me in a fit, had left me, and sent one of the servants to take care of me. He then ran away like a thief from the house, without taking his leave of my father, or once thanking him for all his civilities. He did not stop at his quarters, but made directly to London, apprehensive, I believe, either of my father or brother's resentment; for I am convinced he is a coward. Indeed his fear of my brother was utterly groundless; for I believe he would rather have thanked any man who had destroyed me; and I am sure I am not in the least behindhand with him in good wishes.

"All his inveteracy to me had, however, no effect on my father, at least at that time; for, though the good man took sufficient occasions to reprimand me for my past offence, he could not be brought to abandon me. A treaty of marriage was now set on foot, in which my father himself offered me to Hebbers, with a fortune superior to that which had been given with my sister; nor could all my brother's remonstrances against it, as an act of the highest injustice, avail.

"Hebbers entered into the treaty, though not with much warmth. He had even the assurance to make additional demands on my father, which being complied with, everything was concluded, and the villain once more received into the house. He soon found means to obtain my forgiveness of his former behaviour; indeed, he convinced me, so foolishly blind is female love, that he had never been to blame.

"When everything was ready for our nuptials, and the day of the ceremony was to be appointed, in the midst of my happiness I received a letter from an unknown hand, acquainting me (guess, Mr. Booth, how I was shocked at receiving it) that Mr. Hebbers was already married to a woman in a distant part of the kingdom.

"I will not tire you with all that passed at our next interview. I communicated the letter to Hebbers, who, after some little hesitation, owned the fact, and not only owned it, but had the address to improve it to his own advantage, to make it the means of satisfying me concerning all his former delays; which, to say the truth, I was not so much displeased at imputing to any degree of villany as I should have been to impute it to the want of a sufficient warmth of affection; and though the disappointment of all my hopes, at the very instant of their expected fruition, threw me into the most violent disorders; yet, when I came a little to myself, he had no great difficulty to persuade me that in every instance, with regard to me, Hebbers had acted from no other motive than from the most ardent and ungovernable love. And there is, I believe, no crime which a woman will not forgive, when she can derive it from that fountain. In short, I forgave him all, and am willing to persuade myself I am not weaker than the rest of my sex. Indeed, Mr. Booth, he hath a bewitching tongue, and is master of an address that no

woman could resist. I do assure you the charms of his person are his least perfection, at least in my eye."

Here Booth smiled, but happily without her perceiving it.

"A fresh difficulty (continued she) now arose. This was to excuse the delay of the ceremony to my father, who every day very earnestly urged it. This made me so very uneasy, that I at last listened to a proposal, which, if any one in the days of my innocence, or even a few days before, had assured me I could have submitted to have thought of, I should have treated the supposition with the highest contempt and indignation; nay, I scarce reflect on it now with more horror than astonishment. In short, I agreed to run away with him—to leave my father, my reputation, everything which was or ought to have been dear to me, and to live with this villain as a mistress, since I could not be his wife.

"Was not this an obligation of the highest and tenderest kind, and had I not reason to expect every return in the man's power on whom I had conferred it?

"I will make short of the remainder of my story, for what is there of a woman worth relating, after what I have told you?

"Above a year I lived with this man in an obscure court in London, during which time I had a child by him, whom Heaven, I thank it, hath been pleased to take to itself.

"During many months he behaved to me with all the apparent tenderness and even fondness imaginable; but, alas! how poor was my enjoyment of this compared to what it would have been in another situation? When he was present, life was barely tolerable; but, when he was absent, nothing could equal the misery I endured. I passed my hours almost entirely alone; for no company but what I despised would consort with me. Abroad, I scarce ever went, lest I should meet any of my former acquaintance; for their sight would have plunged a thousand daggers in my soul. My only diversion was going very seldom to a play, where I hid myself in the gallery, with a daughter of the woman of the house. A girl, indeed, of good sense and many good qualities; but how much beneath me was it to be the companion of a creature so low! O heavens! when I have seen my equals glittering in a side-box, how have the thoughts of my lost honour torn my soul!"

"Pardon me, dear madam," cries Booth, "for interrupting you; but I am under the utmost anxiety to know what became of your poor father, for whom I have so great a respect, and who, I am convinced, must so bitterly feel your loss."

"O Mr. Booth," answered she, "he was scarce ever out of my thoughts. His dear image still obtruded itself in my mind, and I believe would have broken my heart, had I not taken a very preposterous way to ease myself. I am, indeed, almost ashamed to tell you; but necessity put it in my head.—You will think the matter too trifling to have been remembered, and so it surely was; nor should I have remembered it on any other occasion. You must know then, sir, that my brother was always my inveterate enemy, and altogether as fond of my sister.—He once prevailed with my father to let him take my sister with him in the chariot, and by that means I was disappointed of going to a ball which I had set my heart on. The disappointment, I assure you, was great at the time; but I had long since forgotten it. I must have been a very bad woman if I had not, for it was the only thing in which I can

remember that my father ever disoblged me. However, I now revived this in my mind, which I artificially worked up into so high an injury, that I assure you it afforded me no little comfort. When any tender idea intruded into my bosom, I immediately raised this phantom of an injury in my imagination, and it considerably lessened the fury of that sorrow which I should have otherwise felt for the loss of so good a father, who died within a few months of my departure from him.

"And now, sir, to draw to a conclusion. One night, as I was in the gallery at Drury-lane playhouse, I saw before me in a side-box (she was once below me in every place), that widow whom I mentioned to you before. I had scarce cast my eyes on this woman before I was so shocked with the sight that it almost deprived me of my senses; for the villain Hebbers came presently in and seated himself behind her.

"He had been almost a month from me, and I believed him to be at his quarters in Yorkshire. Guess what were my sensations when I beheld him sitting by that base woman, and talking to her with the utmost familiarity. I could not long endure this sight, and having acquainted my companion that I was taken suddenly ill, I forced her to go home with me at the end of the second act.

"After a restless and sleepless night, when I rose the next morning I had the comfort to receive a visit from the woman of the house, who, after a very short introduction, asked me when I had heard from the captain and when I expected to see him? I had not strength or spirits to make her any answer, and she proceeded thus:—Indeed I did not think the captain would have used me so. My husband was an officer of the army as well as himself; and if a body is a little low in the world, I am sure that is no reason for folks to trample on a body. I defy the world to say as I ever was guilty of an ill thing. For heaven's sake, madam, says I, what do you mean? Mean? cries she; I am sure, if I had not thought you had been captain Hebbers's lady, his lawful lady too, you should never have set footing in my house. I would have captain Hebbers know that, though I am reduced to let lodgings, I never have entertained any but persons of character.—In this manner, sir, she ran on, saying many shocking things not worth repeating, till my anger at last got the better of my patience as well as my sorrow, and I pushed her out of the room.

"She had not been long gone before her daughter came to me, and, after many expressions of tenderness and pity, acquainted me that her mother had just found out, by means of the captain's servant, that the captain was married to another lady; which, if you did not know before, madam, said she, I am sorry to be the messenger of such ill news.

"Think, Mr. Booth, what I must have endured to see myself humbled before such a creature as this, the daughter of a woman who lets lodgings! However, having recollected myself a little, I thought it would be in vain to deny anything; so, knowing this to be one of the best-natured and most sensible girls in the world, I resolved to tell her my whole story, and for the future to make her my confidante. I answered her, therefore, with a good deal of assurance, that she need not regret telling me this piece of ill news, for I had known it before I came to her house.

"Pardon me, madam, replied the girl, you cannot possibly have known it so long, for he hath not been married above a week; last night was the first time of his appearing in public with his wife at

the play. Indeed, I knew very well the cause of your uneasiness there; but would not mention—

"His wife at the play! answered I eagerly. What wife? whom do you mean?

"I mean the widow Carey, madam, replied she, to whom the captain was married a few days since. His servant was here last night to pay for your lodging, and he told it my mother.

"I know not what answer I made, or whether I made any. I presently fell dead on the floor, and it was with great difficulty I was brought back to life by the poor girl, for neither the mother nor the maid of the house would lend me any assistance, both seeming to regard me rather as a monster than a woman.

"Scarce had I recovered the use of my senses when I received a letter from the villain, declaring he had not assurance to see my face, and very kindly advising me to endeavour to reconcile myself to my family, concluding with an offer, in case I did not succeed, to allow me twenty pounds a-year to support me in some remote part of the kingdom.

"I need not mention my indignation at these proposals. In the highest agony of rage, I went in a chair to the detested house, where I easily got access to the wretch I had devoted to destruction, whom I no sooner found within my reach than I plunged a drawn penknife, which I had prepared in my pocket for the purpose, into his accursed heart. For this fact I was immediately seized and soon after committed hither; and for this fact I am ready to die, and shall with pleasure receive the sentence of the law.

"Thus, sir," said she, "I have related to you my unhappy story, and if I have tired your patience, by dwelling too long on those parts which affected me the most, I ask your pardon."

Booth made a proper speech on this occasion, and, having expressed much concern at her present situation, concluded that he hoped her sentence would be milder than she seemed to expect.

Her reply to this was full of so much bitterness and indignation, that we do not think proper to record the speech at length, in which having vented her passion, she all at once put on a serene countenance, and with an air of great complacency said, "Well, Mr. Booth, I think I have now a right to satisfy my curiosity at the expense of your breath. I may say it is not altogether a vain curiosity, for perhaps I have had inclination enough to interest myself in whatever concerns you; but no matter for that: those days (added she with a sigh) are now over."

Booth, who was extremely good-natured and well-bred, told her that she should not command him twice whatever was in his power; and then, after the usual apology, was going to begin his history, when the keeper arrived, and acquainted the lady that dinner was ready, at the same time saying, "I suppose, madam, as the gentleman is an acquaintance of yours, he must dine with us too."

Miss Matthews told the keeper that she had only one word to mention in private to the gentleman, and that then they would both attend him. She then pulled her purse from her pocket, in which were upwards of twenty guineas, being the remainder of the money for which she had sold a gold repeating watch, her father's present, with some other trinkets, and desired Mr. Booth to take what he should have occasion for, saying, "You know, I believe, dear Will, I never valued money; and now I am sure I shall have very little use for it." Booth, with much difficulty, accepted of two guineas, and then they both together attended the keeper.

CHAPTER X.

Table-talk, consisting of a facetious discourse that passed in the prison.

THERE were assembled at the table the governor of these (not improperly called infernal) regions; the lieutenant-governor, vulgarly named the first turn-key; Miss Matthews, Mr. Booth, Mr. Robinson the gambler, several other prisoners of both sexes, and one Murphy, an attorney.

The governor took the first opportunity to bring the affair of Miss Matthews upon the carpet, and, then turning to Murphy, he said, "It is very lucky this gentleman happens to be present; I do assure you, madam, your cause cannot be in abler hands. He is, I believe, the best man in England at a defence; I have known him often succeed against the most positive evidence."

"Fie, sir," answered Murphy; "you know I hate all this; but, if the lady will trust me with her cause, I will do the best in my power. Come, madam, do not be discouraged; a bit of manslaughter and cold iron, I hope, will be the worst: or perhaps we may come off better with a slice of chance-medley, or *se defendendo*."

"I am very ignorant of the law, sir," cries the lady.

"Yes, madam," answered Murphy; "it cannot be expected you should understand it. There are very few of us who profess it that understand the whole, nor is it necessary we should. There is a great deal of rubbish of little use, about indictments, and abatements, and bars, and ejectments, and traverses, and such stuff, with which people cram their heads to little purpose. The chapter of evidence is the main business; that is the sheet-anchor; that is the rudder, which brings the vessel safe *in portum*. Evidence is, indeed, the whole, the *summa totidis*, for *de non apparentibus et non insistentibus eadem est ratio*."

"If you address yourself to me, sir," said the lady, "you are much too learned, I assure you, for my understanding."

"Tace, madam," answered Murphy, "is Latin for a candle: I commend your prudence. I shall know the particulars of your case when we are alone."

"I hope the lady," said Robinson, "hath no suspicion of any person here. I hope we are all persons of honour at this table."

"D—n my eyes!" answered a well-dressed woman, "I can answer for myself and the other ladies; though I never saw the lady in my life, she need not be shy of us, d—n my eyes! I scorn to rap* against any lady."

"D—n me, madam!" cried another female, "I honour what you have done. I once put a knife into a cull myself—so my service to you, madam, and I wish you may come off with *se diffidendo* with all my heart."

"I beg, good woman," said Miss Matthews, "you would talk on some other subject, and give yourself no concern about my affairs."

"You see, ladies," cried Murphy, "the gentlewoman doth not care to talk on this matter before company; so pray do not press her."

"Nay, I value the lady's acquaintance no more than she values mine," cries the first woman who spoke. "I have kept as good company as the lady, I believe, every day in the week. Good woman! I do not use to be so treated. If the lady says such another word to me, d—n me, I will darken her daylight. Marry, come up! Good woman!—the

* A cant word, meaning to swear, or rather to perjure yourself.

lady's a whore as well as myself; and, though I am sent hither to mill-doll, d—n my eyes, I have money enough to buy it off as well as the lady herself."

Action might perhaps soon have ensued this speech, had not the keeper interposed his authority, and put an end to any further dispute. Soon after which, the company broke up, and none but himself, Mr. Murphy, captain Booth, and Miss Matthews, remained together.

Miss Matthews then, at the entreaty of the keeper, began to open her case to Mr. Murphy, whom she admitted to be her solicitor, though she still declared she was indifferent as to the event of the trial.

Mr. Murphy, having heard all the particulars with which the reader is already acquainted (as far as related to the murder), shook his head and said, "There is but one circumstance, madam, which I wish was out of the case; and that we must put out of it; I mean the carrying the pen-knife drawn into the room with you; for that seems to imply malice prepense, as we call it in the law: this circumstance, therefore, must not appear against you; and, if the servant who was in the room observed this, he must be bought off at all hazards. All here you say are friends; therefore I tell you openly, you must furnish me with money sufficient for this purpose. Malice is all we have to guard against."

"I would not presume, sir," cries Booth, "to inform you in the law; but I have heard, in case of stabbing, a man may be indicted upon the statute; and it is capital, though no malice appears."

"You say true, sir," answered Murphy; "a man may be indicted *contra formam statutis*; and that method, I will allow you, requires no malice. I presume you are a lawyer, sir?"

"No, indeed, sir," answered Booth, "I know nothing of the law."

"Then, sir, I will tell you—If a man be indicted *contra formam statutis*, as we say, no malice is necessary, because the form of the statute makes malice; and then what we have to guard against is having struck the first blow. Pox on't, it is unlucky this was done in a room: if it had been in the street we could have had five or six witnesses to have proved the first blow, cheaper than, I am afraid, we shall get this one; for when a man knows, from the unhappy circumstances of the case, that you can procure no other witness but himself, he is always dear. It is so in all other ways of business. I am very implicit, you see; but we are all among friends. The safest way is to furnish me with money enough to offer him a good round sum at once; and I think (it is for your good I speak) fifty pounds is the least that can be offered him. I do assure you I would offer him no less was it my own case."

"And do you think, sir," said she, "that I would save my life at the expense of hiring another to perjure himself?"

"Ay, surely do I," cries Murphy; "for where is the fault, admitting there is some fault in perjury, as you call it? and, to be sure, it is such a matter as every man should rather wish to avoid than not: and yet, as it may be managed, there is not so much as some people are apt to imagine in it; for he need not kiss the book, and then pray where is the perjury? but if the crier is sharper than ordinary, what is it he kisses? is it anything but a bit of calf's-skin? I am sure a man must be a very bad christian himself who would not do so much as that to save the life of any christian whatever, much more of so

pretty a lady. Indeed, madam, if we can make out but a tolerable case, so much beauty will go a great way with the judge and the jury too."

The latter part of this speech, notwithstanding the mouth it came from, caused Miss Matthews to suppress much of the indignation which began to arise at the former; and she answered with a smile, "Sir, you are a great casuist in these matters; but we need argue no longer concerning them; for, if fifty pounds would save my life, I assure you I could not command that sum. The little money I have in my pockets is all I can call my own; and I apprehend, in the situation I am in, I shall have very little of that to spare."

"Come, come, madam," cries Murphy, "life is sweet, let me tell you, and never sweeter than when we are near losing it. I have known many a man very brave and undaunted at his first commitment, who, when business began to thicken a little upon him, hath changed his note. It is no time to be saving in your condition."

The keeper, who, after the liberality of Miss Matthews, and on seeing a purse of guineas in her hand, had conceived a great opinion of her wealth, no sooner heard that the sum which he had in intention entirely confiscated for his own use was attempted to be broke in upon, thought it high time to be upon his guard. "To be sure," cries he, "Mr. Murphy, life is sweet, as you say, that must be acknowledged; to be sure, life is sweet; but, sweet as it is, no person can advance more than they are worth to save it. And indeed, if the lady can command no more money than that little she mentions, she is to be commended for her unwillingness to part with any of it; for, to be sure, as she says, she will want every farthing of that to live like a gentlewoman till she comes to her trial. And, to be sure, as sweet as life is, people ought to take care to be able to live sweetly while they do live; besides, I cannot help saying the lady shows herself to be what she is, by her abhorrence of perjury, which is certainly a very dreadful crime. And, though the not kissing the book doth, as you say, make a great deal of difference; and, if a man had a great while to live and repent, perhaps he might swallow it well enough; yet, when people comes to be near their end (as who can venture to foretel what will be the lady's case?) they ought to take care not to overburthen their conscience. I hope the lady's case will not be found murder; for I am sure I always wish well to all my prisoners who show themselves to be gentlemen or gentlewomen; yet one should always fear the worst."

"Indeed, sir, you speak like an oracle," answered the lady; "and one subornation of perjury would sit heavier on my conscience than twenty such murders as I am guilty of."

"Nay, to be sure, madam," answered the keeper, "nobody can pretend to tell what provocation you must have had; and certainly it can never be imagined that a lady who behaves herself so handsomely as you have done ever since you have been under my keys should be guilty of killing a man without being very highly provoked to do it."

Mr. Murphy was, I believe, going to answer when he was called out of the room; after which nothing passed between the remaining persons worth relating, till Booth and the lady retired back again into the lady's apartment.

Here they fell immediately to commenting on the foregoing discourse; but, as their comments were, I believe, the same with what most readers have made on the same occasion, we shall omit them. At last, Miss Matthews reminding her companion of his promise of relating to her what had befallen him since

the interruption of their former acquaintance, he began as is written in the next book of this history.

BOOK II.—CHAPTER I.

In which captain Booth begins to relate his history.

THE tea-table being removed, and Mr. Booth and the lady left alone, he proceeded as follows:

"Since you desire, madam, to know the particulars of my courtship to that best and dearest of women whom I afterwards married, I will endeavour to recollect them as well as I can, at least all those incidents which are the most worth relating to you.

"If the vulgar opinion of the fatality in marriage had ever any foundation, it surely appeared in my marriage with my Amelia. I knew her in the first dawn of her beauty; and, I believe, madam, she had as much as ever fell to the share of a woman; but, though I always admired her, it was long without any spark of love. Perhaps the general admiration which at that time pursued her, the respect paid her by persons of the highest rank, and the numberless addresses which were made her by men of great fortune, prevented my aspiring at the possession of those charms which seemed so absolutely out of my reach. However it was, I assure you the accident which deprived her of the admiration of others made the first great impression on my heart in her favour. The injury done to her beauty by the overturning of a chaise, by which, as you may well remember, her lovely nose was beat all to pieces, gave me an assurance that the woman who had been so much adored for the charms of her person deserved a much higher adoration to be paid to her mind; for that she was in the latter respect infinitely more superior to the rest of her sex than she had ever been in the former."

"I admire your taste extremely," cried the lady; "I remember perfectly well the great heroism with which your Amelia bore that misfortune."

"Good heavens! madam," answered he; "what a magnanimity of mind did her behaviour demonstrate! if the world have extolled the firmness of soul in a man who can support the loss of fortune; of a general who can be composed after the loss of a victory; or of a king who can be contented with the loss of a crown; with what astonishment ought we to behold, with what praises to honour, a young lady, who can with patience and resignation submit to the loss of exquisite beauty, in other words to the loss of fortune, power, glory, everything which human nature is apt to court and rejoice in! what must be the mind which can bear to be deprived of all these in a moment, and by an unfortunate trifling accident; which could support all this, together with the most exquisite torments of body, and with dignity, with resignation, without complaining, almost without a tear, undergo the most painful and dreadful operations of surgery in such a situation!" Here he stopped, and a torrent of tears gushed from his eyes; such tears as are apt to flow from a truly noble heart at the hearing of anything surprisingly great and glorious. As soon as he was able he again proceeded thus:

"Would you think, Miss Matthews, that the misfortune of my Amelia was capable of any aggravation? I assure you, she hath often told me it was aggravated with a circumstance which outweighed all the other ingredients. This was the cruel insults she received from some of her most intimate acquaintance, several of whom, after many distortions and grimaces, have turned their heads aside, unable to support their secret triumph, and burst into a loud laugh in her hearing."

"Good heavens!" cried Miss Matthews; "what

detestable actions will this contemptible passion of envy prevail on our sex to commit!"

"An occasion of this kind, as she hath since told me, made the first impression on her gentle heart in my favour. I was one day in company with several young ladies, or rather young devils, where poor Amelia's accident was the subject of much mirth and pleasantry. One of these said she hoped miss would not hold her head so high for the future. Another answered, I do not know, madam, what she may do with her head, but I am convinced she will never more turn up her nose at her betters. Another cried, What a very proper match might now be made between Amelia and a certain captain, who had unfortunately received an injury in the same part, though from no shameful cause. Many other sarcasms were thrown out, very unworthy to be repeated. I was hurt with perceiving so much malice in human shape, and cried out very bluntly, Indeed, ladies, you need not express such satisfaction at poor Miss Emily's accident; for she will still be the handsomest woman in England. This speech of mine was afterwards variously repeated, by some to my honour, and by others represented in a contrary light; indeed, it was often reported to be much ruder than it was. However, it at length reached Amelia's ears. She said she was very much obliged to me, since I could have so much compassion for her as to be rude to a lady on her account.

"About a month after the accident, when Amelia began to see company in a mask, I had the honour to drink tea with her. We were alone together, and I begged her to indulge my curiosity by showing me her face. She answered in a most obliging manner, Perhaps, Mr. Booth, you will as little know me when my mask is off as when it is on; and at the same instant unmasked.—The surgeon's skill was the least I considered. A thousand tender ideas rushed all at once on my mind. I was unable to contain myself, and, eagerly kissing her hand, I cried—Upon my soul, madam, you never appeared to me so lovely as at this instant. Nothing more remarkable passed at this visit; but I sincerely believe we were neither of us hereafter indifferent to each other.

"Many months, however, passed after this, before I ever thought seriously of making her my wife. Not that I wanted sufficient love for Amelia. Indeed it arose from the vast affection I bore her. I considered my own as a desperate fortune, hers as entirely dependent on her mother, who was a woman, you know, of violent passions, and very unlikely to consent to a match so highly contrary to the interest of her daughter. The more I loved Amelia, the more firmly I resolved within myself never to propose love to her seriously. Such a dupe was my understanding to my heart, and so foolishly did I imagine I could be master of a flame to which I was every day adding fuel.

"O, Miss Matthews! we have heard of men entirely masters of their passions, and of hearts which can carry this fire in them, and conceal it at their pleasure. Perhaps there may be such; but, if there are, those hearts may be compared, I believe, to damps, in which it is more difficult to keep fire alive than to prevent its blazing: in mine it was placed in the midst of combustible matter.

"After several visits, in which looks and sighs had been interchanged on both sides, but without the least mention of passion in private, one day the discourse between us when alone happened to turn on love; I say happened, for I protest it was not designed on my side, and I am as firmly convinced

not on hers. I was now no longer master of myself; I declared myself the most wretched of all martyrs to this tender passion; that I had long concealed it from its object. At length, after mentioning many particulars, suppressing, however, those which must have necessarily brought it home to Amelia, I concluded with begging her to be the confidante of my amour, and to give me her advice on that occasion."

"Amelia (O, I shall never forget the dear perturbation!) appeared all confusion at this instant. She trembled, turned pale, and discovered how well she understood me, by a thousand more symptoms than I could take notice of, in a state of mind so very little different from her own. At last, with faltering accents, she said I had made a very ill choice of a counsellor in a matter in which she was so ignorant.—Adding, at last, I believe, Mr. Booth, you gentlemen want very little advice in these affairs, which you all understand better than we do.

"I will relate no more of our conversation at present; indeed, I am afraid I tire you with too many particulars."

"O, no!" answered she; "I should be glad to hear every step of an amour which had so tender a beginning. Tell me everything you said or did, if you can remember it."

He then proceeded, and so will we in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Booth continues his story. In this chapter there are some passages that may serve as a kind of touchstone by which a young lady may examine the heart of her lover. I would advise, therefore, that every lover be obliged to read it over in the presence of his mistress, and that she carefully watch his emotions while he is reading.

"I WAS under the utmost concern," cries Booth, "when I retired from my visit, and had reflected coolly on what I had said. I now saw plainly that I had made downright love to Amelia; and I feared, such was my vanity, that I had already gone too far, and been two successful. Feared! do I say? could I fear what I hoped? how shall I describe the anxiety of my mind?"

"You need give yourself no great pain," cried Miss Matthews, "to describe what I can so easily guess. To be honest with you, Mr. Booth, I do not agree with your lady's opinion that the men have a superior understanding in the matters of love. Men are often blind to the passions of women: but every woman is as quick-sighted as a hawk on these occasions; nor is there one article in the whole science which is not understood by all our sex."

"However, madam," said Mr. Booth, "I now undertook to deceive Amelia. I abstained three days from seeing her; to say the truth, I endeavoured to work myself up to a resolution of leaving her for ever: but when I could not so far subdue my passion—But why do I talk nonsense of subduing passion?—I should say, when no other passion could surmount my love, I returned to visit her; and now I attempted the strangest project which ever entered into the silly head of a lover. This was to persuade Amelia that I was really in love in another place, and had literally expressed my meaning when I asked her advice and desired her to be my confidante.

"I therefore forged a meeting to have been between me and my imaginary mistress since I had last seen Amelia, and related the particulars, as well as I could invent them, which had passed at our conversation.

"Poor Amelia presently swallowed this bait; and, as she hath told me since, absolutely believed

me to be in earnest. Poor dear love! how should the sincerest of hearts have an idea of deceit? for, with all her simplicity, I assure you she is the most sensible woman in the world."

"It is highly generous and good in you," said Miss Matthews, with a sly sneer, "to impute to honesty what others would, perhaps, call credulity."

"I protest, madam," answered he, "I do her no more than justice. A good heart will at all times betray the best head in the world.—Well, madam, my angel was now, if possible, more confused than before. She looked so silly, you can hardly believe it."

"Yes, yes, I can," answered the lady, with a laugh, "I can believe it.—Well, well, go on."—"After some hesitation," cried he, "my Amelia said faintly to me, 'Mr. Booth, you use me very ill; you desire me to be your confidante, and conceal from me the name of your mistress.'"

"Is it possible then, madam," answered I, "that you cannot guess her, when I tell you she is one of your acquaintance, and lives in this town?"

"My acquaintance!" said she: "La! Mr. Booth,—In this town! I—I—I thought I could have guessed for once; but I have an ill talent that way—I will never attempt to guess anything again."—"Indeed I do her an injury when I pretend to represent her manner. Her manner, look, voice, everything was inimitable; such sweetness, softness, innocence, modesty!—Upon my soul, if ever man could boast of his resolution, I think I might now, that I abstained from falling prostrate at her feet, and adoring her. However, I triumphed; pride, I believe, triumphed, or perhaps love got the better of love. We once more parted, and I promised, the next time I saw her, to reveal the name of my mistress."

"I now had, I thought, gained a complete victory over myself; and no small compliments did I pay to my own resolution. In short, I triumphed as cowards and niggards do when they flatter themselves with having given some supposed instance of courage or generosity; and my triumph lasted as long; that is to say, till my ascendant passion had a proper opportunity of displaying itself in its true and natural colours."

"Having hitherto succeeded so well in my own opinion, and obtained this mighty self-conquest, I now entertained a design of exerting the most romantic generosity, and of curing that unhappy passion which I perceived I had raised in Amelia."

"Among the ladies who had expressed the greatest satisfaction at my Amelia's misfortune, Miss Osborne had distinguished herself in a very eminent degree; she was, indeed, the next in beauty to my angel, nay, she had disputed the preference, and had some among her admirers who were blind enough to give it in her favour."

"Well," cries the lady, "I will allow you to call them blind; but Miss Osborne was a charming girl."

"She certainly was handsome," answered he, "and a very considerable fortune; so I thought my Amelia would have little difficulty in believing me when I fixed on her as my mistress. And I concluded that my thus placing my affections on her known enemy would be the surest method of eradicating every tender idea with which I had been ever honoured by Amelia."

"Well, then, to Amelia I went; she received me with more than usual coldness and reserve; in which, to confess the truth, there appeared to me more of anger than indifference, and more of dejection than of either. After some short introduction,

I revived the discourse of my amour, and presently mentioned Miss Osborne as the lady whose name I had concealed; adding, that the true reason why I did not mention her before was, that I apprehended there was some little distance between them, which I hoped to have the happiness of accommodating."

"Amelia answered with much gravity, 'If you know, sir, that there is any distance between us, I suppose you know the reason of that distance; and then, I think, I could not have expected to be affronted by her name. I would not have you think, Mr. Booth, that I hate Miss Osborne. No! Heaven is my witness, I despise her too much.—Indeed, when I reflect how much I loved the woman who hath treated me so cruelly, I own it gives me pain—when I lay, as I then imagined, and as all about me believed, on my death-bed, in all the agonies of pain and misery, to become the object of laughter to my dearest friend.—O, Mr. Booth, it is a cruel reflection! and could I after this have expected from you—but why not from you, to whom I am a person entirely indifferent, if such a friend could treat me so barbarously?'"

"During the greatest part of this speech the tears streamed from her bright eyes. I could endure it no longer. I caught up the word indifferent, and repeated it, saying, Do you think then, madam, that Miss Emily is indifferent to me?"

"Yes, surely, I do," answered she: "I know I am; indeed, why should I not be indifferent to you?"

"Have my eyes, said I, then, declared nothing?"

"O! there is no need of your eyes, answered she; your tongue hath declared that you have singled out of all womankind my greatest, I will say, my basest enemy. I own I once thought that character would have been no recommendation to you;—but why did I think so? I was born to deceive myself."

"I then fell on my knees before her; and, forcing her hand, cried out, O, my Amelia! I can bear no longer. You are the only mistress of my affections; you are the deity I adore. In this style I ran on for above two or three minutes, what it is impossible to repeat, till a torrent of contending passions, together with the surprise, overpowered her gentle spirits, and she fainted away in my arms."

"To describe my sensation till she returned to herself is not in my power."—"You need not," cries Miss Matthews.—"Oh, happy Amelia! why had I not been blest with such a passion?"—"I am convinced, madam," continued he, "you cannot expect all the particulars of the tender scene which ensued. I was not enough in my senses to remember it all. Let it suffice to say, that that behaviour with which Amelia, while ignorant of its motive, had been so much displeased, when she became sensible of that motive, proved the strongest recommendation to her favour, and she was pleased to call it generous."

"Generous!" repeated the lady, "and so it was, almost beyond the reach of humanity. I question whether you ever had an equal."

Perhaps the critical reader may have the same doubt with Miss Matthews; and lest he should, we will here make a gap in our history, to give him an opportunity of accurately considering whether this conduct of Mr. Booth was natural or no; and consequently, whether we have, in this place, maintained or deviated from that strict adherence to universal truth which we profess above all other historians.

CHAPTER III.

The narrative continued. More of the touchstone.

Booth made a proper acknowledgment of Miss Matthews's civility, and then renewed his story.

"We were upon the footing of lovers; and Amelia threw off her reserve more and more, till at length I found all that return of my affection which the tenderest lover can require.

"My situation would now have been a paradise, had not my happiness been interrupted with the same reflections I have already mentioned; had I not, in short, concluded that I must derive all my joys from the almost certain ruin of that dear creature to whom I should owe them.

"This thought haunted me night and day, till I at last grew unable to support it: I therefore resolved in the strongest manner, to lay it before Amelia.

"One evening then, after the highest professions of the most disinterested love, in which Heaven knows my sincerity, I took an occasion to speak to Amelia in the following manner:—

"Too true it is, I am afraid, my dearest creature, that the highest human happiness is imperfect. How rich would be my cup, was it not for one poisonous drop which embitters the whole! O, Amelia! what must be the consequence of my ever having the honour to call you mine!—You know my situation in life, and you know your own: I have nothing more than the poor provision of an ensign's commission to depend on; your sole dependence is on your mother; should any act of disobedience defeat your expectations, how wretched must your lot be with me! O, Amelia! how ghastly an object to my mind is the apprehension of your distress! Can I bear to reflect a moment on the certainty of your foregoing all the conveniences of life? on the possibility of your suffering all its most dreadful inconveniences? what must be my misery, then, to see you in such a situation, and to upbraid myself with being the accursed cause of bringing you to it? Suppose too in such a season I should be summoned from you. Could I submit to see you encounter all the hazards, the fatigues of war, with me? you could not yourself, however willing, support them a single campaign. What then; must I leave you to starve alone, deprived of the tenderness of a husband, deprived too of the tenderness of the best of mothers, through my means? a woman most dear to me, for being the parent, the nurse, and the friend of my Amelia.—But oh! my sweet creature, carry your thoughts a little farther. Think of the tenderest consequences, the dearest pledges of our love. Can I bear to think of entailing beggary on the posterity of my Amelia? on our—Oh, Heavens! on our children!—On the other side, is it possible even to mention the word—I will not, must not, cannot, cannot part with you.—What must we do, Amelia? It is now I sincerely ask your advice.

"What advice can I give you, said she, in such an alternative? Would to Heaven we had never met!

"These words were accompanied with a sigh, and a look inexpressibly tender, the tears at the same time overflowing all her lovely cheeks. I was endeavouring to reply when I was interrupted by what soon put an end to the scene.

"Our amour had already been buzzed all over the town; and it came at last to the ears of Mrs. Harris: I had, indeed, observed of late a great alteration in that lady's behaviour towards me whenever I visited at the house; nor could I, for a long time before this evening, ever obtain a private interview with

Amelia; and now, it seems, I owed it to her mother's intention of overhearing all that passed between us.

"At the period then above mentioned, Mrs. Harris burst from the closet where she had hid herself, and surprised her daughter, reclining on my bosom in all that tender sorrow I have just described. I will not attempt to paint the rage of the mother, or the daughter's confusion, or my own. 'Here are very fine doings, indeed,' cries Mrs. Harris; 'you have made a noble use, Amelia, of my indulgence, and the trust I reposed in you.—As for you, Mr. Booth, I will not accuse you; you have used my child as I ought to have expected; I may thank myself for what hath happened;' with much more of the same kind, before she would suffer me to speak; but at last I obtained a hearing, and offered to excuse my poor Amelia, who was ready to sink into the earth under the oppression of grief, by taking as much blame as I could on myself. Mrs. Harris answered, 'No, sir, I must say you are innocent in comparison of her? nay, I can say I have heard you use dissuasive arguments; and I promise you they are of weight. I have, I thank heaven, one dutiful child, and I shall henceforth think her my only one.'—She then forced the poor, trembling, fainting Amelia out of the room; which when she had done, she began very coolly to reason with me on the folly, as well as iniquity, which I had been guilty of; and repeated to me almost every word I had before urged to her daughter. In fine, she at last obtained of me a promise that I would soon go to my regiment, and submit to any misery rather than that of being the ruin of Amelia.

"I now, for many days, endured the greatest torments which the human mind is, I believe, capable of feeling; and I can honestly say I tried all the means, and applied every argument which I could raise, to cure me of my love. And to make these the more effectual, I spent every night in walking backwards and forwards in the sight of Mrs. Harris's house, where I never failed to find some object or other which raised some tender idea of my lovely Amelia, and almost drove me to distraction."

"And don't you think, sir," said Miss Matthews, "you took a most preposterous method to cure yourself?"

"Alas, madam," answered he, "you cannot see it in a more absurd light than I do; but those know little of real love or grief who do not know how much we deceive ourselves when we pretend to aim at the cure of either. It is with these, as it is with some distempers of the body, nothing is, in the least, agreeable to us but what serves to heighten the disease.

"At the end of a fortnight, when I was driven almost to the highest degree of despair, and could contrive no method of conveying a letter to Amelia, how was I surprised when Mrs. Harris's servant brought me a card, with an invitation from the mother herself to drink tea that evening at her house!

"You will easily believe, madam, that I did not fail so agreeable an appointment: on my arrival I was introduced into a large company of men and women, Mrs. Harris and my Amelia being part of the company.

"Amelia seemed in my eyes to look more beautiful than ever, and behaved with all the gaiety imaginable. The old lady treated me with much civility, but the young lady took little notice of me, and addressed most of her discourse to another gentleman present. Indeed, she now and then gave me a look of no discouraging kind, and I observed her colour

change more than once when her eyes met mine; circumstances which, perhaps, ought to have afforded me sufficient comfort, but they could not allay the thousand doubts and fears with which I was alarmed, for my anxious thoughts suggested no less to me than that Amelia had made her peace with her mother at the price of abandoning me for ever, and of giving her ear to some other lover. All my prudence now vanished at once; and I would that instant have gladly run away with Amelia, and have married her without the least consideration of any consequences.

"With such thoughts I had tormented myself for near two hours, till most of the company had taken their leave. This I was myself incapable of doing, nor do I know when I should have put an end to my visit, had not Dr. Harrison taken me away almost by force, telling me in a whisper that he had something to say to me of great consequence.—You know the doctor, madam—"

"Very well, sir," answered Miss Matthews, "and one of the best men in the world he is, and an honour to the sacred order to which he belongs."

"You will judge," replied Booth, "by the sequel, whether I have reason to think him so."—He then proceeded as in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

The story of Mr. Booth continued. In this chapter the reader will perceive a glimpse of the character of a very good divine, with some matters of a very tender kind.

"THE doctor conducted me into his study, and then, desiring me to sit down, began, as near as I can remember, in these words, or at least to this purpose:

"You cannot imagine, young gentleman, that your love for Miss Emily is any secret in this place; I have known it some time, and have been, I assure you, very much your enemy in this affair."

"I answered, that I was very much obliged to him.

"Why, so you are," replied he; "and so, perhaps, you will think yourself when you know all.—I went about a fortnight ago to Mrs. Harris, to acquaint her with my apprehensions on her daughter's account; for, though the matter was much talked of, I thought it might possibly not have reached her ears. I will be very plain with you. I advised her to take all possible care of the young lady, and even to send her to some place, where she might be effectually kept out of your reach while you remained in the town."

"And do you think, sir," said I, "that this was acting a kind part by me? or do you expect that I should thank you on this occasion?"

"Young man," answered he, "I did not intend you any kindness, nor do I desire any of your thanks. My intention was to preserve a worthy lady from a young fellow of whom I had heard no good character, and whom I imagined to have a design of stealing a human creature for the sake of her fortune."

"It was very kind of you, indeed," answered I, "to entertain such an opinion of me."

"Why, sir," replied the doctor, "it is the opinion which, I believe, most of you young gentlemen of the order of the rag deserve. I have known some instances, and have heard of more, where such young fellows have committed robbery under the name of marriage."

"I was going to interrupt him with some anger when he desired me to have a little patience, and then informed me that he had visited Mrs. Harris

with the abovementioned design the evening after the discovery I have related; that Mrs. Harris, without waiting for his information, had recounted to him all which had happened the evening before; and, indeed, she must have an excellent memory, for I think she repeated every word I said, and added that she had confined her daughter to her chamber, where she kept her a close prisoner, and had not seen her since.

"I cannot express, nor would modesty suffer me if I could, all that now passed. The doctor took me by the hand and burst forth into the warmest commendations of the sense and generosity which he was pleased to say discovered themselves in my speech. You know, madam, his strong and singular way of expressing himself on all occasions, especially when he is affected with anything. 'Sir,' said he, 'if I knew half a dozen such instances in the army, the painter should put red liveries upon all the saints in my closet.'

"From this instant, the doctor told me, he had become my friend and zealous advocate with Mrs. Harris, on whom he had at last prevailed, though not without the greatest difficulty, to consent to my marrying Amelia, upon condition that I settled every penny which the mother should lay down, and that she would retain a certain sum in her hands which she would at any time deposit for my advancement in the army.

"You will, I hope, madam, conceive that I made no hesitation at these conditions, nor need I mention the joy which I felt on this occasion, or the acknowledgment I paid the doctor, who is, indeed, as you say, one of the best of men.

"The next morning I had permission to visit Amelia, who received me in such a manner, that I now concluded my happiness to be complete.

"Everything was now agreed on all sides, and lawyers employed to prepare the writings, when an unexpected cloud arose suddenly in our serene sky, and all our joys were obscured in a moment.

"When matters were, as I apprehended, drawing near a conclusion, I received an express, that a sister whom I tenderly loved was seized with a violent fever, and earnestly desired me to come to her. I immediately obeyed the summons, and, as it was then about two in the morning, without staying even to take leave of Amelia, for whom I left a short billet, acquainting her with the reason of my absence.

"The gentleman's house where my sister then was stood at fifty miles distance, and, though I used the utmost expedition, the unmerciful distemper had, before my arrival, entirely deprived the poor girl of her senses, as it soon after did of her life.

"Not all the love I bore Amelia, nor the tumultuous delight with which the approaching hour of possessing her filled my heart, could, for a while, allay my grief at the loss of my beloved Nancy. Upon my soul, I cannot yet mention her name without tears. Never brother and sister had, I believe, a higher friendship for each other. Poor dear girl! whilst I sat by her in her light-headed fits, she repeated scarce any other name but mine; and it plainly appeared that, when her dear reason was ravished away from her, it had left my image on her fancy, and that the last use she made of it was to think on me. 'Send for my dear Billy immediately,' she cried; 'I know he will come to me in a moment. Will nobody fetch him to me? pray don't kill me before I see him once more. You durst not use me so if he was here.'—Every accent still rings in my ears. Oh, heavens! to hear this, and at the same time to see the poor delirious creature deriving the greatest horrors from my sight, and

mistaking me for a highwayman who had a little before robbed her. But I ask your pardon; the sensations I felt are to be known only from experience, and to you must appear dull and insipid. At last, she seemed for a moment to know me, and cried, 'O heavens! my dearest brother!' upon which she fell into immediate convulsions, and died away in my arms."

Here Booth stopped a moment, and wiped his eyes; and Miss Matthews, perhaps out of complaisance, wiped hers.

CHAPTER V.

Containing strange revolutions of fortune.

Booth proceeded thus:

"This loss, perhaps, madam, you will think had made me miserable enough; but Fortune did not think so; for, on the day when my Nancy was to be buried, a courier arrived from Dr. Harrison with a letter, in which the doctor acquainted me that he was just come from Mrs. Harris when he despatched the express, and earnestly desired me to return the very instant I received his letter, as I valued my Amelia. 'Though if the daughter,' added he, 'should take after her mother (as most of them do) it will be, perhaps, wiser in you to stay away.'

"I presently sent for the messenger into my room, and, with much difficulty, extorted from him that a great squire in his coach and six was come to Mrs. Harris's, and that the whole town said he was shortly to be married to Amelia.

"I now soon perceived how much superior my love for Amelia was to every other passion; poor Nancy's idea disappeared in a moment: I quitted the dear lifeless corpse, over which I had shed a thousand tears, left the care of her funeral to others, and posted, I may almost say flew, back to Amelia, and alighted at the doctor's house, as he had desired me in his letter.

"The good man presently acquainted me with what had happened in my absence. Mr. Winckworth had, it seems, arrived the very day of my departure, with a grand equipage, and, without delay, had made formal proposals to Mrs. Harris, offering to settle any part of his vast estate, in whatever manner she pleased, on Amelia. These proposals the old lady had, without any deliberation, accepted, and had insisted, in the most violent manner, on her daughter's compliance, which Amelia had as peremptorily refused to give; insisting, on her part, on the consent which her mother had before given to our marriage, in which she was heartily seconded by the doctor, who declared to her, as he now did to me, 'that we ought as much to be esteemed man and wife as if the ceremony had already passed between us.'

"These remonstrances, the doctor told me, had worked no effect on Mrs. Harris, who still persisted in her avowed resolution of marrying her daughter to Winckworth, whom the doctor had likewise attacked, telling him that he was paying his addresses to another man's wife; but all to no purpose; the young gentleman was too much in love to hearken to any dissuaves.

"We now entered into a consultation what means to employ. The doctor earnestly protested against any violence to be offered to the person of Winckworth, which, I believe, I had rashly threatened; declaring that, if I made any attempt of that kind, he would for ever abandon my cause. I made him a solemn promise of forbearance. At last he determined to pay another visit to Mrs. Harris, and, if he found her obdurate, he said he thought himself at liberty to join us together without any further

consent of the mother, which every parent, he said, had a right to refuse, but not to retract when given, unless the party himself, by some conduct of his, gave a reason.

"The doctor having made his visit with no better success than before, the matter now debated was, how to get possession of Amelia by stratagem, for she was now a closer prisoner than ever; was her mother's bedfellow by night, and never out of her sight by day.

"While we were deliberating on this point a wine-merchant of the town came to visit the doctor, to inform him that he had just bottled off a hogshead of excellent old port, of which he offered to spare him a hamper, saying that he was that day to send in twelve dozen to Mrs. Harris.

"The doctor now smiled at a conceit which came into his head; and, taking me aside, asked me if I had love enough for the young lady to venture into the house in a hamper. I joyfully leaped at the proposal, to which the merchant, at the doctor's intercession, consented; for I believe, madam, you know the great authority which that worthy man had over the whole town. The doctor, moreover, promised to procure a licence, and to perform the office for us at his house, if I could find any means of conveying Amelia thither.

"In this hamper, then, I was carried to the house, and deposited in the entry, where I had not lain long before I was again removed and packed up in a cart in order to be sent five miles into the country; for I heard the orders given as I lay in the entry; and there I likewise heard that Amelia and her mother were to follow me the next morning.

"I was unloaded from my cart, and set down with the rest of the lumber in a great hall. Here I remained above three hours, impatiently waiting for the evening, when I determined to quit a posture which was become very uneasy, and break my prison; but Fortune contrived to release me sooner, by the following means: The house where I now was had been left in the care of one maid-servant. This faithful creature came into the hall with the footman who had driven the cart. A scene of the highest fondness having passed between them, the fellow proposed, and the maid consented, to open the hamper and drink a bottle together, which, they agreed, their mistress would hardly miss in such a quantity. They presently began to execute their purpose. They opened the hamper, and, to their great surprise, discovered the contents.

"I took an immediate advantage of the consternation which appeared in the countenances of both the servants, and had sufficient presence of mind to improve the knowledge of those secrets to which I was privy. I told them that it entirely depended on their behaviour to me whether their mistress should ever be acquainted, either with what they had done or with what they had intended to do; for that if they would keep my secret I would reciprocally keep theirs. I then acquainted them with my purpose of lying concealed in the house, in order to watch an opportunity of obtaining a private interview with Amelia.

"In the situation in which these two delinquents stood, you may be assured it was not difficult for me to seal up their lips. In short they agreed to whatever I proposed. I lay that evening in my dear Amelia's bedchamber, and was in the morning conveyed into an old lumber-garret, where I was to wait till Amelia (whom the maid promised, on her arrival, to inform of my place of concealment) could find some opportunity of seeing me."

"I ask pardon for interrupting you," cries Miss

Matthews, "but you bring to my remembrance a foolish story which I heard at that time, though at a great distance from you : That an officer had, in confederacy with Miss Harris, broke open her mother's cellar and stole away a great quantity of her wine. I mention it only to show you what sort of foundations most stories have."

Booth told her he had heard some such thing himself, and then continued his story as in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

Containing many surprising adventures.

"HERE," continued he, "I remained the whole day in hopes of a happiness, the expected approach of which gave me such a delight that I would not have exchanged my poor lodgings for the finest palace in the universe.

"A little after it was dark Mrs. Harris arrived, together with Amelia and her sister. I cannot express how much my heart now began to flutter ; for, as my hopes every moment increased, strange fears, which I had not felt before, began now to intermingle with them.

"When I had continued full two hours in these circumstances, I heard a woman's step tripping up stairs, which I fondly hoped was my Amelia ; but all on a sudden the door flew open, and Mrs. Harris herself appeared at it, with a countenance pale as death, her whole body trembling, I suppose with anger ; she fell upon me in the most bitter language. It is not necessary to repeat what she said, nor indeed can I, I was so shocked and confounded upon this occasion. In a word, the scene ended with my departing without seeing Amelia."

"And pray," cries Miss Matthews, "how happened this unfortunate discovery?"

Booth answered, "That the lady at supper ordered a bottle of wine, which neither myself," said he, "nor the servants had presence of mind to provide. Being told there was none in the house, though she had been before informed that the things came all safe, she had sent for the maid, who, being unable to devise any excuse, had fallen on her knees, and, after confessing her design of opening a bottle, which she imputed to the fellow, betrayed poor me to her mistress.

"Well, madam, after a lecture of about a quarter of an hour's duration from Mrs. Harris, I suffered her to conduct me to the outward gate of her court-yard, whence I set forward in a disconsolate condition of mind towards my lodgings. I had five miles to walk in a dark and rainy night : but how can I mention these trifling circumstances as any aggravation of my disappointment!"

"How was it possible," cried Miss Matthews, "that you could be got out of the house without seeing Miss Harris?"

"I assure you, madam," answered Booth, "I have often wondered at it myself ; but my spirits were so much sunk at the sight of her mother, that no man was ever a greater coward than I was at that instant. Indeed, I believe my tender concern for the terrors of Amelia were the principal cause of my submission. However it was, I left the house, and walked about a hundred yards, when, at the corner of the garden-wall, a female voice, in a whisper, cried out, 'Mr. Booth.' The person was extremely near me, but it was so dark I could scarce see her ; nor could I, in the confusion I was in, immediately recognise the voice. I answered in a line of Congreve's, which burst from my lips spontaneously ; for I am sure I had no intention to quote plays at that time :

'Who calls the wretched thing that was Alphonso?'

"Upon which a woman leaped into my arms, crying out—'O ! it is indeed my Alphonso, my only Alphonso!'—O Miss Matthews ! guess what I felt when I found I had my Amelia in my arms. I embraced her with an ecstasy not to be described, at the same instant pouring a thousand tendernesses into her ears ; at least, if I could express so many to her in a minute, for in that time the alarm began at the house ; Mrs. Harris had missed her daughter, and the court was presently full of lights and noises of all kinds.

"I now lifted Amelia over a gate, and, jumping after, we crept along together by the side of a hedge, a different way from what led to the town, as I imagined that would be the road through which they would pursue us. In this opinion I was right ; for we heard them pass along that road, and the voice of Mrs. Harris herself, who ran with the rest, notwithstanding the darkness and the rain. By these means we luckily made our escape, and, clambering over a hedge and ditch, my Amelia performing the part of a heroine all the way, we at length arrived at a little green lane, where stood a vast spreading oak, under which we sheltered ourselves from a violent storm.

"When this was over and the moon began to appear, Amelia declared she knew very well where she was ; and, a little farther striking into another lane to the right, she said that would lead us to a house where we would be both safe and unsuspected. I followed her directions, and we at length came to a little cottage about three miles distant from Mrs. Harris's house.

"As it now rained very violently, we entered this cottage, in which we espied a light, without any ceremony. Here we found an elderly woman sitting by herself at a little fire, who had no sooner viewed us than she instantly sprung from her seat, and starting back gave the strongest tokens of amazement ; upon which Amelia said, 'Be not surprised, nurse, though you see me in a strange pickle, I own.' The old woman, after having several times blessed herself, and expressed the most tender concern for the lady who stood dripping before her, began to bestir herself in making up the fire ; at the same time entreating Amelia that she might be permitted to furnish her with some clothes, which, she said, though not fine, were clean and wholesome and much drier than her own. I seconded this motion so vehemently, that Amelia, though she declared herself under no apprehension of catching cold (she hath indeed the best constitution in the world), at last consented, and I retired without doors under a shed, to give my angel an opportunity of dressing herself in the only room which the cottage afforded below stairs.

"At my return into the room, Amelia insisted on my exchanging my coat for one which belonged to the old woman's son." "I am very glad," cried Miss Matthews, "to find she did not forget you. I own I thought it somewhat cruel to turn you out into the rain."—"O, Miss Matthews!" continued he, taking no notice of her observation, "I had now an opportunity of contemplating the vast power of exquisite beauty, which nothing almost can add to or diminish. Amelia, in the poor rags of her old nurse, looked scarce less beautiful than I have seen her appear at a ball or an assembly." "Well, well," cries Miss Matthews, "to be sure she did ; but pray go on with your story."

"The old woman," continued he, "after having equipped us as well as she could, and placed our wet clothes before the fire, began to grow inquisitive ; and, after some ejaculations, she cried,—'O, my dear

young madam! my mind misgives me hugely: and pray who is this fine young gentleman? Oh! Miss Emmy, Miss Emmy, I am afraid madam knows nothing of all this matter.' 'Suppose he should be my husband, nurse,' answered Amelia. 'Oh! good! and if he be,' replies the nurse, 'I hope he is some great gentleman or other, with a vast estate and a coach and six: for to be sure, if an he was the greatest lord in the land, you would deserve it all.' But why do I attempt to mimic the honest creature? In short, she discovered the greatest affection for my Amelia; with which I was much more delighted than I was offended at the suspicions she showed of me, or the many bitter curses which she denounced against me, if I ever proved a bad husband to so sweet a young lady.

"I so well improved the hint given me by Amelia, that the old woman had no doubt of our being really married; and, comforting herself that, if it was not as well as it might have been, yet madam had enough for us both, and that happiness did not always depend on great riches, she began to rail at the old lady for having turned us out of doors, which I scarce told an untruth in asserting. And when Amelia said, 'She hoped her nurse would not betray her,' the good woman answered with much warmth—'Betray you, my dear young madam! no, that I would not, if the king would give me all that he is worth: no, not if madam herself would give me the great house, and the whole farm belonging to it.'

"The good woman then went out and fetched a chicken from the roost, which she killed, and began to pick, without asking any questions. Then, summoning her son, who was in bed, to her assistance, she began to prepare this chicken for our supper. This she afterwards set before us in so neat, I may almost say elegant, a manner, that whoever would have disdained it either doth not know the sensation of hunger, or doth not deserve to have it gratified. Our food was attended with some ale, which our kind hostess said she intended not to have tapped till Christmas; 'but,' added she, 'I little thought ever to have the honour of seeing my dear honoured lady in this poor place.'

"For my own part, no human being was then an object of envy to me, and even Amelia seemed to be in pretty good spirits; she softly whispered to me that she perceived there might be happiness in a cottage."

"A cottage!" cries Miss Matthews, sighing, "a cottage, with the man one loves, is a palace."

"When supper was ended," continued Booth, "the good woman began to think of our further wants, and very earnestly recommended her bed to us, saying, it was a very neat, though homely one, and that she could furnish us with a pair of clean sheets. She added some persuasives which painted my angel all over with vermillion. As for myself, I behaved so awkwardly and foolishly, and so readily agreed to Amelia's resolution of sitting up all night, that, if it did not give the nurse any suspicion of our marriage, it ought to have inspired her with the utmost contempt for me.

"We both endeavoured to prevail with nurse to retire to her own bed, but found it utterly impossible to succeed; she thanked heaven she understood breeding better than that. And so well bred was the good woman, that we could scarce get her out of the room the whole night. Luckily for us, we both understood French, by means of which we consulted together, even in her presence, upon the measures we were to take in our present exigency. At length it was resolved that I should

send a letter by this young lad, whom I have just before mentioned, to our worthy friend the doctor, desiring his company at our hut, since we thought it utterly unsafe to venture to the town, which we knew would be in an uproar on our account before the morning."

Here Booth made a full stop, smiled, and then said he was going to mention so ridiculous a distress, that he could scarce think of it without laughing. What this was the reader shall know in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

The story of Booth continued.—More surprising adventures.

"FROM what trifles, dear Miss Matthews," cried Booth, "may some of our greatest distresses arise! Do you not perceive I am going to tell you we had neither pen, ink, nor paper in our present exigency?"

"A verbal message was now our only resource; however, we contrived to deliver it in such terms, that neither nurse nor her son could possibly conceive any suspicion from it of the present situation of our affairs. Indeed, Amelia whispered me, I might safely place any degree of confidence in the lad; for he had been her foster-brother, and she had a great opinion of his integrity. He was in truth a boy of very good natural parts; and Dr. Harrison, who had received him into his family, at Amelia's recommendation, had bred him up to write and read very well, and had taken some pains to infuse into him the principles of honesty and religion. He was not, indeed, even now discharged from the doctor's service, but had been at home with his mother for some time, on account of the small-pox, from which he was lately recovered.

"I have said so much," continued Booth, "of the boy's character, that you may not be surprised at some stories which I shall tell you of him hereafter.

"I am going now, madam, to relate to you one of those strange accidents which are produced by such a train of circumstances, that mere chance hath been thought incapable of bringing them together; and which have therefore given birth, in superstitious minds, to Fortune, and to several other imaginary beings.

"We were now impatiently expecting the arrival of the doctor; our messenger had been gone much more than a sufficient time, which to us, you may be assured, appeared not at all shorter than it was, when nurse, who had gone out of doors on some errand, came running hastily to us, crying out, 'O my dear young madam, her ladyship's coach is just at the door!' Amelia turned pale as death at these words; indeed, I feared she would have fainted, if I could be said to fear, who had scarce any of my senses left, and was in a condition little better than my angel's.

"While we were both in this dreadful situation, Amelia fallen back in her chair with the countenance in which ghosts are painted, myself at her feet with a complexion of no very different colour, and nurse screaming out and throwing water in Amelia's face, Mrs. Harris entered the room. At the sight of this scene she threw herself likewise into a chair, and called immediately for a glass of water, which Miss Betty her daughter supplied her with; for, as to the nurse, nothing was capable of making any impression on her whilst she apprehended her young mistress to be in danger.

"The doctor had now entered the room, and, coming immediately up to Amelia, after some expressions of surprise, he took her by the hand, called

her his little sugar-plum, and assured her there were none but friends present. He then led her tottering across the room to Mrs. Harris. Amelia then fell upon her knees before her mother; but the doctor caught her up, saying, 'Use that posture, child, only to the Almighty;' but I need not mention this singularity of his to you who know him so well, and must have heard him often dispute against addressing ourselves to man in the humblest posture which we use towards the Supreme Being.

"I will tire you with no more particulars: we were soon satisfied that the doctor had reconciled us and our affairs to Mrs. Harris; and we now proceeded directly to church, the doctor having before provided a licence for us."

"But where is the strange accident?" cries Miss Matthews; "sure you have raised more curiosity than you have satisfied."

"Indeed, madam," answered he, "your reproof is just; I had like to have forgotten it; but you cannot wonder at me when you reflect on that interesting part of my story which I am now relating.—But before I mention this accident I must tell you what happened after Amelia's escape from her mother's house. Mrs. Harris at first ran out into the lane among her servants, and pursued us (so she imagined) along the road leading to the town; but that being very dirty, and a violent storm of rain coming, she took shelter in an alehouse about half a mile from her own house, whither she sent for her coach; she then drove, together with her daughter, to town, where, soon after her arrival, she sent for the doctor, her usual privy counsellor in all her affairs. They sat up all night together, the doctor endeavouring, by arguments and persuasions, to bring Mrs. Harris to reason; but all to no purpose, though, as he hath informed me, Miss Betty seconded him with the warmest entreaties."

Here Miss Matthews laughed; of which Booth begged to know the reason: she, at last, after many apologies, said, "It was the first good thing she ever heard of Miss Betty; nay," said she, "and asking your pardon for my opinion of your sister, since you will have it, I always conceived her to be the deepest of hypocrites."

Booth fetched a sigh, and said he was afraid she had not always acted so kindly;—and then, after a little hesitation, proceeded:

"You will be pleased, madam, to remember the lad was sent with a verbal message to the doctor; which message was no more than to acquaint him where we were, and to desire the favour of his company, or that he would send a coach to bring us to whatever place he would please to meet us at. This message was to be delivered to the doctor himself, and the messenger was ordered, if he found him not at home, to go to him wherever he was. He fulfilled his orders, and told it to the doctor in the presence of Mrs. Harris."

"Oh, the idiot!" cries Miss Matthews. "Not at all," answered Booth: "he is a very sensible fellow, as you will, perhaps, say hereafter. He had not the least reason to suspect that any secrecy was necessary; for we took the utmost care he should not suspect it.—Well, madam, this accident, which appeared so unfortunate, turned in the highest degree to our advantage. Mrs. Harris no sooner heard the message delivered than she fell into the most violent passion imaginable, and accused the doctor of being in the plot, and of having confederated with me in the design of carrying off her daughter."

"The doctor, who had hitherto used only soothing methods, now talked in a different strain. He confessed the accusation, and justified his conduct."

He said he was no meddler in the family affairs of others, nor should he have concerned himself with hers, but at her own request; but that, since Mrs. Harris herself had made him an agent in this matter, he would take care to acquit himself with honour, and above all things to preserve a young lady for whom he had the highest esteem; 'for she is,' cries he, and, by heavens, he said true, 'the most worthy, generous, and noble of all human beings. You have yourself, madam,' said he, 'consented to the match. I have, at your request, made the match;' and then he added some particulars relating to his opinion of me, which my modesty forbids me to repeat."—"Nay, but," cries Miss Matthews, "I insist on your conquest of that modesty for once. We women do not love to hear one another's praises, and I will be made amends by hearing the praises of a man, and of a man whom, perhaps," added she with a leer, "I shall not think much the better of upon that account."—"In obedience to your commands then, madam," continued he, "the doctor was so kind to say he had inquired into my character, and had found that I had been a dutiful son and an affectionate brother. Relations, said he, in which whoever discharges his duty well gives us a well-grounded hope that he will behave as properly in all the rest. He concluded with saying that Amelia's happiness, her heart, nay, her very reputation, were all concerned in this matter, to which, as he had been made instrumental, he was resolved to carry her through it; and then, taking the licence from his pocket, declared to Mrs. Harris that he would go that instant and marry her daughter wherever he found her. This speech, the doctor's voice, his look, and his behaviour, all which were sufficiently calculated to inspire awe, and even terror, when he pleases, frightened poor Mrs. Harris, and wrought a more sensible effect than it was in his power to produce by all his arguments and entreaties; and I have already related what followed."

"Thus the strange accident of our wanting pen, ink, and paper, and our not trusting the boy with our secret, occasioned the discovery to Mrs. Harris; that discovery put the doctor upon his metal, and produced that blessed event which I have recounted to you, and which, as my mother hath since confessed, nothing but the spirit which he had exerted after the discovery could have brought about."

"Well, madam, you now see me married to Amelia; in which situation you will, perhaps, think my happiness incapable of addition. Perhaps it was so; and yet I can with truth say that the love which I then bore Amelia was not comparable to what I bear her now." "Happy Amelia!" cried Miss Matthews. "If all men were like you, all women would be blessed; nay, the whole world would be so in a great measure; for, upon my soul, I believe that from the damned inconstancy of your sex to ours proceed half the miseries of mankind."

That we may give the reader leisure to consider well the foregoing sentiment, we will here put an end to this chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

In which our readers will probably be divided in their opinion of Mr. Booth's conduct.

Booth proceeded as follows:—

"The first months of our marriage produced nothing remarkable enough to mention. I am sure I need not tell Miss Matthews that I found in my Amelia every perfection of human nature. Mrs. Harris at first gave us some little uneasiness. She had rather yielded to the doctor than given a willing con-

sent to the match; however, by degrees, she became more and more satisfied, and at last seemed perfectly reconciled. This we ascribed a good deal to the kind offices of Miss Betty, who had always appeared to be my friend. She had been greatly assisting to Amelia in making her escape, which I had no opportunity of mentioning to you before, and in all things behaved so well, outwardly at least, to myself as well as her sister, that we regarded her as our sincerest friend.

"About half a year after our marriage two additional companies were added to our regiment, in one of which I was preferred to the command of a lieutenant. Upon this occasion Miss Betty gave the first intimation of a disposition which we have since too severely experienced."

"Your servant, sir," says Miss Matthews; "then I find I was not mistaken in my opinion of the lady.—No, no, show me any goodness in a censorious prude, and—"

As Miss Matthews hesitated for a simile or an execration, Booth proceeded: "You will please to remember, madam, there was formerly an agreement between myself and Mrs. Harris that I should settle all my Amelia's fortune on her, except a certain sum, which was to be laid out in my advancement in the army; but, as our marriage was carried on in the manner you have heard, no such agreement was ever executed. And since I was become Amelia's husband not a word of this matter was ever mentioned by the old lady; and as for myself, I declare I had not yet awakened from that delicious dream of bliss in which the possession of Amelia had lulled me."

Here Miss Matthews sighed, and cast the tenderest of looks on Booth, who thus continued his story:—

"Soon after my promotion Mrs. Harris one morning took an occasion to speak to me on this affair. She said, that, as I had been promoted gratis to a lieutenancy, she would assist me with money to carry me yet a step higher; and, if more was required than was formerly mentioned, it should not be wanting, since she was so perfectly satisfied with my behaviour to her daughter. Adding that she hoped I had still the same inclination to settle on my wife the remainder of her fortune.

"I answered with very warm acknowledgments of my mother's goodness, and declared, if I had the world, I was ready to lay it at my Amelia's feet.—And so, heaven knows, I would ten thousand worlds.

"Mrs. Harris seemed pleased with the warmth of my sentiments, and said she would immediately send to her lawyer and give him the necessary orders; and thus ended our conversation on this subject.

"From this time there was a very visible alteration in Miss Betty's behaviour. She grew reserved to her sister as well as to me. She was fretful and captious on the slightest occasion; nay, she affected much to talk on the ill consequences of an imprudent marriage, especially before her mother; and if ever any little tenderness or endearments escaped me in public towards Amelia, she never failed to make some malicious remark on the short duration of violent passions; and, when I have expressed a fond sentiment for my wife, her sister would kindly wish she might hear as much seven years hence.

"All these matters have been since suggested to us by reflection; for, while they actually passed, both Amelia and myself had our thoughts too happily engaged to take notice of what discovered itself in the mind of any other person.

"Unfortunately for us, Mrs. Harris's lawyer hap-

pened at this time to be at London, where business detained him upwards of a month; and, as Mrs. Harris would on no occasion employ any other, our affair was under an entire suspension till his return.

"Amelia, who was now big with child, had often expressed the deepest concern at her apprehensions of my being some time commanded abroad; a circumstance, which she declared if it should ever happen to her, even though she should not then be in the same situation as at present, would infallibly break her heart. These remonstrances were made with such tenderness, and so much affected me, that, to avoid any probability of such an event, I endeavoured to get an exchange into the horse-guards, a body of troops which very rarely goes abroad, unless where the king himself commands in person. I soon found an officer for my purpose, the terms were agreed on, and Mrs. Harris had ordered the money which I was to pay to be ready, notwithstanding the opposition made by Miss Betty, who openly dissuaded her mother from it; alleging that the exchange was highly to my disadvantage; that I could never hope to rise in the army after it; not forgetting, at the same time, some insinuations very prejudicial to my reputation as a soldier.

"When everything was agreed on, and the two commissions were actually made out, but not signed by the king, one day, at my return from hunting, Amelia flew to me, and, eagerly embracing me, cried out, 'O Billy, I have news for you which delights my soul. Nothing sure was ever so fortunate as the exchange you have made. The regiment you was formerly in is ordered for Gibraltar.'

"I received this news with far less transport than it was delivered. I answered coldly, since the case was so, I heartily hoped the commissions might be both signed. 'What do you say?' replied Amelia eagerly; 'sure you told me everything was entirely settled. That look of yours frightens me to death.'—But I am running into too minute particulars. In short, I received a letter by that very post from the officer with whom I had exchanged, insisting that, though his majesty had not signed the commissions, that still the bargain was valid, partly urging it as a right, and partly desiring it as a favour, that he might go to Gibraltar in my room.

"This letter convinced me in every point. I was now informed that the commissions were not signed, and consequently that the exchange was not completed: of consequence the other could have no right to insist on going; and, as for granting him such a favour, I too clearly saw I must do it at the expense of my honour. I was now reduced to a dilemma, the most dreadful which I think any man can experience; in which, I am not ashamed to own, I found love was not so overmatched by honour as he ought to have been. The thoughts of leaving Amelia in her present condition to misery, perhaps to death or madness, were insupportable; nor could any other consideration but that which now tormented me on the other side have combated them a moment."

"No woman upon earth," cries Miss Matthews, "can despise want of spirit in a man more than myself; and yet I cannot help thinking you was rather too nice on this occasion."

"You will allow, madam," answered Booth, "that whoever offends against the laws of honour in the least instance is treated as the highest delinquent. Here is no excuse, no pardon; and he doth nothing who leaves anything undone. But if the conflict was so terrible with myself alone, what was my situation in the presence of Amelia? how could I support her sighs, her tears, her agonies, her despair? could I bear to think myself the cruel cause

of her sufferings? for so I was: could I endure the thought of having it in my power to give her instant relief, for so it was, and refuse it her?

"Miss Betty was now again become my friend. She had scarce been civil to me for a fortnight last past, yet now she commended me to the skies, and as severely blamed her sister, whom she arraigned of the most contemptible weakness in preferring my safety to my honour: she said many ill-natured things on the occasion, which I shall not now repeat.

"In the midst of this hurricane the good doctor came to dine with Mrs. Harris, and at my desire delivered his opinion on the matter."

Here Mr. Booth was interrupted in his narrative by the arrival of a person whom we shall introduce in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

Containing a scene of a different kind from any of the preceding.

THE gentleman who now arrived was the keeper; or, if you please (for so he pleased to call himself), the governor of the prison.

He used so little ceremony at his approach, that the bolt, which was very slight on the inside, gave way, and the door immediately flew open. He had no sooner entered the room than he acquainted Miss Matthews that he had brought her very good news, for which he demanded a bottle of wine as his due.

This demand being complied with, he acquainted Miss Matthews that the wounded gentleman was not dead, nor was his wound thought to be mortal: that loss of blood, and perhaps his fright, had occasioned his fainting away; "but I believe, madam," said he, "if you take the proper measures you may be bailed to-morrow. I expect the lawyer here this evening, and if you put the business into his hands I warrant it will be done. Money to be sure must be parted with, that's to be sure. People to be sure will expect to touch a little in such cases. For my own part, I never desire to keep a prisoner longer than the law allows, not I; I always inform them they can be bailed as soon as I know it; I never make any bargain, not I; I always love to leave those things to the gentlemen and ladies themselves. I never suspect gentlemen and ladies of wanting generosity."

Miss Matthews made a very slight answer to all these friendly professions. She said she had done nothing she repented of, and was indifferent as to the event. "All I can say," cries she, "is, that if the wretch is alive there is no greater villain in life than himself;" and, instead of mentioning anything of the bail, she begged the keeper to leave her again alone with Mr. Booth. The keeper replied, "Nay, madam, perhaps it may be better to stay a little longer here, if you have not bail ready, than to buy them too dear. Besides, a day or two hence, when the gentleman is past all danger of recovery, to be sure some folks that would expect an extraordinary fee now cannot expect to touch anything. And to be sure you shall want nothing here. The best of all things are to be had here for money, both eatable and drinkable: though I say it, I shan't turn my back to any of the taverns for either eatables or wind. The captain there need not have been so shy of owning himself when he first came in; we have had captains and other great gentlemen here before now; and no shame to them, though I say it. Many a great gentleman is sometimes found in places that don't become them half so well, let me tell them that, captain Booth, let me tell them that."

"I see, sir," answered Booth, a little discomposed, "that you are acquainted with my title as well as my name."

"Ay, sir," cries the keeper, "and I honour you the more for it. I love the gentlemen of the army. I was in the army myself formerly; in the lord of Oxford's horse. It is true I rode private; but I had money enough to have bought in quarter-master, when I took it into my head to marry, and my wife she did not like that I should continue a soldier, she was all for a private life; and so I came to this business."

"Upon my word, sir," answered Booth, "you consulted your wife's inclinations very notably; but pray will you satisfy my curiosity in telling me how you became acquainted that I was in the army? for my dress I think could not betray me."

"Betray!" replied the keeper; "there is no betraying here, I hope—I am not a person to betray people—But you are so shy and peery, you would almost make one suspect there was more in the matter. And if there be, I promise you, you need not be afraid of telling it me. You will excuse me giving you a hint; but the sooner the better, that's all. Others may be beforehand with you, and first come first served on these occasions, that's all. Informers are odious, there's no doubt of that, and no one would care to be an informer if he could help it, because of the ill-usage they always receive from the mob: yet it is dangerous to trust too much; and when safety and a good part of the reward too are on one side and the gallows on the other—I know which a wise man would choose."

"What the devil do you mean by all this?" cries Booth.

"No offence, I hope," answered the keeper; "I speak for your good; and if you have been upon the snaffling lay—you understand me, I am sure."

"Not I," answered Booth, "upon my honour."

"Nay, nay," replied the keeper, with a contemptuous sneer, "if you are so peery as that comes to, you must take the consequence.—But for my part, I know I would not trust Robinson with twopence untold."

"What do you mean?" cries Booth; "who is Robinson?"

"And you don't know Robinson!" answered the keeper with great emotion. To which Booth replying in the negative, the keeper, after some tokens of amazement, cried out, "Well, captain, I must say you are the best at it of all the gentlemen I ever saw. However, I will tell you this: the lawyer and Mr. Robinson have been laying their heads together about you above half an hour this afternoon. I overheard them mention Captain Booth several times, and, for my part, I would not answer that Mr. Murphy is not now gone about the business; but if you will impeach any to me of the road, or anything else, I will step away to his worship Thrasher this instant, and I am sure I have interest enough with him to get you admitted an evidence."

"And so," cries Booth, "you really take me for a highwayman?"

"No offence, captain, I hope," said the keeper; "as times go, there are many worse men in the world than those. Gentlemen may be driven to distress, and when they are, I know no more genteeler way than the road. It hath been many a brave man's case, to my knowledge, and men of as much honour too as any in the world."

"Well, sir," said Booth, "I assure you I am not that gentleman of honour you imagine me."

Miss Matthews, who had long understood the

keeper no better than Mr. Booth, no sooner heard his meaning explained than she was fired with greater indignation than the gentleman had expressed. "How dare you, sir," said she to the keeper, "insult a man of fashion, and who hath had the honour to bear his majesty's commission in the army? as you yourself own you know. If his misfortunes have sent him hither, sure we have no laws that will protect such a fellow as you in insulting him." "Fellow!" muttered the keeper—"I would not advise you, madam, to use such language to me."—"Do you dare threaten me?" replied Miss Matthews in a rage. "Venture in the least instance to exceed your authority with regard to me, and I will prosecute you with the utmost vengeance."

A scene of very high altercation now ensued, till Booth interposed and quieted the keeper, who was, perhaps, enough inclined to an accommodation; for, in truth, he waged unequal war. He was besides unwilling to incense Miss Matthews, whom he expected to be bailed out the next day, and who had more money left than he intended she should carry out of the prison with her; and as for any violent or unjustifiable methods, the lady had discovered much too great a spirit to be in danger of them. The governor, therefore, in a very gentle tone, declared that, if he had given any offence to the gentleman, he heartily asked his pardon; that, if he had known him to be really a captain, he should not have entertained any such suspicions; but the captain was a very common title in that place, and belonged to several gentlemen that had never been in the army, or, at most, had rid private like himself. "To be sure, captain," said he, "as you yourself own, your dress is not very military" (for he had on a plain fustian suit); and besides, as the lawyer says, *noscitur a sosir*, is a very good rule. And I don't believe there is a greater rascal upon earth than that same Robinson that I was talking of. Nay, I assure you, I wish there may be no mischief hatching against you. But if there is I will do all I can with the lawyer to prevent it. To be sure, Mr. Murphy is one of the cleverest men in the world at the law; that even his enemies must own, and as I recommend him to all the business I can (and it is not a little to be sure that arises in this place), why one good turn deserves another. And I may expect that he will not be concerned in any plot to ruin any friend of mine, at least when I desire him not. I am sure he could not be an honest man if he would."

Booth was then satisfied that Mr. Robinson, whom he did not yet know by name, was the gamester who had won his money at play. And now Miss Matthews, who had very impatiently borne this long interruption, prevailed on the keeper to withdraw. As soon as he was gone Mr. Booth began to felicitate her upon the news of the wounded gentleman being in a fair likelihood of recovery. To which, after short silence, she answered, "There is something, perhaps, which you will not easily guess, that makes your congratulation more agreeable to me than the first account I heard of the villain's having escaped the fate he deserves; for I do assure you, at first, it did not make me amends for the interruption of my curiosity. Now I hope we shall be disturbed no more till you have finished your whole story.—You left off, I think, somewhere in the struggle about leaving Amelia—the happy Amelia." "And can you call her happy at such a period?" cries Booth. "Happy, ay, happy, in any situation," answered Miss Matthews, "with such a husband. I, at least, may well think so, who have experienced the very reverse of her fortune; but I

was not born to be happy. I may say with the poet,

'The blackest ink of fate was sure my lot,
And when fate writ my name, it made a blot.'

"Nay, nay, dear Miss Matthews," answered Booth, "you must and shall banish such gloomy thoughts. Fate hath, I hope, many happy days in store for you."—"Do you believe it, Mr. Booth?" replied she; "indeed you know the contrary—you must know—for you can't have forgot. No Amelia in the world can have quite obliterated—forgetfulness is not in our own power. If it was, indeed, I have reason to think—but I know not what I am saying.—Pray do proceed in that story."

Booth so immediately complied with this request that it is possible he was pleased with it. To say the truth, if all which unwittingly dropped from Miss Matthews was put together, some conclusions might, it seems, be drawn from the whole, which could not convey a very agreeable idea to a constant husband. Booth, therefore, proceeded to relate what is written in the third book of this history.

BOOK III.—CHAPTER I.

In which Mr. Booth resumes his story.

"If I am not mistaken, madam," continued Booth, "I was just going to acquaint you with the doctor's opinion when we were interrupted by the keeper."

"The doctor, having heard counsel on both sides, that is to say, Mrs. Harris for my staying, and Miss Betty for my going, at last delivered his own sentiments. As for Amelia, she sat silent, drowned in her tears; nor was I myself in a much better situation."

"As the commissions are not signed," said the doctor, "I think you may be said to remain in your former regiment; and therefore I think you ought to go on this expedition; your duty to your king and country, whose bread you have eaten, requires it; and this is a duty of too high a nature to admit the least deficiency. Regard to your character, likewise, requires you to go; for the world, which might justly blame your staying at home if the case was even fairly stated, will not deal so honestly by you: you must expect to have every circumstance against you heightened, and most of what makes for your defence omitted; and thus you will be stigmatised as a coward without any palliation. As the malicious disposition of mankind is too well known, and the cruel pleasure which they take in destroying the reputations of others, the use we are to make of this knowledge is to afford no handle to reproach; for, bad as the world is, it seldom falls on any man who hath not given some slight cause for censure, though this, perhaps, is often aggravated ten thousand fold; and, when we blame the malice of the aggravation, we ought not to forget our own imprudence in giving the occasion. Remember, my boy, your honour is at stake; and you know how nice the honour of a soldier is in these cases. This is a treasure which he must be your enemy, indeed, who would attempt to rob you of. Therefore, you ought to consider every one as your enemy who, by desiring you to stay, would rob you of your honour."

"Do you hear that, sister?" cries Miss Betty.—"Yes, I do hear it," answered Amelia, with more spirit than I ever saw her exert before, "and would preserve his honour at the expense of my life. I will preserve it if it should be at that expense; and since it is Dr. Harrison's opinion that he ought to go, I give my consent. Go, my dear husband," cried she, falling upon her knees; "may every angel of heaven guard and preserve you!"—I cannot repeat her words without being affected," said he, wiping

his eyes, "the excellence of that woman no words can paint: Miss Matthews, she hath every perfection in human nature.

"I will not tire you with the repetition of any more that passed on that occasion, nor with the quarrel that ensued between Mrs. Harris and the doctor; for the old lady could not submit to my leaving her daughter in her present condition. She fell severely on the army, and cursed the day in which her daughter was married to a soldier, not sparing her doctor for having had some share in the match. I will omit, likewise, the tender scene which passed between Amelia and myself previous to my departure."

"Indeed, I beg you would not," cries Miss Matthews; "nothing delights me more than scenes of tenderness. I should be glad to know, if possible, every syllable which was uttered on both sides."

"I will indulge you then," cries Booth, "as far as is in my power. Indeed, I believe I am able to recollect much the greatest part; for the impression is never to be effaced from my memory."

He then proceeded as Miss Matthews desired; but, lest all our readers should not be of her opinion, we will, according to our usual custom, endeavour to accommodate ourselves to every taste, and shall, therefore, place this scene in a chapter by itself, which we desire all our readers who do not love, or who, perhaps, do not know the pleasure of tenderness, to pass over; since they may do this without any prejudice to the thread of the narrative.

CHAPTER II.

Containing a scene of the tender kind.

"THE doctor, madam," continued Booth, "spent his evening at Mrs. Harris's house, where I sat with him whilst he smoked his pillow pipe, as his phrase is. Amelia was retired above half an hour to her chamber before I went to her. At my entrance I found her on her knees, a posture in which I never disturbed her. In a few minutes she arose, came to me, and, embracing me, said she had been praying for resolution to support the cruellest moment she had ever undergone or could possibly undergo. I reminded her how much more bitter a farewell would be on a death-bed, when we never could meet, in this world at least, again. I then endeavoured to lessen all those objects which alarmed her most, and particularly the danger I was to encounter, upon which head I seemed a little to comfort her; but the probable length of my absence and the certain length of my voyage were circumstances which no oratory of mine could even palliate. 'Oh, heavens!' said she, bursting into tears, 'can I bear to think that hundreds, thousands for aught I know, of miles or leagues, that lands and seas are between us? What is the prospect from that mount in our garden where I have sat so many happy hours with my Billy? what is the distance between that and the farthest hill which we see from thence compared to the distance which will be between us? You cannot wonder at this idea; you must remember, my Billy, at this place, this very thought came formerly into my foreboding mind. I then begged you to leave the army. Why would you not comply?—did I not tell you then that the smallest cottage we could survey from the mount would be, with you, a paradise to me? it would be so still—why can't my Billy think so? am I so much his superior in love? where is the dishonour, Billy? or, if there be any, will it reach our ears in our little hut? are glory and fame, and not his Amelia, the happiness of my husband? go then, purchase them at my expense. You will pay a few sighs, perhaps

a few tears, at parting, and then new scenes will drive away the thoughts of poor Amelia from your bosom: but what assistance shall I have in my affliction? not that any change of scene could drive you one moment from my remembrance; yet here every object I behold will place your loved idea in the liveliest manner before my eyes. This is the bed in which you have reposed; that is the chair on which you sat. Upon these boards you have stood. These books you have read to me. Can I walk among our beds of flowers without viewing your favourites, nay, those which you have planted with your own hands? can I see one beauty from our beloved mount which you have not pointed out to me?—Thus she went on, the woman, madam, you see, still prevailing."—"Since you mention it," says Miss Matthews, with a smile, "I own the same observation occurred to me. It is too natural to us to consider ourselves only, Mr. Booth."—"You shall hear," he cried. "At last the thoughts of her present condition suggested themselves.—'But if,' said she, 'my situation, even in health, will be so intolerable, how shall I, in the danger and agonies of childbirth, support your absence?'—Here she stopped, and, looking on me with all the tenderness imaginable, cried out, 'And am I then such a wretch to wish for your presence at such a season? ought I not to rejoice that you are out of the hearing of my cries or the knowledge of my pains? if I die, will you not have escaped the horrors of a parting ten thousand times more dreadful than this? Go, go, my Billy; the very circumstance which made me most dread your departure hath perfectly reconciled me to it. I perceive clearly now that I was only wishing to support my own weakness with your strength, and to relieve my own pains at the price of yours. Believe me, my love, I am ashamed of myself.'—I caught her in my arms with raptures not to be expressed in words, called her my heroine; sure none ever better deserved that name; after which we remained for some time speechless, and locked in each other's embraces."—"I am convinced," said Miss Matthews, with a sigh, "there are moments in life worth purchasing with worlds."

"At length the fatal morning came. I endeavoured to hide every pang of my heart, and to wear the utmost gaiety in my countenance. Amelia acted the same part. In these assumed characters we met the family at breakfast; at their breakfast, I mean, for we were both full already. The doctor had spent above an hour that morning in discourse with Mrs. Harris, and had, in some measure, reconciled her to my departure. He now made use of every art to relieve the poor distressed Amelia; not by inveighing against the folly of grief, or by seriously advising her not to grieve; both which were sufficiently performed by Miss Betty. The doctor, on the contrary, had recourse to every means which might cast a veil over the idea of grief, and raise comfortable images in my angel's mind. He endeavoured to lessen the supposed length of my absence by discoursing on matters which were more distant in time. He said he intended next year to rebuild a part of his parsonage-house. 'And you, captain,' says he, 'shall lay the corner-stone, I promise you;' with many other circumstances of the like nature, which produced, I believe, some good effect on us both.

"Amelia spoke but little; indeed, more tears than words dropped from her; however, she seemed resolved to bear her affliction with resignation. But when the dreadful news arrived that the horses were ready, and I, having taken my leave of all the rest, at last approached her, she was unable to support the conflict with nature any longer and, cling-

ing round my neck, she cried, 'Farewell, farewell for ever; for I shall never, never see you more.' At which words the blood entirely forsook her lovely cheeks, and she became a lifeless corpse in my arms.

"Amelia continued so long motionless, that the doctor, as well as Mrs. Harris, began to be under the most terrible apprehensions; so they informed me afterwards, for at that time I was incapable of making any observation. I had indeed very little more use of my senses than the dear creature whom I supported. At length, however, we were all delivered from our fears; and life again visited the loveliest mansion that human nature ever afforded it.

"I had been, and yet was, so terrified with what had happened, and Amelia continued yet so weak and ill, that I determined, whatever might be the consequence, not to leave her that day; which resolution she was no sooner acquainted with than she fell on her knees, crying, 'Good Heaven! I thank thee for this reprieve at least. Oh! that every hour of my future life could be crammed into this dear day!'

"Our good friend the doctor remained with us. He said he had intended to visit a family in some affliction; 'but I don't know,' says he, 'why I should ride a dozen miles after affliction, when we have enough here.' Of all mankind the doctor is the best of comforters. As his excessive good-nature makes him take vast delight in the office, so his great penetration into the human mind, joined to his great experience, renders him the most wonderful proficient in it; and he so well knows when to soothe, when to reason, and when to ridicule, that he never applies any of those arts improperly, which is almost universally the case with the physicians of the mind, and which it requires very great judgment and dexterity to avoid.

"The doctor principally applied himself to ridiculing the dangers of the siege, in which he succeeded so well, that he sometimes forced a smile even into the face of Amelia. But what most comforted her were the arguments he used to convince her of the probability of my speedy if not immediate return. He said the general opinion was, that the place would be taken before our arrival there; in which case we should have nothing more to do than to make the best of our way home again.

"Amelia was so lulled by these arts that she passed the day much better than I expected. Though the doctor could not make pride strong enough to conquer love, yet he exalted the former to make some stand against the latter; insomuch that my poor Amelia, I believe, more than once flattered herself, to speak the language of the world, that her reason had gained an entire victory over her passion; till love brought up a reinforcement, if I may use that term, of tender ideas, and bore down all before him.

"In the evening the doctor and I passed another half hour together, when he proposed to me to endeavour to leave Amelia asleep in the morning, and promised me to be at hand when she awaked, and to support her with all the assistance in his power. He added that nothing was more foolish than for friends to take leave of each other. It is true, indeed, says he, in the common acquaintance and friendship of the world, this is a very harmless ceremony; but between two persons who really love each other the church of Rome never invented a penance half so severe as this which we absurdly impose on ourselves.

"I greatly approved the doctor's proposal; thanked him, and promised, if possible, to put it in execution. He then shook me by the hand, and heartily

wished me well, saying, in his blunt way, 'Well, boy, I hope to see thee crowned with laurels at thy return; one comfort I have at least, that stone walls and a sea will prevent thee from running away.'

"When I had left the doctor I repaired to my Amelia, whom I found in her chamber, employed in a very different manner from what she had been the preceding night; she was busy in packing up some trinkets in a casket, which she desired me to carry with me. This casket was her own work, and she had just fastened it as I came to her.

"Her eyes very plainly discovered what had passed while she was engaged in her work: however, her countenance was now serene, and she spoke, at least, with some cheerfulness. But after some time, 'You must take care of this casket, Billy,' said she. 'You must, indeed, Billy—for—' here passion almost choked her, till a flood of tears gave her relief, and then she proceeded—'For I shall be the happiest woman that ever was born when I see it again.' I told her, with the blessing of God, that day would soon come. 'Soon!' answered she. 'No, Billy, not soon; a week is an age;—but yet the day may come. It shall, it must, it will! Yes, Billy, we shall meet never to part again, even in this world, I hope.' Pardon my weakness, Miss Matthews, but upon my soul I cannot help it," cried he, wiping his eyes. "Well, I wonder at your patience, and I will try it no longer. Amelia, tired out with so long a struggle between variety of passions, and having not closed her eyes during three successive nights, towards the morning fell into a profound sleep. In which sleep I left her, and, having dressed myself with all the expedition imaginable, singing, whistling, hurrying, attempting by every method to banish thought, I mounted my horse, which I had over-night ordered to be ready, and galloped away from that house where all my treasure was deposited.

"Thus, madam, I have, in obedience to your commands, run through a scene which, if it hath been tiresome to you, you must yet acquit me of having obtruded upon you. This I am convinced of, that no one is capable of tasting such a scene who hath not a heart full of tenderness, and perhaps not even then, unless he hath been in the same situation."

CHAPTER III.

In which Mr. Booth sets forward on his journey.

"WELL, madam, we have now taken our leave of Amelia. I rode a full mile before I once suffered myself to look back; but now being come to the top of a little hill, the last spot I knew which could give me a prospect of Mrs. Harris's house, my resolution failed: I stopped and cast my eyes backward. Shall I tell you what I felt at that instant? I do assure you I am not able. So many tender ideas crowded at once into my mind, that, if I may use the expression, they almost dissolved my heart. And now, madam, the most unfortunate accident came first into my head. This was, that I had in the hurry and confusion left the dear casket behind me. The thought of going back at first suggested itself; but the consequences of that were too apparent. I therefore resolved to send my man, and in the mean time to ride on softly on my road. He immediately executed my orders, and after some time, feeding my eyes with that delicious and yet heart-felt prospect, I at last turned my horse to descend the hill, and proceeded about a hundred yards, when, considering with myself that I should lose no time by a second indulgence, I again turned

back, and once more feasted my sight with the same painful pleasure till my man returned, bringing me the casket, and an account that Amelia still continued in the sweet sleep I left her. I now suddenly turned my horse for the last time, and with the utmost resolution pursued my journey.

"I perceived my man at his return,—But before I mention anything of him it may be proper, madam, to acquaint you who he was. He was the foster-brother of my Amelia. This young fellow had taken it into his head to go into the army; and he was desirous to serve under my command. The doctor consented to discharge him; his mother at last consented to his importunities, and I was very easily prevailed on to list one of the handomest young fellows in England.

"You will easily believe I had some little partiality to one whose milk Amelia had sucked; but, as he had never seen the regiment, I had no opportunity to show him any great mark of favour. Indeed he waited on me as my servant; and I treated him with all the tenderness which can be used to one in that station.

"When I was about to change into the horse-guards the poor fellow began to droop, fearing that he should no longer be in the same corps with me, though certainly that would not have been the case. However, he had never mentioned one word of his dissatisfaction. He is indeed a fellow of a noble spirit; but when he heard that I was to remain where I was, and that we were to go to Gibraltar together, he fell into transports of joy little short of madness. In short, the poor fellow had imbibed a very strong affection for me; though this was what I knew nothing of till long after.

"When he returned to me then, as I was saying, with the casket, I observed his eyes all over blubbered with tears. I rebuked him a little too rashly on this occasion. 'Heyday!' says I, 'what is the meaning of this? I hope I have not a milk-sop with me. If I thought you would show such a face to the enemy I would leave you behind.'—'Your honour need not fear that,' answered he; 'I shall find nobody there that I shall love well enough to make me cry.' I was highly pleased with this answer, in which I thought I could discover both sense and spirit. I then asked him what had occasioned those tears since he had left me (for he had no sign of any at that time), and whether he had seen his mother at Mrs. Harris's? He answered in the negative, and begged that I would ask him no more questions; adding that he was not very apt to cry, and he hoped he should never give me such another opportunity of blaming him. I mention this only as an instance of his affection towards me; for I never could account for those tears any otherwise than by placing them to the account of that distress in which he left me at that time. We travelled full forty miles that day without baiting, when, arriving at the inn where I intended to rest that night, I retired immediately to my chamber, with my dear Amelia's casket, the opening of which was the nicest repast, and to which every other hunger gave way.

"It is impossible to mention to you all the little matters with which Amelia had furnished this casket. It contained medicines of all kinds, which her mother, who was the lady Bountiful of that country, had supplied her with. The most valuable of all to me was a lock of her dear hair, which I have from that time to this worn in my bosom. What would I have then given for a little picture of my dear angel, which she had lost from her chamber about a month before! and which we had the highest reason in the

world to imagine her sister had taken away; for the suspicion lay only between her and Amelia's maid, who was of all creatures the honestest, and whom her mistress had often trusted with things of much greater value; for the picture, which was set in gold, and had two or three little diamonds round it, was worth about twelve guineas only; whereas Amelia left jewels in her care of much greater value."

"Sure," cries Miss Matthews, "she could not be such a paltry pilferer."

"Not on account of the gold or the jewels," cries Booth. "We imputed it to mere spite, with which, I assure you, she abounds; and she knew that, next to Amelia herself, there was nothing which I valued so much as this little picture; for such a resemblance did it bear of the original, that Hogarth himself did never, I believe, draw a stronger likeness. Spite, therefore, was the only motive to this cruel depredation; and indeed her behaviour on the occasion sufficiently convinced us both of the justice of our suspicion, though we neither of us durst accuse her; and she herself had the assurance to insist very strongly (though she could not prevail) with Amelia to turn away her innocent maid, saying, she would not live in the house with a thief."

Miss Matthews now discharged some curses on Miss Betty, not much worth repeating, and then Mr. Booth proceeded in his relation.

CHAPTER IV.

A Sea Piece.

"THE next day we joined the regiment, which was soon after to embark. Nothing but mirth and jollity were in the countenance of every officer and soldier; and, as I now met several friends whom I had not seen for above a year before, I passed several happy hours, in which poor Amelia's image seldom obtruded itself to interrupt my pleasure. To confess the truth, dear Miss Matthews, the tenderest of passions is capable of subsiding; nor is absence from our dearest friends so insupportable as it may at first appear. Distance of time and place do really cure what they seem to aggravate; and taking leave of our friends resembles taking leave of the world; concerning which it hath been often said that it is not death, but dying, which is terrible."—Here Miss Matthews burst into a fit of laughter, and cried, "I sincerely ask your pardon; but I cannot help laughing at the gravity of your philosophy." Booth answered, That the doctrine of the passions had been always his favourite study; that he was convinced every man acted entirely from that passion which was uppermost. "Can I then think," said he, "without entertaining the utmost contempt for myself, that any pleasure upon earth could drive the thoughts of Amelia one instant from my mind?"

"At length we embarked aboard a transport, and sailed for Gibraltar; but the wind, which was at first fair, soon chopped about; so that we were obliged, for several days, to beat to windward, as the sea phrase is. During this time the taste which I had of a seafaring life did not appear extremely agreeable. We rolled up and down in a little narrow cabin, in which were three officers, all of us extremely sea-sick; our sickness being much aggravated by the motion of the ship, by the view of each other, and by the stench of the men. But this was but a little taste indeed of the misery which was to follow; for we were got about six leagues to the westward of Scilly, when a violent storm arose at north-east, which soon raised the waves to the height of mountains. The horror of this is not to be adequately described to those who have never seen

the like. The storm began in the evening, and, as the clouds brought on the night apace, it was soon entirely dark; nor had we, during many hours, any other light than what was caused by the jarring elements, which frequently sent forth flashes, or rather streams of fire; and whilst these presented the most dreadful objects to our eyes, the roaring of the winds, the dashing of the waves against the ship and each other, formed a sound altogether as horrible for our ears; while our ship, sometimes lifted up, as it were, to the skies, and sometimes swept away at once as into the lowest abyss, seemed to be the sport of the winds and seas. The captain himself almost gave up all for lost, and expressed his apprehension of being inevitably cast on the rocks of Scilly, and beat to pieces. And now, while some on board were addressing themselves to the Supreme Being, and others applying for comfort to strong liquors, my whole thoughts were entirely engaged by my Amelia. A thousand tender ideas crowded into my mind. I can truly say that I had not a single consideration about myself in which she was not concerned. Dying to me was leaving her; and the fear of never seeing her more was a dagger stuck in my heart. Again, all the terrors with which this storm, if it reached her ears, must fill her gentle mind on my account, and the agonies which she must undergo when she heard of my fate, gave me such intolerable pangs, that I now repented my resolution, and wished, I own I wished, that I had taken her advice, and preferred love and a cottage to all the dazzling charms of honour.

"While I was tormenting myself with those meditations, and had concluded myself as certainly lost, the master came into the cabin, and with a cheerful voice assured us that we had escaped the danger, and that we had certainly passed to the westward of the rock. This was comfortable news to all present; and my captain, who had been some time on his knees, leaped suddenly up, and testified his joy with a great oath.

"A person unused to the sea would have been astonished at the satisfaction which now discovered itself in the master or in any on board; for the storm still raged with great violence, and the daylight, which now appeared, presented us with sights of horror sufficient to terrify minds which were not absolute slaves to the passion of fear; but so great is the force of habit, that what inspires a landman with the highest apprehension of danger gives not the least concern to a sailor, to whom rocks and quicksands are almost the only objects of terror.

"The master, however, was a little mistaken in the present instance; for he had not left the cabin above an hour before my man came running to me, and acquainted me that the ship was half full of water; that the sailors were going to hoist out the boat and save themselves, and begged me to come that moment along with him, as I tendered my preservation. With this account, which was conveyed to me in a whisper, I acquainted both the captain and ensign; and we all together immediately mounted the deck, where we found the master making use of all his oratory to persuade the sailors that the ship was in no danger; and at the same time employing all his authority to set the pumps a-going, which he assured them would keep the water under, and save his dear Lovely Peggy (for that was the name of the ship), which he swore he loved as dearly as his own soul.

"Indeed this sufficiently appeared; for the leak was so great, and the water flowed in so plentifully, that his Lovely Peggy was half filled before he could be brought to think of quitting her; but now the

boat was brought alongside the ship, and the master himself, notwithstanding all his love for her, quitted his ship, and leaped into the boat. Every man present attempted to follow his example, when I heard the voice of my servant roaring forth my name in a kind of agony. I made directly to the ship's side, but was too late; for the boat, being already overladen, put directly off. And now, madam, I am going to relate to you an instance of heroic affection in a poor fellow towards his master, to which love itself, even among persons of superior education, can produce but few similar instances. My poor man, being unable to get me with him into the boat, leaped suddenly into the sea, and swam back to the ship; and, when I gently rebuked him for his rashness, he answered, he chose rather to die with me than to live to carry the account of my death to my Amelia; at the same time bursting into a flood of tears, he cried, 'Good Heavens! what will that poor lady feel when she hears of this!' This tender concern for my dear love endeared the poor fellow more to me than the gallant instance which he had just before given of his affection towards myself.

"And now, madam, my eyes were shocked with a sight, the horror of which can scarce be imagined; for the boat had scarce got four hundred yards from the ship when it was swallowed up by the merciless waves, which now ran so high, that out of the number of persons which were in the boat none recovered the ship, though many of them we saw miserably perish before our eyes, some of them very near us, without any possibility of giving them the least assistance.

"But, whatever we felt for them, we felt, I believe, more for ourselves, expecting every minute when we should share the same fate. Among the rest, one of our officers appeared quite stupified with fear. I never, indeed, saw a more miserable example of the great power of that passion: I must not, however, omit doing him justice, by saying that I afterwards saw the same man behave well in an engagement, in which he was wounded; though there likewise he was said to have betrayed the same passion of fear in his countenance.

"The other of our officers was no less stupified (if I may so express myself) with fool-hardiness, and seemed almost insensible of his danger. To say the truth, I have, from this and some other instances which I have seen, been almost inclined to think that the courage as well as cowardice of fools proceeds from not knowing what is or what is not the proper object of fear; indeed, we may account for the extreme hardiness of some men in the same manner as for the terrors of children at a bugbear. The child knows not but that the bugbear is the proper object of fear, the blockhead knows not that a cannon-ball is so.

"As to the remaining part of the ship's crew and the soldiery, most of them were dead drunk, and the rest were endeavouring, as fast as they could, to prepare for death in the same manner.

"In this dreadful situation we were taught that no human condition should inspire men with absolute despair; for, as the storm had ceased for some time, the swelling of the sea began considerably to abate; and we now perceived the man of war which convoyed us at no great distance astern. Those aboard her easily perceived our distress, and made towards us. When they came pretty near they hoisted out two boats to our assistance. These no sooner approached the ship than they were instantaneously filled, and I myself got a place in one of them, chiefly by the aid of my honest servant, of whose fidelity to me on all occasions I cannot speak

or think too highly. Indeed, I got into the boat so much the more easily, as a great number on board the ship were rendered, by drink, incapable of taking any care for themselves. There was time, however, for the boat to pass and repass; so that, when we came to call over names, three only, of all that remained in the ship after the loss of her own boat, were missing.

"The captain, ensign, and myself, were received with many congratulations by our officers on board the man of war.—The sea-officers too, all except the captain, paid us their compliments, though these were of the rougher kind, and not without several jokes on our escape. As for the captain himself, we scarce saw him during many hours; and, when he appeared, he presented a view of majesty beyond any that I had ever seen. The dignity which he preserved did indeed give me rather the idea of a Mogul, or a Turkish emperor, than of any of the monarchs of Christendom. To say the truth, I could resemble his walk on the deck to nothing but the image of captain Gulliver strutting among the Lilliputians; he seemed to think himself a being of an order superior to all around him, and more especially to us of the land-service. Nay, such was the behaviour of all the sea-officers and sailors to us and our soldiers, that, instead of appearing to be subjects of the same prince, engaged in one quarrel, and joined to support one cause, we landmen rather seemed to be captives on board an enemy's vessel. This is a grievous misfortune, and often proves so fatal to the service, that it is great pity some means could not be found of curing it."

Here Mr. Booth stopped a while to take breath. We will therefore give the same refreshment to the reader.

CHAPTER V.

The arrival of Booth at Gibraltar, with what there befel him.

"THE adventures," continued Booth, "which happened to me from this day till my arrival at Gibraltar are not worth recounting to you. After a voyage, the remainder of which was tolerably prosperous, we arrived in that garrison, the natural strength of which is so well known to the whole world.

"About a week after my arrival it was my fortune to be ordered on a sally party, in which my left leg was broke with a musket-ball; and I should most certainly have either perished miserably, or must have owed by preservation to some of the enemy, had not my faithful servant carried me off on his shoulders, and afterwards, with the assistance of one of his comrades, brought me back into the garrison.

"The agony of my wound was so great, that it threw me into a fever, from whence my surgeon apprehended much danger. I now began again to feel for my Amelia, and for myself on her account; and the disorder of my mind, occasioned by such melancholy contemplations, very highly aggravated the distemper of my body; insomuch that it would probably have proved fatal, had it not been for the friendship of one captain James, an officer of our regiment, and an old acquaintance, who is undoubtedly one of the pleasantest companions and one of the best-natured men in the world. This worthy man, who had a head and a heart perfectly adequate to every office of friendship, stayed with me almost day and night during my illness; and by strengthening my hopes, raising my spirits, and cheering my thoughts, preserved me from destruction.

"The behaviour of this man alone is a sufficient proof of the truth of my doctrine, that all men act

entirely from their passions; for Bob James can never be supposed to act from any motive of virtue or religion, since he constantly laughs at both; and yet his conduct towards me alone demonstrates a degree of goodness which, perhaps, few of the votaries of either virtue or religion can equal."

"You need not take much pains," answered Miss Matthews, with a smile, "to convince me of your doctrine. I have been always an advocate for the same. I look upon the two words you mention to serve only as cloaks, under which hypocrisy may be the better enabled to cheat the world. I have been of that opinion ever since I read that charming fellow Mandevil."

"Pardon me, madam," answered Booth; "I hope you do not agree with Mandevil neither, who hath represented human nature in a picture of the highest deformity. He hath left out of his system the best passion which the mind can possess, and attempts to derive the effects or energies of that passion from the base impulses of pride or fear. Whereas it is as certain that love exists in the mind of man as that its opposite hatred doth; and the same reasons will equally prove the existence of the one as the existence of the other."

"I don't know, indeed," replied the lady, "I never thought much about the matter. This I know, that when I read Mandevil I thought all he said was true; and I have been often told that he proves religion and virtue to be only mere names. However, if he denies there is any such thing as love, that is most certainly wrong.—I am afraid I can give him the lie myself."

"I will join with you, madam, in that," answered Booth, "at any time."

"Will you join with me?" answered she, looking eagerly at him—"O, Mr. Booth! I know not what I was going to say—What—Where did you leave off?—I would not interrupt you—but I am impatient to know something."

"What, madam?" cries Booth; "if I can give you any satisfaction—"

"No, no," said she, "I must hear all; I would not for the world break the thread of your story. Besides, I am afraid to ask—Pray, pray, sir, go on."

"Well, madam," cries Booth, "I think I was mentioning the extraordinary acts of friendship done me by captain James; nor can I help taking notice of the almost unparalleled fidelity of poor Atkinson (for that was my man's name), who was not only constant in the assiduity of his attendance, but during the time of my danger demonstrated a concern for me which I can hardly account for, as my prevailing on his captain to make him a serjeant was the first favour he ever received at my hands, and this did not happen till I was almost perfectly recovered of my broken leg. Poor fellow! I shall never forget the extravagant joy his halbert gave him; I remember it the more because it was one of the happiest days of my own life; for it was upon this day that I received a letter from my dear Amelia, after a long silence, acquainting me that she was out of all danger from her lying-in.

"I was now once more able to perform my duty; when (so unkind was the fortune of war), the second time I mounted the guard, I received a violent contusion from the bursting of a bomb. I was felled to the ground, where I lay breathless by the blow, till honest Atkinson came to my assistance, and conveyed me to my room, where a surgeon immediately attended me.

"The injury I had now received was much more dangerous in my surgeon's opinion than the former; it caused me to spit blood, and was attended with a

fever, and other bad symptoms; so that very fatal consequences were apprehended.

"In this situation, the image of my Amelia haunted me day and night; and the apprehensions of never seeing her more were so intolerable, that I had thoughts of resigning my commission, and returning home, weak as I was, that I might have, at least, the satisfaction of dying in the arms of my love. Captain James, however, persisted in dissuading me from any such resolution. He told me my honour was too much concerned, attempted to raise my hopes of recovery to the utmost of his power; but chiefly he prevailed on me by suggesting that, if the worst which I apprehended should happen, it was much better for Amelia that she should be absent than present in so melancholy an hour. 'I know,' cried he, 'the extreme joy which must arise in you from meeting again with Amelia, and the comfort of expiring in her arms; but consider what she herself must endure upon the dreadful occasion, and you would not wish to purchase any happiness at the price of so much pain to her.' This argument at length prevailed on me; and it was after many long debates resolved that she should not even know my present condition till my doom either for life or death was absolutely fixed."

"Oh! Heavens! how great! how generous!" cried Miss Matthews. "Booth, thou art a noble fellow; and I scarce think there is a woman upon earth worthy so exalted a passion."

Booth made a modest answer to the compliment which Miss Matthews had paid him. This drew more civilities from the lady, and these again more acknowledgments; all which we shall pass by, and proceed with our history.

CHAPTER VI.

Containing matters which will please some readers.

"Two months and more had I continued in a state of uncertainty, sometimes with more flattering, and sometimes with more alarming symptoms; when one afternoon poor Atkinson came running into my room, all pale and out of breath, and begged me not to be surprised at his news. I asked him eagerly what was the matter, and if it was anything concerning Amelia? I had scarce uttered the dear name when she herself rushed into the room, and ran hastily to me, crying, 'Yes, it is, it is your Amelia herself!'"

"There is nothing so difficult to describe, and generally so dull when described, as scenes of excessive tenderness."

"Can you think so?" says Miss Matthews; "surely there is nothing so charming!—O! Mr. Booth, our sex is d—ned by the want of tenderness in yours. O, were they all like you—certainly no man was ever your equal."

"Indeed, madam," cries Booth, "you honour me too much.—But—well—when the first transports of our meeting were over, Amelia began gently to chide me for having concealed my illness from her; for, in three letters which I had writ her since the accident had happened, there was not the least mention of it, or any hint given by which she could possibly conclude I was otherwise than in perfect health. And when I had excused myself, by assigniug the true reason, she cried—'O Mr. Booth! and do you know so little of your Amelia as to think I could or would survive you? Would it not be better for one dreadful sight to break my heart all at once than to break it by degrees?—O Billy! can anything pay me for the loss of this embrace?'—But I ask your pardon—how ridiculous doth my fondness appear in your eyes!"

"How often," answered she, "shall I assert the contrary? What would you have me say, Mr. Booth? Shall I tell you I envy Mrs. Booth of all the women in the world? would you believe me if I did? I hope you—what am I saying? Pray make no farther apology, but go on."

"After a scene," continued he, "too tender to be conceived by many, Amelia informed me that she had received a letter from an unknown hand acquainting her with my misfortune, and advising her, if she ever desired to see me more, to come directly to Gibraltar. She said she should not have delayed a moment after receiving this letter, had not the same ship brought her one from me written with rather more than usual gaiety, and in which there was not the least mention of my indisposition. This, she said, greatly puzzled her and her mother, and the worthy divine endeavoured to persuade her to give credit to my letter, and to impute the other to a species of wit with which the world greatly abounds. This consists entirely in doing various kinds of mischief to our fellow-creatures, by belying one, deceiving another, exposing a third, and drawing in a fourth to expose himself; in short, by making some the objects of laughter, others of contempt; and indeed not seldom by subjecting them to very great inconveniences, perhaps to ruin, for the sake of a jest."

"Mrs. Harris and the doctor derived the letter from this species of wit. Miss Betty, however, was of a different opinion, and advised poor Amelia to apply to an officer whom the governor had sent over in the same ship, by whom the report of my illness was so strongly confirmed, that Amelia immediately resolved on her voyage."

"I had a great curiosity to know the author of this letter, but not the least trace of it could be discovered. The only person with whom I lived in any great intimacy was captain James, and he, madam, from what I have already told you, you will think to be the last person I could suspect; besides, he declared upon his honour that he knew nothing of the matter, and no man's honour is, I believe, more sacred. There was indeed an ensign of another regiment who knew my wife, and who had sometimes visited me in my illness; but he was a very unlikely man to interest himself much in any affairs which did not concern him; and he too declared he knew nothing of it."

"And did you never discover this secret?" cried Miss Matthews.

"Never to this day," answered Booth.

"I fancy," said she, "I could give a shrewd guess. What so likely as that Mrs. Booth, when you left her, should have given her foster-brother orders to send her word of whatever befel you? Yet stay—that could not be neither; for then she would not have doubted whether she should leave dear England on the receipt of the letter. No, it must have been by some other means;—yet that I own appeared extremely natural to me; for if I had been left by such a husband I think I should have pursued the same method."

"No, madam," cried Booth, "it must have been conveyed by some other channel; for my Amelia, I am certain, was entirely ignorant of the manner; and as for poor Atkinson, I am convinced he would not have ventured to take such a step without acquainting me. Besides, the poor fellow had, I believe, such a regard for my wife, out of gratitude for the favours she hath done his mother, that I make no doubt he was highly rejoiced at her absence from my melancholy scene. Well, whoever writ it is a matter very immaterial; yet, as it seemed so odd

and unaccountable an incident, I could not help mentioning it.

"From the time of Amelia's arrival nothing remarkable happened till my perfect recovery, unless I should observe her remarkable behaviour, so full of care and tenderness, that it was perhaps without a parallel."

"O no, Mr. Booth," cries the lady; "it is fully equalled, I am sure, by your gratitude. There is nothing, I believe, so rare as gratitude in your sex, especially in husbands. So kind a remembrance is, indeed, more than a return to such an obligation; for where is the mighty obligation which a woman confers, who, being possessed of an inestimable jewel, is so kind to herself as to be careful and tender of it? I do not say this to lessen your opinion of Mrs. Booth. I have no doubt but that she loves you as well as she is capable. But I would not have you think so meanly of our sex as to imagine there are not a thousand women susceptible of true tenderness towards a meritorious man. Believe me, Mr. Booth, if I had received such an account of an accident having happened to such a husband, a mother and a parson would not have held me a moment. I should have leaped into the first fishing-boat I could have found, and bid defiance to the winds and waves.—Oh! there is no true tenderness but in a woman of spirit. I would not be understood all this while to reflect on Mrs. Booth. I am only defending the cause of my sex; for, upon my soul, such compliments to a wife are a satire on all the rest of womankind."

"Sure you jest, Miss Matthews," answered Booth, with a smile; "however, if you please, I will proceed in my story."

CHAPTER VII.

The captain, continuing his story, recounts some particulars which, we doubt not, to many good people, will appear unnatural.

"I WAS no sooner recovered from my indisposition than Amelia herself fell ill. This, I am afraid, was occasioned by the fatigues which I could not prevent her from undergoing on my account; for, as my disease went off with violent sweats, during which the surgeon strictly ordered that I should lie by myself, my Amelia could not be prevailed upon to spend many hours in her own bed. During my restless fits she would sometimes read to me several hours together; indeed it was not without difficulty that she ever quitted my bedside. These fatigues, added to the uneasiness of her mind, overpowered her weak spirits, and threw her into one of the worst disorders that can possibly attend a woman; a disorder very common among the ladies, and our physicians have not agreed upon its name. Some call it the fever on the spirits, some a nervous fever, some the vapours, and some the hysterics."

"O say no more," cries Miss Matthews; "I pity you, I pity you from my soul. A man had better be plagued with all the curses of Egypt than with a vapourish wife."

"Pity me! madam," answered Booth; "pity rather that dear creature who, from her love and care of my unworthy self, contracted a distemper, the horrors of which are scarce to be imagined. It is, indeed, a sort of complication of all diseases together, with almost madness added to them. In this situation, the siege being at an end, the governor gave me leave to attend my wife to Montpelier, the air of which was judged to be most likely to restore her to health. Upon this occasion she wrote to her mother to desire a remittance, and set forth the melancholy condition of her health, and her neces-

sity for money, in such terms as would have touched any bosom not void of humanity, though a stranger to the unhappy sufferer. Her sister answered it, and I believe I have a copy of the answer in my pocket. I keep it by me as a curiosity, and you would think it more so could I show you my Amelia's letter." He then searched his pocket-book, and finding the letter among many others, he read it in the following words:

"DEAR SISTER,—My mamma, being much disordered, hath commanded me to tell you she is both shocked and surprised at your extraordinary request, or, as she chooses to call it, order for money. You know, my dear, she says that your marriage with this red-coat man was entirely against her consent and the opinion of all your family (I am sure I may here include myself in that number); and yet, after this fatal act of disobedience, she was prevailed on to receive you as her child; not, however, nor are you so to understand it, as the favourite which you was before. She forgave you; but this was as a christian and a parent; still preserving, in her own mind, a just sense of your disobedience, and a just resentment on that account. And yet, notwithstanding this resentment, she desires you to remember that, when you a second time ventured to oppose her authority, and nothing would serve you but taking a ramble (an indecent one, I can't help saying) after your fellow, she thought fit to show the excess of a mother's tenderness, and furnished you with no less than fifty pounds for your foolish voyage. How can she, then, be otherwise than surprised at your present demand? which, should she be so weak to comply with, she must expect to be every month repeated, in order to supply the extravagance of a young rakish officer. You say she will compassionate your sufferings; yes, surely she doth greatly compassionate them, and so do I too, though you was neither so kind nor so civil as to suppose I should. But I forgive all your slights to me, as well now as formerly. Nay, I not only forgive, but I pray daily for you. But, dear sister, what could you expect less than what hath happened? you should have believed your friends, who were wiser and older than you. I do not here mean myself, though I own I am eleven months and some odd weeks your superior; though, had I been younger, I might, perhaps, have been able to advise you; for wisdom and what some may call beauty do not always go together. You will not be offended at this; for I know, in your heart, you have always held your head above some people, whom, perhaps, other people have thought better of; but why do I mention what I scorn so much? No, my dear sister, Heaven forbid it should ever be said of me that I value myself upon my face—not but if I could believe men perhaps—but I hate and despise men—you know I do, my dear, and I wish you had despised them as much; but *jacta est alea*, as the doctor says. You are to make the best of your fortune—what fortune, I mean, my mamma may please to give you, for you know all is in her power. Let me advise you, then, to bring your mind to your circumstances, and remember (for I can't help writing it, as it is for your own good) the vapours are a distemper which very ill become a knapsack. Remember, my dear, what you have done; remember what my mamma hath done; remember we have something of yours to keep, and do not consider yourself as an only child; no, nor as a favourite child; but be pleased to remember, dear sister, your most affectionate sister, and most obedient humble servant,
E. HARRIS."

"O brave Miss Betty!" cried Miss Matthews; "I always held her in high esteem; but I protest she exceeds even what I could have expected from her."

"This letter, madam," cries Booth, "you will believe, was an excellent cordial for my poor wife's spirits. So dreadful indeed was the effect it had upon her, that, as she had read it in my absence, I found her, at my return home, in the most violent fits; and so long was it before she recovered her senses, that I despaired of that blessed event ever happening; and my own senses very narrowly escaped from being sacrificed to my despair. However, she came at last to herself, and I began to consider of every means of carrying her immediately to Montpelier, which was now become much more necessary than before."

"Though I was greatly shocked at the barbarity of the letter, yet I apprehended no very ill consequence from it; for, as it was believed all over the army that I had married a great fortune, I had received offers of money, if I wanted it, from more than one. Indeed, I might have easily carried my

wife to Montpellier at any time; but she was extremely averse to the voyage, being desirous of our returning to England, as I had leave to do; and she grew daily so much better, that, had it not been for the receipt of that cursed—which I have just read to you, I am persuaded she might have been able to return to England in the next ship.

"Among others there was a colonel in the garrison who had not only offered but importuned me to receive money of him; I now, therefore, repaired to him; and, as a reason for altering my resolution, I produced the letter, and, at the same time, acquainted him with the true state of my affairs. The colonel read the letter, shook his head, and, after some silence, said he was sorry I had refused to accept his offer before; but that he had now so ordered matters, and disposed of his money, that he had not a shilling left to spare from his own occasions.

"Answers of the same kind I had from several others, but not one penny could I borrow of any; for I have been since firmly persuaded that the honest colonel was not content with denying me himself, but took effectual means, by spreading the secret I had so foolishly trusted him with, to prevent me from succeeding elsewhere; for such is the nature of men, that whoever denies himself to do you a favour is unwilling that it should be done to you by any other.

"This was the first time I had ever felt that distress which arises from the want of money; a distress very dreadful indeed in a married state; for what can be more miserable than to see anything necessary for the preservation of a beloved creature, and not be able to supply it?

"Perhaps you may wonder, madam, that I have not mentioned captain James on this occasion; but he was at that time laid up at Algiers (whither he had been sent by the governor) in a fever. However, he returned time enough to supply me, which he did with the utmost readiness on the very first mention of my distress; and the good colonel, notwithstanding his having disposed of his money, discounted the captain's draft. You see, madam, an instance in the generous behaviour of my friend James, how false are all universal satires against human kind. He is indeed one of the worthiest men the world ever produced.

"But, perhaps, you will be more pleased still with the extravagant generosity of my sergeant. The day before the return of Mr. James, the poor fellow came to me with tears in his eyes, and begged I would not be offended at what he was going to mention. He then pulled a purse from his pocket, which contained, he said, the sum of twelve pounds, and which he begged me to accept, crying, he was sorry it was not in his power to lend me whatever I wanted. I was so struck with this instance of generosity and friendship in such a person, that I gave him an opportunity of pressing me a second time before I made him an answer. Indeed, I was greatly surprised how he came to be worth that little sum, and no less at his being acquainted with my own wants. In both which points he presently satisfied me. As to the first, it seems he had plundered a Spanish officer of fifteen pistoles; and as to the second, he confessed he had it from my wife's maid, who had overheard some discourse between her mistress and me. Indeed people, I believe, always deceive themselves, who imagine they can conceal distressed circumstances from their servants; for these are always extremely quicksighted on such occasions."

"Good Heavens!" cries Miss Matthews, "how astonishing is such behaviour in so low a fellow!"

"I thought so myself," answered Booth; "and yet I know not, on a more strict examination into the matter, why we should be more surprised to see greatness of mind discover itself in one degree or rank of life than in another. Love, benevolence, or what you will please to call it, may be the reigning passion in a beggar as well as in a prince; and wherever it is, its energies will be the same.

"To confess the truth, I am afraid we often compliment what we call upper life, with too much injustice, at the expense of the lower. As it is no rare thing to see instances which degrade human nature in persons of the highest birth and education, so I apprehend that examples of whatever is really great and good have been sometimes found amongst those who have wanted all such advantages. In reality, palaces, I make no doubt, do sometimes contain nothing but dreariness and darkness, and the sun of righteousness hath shone forth with all its glory in a cottage."

CHAPTER VIII.

The story of Booth continued.

MR. BOOTH thus went on:

"We now took leave of the garrison, and, having landed at Marseilles, arrived at Montpellier, without anything happening to us worth remembrance, except the extreme sea-sickness of poor Amelia; but I was afterwards well repaid for the terrors which it occasioned me by the good consequences which attended it; for I believe it contributed even more than the air of Montpellier to the perfect re-establishment of her health."

"I ask your pardon for interrupting you," cries Miss Matthews, "but you never satisfied me whether you took the sergeant's money. You have made me half in love with that charming fellow."

"How can you imagine, madam," answered Booth, "I should have taken from a poor fellow what was of so little consequence to me, and at the same time of so much to him? Perhaps, now, you will derive this from the passion of pride."

"Indeed," says she, "I neither derive it from the passion of pride nor from the passion of folly; but methinks you should have accepted the offer, and I am convinced you hurt him very much when you refused it. But pray proceed in your story." Then Booth went on as follows:

"As Amelia recovered her health and spirits daily, we began to pass our time very pleasantly at Montpellier; for the greatest enemy to the French will acknowledge that they are the best people in the world to live amongst for a little while. In some countries it is almost as easy to get a good estate as a good acquaintance. In England, particularly, acquaintance is of almost as slow growth as an oak; so that the age of man scarce suffices to bring it to any perfection, and families seldom contract any great intimacy till the third, or at least the second generation. So shy indeed are we English of letting a stranger into our houses, that one would imagine we regarded all such as thieves. Now the French are the very reverse. Being a stranger among them entitles you to the better place, and to the greater degree of civility; and if you wear but the appearance of a gentleman, they never suspect you are not one. Their friendship indeed seldom extends as far as their purse; nor is such friendship usual in other countries. To say the truth, politeness carries friendship far enough in the ordinary occasions of life, and those who want this accomplishment rarely make amends for it by their sincerity; for bluntness, or rather rudeness, as it commonly deserves to be called, is not always so much a mark of honesty as it is taken to be.

"The day after our arrival we became acquainted with Mons. Bagillard. He was a Frenchman of great wit and vivacity, with a greater share of learning than gentlemen are usually possessed of. As he lodged in the same house with us, we were immediately acquainted, and I liked his conversation so well that I never thought I had too much of his company. Indeed, I spent so much of my time with him, that Amelia (I know not whether I ought to mention it) grew uneasy at our familiarity, and complained of my being too little with her, from my violent fondness for my new acquaintance; for, our conversation turning chiefly upon books, and principally Latin ones (for we read several of the classics together), she could have but little entertainment by being with us. When my wife had once taken it into her head that she was deprived of my company by M. Bagillard, it was impossible to change her opinion; and, though I now spent more of my time with her than I had ever done before, she still grew more and more dissatisfied, till at last she very earnestly desired me to quit my lodgings, and insisted upon it with more vehemence than I had ever known her express before. To say the truth, if that excellent woman could ever be thought unreasonable, I thought she was so on this occasion.

"But in what light soever her desires appeared to me, as they manifestly arose from an affection of which I had daily the most endearing proofs, I resolved to comply with her, and accordingly removed to a distant part of the town; for it is my opinion that we can have but little love for the person whom we will never indulge in an unreasonable demand. Indeed, I was under a difficulty with regard to Mons. Bagillard; for, as I could not possibly communicate to him the true reason for quitting my lodgings, so I found it as difficult to deceive him by a counterfeit one; besides, I was apprehensive I should have little less of his company than before. I could, indeed, have avoided this dilemma by leaving Montpelier, for Amelia had perfectly recovered her health; but I had faithfully promised captain James to wait his return from Italy, whither he was gone some time before from Gibraltar; nor was it proper for Amelia to take any long journey, she being now near six months gone with child.

"This difficulty, however, proved to be less than I had imagined it; for my French friend, whether he suspected anything from my wife's behaviour, though she never, as I observed, showed him the least incivility, became suddenly as cold on his side. After our leaving the lodgings he never made above two or three formal visits; indeed his time was soon after entirely taken up by an intrigue with a certain countess, which blazed all over Montpelier.

"We had not been long in our new apartments before an English officer arrived at Montpelier, and came to lodge in the same house with us. This gentleman, whose name was Bath, was of the rank of a major, and had so much singularity in his character, that, perhaps, you never heard of any like him. He was far from having any of those bookish qualifications which had before caused my Amelia's inquiet. It is true, his discourses generally turned on matters of no feminine kind; war and martial exploits being the ordinary topics of his conversation: however, as he had a sister with whom Amelia was greatly pleased, an intimacy presently grew between us, and we four lived in one family.

"The major was a great dealer in the marvellous, and was constantly the little hero of his own tale. This made him very entertaining to Amelia, who, of all persons in the world, hath the truest taste and enjoyment of the ridiculous; for, whilst no one

sooner discovers it in the character of another, no one so well conceals her knowledge of it from the ridiculous person. I cannot help mentioning a sentiment of hers on this head, as I think it doth her great honour. 'If I had the same neglect,' said she, 'for ridiculous people with the generality of the world, I should rather think them the objects of tears than laughter; but, in reality, I have known several who, in some parts of their characters, have been extremely ridiculous, in others have been altogether as amiable. For instance,' said she, 'here is the major, who tells us of many things which he hath never seen, and of others which he hath never done, and both in the most extravagant excess; and yet how amiable is his behaviour to his poor sister, whom he hath not only brought over hither, for her health, at his own expense, but is come to bear her company.' I believe, madam, I repeat her very words; for I am very apt to remember what she says.

"You will easily believe, from a circumstance I have just mentioned in the major's favour, especially when I have told you that his sister was one of the best of girls, that it was entirely necessary to hide from her all kind of laughter at any part of her brother's behaviour. To say the truth, this was easy enough to do; for the poor girl was so blinded with love and gratitude, and so highly honoured and revered her brother, that she had not the least suspicion that there was a person in the world capable of laughing at him.

"Indeed, I am certain she never made the least discovery of our ridicule; for I am well convinced she would have resented it: for, besides the love she bore her brother, she had a little family pride, which would sometimes appear. To say the truth, if she had any fault, it was that of vanity, but she was a very good girl upon the whole; and none of us are entirely free from faults."

"You are a good-natured fellow, Will," answered Miss Matthews; "but vanity is a fault of the first magnitude in a woman, and often the occasion of many others."

To this Booth made no answer, but continued his story.

"In this company we passed two or three months very agreeably, till the major and I both betook ourselves to our several nurseries; my wife being brought to bed of a girl, and Miss Bath confined to her chamber by a surfeit, which had like to have occasioned her death."

Here Miss Matthews burst into a loud laugh, of which when Booth asked the reason, she said she could not forbear at the thoughts of two such nurses. "And did you really," says she, "make your wife's caudle yourself?"

"Indeed, madam," said he, "I did; and do you think that so extraordinary?"

"Indeed I do," answered she; "I thought the best husbands had looked on their wives' lying-in as a time of festival and jollity. What! did you not even get drunk in the time of your wife's delivery? tell me honestly how you employed yourself at this time."

"Why, then, honestly," replied he, "and in defiance of your laughter, I lay behind her bolster, and supported her in my arms; and, upon my soul, I believe I felt more pain in my mind than she underwent in her body. And now answer me as honestly: Do you really think it a proper time of mirth, when the creature one loves to distraction is undergoing the most racking torments, as well as in the most imminent danger? and—but I need not express any more tender circumstances."

"I am to answer honestly," cried she. "Yes, and sincerely," cries Booth. "Why, then, honestly and sincerely," says she, "may I never see heaven if I don't think you an angel of a man!"

"Nay, madam," answered Booth,—“but, indeed, you do me too much honour; there are many such husbands. Nay, have we not an example of the like tenderness in the major? though as to him, I believe, I shall make you laugh. While my wife lay in, Miss Bath being extremely ill, I went one day to the door of her apartment, to inquire after her health, as well as for the major, whom I had not seen during a whole week. I knocked softly at the door, and being bid to open it, I found the major in his sister's ante-chamber warming her posset. His dress was certainly whimsical enough, having on a woman's bedgown and a very dirty flannel night-cap, which, being added to a very odd person (for he is a very awkward thin man, near seven feet high), might have formed, in the opinion of most men, a very proper object of laughter. The major started from his seat at my entering into the room, and, with much emotion and a great oath, cried out, 'Is it you, sir?' I then inquired after his and his sister's health. He answered, that his sister was better, and he was very well, 'though I did not expect, sir,' cried he, with not a little confusion, 'to be seen by you in this situation.' I told him I thought it impossible he could appear in a situation more becoming his character. 'You do not?' answered he. 'By G— I am very much obliged to you for that opinion; but, I believe, sir, however my weakness may prevail on me to descend from it, no man can be more conscious of his own dignity than myself.' His sister then called to him from an inner room; upon which he rang the bell for her servant, and then, after a stride or two across the room, he said, with an elated aspect, 'I would not have you think, Mr. Booth, because you have caught me in this deshabelle, by coming upon me a little too abruptly—I cannot help saying a little too abruptly—that I am my sister's nurse. I know better what is due to the dignity of a man, and I have shown it in a line of battle. I think I have made a figure there, Mr. Booth, and becoming my character; by G— I ought not to be despised too much if my nature is not totally without its weaknesses.' He uttered this, and some more of the same kind, with great majesty, or, as he called it, dignity. Indeed, he used some hard words that I did not understand; for all his words are not to be found in a dictionary. Upon the whole, I could not easily refrain from laughter; however, I conquered myself, and soon after retired from him, astonished that it was possible for a man to possess true goodness, and be at the same time ashamed of it.

"But, if I was surprised at what had passed at this visit, how much more was I surprised the next morning, when he came very early to my chamber, and told me he had not been able to sleep one wink at what had passed between us! 'There were some words of yours,' says he, 'which must be further explained before we part. You told me, sir, when you found me in that situation, which I cannot bear to recollect, that you thought I could not appear in one more becoming my character; these were the words—I shall never forget them. Do you imagine that there is any of the dignity of a man wanting in my character? do you think that I have, during my sister's illness, behaved with a weakness that savours too much of effeminacy? I know how much it is beneath a man to whine and whimper about a trifling girl as well as you or any man; and, if my sister had died, I should have behaved like a man on the occa-

sion. I would not have you think I confined myself from company merely upon her account. I was very much disordered myself. And when you surprised me in that situation—I repeat again, in that situation, her nurse had not left the room three minutes, and I was blowing the fire for fear it should have gone out.'—In this manner he ran on almost a quarter of an hour before he would suffer me to speak. At last, looking stedfastly in his face, I asked him if I must conclude that he was in earnest? 'In earnest!' says he, repeating my words, 'do you then take my character for a jest?'—'Look, sir, said I, very gravely, I think we know one another very well; and I have no reason to suspect you should impute it to fear when I tell you I was so far from intending to affront you, that I meant you one of the highest compliments. Tenderness for women is so far from lessening, that it proves a true manly character. The manly Brutus showed the utmost tenderness to his Portia; and the great king of Sweden, the bravest, and even fiercest of men, shut himself up three whole days in the midst of a campaign, and would see no company, on the death of a favourite sister. At these words I saw his features soften; and he cried out, 'D—n me, I admire the king of Sweden of all the men in the world; and he is a rascal that is ashamed of doing anything which the king of Sweden did.—And yet, if any king of Sweden in France was to tell me that his sister had more merit than mine, by G— I'd knock his brains about his ears. Poor little Betsey! she is the honestest, worthiest girl that ever was born. Heaven be praised, she is recovered; for, if I had lost her, I never should have enjoyed another happy moment.' In this manner he ran on some time, till the tears began to overflow; which when he perceived, he stopped; perhaps he was unable to go on; for he seemed almost choked: after a short silence, however, having wiped his eyes with his handkerchief, he fetched a deep sigh, and cried, 'I am ashamed you should see this, Mr. Booth; but d—n me, nature will get the better of dignity.' I now comforted him with the example of Xerxes, as I had before done with that of the king of Sweden; and soon after we sat down to breakfast together with much cordial friendship; for I assure you, with all his oddity, there is not a better-natured man in the world than the major."

"Good-natured, indeed!" cries Miss Matthews, with great scorn. "A fool! how can you mention such a fellow with commendation?"

Booth spoke as much as he could in defence of his friend; indeed, he had represented him in as favourable a light as possible, and had particularly left out those hard words with which, as he hath observed a little before, the major interlarded his discourse. Booth then proceeded as in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

Containing very extraordinary matters.

"MISS BATH," continued Booth, "now recovered so fast, that she was abroad as soon as my wife. Our little partie quarrée began to grow agreeable again; and we mixed with the company of the place more than we had done before. Mons. Bagillard now again renewed his intimacy, for the countess, his mistress, was gone to Paris; at which my wife, at first, showed no dissatisfaction; and I imagined that, as she had a friend and companion of her own sex (for Miss Bath and she had contracted the highest fondness for each other), that she would the less miss my company. However, I was disappointed in this expectation; for she soon began to express her former

uneasiness, and her impatience for the arrival of Captain James, that we might entirely quit Montpelier.

"I could not avoid conceiving some little displeasure at this humour of my wife, which I was forced to think a little unreasonable."—"A little, do you call it?" says Miss Matthews: "Good Heavens! what a husband are you!"—"How little worthy," answered he, "you will say hereafter, of such a wife as my Amelia. One day, as we were sitting together, I heard a violent scream; upon which my wife, starting up, cried out, 'Sure that's Miss Bath's voice;' and immediately ran towards the chamber whence it proceeded. I followed her; and when we arrived, we there beheld the most shocking sight imaginable; Miss Bath lying dead on the floor, and the major all bloody kneeling by her, and roaring out for assistance. Amelia, though she was herself in little better condition than her friend, ran hastily to her, bared her neck, and attempted to loosen her stays, while I ran up and down, scarce knowing what I did, calling for water and cordials, and despatching several servants one after another for doctors and surgeons.

"Water, cordials, and all necessary implements being brought, Miss Bath was at length recovered, and placed in her chair, when the major seated himself by her. And now, the young lady being restored to life, the major, who, till then, had engaged as little of his own as of any other person's attention, became the object of all our considerations, especially his poor sister's, who had no sooner recovered sufficient strength than she began to lament her brother, crying out that he was killed; and bitterly bewailing her fate, in having revived from her swoon to behold so dreadful a spectacle. While Amelia applied herself to soothe the agonies of her friend, I began to inquire into the condition of the major, in which I was assisted by a surgeon, who now arrived. The major declared, with great cheerfulness, that he did not apprehend his wound to be in the least dangerous, and therefore begged his sister to be comforted, saying he was convinced the surgeon would soon give her the same assurance; but that good man was not so liberal of assurances as the major had expected; for as soon as he had probed the wound he afforded no more than hopes, declaring that it was a very ugly wound; but added, by way of consolation, that he had cured many much worse.

"When the major was dressed his sister seemed to possess his whole thoughts, and all his care was to relieve her grief. He solemnly protested that it was no more than a flesh-wound, and not very deep, nor could, as he apprehended, be in the least dangerous; and as for the cold expressions of the surgeon, he very well accounted for them from a motive too obvious to be mentioned. From these declarations of her brother, and the interposition of her friends, and, above all, I believe, from that vast vent which she had given to her fright, Miss Bath seemed a little pacified: Amelia, therefore, at last prevailed; and, as terror abated, curiosity became the superior passion. I therefore now began to inquire what had occasioned that accident whence all the uproar arose.

"The major took me by the hand, and, looking very kindly at me, said, 'My dear Mr. Booth, I must begin by asking your pardon; for I have done you an injury for which nothing but the height of friendship in me can be an excuse; and therefore nothing but the height of friendship in you can forgive.' This preamble, madam, you will easily believe, greatly alarmed all the company, but especially me. I answered, Dear major, I forgive you,

let it be what it will; but what is it possible you can have done to injure me? 'That,' replied he, 'which I am convinced a man of your honour and dignity of nature, by G—, must conclude to be one of the highest injuries. I have taken out of your own hands the doing yourself justice. I am afraid I have killed the man who hath injured your honour. I mean that villain Bagillard—but I cannot proceed; for you, madam,' said he to my wife, 'are concerned, and I know what is due to the dignity of your sex.' Amelia, I observed, turned pale at these words, but eagerly begged him to proceed. 'Nay, madam,' answered he, 'if I am commanded by a lady, it is a part of my dignity to obey.' He then proceeded to tell us that Bagillard had rallied him upon a supposition that he was pursuing my wife with a view of gallantry; telling him that he could never succeed; giving hints that, if it had been possible, he should have succeeded himself; and ending with calling my poor Amelia an accomplished prude; upon which the major gave Bagillard a box on the ear, and both immediately drew their swords.

"The major had scarce ended his speech when a servant came into the room, and told me there was a friar below who desired to speak with me in great haste. I shook the major by the hand, and told him I not only forgave him, but was extremely obliged to his friendship; and then, going to the friar, I found that he was Bagillard's confessor, from whom he came to me, with an earnest desire of seeing me, that he might ask my pardon and receive my forgiveness before he died for the injury he had intended me. My wife at first opposed my going, from some sudden fears on my account; but when she was convinced they were groundless she consented.

"I found Bagillard in his bed; for the major's sword had passed up to the very hilt through his body. After having very earnestly asked my pardon, he made me many compliments on the possession of a woman who, joined to the most exquisite beauty, was mistress of the most impregnable virtue; as a proof of which he acknowledged the vehemence as well as ill success of his attempts; and, to make Amelia's virtue appear the brighter, his vanity was so predominant he could not forbear running over the names of several women of fashion who had yielded to his passion, which, he said, had never raged so violently for any other as for my poor Amelia; and that this violence, which he had found wholly unconquerable, he hoped would procure his pardon at my hands. It is unnecessary to mention what I said on the occasion. I assured him of my entire forgiveness; and so we parted. To say the truth, I afterwards thought myself almost obliged to him for a meeting with Amelia the most luxuriously delicate that can be imagined.

"I now ran to my wife, whom I embraced with raptures of love and tenderness. When the first torrent of these was a little abated, 'Confess to me, my dear,' said she, 'could your goodness prevent you from thinking me a little unreasonable in expressing so much uneasiness at the loss of your company, while I ought to have rejoiced in the thoughts of your being so well entertained? I know you must; and then consider what I must have felt, while I knew I was daily lessening myself in your esteem, and forced into a conduct which I was sensible must appear to you, who was ignorant of my motive, to be mean, vulgar, and selfish. And yet, what other course had I to take with a man whom no denial, no scorn could abash? But, if this was a cruel task, how much more wretched still was the constraint I was obliged to wear in his presence before you, to

show outward civility to the man whom my soul detested, for fear of any fatal consequence from your suspicion; and this too while I was afraid he would construe it to be an encouragement? Do you not pity your poor Amelia when you reflect on her situation?" "Pity!" cried I; "my love! is pity an adequate expression for esteem, for adoration? But how, my love, could he carry this on so secretly?—by letters?" "O no, he offered me many; but I never would receive but one, and that I returned him. Good G—! I would not have such a letter in my possession for the universe; I thought my eyes contaminated with reading it." "O brave!" cried Miss Matthews; "heroic, I protest.

"Had I a wish that did not bear
The stamp and image of my dear,
I'd pierce my heart through ev'ry vein,
And die to let it out again."

"And can you really," cried he, "laugh at so much tenderness?" "I laugh at tenderness! O, Mr. Booth!" answered she, "thou knowest but little of Calista." "I thought formerly," cried he, "I knew a great deal, and thought you, of all women in the world, to have the greatest—of all women!" "Take care, Mr. Booth," said she. "By Heaven! if you thought so, you thought truly. But what is the object of my tenderness—such an object as—" "Well, madam," says he, "I hope you will find one." "I thank you for that hope, however," says she, "cold as it is. But pray go on with your story;" which command he immediately obeyed.

CHAPTER X.

Containing a letter of a very curious kind.

"THE major's wound," continued Booth, "was really as slight as he believed it; so that in a very few days he was perfectly well; nor was Bagillard, though run through the body, long apprehended to be in any danger of his life. The major then took me aside, and, wishing me heartily joy of Bagillard's recovery, told me I should now, by the gift (as it were) of Heaven, have an opportunity of doing myself justice. I answered I could not think of any such thing; for that when I imagined he was on his death-bed I had heartily and sincerely forgiven him. 'Very right,' replied the major, 'and consistent with your honour, when he was on his death-bed; but that forgiveness was only conditional, and is revoked by his recovery.' I told him I could not possibly revoke it; for that my anger was really gone.—'What hath anger,' cried he, 'to do with the matter? the dignity of my nature hath been always my reason for drawing my sword; and when that is concerned I can as readily fight with the man I love as with the man I hate.'—I will not tire you with the repetition of the whole argument, in which the major did not prevail; and I really believe I sunk a little in his esteem upon that account, till captain James, who arrived soon after, again perfectly reinstated me in his favour.

"When the captain was come there remained no cause of our longer stay at Montpellier; for, as to my wife, she was in a better state of health than I had ever known her; and Miss Bath had not only recovered her health but her bloom, and from a pale skeleton was become a plump, handsome young woman. James was again my cashier; for, far from receiving any remittance, it was now a long time since I had received any letter from England, though both myself and my dear Amelia had written several, both to my mother and sister; and now, at our departure from Montpellier, I bethought myself of

writing to my good friend the doctor, acquainting him with our journey to Paris, whither I desired he would direct his answer.

"At Paris we all arrived without encountering any adventure on the road worth relating; nor did anything of consequence happen here during the first fortnight; for, as you know neither captain James nor Miss Bath, it is scarce worth telling you that an affection, which afterwards ended in a marriage, began now to appear between them, in which it may appear odd to you that I made the first discovery of the lady's flame, and my wife of the captain's.

"The seventeenth day after our arrival at Paris I received a letter from the doctor, which I have in my pocket-book; and, if you please, I will read it you; for I would not willingly do any injury to his words."

The lady, you may easily believe, desired to hear the letter, and Booth read it as follows:

"MY DEAR CHILDREN,—For I will now call you so, as you have neither of you now any other parent in this world. Of this melancholy news I should have sent you earlier notice if I had thought you ignorant of it, or indeed if I had known whither to have written. If your sister hath received any letters from you she hath kept them a secret, and perhaps out of affection to you hath repositied them in the same place where she keeps her goodness, and, what I am afraid is much dearer to her, her money. The reports concerning you have been various; so is always the case in matters where men are ignorant; for, when no man knows what the truth is, every man thinks himself at liberty to report what he pleases. Those who wish you well, son Booth, say simply that you are dead: others that you ran away from the siege, and was cashiered. As for my daughter, all agree that she is a saint above; and there is not wanting those who hint that her husband sent her thither. From this beginning you will expect, I suppose, better news than I am going to tell you; but pray, my dear children, why may not I, who have always laughed at my own afflictions, laugh at yours, without the censure of much malevolence? I wish you could learn this temper from me; for, take my word for it, nothing truer ever came from the mouth of a heathen than that sentence:

Leve fit quod bene fertur onus.*

And though I must confess I never thought Aristotle (whom I do not take for so great a blockhead as some who have never read him) doth not very well resolve the doubt which he hath raised in his Ethics, viz., How a man in the midst of king Priam's misfortunes can be called happy? yet I have long thought that there is no calamity so great that a christian philosopher may not reasonably laugh at it. If the heathen Cicero, doubting of immortality (for so wise a man must have doubted of that which had such slender arguments to support it), could assert it as the office of wisdom, *Humanas res despicere atque infra se positas arbitrari*.†

"Which passage, with much more to the same purpose, you will find in the third book of his Tusculan Questions.

"With how much greater confidence may a good christian despise, and even deride, all temporary and short transitory evils! if the poor wretch, who is trudging on to his miserable cottage, can laugh at the storms and tempests, the rain and whirlwinds which surround him, while his richest hope is only that of rest; how much more cheerfully must a man pass through such transient evils, whose spirits are buoyed up with the certain expectation of finding a noble palace and the most sumptuous entertainment ready to receive him! I do not much like the simile; but I cannot think of a better. And yet, inadequate as the simile is, we may, I think, from the actions of mankind, conclude that they will consider it as much too strong; for, in the case I have put of the entertainment, is there any man so tender or poor-spirited as not to despise, and often to deride, the fiercest of those inclemencies which I have mentioned? but in our journey to the glorious mansions of everlasting bliss, how severely is every little rub, every trifling accident, lamented! and if Fortune showers down any of her heavier storms upon us, how wretched do we presently appear to ourselves and to others! The reason of this can be no other than that we are not in earnest in our faith; at the best, we think with too little attention on this our great concern. While the most paltry matters of this world, even those pitiful trifles, those childish gewgaws, riches and honours, are transacted with the utmost earnestness and most serious application, the grand and weighty affair of immortality is post-

* The burthen becomes light by being well borne.

† To look down on all human affairs as matters below his consideration.

poned and disregarded, nor ever brought into the least competition with our affairs here. If one of my cloth should begin a discourse of heaven in the scenes of business or pleasure; in the court of requests, at Garraway's, or at White's, would he gain a hearing, unless, perhaps, of some sorry jester who would desire to ridicule him? would he not presently acquire the name of the mad parson, and be thought by all men worthy of Bedlam or would he not be treated as the Romans treated their Aretalogi,* and considered in the light of a buffoon? But why should I mention those places of hurry and worldly pursuit? What attention do we engage even in the pulpit? Here, if a sermon be prolonged a little beyond the usual hour, doth it not set half the audience asleep? as I question not I have by this time both my children. Well, then, like a good-natured surgeon, who prepares his patient for a painful operation by endeavouring as much as he can to deaden his sensation, I will now communicate to you, in your slumbering condition, the news with which I threatened you. Your good mother, you are to know, is dead at last, and hath left her whole fortune to her elder daughter.—This is all the ill news I have to tell you. Confess now, if you are awake, did you not expect it was much worse: did not you apprehend that your charming child was dead? Far from it, he is in perfect health, and the admiration of every body: what is more, he will be taken care of, with the tenderness of a parent, till your return. What pleasure must this give you! if indeed anything can add to the happiness of a married couple who are extremely and deservedly fond of each other, and, as you write me, in perfect health. A superstitious heathen would have dreaded the malice of Nemesis in your situation; but, as I am a christian, I shall venture to add another circumstance to your felicity, by assuring you that you have, besides your wife, a faithful and zealous friend. Do not, therefore, my dear children, fall into that fault which the excellent Thucydides observes is too common in human nature, to bear heavily the being deprived of the smaller good, without conceiving, at the same time, any gratitude for the much greater blessings which we are suffered to enjoy. I have only farther to tell you, my son, that, when you call at Mr. Morand's, Rue Dauphine, you will find yourself worth a hundred pounds. Good Heaven! how much richer are you than millions of people who are in want of nothing! farewell, and know me for your sincere and affectionate friend.

"There, madam," cries Booth, "how do you like the letter?"

"Oh! extremely," answered she: "the doctor is a charming man; I always loved dearly to hear him preach. I remember to have heard of Mrs. Harris's death above a year before I left the country, but never knew the particulars of her will before. I am extremely sorry for it, upon my honour."

"Oh, fie! madam," cries Booth; "have you so soon forgot the chief purport of the doctor's letter?"

"Ay, ay," cried she; "these are very pretty things to read, I acknowledge; but the loss of fortune is a serious matter; and I am sure a man of Mr. Booth's understanding must think so." "One consideration, I must own, madam," answered he, "a good deal baffled all the doctor's arguments. This was my concern for my little growing family, who must one day feel the loss; nor was I so easy upon Amelia's account as upon my own, though she herself put on the utmost cheerfulness, and stretched her invention to the utmost to comfort me. But sure, madam, there is something in the doctor's letter to admire beyond the philosophy of it; what think you of that easy, generous, friendly manner, in which he sent me the hundred pounds?"

"Very noble and great indeed," replied she. "But pray go on with your story; for I long to hear the whole."

CHAPTER XI.

In which Mr. Booth relates his return to England.

"NOTHING remarkable, as I remember, happened during our stay at Paris, which we left soon after and came to London. Here we rested only two days, and then, taking leave of our fellow-travellers, we set out for Wiltshire, my wife being so impatient

* A set of beggarly philosophers who diverted great men at their table with burlesque discourses on virtue.

to see the child which she had left behind her, that the child she carried with her was almost killed with the fatigue of the journey.

"We arrived at our inn late in the evening. Amelia, though she had no great reason to be pleased with any part of her sister's behaviour, resolved to behave to her as if nothing wrong had ever happened. She therefore sent a kind note to her the moment of our arrival, giving her her option, whether she would come to us at the inn, or whether we should that evening wait on her. The servant, after waiting an hour, brought us an answer, excusing her from coming to us so late, as she was disordered with a cold, and desiring my wife by no means to think of venturing out after the fatigue of her journey; saying, she would, on that account, defer the great pleasure of seeing her till the morning, without taking any more notice of your humble servant than if no such person had been in the world, though I had very civilly sent my compliments to her. I should not mention this trifle, if it was not to show you the nature of the woman, and that it will be a kind of key to her future conduct.

"When the servant returned, the good doctor, who had been with us almost all the time of his absence, hurried us away to his house, where we presently found a supper and a bed prepared for us. My wife was eagerly desirous to see her child that night; but the doctor would not suffer it; and, as he was at nurse at a distant part of the town, and the doctor assured her he had seen him in perfect health that evening, she suffered herself at last to be dissuaded.

"We spent that evening in the most agreeable manner; for the doctor's wit and humour, joined to the highest cheerfulness and good-nature, made him the most agreeable companion in the world; and he was now in the highest spirits, which he was pleased to place to our account. We sat together to a very late hour; for so excellent is my wife's constitution, that she declared she was scarce sensible of any fatigue from her late journeys.

"Amelia slept not a wink all night, and in the morning early the doctor accompanied us to the little infant. The transports we felt on this occasion were really enchanting, nor can any but a fond parent conceive, I am certain, the least idea of them. Our imaginations suggested a hundred agreeable circumstances, none of which had, perhaps, any foundation. We made words and meaning out of every sound, and in every feature found out some resemblance to my Amelia, as she did to me.

"But I ask your pardon for dwelling on such incidents, and will proceed to scenes which, to most persons, will be more entertaining.

"We went hence to pay a visit to Miss Harris, whose reception of us was, I think, truly ridiculous; and, as you know the lady, I will endeavour to describe it particularly. At our first arrival we were ushered into a parlour, where we were suffered to wait almost an hour. At length the lady of the house appeared in deep mourning, with a face, if possible, more dismal than her dress, in which, however, there was every appearance of art. Her features were indeed screwed up to the very height of grief. With this face, and in the most solemn gait, she approached Amelia, and coldly saluted her. After which she made me a very distant formal curtsy, and we all sat down. A short silence now ensued, which Miss Harris at length broke with a deep sigh, and said, 'Sister, here is a great alteration in this place since you saw it last; Heaven hath been pleased to take my poor mother to itself.'—

(Here she wiped her eyes, and then continued.)—‘I hope I know my duty, and have learned a proper resignation to the divine will; but something is to be allowed to grief for the best of mothers; for so she was to us both; and if at last she made any distinction, she must have had her reasons for so doing. I am sure I can truly say I never wished, much less desired it.’ The tears now stood in poor Amelia’s eyes; indeed, she had paid too many already for the memory of so unnatural a parent. She answered, with the sweetness of an angel, that she was far from blaming her sister’s emotions on so tender an occasion; that she heartily joined with her in her grief; for that nothing which her mother had done in the latter part of her life could efface the remembrance of that tenderness which she had formerly shown her. Her sister caught hold of the word efface, and rung the changes upon it.—‘Efface!’ cried she, ‘O Miss Emily (for you must not expect me to repeat names that will be for ever odious), I wish indeed everything could be effaced.—Effaced! O that that was possible! we might then have still enjoyed my poor mother; for I am convinced she never recovered her grief on a certain occasion.’—Thus she ran on, and, after many bitter strokes upon her sister, at last directly charged her mother’s death on my marriage with Amelia. I could be silent then no longer. I reminded her of the perfect reconciliation between us before my departure, and the great fondness which she expressed for me; nor could I help saying, in very plain terms, that if she had ever changed her opinion of me, as I was not conscious of having deserved such a change by my own behaviour, I was well convinced to whose good offices I owed it. Guilt hath very quick ears to an accusation. Miss Harris immediately answered to the charge. She said, such suspicions were no more than she expected; that they were of a piece with every other part of my conduct, and gave her one consolation, that they served to account for her sister Emily’s unkindness, as well to herself as to her poor deceased mother, and in some measure lessened the guilt of it with regard to her, since it was not easy to know how far a woman is in the power of her husband. My dear Amelia reddened at this reflection on me, and begged her sister to name any single instance of unkindness or disrespect in which she had ever offended. To this she answered (I am sure I repeat her words, though I cannot mimic either the voice or air with which they were spoken)—‘Pray, Miss Emily, which is to be the judge, yourself or that gentleman? I remember the time when I could have trusted to your judgment in any affair; but you are now no longer mistress of yourself, and are not answerable for your actions. Indeed, it is my constant prayer that your actions may not be imputed to you. It was the constant prayer of that blessed woman, my dear mother, who is now a saint above; a saint whose name I can never mention without a tear, though I find you can hear it without one. I cannot help observing some concern on so melancholy an occasion; it seems due to decency; but, perhaps, (for I always wish to excuse you) you are forbid to cry.’ The idea of being bid or forbid to cry struck so strongly on my fancy, that indignation only could have prevented me from laughing. But my narrative, I am afraid, begins to grow tedious. In short, after hearing, for near an hour, every malicious insinuation which a fertile genius could invent, we took our leave, and separated as persons who would never willingly meet again.

“The next morning after this interview Amelia received a long letter from Miss Harris; in which,

after many bitter invectives against me, she excused her mother, alleging that she had been driven to do as she did, in order to prevent Amelia’s ruin, if her fortune had fallen into my hands. She likewise very remotely hinted that she would be only a trustee for her sister’s children, and told her that on one condition only she would consent to live with her as a sister. This was, if she could by any means be separated from that man, as she was pleased to call me, who had caused so much mischief in the family.

“I was so enraged at this usage, that, had not Amelia intervened, I believe I should have applied to a magistrate for a search-warrant for that picture, which there was so much reason to suspect she had stolen; and which I am convinced, upon a search, we should have found in her possession.”

“Nay, it is possible enough,” cries Miss Matthews; “for I believe there is no wickedness of which the lady is not capable.”

“This agreeable letter was succeeded by another of the like comfortable kind, which informed me that the company in which I was, being an additional one raised in the beginning of the war, was reduced; so that I was now a lieutenant on half-pay.

“Whilst we were meditating on our present situation the good doctor came to us. When we related to him the manner in which my sister had treated us, he cried out, ‘Poor soul! I pity her heartily;’ for this is the severest resentment he ever expresses; indeed, I have often heard him say that a wicked soul is the greatest object of compassion in the world.”—A sentiment which we shall leave the reader a little time to digest.

CHAPTER XII.

In which Mr. Booth concludes his story.

“THE next day the doctor set out for his parsonage, which was about thirty miles distant, whither Amelia and myself accompanied him, and where we stayed with him all the time of his residence there, being almost three months.

“The situation of the parish under my good friend’s care is very pleasant. It is placed among meadows, washed by a clear trout-stream, and flanked on both sides with downs. His house, indeed, would not much attract the admiration of the virtuoso. He built it himself, and it is remarkable only for its plainness; with which the furniture so well agrees, that there is no one thing in it that may not be absolutely necessary, except books, and the prints of Mr. Hogarth, whom he calls a moral satirist.

“Nothing, however, can be imagined more agreeable than the life that the doctor leads in this homely house, which he calls his earthly paradise. All his parishioners, whom he treats as his children, regard him as their common father. Once in a week he constantly visits every house in the parish, examines, commends, and rebukes, as he finds occasion. This is practised likewise by his curate in his absence; and so good an effect is produced by this their care, that no quarrels ever proceed either to blows or law-suits; no beggar is to be found in the whole parish; nor did I ever hear a very profane oath all the time I lived in it.

“But to return, from so agreeable a digression, to my own affairs, that are much less worth your attention. In the midst of all the pleasures I tasted in this sweet place and in the most delightful company, the woman and man whom I loved above all things, melancholy reflections concerning my unhappy circumstances would often steal into my thoughts. My fortune was now reduced to less than forty pounds a-year; I had already two children, and my dear Amelia was again with child.

"One day the doctor found me sitting by myself, and employed in melancholy contemplations on this subject. He told me he had observed me growing of late very serious; that he knew the occasion, and neither wondered at nor blamed me. He then asked me if I had any prospect of going again into the army; if not, what scheme of life I proposed to myself?"

"I told him that, as I had no powerful friends, I could have but little expectations in a military way; that I was as incapable of thinking of any other scheme, as all business required some knowledge or experience, and likewise money to set up with; of all which I was destitute.

"You must know then, child," said the doctor, "that I have been thinking on this subject as well as you; for I can think, I promise you, with a pleasant countenance." These were his words. "As to the army, perhaps means might be found of getting you another commission; but my daughter seems to have a violent objection to it; and to be plain, I fancy you yourself will find no glory make you amends for your absence from her. And for my part," said he, "I never think those men wise who, for any worldly interest, forego the greatest happiness of their lives. If I mistake not," says he, "a country life, where you could be always together, would make you both much happier people."

"I answered, that of all things I preferred it most; and I believed Amelia was of the same opinion.

"The doctor, after a little hesitation, proposed to me to turn farmer, and offered to let me his parsonage, which was then become vacant. He said it was a farm which required but little stock, and that little should not be wanting.

"I embraced this offer very eagerly, and with great thankfulness, and immediately repaired to Amelia to communicate it to her, and to know her sentiments.

"Amelia received the news with the highest transports of joy; she said that her greatest fear had always been of my entering again into the army. She was so kind as to say that all stations of life were equal to her, unless as one afforded her more of my company than another. 'And as to our children,' said she, 'let us breed them up to an humble fortune, and they will be contented with it; for none,' added my angel, 'deserve happiness, or indeed, are capable of it, who make any particular station a necessary ingredient.'

"Thus, madam, you see me degraded from my former rank in life; no longer captain Booth, but farmer Booth at your service.

"During my first year's continuance in this new scene of life, nothing, I think, remarkable happened; the history of one day would, indeed, be the history of the whole year."

"Well, pray then," said Miss Matthews, "do let us hear the history of that day; I have a strange curiosity to know how you could kill your time; and do, if possible, find out the very best day you can."

"If you command me, madam," answered Booth, "you must yourself be accountable for the dulness of the narrative. Nay, I believe, you have imposed a very difficult task on me; for the greatest happiness is incapable of description.

"I rose, then, madam——"

"O, the moment you waked, undoubtedly," said Miss Matthews.

"Usually," said he, "between five and six."

"I will have no usually," cried Miss Matthews, "you are confined to a day, and it is to be the best and happiest in the year."

"Nay, madam," cries Booth, "then I must tell you the day in which Amelia was brought to bed, after a painful and dangerous labour; for that I think was the happiest day of my life."

"I protest," said she, "you are become farmer Booth, indeed. What a happiness have you painted to my imagination! you put me in mind of a newspaper, where my lady such-a-one is delivered of a son, to the great joy of some illustrious family."

"Why then, I do assure you, Miss Matthews," cries Booth, "I scarce know a circumstance that distinguished one day from another. The whole was one continued series of love, health, and tranquillity. Our lives resembled a calm sea."

"The dullest of all ideas," cries the lady.

"I know," said he, "it must appear dull in description, for who can describe the pleasures which the morning air gives to one in perfect health; the flow of spirits which springs up from exercise; the delights which parents feel from the prattle and innocent follies of their children; the joy with which the tender smile of a wife inspires a husband; or lastly, the cheerful, solid comfort which a fond couple enjoy in each other's conversation?—All these pleasures and every other of which our situation was capable we tasted in the highest degree. Our happiness was, perhaps, too great; for fortune seemed to grow envious of it and interposed one of the most cruel accidents that could have befallen us, by robbing us of our dear friend the doctor."

"I am sorry for it," said Miss Matthews. "He was indeed a valuable man, and I never heard of his death before."

"Long may it be before any one hears of it!" cries Booth. "He is, indeed, dead to us; but will, I hope, enjoy many happy years of life. You know, madam, the obligations he had to his patron the earl; indeed, it was impossible to be once in his company without hearing of them. I am sure you will neither wonder that he was chosen to attend the young lord in his travels as his tutor, nor that the good man, however disagreeable it might be (as in fact it was) to his inclination, should comply with the earnest request of his friend and patron.

"By this means I was bereft not only of the best companion in the world, but of the best counsellor; a loss of which I have since felt the bitter consequence; for no greater advantage, I am convinced, can arrive to a young man, who hath any degree of understanding, than an intimate converse with one of riper years, who is not only able to advise, but who knows the manner of advising. By this means alone, youth can enjoy the benefit of the experience of age, and that at a time of life when such experience will be of more service to a man than when he hath lived long enough to acquire it of himself.

"From want of my sage counsellor, I now fell into many errors. The first of these was in enlarging my business, by adding a farm of one hundred a year to the parsonage, in renting which I had also as bad a bargain as the doctor had before given me a good one. The consequence of which was, that whereas, at the end of the first year, I was worth upwards of fourscore pounds; at the end of the second I was near half that sum worse (as the phrase is) than nothing.

"A second folly I was guilty of in uniting families with the curate of the parish, who had just married, as my wife and I thought, a very good sort of a woman. We had not, however, lived one month together before I plainly perceived this good sort of a woman had taken a great prejudice against my Amelia, for which, if I had not known something of the human passions, and that high place which envy

holds among them, I should not have been able to account, for, so far was my angel from having given her any cause of dislike, that she had treated her not only with civility, but kindness.

"Besides superiority in beauty, which, I believe, all the world would have allowed to Amelia, there was another cause of this envy, which I am almost ashamed to mention, as it may well be called my greatest folly. You are to know then, madam, that from a boy I had been always fond of driving a coach, in which I valued myself on having some skill. This, perhaps, was an innocent, but I allow it to have been a childish vanity. As I had an opportunity, therefore, of buying an old coach and harness very cheap (indeed they cost me but twelve pounds), and as I considered that the same horses which drew my waggons would likewise draw my coach, I resolved on indulging myself in the purchase.

"The consequence of setting up this poor old coach is inconceivable. Before this, as my wife and myself had very little distinguished ourselves from the other farmers and their wives, either in our dress or our way of living, they treated us as their equals; but now they began to consider us as elevating ourselves into a state of superiority, and immediately began to envy, hate, and declare war against us. The neighbouring little squires, too, were uneasy to see a poor renter become their equal in a matter in which they placed so much dignity; and, not doubting but it arose in me from the same ostentation, they began to hate me likewise, and to turn my equipage into ridicule, asserting that my horses, which were as well matched as any in the kingdom, were of different colours and sizes, with much more of that kind of wit, the only basis of which is lying.

"But what will appear more surprising to you, madam, was, that the curate's wife, who, being lame, had more use of the coach than my Amelia (indeed she seldom went to church in any other manner), was one of my bitterest enemies on the occasion. If she had ever any dispute with Amelia, which all the sweetness of my poor girl could not sometimes avoid, she was sure to introduce with a malicious sneer, 'Though my husband doth not keep a coach, madam.' Nay, she took this opportunity to upbraid my wife with the loss of her fortune, alleging that some folks might have as good pretensions to a coach as other folks, and a better too, as they brought a better fortune to their husbands, but that all people had not the art of making brick without straw.

"You will wonder, perhaps, madam, how I can remember such stuff, which, indeed, was a long time only matter of amusement to both Amelia and myself; but we at last experienced the mischievous nature of envy, and that it tends rather to produce tragical than comical events. My neighbours now began to conspire against me. They nicknamed me in derision, the Squire Farmer. Whatever I bought, I was sure to buy dearer, and when I sold I was obliged to sell cheaper, than any other. In fact, they were all united, and, while they every day committed trespasses on my lands with impunity, if any of my cattle escaped into their fields, I was either forced to enter into a law-suit or to make amends fourfold for the damage sustained.

"The consequences of all this could be no other than that ruin which ensued. Without tiring you with particulars, before the end of four years I became involved in debt near three hundred pounds more than the value of all my effects. My landlord seized my stock for rent, and, to avoid immediate confinement in prison, I was forced to leave the

country with all that I hold dear in the world, my wife and my poor little family.

"In this condition I arrived in town five or six days ago. I had just taken a lodging in the verge of the court, and had writ my dear Amelia word where she might find me, when she had settled her affairs in the best manner she could. That very evening, as I was returning home from a coffee-house, a fray happening in the street, I endeavoured to assist the injured party, when I was seized by the watch, and, after being confined all night in the round-house, was conveyed in the morning before a justice of peace, who committed me hither; where I should probably have starved, had I not from your hands found a most unaccountable preservation.—And here, give me leave to assure you, my dear Miss Matthews, that, whatever advantage I may have reaped from your misfortune, I sincerely lament it; nor would I have purchased any relief to myself at the price of seeing you in this dreadful place."

He spake these last words with great tenderness; for he was a man of consummate good-nature, and had formerly had much affection for this young lady; indeed, more than the generality of people are capable of entertaining for any person whatsoever.

BOOK IV.—CHAPTER I.

Containing very mysterious matter.

MISS MATTHEWS did not in the least fall short of Mr. Booth in expressions of tenderness. Her eyes, the most eloquent orators on such occasions, exerted their utmost force; and at the conclusion of his speech she cast a look as languishingly sweet as ever Cleopatra gave to Antony. In real fact, this Mr. Booth had been her first love, and had made more impressions on her young heart, which the learned in this branch of philosophy affirm, and perhaps truly, are never to be eradicated.

When Booth had finished his story a silence ensued of some minutes; an interval which the painter would describe much better than the writer. Some readers may, however, be able to make pretty pertinent conjectures by what I have said above, especially when they are told that Miss Matthews broke the silence by a sigh, and cried, "Why is Mr. Booth unwilling to allow me the happiness of thinking my misfortunes have been of some little advantage to him? sure the happy Amelia would not be so selfish to envy me that pleasure. No; not if she was as much the fondest as she is the happiest of women." "Good heavens! madam," said he, "do you call my poor Amelia the happiest of women?" "Indeed I do," answered she briskly. "O Mr. Booth! there is a speck of white in her fortune, which, when it falls to the lot of a sensible woman, makes her full amends for all the crosses which can attend her. Perhaps she may not be sensible of it; but if it had been my blessed fate—O Mr. Booth! could I have thought, when we were first acquainted, that the most agreeable man in the world had been capable of making the kind, the tender, the affectionate husband—the happy Amelia, in those days, was unknown; Heaven had not then given her a prospect of the happiness it intended her; but yet it did intend it her; for sure there is a fatality in the affairs of love; and the more I reflect on my own life, the more I am convinced of it.—O heavens! how a thousand little circumstances crowd into my mind! When you first marched into our town, you had then the colours in your hand; as you passed under the window where I stood, my glove, by accident, dropped into the street;

you stooped, took up my glove, and, putting it upon the spike belonging to your colours, lifted it up to the window. Upon this a young lady who stood by said, 'So, miss, the young officer hath accepted your challenge.' I blushed then, and I blush now, when I confess to you I thought you the prettiest young fellow I had ever seen; and, upon my soul, I believe you was then the prettiest fellow in the world." Booth here made a low bow, and cried, "O dear madam, how ignorant was I of my own happiness!" "Would you really have thought so?" answered she. "However, there is some politeness if there be no sincerity in what you say."—Here the governor of the enchanted castle interrupted them, and, entering the room without any ceremony, acquainted the lady and gentleman that it was locking-up time; and, addressing Booth by the name of captain, asked him if he would not please to have a bed; adding, that he might have one in the next room to the lady, but that it would come dear; for that he never let a bed in that room under a guinea, nor could he afford it cheaper to his father.

No answer was made to this proposal; but Miss Matthews, who had already learnt some of the ways of the house, said she believed Mr. Booth would like to drink a glass of something; upon which the governor immediately trumpeted forth the praises of his rack-punch, and, without waiting for any farther commands, presently produced a large bowl of that liquor.

The governor, having recommended the goodness of his punch by a hearty draught, began to revive the other matter, saying that he was just going to bed, and must first lock up.—"But suppose," said Miss Matthews, with a smile, "the captain and I should have a mind to sit up all night."—"With all my heart," said the governor; "but I expect a consideration for those matters. For my part, I don't inquire into what doth not concern me; but single and double are two things. If I lock up double I expect half a guinea, and I'm sure the captain cannot think that's out of the way; it is but the price of a bagnio."

Miss Matthews's face became the colour of scarlet at those words. However, she mustered up her spirits, and, turning to Booth, said, "What say you, captain? for my own part, I had never less inclination to sleep; which hath the greater charms for you, the punch or the pillow?"—"I hope, madam," answered Booth, "you have a better opinion of me than to doubt my preferring Miss Matthews's conversation to either."—"I assure you," replied she, "it is no compliment to you to say I prefer yours to sleep at this time."

The governor then, having received his fee, departed; and, turning the key, left the gentleman and the lady to themselves.

In imitation of him we will lock up likewise a scene which we do not think proper to expose to the eyes of the public. If any over-curious readers should be disappointed on this occasion, we will recommend such readers to the apologies with which certain gay ladies have lately been pleased to oblige the world, where they will possibly find everything recorded that passed at this interval.

But, though we decline painting the scene, it is not our intention to conceal from the world the frailty of Mr. Booth, or of his fair partner, who certainly passed that evening in a manner inconsistent with the strict rules of virtue and chastity.

To say the truth, we are much more concerned for the behaviour of the gentleman than of the lady, not only for his sake, but for the sake of the best woman in the world, whom we should be sorry

to consider as yoked to a man of no worth nor honour.

We desire, therefore, the good-natured and candid reader will be pleased to weigh attentively the several unlucky circumstances which concurred so critically, that Fortune seemed to have used her utmost endeavours to ensnare poor Booth's constancy. Let the reader set before his eyes a fine young woman, in a manner, a first love, conferring obligations and using every art to soften, to allure, to win, and to inflame; let him consider the time and place; let him remember that Mr. Booth was a young fellow in the highest vigour of life; and, lastly, let him add one single circumstance, that the parties were alone together; and then, if he will not acquit the defendant, he must be convicted, for I have nothing more to say in his defence.

CHAPTER II.

The latter part of which we expect will please our reader better than the former.

A WHOLE week did our lady and gentleman live in this criminal conversation, in which the happiness of the former was much more perfect than that of the latter; for, though the charms of Miss Matthews, and her excessive endearments, sometimes lulled every thought in the sweet lethargy of pleasure, yet in the intervals of his fits his virtue alarmed and roused him, and brought the image of poor injured Amelia to haunt and torment him. In fact, if we regard this world only, it is the interest of every man to be either perfectly good or completely bad. He had better destroy his conscience than gently wound it. The many bitter reflections which every bad action costs a mind in which there are any remains of goodness are not to be compensated by the highest pleasures which such an action can produce.

So it happened to Mr. Booth. Repentance never failed to follow his transgressions; and yet so perverse is our judgment, and so slippery is the descent of vice when once we are entered into it, the same crime which he now repented of became a reason for doing that which was to cause his future repentance; and he continued to sin on because he had begun. His repentance, however, returned still heavier and heavier, till, at last, it flung him into a melancholy, which Miss Matthews plainly perceived, and at which she could not avoid expressing some resentment in obscure hints and ironical compliments on Amelia's superiority to her whole sex, who could not cloy a gay young fellow by many years' possession. She would then repeat the compliments which others had made to her own beauty, and could not forbear once crying out, "Upon my soul, my dear Billy, I believe the chief disadvantage on my side is my superior fondness; for love, in the minds of men, hath one quality, at least, of a fever, which is to prefer coldness in the object. Confess, dear Will, is there not something vastly refreshing in the cool air of a prude?" Booth fetched a deep sigh, and begged her never more to mention Amelia's name. "O Will," cries she, "did that request proceed from the motive I could wish, I should be the happiest of womankind."—"You would not, sure, madam," said Booth, "desire a sacrifice which I must be a villain to make to any?"—"Desire!" answered she, "are there any bounds to the desire of love? have not I been sacrificed? hath not my first love been torn from my bleeding heart? I claim a prior right. As for sacrifices, I can make them too, and would sacrifice the whole world at the least call of my love."

Here she delivered a letter to Booth, which she

had received within an hour, the contents of which were these :—

“DEAREST MADAM,—Those only who truly know what love is, can have any conception of the horrors I felt at hearing of your confinement at my arrival in town, which was this morning. I immediately sent my lawyer to inquire into the particulars, who brought me the agreeable news that the man, whose heart’s blood ought not to be valued at the rate of a single hair of yours, is entirely out of all danger, and that you might be admitted to bail. I presently ordered him to go with two of my tradesmen, who are to be bound in any sum for your appearance, if he should be mean enough to prosecute you. Though you may expect my attorney with you soon, I would not delay sending this, as I hope the news will be agreeable to you. My chariot will attend at the same time to carry you wherever you please. You may easily guess what a violence I have done to myself in not waiting on you in person; but I, who know your delicacy, feared it might offend, and that you might think me ungenerous enough to hope from your distresses a happiness which I am resolved to owe to your free gift alone, when your good nature shall induce you to bestow on me what no man living can merit. I beg you will pardon all the contents of this hasty letter, and do me the honour of believing me, dearest madam, your most passionate admirer, and most obedient humble servant, “DAMON.”

Booth thought he had somewhere before seen the same hand, but in his present hurry of spirits could not recollect whose it was, nor did the lady give him any time for reflection; for he had scarce read the letter when she produced a little bit of paper and cried out, “Here, sir, here are the contents which he fears will offend me.” She then put a bank-bill of a hundred pounds into Mr. Booth’s hands, and asked him with a smile if he did not think she had reason to be offended with so much insolence?

Before Booth could return any answer the governor arrived, and introduced Mr. Rogers the attorney, who acquainted the lady that he had brought her discharge from her confinement, and that a chariot waited at the door to attend her wherever she pleased.

She received the discharge from Mr. Rogers, and said she was very much obliged to the gentleman who employed him, but that she would not make use of the chariot, as she had no notion of leaving that wretched place in a triumphant manner; in which resolution when the attorney found her obstinate he withdrew, as did the governor, with many bows and as many ladyships.

They were no sooner gone than Booth asked the lady why she would refuse the chariot of a gentleman who had behaved with such excessive respect? She looked earnestly upon him, and cried, “How unkind is that question! do you imagine I would go and leave you in such a situation? thou knowest but little of Calista. Why, do you think I would accept this hundred pounds from a man I dislike unless it was to be serviceable to the man I love? I insist on your taking it as your own and using whatever you want of it.”

Booth protested in the solemnest manner that he would not touch a shilling of it, saying, he had already received too many obligations at her hands, and more than ever he should be able he feared to repay. “How unkind,” answered she, “is every word you say? why will you mention obligations? love never confers any. It doth everything for its own sake. I am not therefore obliged to the man whose passion makes him generous; for I feel how inconsiderable the whole world would appear to me if I could throw it after my heart.”

Much more of this kind passed, she still pressing the bank-note upon him, and he as absolutely refusing, till Booth left the lady to dress herself, and went to walk in the area of the prison.

Miss Matthews now applied to the governor to know by what means she might procure the captain his liberty. The governor answered, “As he can-

not get bail, it will be a difficult matter; and money to be sure there must be; for people no doubt expect to touch on these occasions. When prisoners have not wherewithal as the law requires to entitle themselves to justice, why they must be beholden to other people to give them their liberty; and people will not, to be sure, suffer others to be beholden to them for nothing, whereof there is good reason; for how should we all live if it was not for these things?” “Well, well,” said she, “and how much will it cost?” “How much!” answered he,—“How much!—why, let me see.”—Here he hesitated some time, and then answered “That for five guineas he would undertake to procure the captain his discharge.” That being the sum which he computed to remain in the lady’s pocket; for, as to the gentleman’s, he had long been acquainted with the emptiness of it.

Miss Matthews, to whom money was as dirt (indeed she may be thought not to have known the value of it), delivered him the bank-bill, and bid him get it changed; for if the whole, says she, will procure him his liberty, he shall have it this evening.

“The whole, madam!” answered the governor, as soon as he had recovered his breath, for it almost forsook him at the sight of the black word hundred—“No, no; there might be people indeed—but I am not one of those. A hundred! no, nor nothing like it.—As for myself, as I said, I will be content with five guineas, and I am sure that’s little enough. What other people will expect I cannot exactly say. To be sure his worship’s clerk will expect to touch pretty handsomely; as for his worship himself, he never touches anything, that is, not to speak of; but then the constable will expect something, and the watchmen must have something, and the lawyers on both sides, they must have their fees for finishing.”—“Well,” said she, “I leave all to you. If it costs me twenty pounds I will have him discharged this afternoon.—But you must give his discharge into my hands without letting the captain know anything of the matter.”

The governor promised to obey her commands in every particular; nay, he was so very industrious, that, though dinner was just then coming upon the table, at her earnest request he set out immediately on the purpose, and went as he said in pursuit of the lawyer.

All the other company assembled at table as usual, where poor Booth was the only person out of spirits. This was imputed by all present to a wrong cause; nay, Miss Matthews herself either could not or would not suspect that there was anything deeper than the despair of being speedily discharged that lay heavy on his mind.

However, the mirth of the rest, and a pretty liberal quantity of punch, which he swallowed after dinner (for Miss Matthews had ordered a very large bowl at her own expense to entertain the good company at her farewell), so far exhilarated his spirits, that when the young lady and he retired to their tea he had all the marks of gaiety in his countenance, and his eyes sparkled with good humour.

The gentleman and lady had spent about two hours in tea and conversation, when the governor returned, and privately delivered to the lady the discharge for her friend, and the sum of eighty-two pounds five shillings; the rest having been, he said, disbursed in the business, of which he was ready at any time to render an exact account.

Miss Matthews, being again alone with Mr. Booth, she put the discharge into his hands, desiring him to ask her no questions; and adding, “I think, sir, we have neither of us now anything more

to do at this place." She then summoned the governor, and ordered a bill of that day's expense, for long scores were not usual there; and at the same time ordered a hackney-coach, without having yet determined whither she would go, but fully determined she was, wherever she went, to take Mr. Booth with her.

The governor was now approaching with a long roll of paper, when a faint voice was heard to cry out hastily, "Where is he?"—and presently a female spectre, all pale and breathless, rushed into the room, and fell into Mr. Booth's arms, where she immediately fainted away.

Booth made a shift to support his lovely burden; though he was himself in a condition very little different from hers. Miss Matthews likewise, who presently recollected the face of Amelia, was struck motionless with the surprise, nay, the governor himself, though not easily moved at sights of horror, stood aghast, and neither offered to speak nor stir.

Happily for Amelia, the governess of the mansion had, out of curiosity, followed her into the room, and was the only useful person present on this occasion; she immediately called for water, and ran to the lady's assistance, fell to loosening her stays, and performed all the offices proper at such a season; which had so good an effect, that Amelia soon recovered the disorder which the violent agitation of her spirits had caused, and found herself alive and awake in her husband's arms.

Some tender caresses and a soft whisper or two passed privately between Booth and his lady; nor was it without great difficulty that poor Amelia put some restraint on her fondness in a place so improper for a tender interview. She now cast her eyes round the room, and, fixing them on Miss Matthews, who stood like a statue, she soon recollected her, and, addressing her by her name, said, "Sure, madam, I cannot be mistaken in those features; though meeting you here might almost make me suspect my memory."

Miss Matthews's face was now all covered with scarlet. The reader may easily believe she was on no account pleased with Amelia's presence; indeed, she expected from her some of those insults of which virtuous women are generally so liberal to a frail sister: but she was mistaken; Amelia was not one

Who thought the nation ne'er would thrive,
Till all the whores were burnt alive.

Her virtue could support itself with its own intrinsic worth, without borrowing any assistance from the vices of other women; and she considered their natural infirmities as the objects of pity, not of contempt or abhorrence.

When Amelia therefore perceived the visible confusion in Miss Matthews she presently called to remembrance some stories which she had imperfectly heard; for, as she was not naturally attentive to scandal, and had kept very little company since her return to England, she was far from being a mistress of the lady's whole history. However, she had heard enough to impute her confusion to the right cause; she advanced to her, and told her, she was extremely sorry to meet her in such a place, but hoped that no very great misfortune was the occasion of it.

Miss Matthews began, by degrees, to recover her spirits. She answered, with a reserved air, "I am much obliged to you, madam, for your concern; we are all liable to misfortunes in this world. Indeed, I know not why I should be much ashamed of being in any place where I am in such good company."

Here Booth interposed. He had before acquainted Amelia in a whisper that his confinement was at an end. "The unfortunate accident, my

dear," said he, "which brought this young lady to this melancholy place is entirely determined; and she is now as absolutely at her liberty as myself."

Amelia, imputing the extreme coldness and reserve of the lady to the cause already mentioned, advanced still more and more in proportion as she drew back; till the governor, who had withdrawn some time, returned, and acquainted Miss Matthews that her coach was at the door; upon which the company soon separated. Amelia and Booth went together in Amelia's coach, and poor Miss Matthews was obliged to retire alone, after having satisfied the demands of the governor, which in one day only had amounted to a pretty considerable sum; for he, with great dexterity, proportioned the bills to the abilities of his guests.

It may seem, perhaps, wonderful to some readers, that Miss Matthews should have maintained that cold reserve towards Amelia, so as barely to keep within the rules of civility, instead of embracing an opportunity which seemed to offer of gaining some degree of intimacy with a wife whose husband she was so fond of; but, besides that, her spirits were entirely disconcerted by so sudden and unexpected a disappointment; and besides the extreme horrors which she conceived at the presence of her rival, there is, I believe, something so outrageously suspicious in the nature of all vice, especially when joined with any great degree of pride, that the eyes of those whom we imagine privy to our failings are intolerable to us, and we are apt to aggravate their opinions to our disadvantage far beyond the reality.

CHAPTER III.

Wise observations of the author, and other matters.

THERE is nothing more difficult than to lay down any fixed and certain rules for happiness; of indeed to judge with any precision of the happiness of others from the knowledge of external circumstances. There is sometimes a little speck of black in the brightest and gayest colours of fortune, which contaminates and deadens the whole. On the contrary, when all without looks dark and dismal, there is often a secret ray of light within the mind, which turns everything to real joy and gladness.

I have in the course of my life seen many occasions to make this observation, and Mr. Booth was at present a very pregnant instance of its truth. He was just delivered from a prison, and in the possession of his beloved wife and children; and (which might be imagined greatly to augment his joy) fortune had done all this for him within an hour, without giving him the least warning or reasonable expectation of this strange reverse in his circumstances; and yet it is certain that there were very few men in the world more seriously miserable than he was at this instant. A deep melancholy seized his mind, and cold damp sweats overspread his person, so that he was scarce animated; and poor Amelia, instead of a fond warm husband, bestowed her caresses on a dull lifeless lump of clay. He endeavoured, however, at first, as much as possible, to conceal what he felt, and attempted, what is the hardest of all tasks, to act the part of a happy man; but he found no supply of spirits to carry on this deceit, and would have probably sunk under his attempt, had not poor Amelia's simplicity helped him to another fallacy, in which he had much better success.

This worthy woman very plainly perceived the disorder in her husband's mind; and, having no doubt of the cause of it, especially when she saw the tears stand in his eyes at the sight of his children,

threw her arms round his neck, and, embracing him with rapturous fondness, cried out, "My dear Billy, let nothing make you uneasy. Heaven will, I doubt not, provide for us and these poor babes. Great fortunes are not necessary to happiness. For my own part, I can level my mind with any state; and for those poor little things, whatever condition of life we breed them to, that will be sufficient to maintain them in. How many thousands abound in affluence whose fortunes are much lower than ours! for it is not from nature, but from education and habit, that our wants are chiefly derived. Make yourself easy therefore, my dear love; for you have a wife who will think herself happy with you, and endeavour to make you so in any situation. Fear nothing, Billy, industry will always provide us a wholesome meal; and I will take care that neatness and cheerfulness shall make it a pleasant one."

Booth presently took the cue which she had given him. He fixed his eyes on her for a minute with great earnestness and inexpressible tenderness; and then cried, "O my Amelia, how much are you my superior in every perfection! how wise, how great, how noble are your sentiments! why can I not imitate what I so much admire? why can I not look with your constancy on those dear little pledges of our loves? All my philosophy is baffled with the thought that my Amelia's children are to struggle with a cruel, hard, unfeeling world, and to buffet those waves of fortune which have overwhelmed their father.—Here, I own I want your firmness, and am not without an excuse for wanting it; for am I not the cruel cause of all your wretchedness? have I not stepped between you and fortune, and been the cursed obstacle to all your greatness and happiness?"

"Say not so, my love," answered she. "Great I might have been, but never happy with any other man. Indeed, dear Billy, I laugh at the fears you formerly raised in me; what seemed so terrible at a distance, now it approaches nearer, appears to have been a mere bugbear—and let this comfort you, that I look on myself at this day as the happiest of women; nor have I done anything which I do not rejoice in, and would, if I had the gift of prescience, do again."

Booth was so overcome with this behaviour, that he had no words to answer. To say the truth, it was difficult to find any worthy of the occasion. He threw himself prostrate at her feet, whence poor Amelia was forced to use all her strength as well as entreaties to raise and place him in his chair.

Such is ever the fortitude of perfect innocence, and such the depression of guilt in minds not utterly abandoned. Booth was naturally of a sanguine temper; nor would any such apprehensions as he mentioned have been sufficient to have restrained his joy at meeting with his Amelia. In fact, a reflection on the injury he had done her was the sole cause of his grief. This it was that enervated his heart, and threw him into agonies, which all that profusion of heroic tenderness that the most excellent of women intended for his comfort served only to heighten and aggravate; as the more she rose in his admiration, the more she quickened his sense of his own unworthiness.

After a disagreeable evening, the first of that kind that he had ever passed with his Amelia, in which he had the utmost difficulty to force a little cheerfulness, and in which her spirits were at length overpowered by discerning the oppression on his, they retired to rest, or rather to misery, which need not be described.

The next morning at breakfast Booth began to recover a little from his melancholy, and to taste the

company of his children. He now first thought of inquiring of Amelia by what means she had discovered the place of his confinement. Amelia, after gently rebuking him for not having himself acquainted her with it, informed him that it was known all over the country, and that she had traced the original of it to her sister; who had spread the news with a malicious joy, and added a circumstance which would have frightened her to death, had not her knowledge of him made her give little credit to it, which was, that he was committed for murder. But, though she had discredited this part, she said the not hearing from him during several successive posts made her too apprehensive of the rest; that she got a conveyance therefore for herself and children to Salisbury, from whence the stage-coach had brought them to town; and, having deposited the children at his lodging, of which he had sent her an account on his first arrival in town, she took a hack, and came directly to the prison where she heard he was, and where she found him.

Booth excused himself, and with truth, as to his not having writ; for, in fact, he had writ twice from the prison, though he had mentioned nothing of his confinement; but, as he sent away his letters after nine at night, the fellow to whom they were intrusted had burnt them both for the sake of putting the twopence in his own pocket, or rather in the pocket of the keeper of the next gin-shop.

As to the account which Amelia gave him, it served rather to raise than to satisfy his curiosity. He began to suspect that some person had seen both him and Miss Matthews together in the prison, and had confounded her case with his; and this the circumstance of murder made the more probable. But who this person should be he could not guess. After giving himself, therefore, some pains in forming conjectures to no purpose, he was forced to rest contented with his ignorance of the real truth.

Two or three days now passed without producing anything remarkable; unless it were that Booth more and more recovered his spirits, and had now almost regained his former degree of cheerfulness, when the following letter arrived, again to torment him:

"DEAR BILLY,—To convince you I am the most reasonable of women, I have given you up three whole days to the unmolested possession of my fortunate rival; I can refrain no longer from letting you know that I lodge in Dean-street, not far from the church, at the sign of the Pelican and Trumpet; where I expect this evening to see you. Believe me, I am, with more affection than any other woman in the world can be, my dear Billy, your affectionate, fond, doating

"F. MATTHEWS."

Booth tore the letter with rage, and threw it into the fire, resolving never to visit the lady more, unless it was to pay her the money she had lent him, which he was determined to do the very first opportunity, for it was not at present in his power.

This letter threw him back into his fit of dejection, in which he had not continued long when a packet from the country brought him the following from his friend Dr. Harrison:—

"SIR,

Lions, January 21, N.S.

"Though I am now on my return home, I have taken up my pen to communicate to you some news I have heard from England, which gives me much uneasiness, and concerning which I can indeed deliver my sentiments with much more ease this way than any other. In my answer to your last I very freely gave you my opinion, in which it was my misfortune to disapprove of every step you had taken; but those were all pardonable errors. Can you be so partial to yourself, upon cool and sober reflection, to think what I am going to mention is so? I promise you, it appears to me a folly of so monstrous a kind, that, had I heard it from any but a person of the highest honour, I should have rejected it as utterly incredible. I hope you already guess what I am about to name; since, Heaven forbid your conduct should afford you any choice of such gross instances of weakness. In a word, then, you have

set up an equipage. What shall I invent in your excuse, either to others or to myself? In truth, I can find no excuse for you, and, what is more, I am certain you can find none for yourself. I must deal therefore very plainly and sincerely with you. Vanity is always contemptible; but when joined with dishonesty, it becomes odious and detestable. At whose expense are you to support this equipage? is it not entirely at the expense of others? and will it not finally end in that of your poor wife and children? you know you are two years in arrears to me. If I could impute this to any extraordinary or common accident, I think I should never have mentioned it; but I will not suffer my money to support the ridiculous, and, I must say, criminal vanity of any one. I expect, therefore, to find, at my return, that you have either discharged my whole debt, or your equipage. Let me beg you seriously to consider your circumstances and condition in life, and to remember that your situation will not justify any the least unnecessary expense. *Simply to be poor, says my favourite Greek historian, was not held scandalous by the wise Athenians, but highly so to owe that poverty to our own indiscretion.* Present my affections to Mrs. Booth, and be assured that I shall not, without great reason, and great pain too, ever cease to be your most faithful friend,
 "R. HARRISON."

Had this letter come at any other time, it would have given Booth the most sensible affliction; but so totally had the affair of Miss Matthews possessed his mind, that, like a man in the most raging fit of the gout, he was scarce capable of any additional torture; nay, he even made an use of this latter epistle, as it served to account to Amelia for that concern which he really felt on another account. The poor deceived lady, therefore, applied herself to give him comfort where he least wanted it. She said he might easily perceive that the matter had been misrepresented to the doctor, who would not, she was sure, retain the least anger against him when he knew the real truth.

After a conversation on this subject, in which Booth appeared to be greatly consoled by the arguments of his wife, they parted. He went to take a walk in the Park, and she remained at home to prepare him his dinner.

He was no sooner departed than his little boy, not quite six years old, said to Amelia, "La! mamma, what is the matter with poor papa, what makes him look so as if he was going to cry? he is not half so merry as he used to be in the country." Amelia answered, "Oh! my dear, your papa is only a little thoughtful, he will be merry again soon."—Then, looking fondly on her children, she burst into an agony of tears, and cried, "Oh Heavens! what have these poor little infants done? why will the barbarous world endeavour to starve them, by depriving us of our only friend?—O my dear, your father is ruined, and we are undone!"—The children presently accompanied their mother's tears, and the daughter cried—"Why, will anybody hurt poor papa? hath he done any harm to anybody?"—"No, my dear child," said the mother; "he is the best man in the world, and therefore they hate him." Upon which the boy, who was extremely sensible at his years, answered, "Nay, mamma, how can that be? have not you often told me that if I was good everybody would love me?" "All good people will," answered she. "Why don't they love papa then?" replied the child, "for I am sure he is very good." "So they do, my dear," said the mother, "but there are more bad people in the world, and they will hate you for your goodness." "Why then, bad people," cries the child, "are loved by more than the good."—"No matter for that, my dear," said she; "the love of one good person is more worth having than that of a thousand wicked ones; nay, if there was no such person in the world, still you must be a good boy; for there is one in Heaven who will love you, and his love is better for you than that of all mankind."

This little dialogue, we are apprehensive, will be

read with contempt by many; indeed, we should not have thought it worth recording, was it not for the excellent example which Amelia here gives to all mothers. This admirable woman never let a day pass without instructing her children in some lesson of religion and morality. By which means she had, in their tender minds, so strongly annexed the ideas of fear and shame to every idea of evil of which they were susceptible, that it must require great pains and length of habit to separate them. Though she was the tenderest of mothers, she never suffered any symptom of malevolence to show itself in their most trifling actions without discouragement, without rebuke, and, if it broke forth with any rancour, without punishment. In which she had such success, that not the least marks of pride, envy, malice, or spite discovered itself in any of their little words or deeds.

CHAPTER IV.

In which Amelia appears in no unamiable light.

AMELIA, with the assistance of a little girl, who was their only servant, had dressed her dinner, and she had likewise dressed herself as neat as any lady who had a regular set of servants could have done, when Booth returned, and brought with him his friend James, whom he had met with in the Park; and who, as Booth absolutely refused to dine away from his wife, to whom he had promised to return, had invited himself to dine with him. Amelia had none of that paltry pride which possesses so many of her sex, and which disconcerts their tempers, and gives them the air and looks of furies, if their husbands bring in an unexpected guest, without giving them timely warning to provide a sacrifice to their own vanity. Amelia received her husband's friend with the utmost complaisance and good humour; she made indeed some apology for the homeliness of her dinner; but it was politely turned as a compliment to Mr. James's friendship, which could carry him where he was sure of being so ill entertained; and gave not the least hint how magnificently she would have provided, *had she expected the favour of so much good company.* A phrase which is generally meant to contain not only an apology for the lady of the house, but a tacit satire on her guests for their intrusion, and is at least a strong insinuation that they are not welcome.

Amelia failed not to inquire very earnestly after her old friend Mrs. James, formerly Miss Bath, and was very sorry to find that she was not in town. The truth was, as James had married out of a violent liking of, or appetite to, her person, possession had surfeited him, and he was now grown so heartily tired of his wife, that she had very little of his company; she was forced therefore to content herself with being the mistress of a large house and equipage in the country ten months in the year by herself. The other two he indulged her with the diversions of the town; but then, though they lodged under the same roof, she had little more of her husband's society than if they had been one hundred miles apart. With all this, as she was a woman of calm passions, she made herself contented; for she had never had any violent affection for James: the match was of the prudent kind, and to her advantage; for his fortune, by the death of an uncle, was become very considerable; and she had gained everything by the bargain but a husband, which her constitution suffered her to be very well satisfied without.

When Amelia, after dinner, retired to her children, James began to talk to his friend concerning his affairs. He advised Booth very earnestly to think of getting again into the army, in which he himself had met with such success, that he had ob-

tained the command of a regiment to which his brother-in-law was lieutenant-colonel. These preferences they both owed to the favour of fortune only; for, though there was no objection to either of their military characters, yet neither of them had any extraordinary desert; and, if merit in the service was a sufficient recommendation, Booth, who had been twice wounded in the siege, seemed to have the fairest pretensions; but he remained a poor half-pay lieutenant, and the others were, as we have said, one of them a lieutenant-colonel, and the other had a regiment. Such rises we often see in life, without being able to give any satisfactory account of the means, and therefore ascribe them to the good fortune of the person.

Both colonel James and his brother-in-law were members of parliament; for, as the uncle of the former had left him, together with his estate, an almost certain interest in a borough, so he chose to confer this favour on colonel Bath; a circumstance which would have been highly immaterial to mention here, but as it serves to set forth the goodness of James, who endeavoured to make up in kindness to the family what he wanted in fondness for his wife.

Colonel James then endeavoured all in his power to persuade Booth to think again of a military life, and very kindly offered him his interest towards obtaining him a company in the regiment under his command. Booth must have been a madman, in his present circumstances, to have hesitated one moment at accepting such an offer, and he well knew Amelia, notwithstanding her aversion to the army, was much too wise to make the least scruple of giving her consent. Nor was he, as it appeared afterwards, mistaken in his opinion of his wife's understanding; for she made not the least objection when it was communicated to her, but contented herself with an express stipulation, that wherever he was commanded to go (for the regiment was now abroad) she would accompany him.

Booth, therefore, accepted his friend's proposal with a profusion of acknowledgments; and it was agreed that Booth should draw up a memorial of his pretensions, which colonel James undertook to present to some man of power, and to back it with all the force he had.

Nor did the friendship of the colonel stop here. "You will excuse me, dear Booth," said he, "if, after what you have told me" (for he had been very explicit in revealing his affairs to him), "I suspect you must want money at this time. If that be the case, as I am certain it must be, I have fifty pieces at your service." This generosity brought the tears into Booth's eyes; and he at length confessed that he had not five guineas in the house; upon which James gave him a bank-bill for twenty pounds, and said he would give him thirty more the next time he saw him.

Thus did this generous colonel (for generous he really was to the highest degree) restore peace and comfort to this little family; and by this act of beneficence make two of the worthiest people two of the happiest that evening.

Here, reader, give me leave to stop a minute, to lament that so few are to be found of this benign disposition; that, while wantonness, vanity, avarice, and ambition are every day rioting and triumphing in the follies and weakness, the ruin and desolation of mankind, scarce one man in a thousand is capable of tasting the happiness of others. Nay, give me leave to wonder that pride, which is constantly struggling, and often imposing on itself, to gain some little pre-eminence, should so seldom hint to us the only certain as well as laudable way of setting ourselves

above another man, and that is, by becoming his benefactor.

CHAPTER V.

Containing an eulogium upon innocence, and other grave matters.

Booth passed that evening, and all the succeeding day, with his Amelia, without the interruption of almost a single thought concerning Miss Matthews, after having determined to go on the Sunday, the only day he could venture without the verge in the present state of his affairs, and pay her what she had advanced for him in the prison. But she had not so long patience; for the third day, while he was sitting with Amelia, a letter was brought to him. As he knew the hand, he immediately put it into his pocket unopened, not without such an alteration in his countenance, that had Amelia, who was then playing with one of the children, cast her eyes towards him, she must have remarked it. This accident, however, luckily gave him time to recover himself; for Amelia was so deeply engaged with the little one, that she did not even remark the delivery of the letter. The maid soon after returned into the room, saying, the chairman desired to know if there was any answer to the letter.—"What letter?" cries Booth.—"The letter I gave you just now," answered the girl.—"Sure," cries Booth, "the child is mad, you gave me no letter."—"Yes, indeed, I did, sir," said the poor girl. "Why then as sure as fate," cries Booth, "I threw it into the fire in my reverie; why, child, why did you not tell me it was a letter? bid the chairman come up,—stay, I will go down myself; for he will otherwise dirt the stairs with his feet."

Amelia was gently chiding the girl for her carelessness when Booth returned, saying it was very true that she had delivered him a letter from colonel James, and that perhaps it might be of consequence. "However," says he, "I will step to the coffee-house, and send him an account of this strange accident, which I know he will pardon in my present situation."

Booth was overjoyed at this escape, which poor Amelia's total want of all jealousy and suspicion made it very easy for him to accomplish; but his pleasure was considerably abated when, upon opening the letter, he found it to contain, mixed with several very strong expressions of love, some pretty warm ones of the upbraiding kind; but what most alarmed him was a hint that it was in her (Miss Matthews's) power to make Amelia as miserable as herself. Besides the general knowledge of

— *Furens quid fœmina possit,*

he had more particular reasons to apprehend the rage of a lady who had given so strong an instance how far she could carry her revenge. She had already sent a chairman to his lodgings with a positive command not to return without an answer to her letter. This might of itself have possibly occasioned a discovery; and he thought he had great reason to fear that, if she did not carry matters so far as purposely and avowedly to reveal the secret to Amelia, her indiscretion would at least effect the discovery of that which he would at any price have concealed. Under these terrors he might, I believe, be considered as the most wretched of human beings.

O innocence, how glorious and happy a portion art thou to the breast that possesses thee! thou fearest neither the eyes nor the tongues of men. Truth, the most powerful of all things, is thy strongest friend; and the brighter the light is in which thou art displayed, the more it discovers thy

transcendent beauties. Guilt, on the contrary, like a base thief, suspects every eye that beholds him to be privy to his transgressions, and every tongue that mentions his name to be proclaiming them. Fraud and falsehood are his weak and treacherous allies; and he lurks trembling in the dark, dreading every ray of light, lest it should discover him, and give him up to shame and punishment.

While Booth was walking in the Park with all these horrors in his mind he again met his friend Colonel James, who soon took notice of that deep concern which the other was incapable of hiding. After some little conversation, Booth said, "My dear colonel, I am sure I must be the most insensible of men if I did not look on you as the best and the truest friend; I will, therefore, without scruple, repose a confidence in you of the highest kind. I have often made you privy to my necessities, I will now acquaint you with my shame, provided you have leisure enough to give me a hearing: for I must open to you a long history, since I will not reveal my fault without informing you, at the same time, of those circumstances which, I hope, will in some measure excuse it."

The colonel very readily agreed to give his friend a patient hearing. So they walked directly to a coffee-house at the corner of Spring-Garden, where, being in a room by themselves, Booth opened his whole heart, and acquainted the colonel with his amour with Miss Matthews, from the very beginning to his receiving that letter which had caused all his present uneasiness, and which he now delivered into his friend's hand.

The colonel read the letter very attentively twice over (he was silent indeed long enough to have read it oftener); and then, turning to Booth, said, "Well, sir, and is it so grievous a calamity to be the object of a young lady's affection; especially of one whom you allow to be so extremely handsome?" "Nay, but, my dear friend," cries Booth, "do not jest with me; you who know my Amelia." "Well, my dear friend," answered James, "and you know Amelia, and this lady too. But what would you have me do for you?" "I would have you give me your advice," says Booth, "by what method I shall get rid of this dreadful woman without a discovery."—"And do you really," cries the other, "desire to get rid of her?" "Can you doubt it," saith Booth, "after what I have communicated to you, and after what you yourself have seen in my family? for I hope, notwithstanding this fatal slip, I do not appear to you in the light of a profligate." "Well," answered James, "and, whatever light I may appear to you in, if you are really tired of the lady, and if she be really what you have represented her, I'll endeavour to take her off your hands; but I insist upon it that you do not deceive me in any particular." Booth protested in the most solemn manner that every word which he had spoken was strictly true; and that being asked whether he would give his honour never more to visit the lady, he assured James he never would. He then, at his friend's request, delivered him Miss Matthews's letter, in which was a second direction to her lodgings, and declared to him that, if he could bring him safely out of this terrible affair, he should think himself to have a still higher obligation to his friendship than any which he had already received from it.

Booth pressed the colonel to go home with him to dinner; but he excused himself, being, as he said, already engaged. However, he undertook in the afternoon to do all in his power that Booth should receive no more alarms from the quarter of Miss Matthews, whom the colonel undertook to pay all

the demands she had on his friend. They then separated. The colonel went to dinner at the King's Arms, and Booth returned in high spirits to meet his Amelia.

The next day, early in the morning, the colonel came to the coffee-house and sent for his friend, who lodged but at a little distance. The colonel told him he had a little exaggerated the lady's beauty; however, he said, he excused that: "for you might think, perhaps," cries he, "that your inconstancy to the finest woman in the world might want some excuse. Be that as it will," said he, "you may make yourself easy, as it will be, I am convinced, your own fault, if you have ever any further molestation from Miss Matthews."

Booth poured forth very warmly a great profusion of gratitude on this occasion; and nothing more anywise material passed at this interview, which was very short, the colonel being in a great hurry, as he had, he said, some business of very great importance to transact that morning.

The colonel had now seen Booth twice without remembering to give him the thirty pounds. This the latter imputed entirely to forgetfulness; for he had always found the promises of the former to be equal in value with the notes or bonds of other people. He was more surprised at what happened the next day, when, meeting his friend in the Park, he received only a cold salute from him; and though he passed him five or six times, and the colonel was walking with a single officer of no great rank, and with whom he seemed in no earnest conversation, yet could not Booth, who was alone, obtain any further notice from him.

This gave the poor man some alarm; though he could scarce persuade himself there was any design in all this coldness or forgetfulness. Once he imagined that he had lessened himself in the colonel's opinion by having discovered his inconstancy to Amelia; but the known character of the other presently cured him of this suspicion, for he was a perfect libertine with regard to women; that being indeed the principal blemish in his character, which otherwise might have deserved much commendation for good-nature, generosity, and friendship. But he carried this one to a most unpardonable height; and made no scruple of openly declaring that, if he ever liked a woman well enough to be uneasy on her account, he would cure himself, if he could, by enjoying her, whatever might be the consequence.

Booth could not therefore be persuaded that the colonel would so highly resent in another a fault of which he was himself most notoriously guilty. After much consideration he could derive this behaviour from nothing better than a capriciousness in his friend's temper, from a kind of inconstancy of mind, which makes men grow weary of their friends, with no more reason than they often are of their mistresses. To say the truth, there are jilts in friendship as well as in love; and, by the behaviour of some men in both, one would almost imagine that they industriously sought to gain the affections of others with a view only of making the parties miserable.

This was the consequence of the colonel's behaviour to Booth. Former calamities had afflicted him, but this almost distracted him; and the more so as he was not able well to account for such conduct, nor to conceive the reason of it.

Amelia, at his return, presently perceived the disturbance in his mind, though he endeavoured with his utmost power to hide it; and he was at length prevailed upon by her entreaties to discover to her the cause of it, which she no sooner heard than she

applied as judicious a remedy to his disordered spirits as either of those great mental physicians, Tully or Aristotle, could have thought of. She used many arguments to persuade him that he was in an error, and had mistaken forgetfulness and carelessness for a designed neglect.

But, as this physic was only eventually good, and as its efficacy depended on her being in the right, a point in which she was not apt to be too positive, she thought fit to add some consolation of a more certain and positive kind. "Admit," said she, "my dear, that Mr. James should prove the unaccountable person you have suspected, and should, without being able to allege any cause, withdraw his friendship from you (for surely the accident of burning his letter is too trifling and ridiculous to mention), why should this grieve you? the obligations he hath conferred on you, I allow, ought to make his misfortunes almost your own; but they should not, I think, make you see his faults so very sensibly, especially when, by one of the greatest faults in the world committed against yourself, he hath considerably lessened all obligations; for sure, if the same person who hath contributed to my happiness at one time doth everything in his power maliciously and wantonly to make me miserable at another, I am very little obliged to such a person. And let it be a comfort to my dear Billy, that, however other friends may prove false and fickle to him, he hath one friend, whom no inconstancy of her own, nor any change of his fortune, nor time, nor age, nor sickness, nor any accident, can ever alter; but who will esteem, will love, and doat on him for ever." So saying, she flung her snowy arms about his neck, and gave him a caress so tender, that it seemed almost to balance all the malice of his fate.

And, indeed, the behaviour of Amelia would have made him completely happy, in defiance of all adverse circumstances, had it not been for those bitter ingredients which he himself had thrown into his cup, and which prevented him from truly relishing his Amelia's sweetness, by cruelly reminding him how unworthy he was of this excellent creature.

Booth did not long remain in the dark as to the conduct of James, which, at first, appeared to him to be so great a mystery; for this very afternoon he received a letter from Miss Matthews which unravelled the whole affair. By this letter, which was full of bitterness and upbraiding, he discovered that James was his rival with that lady, and was, indeed, the identical person who had sent the hundred-pound note to Miss Matthews, when in the prison. He had reason to believe likewise, as well by the letter as by other circumstances, that James had hitherto been an unsuccessful lover; for the lady, though she had forfeited all title to virtue, had not yet so far forfeited all pretensions to delicacy as to be, like the dirt in the street, indifferently common to all. She distributed her favours only to those she liked, in which number that gentleman had not the happiness of being included.

When Booth had made this discovery, he was not so little versed in human nature, as any longer to hesitate at the true motive to the colonel's conduct; for he well knew how odious a sight a happy rival is to an unfortunate lover. I believe he was, in reality, glad to assign the cold treatment he had received from his friend to a cause which, however unjustifiable, is at the same time highly natural; and to acquit him of a levity, fickleness, and caprice, which he must have been unwillingly obliged to have seen in a much worse light.

He now resolved to take the first opportunity of accosting the colonel, and of coming to a perfect ex-

planation upon the whole matter. He debated likewise with himself whether he should not throw himself at Amelia's feet, and confess a crime to her which he found so little hopes of concealing, and which he foresaw would occasion him so many difficulties and terrors to endeavour to conceal. Happy had it been for him, had he wisely pursued this step; since, in all probability, he would have received immediate forgiveness from the best of women; but he had not sufficient resolution, or, to speak perhaps more truly, he had too much pride, to confess his guilt, and preferred the danger of the highest inconveniences to the certainty of being put to the blush.

CHAPTER VI.

In which may appear that violence is sometimes done to the name of love.

WHEN that happy day came in which unhallowed hands are forbidden to contaminate the shoulders of the unfortunate, Booth went early to the colonel's house, and, being admitted to his presence, began with great freedom, though with great gentleness, to complain of his not having dealt with him with more openness. "Why, my dear colonel," said he, "would you not acquaint me with that secret which this letter hath disclosed?" James read the letter, at which his countenance changed more than once; and then, after a short silence, said, "Mr. Booth, I have been to blame, I own it; and you upbraid me with justice. The true reason was, that I was ashamed of my own folly. D—n me, Booth, if I have not been a most consummate fool, a very dupe to this woman; and she hath a particular pleasure in making me so. I know what the impertinence of virtue is, and I can submit to it; but to be treated thus by a whore—You must forgive me, dear Booth, but your success was a kind of triumph over me, which I could not bear. I own, I have not the least reason to conceive any anger against you; and yet, curse me if I should not have been less displeased at your lying with my own wife; nay, I could almost have parted with half my fortune to you more willingly than have suffered you to receive that trifle of my money which you received at her hands. However, I ask your pardon, and I promise you I will never more think of you with the least ill-will on the account of this woman; but as for her, d—n me if I do not enjoy her by some means or other, whatever it costs me; for I am already above two hundred pounds out of pocket, without having scarce had a smile in return."

Booth expressed much astonishment at this declaration; he said he could not conceive how it was possible to have such an affection for a woman who did not show the least inclination to return it. James gave her a hearty curse, and said, "Pox of her inclination; I want only the possession of her person, and that, you will allow, is a very fine one. But, besides my passion for her, she hath now piqued my pride; for how can a man of my fortune brook being refused by a whore?"—"Since you are so set on the business," cries Booth, "you will excuse my saying so, I fancy you had better change your method of applying to her; for, as she is, perhaps, the vainest woman upon earth, your bounty may probably do you little service, nay, may rather actually disoblige her. Vanity is plainly her predominant passion, and, if you will administer to that, it will infallibly throw her into your arms. To this I attribute my own unfortunate success. Whilst she relieved my wants and distresses she was daily feeding her own vanity; whereas, as every gift of yours asserted your superiority, it rather offended

than pleased her. Indeed, women generally love to be of the obliging side; and, if we examine their favourites, we shall find them to be much oftener such as they have conferred obligations on than such as they have received them from."

There was something in this speech which pleased the colonel; and he said, with a smile, "I don't know how it is, Will, but you know women better than I."—"Perhaps, colonel," answered Booth, "I have studied their minds more."—"I don't, however, much envy you your knowledge," replied the other, "for I never think their minds worth considering. However, I hope I shall profit a little by your experience with Miss Matthews. Damnation seize the proud insolent harlot! the devil take me if I don't love her more than I ever loved a woman!"

The rest of their conversation turned on Booth's affairs. The colonel again reassumed the part of a friend, gave him the remainder of the money, and promised to take the first opportunity of laying his memorial before a great man.

Booth was greatly overjoyed at this success. Nothing now lay on his mind but to conceal his frailty from Amelia, to whom he was afraid Miss Matthews, in the rage of her resentment, would communicate it. This apprehension made him stay almost constantly at home; and he trembled at every knock at the door. His fear, moreover, betrayed him into a meanness which he would have heartily despised on any other occasion. This was to order the maid to deliver him any letter directed to Amelia; at the same time strictly charging her not to acquaint her mistress with her having received any such orders.

A servant of any acuteness would have formed strange conjectures from such an injunction; but this poor girl was of perfect simplicity; so great, indeed, was her simplicity, that, had not Amelia been void of all suspicion of her husband, the maid would have soon after betrayed her master.

One afternoon, while they were drinking tea, little Betty, so was the maid called, came into the room, and, calling her master forth, delivered him a card which was directed to Amelia. Booth, having read the card, on his return into the room chid the girl for calling him, saying, "If you can read, child, you must see it was directed to your mistress." To this the girl answered, pertly enough, "I am sure, sir, you ordered me to bring every letter first to you." This hint, with many women, would have been sufficient to have blown up the whole affair; but Amelia, who heard what the girl said, through the medium of love and confidence, saw the matter in a much better light than it deserved, and, looking tenderly on her husband, said, "Indeed, my love, I must blame you for a conduct which, perhaps, I ought rather to praise, as it proceeds only from the extreme tenderness of your affection. But why will you endeavour to keep any secrets from me? believe me, for my own sake, you ought not; for, as you cannot hide the consequences, you make me always suspect ten times worse than the reality. While I have you and my children well before my eyes, I am capable of facing any news which can arrive; for what ill news can come (unless, indeed, it concerns my little babe in the country) which doth not relate to the badness of our circumstances? and those, I thank Heaven, we have now a fair prospect of retrieving. Besides, dear Billy, though my understanding be much inferior to yours, I have sometimes had the happiness of luckily hitting on some argument which hath afforded you comfort. This, you know, my dear, was the case with regard to colonel James, whom I persuaded you to think you had mistaken,

and you see the event proved me in the right." So happily, both for herself and Mr. Booth, did the excellence of this good woman's disposition deceive her, and force her to see everything in the most advantageous light to her husband.

The card, being now inspected, was found to contain the compliments of Mrs. James to Mrs. Booth, with an account of her having arrived in town, and having brought with her a very great cold. Amelia was overjoyed at the news of her arrival, and, having dressed herself in the utmost hurry, left her children to the care of her husband, and ran away to pay her respects to her friend, whom she loved with a most sincere affection. But how was she disappointed when, eager with the utmost impatience, and exulting with the thoughts of presently seeing her beloved friend, she was answered at the door that the lady was not at home! nor could she, upon telling her name, obtain any admission. This, considering the account she had received of the lady's cold, greatly surprised her; and she returned home very much vexed at her disappointment.

Amelia, who had no suspicion that Mrs. James was really at home, and, as the phrase is, was denied, would have made a second visit the next morning, had she not been prevented by a cold which she herself now got, and which was attended with a slight fever. This confined her several days to her house, during which Booth officiated as her nurse, and never stirred from her.

In all this time she heard not a word from Mrs. James, which gave her some uneasiness, but more astonishment. The tenth day, when she was perfectly recovered, about nine in the evening, when she and her husband were just going to supper, she heard a most violent thundering at the door, and presently after a rustling of silk upon the staircase, at the same time a female voice cried out pretty loud, "Bless me! what, am I to climb up another pair of stairs?" upon which Amelia, who well knew the voice, presently ran to the door, and ushered in Mrs. James, most splendidly dressed, who put on as formal a countenance, and made as formal a courtesy to her old friend, as if she had been her very distant acquaintance.

Poor Amelia, who was going to rush into her friend's arms, was struck motionless by this behaviour; but re-collecting her spirits, as she had an excellent presence of mind, she presently understood what the lady meant, and resolved to treat her in her own way. Down therefore the company sat, and silence prevailed for some time, during which Mrs. James surveyed the room with more attention than she would have bestowed on one much finer. At length the conversation began, in which the weather and the diversions of the town were well canvassed. Amelia, who was a woman of great humour, performed her part to admiration; so that a bystander would have doubted, in every other article than dress, which of the two was the most accomplished fine lady.

After a visit of twenty minutes, during which not a word of any former occurrences was mentioned, nor indeed any subject of discourse started, except only those two above mentioned, Mrs. James rose from her chair and retired in the same formal manner in which she had approached. We will pursue her for the sake of the contrast during the rest of the evening. She went from Amelia directly to a rout, where she spent two hours in a crowd of company, talked again and again over the diversions and news of the town, played two rubbers at whist, and then retired to her own apartment, where, having passed another hour in undressing herself, she went to her own bed.

Booth and his wife, the moment their companion was gone, sat down to supper on a piece of cold meat, the remains of their dinner. After which, over a pint of wine, they entertained themselves for a while with the ridiculous behaviour of their visitant. But Amelia, declaring she rather saw her as the object of pity than anger, turned the discourse to pleasanter topics. The little actions of their children, the former scenes and future prospects of their life, furnished them with many pleasant ideas; and the contemplation of Amelia's recovery threw Booth into raptures. At length they retired, happy in each other.

It is possible some readers may be no less surprised at the behaviour of Mrs. James than was Amelia herself, since they may have perhaps received so favourable an impression of that lady from the account given of her by Mr. Booth, that her present demeanour may seem unnatural and inconsistent with her former character. But they will be pleased to consider the great alteration in her circumstances, from a state of dependency on a brother, who was himself no better than a soldier of fortune, to that of being wife to a man of a very large estate and considerable rank in life. And what was her present behaviour more than that of a fine lady who considered form and show as essential ingredients of human happiness, and imagined all friendship to consist in ceremony, courtesies, messages, and visits? in which opinion, she hath the honour to think with much the larger part of one sex, and no small number of the other.

CHAPTER VII.

Containing a very extraordinary and pleasing incident.

THE next evening Booth and Amelia went to walk in the park with their children. They were now on the verge of the parade, and Booth was describing to his wife the several buildings round it, when, on a sudden, Amelia, missing her little boy, cried out, "Where's little Billy?" Upon which, Booth, casting his eyes over the grass, saw a foot-soldier shaking the boy at a little distance. At this sight, without making any answer to his wife, he leaped over the rails, and, running directly up to the fellow, who had a firelock with a bayonet fixed in his hand, he seized him by the collar and tripped up his heels, and, at the same time, wrested his arms from him. A serjeant upon duty, seeing the affray at some distance, ran presently up, and, being told what had happened, gave the sentinel a hearty curse, and told him he deserved to be hanged. A by-stander gave this information; for Booth was returned with his little boy to meet Amelia, who staggered towards him as fast as she could, all pale and breathless, and scarce able to support her tottering limbs. The serjeant now came up to Booth, to make an apology for the behaviour of the soldier, when, of a sudden, he turned almost as pale as Amelia herself. He stood silent whilst Booth was employed in comforting and recovering his wife; and then, addressing himself to him, said, "Bless me! lieutenant, could I imagine it had been your honour; and was it my little master that the rascal used so?—I am glad I did not know it, for I should certainly have run my halbert into him."

Booth presently recognised his old faithful servant Atkinson, and gave him a hearty greeting, saying he was very glad to see him in his present situation. "Whatever I am," answered the serjeant, "I shall always think I owe it to your honour." Then, taking the little boy by the hand he cried, "What a vast fine young gentleman master is grown!"

and, cursing the soldier's inhumanity, swore heartily he would make him pay for it.

As Amelia was much disordered with her fright, she did not recollect her foster-brother till he was introduced to her by Booth; but she no sooner knew him than she bestowed a most obliging smile on him; and, calling him by the name of honest Joe, said she was heartily glad to see him in England. "See, my dear," cries Booth, "what preferment your old friend is come to. You would scarce know him, I believe, in his present state of finery." "I am very well pleased to see it," answered Amelia, "and I wish him joy of being made an officer with all my heart." In fact, from what Mr. Booth said, joined to the serjeant's laced coat, she believed that he had obtained a commission. So weak and absurd is human vanity, that this mistake of Amelia's possibly put poor Atkinson out of countenance, for he looked at this instant more silly than he had ever done in his life; and, making her a most respectful bow, muttered something about obligations, in a scarce articulate or intelligible manner.

The serjeant had, indeed, among many other qualities, that modesty which a Latin author honours by the name of ingenuous: nature had given him this, notwithstanding the meanness of his birth; and six years' conversation in the army had not taken it away. To say the truth, he was a noble fellow; and Amelia, by supposing he had a commission in the guards, had been guilty of no affront to that honourable body.

Booth had a real affection for Atkinson, though, in fact, he knew not half his merit. He acquainted him with his lodgings, where he earnestly desired to see him.

Amelia, who was far from being recovered from the terrors into which the seeing her husband engaged with the soldier had thrown her, desired to go home: nor was she well able to walk without some assistance. While she supported herself, therefore, on her husband's arm, she told Atkinson she should be obliged to him if he would take care of the children. He readily accepted the office; but, upon offering his hand to miss, she refused, and burst into tears. Upon which the tender mother resigned Booth to her children, and put herself under the serjeant's protection; who conducted her safe home, though she often declared she feared she should drop down by the way; the fear of which so affected the serjeant (for, besides the honour which he himself had for the lady, he knew how tenderly his friend loved her) that he was unable to speak; and, had not his nerves been so strongly braced that nothing could shake them, he had enough in his mind to have set him a trembling equally with the lady.

When they arrived at the lodgings the mistress of the house opened the door, who, seeing Amelia's condition, threw open the parlour and begged her to walk in, upon which she immediately flung herself into a chair, and all present thought she would have fainted away. However, she escaped that misery, and, having drank a glass of water with a little white wine mixed in it, she began in a little time to regain her complexion, and at length assured Booth that she was perfectly recovered, but declared she had never undergone so much, and earnestly begged him never to be so rash for the future. She then called her little boy and gently chid him, saying, "You must never do so more, Billy; you see what mischief you might have brought upon your father, and what you have made me suffer." "La! mamma," said the child, "what harm did I do? I did not know that people might not walk in the green fields in London. I am sure if I did a fault, the man

punished me enough for it, for he pinched me almost through my slender arm." He then bared his little arm, which was greatly discoloured by the injury it had received. Booth uttered a most dreadful execration at this sight, and the serjeant, who was now present, did the like.

Atkinson now returned to his guard and went directly to the officer to acquaint him with the soldier's inhumanity, but he, who was about fifteen years of age, gave the serjeant a great curse and said the soldier had done very well, for that idle boys ought to be corrected. This, however, did not satisfy poor Atkinson, who, the next day, as soon as the guard was relieved, beat the fellow most unmercifully, and told him he would remember him as long as he stayed in the regiment.

Thus ended this trifling adventure, which some readers will, perhaps, be pleased with seeing related at full length. None, I think, can fail drawing one observation from it, namely, how capable the most insignificant accident is of disturbing human happiness, and of producing the most unexpected and dreadful events. A reflection which may serve to many moral and religious uses.

This accident produced the first acquaintance between the mistress of the house and her lodgers; for hitherto they had scarce exchanged a word together. But the great concern which the good woman had shown on Amelia's account at this time, was not likely to pass unobserved or unthanked either by the husband or wife. Amelia, therefore, as soon as she was able to go up stairs, invited Mrs. Ellison (for that was her name) to her apartment, and desired the favour of her to stay to supper. She readily complied, and they passed a very agreeable evening together, in which the two women seemed to have conceived a most extraordinary liking to each other.

Though beauty in general doth not greatly recommend one woman to another, as it is too apt to create envy, yet, in cases where this passion doth not interfere, a fine woman is often a pleasing object even to some of her own sex, especially when her beauty is attended with a certain air of affability, as was that of Amelia in the highest degree. She was, indeed, a most charming woman; and I know not whether the little scar on her nose did not rather add to than diminish her beauty.

Mrs. Ellison, therefore, was as much charmed with the loveliness of her fair lodger as with all her other engaging qualities. She was, indeed, so taken with Amelia's beauty, that she could not refrain from crying out in a kind of transport of admiration, "Upon my word, captain Booth, you are the happiest man in the world! Your lady is so extremely handsome that one cannot look at her without pleasure."

This good woman had herself none of these attractive charms to the eye. Her person was short and immoderately fat; her features were none of the most regular; and her complexion (if indeed she ever had a good one) had considerably suffered by time.

Her good humour and complaisance, however, were highly pleasing to Amelia. Nay, why should we conceal the secret satisfaction which that lady felt from the compliments paid to her person? since such of my readers as like her best will not be sorry to find that she was a woman.

CHAPTER VIII.

Containing various matters.

A FORTNIGHT had now passed since Booth had seen or heard from the colonel, which did not a little sur-

prise him, as they had parted so good friends, and as he had so cordially undertaken his cause concerning the memorial on which all his hopes depended.

The uneasiness which this gave him farther increased on finding that his friend refused to see him; for he had paid the colonel a visit at nine in the morning, and was told he was not stirring; and at his return back an hour afterwards the servant said his master was gone out, of which Booth was certain of the falsehood; for he had, during that whole hour, walked backwards and forwards within sight of the colonel's door, and must have seen him if he had gone out within that time.

The good colonel, however, did not long suffer his friend to continue in this deplorable state of anxiety; for, the very next morning, Booth received his memorial enclosed in a letter, acquainting him that Mr. James had mentioned his affair to the person he proposed, but that the great man had so many engagements on his hands that it was impossible for him to make any further promises at this time.

The cold and distant style of this letter, and, indeed, the whole behaviour of James, so different from what it had been formerly, had something so mysterious in it, that it greatly puzzled and perplexed poor Booth; and it was so long before he was able to solve it, that the reader's curiosity will, perhaps, be obliged to us for not leaving him so long in the dark as to this matter. The true reason, then, of the colonel's conduct was this: his unbounded generosity, together with the unbounded extravagance and consequently the great necessity of Miss Matthews, had at length overcome the cruelty of that lady, with whom he likewise had luckily no rival. Above all, the desire of being revenged on Booth, with whom she was, to the highest degree, enraged, had, perhaps, contributed not a little to his success; for she had no sooner condescended to a familiarity with her new lover, and discovered that captain James, of whom she had heard so much from Booth, was no other than the identical colonel, than she employed every art of which she was mistress to make an utter breach of friendship between these two. For this purpose she did not scruple to insinuate that the colonel was not at all obliged to the character given of him by his friend, and to the account of this latter she placed most of the cruelty which she had shown to the former.

Had the colonel made a proper use of his reason, and fairly examined the probability of the fact, he could scarce have been imposed upon to believe a matter so inconsistent with all he knew of Booth, and in which that gentleman must have sinned against all the laws of honour without any visible temptation. But, in solemn fact, the colonel was so intoxicated with his love, that it was in the power of his mistress to have persuaded him of anything; besides, he had an interest in giving her credit, for he was not a little pleased with finding a reason for hating the man whom he could not help hating without any reason, at least, without any which he durst fairly assign even to himself. Henceforth, therefore, he abandoned all friendship for Booth, and was more inclined to put him out of the world than to endeavour any longer at supporting him in it.

Booth communicated this letter to his wife, who endeavoured, as usual, to the utmost of her power, to console him under one of the greatest afflictions which, I think, can befall a man, namely, the unkindness of a friend; but he had luckily at the same time the greatest blessing in his possession, the kind-

ness of a faithful and beloved wife. A blessing, however, which, though it compensates most of the evils of life, rather serves to aggravate the misfortune of distressed circumstances, from the consideration of the share which she is to bear in them.

This afternoon Amelia received a second visit from Mrs. Ellison, who acquainted her that she had a present of a ticket for the oratorio, which would carry two persons into the gallery; and therefore begged the favour of her company thither.

Amelia, with many thanks, acknowledged the civility of Mrs. Ellison, but declined accepting her offer; upon which Booth very strenuously insisted on her going, and said to her, "My dear, if you knew the satisfaction I have in any of your pleasures, I am convinced you would not refuse the favour Mrs. Ellison is so kind to offer you; for, as you are a lover of music, you, who have never been at an oratorio, cannot conceive how you will be delighted." "I well know your goodness, my dear," answered Amelia, "but I cannot think of leaving my children without some person more proper to take care of them than this poor girl." Mrs. Ellison removed this objection by offering her own servant, a very discreet matron, to attend them; but notwithstanding this, and all she could say, with the assistance of Booth, and of the children themselves, Amelia still persisted in her refusal; and the mistress of the house, who knew how far good breeding allows persons to be pressing on these occasions, took her leave.

She was no sooner departed than Amelia, looking tenderly on her husband, said, "How can you, my dear creature, think that music hath any charms for me at this time? or, indeed, do you believe that I am capable of any sensation worthy the name of pleasure when neither you nor my children are present or bear any part of it?"

An officer of the regiment to which Booth had formerly belonged, hearing from Atkinson where he lodged, now came to pay him a visit. He told him that several of their old acquaintance were to meet the next Wednesday at a tavern, and very strongly pressed him to be one of the company. Booth was, in truth, what is called a hearty fellow, and loved now and then to take a cheerful glass with his friends; but he excused himself at this time. His friend declared he would take no denial, and he growing very importunate, Amelia at length seconded him. Upon this Booth answered, "Well, my dear, since you desire me, I will comply, but on one condition, that you go at the same time to the oratorio." Amelia thought this request reasonable enough, and gave her consent; of which Mrs. Ellison presently received the news, and with great satisfaction.

It may perhaps be asked why Booth could go to the tavern, and not to the oratorio with his wife? In truth, then, the tavern was within hallowed ground, that is to say, in the verge of the court; for, of five officers that were to meet there, three, besides Booth, were confined to that air which hath been always found extremely wholesome to a broken military constitution. And here, if the good reader will pardon the pun, he will scarce be offended at the observation; since, how is it possible that, without running in debt, any person should maintain the dress and appearance of a gentleman whose income is not half so good as that of a porter? It is true that this allowance, small as it is, is a great expense to the public; but, if several more unnecessary charges were spared, the public might, perhaps, bear a little increase of this without much feeling it. They would not, I am sure, have equal reason

to complain at contributing to the maintenance of a set of brave fellows who, at the hazard of their health, their limbs, and their lives, have maintained the safety and honour of their country, as when they find themselves taxed to the support of a set of drones, who have not the least merit or claim to their favour, and who, without contributing in any manner to the good of the hive, live luxuriously on the labours of the industrious bee.

CHAPTER IX.

In which Amelia, with her friend, goes to the oratorio.

NOTHING happened between the Monday and the Wednesday worthy a place in this history. Upon the evening of the latter the two ladies went to the oratorio, and were there time enough to get a first row in the gallery. Indeed, there was only one person in the house when they came; for Amelia's inclinations, when she gave a loose to them, were pretty eager for this diversion, she being a great lover of music, and particularly of Mr. Handel's compositions. Mrs. Ellison was, I suppose, a great lover likewise of music, for she was the more impatient of the two; which was rather the more extraordinary, as these entertainments were not such novelties to her as they were to poor Amelia.

Though our ladies arrived full two hours before they saw the back of Mr. Handel, yet this time of expectation did not hang extremely heavy on their hands; for, besides their own chat, they had the company of the gentleman whom they found at their first arrival in the gallery, and who, though plainly, or rather roughly dressed, very luckily for the women, happened to be not only well bred, but a person of a very lively conversation. The gentleman, on his part, seemed highly charmed with Amelia, and in fact was so; for, though he restrained himself entirely within the rules of good breeding, yet was he in the highest degree officious to catch at every opportunity of showing his respect, and doing her little services. He procured her a book and wax-candle, and held the candle for her himself during the whole entertainment.

At the end of the oratorio he declared he would not leave the ladies till he had seen them safe into their chairs or coach; and at the same time very earnestly entreated that he might have the honour of waiting on them. Upon which Mrs. Ellison, who was a very good-humoured woman, answered, "Ay, sure, sir, if you please; you have been very obliging to us; and a dish of tea shall be at your service at any time;" and then told him where she lived.

The ladies were no sooner seated in the hackney-coach than Mrs. Ellison burst into a loud laughter, and cried, "I'll be hanged, madam, if you have not made a conquest to-night; and, what is very pleasant, I believe the poor gentleman takes you for a single lady." "Nay," answered Amelia very gravely, "I protest I began to think at last he was rather too particular, though he did not venture at a word that I could be offended at; but, if you fancy any such thing, I am sorry you invited him to drink tea." "Why so?" replied Mrs. Ellison. "Are you angry with a man for liking you? if you are, you will be angry with almost every man that sees you. If I was a man myself, I declare I should be in the number of your admirers. Poor gentleman, I pity him heartily; he little knows that you have not a heart to dispose of. For my own part, I should not be surprised at seeing a serious proposal of marriage: for I am convinced he is a man of fortune, not only by the politeness of his address, but by the fineness of his linen, and that valuable diamond ring on his finger.

But you will see more of him when he comes to tea." "Indeed I shall not," answered Amelia, "though I believe you only rally me; I hope you have a better opinion of me than to think I would go willingly into the company of a man who had an improper liking for me." Mrs. Ellison, who was one of the gayest women in the world, repeated the words, improper liking, with a laugh; and cried, "My dear Mrs. Booth, believe me, you are too handsome and too good-humoured for a prude. How can you affect being offended at what I am convinced is the greatest pleasure of womankind, and chiefly, I believe, of us virtuous women? for, I assure you, notwithstanding my gaiety, I am as virtuous as any prude in Europe." "Far be it from me, madam," said Amelia, "to suspect the contrary of abundance of women who indulge themselves in much greater freedoms than I should take, or have any pleasure in taking; for I solemnly protest, if I know my own heart, the liking of all men, but of one, is a matter quite indifferent to me, or rather would be highly disagreeable."

This discourse brought them home, where Amelia, finding her children asleep, and her husband not returned, invited her companion to partake of her homely fare, and down they sat to supper together. The clock struck twelve; and, no news being arrived of Booth, Mrs. Ellison began to express some astonishment at his stay, whence she launched into a general reflection on husbands, and soon passed to some particular invectives on her own. "Ah, my dear madam," says she, "I know the present state of your mind, by what I have myself often felt formerly. I am no stranger to the melancholy tone of a midnight clock. It was my misfortune to drag on a heavy chain above fifteen years with a sottish yoke-fellow. But how can I wonder at my fate, since I see even your superior charms cannot confine a husband from the bewitching pleasures of a bottle?" "Indeed, madam," says Amelia, "I have no reason to complain; Mr. Booth is one of the soberest of men; but now and then to spend a late hour with his friend is, I think, highly excusable." "O, no doubt!" cries Mrs. Ellison, "if he can excuse himself; but if I was a man—" Here Booth came in and interrupted the discourse. Amelia's eyes flashed with joy the moment he appeared; and he discovered no less pleasure in seeing her. His spirits were indeed a little elevated with wine, so as to heighten his good-humour, without in the least disordering his understanding, and made him such delightful company, that, though it was past one in the morning, neither his wife nor Mrs. Ellison thought of their beds during a whole hour.

Early the next morning the serjeant came to Mr. Booth's lodgings, and with a melancholy countenance acquainted him that he had been the night before at an alehouse, where he heard one Mr. Murphy, an attorney, declare that he would get a warrant backed against one captain Booth at the next board of green-cloth. "I hope, sir," said he, "your honour will pardon me, but, by what he said, I was afraid he meant your honour; and therefore I thought it my duty to tell you; for I knew the same thing happen to a gentleman here the other day."

Booth gave Mr. Atkinson many thanks for his information. "I doubt not," said he, "but I am the person meant; for it would be foolish in me to deny that I am liable to apprehensions of that sort." "I hope, sir," said the serjeant, "your honour will soon have reason to fear no man living; but in the mean time, if any accident should happen, my bail is at your service as far as it will go; and I am a house-keeper, and can swear myself worth one hundred

pounds. Which hearty and friendly declaration received all those acknowledgments from Booth which it really deserved.

The poor gentleman was greatly alarmed at this news; but he was altogether as much surprised at Murphy's being the attorney employed against him, as all his debts, except only to captain James, arose in the country, where he did not know that Mr. Murphy had any acquaintance. However, he made no doubt that he was the person intended, and resolved to remain a close prisoner in his own lodgings, till he saw the event of a proposal which had been made him the evening before at the tavern where an honest gentleman, who had a post under the government, and who was one of the company, had promised to serve him with the secretary at war, telling him that he made no doubt of procuring him whole pay in a regiment abroad, which in his present circumstances was very highly worth his acceptance, when, indeed, that and a gaol seemed to be the only alternatives that offered themselves to his choice.

Mr. Booth and his lady spent that afternoon with Mrs. Ellison—an incident which we should scarce have mentioned, had it not been that Amelia gave, on this occasion, an instance of that prudence which should never be off its guard in married women of delicacy; for, before she would consent to drink tea with Mrs. Ellison, she made conditions that the gentleman who had met them at the oratorio should not be let in. Indeed, this circumspection proved unnecessary in the present instance, for no such visitor ever came; a circumstance which gave great content to Amelia; for that lady had been a little uneasy at the raillery of Mrs. Ellison, and had upon reflection magnified every little compliment made her, and every little civility shown her by the unknown gentleman, far beyond the truth. These imaginations now all subsided again; and she imputed all that Mrs. Ellison had said either to raillery or mistake.

A young lady made a fourth with them at whist, and likewise stayed the whole evening. Her name was Bennet. She was about the age of five-and-twenty; but sickness had given her an older look, and had a good deal diminished her beauty; of which, young as she was, she plainly appeared to have only the remains in her present possession. She was in one particular the very reverse of Mrs. Ellison, being altogether as remarkably grave as the other was gay. This gravity was not, however, attended with any sourness of temper; on the contrary, she had much sweetness in her countenance, and was perfectly well bred. In short, Amelia imputed her grave deportment to her ill health, and began to entertain a compassion for her, which in good minds, that is to say, in minds capable of compassion, is certain to introduce some little degree of love or friendship.

Amelia was in short so pleased with the conversation of this lady, that, though a woman of no impertinent curiosity, she could not help taking the first opportunity of inquiring who she was. Mrs. Ellison said that she was an unhappy lady, who had married a young clergyman for love, who, dying of a consumption, had left her a widow in very indifferent circumstances. This account made Amelia still pity her more, and consequently added to the liking which she had already conceived for her. Amelia, therefore, desired Mrs. Ellison to bring her acquainted with Mrs. Bennet, and said she would go any day with her to make that lady a visit. "There need be no ceremony," cried Mrs. Ellison; "she is a woman of no form; and, as I saw plainly she was extremely pleased with Mrs. Booth, I am convinced

I can bring her to drink tea with you any afternoon you please."

The two next days Booth continued at home highly to the satisfaction of his Amelia, who really knew no happiness out of his company, nor scarce any misery in it. She had, indeed, at all times so much of his company when in his power, that she had no occasion to assign any particular reason for his staying with her, and consequently it could give her no cause of suspicion. The Saturday, one of her children was a little disordered with a feverish complaint which confined her to her room, and prevented her drinking tea in the afternoon with her husband in Mrs. Ellison's apartment, where a noble lord, a cousin of Mrs. Ellison, happened to be present; for, though that lady was reduced in her circumstances and obliged to let out part of her house in lodgings, she was born of a good family and had some considerable relations.

His lordship was not himself in any office of state, but his fortune gave him great authority with those who were. Mrs. Ellison, therefore, very bluntly took an opportunity of recommending Booth to his consideration. She took the first hint from my lord's calling the gentleman captain; to which she answered, "Ay, I wish your lordship would make him so. It would be an act of justice, and I know it is in your power to do much greater things." She then mentioned Booth's services, and the wounds he had received at the siege, of which she had heard a faithful account from Amelia. Booth blushed, and was as silent as a young virgin at the hearing her own praises. His lordship answered, "Cousin Ellison, you know you may command my interest; nay, I shall have a pleasure in serving one of Mr. Booth's character: for my part, I think merit in all capacities ought to be encouraged, but I know the ministry are greatly pestered with solicitations at this time. However, Mr. Booth may be assured I will take the first opportunity; and, in the mean time, I shall be glad of seeing him any morning he pleases." For all these declarations Booth was not wanting in acknowledgments to the generous peer any more than he was in secret gratitude to the lady who had shown so friendly and uncommon a zeal in his favour.

The reader, when he knows the character of this nobleman, may, perhaps, conclude that his seeing Booth alone was a lucky circumstance, for he was so passionate an admirer of women, that he could scarce have escaped the attraction of Amelia's beauty. And few men, as I have observed, have such disinterested generosity as to serve a husband the better because they are in love with his wife, unless she will condescend to pay a price beyond the reach of a virtuous woman.

BOOK V.—CHAPTER I.

In which the reader will meet with an old acquaintance. BOOTH'S affairs put on a better aspect than they had ever worn before, and he was willing to make use of the opportunity of one day in seven to taste the fresh air.

At nine in the morning he went to pay a visit to his old friend colonel James, resolving, if possible, to have a full explanation of that behaviour which appeared to him so mysterious; but the colonel was as inaccessible as the best defended fortress; and it was as impossible for Booth to pass beyond his entry as the Spaniards found it to take Gibraltar. He received the usual answers; first, that the colonel was not stirring, and an hour after that he was gone out. All that he got by asking further questions was only to receive still ruder and ruder answers, by

which, if he had been very sagacious, he might have been satisfied how little worth his while it was to desire to go in; for the porter at a great man's door is a kind of thermometer, by which you may discover the warmth or coldness of his master's friendship. Nay, in the highest stations of all, as the great man himself hath his different kinds of salutation, from an hearty embrace with a kiss, and my dear lord or dear sir Charles, down to, well Mr. —, what would you have me do? so the porter to some bows with respect, to others with a smile, to some he bows more, to others less low, to others not at all. Some he just lets in, and others he just shuts out. And in all this they so well correspond, that one would be inclined to think that the great man and his porter had compared their lists together, and, like two actors concerned to act different parts in the same scene, had rehearsed their parts privately together before they ventured to perform in public.

Though Booth did not, perhaps, see the whole matter in this just light, for that in reality it is, yet he was discerning enough to conclude, from the behaviour of the servant, especially when he considered that of the master likewise, that he had entirely lost the friendship of James; and this conviction gave him a concern that not only the flattering prospect of his lordship's favour was not able to compensate, but which even obliterated, and made him for a while forget the situation in which he had left his Amelia: and he wandered about almost two hours, scarce knowing where he went, till at last he dropped into a coffee-house near St. James's, where he sat himself down.

He had scarce drank his dish of coffee before he heard a young officer of the guards cry to another, "Od, d—n me, Jack, here he comes—here's old honour and dignity, faith." Upon which he saw a chair open, and out issued a most erect and stately figure indeed, with a vast periwig on his head and a vast hat under his arm. This august personage, having entered the room, walked directly up to the upper end, where having paid his respects to all present of any note, to each according to seniority, he at last cast his eyes on Booth, and very civilly, though somewhat coldly, asked him how he did.

Booth, who had long recognised the features of his old acquaintance Major Bath, returned the compliment with a very low bow; but did not venture to make the first advance to familiarity, as he was truly possessed of that quality which the Greeks considered in the highest light of honour, and which we term modesty; though indeed, neither ours nor the Latin language hath any word adequate to the idea of the original.

The colonel, after having discharged himself of two or three articles of news, and made his comments upon them, when the next chair to him became vacant, called upon Booth to fill it. He then asked him several questions relating to his affairs; and, when he heard he was out of the army, advised him earnestly to use all means to get in again, saying that he was a pretty lad, and they must not lose him.

Booth told him in a whisper that he had a great deal to say to him on that subject if they were in a more private place; upon this the colonel proposed a walk in the Park, which the other readily accepted.

During their walk Booth opened his heart, and, among other matters, acquainted colonel Bath that he feared he had lost the friendship of colonel James; "though I am not," said he, "conscious of having done the least thing to deserve it."

Bath answered, "You are certainly mistaken, Mr. Booth. I have indeed scarce seen my brother since my coming to town; for I have been here but two

days ; however, I am convinced he is a man of too nice honour to do anything inconsistent with the true dignity of a gentleman." Booth answered, "He was far from accusing him of anything dishonourable."—"D—n me," said Bath, "if there is a man alive can or dare accuse him : if you have the least reason to take anything ill, why don't you go to him ? you are a gentleman, and his rank doth not protect him from giving you satisfaction." "The affair is not of any such kind," says Booth ; "I have great obligations to the colonel, and have more reason to lament than complain ; and, if I could but see him, I am convinced I should have no cause for either ; but I cannot get within his house ; it was but an hour ago a servant of his turned me rudely from the door." "Did a servant of my brother use you rudely ?" said the colonel, with the utmost gravity. "I do not know, sir, in what light you see such things ; but, to me, the affront of a servant is the affront of the master ; and if he doth not immediately punish it, by all the dignity of a man, I would see the master's nose between my fingers." Booth offered to explain, but to no purpose ; the colonel was got into his stilts ; and it was impossible to take him down, nay, it was as much as Booth could possibly do to part with him without an actual quarrel ; nor would he, perhaps, have been able to have accomplished it, had not the colonel by accident turned at last to take Booth's side of the question ; and before they separated he swore many oaths that James should give him proper satisfaction.

Such was the end of this present interview, so little to the content of Booth, that he was heartily concerned he had ever mentioned a syllable of the matter to his honourable friend.

CHAPTER II.

In which Booth pays a visit to the noble lord.

WHEN that day of the week returned in which Mr. Booth chose to walk abroad, he went to wait on the noble peer, according to his kind invitation.

Booth now found a very different reception with this great man's porter from what he had met with at his friend the colonel's. He no sooner told his name than the porter with a bow told him his lordship was at home : the door immediately flew wide open, and he was conducted to an antechamber, where a servant told him he would acquaint his lordship with his arrival. Nor did he wait many minutes before the same servant returned and ushered him to his lordship's apartment.

He found my lord alone, and was received by him in the most courteous manner imaginable. After the first ceremonials were over, his lordship began in the following words ; "Mr. Booth, I do assure you, you are very much obliged to my cousin Ellison. She hath given you such a character, that I shall have a pleasure in doing anything in my power to serve you.—But it will be very difficult, I am afraid, to get you a rank at home. In the West Indies, perhaps, or in some regiment abroad, it may be more easy ; and, when I consider your reputation as a soldier, I make no doubt of your readiness to go to any place where the service of your country shall call you." Booth answered, "That he was highly obliged to his lordship, and assured him he would with great cheerfulness attend his duty in any part of the world. The only thing grievous in the exchange of countries," said he, "in my opinion, is to leave those I love behind me, and I am sure I shall never have a second trial equal to my first. It was very hard, my lord, to leave a young wife big with her first child, and so af-

fectured with my absence, that I had the utmost reason to despair of ever seeing her more. After such a demonstration of my resolution to sacrifice every other consideration to my duty, I hope your lordship will honour me with some confidence that I shall make no objection to serve in any country."—"My dear Booth," answered the lord, "you speak like a soldier, and I greatly honour your sentiments. Indeed, I own the justice of your inference from the example you have given ; for to quit a wife, as you say, in the very infancy of marriage, is, I acknowledge, some trial of resolution. Booth answered with a low bow ; and then, after some immaterial conversation, his lordship promised to speak immediately to the minister, and appointed Mr. Booth to come to him again on the Wednesday morning, that he might be acquainted with his patron's success. The poor man now blushed and looked silly, till, after some time, he summoned up all his courage to his assistance, and, relying on the other's friendship, he opened the whole affair of his circumstances, and confessed that he did not dare stir from his lodgings above one day in seven. His lordship expressed great concern at this account, and very kindly promised to take some opportunity of calling on him at his cousin Ellison's, when he hoped, he said, to bring him comfortable tidings.

Booth soon afterwards took his leave with the most profuse acknowledgments for so much goodness, and hastened home to acquaint his Amelia with what had so greatly overjoyed him. She highly congratulated him on his having found so generous and powerful a friend, towards whom both their bosoms burnt with the warmest sentiments of gratitude. She was not, however, contented till she had made Booth renew his promise, in the most solemn manner, of taking her with him. After which they sat down with their little children to a scrag of mutton and broth, with the highest satisfaction, and very heartily drank his lordship's health in a pot of porter.

In the afternoon this happy couple, if the reader will allow me to call poor people happy, drank tea with Mrs. Ellison, where his lordship's praises, being again repeated by both the husband and wife, were very loudly echoed by Mrs. Ellison. While they were here, the young lady whom we have mentioned at the end of the last book to have made a fourth at whist, and with whom Amelia seemed so much pleased, came in ; she was just returned to town from a short visit in the country, and her present visit was unexpected. It was, however, very agreeable to Amelia, who liked her still better upon a second interview, and was resolved to solicit her further acquaintance.

Mrs. Bennet still maintained some little reserve, but was much more familiar and communicative than before. She appeared, moreover, to be as little ceremonious as Mrs. Ellison had reported her, and very readily accepted Amelia's apology for not paying her the first visit, and agreed to drink tea with her the very next afternoon.

Whilst the above-mentioned company were sitting in Mrs. Ellison's parlour, serjeant Atkinson passed by the window and knocked at the door. Mrs. Ellison no sooner saw him than she said, "Pray, Mr. Booth, who is that genteel young serjeant ? he was here every day last week to inquire after you." This was indeed a fact ; the serjeant was apprehensive of the design of Murphy ; but, as the poor fellow had received all his answers from the maid or Mrs. Ellison, Booth had never heard a word of the matter. He was, however, greatly pleased with

what he was now told, and burst forth into great praise of the serjeant, which were seconded by Amelia, who added that he was her foster-brother, and she believed one of the honestest fellows in the world.

"And I'll swear," cries Mrs. Ellison, "he is one of the prettiest. Do, Mr. Booth, desire him to walk in. A serjeant of the guards is a gentleman; and I had rather give such a man as you describe a dish of tea than any Beau Fribble of them all."

Booth wanted no great solicitation to show any kind of regard to Atkinson; and, accordingly, the serjeant was ushered in, though not without some reluctance on his side. There is, perhaps, nothing more uneasy than those sensations which the French call the *mauvaise honte*, nor any more difficult to conquer; and poor Atkinson would, I am persuaded, have mounted a breach with less concern than he showed in walking across a room before three ladies, two of whom were his avowed well-wishers.

Though I do not entirely agree with the late learned Mr. Essex, the celebrated dancing-master's opinion, that dancing is the rudiment of polite education, as he would, I apprehend, exclude every other art and science, yet it is certain that persons whose feet have never been under the hands of the professors of that art are apt to discover this want in their education in every motion, nay, even when they stand or sit still. They seem, indeed, to be overburned with limbs which they know not how to use, as if, when Nature hath finished her work, the dancing-master still is necessary to put it in motion.

Atkinson was, at present, an example of this observation which doth so much honour to a profession for which I have a very high regard. He was handsome and exquisitely well made; and yet, as he had never learned to dance, he made so awkward an appearance in Mrs. Ellison's parlour, that the good lady herself, who had invited him in, could at first scarce refrain from laughter at his behaviour. He had not, however, been long in the room before admiration of his person got the better of such risible ideas. So great is the advantage of beauty in men as well as women, and so sure is this quality in either sex of procuring some regard from the beholder.

The exceeding courteous behaviour of Mrs. Ellison, joined to that of Amelia and Booth, at length dissipated the uneasiness of Atkinson; and he gained sufficient confidence to tell the company some entertaining stories of accidents that had happened in the army within his knowledge, which, though they greatly pleased all present, are not, however, of consequence enough to have a place in this history.

Mrs. Ellison was so very importunate with her company to stay supper that they all consented. As for the serjeant, he seemed to be none of the least welcome guests. She was, indeed, so pleased with what she had heard of him and what she saw of him, that, when a little warmed with wine, for she was no flincher at the bottle, she began to indulge some freedoms in her discourse towards him that a little offended Amelia's delicacy, nay, they did not seem to be highly relished by the other lady; though I am far from insinuating that these exceeded the bounds of decorum, or were, indeed, greater liberties than ladies of the middle age, and especially widows, do frequently allow to themselves.

CHAPTER III.

Relating principally to the affairs of serjeant Atkinson.

THE next day, when all the same company, Atkinson

only excepted, assembled in Amelia's apartment, Mrs. Ellison presently began to discourse of him, and that in terms not only of approbation, but even of affection. She called him her clever serjeant, and her dear serjeant, repeated often that he was the prettiest fellow in the army, and said it was a thousand pities he had not a commission; for that, if he had, she was sure he would become a general.

"I am of your opinion, Madam," answered Booth; "and, as he hath got one hundred pounds of his own already, if he could find a wife now to help him to two or three hundred more, I think he might easily get a commission in a marching regiment; for I am convinced there is no colonel in the army would refuse him."

"Refuse him, indeed!" said Mrs. Ellison; "no; he would be a very pretty colonel that did. And, upon my honour, I believe there are very few ladies who would refuse him, if he had but a proper opportunity of soliciting them. The colonel and the lady both would be better off than with one of those pretty masters that I see walking about, and dragging their long swords after them, when they should rather drag their leading-strings."

"Well said," cries Booth, "and spoken like a woman of spirit.—Indeed, I believe, they would be both better served."

"True, captain," answered Mrs. Ellison; "I would rather leave the two first syllables out of the word gentleman than the last."

"Nay, I assure you," replied Booth, "there is not a quieter creature in the world. Though the fellow hath the bravery of a lion, he hath the meekness of a lamb. I can tell you stories enow of that kind, and so can my dear Amelia, when he was a boy."

"O! if the match sticks there," cries Amelia, "I positively will not spoil his fortune by my silence. I can answer for him from his infancy, that he was one of the best-natured lads in the world. I will tell you a story or two of him, the truth of which I can testify from my own knowledge. When he was but six years old he was at play with me at my mother's house, and a great pointing-dog bit him through the leg. The poor lad, in the midst of the anguish of his wound, declared he was overjoyed it had not happened to miss (for the same dog had just before snapped at me, and my petticoats had been my defence).—Another instance of his goodness, which greatly recommended him to my father, and which I have loved him for ever since, was this: my father was a great lover of birds, and strictly forbade the spoiling of their nests. Poor Joe was one day caught upon a tree, and, being concluded guilty, was severely lashed for it; but it was afterwards discovered that another boy, a friend of Joe's, had robbed the nest of its young ones, and poor Joe had climbed the tree in order to restore them, notwithstanding which, he submitted to the punishment rather than he would impeach his companion. But, if these stories appear childish and trifling, the duty and kindness he hath shown to his mother must recommend him to every one. Ever since he hath been fifteen years old he hath more than half supported her: and when my brother died, I remember particularly, Joe, at his desire, for he was much his favourite, had one of his suits given him; but, instead of his becoming finer on that occasion, another young fellow came to church in my brother's clothes, and my old nurse appeared the same Sunday in a new gown, which her son had purchased for her with the sale of his legacy."

"Well, I protest, he is a very worthy creature," said Mrs. Bennet.

"He is a charming fellow," cries Mrs. Ellison,—
"but then the name of serjeant, Captain Booth; there,
as the play says, my pride brings me off again."

And whatsoever the sages charge on pride,
The angels fall, and twenty other good faults beside;
On earth I'm sure—I'm sure—something—calling
Pride saves man, and our sex too, from falling.—

Here a footman's rap at the door shook the room. Upon which Mrs. Ellison, running to the window, cried out, "Let me die if it is not my lord! what shall I do? I must be at home to him; but suppose he should inquire for you, captain, what shall I say? or will you go down with me?"

The company were in some confusion at this instant, and, before they had agreed on anything, Booth's little girl came running into the room, and said, "There was a prodigious great gentleman coming up stairs." She was immediately followed by his lordship, who, as he knew Booth must be at home, made very little or no inquiry at the door.

Amelia was taken somewhat at a surprise, but she was too polite to show much confusion; for, though she knew nothing of the town, she had had a genteel education, and kept the best company the country afforded. The ceremonies therefore passed as usual, and they all sat down.

His lordship soon addressed himself to Booth, saying, "As I have what I think good news for you, sir, I could not delay giving myself the pleasure of communicating it to you. I have mentioned your affair where I promised you, and I have no doubt of my success. One may easily perceive, you know, from the manner of people's behaving upon such occasions; and, indeed, when I related your case, I found there was much inclination to serve you. Great men, Mr. Booth, must do things in their own time; but I think you may depend on having something done very soon."

Booth made many acknowledgments for his lordship's goodness, and now a second time paid all the thanks which would have been due, even had the favour been obtained. This art of promising is the economy of a great man's pride, a sort of good husbandry in conferring favours, by which they receive tenfold in acknowledgments for every obligation, I mean among those who really intend the service; for there are others who cheat poor men of their thanks, without ever designing to deserve them at all.

This matter being sufficiently discussed, the conversation took a gayer turn; and my lord began to entertain the ladies with some of that elegant discourse which, though most delightful to hear, it is impossible should ever be read.

His lordship was so highly pleased with Amelia, that he could not help being somewhat particular to her; but this particularity distinguished itself only in a higher degree of respect, and was so very polite, and so very distant, that she herself was pleased, and at his departure, which was not till he had far exceeded the length of a common visit, declared he was the finest gentleman she had ever seen; with which sentiment her husband and Mrs. Ellison both entirely concurred.

Mrs. Bennet, on the contrary, expressed some little dislike to my lord's complaisance, which she called excessive. "For my own part," said she, "I have not the least relish for those very fine gentlemen; what the world generally calls politeness, I term insincerity; and I am more charmed with the stories which Mrs. Booth told us of the honest serjeant than with all that the finest gentlemen in the world ever said in their lives!"

"O! to be sure," cries Mrs. Ellison; "*All for*

Love, or the World well Lost, is a motto very proper for some folks to wear in their coat of arms; but the generality of the world will, I believe, agree with that lady's opinion of my cousin, rather than with Mrs. Bennet."

Mrs. Bennet, seeing Mrs. Ellison took offence at what she said, thought proper to make some apology, which was very readily accepted, and so ended the visit.

We cannot however put an end to the chapter without observing that such is the ambitious temper of beauty, that it may always apply to itself that celebrated passage in Lucan,

*Nec quenquam jam ferre potest Cæsare priorem,
Pompeiusve parem.*

Indeed, I believe, it may be laid down as a general rule, that no woman who hath any great pretensions to admiration is ever well pleased in a company where she perceives herself to fill only the second place. This observation, however, I humbly submit to the judgment of the ladies, and hope it will be considered as retracted by me if they shall dissent from my opinion.

CHAPTER IV.

Containing matters that require no preface.

WHEN Booth and his wife were left alone together they both extremely exulted in their good fortune in having found so good a friend as his lordship; nor were they wanting in very warm expressions of gratitude towards Mrs. Ellison. After which they began to lay down schemes of living when Booth should have his commission of captain; and, after the exactest computation, concluded that, with economy, they should be able to save at least fifty pounds a-year out of their income in order to pay their debts.

These matters being well settled, Amelia asked Booth what he thought of Mrs. Bennet? "I think, my dear," answered Booth, "that she hath been formerly a very pretty woman." "I am mistaken," replied she, "if she be not a very good creature. I don't know I ever took such a liking to any one on so short an acquaintance. I fancy she hath been a very sprightly woman; for, if you observe, she discovers by starts a great vivacity in her countenance." "I made the same observation," cries Booth: "sure some strange misfortune hath befallen her." "A misfortune indeed!" answered Amelia; "sure, child, you forget what Mrs. Ellison told us, that she had lost a beloved husband. A misfortune which I have often wondered at any woman's surviving." At which words she cast a tender look at Booth, and presently afterwards, throwing herself upon his neck, cried, "O, Heavens! what a happy creature am I! when I consider the dangers you have gone through, how I exult in my bliss!" The good-natured reader will suppose that Booth was not deficient in returning such tenderness, after which the conversation became too fond to be here related.

The next morning Mrs. Ellison addressed herself to Booth as follows: "I shall make no apology, sir, for what I am going to say, as it proceeds from my friendship to yourself and your dear lady. I am convinced then, sir, there is something more than accident in your going abroad only one day in the week. Now, sir, if, as I am afraid, matters are not altogether as well as I wish them, I beg, since I do not believe you are provided with a lawyer, that you will suffer me to recommend one to you. The person I shall mention is, I assure you, of much ability in his profession, and I have known him do

great services to gentlemen under a cloud. Do not be ashamed of your circumstances, my dear friend: they are a much greater scandal to those who have left so much merit unprovided for."

Booth gave Mrs. Ellison abundance of thanks for her kindness, and explicitly confessed to her that her conjectures were right, and, without hesitation, accepted the offer of her friend's assistance.

Mrs. Ellison then acquainted him with her apprehensions on his account. She said she had both yesterday and this morning seen two or three very ugly suspicious fellows pass several times by her window. "Upon all accounts," said she, "my dear sir, I advise you to keep yourself close confined till the lawyer hath been with you. I am sure we will get you your liberty, at least of walking about within the verge. There's something to be done with the board of green-cloth; I don't know what; but this I know, that several gentlemen have lived here a long time very comfortably, and have defied all the vengeance of their creditors. However, in the mean time, you must be a close prisoner with your lady; and I believe there is no man in England but would exchange his liberty for the same gaol."

She then departed in order to send for the attorney, and presently afterwards the serjeant arrived with news of the like kind. He said he had scraped an acquaintance with Murphy. "I hope your honour will pardon me," cries Atkinson, "but I pretended to have a small demand upon your honour myself, and offered to employ him in the business. Upon which he told me that, if I would go with him to the Marshal's court, and make affidavit of my debt, he should be able very shortly to get it me; 'for I shall have the captain in hold,' cries he, 'within a day or two.' I wish," said the serjeant, "I could do your honour any service. Shall I walk about all day before the door? or shall I be porter, and watch it in the inside, till your honour can find some means of securing yourself? I hope you will not be offended at me, but I beg you would take care of falling into Murphy's hands; for he hath the character of the greatest villain upon earth. I am afraid you will think me too bold, sir; but I have a little money: if it can be of any service, do, pray your honour, command it. It can never do me so much good any other way. Consider, sir, I owe all I have to yourself and my dear mistress."

Booth stood a moment, as if he had been thunder-struck, and then, the tears bursting from his eyes, he said, "Upon my soul, Atkinson, you overcome me. I scarce ever heard of so much goodness, nor do I know how to express my sentiments of it. But, be assured, as for your money, I will not accept it; and let it satisfy you, that in my present circumstances it would do me no essential service; but this be assured of likewise, that whilst I live I shall never forget the kindness of the offer. However, as I apprehend I may be in some danger of fellows getting into the house, for a day or two, as I have no guard but a poor little girl, I will not refuse the goodness you offer to show in my protection. And I make no doubt but Mrs. Ellison will let you sit in her parlour for that purpose."

Atkinson, with the utmost readiness, undertook the office of porter; and Mrs. Ellison as readily allotted him a place in her back-parlour, where he continued three days together, from eight in the morning till twelve at night; during which time, he had sometimes the company of Mrs. Ellison, and sometimes of Booth, Amelia, and Mrs. Bennet too; for this last had taken as great a fancy to Amelia as Amelia had to her, and, therefore as Mr. Booth's

affairs were now no secret in the neighbourhood, made her frequent visits during the confinement of her husband, and consequently her own.

Nothing, as I remember, happened in this interval of time, more worthy notice than the following card which Amelia received from her old acquaintance Mrs. James:—"Mrs. James sends her compliments to Mrs. Booth, and desires to know how she does; for, as she hath not had the favour of seeing her at her own house, or of meeting her in any public place, in so long time, fears it may be owing to ill health."

Amelia had long given over all thoughts of her friend, and doubted not but that she was as entirely given over by her; she was very much surprised at this message, and under some doubt whether it was not meant as an insult, especially from the mention of public places, which she thought so inconsistent with her present circumstances, of which she supposed Mrs. James was well apprised. However, at the entreaty of her husband, who languished for nothing more than to be again reconciled to his friend James, Amelia undertook to pay the lady a visit, and to examine into the mystery of this conduct, which appeared to her so unaccountable.

Mrs. James received her with a degree of civility that amazed Amelia no less than her coldness had done before. She resolved to come to an éclaircissement, and, having sat out some company that came in, when they were alone together Amelia, after some silence and many offers to speak, at last said, "My dear Jenny (if you will now suffer me to call you by so familiar a name), have you entirely forgot a certain young lady who had the pleasure of being your intimate acquaintance at Montpelier?" "Whom do you mean, dear madam?" cries Mrs. James with great concern. "I mean myself," answered Amelia. "You surprise me, madam," replied Mrs. James: "How can you ask me that question?" "Nay, my dear, I do not intend to offend you," cries Amelia, "but I am really desirous to solve to myself the reason of that coldness which you showed me when you did me the favour of a visit. Can you think, my dear, I was not disappointed, when I expected to meet an intimate friend, to receive a cold formal visitant? I desire you to examine your own heart and answer me honestly if you do not think I had some little reason to be dissatisfied with your behaviour?" "Indeed, Mrs. Booth," answered the other lady, "you surprise me very much; if there was anything displeasing to you in my behaviour I am extremely concerned at it. I did not know I had been defective in any of the rules of civility, but if I was, madam, I ask your pardon." "Is civility then, my dear," replied Amelia, "a synonymous term with friendship? Could I have expected, when I parted the last time with Miss Jenny Bath, to have met her the next time in the shape of a fine lady, complaining of the hardship of climbing up two pair of stairs to visit me, and then approaching me with the distant air of a new or a slight acquaintance? Do you think, my dear Mrs. James, if the tables had been turned, if my fortune had been as high in the world as yours, and you in my distress and abject condition, that I would not have climbed as high as the Monument to visit you?" "Sure, madam," cried Mrs. James, "I mistake you, or you have greatly mistaken me. Can you complain of my not visiting you, who have owed me a visit almost these three weeks? Nay, did I not even then send you a card, which sure was doing more than all the friendship and good-breeding in the world required; but, indeed, as I had met you in no public place, I really thought you was ill."—

"How can you mention public places to me," said Amelia, "when you can hardly be a stranger to my present situation? Did you not know, madam, that I was ruined?" "No, indeed, madam, did I not," replied Mrs. James; "I am sure I should have been highly concerned if I had." "Why, sure, my dear," cries Amelia, "you could not imagine that we were in affluent circumstances, when you found us in such a place, and in such a condition." "Nay, my dear," answered Mrs. James, "since you are pleased to mention it first yourself, I own I was a little surprised to see you in no better lodgings; but I concluded you had your own reasons for liking them; and, for my own part, I have laid it down as a positive rule never to inquire into the private affairs of any one, especially of my friends. I am not of the humour of some ladies, who confine the circle of their acquaintance to one part of the town, and would not be known to visit in the city for the world. For my part, I never dropped an acquaintance with any one while it was reputable to keep it up; and I can solemnly declare I have not a friend in the world for whom I have a greater esteem than I have for Mrs. Booth."

At this instant the arrival of a new visitant put an end to the discourse; and Amelia soon after took her leave without the least anger, but with some little unavoidable contempt for a lady, in whose opinion, as we have hinted before, outward form and ceremony constituted the whole essence of friendship; who valued all her acquaintance alike, as each individual served equally to fill up a place in her visiting roll; and who, in reality, had not the least concern for the good qualities or well-being of any of them.

CHAPTER V.

Containing much heroic matter.

At the end of three days Mrs. Ellison's friend had so far purchased Mr. Booth's liberty that he could walk again abroad within the verge without any danger of having a warrant backed against him by the board before he had notice. As for the ill-looking persons that had given the alarm, it was now discovered that another unhappy gentleman, and not Booth, was the object of their pursuit.

Mr. Booth, now being delivered from his fears, went, as he had formerly done, to take his morning walk in the Park. Here he met colonel Bath in company with some other officers, and very civilly paid his respects to him. But, instead of returning the salute, the colonel looked him full in the face with a very stern countenance; and, if he could be said to take any notice of him, it was in such a manner as to inform him he would take no notice of him.

Booth was not more hurt than surprised at this behaviour, and resolved to know the reason of it. He therefore watched an opportunity till the colonel was alone, and then walked boldly up to him, and desired to know if he had given him any offence? The colonel answered hastily, "Sir, I am above being offended with you, nor do I think it consistent with my dignity to make you any answer." Booth replied, "I don't know, sir, that I have done anything to deserve this treatment." "Look'ee, sir," cries the colonel, "if I had not formerly had some respect for you, I should not think you worth my resentment. However, as you are a gentleman born, and an officer, and as I have had an esteem for you, I will give you some marks of it by putting it in your power to do yourself justice. I will tell you therefore, sir, that you have

acted like a scoundrel." "If we were not in the Park," answered Booth warmly, "I would thank you very properly for that compliment." "O, sir," cries the colonel, "we can be soon in a convenient place." Upon which Booth answered, he would attend him wherever he pleased. The colonel then bid him come along, and strutted forward directly up Constitution-hill to Hyde-park, Booth following him at first, and afterwards walking before him, till they came to that place which may be properly called the field of blood, being that part, a little to the left of the ring, which heroes have chosen for the scene of their exit out of this world.

Booth reached the ring some time before the colonel; for he mended not his pace any more than a Spaniard. To say truth, I believe it was not in his power; for he had so long accustomed himself to one and the same strut, that as a horse, used always to trotting, can scarce be forced into a gallop, so could no passion force the colonel to alter his pace.

At length, however, both parties arrived at the lists, where the colonel very deliberately took off his wig and coat, and laid them on the grass, and then, drawing his sword, advanced to Booth, who had likewise his drawn weapon in his hand, but had made no other preparation for the combat.

The combatants now engaged with great fury, and, after two or three passes, Booth ran the colonel through the body and threw him on the ground, at the same time possessing himself of the colonel's sword.

As soon as the colonel was become master of his speech, he called out to Booth in a very kind voice, and said, "You have done my business, and satisfied me that you are a man of honour, and that my brother James must have been mistaken; for I am convinced that no man who will draw his sword in so gallant a manner is capable of being a rascal. D—n me, give me a buss, my dear boy; I ask your pardon for that infamous appellation I dishonoured your dignity with; but d—n me if it was not purely out of love, and to give you an opportunity of doing yourself justice, which I own you have done like a man of honour. What may be the consequence I know not, but I hope, at least, I shall live to reconcile you with my brother."

Booth showed great concern, and even horror in his countenance. "Why, my dear colonel," said he, "would you force me to this? for Heaven's sake tell me what I have ever done to offend you."

"Me!" cried the colonel. "Indeed, my dear child, you never did anything to offend me.—Nay, I have acted the part of a friend to you in the whole affair. I maintained your cause with my brother as long as decency would permit; I could not flatly contradict him, though, indeed, I scarce believed him. But what could I do? If I had not fought with you, I must have been obliged to have fought with him; however, I hope what is done will be sufficient, and that matters may be discommodated without your being put to the necessity of fighting any more on this occasion."

"Never regard me," cried Booth eagerly; "for Heaven's sake, think of your own preservation. Let me put you into a chair, and get you a surgeon."

"Thou art a noble lad," cries the colonel, who was now got on his legs, "and I am glad the business is so well over; for, though your sword went quite through, it slanted so that I apprehend there is little danger of life: however, I think there is enough done to put an honourable end to the affair, especially as you was so hasty to disarm me. I bleed a little, but I can walk to the house by the water; and, if you will send me a chair thither, I shall be obliged to you."

As the colonel refused any assistance (indeed he was very able to walk without it, though with somewhat less dignity than usual), Booth set forward to Grosvenor-gate, in order to procure the chair, and soon after returned with one to his friend; whom having conveyed into it, he attended himself on foot into Bond-street, where then lived a very eminent surgeon.

The surgeon having probed the wound, turned towards Booth, who was apparently the guilty person, and said, with a smile, "Upon my word, sir, you have performed the business with great dexterity."

"Sir," cries the colonel to the surgeon, "I would not have you imagine I am afraid to die. I think I know more what belongs to the dignity of a man; and, I believe, I have shown it at the head of a line of battle. Do not impute my concern to that fear, when I ask you whether there is or is not any danger?"

"Really, colonel," answered the surgeon, who well knew the complexion of the gentleman then under his hands, "it would appear like presumption to say that a man who hath been just run through the body is in no manner of danger. But this I think I may assure you, that I yet perceive no very bad symptoms, and, unless something worse should appear, or a fever be the consequence, I hope you may live to be again, with all your dignity, at the head of a line of battle."

"I am glad to hear that is your opinion," quoth the colonel, "for I am not desirous of dying, though I am not afraid of it. But, if anything worse than you apprehend should happen, I desire you will be a witness of my declaration that this young gentleman is entirely innocent. I forced him to do what he did. My dear Booth, I am pleased matters are as they are. You are the first man that ever gained an advantage over me; but it was very lucky for you that you disarmed me, and I doubt not but you have the equanimity to think so. If the business, therefore, hath ended without doing anything to the purpose, it was Fortune's pleasure, and neither of our faults."

Booth heartily embraced the colonel, and assured him of the great satisfaction he had received from the surgeon's opinion; and soon after the two combatants took their leave of each other. The colonel, after he was dressed, went in a chair to his lodgings, and Booth walked on foot to his; where he luckily arrived without meeting any of Mr. Murphy's gang; a danger which never once occurred to his imagination till he was out of it.

The affair he had been about had indeed so entirely occupied his mind, that it had obliterated every other idea; among the rest, it caused him so absolutely to forget the time of the day, that, though he had exceeded the time of dining above two hours, he had not the least suspicion of being at home later than usual.

CHAPTER VI.

In which the reader will find matter worthy consideration.

AMELIA, having waited above an hour for her husband, concluded, as he was the most punctual man alive, that he had met with some engagement abroad, and sat down to her meal with her children; which, as it was always uncomfortable in the absence of her husband, was very short; so that, before his return, all the apparatus of dining was entirely removed.

Booth sat some time with his wife, expecting every minute when the little maid would make her appearance; at last, curiosity, I believe, rather than ap-

petite, made him ask how long it was to dinner? "To dinner, my dear!" answered Amelia; "sure you have dined, I hope?" Booth replied in the negative; upon which his wife started from her chair, and bestirred herself as nimbly to provide him a repast as the most industrious hostess in the kingdom doth when some unexpected guest of extraordinary quality arrives at her house.

The reader hath not, I think, from any passages hitherto recorded in this history, had much reason to accuse Amelia of a blamable curiosity; he will not, I hope, conclude that she gave an instance of any such fault when, upon Booth's having so long overstayed his time, and so greatly mistaken the hour of the day, and upon some other circumstances of his behaviour (for he was too honest to be good at concealing any of his thoughts), she said to him, after he had done eating, "My dear, I am sure something more than ordinary hath happened to-day, and I beg you will tell me what it is."

Booth answered that nothing of any consequence had happened; that he had been detained by a friend, whom he met accidentally, longer than he expected. In short, he made many shuffling and evasive answers, not boldly lying out, which, perhaps, would have succeeded, but poorly and vainly endeavouring to reconcile falsehood with truth; an attempt which seldom fails to betray the most practised deceiver.

How impossible was it therefore for poor Booth to succeed in an art for which nature had so entirely disqualified him. His countenance, indeed, confessed faster than his tongue denied, and the whole of his behaviour gave Amelia an alarm, and made her suspect something very bad had happened; and, as her thoughts turned presently on the badness of their circumstances, she feared some mischief from his creditors had befallen him; for she was too ignorant of such matters to know that, if he had fallen into the hands of the Philistines (which is the name given by the faithful to bailiffs), he would hardly have been able so soon to recover his liberty. Booth at last perceived her to be so uneasy, that, as he saw no hopes of contriving any fiction to satisfy her, he thought himself obliged to tell her the truth, or at least part of the truth, and confessed that he had had a little skirmish with colonel Bath, in which, he said, the colonel had received a slight wound, not at all dangerous; "and this," says he, "is all the whole matter." "If it be so," cries Amelia, "I thank Heaven no worse hath happened; but why, my dear, will you ever converse with that madman, who can embrace a friend one moment, and fight with him the next?" "Nay, my dear," answered Booth, "you yourself must confess, though he be a little too much on the *qui vive*, he is a man of great honour and good-nature." "Tell me not," replied she, "of such good-nature and honour as would sacrifice a friend and a whole family to a ridiculous whim. O, Heavens!" cried she, falling upon her knees, "from what misery have I escaped, from what have these poor babes escaped, through your gracious providence this day!" Then, turning to her husband, she cried, "But are you sure the monster's wound is no more dangerous than you say? a monster surely I may call him, who can quarrel with a man that could not, that I am convinced would not, offend him."

Upon this question, Booth repeated the assurances which the surgeon had given them, perhaps with a little enlargement, which pretty well satisfied Amelia; and, instead of blaming her husband for what he had done, she tenderly embraced him, and again returned thanks to Heaven for his safety.

In the evening Booth insisted on paying a short visit to the colonel, highly against the inclination of Amelia, who, by many arguments and entreaties, endeavoured to dissuade her husband from continuing an acquaintance in which, she said, she should always foresee much danger for the future. However, she was at last prevailed upon to acquiesce; and Booth went to the colonel, whose lodgings happened to be in the verge as well as his own.

He found the colonel in his night-gown, and his great chair, engaged with another officer at a game of chess. He rose immediately, and, having heartily embraced Booth, presented him to his friend, saying, he had the honour to introduce to him as brave and as *fortitudinous* a man as any in the king's dominions. He then took Booth with him into the next room, and desired him not to mention a word of what had happened in the morning; saying, "I am very well satisfied that no more hath happened; however, as it ended in nothing, I could wish it might remain a secret." Booth told him he was heartily glad to find him so well, and promised never to mention it more to any one.

The game at chess being but just begun, and neither of the parties having gained any considerable advantage, they neither of them insisted on continuing it; and now the colonel's antagonist took his leave, and left the colonel and Booth together.

As soon as they were alone the latter earnestly entreated the former to acquaint him with the real cause of his anger; "for may I perish," cries Booth, "if I can even guess what I have ever done to offend either you, or your brother, colonel James."

"Look'ee, child," cries the colonel; "I tell you I am for my own part satisfied; for I am convinced that a man who will fight can never be a rascal; and, therefore, why should you inquire any more of me at present? when I see my brother James, I hope to reconcile all matters, and perhaps no more swords need be drawn on this occasion." But Booth still persisting in his desire, the colonel, after some hesitation, with a tremendous oath, cried out, "I do not think myself at liberty to refuse you after the indignity I offered you; so, since you demand it of me, I will inform you. My brother told me you had used him dishonourably, and had divellicated his character behind his back. He gave me his word, too, that he was well assured of what he said. What could I have done? though I own to you I did not believe him, and your behaviour since hath convinced me I was in the right; I must either have given him the lie, and fought with him, or else I was obliged to behave as I did, and fight with you. And now, my lad, I leave it to you to do as you please; but, if you are laid under any necessity to do yourself further justice, it is your own fault."

"Alas! colonel," answered Booth, "besides the obligations I have to the colonel, I have really so much love for him, that I think of nothing less than resentment. All I wish is to have this affair brought to an eclairsissement, and to satisfy him that he is in an error; for, though his assertions are cruelly injurious, and I have never deserved them, yet I am convinced he would not say what he did not himself think. Some rascal, envious of his friendship for me, hath belied me to him; and the only resentment I desire is, to convince him of his mistake."

At these words the colonel grinned horribly a ghastly smile, or rather sneer, and answered, "Young gentleman, you may do as you please; but, by the eternal dignity of man, if any man breathing had taken a liberty with my character,—Here, here—Mr. Booth (showing his fingers), here, d—n me,

should be his nostrils; he should breathe through my hands, and breathe his last, d—n me."

Booth answered, "I think, colonel, I may appeal to your testimony that I dare do myself justice; since he who dare draw his sword against you can hardly be supposed to fear any other person; but I repeat to you again that I love colonel James so well, and am so greatly obliged to him, that it would be almost indifferent to me whether I directed my sword against his breast or my own."

The colonel's muscles were considerably softened by Booth's last speech; but he again contracted them into a vast degree of fierceness before he cried out—"Boy, thou hast reason enough to be vain; for thou art the first person that ever could proudly say he gained an advantage over me in combat. I believe, indeed, thou art not afraid of any man breathing, and, as I know thou hast some obligations to my brother, I do not discommend thee; for nothing more becomes the dignity of a man than gratitude. Besides, as I am satisfied my brother can produce the author of the slander—I say, I am satisfied of that—d—n me, if any man alive dares assert the contrary; for that would be to make my brother himself a liar—I will make him produce his author; and then, my dear boy, your doing yourself proper justice there will bring you finely out of the whole affair. As soon as my surgeon gives me leave to go abroad, which, I hope, will be in a few days, I will bring my brother James to a tavern where you shall meet us; and I will engage my honour, my whole dignity to you, to make you friends."

The assurance of the colonel gave Booth great pleasure; for few persons ever loved a friend better than he did James; and as for doing military justice on the author of that scandalous report which had incensed his friend against him, not Bath himself was ever more ready, on such an occasion, than Booth to execute it. He soon after took his leave, and returned home in high spirits to his Amelia, whom he found in Mrs. Ellison's apartment, engaged in a party at ombre with that lady and her right honourable cousin.

His lordship had, it seems, had a second interview with the great man, and, having obtained further hopes (for I think there was not yet an absolute promise) of success in Mr. Booth's affairs, his usual good-nature brought him immediately to acquaint Mr. Booth with it. As he did not therefore find him at home, and as he met with the two ladies together, he resolved to stay till his friend's return, which he was assured would not be long, especially as he was so lucky, he said, to have no particular engagement that whole evening.

We remarked before that his lordship, at the first interview with Amelia, had distinguished her by a more particular address from the other ladies; but that now appeared to be rather owing to his perfect good-breeding, as she was then to be considered as the mistress of the house, than from any other preference. His present behaviour made this still more manifest; for, as he was now in Mrs. Ellison's apartment, though she was his relation and an old acquaintance, he applied his conversation rather more to her than to Amelia. His eyes, indeed, were now and then guilty of the contrary distinction, but this was only by stealth; for they constantly withdrew the moment they were discovered. In short, he treated Amelia with the greatest distance, and at the same time with the most profound and awful respect; his conversation was so general, so lively, and so obliging, that Amelia, when she added to his agreeableness the

obligations she had to him for his friendship to Booth, was certainly as much pleased with his lordship as any virtuous woman can possibly be with any man, besides her own husband.

CHAPTER VII.

Containing various matters.

WE have already mentioned the good-humour in which Booth returned home; and the reader will easily believe it was not a little increased by the good-humour in which he found his company. My lord received him with the utmost marks of friendship and affection, and told him that his affairs went on as well almost as he himself could desire, and that he doubted not very soon to wish him joy of a company.

When Booth had made a proper return to all his lordship's unparalleled goodness, he whispered Amelia that the colonel was entirely out of danger, and almost as well as himself. This made her satisfaction complete, threw her into such spirits, and gave such a lustre to her eyes, that her face, as Horace says, was too dazzling to be looked at; it was certainly too handsome to be looked at without the highest admiration.

His lordship departed about ten o'clock, and left the company in raptures with him, especially the two ladies, of whom it is difficult to say which exceeded the other in his commendations. Mrs. Ellison swore she believed he was the best of all human kind; and Amelia, without making any exception, declared he was the finest gentleman and most agreeable man she had ever seen in her life; adding, it was great pity he should remain single. "That's true, indeed," cries Mrs. Ellison, "and I have often lamented it; nay, I am astonished at it, considering the great liking he always shows for our sex, and he may certainly have the choice of all. The real reason, I believe, is, his fondness for his sister's children. I declare, madam, if you was to see his behaviour to them, you would think they were his own. Indeed he is vastly fond of all manner of children." "Good creature!" cries Amelia; "if ever he doth me the honour of another visit I am resolved I will show him my little things. I think, Mrs. Ellison, as you say my lord loves children, I may say, without vanity, he will not see many such." "No, indeed, will he not," answered Mrs. Ellison: "and now I think on't, madam, I wonder at my own stupidity in never making the offer before; but since you put it into my head, if you will give me leave, I'll take master and miss to wait on my lord's nephew and niece. They are very pretty behaved children; and little master and miss will be, I dare swear, very happy in their acquaintance; besides, if my lord himself should see them, I know what will happen; for he is the most generous of all human beings."

Amelia very readily accepted the favour which Mrs. Ellison offered her; but Booth expressed some reluctance. "Upon my word, my dear," said he, with a smile, "this behaviour of ours puts me in mind of the common conduct of beggars; who, whenever they receive a favour, are sure to send other objects to the same fountain of charity. Don't we, my dear, repay our obligations to my lord in the same manner, by sending our children a begging to him?"

"O beastly!" cries Mrs. Ellison; "how could such a thought enter your brains? I protest, madam, I begin to grow ashamed of this husband of yours. How can you have so vulgar a way of thinking? Begging, indeed! the poor little dear things a begging! If my lord was capable of such a thought,

though he was my own brother instead of my cousin, I should scorn him too much ever to enter his doors." "O dear madam!" answered Amelia, "you take Mr. Booth too seriously, when he was only in jest; and the children shall wait upon you whenever you please."

Though Booth had been a little more in earnest than Amelia had represented him, and was not, perhaps, quite so much in the wrong as he was considered by Mrs. Ellison, yet, seeing there were two to one against him, he wisely thought proper to recede, and let his smile go off with that air of a jest which his wife had given it.

Mrs. Ellison, however, could not let it pass without paying some compliments to Amelia's understanding, nor without some obscure reflections upon Booth, with whom she was more offended than the matter required. She was indeed a woman of most profuse generosity, and could not bear a thought which she deemed vulgar or sneaking. She afterwards launched forth the most profuse encomiums of his lordship's liberality, and concluded the evening with some instances which he had given of that virtue which, if not the noblest, is, perhaps, one of the most useful to society with which great and rich men can be endowed.

The next morning early, serjeant Atkinson came to wait on lieutenant Booth, and desired to speak with his honour in private. Upon which the lieutenant and serjeant took a walk together in the Park. Booth expected every minute when the serjeant would open his mouth; under which expectation he continued till he came to the end of the mall, and so he might have continued till he came to the end of the world; for, though several words stood at the end of the serjeant's lips, there they were likely to remain for ever. He was, indeed, in the condition of a miser, whom a charitable impulse hath impelled to draw a few pence to the edge of his pocket, where they were altogether as secure as if they were in the bottom; for, as the one hath not the heart to part with a farthing, so neither had the other the heart to speak a word.

Booth at length, wondering that the serjeant did not speak, asked him, What his business was? when the latter with a stammering voice began the following apology: "I hope, sir, your honour will not be angry, nor take anything amiss of me. I do assure you, it was not of my seeking, nay, I dare not proceed in the matter without first asking your leave. Indeed, if I had taken any liberties from the goodness you have been pleased to show me, I should look upon myself as one of the most worthless and despicable of wretches; but nothing is farther from my thoughts. I know the distance which is between us; and, because your honour hath been so kind and good as to treat me with more familiarity than any other officer ever did, if I had been base enough to take any freedoms, or to encroach upon your honour's goodness, I should deserve to be whipped through the regiment. I hope, therefore, sir, you will not suspect me of any such attempt."

"What can all this mean, Atkinson?" cries Booth; "what mighty matter would you introduce with all this previous apology?"

"I am almost ashamed and afraid to mention it," answered the serjeant; "and yet I am sure your honour will believe what I have said, and not think anything owing to my own presumption; and, at the same time, I have no reason to think you would do anything to spoil my fortune in an honest way, when it is dropped into my lap without my own seeking. For may I perish if it is not all the lady's

own goodness, and I hope in Heaven, with your honour's leave, I shall live to make her amends for it." In a word, that we may not detain the reader's curiosity quite so long as he did Booth's, he acquainted that gentleman that he had an offer of marriage from a lady of his acquaintance, to whose company he had introduced him, and desired his permission to accept of it.

Booth must have been very dull indeed if, after what the serjeant had said, and after what he had heard Mrs. Ellison say, he had wanted any information concerning the lady. He answered him briskly and cheerfully, that he had his free consent to marry any woman whatever; "and the greater and richer she is," added he, "the more I shall be pleased with the match. I don't inquire who the lady is," said he, smiling, "but I hope she will make as good a wife as, I am convinced, her husband will deserve."

"Your honour hath been always too good to me," cries Atkinson; "but this I promise you, I will do all in my power to merit the kindness she is pleased to show me. I will be bold to say she will marry an honest man, though he is but a poor one; and she shall never want anything which I can give her or do for her, while my name is Joseph Atkinson."

"And so her name is a secret, Joe, is it?" cries Booth.

"Why, sir," answered the serjeant, "I hope your honour will not insist upon knowing that, as I think it would be dishonourable in me to mention it."

"Not at all," replied Booth; "I am the farthest in the world from any such desire. I know thee better than to imagine thou wouldst disclose the name of the fair lady." Booth then shook Atkinson heartily by the hand, and assured him earnestly of the joy he had in his good fortune; for which the good serjeant failed not of making all proper acknowledgments. After which they departed, and Booth returned home.

As Mrs. Ellison opened the door, Booth hastily rushed by; for he had the utmost difficulty to prevent laughing in her face. He ran directly up stairs, and, throwing himself into a chair, discharged such a fit of laughter as greatly surprised, and at first almost frightened, his wife.

Amelia, it will be supposed, presently inquired into the cause of this phenomenon, with which Booth, as soon as he was able (for that was not within a few minutes), acquainted her. The news did not affect her in the same manner as it had affected her husband. On the contrary, she cried, "I protest I cannot guess what makes you see it in so ridiculous a light. I really think Mrs. Ellison has chosen very well. I am convinced Joe will make her one of the best of husbands; and, in my opinion, that is the greatest blessing a woman can be possessed of."

However, when Mrs. Ellison came into her room a little while afterwards to fetch the children, Amelia became of a more risible disposition, especially when the former, turning to Booth, who was then present, said, "So, captain, my jantee-serjeant was very early here this morning. I scolded my maid heartily for letting him wait so long in the entry like a lacquey, when she might have shown him into my inner apartment." At which words Booth burst into a very loud laugh; and Amelia herself could no more prevent laughing than she could blushing.

"Heyday!" cries Mrs. Ellison; "what have I said to cause all this mirth?" and at the same time blushed, and looked very silly, as is always the case with

persons who suspect themselves to be the objects of laughter, without absolutely taking what it is which makes them ridiculous.

Booth still continued laughing; but Amelia, composing her muscles, said, "I ask your pardon, dear Mrs. Ellison; but Mr. Booth hath been in a strange giggling humour all this morning; and I really think it is infectious."

"I ask your pardon too, madam," cries Booth, "but one is sometimes unaccountably foolish."

"Nay, but seriously," said she, "what is the matter?—something I said about the serjeant, I believe; but you may laugh as much as you please; I am not ashamed of owning I think him one of the prettiest fellows I ever saw in my life; and, I own, I scolded my maid at suffering him to wait in my entry; and where is the mighty ridiculous matter, pray?"

"None at all," answered Booth; "and I hope the next time he will be ushered into your inner apartment."

"Why should he not, sir?" replied she; "for, wherever he is ushered, I am convinced he will behave himself as a gentleman should."

Here Amelia put an end to the discourse, or it might have proceeded to very great lengths; for Booth was of a waggish inclination, and Mrs. Ellison was not a lady of the nicest delicacy.

CHAPTER VIII.

The heroic behaviour of colonel Bath.

Booth went this morning to pay a second visit to the colonel, where he found colonel James. Both the colonel and the lieutenant appeared a little shocked at their first meeting, but matters were soon cleared up; for the former presently advanced to the latter, shook him heartily by the hand, and said, "Mr. Booth, I am ashamed to see you; for I have injured you, and I heartily ask your pardon. I am now perfectly convinced that what I hinted to my brother, and which I find had like to have produced such fatal consequences, was entirely groundless. If you will be contented with my asking your pardon, and spare me the disagreeable remembrance of what led me into my error, I shall esteem it as the highest obligation."

Booth answered, "As to what regards yourself, my dear colonel, I am abundantly satisfied; but, as I am convinced some rascal hath been my enemy with you in the cruellest manner, I hope you will not deny me the opportunity of kicking him through the world."

"By all the dignity of man," cries colonel Bath, "the boy speaks with spirit, and his request is reasonable."

Colonel James hesitated a moment, and then whispered Booth that he would give him all the satisfaction imaginable concerning the whole affair when they were alone together; upon which, Booth addressing himself to colonel Bath, the discourse turned on other matters during the remainder of the visit, which was but short, and then both went away together, leaving colonel Bath as well as it was possible to expect, more to the satisfaction of Booth than of colonel James, who would not have been displeased if his wound had been more dangerous; for he was grown somewhat weary of a disposition that he rather called captious than heroic, and which, as he every day more and more hated his wife, he apprehended might some time or other give him some trouble; for Bath was the most affectionate of brothers, and had often sworn, in the presence of James, that he would eat any man alive who should use his sister ill.

Colonel Bath was well satisfied that his brother and the lieutenant were gone out with a design of tilting, from which he offered not a syllable to dissuade them, as he was convinced it was right, and that Booth could not in honour take, nor the colonel give, any less satisfaction. When they had been gone therefore about half an hour, he rang his bell to inquire if there was any news of his brother; a question which he repeated every ten minutes for the space of two hours, when, having heard nothing of him, he began to conclude that both were killed on the spot.

While he was in this state of anxiety his sister came to see him; for, notwithstanding his desire of keeping it a secret, the duel had blazed all over the town. After receiving some kind congratulations on his safety, and some unkind hints concerning the warmth of his temper, the colonel asked her when she had seen her husband? she answered, not that morning. He then communicated to her his suspicion, told her he was convinced his brother had drawn his sword that day, and that, as neither of them had heard anything from him, he began to apprehend the worst that could happen.

Neither Miss Bellamy nor Mrs. Cibber were ever in a greater consternation on the stage than now appeared in the countenance of Mrs. James. "Good Heavens! brother," cried she; "what do you tell me? you have frightened me to death. Let your man get me a glass of water immediately, if you have not a mind to see me die before your face. When, where, how was this quarrel? why did not you prevent it if you knew of it? is it not enough to be every day tormenting me with hazarding your own life, but must you bring the life of one who you know must be, and ought to be, so much the dearest of all to me, into danger? take your sword, brother, take your sword, and plunge it into my bosom; it would be kinder of you than to fill it with such dreads and terrors." Here she swallowed the glass of water, and then threw herself back in her chair, as if she had intended to faint away.

Perhaps, if she had so, the colonel would have lent her no assistance, for she had hurt him more than by ten thousand stabs. He sat erect in his chair, with his eyebrows knit, his forehead wrinkled, his eyes flashing fire, his teeth grating against each other, and breathing horror all round him. In this posture he sat for some time silent, casting disdainful looks at his sister. At last his voice found its way through a passion which had almost choked him, and he cried out, "Sister, what have I done to deserve the opinion you express of me? which of my actions hath made you conclude that I am a rascal and a coward? look at that poor sword, which never woman yet saw but in its sheath; what hath that done to merit your desire that it should be contaminated with the blood of a woman?"

"Alas! brother," cried she, "I know not what you say; you are desirous, I believe, to terrify me out of the little senses I have left. What can I have said, in the agonies of grief into which you threw me, to deserve this passion?"

"What have you said?" answered the colonel: "you have said that which, if a man had spoken, nay, d—n me, if he had but hinted that he durst even think, I would have made him eat my sword; by all the dignity of man, I would have crumbled his soul into powder. But I consider that the words were spoken by a woman, and I am calm again. Consider, my dear, that you are my sister, and behave yourself with more spirit. I have only mentioned to you my surmise. It may not have happened as I suspect; but, let what will have hap-

pened, you will have the comfort that your husband hath behaved himself with becoming dignity, and lies in the bed of honour."

"Talk not to me of such comfort," replied the lady; "it is a loss I cannot survive. But why do I sit here lamenting myself? I will go this instant and know the worst of my fate, if my trembling limbs will carry me to my coach. Good morrow, dear brother; whatever becomes of me, I am glad to find you out of danger." The colonel paid her his proper compliments, and she then left the room, but returned instantly back, saying, "Brother, I must beg the favour of you to let your footman step to my mantua-maker; I am sure it is a miracle, in my present distracted condition, how it came into my head." The footman was presently summoned, and Mrs. James delivered him his message, which was to countermand the orders which she had given that very morning to make her up a new suit of brocade. "Heaven knows," says she, "now, when I can wear brocade, or whether ever I shall wear it." And now, having repeated her message with great exactness, lest there should be any mistake, she again lamented her wretched situation, and then departed, leaving the colonel in full expectation of hearing speedy news of the fatal issue of the battle.

But, though the reader should entertain the same curiosity, we must be excused from satisfying it till we have first accounted for an incident which we have related in this very chapter, and which, we think, deserves some solution. The critic, I am convinced, already is apprised that I mean the friendly behaviour of James to Booth, which, from what we had before recorded, seemed so little to be expected.

It must be remembered that the anger which the former of these gentlemen had conceived against the latter arose entirely from the false account given by Miss Matthews of Booth, whom that lady had accused to colonel James of having as basely as wickedly traduced his character.

Now, of all the ministers of vengeance, there are none with whom the devil deals so treacherously as with those whom he employs in executing the mischievous purposes of an angry mistress; for no sooner is revenge executed on an offending lover than it is sure to be repented; and all the anger which before raged against the beloved object, returns with double fury on the head of his assassin.

Miss Matthews, therefore, no sooner heard that Booth was killed (for so was the report at first, and by a colonel of the army) than she immediately concluded it to be James. She was extremely shocked with the news, and her heart instantly began to relent. All the reasons on which she had founded her love recurred, in the strongest and liveliest colours, to her mind, and all the causes of her hatred sunk down and disappeared; or, if the least remembrance of anything which had disobliterated her remained, her heart became his zealous advocate, and soon satisfied her that her own fates were more to be blamed than he, and that, without being a villain, he could have acted no otherwise than he had done.

In this temper of mind she looked on herself as the murderer of an innocent man, and, what to her was much worse, of the man she had loved, and still did love, with all the violence imaginable. She looked on James as the tool with which she had done this murder; and, as it is usual for people who have rashly or inadvertently made any animate or inanimate thing the instrument of mischief to hate the innocent means by which the mischief was effected (for this is a subtle method which the mind invents to excuse ourselves, the last objects on whom

we would willingly wreak our vengeance), so Miss Matthews now hated and cursed James as the efficient cause of that act which she herself had contrived and laboured to carry into execution.

She sat down therefore in a furious agitation, little short of madness, and wrote the following letter :

" I HOPE this will find you in the hands of justice, for the murder of one of the best friends that ever man was blest with. In one sense, indeed, he may seem to have deserved his fate, by choosing a fool for a friend ; for who but a fool would have believed what the anger and rage of an injured woman suggested ; a story so improbable, that I could scarce be thought in earnest when I mentioned it ?

" Know, then, cruel wretch, that poor Booth loved you of all men breathing, and was, I believe, in your commendation, guilty of as much falsehood as I was in what I told you concerning him.

" If this knowledge makes you miserable, it is no more than you have made the unhappy " F. MATTHEWS."

CHAPTER IX.

Being the last chapter of the fifth book.

WE shall now return to colonel James and Mr. Booth, who walked together from colonel Bath's lodging with much more peaceable intention than that gentleman had conjectured, who dreamt of nothing but swords and guns and implements of war.

The Birdcage-walk in the Park was the scene appointed by James for unburthening his mind.—Thither they came, and there James acquainted Booth with all that which the reader knows already, and gave him the letter which we have inserted at the end of the last chapter.

Booth expressed great astonishment at this relation, not without venting some detestation of the wickedness of Miss Matthews ; upon which James took him up, saying, he ought not to speak with such abhorrence of faults which love for him had occasioned.

" Can you mention love, my dear colonel," cried Booth, " and such a woman in the same breath ?"

" Yes, faith ! can I," says James ; " for the devil take me if I know a more lovely woman in the world." Here he began to describe her whole person ; but, as we cannot insert all the description, so we shall omit it all ; and concluded with saying, " Curse me if I don't think her the finest creature in the universe. I would give half my estate, Booth, if she loved me as well as she doth you. Though, on second consideration, I believe I should repent that bargain ; for then, very possibly, I should not care a farthing for her."

" You will pardon me, dear colonel," answered Booth ; " but to me there appears somewhat very singular in your way of thinking. Beauty is, indeed, the object of liking, great qualities of admiration, good ones of esteem ; but the devil take me if I think anything but love to be the object of love."

" Is there not something too selfish," replied James, " in that opinion ? but, without considering it in that light, is it not of all things the most insipid ? all oil ! all sugar ! zounds ! it is enough to cloy the sharp-set appetite of a parson. Acids surely are the most likely to quicken."

" I do not love reasoning in allegories," cries Booth ; " but with regard to love, I declare I never found anything cloying in it. I have lived almost alone with my wife near three years together, was never tired with her company, nor ever wished for any other ; and I am sure I never tasted any of the acid you mention to quicken my appetite."

" This is all very extraordinary and romantic to me," answered the colonel. " If I was to be shut up three years with the same woman, which Heaven

forbid ! nothing, I think, could keep me alive but a temper as violent as that of Miss Matthews. As to love, it would make me sick to death in the twentieth part of that time. If I was so condemned, let me see, what would I wish the woman to be ? I think no one virtue would be sufficient. With the spirit of a tigress, I would have her be a prude, a scold, a scholar, a critic, a wit, a politician, and a jacobite ; and then, perhaps, eternal opposition would keep up our spirits ; and, wishing one another daily at the devil, we should make a shift to drag on a damnable state of life, without much spleen or vapours."

" And so you do not intend," cries Booth, " to break with this woman ?"

" Not more than I have already, if I can help it," answered the colonel.

" And you will be reconciled to her ?" said Booth.

" Yes, faith ! will I, if I can," answered the colonel ; " I hope you have no objection."

" None, my dear friend," said Booth, " unless on your account."

" I do believe you," said the colonel ; " and yet, let me tell you, you are a very extraordinary man, not to desire me to quit her on your own account. Upon my soul, I begin to pity the woman, who hath placed her affection, perhaps, on the only man in England of your age who would not return it. But for my part, I promise you, I like her beyond all other women ; and, whilst that is the case, my boy, if her mind was as full of iniquity as Pandora's box was of diseases, I'd hug her close in my arms, and only take as much care as possible to keep the lid down for fear of mischief. But come, dear Booth," said he, " let us consider your affairs ; for I am ashamed of having neglected them so long ; and the only anger I have against this wench is, that she was the occasion of it."

Booth then acquainted the colonel with the promises he had received from the noble lord, upon which James shook him by the hand, and heartily wished him joy, crying, " I do assure you, if you have his interest, you will need no other ; I did not know you was acquainted with him."

To which Mr. Booth answered, " That he was but a new acquaintance, and that he was recommended to him by a lady."

" A lady !" cries the colonel ; " well, I don't ask her name. You are a happy man, Booth, amongst the women ; and, I assure you, you could have no stronger recommendation. The peer loves the ladies, I believe, as well as ever Mark Antony did ; and it is not his fault if he hath not spent as much upon them. If he once fixes his eye upon a woman, he will stick at nothing to get her."

" Ay, indeed !" cries Booth. " Is that his character ?"

" Ay, faith," answered the colonel, " and the character of most men besides him. Few of them, I mean, will stick at anything besides their money. Jusque à la Bourse is sometimes the boundary of love as well as friendship. And, indeed, I never knew any other man part with his money so very freely on these occasions. You see, dear Booth, the confidence I have in your honour."

" I hope, indeed, you have," cries Booth, " but I don't see what instance you now give me of that confidence."

" Have not I shown you," answered James, " where you may carry your goods to market ? I can assure you, my friend, that is a secret I would not impart to every man in your situation, and all circumstances considered."

" I am very sorry, sir," cries Booth very gravely,

and turning as pale as death, "you should entertain a thought of this kind; a thought which hath almost frozen up my blood. I am unwilling to believe there are such villains in the world; but there is none of them whom I should detest half so much as myself, if my own mind had ever suggested to me a hint of that kind. I have tasted of some distresses of life, and I know not to what greater I may be driven, but my honour, I thank Heaven, is in my own power, and I can boldly say to Fortune that she shall not rob me of it."

"Have I not expressed that confidence, my dear Booth?" answered the colonel. "And what you say now well justifies my opinion; for I do agree with you that, considering all things, it would be the highest instance of dishonour."

"Dishonour, indeed!" returned Booth. "What! to prostitute my wife! Can I think there is such a wretch breathing?"

"I don't know that," said the colonel; "but I am sure it was very far from my intention to insinuate the least hint of any such matter to you. Nor can I imagine how you yourself could conceive such a thought. The goods I meant were no other than the charming person of Miss Matthews; for whom I am convinced my lord would bid a swingeing price against me."

Booth's countenance greatly cleared up at this declaration, and he answered with a smile, that he hoped he need not give the colonel any assurances on that head. However, though he was satisfied with regard to the colonel's suspicions, yet some chimeras now arose in his brain which gave him no very agreeable sensations. What these were, the sagacious reader may probably suspect; but, if he should not, we may perhaps have occasion to open them in the sequel. Here we will put an end to this dialogue, and to the fifth book of this history.

BOOK VI.—CHAPTER I.

Panegyrics on beauty, with other grave matters.

THE colonel and Booth walked together to the latter's lodgings; for as it was not that day in the week in which all parts of the town are indifferent, Booth could not wait on the colonel.

When they arrived in Spring-garden, Booth, to his great surprise, found no one at home but the maid. In truth, Amelia had accompanied Mrs. Ellison and her children to his lordship's; for, as her little girl showed a great unwillingness to go without her, the fond mother was easily persuaded to make one of the company.

Booth had scarce ushered the colonel up to his apartment when a servant from Mrs. James knocked hastily at the door. The lady, not meeting with her husband at her return home, began to despair of him, and performed everything which was decent on the occasion. An apothecary was presently called with hartshorn and sal volatile, a doctor was sent for, and messengers were despatched every way; amongst the rest, one was sent to inquire at the lodgings of his supposed antagonist.

The servant hearing that his master was alive and well above stairs, ran up eagerly to acquaint him with the dreadful situation in which he left his miserable lady at home, and likewise with the occasion of all her distress, saying, that his lady had been at her brother's, and had there heard that his honour was killed in a duel by captain Booth.

The colonel smiled at this account, and bid the servant make haste back to contradict it. And then turning to Booth, he said, "Was there ever such another fellow as this brother of mine? I thought

indeed his behaviour was somewhat odd at the time. I suppose he overheard me whisper that I would give you satisfaction, and thence concluded we went together with a design of tilting. D—n the fellow, I begin to grow heartily sick of him, and wish I could get well rid of him without cutting his throat, which I sometimes apprehended he will insist on my doing, as a return for my getting him made a lieutenant-colonel."

Whilst these two gentlemen were commenting on the character of the third, Amelia and her company returned, and all presently came up stairs, not only the children, but the two ladies, laden with trinkets as if they had been come from a fair. Amelia, who had been highly delighted all the morning with the excessive pleasure which her children enjoyed, when she saw colonel James with her husband, and perceived the most manifest marks of that reconciliation which she knew had been so long and so earnestly wished by Booth, became so transported with joy, that her happiness was scarce capable of addition. Exercise had painted her face with vermilion; and the highest good-humour had so sweetened every feature, and a vast flow of spirits had so lightened up her bright eyes, that she was all a blaze of beauty. She seemed, indeed, as Milton sublimely describes Eve,

—Adorn'd

With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
To make her amiable.

Again:

Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
In every gesture, dignity and love.

Or, as Waller sweetly, though less sublimely, sings:—

Sweetness, truth, and every grace
Which time and use are wont to teach,
The eye may in a moment reach,
And read distinctly in her face.

Or, to mention one poet more, and him of all the sweetest, she seemed to be the very person of whom Suckling wrote the following lines, where, speaking of Cupid he says,

All his lovely looks, his pleasing fires,
All his sweet motions, all his taking smiles,
All that awakes, all that inflames desires,
All that sweetly commands, all that beguiles,
He does into one pair of eyes convey,
And there begs leave that he himself may stay.

Such was Amelia at this time when she entered the room; and, having paid her respects to the colonel, she went up to her husband, and cried, "O, my dear! never were any creatures so happy as your little things have been this whole morning; and all owing to my lord's goodness; sure never was anything so good-natured and so generous!" She then made the children produce their presents, the value of which amounted to a pretty large sum; for there was a gold watch, amongst the trinkets, that cost above twenty guineas.

Instead of discovering so much satisfaction on this occasion as Amelia expected, Booth very gravely answered, "And pray, my dear, how are we to repay all these obligations to his lordship?" "How can you ask so strange a question?" cries Mrs. Ellison: "how little do you know of the soul of generosity (for sure my cousin deserves that name) when you call a few little trinkets given to children an obligation!" "Indeed, my dear," cries Amelia, "I would have stopped his hand if it had been possible; nay, I was forced at last absolutely to refuse, or I believe he would have laid a hundred pound out on the children; for I never saw any one so fond of children, which convinces me he is one of the best of men; but I ask your pardon, colonel," said she, turning to him; "I should not entertain you

with these subjects; yet I know you have goodness enough to excuse the folly of a mother."

The colonel made a very low assenting bow, and soon after they all sat down to a small repast; for the colonel had promised Booth to dine with him when they first came home together, and what he had since heard from his own house gave him still less inclination than ever to repair thither.

But, besides both these, there was a third and stronger inducement to him to pass the day with his friend, and this was the desire of passing it with his friend's wife. When the colonel had first seen Amelia in France, she was but just recovered from a consumptive habit, and looked pale and thin; besides, his engagements with Miss Bath at that time took total possession of him, and guarded his heart from the impressions of another woman; and, when he had dined with her in town, the vexations through which she had lately passed had somewhat deadened her beauty; besides, he was then engaged, as we have seen, in a very warm pursuit of a new mistress, but now he had no such impediment; for, though the reader hath just before seen his warm declarations of a passion for Miss Matthews, yet it may be remembered that he had been in possession of her for above a fortnight; and one of the happy properties of this kind of passion is, that it can with equal violence love half a dozen or half a score different objects at one and the same time.

But indeed such were the charms now displayed by Amelia, of which we endeavoured above to draw some faint resemblance, that perhaps no other beauty could have secured him from their influence; and here, to confess a truth in his favour, however the grave or rather the hypocritical part of mankind may censure it, I am firmly persuaded that to withdraw admiration from exquisite beauty, or to feel no delight in gazing at it, is as impossible as to feel no warmth from the most scorching rays of the sun. To run away is all that is in our power; and in the former case, if it must be allowed we have the power of running away, it must be allowed also that it requires the strongest resolution to execute it; for when, as Dryden says,

All paradise is open'd in a face,

how natural is the desire of going thither! and how difficult to quit the lovely prospect!

And yet, however difficult this may be, my young readers, it is absolutely necessary, and that immediately too: flatter not yourselves that fire will not scorch as well as warm, and the longer we stay within its reach the more we shall burn. The admiration of a beautiful woman, though the wife of our dearest friend, may at first perhaps be innocent, but let us not flatter ourselves it will always remain so; desire is sure to succeed; and wishes, hopes, designs, with a long train of mischiefs, tread close at our heels. In affairs of this kind we may most properly apply the well-known remark of *nemo repente fuit turpissimus*. It fares, indeed, with us on this occasion as with the unwary traveller in some parts of Arabia, the desert, whom the treacherous sands imperceptibly betray till he is overwhelmed and lost. In both cases the only safety is by withdrawing our feet the very first moment we perceive them sliding.

This degression may appear impertinent to some readers; we could not, however, avoid the opportunity of offering the above hints; since of all passions there is none against which we should so strongly fortify ourselves as this, which is generally called love; for no other lays before us, especially in the tumultuous days of youth, such sweet, such strong, and almost irresistible temptations; none

hath produced in private life such fatal and lamentable tragedies; and, what is worst of all, there is none to whose poison and infatuation the best of minds are so liable. Ambition scarce ever produces any evil but when it reigns in cruel and savage bosoms; and avarice seldom flourishes at all but in the basest and poorest soil. Love, on the contrary, sprouts usually up in the richest and noblest minds; but there, unless nicely watched, pruned, and cultivated, and carefully kept clear of those vicious weeds which are too apt to surround it, it branches forth into wildness and disorder, produces nothing desirable, but chokes up and kills whatever is good and noble in the mind where it so abounds. In short, to drop the allegory, not only tenderness and good nature, but bravery, generosity, and every virtue are often made the instruments of effecting the most atrocious purposes of this all-subduing tyrant.

CHAPTER II.

Which will not appear, we presume, unnatural to all married readers.

If the table of poor Booth afforded but an indifferent repast to the colonel's hunger, here was most excellent entertainment of a much higher kind. The colonel began now to wonder within himself at his not having before discovered such incomparable beauty and excellence. This wonder was indeed so natural, that, lest it should arise likewise in the reader, we thought proper to give the solution of it in the preceding chapter.

During the first two hours the colonel scarce ever had his eyes off from Amelia; for he was taken by surprise, and his heart was gone before he suspected himself to be in any danger. His mind, however, no sooner suggested a certain secret to him than it suggested some degree of prudence to him at the same time; and the knowledge that he had thoughts to conceal, and the care of concealing them, had birth at one and the same instant. During the residue of the day, therefore, he grew more circumspect, and contented himself with now and then stealing a look by chance, especially as the more than ordinary gravity of Booth made him fear that his former behaviour had betrayed to Booth's observation the great and sudden liking he had conceived for his wife, even before he had observed it in himself.

Amelia continued the whole day in the highest spirits and highest good humour imaginable, never once remarking that appearance of discontent in her husband of which the colonel had taken notice; so much more quick-sighted, as we have somewhere else hinted, is guilt than innocence. Whether Booth had in reality made any such observations on the colonel's behaviour as he had suspected, we will not undertake to determine; yet so far may be material to say, as we can with sufficient certainty, that the change in Booth's behaviour that day, from what was usual with him, was remarkable enough. None of his former vivacity appeared in his conversation; and his countenance was altered from being the picture of sweetness and good humour, not indeed to sourness or moroseness, but to gravity and melancholy.

Though the colonel's suspicion had the effect which we have mentioned on his behaviour, yet it could not persuade him to depart. In short, he sat in his chair as if confined to it by enchantment, stealing looks now and then, and humouring his growing passion, without having command enough over his limbs to carry him out of the room, till decency at last forced him to put an end to his preposterous visit. When the husband and wife were left alone together, the latter resumed the subject of her

children, and gave Booth a particular narrative of all that had passed at his lordship's, which he, though something had certainly disconcerted him, affected to receive with all the pleasure he could; and this affectation, however awkwardly he acted his part, passed very well on Amelia; for she could not well conceive a displeasure of which she had not the least hint of any cause, and indeed at a time when, from his reconciliation with James, she imagined her husband to be entirely and perfectly happy.

The greatest part of that night Booth passed awake; and, if during the residue he might be said to sleep, he could scarce be said to enjoy repose; his eyes were no sooner closed, than he was pursued and haunted by the most frightful and terrifying dreams, which threw him into so restless a condition, that he soon disturbed his Amelia, and greatly alarmed her with apprehensions that he had been seized by some dreadful disease, though he had not the least symptoms of a fever by any extraordinary heat, or any other indication, but was rather colder than usual.

As Booth assured his wife that he was very well, but found no inclination to sleep, she likewise bid adieu to her slumbers, and attempted to entertain him with her conversation. Upon which his lordship occurred as the first topic; and she repeated to him all the stories which she had heard from Mr. Ellison, of the peer's goodness to his sister and his nephew and niece. "It is impossible, my dear," says she, "to describe their fondness for their uncle, which is to me an incontestible sign of a parent's goodness." In this manner she ran on for several minutes, concluding at last, that it was pity so very few had such generous minds joined to immense fortunes.

Booth, instead of making a direct answer to what Amelia had said, cried coldly, "But do you think, my dear, it was right to accept all those expensive toys which the children brought home? And I ask you again, what return we are to make for these obligations?"

"Indeed, my dear," cries Amelia, "you see this matter in two serious a light. Though I am the last person in the world who would lessen his lordship's goodness (indeed I shall always think we are both infinitely obliged to him), yet sure you must allow the expense to be a mere trifle to such a vast fortune. As for return, his own benevolence, in the satisfaction it receives, more than repays itself, and I am convinced he expects no other."

"Very well, my dear," cries Booth, "you shall have it your way; I must confess I never yet found any reason to blame your discernment; and perhaps I have been in the wrong to give myself so much uneasiness on this account."

"Uneasiness, child!" said Amelia eagerly; "Good Heavens! hath this made you uneasy?"

"I do own it hath," answered Booth, "and it hath been the only cause of breaking my repose."

"Why then I wish," cries Amelia, "all the things had been at the devil before ever the children had seen them; and, whatever I may think myself, I promise you they shall never more accept the value of a farthing:—if upon this occasion I have been the cause of your uneasiness, you will do me the justice to believe that I was totally innocent."

At those words Booth caught her in his arms, and with the tenderest embrace, emphatically repeating the word innocent, cried, "Heaven forbid I should think otherwise! O, thou art the best of creatures that ever blessed a man!"

"Well, but," said she, smiling, "do confess, my dear, the truth; I promise you I won't blame you

nor disesteem you for it; but is not pride really at the bottom of this fear of an obligation?"

"Perhaps it may," answered he; "or, if you will, you may call it fear. I own I am afraid of obligations, as the worst kind of debts; for I have generally observed those who confer them expect to be repaid ten thousand fold."

Here ended all that is material of their discourse; and a little time afterwards, they both fell fast asleep in one another's arms; from which time Booth had no more restlessness, nor any further perturbation in his dreams.

Their repose, however, had been so much disturbed in the former part of the night, that, as it was very late before they enjoyed that sweet sleep I have just mentioned, they lay abed the next day till noon, when they both rose with the utmost cheerfulness; and, while Amelia bestirred herself in the affairs of her family, Booth went to visit the wounded colonel.

He found that gentleman still proceeding very fast in his recovery, with which he was more pleased than he had reason to be with his reception; for the colonel received him very coldly indeed, and, when Booth told him he had received perfect satisfaction from his brother, Bath erected his head and answered with a sneer, "Very well, sir, if you think these matters can be so made up, d—n me if it is any business of mine. My dignity hath not been injured."

"No one, I believe," cries Booth, "dare injure it."

"You believe so!" said the colonel: "I think, sir, you might be assured of it; but this, at least, you may be assured of, that if any man did, I would tumble him down the precipice of hell, d—n me, that you may be assured of."

As Booth found the colonel in this disposition, he had no great inclination to lengthen out his visit, nor did the colonel himself seem to desire it: so he soon returned back to his Amelia, whom he found performing the office of a cook, with as much pleasure as a fine lady generally enjoys in dressing herself out for a ball.

CHAPTER III.

In which the history looks a little backwards.

BEFORE we proceed farther in our history we shall recount a short scene to our reader which passed between Amelia and Mrs. Ellison whilst Booth was on his visit to colonel Bath. We have already observed that Amelia had conceived an extraordinary affection for Mrs. Bennet, which had still increased every time she saw her; she thought she discovered something wonderfully good and gentle in her countenance and disposition, and was very desirous of knowing her whole history.

She had a very short interview with that lady this morning in Mrs. Ellison's apartment. As soon, therefore, as Mrs. Bennet was gone, Amelia acquainted Mrs. Ellison with the good opinion she had conceived of her friend, and likewise with her curiosity to know her story: "For there must be something uncommonly good," said she, "in one who can so truly mourn for a husband above three years after his death."

"O!" cries Mrs. Ellison, "to be sure the world must allow her to have been one of the best of wives. And, indeed, upon the whole, she is a good sort of woman; and what I like her the best for is a strong resemblance that she bears to yourself in the form of her person, and still more in her voice. But for my own part, I know nothing remarkable in her fortune, unless what I have told you, that she was the daughter of a clergyman, had little or no fortune, and married a poor parson for love, who

left her in the utmost distress. If you please, I will show you a letter which she writ to me at that time, though I insist upon your promise never to mention it to her; indeed, you will be the first person I ever showed it to." She then opened her scrutoire, and, taking out the letter, delivered it to Amelia, saying, "There, madam, is, I believe, as fine a picture of distress as can well be drawn."

"DEAR MADAM,—As I have no other friend on earth but yourself, I hope you will pardon my writing to you at this season; though I do not know that you can relieve my distresses, or, if you can, have I any pretence to expect that you should. My poor dear, O Heavens—my—lies dead in the house; and, after I had procured sufficient to bury him, a set of ruffians have entered my house, seized all I have, have seized his dear, dear corpse, and threaten to deny it burial. For Heaven's sake, send me, at least, some advice; little Tommy stands now by me crying for bread, which I have not to give him. I can say no more than that I am your most distressed humble servant,
"M. BENNET."

Amelia read the letter over twice, and then returning it, with tears in her eyes, asked how the poor creature could possibly get through such distress.

"You may depend upon it, madam," said Mrs. Ellison, "the moment I read this account I posted away immediately to the lady. As to the seizing the body, that I found was a mere bugbear; but all the rest was literally true. I sent immediately for the same gentleman that I recommended to Mr. Booth, left the care of burying the corpse to him, and brought my friend and her little boy immediately away to my own house, where she remained some months in the most miserable condition. I then prevailed with her to retire into the country, and procured her a lodging with a friend at St. Edmundsbury, the air and gaiety of which place by degrees recovered her; and she returned in about a twelve-month to town, as well, I think, as she is at present."

"I am almost afraid to ask," cries Amelia, "and yet I long methinks to know what is become of the poor little boy."

"He hath been dead," said Mrs. Ellison, "a little more than half a year; and the mother lamented him at first almost as much as she did her husband, but I found it indeed rather an easier matter to comfort her, though I sat up with her near a fortnight upon the latter occasion."

"You are a good creature," said Amelia, "and I love you dearly."

"Alas! madam," cries she, "what could I have done if it had not been for the goodness of that best of men, my noble cousin! His lordship no sooner heard of the widow's distress from me than he immediately settled one hundred and fifty pounds a year upon her during her life."

"Well! how noble, how generous was that!" said Amelia. "I declare I begin to love your cousin, Mrs. Ellison."

"And I declare if you do," answered she, "there is no love lost, I verily believe; if you had heard what I heard him say yesterday behind your back—"

"Why, what did he say, Mrs. Ellison?" cries Amelia.

"He said," answered the other, "that you was the finest woman his eyes ever beheld.—Ah! it is in vain to wish, and yet I cannot help wishing too.—O, Mrs. Booth! if you had been a single woman, I firmly believe I could have made you the happiest in the world. And I sincerely think I never saw a woman who deserved it more."

"I am obliged to you, madam," cries Amelia, "for your good opinion; but I really look on myself already as the happiest woman in the world. Our

circumstances, it is true, might have been a little more fortunate; but O, my dear Mrs. Ellison! what fortune can be put in the balance with such a husband as mine?"

"I am afraid, dear madam," answered Mrs. Ellison, "you would not hold the scale fairly.—I acknowledge, indeed, Mr. Booth is a very pretty gentleman; Heaven forbid I should endeavour to lessen him in your opinion; yet, if I was to be brought to confession, I could not help saying I see where the superiority lies, and that the men have more reason to envy Mr. Booth than the women have to envy his lady."

"Nay, I will not bear this," replied Amelia. "You will forfeit all my love if you have the least disrespectful opinion of my husband. You do not know him, Mrs. Ellison; he is the best, the kindest, the worthiest of all his sex. I have observed, indeed, once or twice before, that you have taken some dislike to him. I cannot conceive for what reason. If he hath said or done anything to disoblige you, I am sure I can justly acquit him of design. His extreme vivacity makes him sometimes a little too heedless; but, I am convinced, a more innocent heart, or one more void of offence, was never in a human bosom."

"Nay, if you grow serious," cries Mrs. Ellison, "I have done. How is it possible you should suspect I had taken any dislike to a man to whom I have always shown so perfect a regard? but to say I think him, or almost any other man in the world, worthy of yourself, is not within my power with truth. And since you force the confession from me, I declare, I think such beauty, such sense, and such goodness united, might aspire without vanity to the arms of any monarch in Europe."

"Alas! my dear Mrs. Ellison," answered Amelia, "do you think happiness and a crown so closely united? how many miserable women have lain in the arms of kings?—Indeed, Mrs. Ellison, if I had all the merit you compliment me with, I should think it all fully rewarded with such a man as, I thank Heaven, hath fallen to my lot; nor would I, upon my soul, exchange that lot with any queen in the universe."

"Well, there are enow of our sex," said Mrs. Ellison, "to keep you in countenance; but I shall never forget the beginning of a song of Mr. Congreve's, that my husband was so fond of that he was always singing it:—

Love's but a frailty of the mind,
When 'tis not with ambition join'd.

Love without interest makes but an unsavoury dish, in my opinion."

"And pray how long hath this been your opinion?" said Amelia, smiling.

"Ever since I was born," answered Mrs. Ellison; "at least, ever since I can remember."

"And have you never," said Amelia, "deviated from this generous way of thinking?"

"Never once," answered the other, "in the whole course of my life."

"O, Mrs. Ellison! Mrs. Ellison!" cries Amelia; why do we ever blame those who are disingenuous in confessing their faults, when we are so often ashamed to own ourselves in the right? Some women now, in my situation, would be angry that you had not made confidantes of them; but I never desire to know more of the secrets of others than they are pleased to intrust me with. You must believe, however, that I should not have given you these hints of my knowing all if I had disapproved of your choice. On the contrary, I assure you I highly approve it. The gentility he wants, it will be

easy in your power to procure for him ; and as for his good qualities, I will myself be bound for them ; and I make not the least doubt, as you have owned to me yourself that you have placed your affections on him, you will be one of the happiest women in the world."

"Upon my honour," cries Mrs. Ellison, very gravely, "I do not understand one word of what you mean."

"Upon my honour, you astonish me," said Amelia ; "but I have done."

"Nay then," said the other, "I insist upon knowing what you mean."

"Why, what can I mean," answered Amelia, "but your marriage with serjeant Atkinson?"

"With serjeant Atkinson!" cries Mrs. Ellison eagerly, "my marriage with a serjeant!"

"Well, with Mr. Atkinson, then, captain Atkinson, if you please ; for so I hope to see him."

"And have you really no better opinion of me," said Mrs. Ellison, "than to imagine me capable of such condescension? What have I done, dear Mrs. Booth, to deserve so low a place in your esteem? I find, indeed, as Solomon says, *Women ought to watch the door of their lips*. How little did I imagine that a little harmless freedom in discourse could persuade any one that I could entertain a serious intention of disgracing my family! for of a very good family am I come, I assure you, madam, though I now let lodgings. Few of my lodgers, I believe, ever came of a better."

"If I have offended you, madam," said Amelia, "I am very sorry, and ask your pardon ; but, besides what I heard from yourself, Mr. Booth told me—"

"O yes!" answered Mrs. Ellison, "Mr. Booth, I know, is a very good friend of mine. Indeed, I know you better than to think it could be your own suspicion. I am very much obliged to Mr. Booth truly."

"Nay," cries Amelia, "the serjeant himself is in fault ; for Mr. Booth, I am positive, only repeated what he had from him."

"Impudent coxcomb!" cries Mrs. Ellison. "I shall know how to keep such fellows at a proper distance for the future—I will tell you, dear madam, all that happened. When I rose in the morning I found the fellow waiting in the entry ; and, as you had expressed some regard for him as your foster-brother—nay, he is a very genteel fellow, that I must own—I scolded my maid for not showing him into my little back-room ; and I then asked him to walk into the parlour. Could I have imagined he would have construed such little civility into an encouragement?"

"Nay, I will have justice done to my poor brother too," said Amelia. "I myself have seen you give him much greater encouragement than that."

"Well, perhaps I have," said Mrs. Ellison. "I have been always too unguarded in my speech, and cannot answer for all I have said." She then began to change her note, and, with an affected laugh, turned all into ridicule ; and soon afterwards the two ladies separated, both in apparent good-humour ; and Amelia went about those domestic offices in which Mr. Booth found her engaged at the end of the preceding chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

Containing a very extraordinary incident.

In the afternoon Mr. Booth, with Amelia and her children, went to refresh themselves in the Park. The conversation now turned on what passed in the morning with Mrs. Ellison, the latter part of the

dialogue, I mean, recorded in the last chapter. Amelia told her husband that Mrs. Ellison so strongly denied all intentions to marry the serjeant, that she had convinced her the poor fellow was under an error, and had mistaken a little too much levity for serious encouragement ; and concluded by desiring Booth not to jest with her any more on that subject.

Booth burst into a laugh at what his wife said. "My dear creature," said he, "how easy is thy honesty and simplicity to be imposed on! how little dost thou guess at the art and falsehood of women! I knew a young lady who, against her father's consent, was married to a brother officer of mine ; and, as I often used to walk with her (for I knew her father intimately well), she would of her own accord take frequent occasions to ridicule and vilify her husband (for so he was at the time), and expressed great wonder and indignation at the report which she allowed to prevail that she should condescend ever to look at such a fellow with any other design than of laughing at and despising him. The marriage afterwards became publicly owned, and the lady was reputably brought to bed. Since which I have often seen her ; nor hath she ever appeared to be in the least ashamed of what she had formerly said, though, indeed, I believe she hates me heartily for having heard it."

"But for what reason," cries Amelia, "should she deny a fact, when she must be so certain of our discovering it, and that immediately?"

"I cannot answer what end she may propose," said Booth. "Sometimes one would be almost persuaded that there was a pleasure in lying itself. But this I am certain, that I would believe the honest serjeant on his bare word sooner than I would fifty Mrs. Ellisons on oath. I am convinced he would not have said what he did to me without the strongest encouragement ; and, I think, after what we have been both witnesses to, it requires no great confidence in his veracity to give him an unlimited credit with regard to the lady's behaviour."

To this Amelia made no reply ; and they discoursed of other matters during the remainder of a very pleasant walk.

When they returned home Amelia was surprised to find an appearance of disorder in her apartment. Several of the trinkets which his lordship had given the children lay about the room ; and a suit of her own clothes, which she had left in her drawers, was now displayed upon the bed.

She immediately summoned her little girl up stairs, who, as she plainly perceived the moment she came up with a candle, had half cried her eyes out ; for, though the girl had opened the door to them, as it was almost dark, she had not taken any notice of this phenomenon in her countenance.

The girl now fell down upon her knees and cried, "For Heaven's sake, madam, do not be angry with me. Indeed, I was left alone in the house ; and, hearing somebody knock at the door, I opened it—I am sure thinking no harm. I did not know but it might have been you, or my master, or madam Ellison ; and immediately as I did, the rogue burst in and ran directly up stairs, and what he hath robbed you of I cannot tell ; but I am sure I could not help it, for he was a great swingeing man with a pistol in each hand ; and, if I had dared to call out, to be sure he would have killed me. I am sure I was never in such a fright in my born days, whereof I am hardly come to myself yet. I believe he is somewhere about the house yet, for I never saw him go out."

Amelia discovered some little alarm at this narrative, but much less than many other ladies would

have shown, for a fright is, I believe, some time laid hold of as an opportunity of disclosing several charms peculiar to that occasion. And which, as Mr. Addison says of certain virtues,

Shun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.

Booth, having opened the window, and summoned in two chairmen to his assistance, proceeded to search the house; but all to no purpose; the thief was flown, though the poor girl, in her state of terror, had not seen him escape.

But now a circumstance appeared which greatly surprised both Booth and Amelia; indeed, I believe it will have the same effect on the reader; and this was, that the thief had taken nothing with him. He had, indeed, tumbled over all Booth's and Amelia's clothes and the children's toys, but had left all behind him.

Amelia was scarce more pleased than astonished at this discovery, and re-examined the girl, assuring her of an absolute pardon if she confessed the truth, but grievously threatening her if she was found guilty of the least falsehood. "As for a thief, child," says she, "that is certainly not true; you have had somebody with you to whom you have been showing the things; therefore tell me plainly who it was."

The girl protested in the solemnest manner that she knew not the person; but as to some circumstances she began to vary a little from her first account, particularly as to the pistols, concerning which, being strictly examined by Booth, she at last cried—"To be sure, sir, he must have had pistols about him." And instead of persisting in his having rushed in upon her, she now confessed that he had asked at the door for her master and mistress; and that at his desire she had shown him up stairs, where he at first said he would stay till their return home; "but, indeed," cried she, "I thought no harm, for he looked like a gentleman-like sort of a man. And, indeed, so I thought he was for a good while, whereof he sat down and behaved himself very civilly, till he saw some of master's and miss's things upon the chest of drawers; whereof he cried, 'Hey-day! what's here?' and then he fell to tumbling about the things like any mad. Then I think, thinks I to myself, to be sure he is a highwayman, whereof I did not dare to speak to him; for I knew madam Ellison and her maid was gone out, and what could such a poor girl as I do against a great strong man? and besides, thinks I, to be sure he hath got pistols about him, though I cannot indeed (that I will not do for the world) take my Bible-oath that I saw any; yet to be sure he would have soon pulled them out and shot me dead if I had ventured to have said anything to offend him."

"I know not what to make of this," cries Booth. "The poor girl, I verily believe, speaks to the best of her knowledge. A thief it could not be, for he hath not taken the least thing; and it is plain he had the girl's watch in his hand. If it had been a bailiff, surely he would have staid till our return. I can conceive no other from the girl's account than that it must have been some madman."

"O good sir!" said the girl, "now you mention it, if he was not a thief, to be sure he must have been a madman; for indeed he looked, and behaved himself too, very much like a madman; for, now I remember it, he talked to himself and said many strange kind of words that I did not understand. Indeed, he looked altogether as I have seen people in Bedlam; besides, if he was not a madman, what good could it do him to throw the things all about the room in such a manner? and he said something

too about my master just before he went down stairs; I was in such a fright I cannot remember particularly, but I am sure they were very ill words; he said he would do for him—I am sure he said that, and other wicked bad words too, if I could but think of them."

"Upon my word," said Booth, "this is the most probable conjecture; but still I am puzzled to conceive who it should be, for I have no madman to my knowledge of my acquaintance, and it seems, as the girl says, he asked for me." He then turned to the child, and asked her if she was certain of that circumstance.

The poor maid, after a little hesitation, answered, "Indeed, sir, I cannot be very positive; for the fright he threw me into afterwards drove everything almost out of my mind."

"Well, whatever he was," cries Amelia, "I am glad the consequence is no worse; but let this be a warning to you, little Betty, and teach you to take more care for the future. If ever you should be left alone in the house again, be sure to let no person in without first looking out at the window and seeing who they are. I promised not to chide you any more on this occasion, and I will keep my word; but it is very plain you desired this person to walk up into our apartment, which was very wrong in our absence."

Betty was going to answer, but Amelia would not let her, saying, "Don't attempt to excuse yourself; for I mortally hate a liar, and can forgive any fault sooner than falsehood."

The poor girl then submitted; and now Amelia, with her assistance, began to replace all things in their order; and little Emily, hugging her watch with great fondness, declared she would never part with it any more.

Thus ended this odd adventure, not entirely to the satisfaction of Booth; for, besides his curiosity, which, when thoroughly roused, is a very troublesome passion, he had, as is I believe usual with all persons in his circumstances, several doubts and apprehensions of he knew not what. Indeed, fear is never more uneasy than when it doth not certainly know its object; for on such occasions the mind is ever employed in raising a thousand bugbears and phantoms, much more dreadful than any realities, and, like children, when they tell tales of hobgoblins, seems industrious in terrifying itself.

CHAPTER V.

Containing some matters not very unnatural.

MATTERS were scarce sooner reduced into order and decency than a violent knocking was heard at the door, such indeed as would have persuaded any one not accustomed to the sound that the madman was returned in the highest spring-tide of his fury.

Instead, however, of so disagreeable an appearance, a very fine lady presently came into the room, no other, indeed, than Mrs. James herself; for she was resolved to show Amelia, by the speedy return of her visit, how unjust all her accusations had been of any failure in the duties of friendship; she had, moreover, another reason to accelerate this visit, and that was, to congratulate her friend on the event of the duel between Colonel Bath and Mr. Booth.

The lady had so well profited by Mrs. Booth's remonstrance, that she had now no more of that stiffness and formality which she had worn on a former occasion. On the contrary, she now behaved with the utmost freedom and good-humour, and made herself so very agreeable, that Amelia was highly pleased and delighted with her company.

An incident happened during this visit, that may appear to some too inconsiderable in itself to be recorded; and yet, as it certainly produced a very strong consequence in the mind of Mr. Booth, we cannot prevail on ourselves to pass it by.

Little Emily, who was present in the room while Mrs. James was there, as she stood near that lady happened to be playing with her watch, which she was so greatly overjoyed had escaped safe from the madman. Mrs. James, who expressed great fondness for the child, desired to see the watch, which she commended as the prettiest of the kind she had ever seen.

Amelia caught eager hold of this opportunity to spread the praises of her benefactor. She presently acquainted Mrs. James with the donor's name, and ran on with great encomiums on his lordship's goodness, and particularly on his generosity. To which Mrs. James answered, "O! certainly, madam, his lordship hath universally the character of being extremely generous—where he likes."

In uttering these words she laid a very strong emphasis on the three last monosyllables, accompanying them at the same time with a very sagacious look, a very significant leer, and a great flirt with her fan.

The greatest genius the world hath ever produced observes, in one of his most excellent plays, that

Trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ.

That Mr. Booth began to be possessed by this worst of fiends, admits, I think, no longer doubt; for at this speech of Mrs. James he immediately turned pale, and, from a high degree of cheerfulness, was all on a sudden struck dumb, so that he spoke not another word till Mrs. James left the room.

The moment that lady drove from the door Mrs. Ellison came up stairs. She entered the room with a laugh, and very plentifully rallied both Booth and Amelia concerning the madman, of which she had received a full account below stairs; and at last asked Amelia if she could not guess who it was; but, without receiving an answer, went on, saying, "For my own part, I fancy it must be some lover of yours! some person that hath seen you, and so is run mad with love. Indeed, I should not wonder if all mankind were to do the same. La! Mr. Booth, what makes you grave? why, you are as melancholy as if you had been robbed in earnest. Upon my word, though, to be serious, it is a strange story; and, as the girl tells it, I know not what to make of it. Perhaps it might be some rogue that intended to rob the house, and his heart failed him; yet even that would be very extraordinary. What, did you lose nothing, madam?"

"Nothing at all," answered Amelia. "He did not even take the child's watch."

"Well, captain," cries Mrs. Ellison, "I hope you will take more care of the house to-morrow; for your lady and I shall leave you alone to the care of it. Here, madam," said she, "here is a present from my lord to us; here are two tickets for the masquerade at Ranelagh. You will be so charmed with it! It is the sweetest of all diversions."

"May I be damned, madam," cries Booth, "if my wife shall go thither."

Mrs. Ellison started at these words, and, indeed, so did Amelia; for they were spoke with great vehemence. At length the former cried out with an air of astonishment, "Not let your lady go to Ranelagh, sir?"

"No, madam," cries Booth, "I will not let my wife go to Ranelagh."

"You surprise me!" cries Mrs. Ellison. "Sure, you are not in earnest?"

"Indeed, madam," returned he, "I am seriously in earnest. And, what is more, I am convinced she would of her own accord refuse to go."

"Now, madam," said Mrs. Ellison, "you are to answer for yourself; and I will for your husband, that, if you have a desire to go, he will not refuse you."

"I hope, madam," answered Amelia with great gravity, "I shall never desire to go to any place contrary to Mr. Booth's inclinations."

"Did ever mortal hear the like?" said Mrs. Ellison; "you are enough to spoil the best husband in the universe. Inclinations! what, is a woman to be governed then by her husband's inclinations, though they are never so unreasonable?"

"Pardon me, madam," said Amelia; "I will not suppose Mr. Booth's inclinations ever can be unreasonable. I am very much obliged to you for the offer you have made me; but I beg you will not mention it any more; for, after what Mr. Booth hath declared, if Ranelagh was a heaven upon earth, I would refuse to go to it."

"I thank you, my dear," cries Booth; "I do assure you, you oblige me beyond my power of expression by what you say; but I will endeavour to show you, both my sensibility of such goodness, and my lasting gratitude to it."

"And pray, sir," cries Mrs. Ellison, "what can be your objection to your lady's going to a place which, I will venture to say, is as reputable as any about town, and which is frequented by the best company?"

"Pardon me, good Mrs. Ellison," said Booth: as my wife is so good to acquiesce without knowing my reasons, I am not, I think, obliged to assign them to any other person."

"Well," cries Mrs. Ellison, "if I had been told this, I would not have believed it. What, refuse your lady an innocent diversion, and that too when you have not the pretence to say it would cost you a farthing?"

"Why will you say any more on this subject, dear madam?" cries Amelia. "All diversions are to me matters of such indifference, that the bare inclinations of any one for whom I have the least value would at all times turn the balance of mine. I am sure then, after what Mr. Booth hath said—"

"My dear," cries he, taking her up hastily, "I sincerely ask your pardon; I spoke inadvertently, and in a passion. I never once thought of controlling you, nor ever would. Nay, I said in the same breath you would not go; and, upon my honour, I meant nothing more."

"My dear," said she, "you have no need of making any apology. I am not in the least offended, and am convinced you will never deny me what I shall desire."

"Try him, try him, madam," cries Mrs. Ellison; "I will be judged by all the women in town if it is possible for a wife to ask her husband anything more reasonable. You cannot conceive what a sweet, charming, elegant, delicious place it is. Paradise itself can hardly be equal to it."

"I beg you will excuse me, madam," said Amelia; "nay, I entreat you will ask me no more; for be assured I must and will refuse. Do let me desire you to give the ticket to poor Mrs. Bennet. I believe it would greatly oblige her."

"Pardon me, madam," said Mrs. Ellison; "if you will not accept of it, I am not so distressed for want of company as to go to such a public place with all sorts of people, neither. I am always very glad to

see Mrs. Bennet at my own house, because I look upon her as a very good sort of a woman; but I don't choose to be seen with such people in public places."

Amelia expressed some little indignation at this last speech, which she declared to be entirely beyond her comprehension; and soon after, Mrs. Ellison, finding all her efforts to prevail on Amelia were ineffectual, took her leave, giving Mr. Booth two or three sarcastical words, and a much more sarcastical look, at her departure.

CHAPTER VI.

A scene in which some ladies will possibly think Amelia's conduct exceptionable.

BOOTH and his wife being left alone, a solemn silence prevailed during a few minutes. At last Amelia, who, though a good, was yet a human creature, said to her husband, "Pray, my dear, do inform me what could put you into so great a passion when Mrs. Ellison first offered me the tickets for this masquerade?"

"I had rather you would not ask me," said Booth. "You have obliged me greatly in your ready acquiescence with my desire, and you will add greatly to the obligation by not inquiring the reason of it. This you may depend upon, Amelia, that your good and happiness are the great objects of all my wishes, and the end I propose in all my actions. This view alone could tempt me to refuse you anything, or to conceal anything from you."

"I will appeal to yourself," answered she, "whether this be not using me too much like a child, and whether I can possibly help being a little offended at it?"

"Not in the least," replied he; "I use you only with the tenderness of a friend. I would only endeavour to conceal that from you which I think would give you uneasiness if you knew. These are called the pious frauds of friendship."

"I detest all fraud," says she; "and pious is too good an epithet to be joined to so odious a word. You have often, you know, tried these frauds with no better effect than to tease and torment me. You cannot imagine, my dear, but that I must have a violent desire to know the reason of words which I own I never expected to have heard. And the more you have shown a reluctance to tell me, the more eagerly I have longed to know. Nor can this be called a vain curiosity, since I seem so much interested in this affair. If after all this, you still insist on keeping the secret, I will convince you I am not ignorant of the duty of a wife by my obedience; but I cannot help telling you at the same time you will make me one of the most miserable of women."

"That is," cries he, "in other words, my dear Emily, to say, I will be contented without the secret, but I am resolved to know it, nevertheless."

"Nay, if you say so," cries she, "I am convinced you will tell me. Positively, dear Billy, I must and will know."

"Why, then, positively," says Booth, "I will tell you. And I think I shall then show you that, however well you may know the duty of a wife, I am not always able to behave like a husband. In a word then, my dear, the secret is no more than this; I am unwilling you should receive any more presents from my lord."

"Mercy upon me!" cries she, with all the marks of astonishment; "what! a masquerade ticket!"—

"Yes, my dear," cries he; "that is, perhaps, the very worst and most dangerous of all. Few men make presents of those tickets to ladies without in-

tending to meet them at the place. And what do we know of your companion? To be sincere with you, I have not liked her behaviour for some time. What might be the consequence of going with such a woman to such a place, to meet such a person, I tremble to think. And now, my dear, I have told you my reason of refusing her offer with some little vehemence, and I think I need explain myself no farther."

"You need not, indeed, sir," answered she. "Good Heavens! did I ever expect to hear this? I can appeal to Heaven, nay, I will appeal to yourself, Mr. Booth, if I have ever done anything to deserve such a suspicion. If ever any action of mine, nay, if ever any thought, had stained the innocence of my soul, I could be contented."

"How cruelly do you mistake me!" said Booth. "What suspicion have I ever shown?"

"Can you ask it," answered she, "after what you have just now declared?"

"If I have declared any suspicion of you," replied he, "or if ever I entertained a thought leading that way, may the worst of evils that ever afflicted human nature attend me! I know the pure innocence of that tender bosom, I do know it, my lovely angel, and adore it. The snares which might be laid for that innocence were alone the cause of my apprehension. I feared what a wicked and voluptuous man, resolved to sacrifice everything to the gratification of a sensual appetite with the most delicious repast, might attempt. If ever I injured the unspotted whiteness of thy virtue in my imagination, may hell—"

"Do not terrify me," cries she, interrupting him, "with such imprecations. O, Mr. Booth! Mr. Booth! you must well know that a woman's virtue is always her sufficient guard. No husband, without suspecting that, can suspect any danger from those snares you mention; and why, if you are liable to take such things into your head, may not your suspicions fall on me as well as on any other? for sure nothing was ever more unjust, I will not say ungrateful, than the suspicions which you have bestowed on his lordship. I do solemnly declare, in all the times I have seen the poor man, he hath never once offered the least forwardness. His behaviour hath been polite indeed, but rather remarkably distant than otherwise. Particularly when we played at cards together. I don't remember he spoke ten words to me all the evening; and when I was at his house, though he showed the greatest fondness imaginable to the children, he took so little notice of me, that a vain woman would have been very little pleased with him. And if he gave them many presents, he never offered me one. The first, indeed, which he ever offered me was that which you in that kind manner forced me to refuse."

"All this may be only the effect of art," said Booth. "I am convinced he doth, nay, I am convinced he must like you; and my good friend James, who perfectly well knows the world, told me, that his lordship's character was that of the most profuse in his pleasures with women; nay, what said Mrs. James this very evening? 'His lordship is extremely generous—where he likes.' I shall never forget the sneer with which she spoke these last words."

"I am convinced they injure him," cries Amelia. "As for Mrs. James, she was always given to be censorious; I remarked it in her long ago, as her greatest fault. And for the colonel, I believe he may find faults enow of this kind in his own bosom, without searching after them among his neighbours. I am sure he hath the most impudent look of all the men I know; and I solemnly declare,

the very last time he was here he put me out of countenance more than once."

"Colonel James," answered Booth, "may have his faults very probably. I do not look upon him as a saint, nor do I believe he desires I should; but what interest could he have in abusing this lord's character to me? or why should I question his truth, when he assured me that my lord had never done an act of beneficence in his life but for the sake of some woman whom he lusted after?"

"Then I myself can confute him," replied Amelia; "for, besides his service to you, which, for the future, I shall wish to forget, and his kindness to my little babes, how inconsistent is the character which James gives of him with his lordship's behaviour to his own nephew and niece, whose extreme fondness of their uncle sufficiently proclaims his goodness to them? I need not mention all that I have heard from Mrs. Ellison, every word of which I believe; for I have great reason to think, notwithstanding some little levity, which, to give her her due, she sees and condemns in herself, she is a very good sort of woman."

"Well, my dear," cries Booth, "I may have been deceived, and I heartily hope I am so; but in cases of this nature it is always good to be on the surest side; for, as Congreve says,

"The wise too jealous are: fools too secure."

Here Amelia burst into tears, upon which Booth immediately caught her in his arms, and endeavoured to comfort her. Passion, however, for a while obstructed her speech, and at last she cried, "O, Mr. Booth! can I bear to hear the word jealousy from your mouth?"

"Why, my love," said Booth, "will you so fatally misunderstand my meaning? how often shall I protest that it is not of you, but of him, that I was jealous? If you could look into my breast, and there read all the most secret thoughts of my heart, you would not see one faint idea to your dishonour."

"I don't misunderstand you, my dear," said she, "so much as I am afraid you misunderstand yourself. What is it you fear?—you mention not force, but snares. Is not this to confess, at least, that you have some doubt of my understanding? do you then really imagine me so weak as to be cheated of my virtue?—am I to be deceived into an affection for a man before I perceive the least inward hint of my danger? No, Mr. Booth, believe me, a woman must be a fool indeed who can have in earnest such an excuse for her actions. I have not, I think, any very high opinion of my judgment; but so far I shall rely upon it, that no man breathing could have any such designs as you have apprehended without my immediately seeing them; and how I should then act I hope my whole conduct to you hath sufficiently declared."

"Well, my dear," cries Booth, "I beg you will mention it no more; if possible, forget it. I hope, nay, I believe, I have been in the wrong; pray forgive me."

"I will, I do forgive you, my dear," said she, "if forgiveness be a proper word for one whom you have rather made miserable than angry; but let me entreat you to banish for ever all such suspicions from your mind. I hope Mrs. Ellison hath not discovered the real cause of your passion; but, poor woman, if she had, I am convinced it would go no farther. Oh, Heavens! I would not for the world it should reach his lordship's ears. You would lose the best friend that ever man had. Nay, I would not for his own sake, poor man! for I really believe it would affect him greatly, and I must, I cannot help having an esteem for so much goodness.

An esteem which, by this dear hand," said she, taking Booth's hand and kissing it, "no man alive shall ever obtain by making love to me."

Booth caught her in his arms and tenderly embraced her. After which the reconciliation soon became complete; and Booth, in the contemplation of his happiness, entirely buried all his jealous thoughts.

CHAPTER VII.

A chapter in which there is much learning.

THE next morning, whilst Booth was gone to take his morning walk, Amelia went down into Mrs. Ellison's apartment, where, though she was received with great civility, yet she found that lady was not at all pleased with Mr. Booth; and, by some hints which dropped from her in conversation, Amelia very greatly apprehended that Mrs. Ellison had too much suspicion of her husband's real uneasiness; for that lady declared very openly she could not help perceiving what sort of man Mr. Booth was: "And though I have the greatest regard for you, madam, in the world," said she, "yet I think myself in honour obliged not to impose on his lordship, who, I know very well, hath conceived his greatest liking to the captain on my telling him that he was the best husband in the world."

Amelia's fears gave her much disturbance, and when her husband returned she acquainted him with them; upon which occasion, as it was natural, she resumed a little the topic of their former discourse, nor could she help casting, though in very gentle terms, some slight blame on Booth for having entertained a suspicion which, she said, might in its consequence very possibly prove their ruin, and occasion the loss of his lordship's friendship.

Booth became highly affected with what his wife said, and the more, as he had just received a note from colonel James, informing him that the colonel had heard of a vacant company in the regiment which Booth had mentioned to him, and that he had been with his lordship about it, who had promised to use his utmost interest to obtain him the command.

The poor man now expressed the utmost concern for his yesterday's behaviour, said "he believed the devil had taken possession of him, and concluded with crying out, "Sure I was born, my dearest creature, to be your torment."

Amelia no sooner saw her husband's distress than she instantly forbore whatever might seem likely to aggravate it, and applied herself, with all her power, to comfort him. "If you will give me leave to offer my advice, my dearest soul," said she, "I think all might yet be remedied. I think you know me too well to suspect that the desire of diversion should induce me to mention what I am now going to propose; and in that confidence I will ask you to let me accept my lord's and Mrs. Ellison's offer, and go to the masquerade. No matter how little while I stay there; if you desire it I will not be an hour from you. I can make an hundred excuses to come home, or tell a real truth, and say I am tired of the place. The bare going will cure everything."

Amelia had no sooner done speaking than Booth immediately approved her advice, and readily gave his consent. He could not, however, help saying, that the shorter her stay was there the more agreeable it would be to him; "for you know, my dear," said he, "I would never willingly be a moment out of your sight."

In the afternoon Amelia sent to invite Mrs. Ellison to a dish of tea; and Booth undertook to laugh off

all that had passed yesterday, in which attempt the abundant good humour of that lady gave him great hopes of success.

Mrs. Bennet came that afternoon to make a visit, and was almost an hour with Booth and Amelia before the entry of Mrs. Ellison.

Mr. Booth had hitherto rather disliked this young lady, and had wondered at the pleasure which Amelia declared she took in her company. This afternoon, however, he changed his opinion, and liked her almost as much as his wife had done. She did indeed behave at this time with more than ordinary gaiety; and good humour gave a glow to her countenance that set off her features, which were very pretty, to the best advantage, and lessened the deadness that had usually appeared in her complexion.

But if Booth was now pleased with Mrs. Bennet, Amelia was still more pleased with her than ever. For, when their discourse turned on love, Amelia discovered that her new friend had all the same sentiments on that subject with herself. In the course of their conversation Booth gave Mrs. Bennet a hint of wishing her a good husband, upon which both the ladies declaimed against second marriages with equal vehemence.

Upon this occasion Booth and his wife discovered a talent in their visitant to which they had been before entirely strangers, and for which they both greatly admired her, and this was, that the lady was a good scholar, in which, indeed, she had the advantage of poor Amelia, whose reading was confined to English plays and poetry; besides which, I think she had conversed only with the divinity of the great and learned Dr. Barrow, and with the histories of the excellent Bishop Burnet.

Amelia delivered herself on the subject of second marriages with much eloquence and great good sense; but when Mrs. Bennet came to give her opinion she spoke in the following manner: "I shall not enter into the question concerning the legality of bigamy. Our laws certainly allow it, and so, I think, doth our religion. We are now debating only on the decency of it, and in this light I own myself as strenuous an advocate against it as any Roman matron would have been in those ages of the commonwealth when it was held to be infamous. For my own part, how great a paradox soever my opinion may seem, I solemnly declare, I see but little difference between having two husbands at one time and at several times; and of this I am very confident, that the same degree of love for a first husband which preserves a woman in the one case will preserve her in the other. There is one argument which I scarce know how to deliver before you, sir; but—if a woman hath lived with her first husband without having children, I think it unpardonable in her to carry barrenness into a second family. On the contrary, if she hath children by her first husband, to give them a second father is still more unpardonable."

"But suppose, madam," cries Booth, interrupting her with a smile, "she should have had children by her first husband, and have lost them?"

"That is a case," answered she, with a sigh, "which I did not desire to think of, and I must own it the most favourable light in which a second marriage can be seen. But the scriptures, as Petrarch observes, rather suffer them than commend them; and St. Jerom speaks against them with the utmost bitterness."—"I remember," cries Booth (who was willing either to show his learning, or to draw out the lady's), "a very wise law of Charondas, the famous lawgiver of Thurium, by which men who married a second time were removed from all pub-

lic councils; for it was scarce reasonable to suppose that he who was so great a fool in his own family should be wise in public affairs. And though second marriages were permitted among the Romans, yet they were at the same time discouraged, and those Roman widows who refused them were held in high esteem, and honoured with what Valerius Maximus calls the Corona Pudicitiae. In the noble family of Camilli there was not, in many ages, a single instance of this, which Martial calls adultery:

Quæ toties nubit, non nubit; adultera lege est."

"True, sir," says Mrs. Bennet, "and Virgil calls this a violation of chastity, and makes Dido speak of it with the utmost detestation:

*Sed mihi vel Tellus optem prius ima dehiscat;
Vel Pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras,
Pallentes umbras Erebi, noctemque profundam,
Ante, pudor, quam te violo, aut tua jura resolvo.
Ille meos, primum qui me sibi junxit, amores,
Ille habeat semper secum, servetque Sepulchro."*

She repeated these lines with so strong an emphasis, that she almost frightened Amelia out of her wits, and not a little staggered Booth, who was himself no contemptible scholar. He expressed great admiration of the lady's learning; upon which she said it was all the fortune given her by her father, and all the dower left her by her husband; "and sometimes," said she, "I am inclined to think I enjoy more pleasure from it than if they had bestowed on me what the world would in general call more valuable."—She then took occasion, from the surprise which Booth had affected to conceive at her repeating Latin with so good a grace, to comment on that great absurdity (for so she termed it) of excluding women from learning; for which they were equally qualified with the men, and in which so many had made so notable a proficiency; for a proof of which she mentioned madam Dacier, and many others.

Though both Booth and Amelia outwardly concurred with her sentiments, it may be a question whether they did not assent rather out of complaisance, than from their real judgment.

CHAPTER VIII.

Containing some unaccountable behaviour in Mrs. Ellison.

MRS. ELLISON made her entrance at the end of the preceding discourse. At her first appearance she put on an unusual degree of formality and reserve; but when Amelia had acquainted her that she designed to accept the favour intended her, she soon began to alter the gravity of her muscles, and presently fell in with that ridicule which Booth thought proper to throw on his yesterday's behaviour.

The conversation now became very lively and pleasant, in which Booth having mentioned the discourse that passed in the last chapter, and having greatly complimented Mrs. Bennet's speech on that occasion, Mrs. Ellison, who was as strenuous an advocate on the other side, began to rally that lady extremely, declaring it was a certain sign she intended to marry again soon. "Married ladies," cries she, "I believe, sometimes think themselves in earnest in such declarations, though they are oftener perhaps meant as compliments to their husbands; but, when widows exclaim loudly against second marriages, I would always lay a wager that the man, if not the wedding-day, is absolutely fixed on."

Mrs. Bennet made very little answer to this sarcasm. Indeed, she had scarce opened her lips from the time of Mrs. Ellison's coming into the room, and had grown particularly grave at the mention of the masquerade. Amelia imputed this to her being left out of the party, a matter which is often no small mortification to human pride, and in a whisper asked

Mrs. Ellison if she could not procure a third ticket, to which she received an absolute negative.

During the whole time of Mrs. Bennet's stay, which was above an hour afterwards, she remained perfectly silent, and looked extremely melancholy. This made Amelia very uneasy, as she concluded she had guessed the cause of her vexation. In which opinion she was the more confirmed from certain looks of no very pleasant kind which Mrs. Bennet now and then cast on Mrs. Ellison, and the more than ordinary concern that appeared in the former lady's countenance whenever the masquerade was mentioned, and which, unfortunately, was the principal topic of their discourse; for Mrs. Ellison gave a very elaborate description of the extreme beauty of the place and elegance of the diversion.

When Mrs. Bennet was departed, Amelia could not help again soliciting Mrs. Ellison for another ticket, declaring she was certain Mrs. Bennet had a great inclination to go with them; but Mrs. Ellison again excused herself from asking it of his lordship. "Besides, madam," says she, "if I would go thither with Mrs. Bennet, which, I own to you, I don't choose, as she is a person whom *nobody* knows, I very much doubt whether she herself would like it; for she is a woman of a very unaccountable turn. All her delight lies in books; and as for public diversions, I have heard her often declare her abhorrence of them."

"What then," said Amelia, "could occasion all that gravity from the moment the masquerade was mentioned?"

"As to that," answered the other, "there is no guessing. You have seen her altogether as grave before now. She hath had these fits of gravity at times ever since the death of her husband."

"Poor creature!" cries Amelia; "I heartily pity her, for she must certainly suffer a great deal on these occasions. I declare I have taken a strange fancy to her."

"Perhaps you would not like her so well if you knew her thoroughly," answered Mrs. Ellison.—"She is, upon the whole, but of a whimsical temper; and, if you will take my opinion, you should not cultivate too much intimacy with her. I know you will never mention what I say; but she is like some pictures which please best at a distance."

Amelia did not seem to agree with these sentiments, and she greatly importuned Mrs. Ellison to be more explicit, but to no purpose; she continued to give only dark hints to Mrs. Bennet's disadvantage; and, if ever she let drop something a little too harsh, she failed not immediately to contradict herself by throwing some gentle commendations into the other scale; so that her conduct appeared utterly unaccountable to Amelia, and, upon the whole, she knew not whether to conclude Mrs. Ellison to be a friend or enemy to Mrs. Bennet.

During this latter conversation Booth was not in the room, for he had been summoned down stairs by the serjeant, who came to him with news from Murphy, whom he had met that evening, and who assured the serjeant that, if he was desirous of recovering the debt which he had before pretended to have on Booth, he might shortly have an opportunity, for that there was to be a very strong petition to the board the next time they sat. Murphy said further that he need not fear having his money, for that, to his certain knowledge, the captain had several things of great value, and even his children had gold watches.

This greatly alarmed Booth, and still more when the serjeant reported to him, from Murphy, that all these

things had been seen in his possession within a day last past. He now plainly perceived, as he thought, that Murphy himself, or one of his emissaries, had been the supposed madman; and he now very well accounted to himself, in his own mind, for all that had happened, conceiving that the design was to examine into the state of his effects, and to try whether it was worth his creditors' while to plunder him by law.

At his return to his apartment he communicated what he had heard to Amelia and Mrs. Ellison, not disguising his apprehensions of the enemy's intentions; but Mrs. Ellison endeavoured to laugh him out of his fears, calling him faint-hearted, and assuring him he might depend on her lawyer. "Till you hear from him," said she, "you may rest entirely contented; for, take my word for it, no danger can happen to you of which you will not be timely apprised by him. And as for the fellow that had the impudence to come into your room, if he was sent on such an errand as you mention, I heartily wish I had been at home; I would have secured him safe with a constable, and have carried him directly before justice Thresher. I know the justice is an enemy to bailiffs on his own account."

This heartening speech a little roused the courage of Booth, and somewhat comforted Amelia, though the spirits of both had been too much hurried to suffer them either to give or receive much entertainment that evening; which Mrs. Ellison perceiving soon took her leave, and left this unhappy couple to seek relief from sleep, that powerful friend to the distressed, though, like other powerful friends, he is not always ready to give his assistance to those who want it most.

CHAPTER IX.

Containing a very strange incident.

WHEN the husband and wife were alone they again talked over the news which the serjeant had brought; on which occasion Amelia did all she could to conceal her own fears, and to quiet those of her husband. At last she turned the conversation on another subject, and poor Mrs. Bennet was brought on the carpet. "I should be sorry," cries Amelia, "to find I had conceived an affection for a bad woman; and yet I begin to fear Mrs. Ellison knows something of her more than she cares to discover; why else should she be unwilling to be seen with her in public? Besides, I have observed that Mrs. Ellison hath been always backward to introduce her to me, nor would ever bring her to my apartment, though I have often desired her. Nay, she hath given me frequent hints not to cultivate the acquaintance. What do you think, my dear? I should be very sorry to contract an intimacy with a wicked person."

"Nay, my dear," cries Booth, "I know no more of her, nor indeed hardly so much as yourself. But this, I think, that if Mrs. Ellison knows any reason why she should not have introduced Mrs. Bennet into your company, she was very much in the wrong in introducing her into it."

In discourses of this kind they passed the remainder of the evening. In the morning Booth rose early, and, going down stairs, received from little Betty a sealed note, which contained the following words:

Beware, beware, beware;
For I apprehend a dreadful snare
Is laid for virtuous innocence,
Under a friend's false pretence.

Booth immediately inquired of the girl who brought this note? and was told it came by a chairman, who, having delivered it, departed without saying a word

He was extremely staggered at what he read, and presently referred the advice to the same affair on which he had received those hints from Atkinson the preceding evening; but when he came to consider the words more maturely he could not so well reconcile the two last lines of this poetical epistle, if it may be so called, with any danger which the law gave him reason to apprehend. Mr. Murphy and his gang could not well be said to attack either his innocence or virtue; nor did they attack him under any colour or pretence of friendship.

After much deliberation on this matter a very strange suspicion came into his head; and this was, that he was betrayed by Mrs. Ellison. He had, for some time, conceived no very high opinion of that good gentlewoman, and he now began to suspect that she was bribed to betray him. By this means he thought he could best account for the strange appearance of the supposed madman. And when this conceit once had birth in his mind, several circumstances nourished and improved it. Among these were her jocose behaviour and raillery on that occasion, and her attempt to ridicule his fears from the message which the serjeant had brought him.

This suspicion was indeed preposterous, and not at all warranted by, or even consistent with, the character and whole behaviour of Mrs. Ellison, but it was the only one which at that time suggested itself to his mind; and, however blamable it might be, it was certainly not unnatural in him to entertain it; for so great a torment is anxiety to the human mind, that we always endeavour to relieve ourselves from it by guesses, however doubtful or uncertain; on all which occasions, dislike and hatred are the surest guides to lead our suspicion to its object.

When Amelia rose to breakfast, Booth produced the note which he had received, saying, "My dear, you have so often blamed me for keeping secrets from you, and I have so often, indeed, endeavoured to conceal secrets of this kind from you with such ill success, that I think I shall never more attempt it." Amelia read the letter hastily, and seemed not a little discomposed; then, turning to Booth with a very disconsolate countenance, she said, "Sure fortune takes a delight in terrifying us! what can be the meaning of this?" Then, fixing her eyes attentively on the paper, she perused it for some time, till Booth cried, "How is it possible, my Emily, you can read such stuff patiently? the verses are certainly as bad as ever were written."—"I was trying, my dear," answered she, "to recollect the hand; for I will take my oath I have seen it before, and that very lately;" and suddenly she cried out, with great emotion, "I remember it perfectly now; it is Mrs. Bennet's hand. Mrs. Ellison showed me a letter from her but a day or two ago. It is a very remarkable hand, and I am positive it is hers."

"If it be hers," cries Booth, "what can she possibly mean by the latter part of her caution? sure Mrs. Ellison hath no intention to betray us."

"I know not what she means," answered Amelia, "but I am resolved to know immediately, for I am certain of the hand. By the greatest luck in the world, she told me yesterday where her lodgings were, when she pressed me exceedingly to come and see her. She lives but a very few doors from us, and I will go to her this moment."

Booth made not the least objection to his wife's design. His curiosity was, indeed, as great as hers, and so was his impatience to satisfy it, though he mentioned not this his impatience to Amelia; and perhaps it had been well for him if he had.

Amelia, therefore, presently equipped herself in

her walking dress, and, leaving her children to the care of her husband, made all possible haste to Mrs. Bennet's lodgings.

Amelia waited near five minutes at Mrs. Bennet's door before any one came to open it; at length a maid servant appeared, who, being asked if Mrs. Bennet was at home, answered, with some confusion in her countenance, that she did not know; "but, madam," said she, "if you will send up your name, I will go and see." Amelia then told her name, and the wench, after staying a considerable time, returned and acquainted her that Mrs. Bennet was at home. She was then ushered into a parlour and told that the lady would wait on her presently.

In this parlour Amelia cooled her heels, as the phrase is, near a quarter of an hour. She seemed, indeed, at this time, in the miserable situation of one of those poor wretches who make their morning visits to the great to solicit favours, or perhaps to solicit the payment of a debt, for both are alike treated as beggars, and the latter sometimes considered as the more troublesome beggars of the two.

During her stay here, Amelia observed the house to be in great confusion; a great bustle was heard above stairs, and the maid ran up and down several times in a great hurry.

At length Mrs. Bennet herself came in. She was greatly disordered in her looks, and had, as the women call it, huddled on her clothes in much haste; for, in truth, she was in bed when Amelia first came. Of this fact she informed her, as the only apology she could make for having caused her to wait so long for her company.

Amelia very readily accepted her apology, but asked her with a smile, if these early hours were usual with her? Mrs. Bennet turned as red as scarlet at the question, and answered, "No, indeed, dear madam. I am for the most part a very early riser; but I happened accidentally to sit up very late last night. I am sure I had little expectation of your intending me such a favour this morning."

Amelia, looking very stedfastly at her, said, "Is it possible, madam, you should think such a note as this would raise no curiosity in me?" She then gave her the note, asking her if she did know the hand?

Mrs. Bennet appeared in the utmost surprise and confusion at this instant. Indeed, if Amelia had conceived but the slightest suspicion before, the behaviour of the lady would have been a sufficient confirmation to her of the truth. She waited not, therefore, for an answer, which, indeed, the other seemed in no haste to give, but conjured her in the most earnest manner to explain to her the meaning of so extraordinary an act of friendship; "for so," said she, "I esteem it, being convinced you must have sufficient reason for the warning you have given me."

Mrs. Bennet, after some hesitation, answered, "I need not, I believe, tell you how much I am surprised at what you have shown me; and the chief reason of my surprise is, how you came to discover my hand. Sure, madam, you have not shown it to Mrs. Ellison."

Amelia declared she had not, but desired she would question her no farther. "What signifies how I discovered it, since your hand it certainly is?"

"I own it is," cries Mrs. Bennet, recovering her spirits, "and since you have not shown it to that woman I am satisfied. I begin to guess now whence you might have your information; but no matter; I wish I had never done anything of which I ought to be more ashamed. No one can, I think, justly accuse me of a crime on that account; and I thank Heaven my shame will never be directed by the

false opinion of the world. Perhaps it was wrong to show my letter, but when I consider all circumstances I can forgive it."

"Since you have guessed the truth," said Amelia, "I am not obliged to deny it. She, indeed, showed me your letter, but I am sure you have not the least reason to be ashamed of it. On the contrary, your behaviour on so melancholy an occasion was highly praiseworthy; and your bearing up under such afflictions as the loss of a husband in so dreadful a situation was truly great and heroical."

"So Mrs. Ellison then hath shown you my letter?" cries Mrs. Bennet, eagerly.

"Why, did not you guess it yourself?" answered Amelia; "otherwise I am sure I have betrayed my honour in mentioning it. I hope you have not drawn me inadvertently into any breach of my promise. Did you not assert, and that with an absolute certainty, that you knew she had shown me your letter, and that you was not angry with her for so doing?"

"I am so confused," replied Mrs. Bennet, "that I scarce know what I say; yes, yes, I remember I did say so—I wish I had no greater reason to be angry with her than that."

"For Heaven's sake," cries Amelia, "do not delay my request any longer; what you say now greatly increases my curiosity, and my mind will be on the rack till you discover your whole meaning; for I am more and more convinced that something of the utmost importance was the purport of your message."

"Of the utmost importance, indeed," cries Mrs. Bennet; "at least you will own my apprehensions were sufficiently well founded. O gracious Heaven! how happy shall I think myself if I should have proved your preservation! I will, indeed, explain my meaning; but, in order to disclose all my fears in their just colours, I must unfold my whole history to you. Can you have patience, madam, to listen to the story of the most unfortunate of women?"

Amelia assured her of the highest attention, and Mrs. Bennet soon after began to relate what is written in the seventh book of this history.

BOOK VII.—CHAPTER I.

A very short chapter, and consequently requiring no preface.

MRS. BENNET having fastened the door, and both the ladies having taken their places, she once or twice offered to speak, when passion stopped her utterance; and, after a minute's silence, she burst into a flood of tears. Upon which Amelia, expressing the utmost tenderness for her, as well by her look as by her accent, cried, "What can be the reason, dear madam, of all this emotion?" "O, Mrs. Booth!" answered she, "I find I have undertaken what I am not able to perform. You would not wonder at my emotion if you knew you had an adulteress and a murderer now standing before you."

Amelia turned pale as death at these words, which Mrs. Bennet observing, collected all the force she was able, and, a little composing her countenance, cried, "I see, madam, I have terrified you with such dreadful words; but I hope you will not think me guilty of these crimes in the blackest degree." "Guilty!" cries Amelia. "O Heavens!" "I believe, indeed, your candour," continued Mrs. Bennet, "will be readier to acquit me than I am to acquit myself. Indiscretion, at least, the highest, most unpardonable indiscretion, I shall always lay to my own charge: and, when I reflect on the fatal consequences, I can never, never, forgive myself." Here she again began to lament in so bitter a man-

ner, that Amelia endeavoured, as much as she could (for she was herself greatly shocked), to soothe and comfort her; telling her that, if indiscretion was her highest crime, the unhappy consequences made her rather an unfortunate than a guilty person; and concluded by saying,—“Indeed, madam, you have raised my curiosity to the highest pitch, and I beg you will proceed with your story.”

Mrs. Bennet then seemed a second time going to begin her relation, when she cried out, "I would, if possible, tire you with no more of my unfortunate life than just with that part which leads to a catastrophe in which I think you may yourself be interested; but I protest I am at a loss where to begin."

"Begin wherever you please, dear madam," cries Amelia; "but I beg you will consider my impatience." "I do consider it," answered Mrs. Bennet; "and therefore would begin with that part of my story which leads directly to what concerns yourself; for how, indeed, should my life produce anything worthy your notice?" "Do not say so, madam," cries Amelia; "I assure you I have long suspected there were some very remarkable incidents in your life, and have only wanted an opportunity to impart to you my desire of hearing them: I beg, therefore, you would make no more apologies." "I will not, madam," cries Mrs. Bennet, "and yet I would avoid anything trivial; though, indeed, in stories of distress, especially where love is concerned, many little incidents may appear trivial to those who have never felt the passion, which, to delicate minds, are the most interesting part of the whole." "Nay, but, dear madam," cries Amelia, "this is all preface."

"Well, madam," answered Mrs. Bennet, "I will consider your impatience." She then rallied all her spirits in the best manner she could, and began as is written in the next chapter.

And here possibly the reader will blame Mrs. Bennet for taking her story so far back, and relating so much of her life in which Amelia had no concern; but, in truth, she was desirous of inculcating a good opinion of herself, from recounting those transactions where her conduct was unexceptionable, before she came to the more dangerous and suspicious part of her character. This I really suppose to have been her intention; for to sacrifice the time and patience of Amelia at such a season to the mere love of talking of herself would have been as unpardonable in her as the bearing it was in Amelia a proof of the most perfect good breeding.

CHAPTER II.

The beginning of Mrs. Bennet's history.

"I WAS the younger of two daughters of a clergyman in Essex; of one in whose praise if I should indulge my fond heart in speaking, I think my invention could not outgo the reality. He was indeed well worthy of the cloth he wore; and that, I think, is the highest character a man can obtain."

"During the first part of my life, even till I reached my sixteenth year, I can recollect nothing to relate to you. All was one long serene day, in looking back upon which, as when we cast our eyes on a calm sea, no object arises to my view. All appears one scene of happiness and tranquillity."

"On the day, then, when I became sixteen years old, must I begin my history; for on that day I first tasted the bitterness of sorrow."

"My father, besides those prescribed by our religion, kept five festivals every year. These were on his wedding-day, and on the birth-day of each of his little family; on these occasions he used to invite two or three neighbours to his house, and to indulge

himself, as he said, in great excess; for so he called drinking a pint of very small punch; and, indeed, it might appear excess to one who on other days rarely tasted any liquor stronger than small beer.

"Upon my unfortunate birth-day, then, when we were all in a high degree of mirth, my mother having left the room after dinner, and staying away pretty long, my father sent me to see for her. I went according to his orders; but, though I searched the whole house, and called after her without doors, I could neither see nor hear her. I was a little alarmed at this (though far from suspecting any great mischief had befallen her), and ran back to acquaint my father, who answered coolly (for he was a man of the calmest temper), 'Very well, my dear, I suppose she is not gone far, and will be here immediately.' Half an hour or more passed after this, when, she not returning, my father himself expressed some surprise at her stay; declaring it must be some matter of importance which could detain her at that time from her company. His surprise now increased every minute, and he began to grow uneasy, and to show sufficient symptoms in his countenance of what he felt within. He then despatched the servant-maid to inquire after her mistress in the parish, but waited not her return; for she was scarce gone out of doors before he begged leave of his guests to go himself on the same errand. The company now all broke up, and attended my father, all endeavouring to give him hopes that no mischief had happened. They searched the whole parish, but in vain; they could neither see my mother, nor hear any news of her. My father returned home in a state little short of distraction. His friends in vain attempted to administer either advice or comfort; he threw himself on the floor in the most bitter agonies of despair.

"Whilst he lay in this condition, my sister and myself lying by him, all equally, I believe, and completely miserable, our old servant-maid came into the room, and cried out, her mind misgave her that she knew where her mistress was. Upon these words, my father sprung from the floor, and asked her eagerly, where? But oh! Mrs. Booth, how can I describe the particulars of a scene to you, the remembrance of which chills my blood with horror, and which the agonies of my mind, when it passed, made all a scene of confusion! the fact then in short was this: my mother, who was a most indulgent mistress to one servant, which was all we kept, was unwilling, I suppose, to disturb her at her dinner, and therefore went herself to fill her tea-kettle at a well, into which, stretching herself too far, as we imagine, the water then being very low, she fell with the tea-kettle in her hand. The missing this gave the poor old wretch the first hint of her suspicion, which, upon examination, was found to be too well grounded.

"What we all suffered on this occasion may more easily be felt than described."—"It may indeed," answered Amelia, "and I am so sensible of it, that, unless you have a mind to see me faint before your face, I beg you will order me something; a glass of water, if you please." Mrs. Bennet immediately complied with her friend's request; a glass of water was brought, and some hartshorn drops infused into it; which Amelia having drank off, declared she found herself much better; and then Mrs. Bennet proceeded thus:—

"I will not dwell on a scene which I see hath already so much affected your tender heart, and which is as disagreeable to me to relate as it can be to you to hear. I will therefore only mention to you the behaviour of my father on this occasion,

which was indeed becoming a philosopher and a christian divine. On the day after my mother's funeral he sent for my sister and myself into his room, where, after many caresses and every demonstration of fatherly tenderness as well in silence as in words, he began to exhort us to bear with patience the great calamity that had befallen us; saying, 'That as every human accident, how terrible soever, must happen to us by divine permission at least, a due sense of our duty to our great Creator must teach us an absolute submission to his will. Not only religion, but common sense, must teach us this; for oh! my dear children,' cries he, 'how vain is all resistance, all repining! could tears wash back again my angel from the grave, I should drain all the juices of my body through my eyes; but oh, could we fill up that cursed well with our tears, how fruitless would be all our sorrow!'—I think I repeat you his very words; for the impression they made on me is never to be obliterated. He then proceeded to comfort us with the cheerful thought that the loss was entirely our own, and that my mother was greatly a gainer by the accident which we lamented. 'I have a wife,' cries he, 'my children, and you have a mother, now amongst the heavenly choir; how selfish therefore is all our grief! how cruel to her are all our wishes!' In this manner he talked to us near half an hour, though I must frankly own to you his arguments had not the immediate good effect on us which they deserved, for we retired from him very little the better for his exhortations; however, they became every day more and more forcible upon our recollection; indeed, they were greatly strengthened by his example; for in this, as in all other instances, he practised the doctrines which he taught. From this day he never mentioned my mother more, and soon after recovered his usual cheerfulness in public; though I have reason to think he paid many a bitter sigh in private to that remembrance which neither philosophy nor christianity could expunge.

"My father's advice, enforced by his example, together with the kindness of some of our friends, assisted by that ablest of all the mental physicians, Time, in a few months pretty well restored my tranquillity, when fortune made a second attack on my quiet. My sister, whom I dearly loved, and who as warmly returned my affection, had fallen into an ill state of health some time before the fatal accident which I have related. She was indeed at that time so much better, that we had great hopes of her perfect recovery; but the disorders of her mind on that dreadful occasion so affected her body, that she presently relapsed to her former declining state, and thence grew continually worse and worse, till, after a decay of near seven months, she followed my poor mother to the grave.

"I will not tire you, dear madam, with repetitions of grief; I will only mention two observations which have occurred to me from reflections on the two losses I have mentioned. The first is, that a mind once violently hurt grows, as it were, callous to any future impressions of grief, and is never capable of feeling the same pangs a second time. The other observation is, that the arrows of fortune, as well as all others, derive their force from the velocity with which they are discharged; for, when they approach you by slow and perceptible degrees, they have but very little power to do you mischief.

"The truth of these observations I experienced, not only in my own heart, but in the behaviour of my father, whose philosophy seemed to gain a complete triumph over this latter calamity.

"Our family was now reduced to two; and my

father grew extremely fond of me, as if he had now conferred an entire stock of affection on me, that had before been divided. His words, indeed, testified no less, for he daily called me his only darling, his whole comfort, his all. He committed the whole charge of his house to my care, and gave me the name of the little houskeeper, an appellation of which I was then as proud as any minister of state can be of his titles. But, though I was very industrious in the discharge of my occupation, I did not, however, neglect my studies, in which I had made so great a proficiency, that I was become a pretty good mistress of the Latin language, and had made some progress in the Greek. I believe, madam, I have formerly acquainted you, that learning was the chief estate I inherited of my father, in which he had instructed me from my earliest youth.

"The kindness of this good man had at length wiped off the remembrance of all losses; and I during two years led a life of great tranquillity, I think I might almost say of perfect happiness.

"I was now in the nineteenth year of my age, when my father's good fortune removed us from the county of Essex into Hampshire, where a living was conferred on him by one of his old school-fellows, of twice the value of what he was before possessed of.

"His predecessor in this new living had died in very indifferent circumstances, and had left behind him a widow with two small children. My father, therefore, who, with great economy, had a most generous soul, bought the whole furniture of the parsonage-house at a very high price; some of it, indeed, he would have wanted; for, though our little habitation in Essex was most completely furnished, yet it bore no proportion to the largeness of that house in which he was now to dwell.

"His motive, however, to the purchase was, I am convinced, solely generosity; which appeared sufficiently by the price he gave, and may be farther enforced by the kindness he showed the widow in another instance; for he assigned her an apartment for the use of herself and her little family, which, he told her she was welcome to enjoy as long as it suited her convenience.

"As this widow was very young, and generally thought to be tolerably pretty, though I own she had a cast with her eyes which I never liked, my father, you may suppose, acted from a less noble principle than I have hinted; but I must in justice acquit him, for these kind offers were made her before ever he had seen her face; and I have the greatest reason to think that, for a long time after he had seen her, he beheld her with much indifference.

"This act of my father's gave me, when I first heard it, great satisfaction; for I may at least, with the modesty of the ancient philosophers, call myself a lover of generosity; but when I became acquainted with the widow I was still more delighted with what my father had done; for, though I could not agree with those who thought her a consummate beauty, I must allow that she was very fully possessed of the power of making herself agreeable; and this power she exerted with so much success, with such indefatigable industry to oblige, that within three months I became in the highest manner pleased with my new acquaintance, and had contracted the most sincere friendship for her.

"But, if I was so pleased with the widow, my father was by this time enamoured of her. She had, indeed, by the most artful conduct in the world, so insinuated herself into his favour, so entirely infatuated him, that he never showed the least marks of

cheerfulness in her absence, and could, in truth, scarce bear that she should be out of his sight.

"She had managed this matter so well (O, she is the most artful of women!) that my father's heart was gone before I ever suspected it was in danger. The discovery you may easily believe, madam, was not pleasing. The name of a mother-in-law sounded dreadful in my ears; nor could I bear the thought of parting again with a share in those dear affections, of which I had purchased the whole by the loss of a beloved mother and sister.

"In the first hurry and disorder of my mind on this occasion I committed a crime of the highest kind against all the laws of prudence and discretion. I took the young lady herself very roundly to task, treated her designs on my father as little better than a design to commit a theft, and in my passion, I believe, said she might be ashamed to think of marrying a man old enough to be her grandfather; for so in reality he almost was.

"The lady on this occasion acted finely the part of an hypocrite. She affected to be highly affronted at my unjust suspicions, as she called them; and proceeded to such asseverations of her innocence, that she almost brought me to discredit the evidence of my own eyes and ears.

"My father, however, acted much more honestly, for he fell the next day into a more violent passion with me than I had ever seen him in before, and asked me whether I intended to return his paternal fondness by assuming the right of controlling his inclinations? with more of the like kind, which fully convinced me what had passed between him and the lady, and how little I had injured her in my suspicions.

"Hitherto, I frankly own, my aversion to this match had been principally on my own account; for I had no ill opinion of the woman, though I thought neither her circumstances nor my father's age promised any kind of felicity from such an union; but now I learned some particulars, which, had not our quarrel become public in the parish, I should perhaps have never known. In short, I was informed that this gentle obliging creature, as she had at first appeared to me, had the spirit of a tigress, and was by many believed to have broken the heart of her first husband.

"The truth of this matter being confirmed to me upon examination, I resolved not to suppress it. On this occasion fortune seemed to favour me, by giving me a speedy opportunity of seeing my father alone and in good humour. He now first began to open his intended marriage, telling me that he had formerly had some religious objections to bigamy, but he had very fully considered the matter, and had satisfied himself of its legality. He then faithfully promised me that no second marriage should in the least impair his affection for me; and concluded with the highest eulogiums on the goodness of the widow, protesting that it was her virtues and not her person with which he was enamoured.

"I now fell upon my knees before him, and, bathing his hand in my tears, which flowed very plentifully from my eyes, acquainted him with all I had heard, and was so very imprudent, I might almost say so cruel, to disclose the author of my information.

"My father heard me without any indication of passion, and answered coldly, that if there was any proof of such facts he should decline any farther thoughts of this match: 'But, child,' said he, 'though I am far from suspecting the truth of what you tell me, as far as regards your knowledge, yet you know the inclination of the world to slander.' However,

before we parted he promised to make a proper inquiry into what I had told him.—But I ask your pardon, dear madam, I am running minutely into those particulars of my life in which you have not the least concern.”

Amelia stopped her friend short in her apology; and though, perhaps, she thought her impertinent enough, yet (such was her good breeding) she gave her many assurances of a curiosity to know every incident of her life which she could remember; after which Mrs. Bennet proceeded as in the next chapter.

CHAPTER III.

Continuation of Mrs. Bennet's story.

“I THINK, madam,” said Mrs. Bennet, “I told you my father promised me to inquire farther into the affair, but he had hardly time to keep his word; for we separated pretty late in the evening and early the next morning he was married to the widow.

“But, though he gave no credit to my information, I had sufficient reason to think he did not forget it, by the resentment which he soon discovered to both the persons whom I had named as my informers.

“Nor was it long before I had good cause to believe that my father's new wife was perfectly well acquainted with the good opinion I had of her, not only from her usage of me, but from certain hints which she threw forth with an air of triumph. One day, particularly, I remember she said to my father, upon his mentioning his age, ‘O, my dear! I hope you have many years yet to live! unless, indeed, I should be so cruel as to break your heart.’ She spoke these words looking me full in the face, and accompanied them with a sneer in which the highest malice was visible, under a thin covering of affected pleasantry.

“I will not entertain you, madam, with anything so common as the cruel usage of a step-mother; nor of what affected me much more, the unkind behaviour of a father under such an influence. It shall suffice only to tell you that I had the mortification to perceive the gradual and daily decrease of my father's affection. His smiles were converted into frowns; the tender appellations of child and dear were exchanged for plain Molly, that girl, that creature, and sometimes much harder names. I was at first turned all at once into a cipher, and at last seemed to be considered as a nuisance in the family.

“Thus altered was the man of whom I gave you such a character at the entrance of my story; but, alas! he no longer acted from his own excellent disposition, but was in everything governed and directed by my mother-in-law. In fact, whenever there is great disparity of years between husband and wife, the younger is, I believe, always possessed of absolute power over the elder; for superstition itself is a less firm support of absolute power than dotage.

“But, though his wife was so entirely mistress of my father's will that she could make him use me ill, she could not so perfectly subdue his understanding as to prevent him from being conscious of such ill-usage; and from this consciousness, he began inveterately to hate me. Of this hatred he gave me numberless instances, and I protest to you I know not any other reason for it than what I have assigned; and the cause, as experience hath convinced me, is adequate to the effect.

“While I was in this wretched situation, my father's unkindness having almost broken my heart, he came one day into my room with more anger in his countenance than I had ever seen, and, after bitterly upbraiding me with my undutiful behaviour both to himself and his worthy consort, he bid me pack up my

alls, and immediately prepare to quit his house; at the same time gave me a letter, and told me that would acquaint me where I might find a home; adding that he doubted not but I expected, and had indeed solicited, the invitation; and left me with a declaration that he would have no spies in his family.

“The letter, I found on opening it, was from my father's own sister; but before I mention the contents I will give you a short sketch of her character, as it was somewhat particular. Her personal charms were not great; for she was very tall, very thin, and very homely. Of the defect of her beauty she was, perhaps, sensible; her vanity, therefore, retreated into her mind, where there is no looking-glass, and consequently where we can flatter ourselves with discovering almost whatever beauties we please. This is an encouraging circumstance; and yet I have observed, dear Mrs. Booth, that few women ever seek these comforts from within till they are driven to it by despair of finding any food for their vanity from without. Indeed, I believe the first wish of our whole sex is to be handsome.”

Here both the ladies fixed their eyes on the glass, and both smiled.

“My aunt, however,” continued Mrs. Bennet, “from despair of gaining any applause this way, had applied herself entirely to the contemplation of her understanding, and had improved this to such a pitch, that at the age of fifty, at which she was now arrived, she had contracted a hearty contempt for much the greater part of both sexes; for the women, as being idiots, and for the men, as the admirers of idiots. That word, and fool, were almost constantly in her mouth, and were bestowed with great liberality among all her acquaintance.

“This lady had spent one day only at my father's house in near two years; it was about a month before his second marriage. At her departure she took occasion to whisper me her opinion of the widow, whom she called a pretty idiot, and wondered how her brother could bear such company under his roof; for neither she nor I had at that time any suspicion of what afterwards happened.

“The letter which my father had just received, and which was the first she had sent him since his marriage, was of such a nature that I should be unjust if I blamed him for being offended; fool and idiot were both plentifully bestowed in it as well on himself as on his wife. But what, perhaps, had principally offended him was that part which related to me; for, after much panegyric on my understanding, and saying he was unworthy of such a daughter, she considered his match not only as the highest indiscretion as it related to himself, but as a downright act of injustice to me. One expression in it I shall never forget. ‘You have placed,’ said she, ‘a woman above your daughter, who, in understanding, the only valuable gift of nature, is the lowest in the whole class of pretty idiots.’ After much more of this kind, it concluded with inviting me to her house.

“I can truly say that when I had read the letter I entirely forgave my father's suspicion that I had made some complaints to my aunt of his behaviour; for, though I was indeed innocent, there was surely colour enough to suspect the contrary.

“Though I had never been greatly attached to my aunt, nor indeed had she formerly given me any reason for such an attachment, yet I was well enough pleased with her present invitation. To say the truth, I led so wretched a life where I then was, that it was impossible not to be a gainer by any exchange.

"I could not, however, bear the thoughts of leaving my father with an impression on his mind against me which I did not deserve. I endeavoured, therefore, to remove all his suspicion of my having complained to my aunt by the most earnest asseverations of my innocence; but they were all to no purpose. All my tears, all my vows, and all my entreaties were fruitless. My new mother, indeed, appeared to be my advocate; but she acted her part very poorly, and, far from counterfeiting any desire of succeeding in my suit, she could not conceal the excessive joy which she felt on the occasion.

"Well, madam, the next day I departed for my aunt's, where, after a long journey of forty miles, I arrived, without having once broke my fast on the road; for grief is as capable as food of filling the stomach, and I had too much of the former to admit any of the latter. The fatigue of my journey, and the agitation of my mind, joined to my fasting, so overpowered my spirits, that when I was taken from my horse I immediately fainted away in the arms of the man who helped me from my saddle. My aunt expressed great astonishment at seeing me in this condition, with my eyes almost swollen out of my head with tears; but my father's letter, which I delivered her soon after I came to myself, pretty well, I believe, cured her surprise. She often smiled with a mixture of contempt and anger while she was reading it; and, having pronounced her brother to be a fool, she turned to me, and, with as much affability as possible (for she is no great mistress of affability), said, 'Don't be uneasy, dear Molly, for you are come to the house of a friend—of one who hath sense enough to discern the author of all the mischief: depend upon it, child, I will, ere long, make some people ashamed of their folly.' This kind reception gave me some comfort, my aunt assuring me that she would convince him how unjustly he had accused me of having made any complaints to her. A paper war was now begun between these two, which not only fixed an irreconcilable hatred between them, but confirmed my father's displeasure against me; and, in the end, I believe, did me no service with my aunt; for I was considered by both as the cause of their dissension, though, in fact, my stepmother, who very well knew the affection my aunt had for her, had long since done her business with my father; and as for my aunt's affection towards him, it had been abating several years, from an apprehension that he did not pay sufficient deference to her understanding.

"I had lived about half a year with my aunt when I heard of my stepmother's being delivered of a boy, and the great joy my father expressed on that occasion; but, poor man, he lived not long to enjoy his happiness; for within a month afterwards I had the melancholy news of his death.

"Notwithstanding all the disobligations I had lately received from him, I was sincerely afflicted at my loss of him. All his kindness to me in my infancy, all his kindness to me while I was growing up, recurred to my memory, raised a thousand tender, melancholy ideas, and totally obliterated all thoughts of his latter behaviour, for which I made also every allowance and every excuse in my power.

"But what may perhaps appear more extraordinary, my aunt began soon to speak of him with concern. She said he had some understanding formerly, though his passion for that vile woman had, in a great measure, obscured it; and one day, when she was in an ill-humour with me, she had the cruelty to throw out a hint that she had never quarrelled with her brother if it had not been on my account.

"My father, during his life, had allowed my aunt very handsomely for my board; for generosity was too deeply riveted in his nature to be plucked out by all the power of his wife. So far, however, she prevailed, that, though he died possessed of upwards of 2000*l.* he left me no more than 100*l.*, which, as he expressed in his will, was to set me up in some business, if I had the grace to take to any.

"Hitherto my aunt had in general treated me with some degree of affection; but her behaviour began now to be changed. She soon took an opportunity of giving me to understand that her fortune was insufficient to keep me; and, as I could not live on the interest of my own, it was high time for me to consider about going into the world. She added, that her brother having mentioned my setting up in some business in his will was very foolish; that I had been bred to nothing; and, besides, that the sum was too trifling to set me up in any way of reputation; she desired me therefore to think of immediately going into service.

"This advice was perhaps right enough; and I told her I was very ready to do as she directed me, but I was at that time in an ill state of health; I desired her therefore to let me stay with her till my legacy, which was not to be paid till a year after my father's death, was due; and I then promised to satisfy her for my board, to which she readily consented.

"And now, madam," said Mrs. Bennet, sighing, "I am going to open to you those matters which lead directly to that great catastrophe of my life which hath occasioned my giving you this trouble, and of trying your patience in this manner."

Amelia, notwithstanding her impatience, made a very civil answer to this; and then Mrs. Bennet proceeded to relate what is written in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

Farther continuation.

"THE curate of the parish where my aunt dwelt was a young fellow of about four-and-twenty. He had been left an orphan in his infancy, and entirely unprovided for, when an uncle had the goodness to take care of his education, both at school and at the university. As the young gentleman was intended for the church, his uncle, though he had two daughters of his own, and no very large fortune, purchased for him the next presentation of a living of near 200*l.* a-year. The incumbent, at the time of the purchase, was under the age of sixty, and in apparent good health; notwithstanding which, he died soon after the bargain, and long before the nephew was capable of orders; so that the uncle was obliged to give the living to a clergyman, to hold it till the young man came of proper age.

"The young gentleman had not attained his proper age of taking orders when he had the misfortune to lose his uncle and only friend, who, thinking he had sufficiently provided for his nephew by the purchase of the living, considered him no farther in his will, but divided all the fortune of which he died possessed between his two daughters; recommending it to them, however, on his death-bed, to assist their cousin with money sufficient to keep him at the university till he should be capable of ordination.

"But, as no appointment of this kind was in the will, the young ladies, who received about 2000*l.* each, thought proper to disregard the last words of their father; for, besides that both of them were extremely tenacious of their money, they were great

enemies to their cousin, on account of their father's kindness to him; and thought proper to let him know that they thought he had robbed them of too much already.

"The poor young fellow was now greatly distressed; for he had yet above a year to stay at the university, without any visible means of sustaining himself there.

"In this distress, however, he met with a friend, who had the good-nature to lend him the sum of twenty pounds, for which he only accepted his bond for forty, and which was to be paid within a year after his being possessed of his living; that is, within a year after his becoming qualified to hold it.

"With this small sum thus hardly obtained the poor gentleman made a shift to struggle with all difficulties till he became the due age to take upon himself the character of a deacon. He then repaired to that clergyman to whom his uncle had given the living upon the conditions above mentioned, to procure a title to ordination; but this, to his great surprise and mortification, was absolutely refused him.

"The immediate disappointment did not hurt him so much as the conclusion he drew from it; for he could have but little hopes that the man who could have the cruelty to refuse him a title would vouchsafe afterwards to deliver up to him a living of so considerable a value; nor was it long before this worthy incumbent told him plainly that he valued his uncle's favours at too high a rate to part with them to any one; nay, he pretended scruples of conscience, and said that, if he had made any slight promises, which he did not now well remember, they were wicked and void; that he looked upon himself as married to his parish, and he could no more give it up than he could give up his wife without sin.

"The poor young fellow was now obliged to seek farther for a title, which, at length, he obtained from the rector of the parish where my aunt lived.

"He had not long been settled in the curacy before an intimate acquaintance grew between him and my aunt; for she was a great admirer of the clergy, and used frequently to say they were the only conversible creatures in the country.

"The first time she was in this gentleman's company was at a neighbour's christening, where she stood godmother. Here she displayed her whole little stock of knowledge, in order to captivate Mr. Bennet (I suppose, madam, you already guess that to have been his name), and before they parted gave him a very strong invitation to her house.

"Not a word passed at this christening between Mr. Bennet and myself, but our eyes were not unemployed. Here, madam, I first felt a pleasing kind of confusion, which I know not how to describe. I felt a kind of uneasiness, yet did not wish to be without it. I longed to be alone, yet dreaded the hour of parting. I could not keep my eyes off from the object which caused my confusion, and which I was at once afraid of and enamoured with. But why do I attempt to describe my situation to one who must, I am sure, have felt the same?"

Amelia smiled, and Mrs. Bennet went on thus: "O, Mrs. Booth! had you seen the person of whom I am now speaking, you would not condemn the suddenness of my love. Nay, indeed, I had seen him there before, though this was the first time I had ever heard the music of his voice. Oh! it was the sweetest that was ever heard.

"Mr. Bennet came to visit my aunt the very next day. She imputed this respectful haste to the

powerful charms of her understanding, and resolved to lose no opportunity in improving the opinion which she imagined he had conceived of her. She became by this desire quite ridiculous, and ran into absurdities and a gallimatias scarce credible.

"Mr. Bennet, as I afterwards found, saw her in the same light with myself; but, as he was a very sensible and well-bred man, he so well concealed his opinion from us both, that I was almost angry, and she was pleased even to raptures, declaring herself charmed with his understanding, though, indeed, he had said very little; but I believe he heard himself into her good opinion, while he gazed himself into love.

"The two first visits which Mr. Bennet made to my aunt, though I was in the room all the time, I never spoke a word; but on the third, on some argument which arose between them, Mr. Bennet referred himself to me. I took his side of the question, as indeed I must to have done justice, and repeated two or three words of Latin. My aunt reddened at this, and expressed great disdain of my opinion, declaring she was astonished that a man of Mr. Bennet's understanding could appeal to the judgment of a silly girl: 'Is she,' said my aunt, bridling herself, 'fit to decide between us?' Mr. Bennet spoke very favourably of what I had said; upon which my aunt burst almost into a rage, treated me with downright scurrility, called me conceited fool, abused my poor father for having taught me Latin, which, said she, had made me a downright coxcomb, and made me prefer myself to those who were a hundred times my superiors in knowledge. She then fell foul on the learned languages, declaring they were totally useless, and concluded that she had read all that was worth reading, though, she thanked heaven, she understood no language but her own.

"Before the end of this visit Mr. Bennet reconciled himself very well to my aunt, which, indeed, was no difficult task for him to accomplish; but from that hour she conceived a hatred and rancour towards me which I could never appease.

"My aunt had, from my first coming into her house, expressed great dislike to my learning. In plain truth, she envied me that advantage. This envy I had long ago discovered, and had taken great pains to smother it, carefully avoiding ever to mention a Latin word in her presence, and always submitting to her authority; for indeed I despised her ignorance too much to dispute with her. By these means I had pretty well succeeded, and we lived tolerably together; but the affront paid to her understanding by Mr. Bennet in my favour was an injury never to be forgiven to me. She took me severely to task that very evening, and reminded me of going to service in such earnest terms as almost amounted to literally turning me out of doors; advising me, in the most insulting manner, to keep my Latin to myself, which she said was useless to any one, but ridiculous when pretended to by a servant.

"The next visit Mr. Bennet made at our house I was not suffered to be present. This was much the shortest of all his visits; and when he went away he left my aunt in a worse humour than ever I had seen her. The whole was discharged on me in the usual manner, by upbraiding me with my learning, conceit, and poverty; reminding me of obligations, and insisting on my going immediately to service. With all this I was greatly pleased, as it assured me that Mr. Bennet had said something to her in my favour; and I would have purchased a kind expression of his at almost any price.

AMELIA.

"I should scarce, however, have been so sanguine as to draw this conclusion, had I not received some hints that I had not unhappily placed my affections on a man who made me no return; for, though he had scarce addressed a dozen sentences to me (for, indeed, he had no opportunity), yet his eyes had revealed certain secrets to mine with which I was not displeased.

"I remained, however, in a state of anxiety near a month; sometimes pleasing myself with thinking Mr. Bennet's heart was in the same situation with my own; sometimes doubting that my wishes had flattered and deceived me, and not in the least questioning that my aunt was my rival; for I thought no woman could be proof against the charms that had subdued me. Indeed, Mrs. Booth, he was a charming young fellow; I must—I must pay this tribute to his memory. O, gracious Heaven! why, why did I ever see him? why was I doomed to such misery?" Here she burst into a flood of tears, and remained incapable of speech for some time; during which the gentle Amelia endeavoured all she could to soothe her, and gave sufficient marks of sympathising in the tender affliction of her friend.

Mrs. Bennet, at length, recovered her spirits, and proceeded, as in the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

The story of Mrs. Bennet continued.

"I SCARCE know where I left off—Oh! I was, I think, telling you that I esteemed my aunt as my rival; and it is not easy to conceive a greater degree of detestation than I had for her; and what may, perhaps, appear strange, as she daily grew more and more civil to me, my hatred increased with her civility; for I imputed it all to her triumph over me, and to her having secured, beyond all apprehension, the heart I longed for.

"How was I surprised when, one day, with as much good-humour as she was mistress of (for her countenance was not very pleasing), she asked me how I liked Mr. Bennet? The question, you will believe, madam, threw me into great confusion, which she plainly perceived, and, without waiting for my answer, told me she was very well satisfied, for that it did not require her discernment to read my thoughts in my countenance. 'Well, child,' said she, 'I have suspected this a great while, and I believe it will please you to know that I yesterday made the same discovery in your lover.' This, I confess to you, was more than I could well bear, and I begged her to say no more to me at that time on that subject. 'Nay, child,' answered she, 'I must tell you all, or I should not act a friendly part. Mr. Bennet, I am convinced, hath a passion for you; but it is a passion which, I think, you should not encourage. For, to be plain with you, I fear he is in love with your person only. Now this is a love, child, which cannot produce that rational happiness which a woman of sense ought to expect.' In short, she ran on with a great deal of stuff about rational happiness, and woman of sense, and concluded with assuring me that, after the strictest scrutiny, she could not find that Mr. Bennet had an adequate opinion of my understanding; upon which she vouchsafed to make me many compliments, but mixed with several sarcasms concerning my learning.

"I hope, madam, however," said she to Amelia, "you have not so bad an opinion of my capacity as to imagine me dull enough to be offended with Mr. Bennet's sentiments, for which I presently knew so well to account. I was, indeed, charmed with his ingenuity, who had discovered, perhaps, the only

way of reconciling my aunt to those inclinations which I now assured myself he had for me.

"I was not long left to support my hopes by my sagacity. He soon found an opportunity of declaring his passion. He did this in so forcible though gentle a manner, with such a profusion of fervency and tenderness at once, that his love, like a torrent, bore everything before it; and I am almost ashamed to own to you how very soon he prevailed upon me to—to—in short, to be an honest woman, and to confess to him the plain truth.

"When we were upon a good footing together he gave me a long relation of what had passed at several interviews with my aunt, at which I had not been present. He said he had discovered that, as she valued herself chiefly on her understanding, so she was extremely jealous of mine, and hated me on account of my learning. That, as he had loved me passionately from his first seeing me, and had thought of nothing from that time but of throwing himself at my feet, he saw no way so open to propitiate my aunt as that which he had taken by commending my beauty, a perfection to which she had long resigned all claim, at the expense of my understanding, in which he lamented my deficiency to a degree almost of ridicule. This he imputed chiefly to my learning: on this occasion he advanced a sentiment which so pleased my aunt that she thought proper to make it her own; for I heard it afterwards more than once from her own mouth. Learning, he said, had the same effect on the mind that strong liquors have on the constitution; both tending to eradicate all our natural fire and energy. His flattery had made such a dupe of my aunt that she assented, without the least suspicion of his sincerity, to all he said; so sure is vanity to weaken every fortress of the understanding, and to betray us to every attack of the enemy.

"You will believe, madam, that I readily forgave him all he had said, not only from that motive which I have mentioned, but as I was assured he had spoke the reverse of his real sentiments. I was not, however, quite so well pleased with my aunt, who began to treat me as if I was really an idiot. Her contempt, I own, a little piqued me; and I could not help often expressing my resentment, when we were alone together, to Mr. Bennet, who never failed to gratify me by making her conceit the subject of his wit; a talent which he possessed in the most extraordinary degree.

"This proved of very fatal consequence; for one day, while we were enjoying my aunt in a very thick arbour in the garden, she stole upon us unobserved, and overheard our whole conversation. I wish, my dear, you understood Latin, that I might repeat you a sentence in which the rage of a tigress that hath lost her young is described. No English poet, as I remember, hath come up to it; nor am I myself equal to the undertaking. She burst in upon us, open-mouthed, and, after discharging every abusive word almost, in the only language she understood, on poor Mr. Bennet, turned us both out of doors, declaring she would send my rags after me, but would never more permit me to set my foot within her threshold.

"Consider, dear madam, to what a wretched condition we were now reduced. I had not yet received the small legacy left me by my father; nor was Mr. Bennet master of five pounds in the whole world.

"In this situation, the man I doated on to distraction had but little difficulty to persuade me to a proposal which, indeed, I thought generous in him to make, as it seemed to proceed from that tender-

ness for my reputation to which he ascribed it; indeed, it could proceed from no motive with which I should have been displeased. In a word, within two days we were man and wife.

"Mr. Bennet now declared himself the happiest of men; and, for my part, I sincerely declared I envied no woman upon earth. How little, alas! did I then know or suspect the price I was to pay for all my joys! A match of real love is, indeed, truly paradise; and such perfect happiness seems to be the forbidden fruit to mortals, which we are to lament having tasted during the rest of our lives.

"The first uneasiness which attacked us after our marriage was on my aunt's account. It was very disagreeable to live under the nose of so near a relation, who did not acknowledge us, but, on the contrary, was ever doing us all the ill turns in her power, and making a party against us in the parish, which is always easy enough to do amongst the vulgar against persons who are their superiors in rank, and, at the same time, their inferiors in fortune. This made Mr. Bennet think of procuring an exchange, in which intention he was soon after confirmed by the arrival of the rector. It was the rector's custom to spend three months every year at his living, for which purpose he reserved an apartment in his parsonage-house, which was full large enough for two such little families as then occupied it. We at first promised ourselves some little convenience from his boarding with us; and Mr. Bennet began to lay aside his thoughts of leaving his curacy, at least for some time. But these golden ideas presently vanished; for, though we both used our utmost endeavours to please him, we soon found the impossibility of succeeding. He was, indeed, to give you his character in a word, the most peevish of mortals. This temper, notwithstanding that he was both a good and a pious man, made his company so insufferable that nothing could compensate it. If his breakfast was not ready to a moment—if a dish of meat was too much or too little done—in short, if anything failed of exactly hitting his taste, he was sure to be out of humour all that day, so that, indeed, he was scarce ever in a good temper a whole day together; for fortune seems to take a delight in thwarting this kind of disposition, to which human life, with its many crosses and accidents, is, in truth, by no means fitted.

"Mr. Bennet was now, by my desire as well as his own, determined to quit the parish; but when he attempted to get an exchange, he found it a matter of more difficulty than he had apprehended; for the rector's temper was so well known among the neighbouring clergy, that none of them could be brought to think of spending three months in a year with him.

"After many fruitless inquiries, Mr. Bennet thought best to remove to London, the great mart of all affairs, ecclesiastical and civil. This project greatly pleased him, and he resolved, without more delay, to take his leave of the rector, which he did in the most friendly manner possible, and preached his farewell sermon; nor was there a dry eye in the church, except among the few whom my aunt, who remained still inexorable, had prevailed upon to hate us without any cause.

"To London we came, and took up our lodging the first night at the inn where the stage-coach set us down: the next morning my husband went out early on his business, and returned with the good news of having heard of a curacy, and of having equipped himself with a lodging in the neighbourhood of a worthy peer, 'who,' said he, 'was my fellow-collegiate; and, what is more, I have a direction to

a person who will advance your legacy at a very reasonable rate.'

"This last particular was extremely agreeable to me, for our last guinea was now broached; and the rector had lent my husband ten pounds to pay his debts in the country, for, with all his peevishness, he was a good and a generous man, and had, indeed, so many valuable qualities, that I lamented his temper, after I knew him thoroughly, as much on his account as on my own.

"We now quitted the inn and went to our lodgings, where my husband having placed me in safety, as he said, he went about the business of the legacy with good assurance of success.

"My husband returned elated with his success, the person to whom he applied having undertaken to advance the legacy, which he fulfilled as soon as the proper inquiries could be made, and proper instruments prepared for that purpose.

"This, however, took up so much time, that, as our fund was so very low, we were reduced to some distress, and obliged to live extremely penurious; nor would all do without my taking a most disagreeable way of procuring money by pawning one of my gowns.

"Mr. Bennet was now settled in a curacy in town, greatly to his satisfaction, and our affairs seemed to have a prosperous aspect, when he came home to me one morning in much apparent disorder, looking as pale as death, and begged me by some means or other to get him a dram, for that he was taken with a sudden faintness and lowness of spirits.

"Frightened as I was, I immediately ran down stairs, and procured some rum of the mistress of the house; the first time, indeed, I ever knew him drink any. When he came to himself he begged me not to be alarmed, for it was no distemper, but something that had vexed him, which had caused his disorder, which he had now perfectly recovered.

"He then told me the whole affair. He had hitherto deferred paying a visit to the lord whom I mentioned to have been formerly his fellow-collegiate, and was now his neighbour, till he could put himself in decent rigging. He had now purchased a new cassock, hat, and wig, and went to pay his respects to his old acquaintance, who had received from him many civilities and assistances in his learning at the university, and had promised to return them fourfold hereafter.

"It was not without some difficulty that Mr. Bennet got into the antechamber. Here he waited, or, as the phrase is, cooled his heels, for above an hour before he saw his lordship; nor had he seen him then but by an accident; for my lord was going out when he casually intercepted him in his passage to his chariot. He approached to salute him with some familiarity, though with respect, depending on his former intimacy, when my lord, stepping short, very gravely told him he had not the pleasure of knowing him. How! my lord, said he; can you have so soon forgot your old acquaintance Tom Bennet? O, Mr. Bennet! cries his lordship, with much reserve, is it you? you will pardon my memory. I am glad to see you, Mr. Bennet, but you must excuse me at present, for I am in very great haste. He then broke from him, and without more ceremony, or any further invitation, went directly into his chariot.

"This cold reception from a person for whom my husband had a real friendship, and from whom he had great reason to expect a very warm return of affection, so affected the poor man, that it caused all those symptoms which I have mentioned before.

"Though this incident produced no material con-

sequence, I could not pass it over in silence, as, of all the misfortunes which ever befel him, it affected my husband the most. I need not, however, to a woman of your delicacy, make any comments on a behaviour which, though I believe it is very common, is, nevertheless, cruel and base beyond description, and is diametrically opposite to true honour as well as to goodness.

"To relieve the uneasiness which my husband felt on account of his false friend, I prevailed with him to go every night, almost for a fortnight together, to the play; a diversion of which he was greatly fond, and from which he did not think his being a clergyman excluded him; indeed, it is very well if those austere persons who would be inclined to censure him on this head have themselves no greater sins to answer for.

"From this time, during three months, we passed our time very agreeably, a little too agreeably perhaps for our circumstances; for, however innocent diversions may be in other respects, they must be owned to be expensive. When you consider then, madam, that our income from the curacy was less than forty pounds a year, and that, after payment of the debt to the rector, and another to my aunt, with the costs in law which she had occasioned by suing for it, my legacy was reduced to less than seventy pounds, you will not wonder that, in diversions, clothes, and the common expenses of life, we had almost consumed our whole stock.

"The inconsiderate manner in which we had lived for some time will, I doubt not, appear to you to want some excuse; but I have none to make for it. Two things, however, now happened, which occasioned much serious reflection to Mr. Bennet; the one was, that I grew near my time; the other, that he now received a letter from Oxford, demanding the debt of forty pounds which I mentioned to you before. The former of these he made a pretence of obtaining a delay for the payment of the latter, promising, in two months, to pay off half the debt, by which means he obtained a forbearance during that time.

"I was now delivered of a son, a matter which should in reality have increased our concern, but, on the contrary, it gave us great pleasure; greater indeed could not have been conceived at the birth of an heir to the most plentiful estate: so entirely thoughtless were we, and so little forecast had we of those many evils and distresses to which we had rendered a human creature, and one so dear to us, liable. The day of a christening is, in all families, I believe, a day of jubilee and rejoicing; and yet, if we consider the interest of that little wretch who is the occasion, how very little reason would the most sanguine persons have for their joy!

"But, though our eyes were too weak to look forward for the sake of our child, we could not be blinded to those dangers that immediately threatened ourselves. Mr. Bennet, at the expiration of the two months, received a second letter from Oxford, in a very peremptory style, and threatening a suit without any farther delay. This alarmed us in the strongest manner; and my husband, to secure his liberty, was advised for a while to shelter himself in the verge of the court.

"And, now, madam, I am entering on that scene which directly leads to all my misery."—Here she stopped, and wiped her eyes; and then, begging Amelia to excuse her for a few minutes, ran hastily out of the room, leaving Amelia by herself, while she refreshed her spirits with a cordial to enable her to relate what follows in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

Farther continued.

MRS. BENNET, returning into the room, made a short apology for her absence, and then proceeded in these following words:

"We now left our lodging, and took a second floor in that very house where you now are, to which we were recommended by the woman where we had before lodged, for the mistresses of both houses were acquainted; and, indeed, we had been all at the play together. To this new lodging then (such was our wretched destiny) we immediately repaired, and were received by Mrs. Ellison (how can I bear the sound of that detested name?) with much civility; she took care, however, during the first fortnight of our residence, to wait upon us every Monday morning for her rent; such being, it seems, the custom of this place, which, as it was inhabited chiefly by persons in debt, is not the region of credit.

"My husband, by the singular goodness of the rector, who greatly compassionated his case, was enabled to continue in his curacy, though he could only do the duty on Sundays. He was, however, sometimes obliged to furnish a person to officiate at his expense; so that our income was very scanty, and the poor little remainder of the legacy being almost spent, we were reduced to some difficulties, and, what was worse, saw still a prospect of greater before our eyes.

"Under these circumstances, how agreeable to poor Mr. Bennet must have been the behaviour of Mrs. Ellison, who, when he carried her rent on the usual day, told him, with a benevolent smile, that he needed not to give himself the trouble of such exact punctuality. She added that, if it was at any time inconvenient to him, he might pay her when he pleased. 'To say the truth,' says she, 'I never was so much pleased with any lodgers in my life: I am convinced, Mr. Bennet, you are a very worthy man, and you are a very happy one too; for you have the prettiest wife and the prettiest child I ever saw.' These, dear madam, were the words she was pleased to make use of; and I am sure she behaved to me with such an appearance of friendship and affection, that, as I could not perceive any possible views of interest which she could have in her professions, I easily believed them real.

"There lodged in the same house—O, Mrs. Booth! the blood runs cold to my heart, and should run cold to yours, when I name him—there lodged in the same house a lord—the lord, indeed, whom I have since seen in your company. This lord, Mrs. Ellison told me, had taken a great fancy to my little Charley. Fool that I was, and blinded by my own passion, which made me conceive that an infant, not three months old, could be really the object of affection to any besides a parent, and more especially to a gay young fellow! But, if I was silly in being deceived, how wicked was the wretch who deceived me—who used such art, and employed such pains, such incredible pains, to deceive me! He acted the part of a nurse to my little infant; he danced it, he lulled it, he kissed it; declared it was the very picture of a nephew of his—his favourite sister's child; and said so many kind and fond things of its beauty, that I myself, though, I believe, one of the tenderest and fondest of mothers, scarce carried my own ideas of my little darling's perfection beyond the compliments which he paid it.

"My lord, however, perhaps from modesty, before my face, fell far short of what Mrs. Ellison reported from him. And now, when she found the

impression which was made on me by these means, she took every opportunity of insinuating to me his lordship's many virtues, his great goodness to his sister's children in particular; nor did she fail to drop some hints which gave me the most simple and groundless hopes of strange consequences from his fondness to my Charley.

"When, by these means, which, simple as they may appear, were, perhaps, the most artful, my lord had gained something more, I think, than my esteem, he took the surest method to confirm himself in my affection. This was, by professing the highest friendship for my husband; for, as to myself, I do assure you he never showed me more than common respect; and I hope you will believe I should have immediately startled and flown off if he had. Poor I accounted for all the friendship which he expressed for my husband, and all the fondness which he showed to my boy, from the great prettiness of the one and the great merit of the other; foolishly conceiving that others saw with my eyes and felt with my heart. Little did I dream that my own unfortunate person was the fountain of all this lord's goodness, and was the intended price of it.

"One evening, as I was drinking tea with Mrs. Ellison by my lord's fire (a liberty which she never scrupled taking when he was gone out), my little Charley, now about half a year old, sitting in her lap, my lord, accidentally, no doubt, indeed I then thought it so, came in. I was confounded, and offered to go; but my lord declared, if he disturbed Mrs. Ellison's company, as he phrased it, he would himself leave the room. When I was thus prevailed on to keep my seat, my lord immediately took my little baby into his lap, and gave it some tea there, not a little at the expense of his embroidery; for he was very richly dressed: indeed, he was as fine a figure as perhaps ever was seen. His behaviour on this occasion gave me many ideas in his favour. I thought he discovered good sense, good nature, condescension, and other good qualities, by the fondness he showed to my child, and the contempt he seemed to express for his finery, which so greatly became him; for I cannot deny but that he was the handsomest and genteel person in the world, though such considerations advanced him not a step in my favour.

"My husband now returned from church (for this happened on a Sunday), and was, by my lord's particular desire, ushered into the room. My lord received him with the utmost politeness, and with many professions of esteem, which, he said, he had conceived from Mrs. Ellison's representations of his merit. He then proceeded to mention the living which was detained from my husband, of which Mrs. Ellison had likewise informed him; and said, he thought it would be no difficult matter to obtain a restoration of it by the authority of the bishop, who was his particular friend, and to whom he would take an immediate opportunity of mentioning it. This, at last, he determined to do the very next day, when he invited us both to dinner, where we were to be acquainted with his lordship's success.

"My lord now insisted on my husband's staying supper with him, without taking any notice of me; but Mrs. Ellison declared he should not part man and wife, and that she herself would stay with me. The motion was too agreeable to me to be rejected; and, except the little time I retired to put my child to bed, we spent together the most agreeable evening imaginable; nor was it, I believe, easy to decide whether Mr. Bennet or myself were most delighted

with his lordship and Mrs. Ellison; but this I assure you, the generosity of the one, and the extreme civility and kindness of the other, were the subjects of our conversation all the ensuing night, during which we neither of us closed our eyes.

"The next day at dinner my lord acquainted us that he had prevailed with the bishop to write to the clergyman in the country; indeed, he told us that he had engaged the bishop to be very warm in our interest, and had not the least doubt of success. This threw us both into a flow of spirits; and in the afternoon Mr. Bennet, at Mrs. Ellison's request, which was seconded by his lordship, related the history of our lives from our first acquaintance. My lord seemed much affected with some tender scenes, which, as no man could better feel, so none could better describe, than my husband. When he had finished, my lord begged pardon for mentioning an occurrence which gave him such a particular concern, as it had disturbed that delicious state of happiness in which we had lived at our former lodging. 'It would be ungenerous,' said he, 'to rejoice at an accident which, though it brought me fortunately acquainted with two of the most agreeable people in the world, was yet at the expense of your mutual felicity. This circumstance, I mean, is your debt at Oxford; pray, how doth that stand? I am resolved it shall never disturb your happiness hereafter.' At these words the tears burst from my poor husband's eyes; and, in an ecstasy of gratitude, he cried out, 'Your lordship overcomes me with generosity. If you go on in this manner, both my wife's gratitude and mine must be bankrupt.' He then acquainted my lord with the exact state of the case, and received assurances from him that the debt should never trouble him. My husband was again breaking out into the warmest expressions of gratitude, but my lord stopped him short, saying, 'If you have any obligation, it is to my little Charley here, from whose little innocent smiles I have received more than the value of this trifling debt in pleasure.' I forgot to tell you that, when I offered to leave the room after dinner upon my child's account, my lord would not suffer me, but ordered the child to be brought to me. He now took it out of my arms, placed it upon his own knee, and fed it with some fruit from the dessert. In short, it would be more tedious to you than to myself to relate the thousand little tendernesses he showed to the child. He gave it many baubles; amongst the rest was a coral worth at least three pounds; and, when my husband was confined near a fortnight to his chamber with a cold, he visited the child every day (for to this infant's account were all the visits placed), and seldom failed of accompanying his visit with a present to the little thing.

"Here, Mrs. Booth, I cannot help mentioning a doubt which hath often arisen in my mind since I have been enough mistress of myself to reflect on this horrid train which was laid to blow up my innocence. Wicked and barbarous it was to the highest degree without any question; but my doubt is, whether the art or folly of it be the more conspicuous; for, however delicate and refined the art must be allowed to have been, the folly, I think, must upon a fair examination appear no less astonishing: for to lay all considerations of cruelty and crime out of the case, what a foolish bargain doth the man make for himself who purchases so poor a pleasure at so high a price!

"We had lived near three weeks with as much freedom as if we had been all of the same family, when, one afternoon, my lord proposed to my husband to ride down himself to solicit the surrender;

for he said the bishop had received an unsatisfactory answer from the parson, and had writ a second letter more pressing, which his lordship now promised us to strengthen by one of his own that my husband was to carry with him. Mr. Bennet agreed to this proposal with great thankfulness, and the next day was appointed for his journey. The distance was near seventy miles.

"My husband set out on his journey, and he had scarce left me before Mrs. Ellison came into my room, and endeavoured to comfort me in his absence; to say the truth, though he was to be from me but a few days, and the purpose of his going was to fix our happiness on a sound foundation for all our future days, I could scarce support my spirits under this first separation. But though I then thought Mrs. Ellison's intentions to be most kind and friendly, yet the means she used were utterly ineffectual, and appeared to me injudicious. Instead of soothing my uneasiness, which is always the first physic to be given to grief, she rallied me upon it, and began to talk in a very unusual style of gaiety, in which she treated conjugal love with much ridicule.

"I gave her to understand that she displeased me by this discourse; but she soon found means to give such a turn to it as made merit of all she had said. And now, when she had worked me into a good humour, she made a proposal to me which I at first rejected—but at last fatally, too fatally, suffered myself to be over-persuaded. This was to go to a masquerade at Ranelagh, for which my lord had furnished her with tickets."

At these words Amelia turned pale as death, and hastily begged her friend to give her a glass of water, some air, or anything. Mrs. Bennet, having thrown open the window, and procured the water, which prevented Amelia from fainting, looked at her with much tenderness, and cried, "I do not wonder, my dear madam, that you are affected with my mentioning that fatal masquerade; since I firmly believe the same ruin was intended for you at the same place; the apprehension of which occasioned the letter I sent you this morning, and all the trial of your patience which I have made since."

Amelia gave her a tender embrace, with many expressions of the warmest gratitude; assured her she had pretty well recovered her spirits, and begged her to continue her story, which Mrs. Bennet then did. However, as our readers may likewise be glad to recover their spirits also, we shall here put an end to this chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

The story farther continued.

MRS. BENNET proceeded thus:—

"I was at length prevailed on to accompany Mrs. Ellison to the masquerade. Here, I must confess, the pleasantness of the place, the variety of the dresses, and the novelty of the thing, gave me much delight, and raised my fancy to the highest pitch. As I was entirely void of all suspicion, my mind threw off all reserve, and pleasure only filled my thoughts. Innocence, it is true, possessed my heart; but it was innocence unguarded, intoxicated with foolish desires, and liable to every temptation. During the first two hours we had many trifling adventures not worth remembering. At length my lord joined us, and continued with me all the evening; and we danced several dances together.

"I need not, I believe, tell you, madam, how engaging his conversation is. I wish I could with truth say I was not pleased with it; or, at least, that I had a right to be pleased with it. But I will disguise nothing from you. I now began to discover that he had some affection for me, but he had al-

ready too firm a footing in my esteem to make the discovery shocking. I will—I will own the truth; I was delighted with perceiving a passion in him, which I was not unwilling to think he had had from the beginning, and to derive his having concealed it so long from his awe of my virtue, and his respect to my understanding. I assure you, madam, at the same time, my intentions were never to exceed the bounds of innocence. I was charmed with the delicacy of his passion; and, in the foolish thoughtless turn of mind in which I then was, I fancied I might give some very distant encouragement to such a passion in such a man with the utmost safety—that I might indulge my vanity and interest at once, without being guilty of the least injury.

"I know Mrs. Booth will condemn all these thoughts, and I condemn them no less myself; for it is now my stedfast opinion that the woman who gives up the least outwork of her virtue doth, in that very moment, betray the citadel.

"About two o'clock we returned home, and found a very handsome collation provided for us. I was asked to partake of it, and I did not, I could not refuse. I was not, however, entirely void of all suspicion, and I made many resolutions; one of which was, not to drink a drop more than my usual stint. This was, at the utmost, little more than half a pint of small punch.

"I adhered strictly to my quantity; but in the quality I am convinced I was deceived; for before I left the room I found my head giddy. What the villain gave me I know not; but, besides being intoxicated, I perceived effects from it which are not to be described.

"Here, madam, I must draw a curtain over the residue of that fatal night. Let it suffice that it involved me in the most dreadful ruin; a ruin to which I can truly say I never consented, and of which I was scarce conscious when the villanous man avowed it to my face in the morning.

"Thus I have deduced my story to the most horrid period; happy had I been had this been the period of my life, but I was reserved for greater miseries; but before I enter on them I will mention something very remarkable, with which I was now acquainted, and that will show there was nothing of accident which had befallen me, but that all was the effect of a long, regular, premeditated design.

"You may remember, madam, I told you that we were recommended to Mrs. Ellison by the woman at whose house we had before lodged. This woman, it seems, was one of my lord's pimps, and had before introduced me to his lordship's notice.

"You are to know then, madam, that this villain, this lord, now confessed to me that he had first seen me in the gallery at the oratorio, whither I had gone with tickets with which the woman where I first lodged had presented me, and which were, it seems, purchased by my lord. Here I first met the vile betrayer, who was disguised in a rug coat and a patch upon his face."

At these words Amelia cried, "O, gracious Heavens!" and fell back in her chair. Mrs. Bennet, with proper applications, brought her back to life; and then Amelia acquainted her that she herself had first seen the same person in the same place, and in the same disguise. "O, Mrs. Bennet!" cried she, "how am I indebted to you! what words, what thanks, what actions can demonstrate the gratitude of my sentiments! I look upon you, and always shall look upon you, as my preserver from the brink of a precipice, from which I was falling into the same ruin which you have so generously, so kindly, and so nobly disclosed for my sake."

Here the two ladies compared notes; and it ap-

peared that his lordship's behaviour at the oratorio had been alike to both; that he had made use of the very same words, the very same actions to Amelia, which he had practised over before on poor unfortunate Mrs. Bennet. It may, perhaps, be thought strange that neither of them could afterwards recollect him; but so it was. And, indeed, if we consider the force of disguise, the very short time that either of them was with him at this first interview, and the very little curiosity that must have been supposed in the minds of the ladies, together with the amusement in which they were then engaged, all wonder will, I apprehend, cease. Amelia, however, now declared she remembered his voice and features perfectly well, and was thoroughly satisfied he was the same person. She then accounted for his not having visited in the afternoon, according to his promise, from her declared resolutions to Mrs. Ellison not to see him. She now burst forth into some very satirical invectives against that lady, and declared she had the art, as well as the wickedness, of the devil himself.

Many congratulations now passed from Mrs. Bennet to Amelia, which were returned with the most hearty acknowledgments from that lady. But, instead of filling our paper with these, we shall pursue Mrs. Bennet's story, which she resumed as we shall find in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

Farther continuation.

"No sooner," said Mrs. Bennet, continuing her story, "was my lord departed, than Mrs. Ellison came to me. She behaved in such a manner when she became acquainted with what had passed, that, though I was at first satisfied of her guilt, she began to stagger my opinion, and at length prevailed upon me entirely to acquit her. She raved like a mad woman against my lord, swore he should not stay a moment in her house, and that she would never speak to him more. In short, had she been the most innocent woman in the world, she could not have spoke nor acted any otherwise, nor could she have vented more wrath and indignation against the betrayer.

"That part of her denunciation of vengeance which concerned my lord's leaving the house she vowed should be executed immediately; but then, seeming to recollect herself, she said, 'Consider, my dear child, it is for your sake alone I speak; will not such a proceeding give some suspicion to your husband?' I answered, that I valued not that; that I was resolved to inform my husband of all the moment I saw him; with many expressions of detestation of myself and an indifference for life and for everything else.

"Mrs. Ellison, however, found means to soothe me, and to satisfy me with my own innocence, a point in which, I believe, we are all easily convinced. In short, I was persuaded to acquit both myself and her, to lay the whole guilt upon my lord, and to resolve to conceal it from my husband.

"That whole day I confined myself to my chamber and saw no person but Mrs. Ellison. I was, indeed, ashamed to look any one in the face. Happily for me, my lord went into the country without attempting to come near me, for I believe his sight would have driven me to madness.

"The next day I told Mrs. Ellison that I was resolved to leave her lodgings the moment my lord came to town; not on her account (for I really inclined to think her innocent), but on my lord's, whose face I was resolved, if possible, never more to behold. She told me I had no reason to quit her

house on that score, for that my lord himself had left her lodgings that morning in resentment, she believed, of the abuses which she had cast on him the day before.

"This confirmed me in the opinion of her innocence; nor hath she from that day to this, till my acquaintance with you, madam, done anything to forfeit my opinion. On the contrary, I owe her many good offices; amongst the rest, I have an annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds a-year from my lord, which I know was owing to her solicitations, for she is not void of generosity or good-nature; though, by what I have lately seen, I am convinced she was the cause of my ruin, and hath endeavoured to lay the same snares for you.

"But to return to my melancholy story. My husband returned at the appointed time; and I met him with an agitation of mind not to be described. Perhaps the fatigue which he had undergone in his journey, and his dissatisfaction at his ill success, prevented his taking notice of what I feared was too visible. All his hopes were entirely frustrated; the clergyman had not received the bishop's letter, and as to my lord's, he treated it with derision, and contempt. Tired as he was, Mr. Bennet would not sit down till he had inquired for my lord, intending to go and pay his compliments. Poor man! he little suspected that he had deceived him, as I have since known, concerning the bishop; much less did he suspect any other injury. But the lord—the villain was gone out of town, so that he was forced to postpone all his gratitude.

"Mr. Bennet returned to town late on the Saturday night, nevertheless he performed his duty at church the next day, but I refused to go with him. This, I think, was the first refusal I was guilty of since our marriage; but I was become so miserable, that his presence, which had been the source of all my happiness, was become my bane. I will not say I hated to see him, but I can say I was ashamed, indeed afraid, to look him in the face. I was conscious of I knew not what—guilt, I hope, it cannot be called."

"I hope not, nay, I think not," cries Amelia.

"My husband," continued Mrs. Bennet, "perceived my dissatisfaction, and imputed it to his ill-success in the country. I was pleased with this self-delusion, and yet, when I fairly compute the agonies I suffered at his endeavours to comfort me on that head, I paid most severely for it. O, my dear Mrs. Booth! happy is the deceived party between true lovers, and wretched indeed is the author of the deceit!

"In this wretched condition I passed a whole week, the most miserable I think of my whole life, endeavouring to humour my husband's delusion and to conceal my own tortures; but I had reason to fear I could not succeed long, for on the Saturday night I perceived a visible alteration in his behaviour to me. He went to bed in an apparent ill-humour, turned sullenly from me, and if I offered at any endearments he gave me only peevish answers.

"After a restless turbulent night, he rose early on Sunday morning and walked down stairs. I expected his return to breakfast, but was soon informed by the maid that he was gone forth, and that it was no more than seven o'clock. All this you may believe, madam, alarmed me. I saw plainly he had discovered the fatal secret, though by what means I could not divine. The state of my mind was very little short of madness. Sometimes I thought of running away from my injured husband, and sometimes of putting an end to my life.

"In the midst of such perturbations I spent the

day. My husband returned in the evening. O, Heavens! can I describe what followed?—It is impossible! I shall sink under the relation. He entered the room with a face as white as a sheet, his lips trembling and his eyes red as coals of fire and starting as it were from his head.—‘Molly,’ cries he, throwing himself into his chair, ‘are you well?’ ‘Good Heavens!’ says I, ‘what’s the matter?—Indeed I cannot say I am well.’ ‘No!’ says he, starting from his chair, ‘false monster, you have betrayed me, destroyed me, you have ruined your husband!’ Then, looking like a fury, he snatched off a large book from the table, and, with the malice of a madman, threw it at my head and knocked me down backwards. He then caught me up in his arms and kissed me with most extravagant tenderness; then, looking me stedfastly in the face for several moments, the tears gushed in a torrent from his eyes, and with his utmost violence he threw me again on the floor, kicked me, stamped upon me. I believe, indeed, his intent was to kill me, and I believe he thought he had accomplished it.

“I lay on the ground for some minutes, I believe, deprived of my senses. When I recovered myself I found my husband lying by my side on his face, and the blood running from him. It seems, when he thought he had despatched me, he ran his head with all his force against a chest of drawers which stood in the room, and gave himself a dreadful wound in his head.

“I can truly say I felt not the least resentment for the usage I had received; I thought I deserved it all; though, indeed, I little guessed what he had suffered from me. I now used the most earnest entreaties to him to compose himself; and endeavoured, with my feeble arms, to raise him from the ground. At length he broke from me, and, springing from the ground, flung himself into a chair, when, looking wildly at me, he cried,—‘Go from me, Molly. I beseech you, leave me. I would not kill you.’—He then discovered to me—O Mrs. Booth! can you guess it?—I was indeed polluted by the villain—I had infected my husband.—O heavens! why do I live to relate anything so horrid—I will not, I cannot yet survive it. I cannot forgive myself. Heaven cannot forgive me!”

Here she became inarticulate with the violence of her grief, and fell presently into such agonies, that the affrighted Amelia began to call aloud for some assistance. Upon this a maid-servant came up, who, seeing her mistress in a violent convulsion fit, presently screamed out she was dead. Upon which one of the other sex made his appearance: and who should this be but the honest serjeant? whose countenance soon made it evident that, though a soldier, and a brave one too, he was not the least concerned of all the company on this occasion.

The reader, if he hath been acquainted with scenes of this kind, very well knows that Mrs. Bennet, in the usual time, returned again to the possession of her voice: the first use of which she made was to express her astonishment at the presence of the serjeant, and, with a frantic air, to inquire who he was.

The maid, concluding that her mistress was not yet returned to her senses, answered, “Why it is my master, madam. Heaven preserve your senses, madam!—Lord sir, my mistress must be very bad not to know you!”

What Atkinson thought at this instant, I will not say; but certain it is he looked not over-wise. He attempted twice to take hold of Mrs. Bennet’s hand, but she withdrew it hastily, and presently after, rising up from her chair, she declared herself pretty well again, and desired Atkinson and the maid to with-

draw. Both of whom presently obeyed; the serjeant appearing by his countenance to want comfort almost as much as the lady did to whose assistance he had been summoned.

It is a good maxim to trust a person entirely or not at all; for a secret is often innocently blabbed out by those who know but half of it. Certain it is that the maid’s speech communicated a suspicion to the mind of Amelia which the behaviour of the serjeant did not tend to remove; what that is, the sagacious readers may likewise probably suggest to themselves; if not, they must wait our time for disclosing it. We shall now resume the history of Mrs. Bennet, who, after many apologies, proceeded to the matters in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

The conclusion of Mrs. Bennet’s history.

“WHEN I became sensible,” cries Mrs. Bennet, “of the injury I had done my husband, I threw myself at his feet, and, embracing his knees, while I bathed them with my tears, I begged a patient hearing, declaring, if he was not satisfied with what I should say, I would become a willing victim of his resentment. I said, and I said truly, that, if I owed my death that instant to his hands, I should have no other terror but of the fatal consequence which it might produce to himself.

“He seemed a little pacified, and bid me say whatever I pleased.

“I then gave him a faithful relation of all that had happened. He heard me with great attention, and at the conclusion cried, with a deep sigh—‘O Molly! I believe it all.—You must have been betrayed as you tell me; you could not be guilty of such baseness, such cruelty, such ingratitude.’ He then—O! it is impossible to describe his behaviour—he expressed such kindness, such tenderness, such concern for the manner in which he had used me—I cannot dwell on this scene—I shall relapse—you must excuse me.”

Amelia begged her to omit anything which so affected her; and she proceeded thus:

“My husband, who was more convinced than I was of Mrs. Ellison’s guilt, declared he would not sleep that night in her house. He then went out to see for a lodging; he gave me all the money he had, and left me to pay her bill, and put up the clothes, telling me, if I had not money enough, I might leave the clothes as a pledge; but he vowed he could not answer for himself if he saw the face of Mrs. Ellison.

“Words cannot scarce express the behaviour of that artful woman, it was so kind and so generous. She said, she did not blame my husband’s resentment, nor could she expect any other, but that he and all the world should censure her—that she hated her house almost as much as we did, and detested her cousin, if possible, more. In fine, she said I might leave my clothes there that evening, but that she would send them to us the next morning; that she scorned the thought of detaining them; and as for the paltry debt, we might pay her whenever we pleased; for, to do her justice, with all her vices, she hath some good in her.”

“Some good in her, indeed!” cried Amelia, with great indignation.

“We were scarce settled in our new lodgings,” continued Mrs. Bennet, “when my husband began to complain of a pain in his inside. He told me he feared he had done himself some injury in his rage, and had burst something within him. As to the odious—I cannot bear the thought, the great skill of the surgeon soon entirely cured him; but his other

complaint, instead of yielding to any application, grew still worse and worse, nor ever ended till it brought him to his grave.

"O Mrs. Booth! could I have been certain that I had occasioned this, however innocently I had occasioned it, I could never have survived it; but the surgeon who opened him after his death assured me that he died of what they called a polypus in his heart, and that nothing which had happened on account of me was in the least the occasion of it.

"I have, however, related the affair truly to you. The first complaint I ever heard of the kind was within a day or two after we left Mrs. Ellison's; and this complaint remained till his death, which might induce him perhaps to attribute his death to another cause; but the surgeon, who is a man of the highest eminence, hath always declared the contrary to me, with the most positive certainty; and this opinion hath been my only comfort.

"When my husband died, which was about ten weeks after we quitted Mrs. Ellison's, of whom I had then a different opinion from what I have now, I was left in the most wretched condition imaginable. I believe, madam, she showed you my letter. Indeed, she did everything for me at that time which I could have expected from the best of friends. She supplied me with money from her own pocket, by which means I was preserved from a distress in which I must have otherwise inevitably perished.

"Her kindness to me in this season of distress prevailed on me to return again to her house. Why, indeed, should I have refused an offer so very convenient for me to accept, and which seemed so generous in her to make? Here I lived a very retired life with my little babe, seeing no company but Mrs. Ellison herself for a full quarter of a year. At last Mrs. Ellison brought me a parchment from my lord, in which he had settled upon me, at her instance, as she told me, and as I believe it was, an annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds a-year. This was, I think, the very first time she had mentioned his hateful name to me since my return to her house. And she now prevailed upon me, though I assure you not without much difficulty, to suffer him to execute the deed in my presence.

"I will not describe our interview,—I am not able to describe it, and I have often wondered how I found spirits to support it. This I will say for him, that, if he was not a real penitent, no man alive could act the part better.

"Besides resentment, I had another motive of my backwardness to agree to such a meeting; and this was—fear. I apprehended, and surely not without reason, that the annuity was rather meant as a bribe than a recompence, and that farther designs were laid against my innocence; but in this I found myself happily deceived; for neither then, nor at any time since, have I ever had the least solicitation of that kind. Nor, indeed, have I seen the least occasion to think my lord had any such desires.

"Good heavens! what are these men? what is this appetite which must have novelty and resistance for its provocatives, and which is delighted with us no longer than while we may be considered in the light of enemies?"

"I thank you, madam," cries Amelia, "for relieving me from my fears on your account; I trembled at the consequence of this second acquaintance with such a man, and in such a situation."

"I assure you, madam, I was in no danger," returned Mrs. Bennet; "for, besides that I think I could have pretty well relied on my own resolution, I have heard since, at St. Edmundsbury, from an intimate acquaintance of my lord's, who was an

entire stranger to my affairs, that the highest degree of inconstancy is his character; and that few of his numberless mistresses have ever received a second visit from him.

"Well, madam," continued she, "I think I have little more to trouble you with; unless I should relate to you my long ill state of health, from which I am lately, I thank Heaven, recovered; or unless I should mention to you the most grievous accident that ever befel me, the loss of my poor dear Charley." Here she made a full stop, and the tears ran down into her bosom.

Amelia was silent a few minutes, while she gave the lady time to vent her passion; after which she began to pour forth a vast profusion of acknowledgments for the trouble she had taken in relating her history, but chiefly for the motive which had induced her to it, and for the kind warning which she had given her by the little note which Mrs. Bennet had sent her that morning.

"Yes, madam," cries Mrs. Bennet, "I am convinced, by what I have lately seen, that you are the destined sacrifice to this wicked lord; and that Mrs. Ellison, whom I no longer doubt to have been the instrument of my ruin, intended to betray you in the same manner. The day I met my lord in your apartment I began to entertain some suspicions, and I took Mrs. Ellison very roundly to task upon them; her behaviour, notwithstanding many asseverations to the contrary, convinced me I was right; and I intended, more than once, to speak to you, but could not; till last night the mention of the masquerade determined me to delay it no longer. I therefore sent you that note this morning, and am glad you so luckily discovered the writer, as it hath given me this opportunity of easing my mind, and of honestly showing you how unworthy I am of your friendship, at the same time that I so earnestly desire it."

CHAPTER X.

Being the last chapter of the seventh book.

AMELIA did not fail to make proper compliments to Mrs. Bennet on the conclusion of her speech in the last chapter. She told her that, from the first moment of her acquaintance, she had the strongest inclination to her friendship, and that her desires of that kind were much increased by hearing her story. "Indeed, madam," says she, "you are much too severe a judge on yourself; for they must have very little candour, in my opinion, who look upon your case with any severe eye. To me, I assure you, you appear highly the object of compassion; and I shall always esteem you as an innocent and an unfortunate woman."

Amelia would then have taken her leave, but Mrs. Bennet so strongly pressed her to stay to breakfast, that at length she complied; indeed, she had fasted so long, and her gentle spirits had been so agitated with variety of passions, that nature very strongly seconded Mrs. Bennet's motion.

Whilst the maid was preparing the tea-equipage, Amelia, with a little slyness in her countenance, asked Mrs. Bennet if serjeant Atkinson did not lodge in the same house with her? The other reddened so extremely at the question, repeated the serjeant's name with such hesitation, and behaved so awkwardly, that Amelia wanted no farther confirmation of her suspicions. She would not, however, declare them abruptly to the other, but began a dissertation on the serjeant's virtues; and, after observing the great concern which he had manifested when Mrs. Bennet was in her fit, concluded with saying she believed the serjeant would make

the best husband in the world, for that he had great tenderness of heart and a gentleness of manners not often to be found in any man, and much seldomer in persons of his rank.

"And why not in his rank?" said Mrs. Bennet. "Indeed, Mrs. Booth, we rob the lower order of mankind of their due. I do not deny the force and power of education; but, when we consider how very injudicious is the education of the better sort in general, how little they are instructed in the practice of virtue, we shall not expect to find the heart much improved by it. And even as to the head, how very slightly do we commonly find it improved by what is called a genteel education! I have myself, I think, seen instances of as great goodness, and as great understanding too, among the lower sort of people as among the higher. Let us compare your serjeant, now, with the lord who hath been the subject of conversation; on which side would an impartial judge decide the balance to incline?"

"How monstrous then," cries Amelia, "is the opinion of those who consider our matching ourselves the least below us in degree as a kind of contamination!"

"A most absurd and preposterous sentiment," answered Mrs. Bennet, warmly; "how abhorrent from justice, from common sense, and from humanity—but how extremely incongruous with a religion which professes to know no difference of degree, but ranks all mankind on the footing of brethren! Of all kinds of pride, there is none so unchristian as that of station; in reality, there is none so contemptible. Contempt, indeed, may be said to be its own object; for my own part, I know none so despicable as those who despise others."

"I do assure you," said Amelia, "you speak my own sentiments. I give you my word, I should not be ashamed of being the wife of an honest man in any station.—Nor, if I had been much higher than I was, should I have thought myself degraded by calling our honest serjeant my husband."

"Since you have made this declaration," cries Mrs. Bennet, "I am sure you will not be offended at a secret I am going to mention to you."

"Indeed, my dear," answered Amelia, smiling, "I wonder rather you have concealed it so long; especially after the many hints I have given you."

"Nay, pardon me, madam," replied the other; "I do not remember any such hints; and, perhaps, you do not even guess what I am going to say. My secret is this; that no woman ever had so sincere, so passionate a lover, as you have had in the serjeant."

"I a lover in the serjeant!—I!" cries Amelia, a little surprised.

"Have patience," answered the other;—"I say, you, my dear. As much surprised as you appear, I tell you no more than the truth; and yet it is a truth you could hardly expect to hear from me, especially with so much good-humour; since I will honestly confess to you—But what need have I to confess what I know you guess already?—Tell me now sincerely, don't you guess?"

"I guess, indeed, and hope," said she, "that he is your husband."

"He is, indeed, my husband," cries the other; "and I am most happy in your approbation. In honest truth, you ought to approve my choice; since you was every way the occasion of my making it. What you said of him very greatly recommended him to my opinion; but he endeared himself to me most by what he said of you. In short, I have discovered he hath always loved you with such a faithful, honest, noble, generous passion, that

I was consequently convinced his mind must possess all the ingredients of such a passion; and what are these but true honour, goodness, modesty, bravery, tenderness, and, in a word, every human virtue?—Forgive me, my dear; but I was uneasy till I became myself the object of such a passion."

"And do you really think," said Amelia, smiling, "that I shall forgive you robbing me of such a lover? or, supposing what you banter me with was true, do you really imagine you could change such a passion?"

"No, my dear," answered the other; "I only hope I have changed the object; for be assured, there is no greater vulgar error than that it is impossible for a man who loves one woman ever to love another. On the contrary, it is certain that a man who can love one woman so well at a distance will love another better that is nearer to him. Indeed, I have heard one of the best husbands in the world declare, in the presence of his wife, that he had always loved a princess with adoration. These passions, which reside only in very amorous and very delicate minds, feed only on the delicacies there growing; and leave all the substantial food, and enough of the delicacy too, for the wife."

The tea being now ready, Mrs. Bennet, or, if you please, for the future, Mrs. Atkinson, proposed to call in her husband; but Amelia objected. She said she should be glad to see him any other time, but was then in the utmost hurry, as she had been three hours absent from all she most loved. However, she had scarce drank a dish of tea before she changed her mind; and, saying she would not part man and wife, desired Mr. Atkinson might appear.

The maid answered that her master was not at home; which words she had scarce spoken, when he knocked hastily at the door, and immediately came running into the room, all pale and breathless, and, addressing himself to Amelia, cried out, "I am sorry, my dear lady, to bring you ill news; but captain Booth"—"What! what!" cries Amelia, dropping the tea-cup from her hand, "is anything the matter with him?"—"Don't be frightened, my dear lady," said the serjeant: "he is in very good health; but a misfortune hath happened."—"Are my children well?" said Amelia.—"O, very well," answered the serjeant. "Pray madam, don't be frightened; I hope it will signify nothing—he is arrested, but I hope to get him out of their damned hands immediately." "Where is he?" cries Amelia; "I will go to him this instant!" "He begs you will not," answered the serjeant. "I have sent his lawyer to him, and am going back with Mrs. Ellison this moment; but I beg your ladyship, for his sake, and for your own sake, not to go." "Mrs. Ellison! what is Mrs. Ellison to do?" cries Amelia: "I must and will go." Mrs. Atkinson then interposed, and begged that she would not hurry her spirits, but compose herself, and go home to her children, whither she would attend her. She comforted her with the thoughts that the captain was in no immediate danger; that she could go to him when she would; and desired her to let the serjeant return with Mrs. Ellison, saying she might be of service, and that there was much wisdom, and no kind of shame, in making use of bad people on certain occasions.

"And who," cries Amelia, a little come to herself, "hath done this barbarous action?"

"One I am ashamed to name," cries the serjeant; "indeed I had always a very different opinion of him: I could not have believed anything but my own ears and eyes; but Dr. Harrison is the man who hath done the deed."

"Dr. Harrison!" cries Amelia. "Well, then, there is an end of all goodness in the world. I will never have a good opinion of any human being more."

The serjeant begged that he might not be detained from the captain; and that, if Amelia pleased to go home, he would wait upon her. But she did not choose to see Mrs. Ellison at this time; and, after a little consideration, she resolved to stay where she was; and Mrs. Atkinson agreed to go and fetch her children to her, it being not many doors distant.

The serjeant then departed; Amelia, in her confusion, never having once thought of wishing him joy on his marriage.

BOOK VIII.—CHAPTER I.

Being the first chapter of the eighth book.

THE history must now look a little backwards to those circumstances which led to the catastrophe mentioned at the end of the last book.

When Amelia went out in the morning she left her children to the care of her husband. In this amiable office he had been engaged near an hour, and was at that very time lying along on the floor, and his little things crawling and playing about him, when a most violent knock was heard at the door; and immediately a footman, running up stairs, acquainted him that his lady was taken violently ill, and carried into Mrs. Chenevix's toy-shop.

Booth no sooner heard this account, which was delivered with great appearance of haste and earnestness, than he leaped suddenly from the floor, and, leaving his children roaring at the news of their mother's illness in strict charge with his maid, he ran as fast as his legs could carry him to the place; or towards the place rather: for, before he arrived at the shop, a gentleman stopped him full butt, crying, "Captain, whither so fast?"—Booth answered eagerly, "Whoever you are, friend, don't ask me any questions now."—"You must pardon me, captain," answered the gentleman; "but I have a little business with your honour—In short, captain, I have a small warrant here in my pocket against your honour, at the suit of one Dr. Harrison." "You are a bailiff then?" says Booth. "I am an officer, sir," answered the other. "Well, sir, it is in vain to contend," cries Booth; "but let me beg you will permit me only to step to Mrs. Chenevix's—I will attend you, upon my honour, wherever you please; but my wife lies violently ill there." "Oh, for that matter," answered the bailiff, "you may set your heart at ease. Your lady, I hope, is very well; I assure you she is not there. You will excuse me, captain, these are only stratagems of war. *Bolus and virtus, quis in a hostess equirit?*" "Sir, I honour your learning," cries Booth, "and could almost kiss you for what you tell me. I assure you I would forgive you five hundred arrests for such a piece of news. Well, sir, and whither am I to go with you?" "O, anywhere: where your honour pleases," cries the bailiff. "Then suppose we go to Brown's coffee-house," said the prisoner. "No," answered the bailiff, "that will not do; that's in the verge of the court." "Why then, to the nearest tavern," said Booth. "No, not to a tavern," cries the other, "that is not a place of security; and you know, captain, your honour is a shy cock; I have been after your honour these three months. Come, sir, you must go to my house, if you please." "With all my heart," answered Booth, "if it be anywhere hereabouts." "Oh, it is but a little ways off," replied the bailiff; "it is only in Gray's-inn-lane, just by almost." He then called a coach, and desired his prisoner to walk in.

Booth entered the coach without any resistance,

which, had he been inclined to make, he must have plainly perceived would have been ineffectual, as the bailiff appeared to have several followers at hand, two of whom, beside the commander in chief, mounted with him into the coach. As Booth was a sweet-tempered man, as well as somewhat of a philosopher, he behaved with all the good-humour imaginable, and, indeed, with more than his companions; who, however, showed him what they call civility, that is, they neither struck him nor spit in his face.

Notwithstanding the pleasantry which Booth endeavoured to preserve, he in reality envied every labourer whom he saw pass by him in his way. The charms of liberty against his will rushed on his mind; and he could not avoid suggesting to himself how much more happy was the poorest wretch who, without control, could repair to his homely habitation and to his family, compared to him, who was thus violently, and yet lawfully, torn away from the company of his wife and children. And their condition, especially that of his Amelia, gave his heart many a severe and bitter pang.

At length he arrived at the bailiff's mansion, and was ushered into a room in which were several persons. Booth desired to be alone; upon which the bailiff waited on him up-stairs into an apartment, the windows of which were well fortified with iron-bars, but the walls had not the least outwork raised before them; they were, indeed, what is generally called naked; the bricks having been only covered with a thin plaster, which in many places was mouldered away.

The first demand made upon Booth was for coach-hire, which amounted to two shillings, according to the bailiff's account; that being just double the legal fare. He was then asked if he did not choose a bowl of punch? to which he having answered in the negative, the bailiff replied, "Nay, sir, just as you please. I don't ask you to drink, if you don't choose it; but certainly you know the custom; the house is full of prisoners, and I can't afford gentlemen a room to themselves for nothing."

Booth presently took this hint—indeed it was a pretty broad one—and told the bailiff he should not scruple to pay him his price; but in fact he never drank unless at his meals. "As to that sir," cries the bailiff, "it is just as your honour pleases. I scorn to impose upon any gentleman in misfortunes: I wish you well out of them, for my part. Your honour can take nothing amiss of me; I only do my duty, what I am bound to do; and, as you says you don't care to drink anything, what will you be pleased to have for dinner?"

Booth then complied in bespeaking a dish of meat, and told the bailiff he would drink a bottle with him after dinner. He then desired the favour of pen, ink, and paper, and a messenger; all which were immediately procured him, the bailiff telling him he might send wherever he pleased, and repeating his concern for Booth's misfortunes, and a hearty desire to see the end of them.

The messenger was just despatched with the letter, when who should arrive but honest Atkinson? A soldier of the guards, belonging to the same company with the serjeant, and who had known Booth at Gibraltar, had seen the arrest, and heard the orders given to the coachman. This fellow, accidentally meeting Atkinson, had acquainted him with the whole affair.

At the appearance of Atkinson, joy immediately overspread the countenance of Booth. The ceremonials which passed between them are unnecessary to be repeated. Atkinson was soon despatched to

the attorney and to Mrs. Ellison, as the reader hath before heard from his own mouth.

Booth now greatly lamented that he had writ to his wife. He thought she might have been acquainted with the affair better by the serjeant. Booth begged him, however, to do everything in his power to comfort her; to assure her that he was in perfect health and good spirits; and to lessen as much as possible the concern which he knew she would have at reading his letter.

The serjeant, however, as the reader hath seen, brought himself the first account of the arrest. Indeed, the other messenger did not arrive till a full hour afterwards. This was not owing to any slowness of his, but to many previous errands which he was to execute before the delivery of the letter; for, notwithstanding the earnest desire which the bailiff had declared to see Booth out of his troubles, he had ordered the porter, who was his follower, to call upon two or three other bailiffs, and as many attorneys, to try to load his prisoner with as many actions as possible.

Here the reader may be apt to conclude that the bailiff, instead of being a friend, was really an enemy to poor Booth; but, in fact, he was not so. His desire was no more than to accumulate bail-bonds; for the bailiff was reckoned an honest and good sort of man in his way, and had no more malice against the bodies in his custody than a butcher hath to those in his; and, as the latter, when he takes his knife in hand, hath no idea but of the joints into which he is to cut the carcase; so the former, when he handles his writ, hath no other design but to cut out the body into as many bail-bonds as possible. As to the life of the animal, or the liberty of the man, they are thoughts which never obtrude themselves on either.

CHAPTER II.

Containing an account of Mr. Booth's fellow-sufferers.

BEFORE we return to Amelia we must detain our reader a little longer with Mr. Booth, in the custody of Mr. Bondum the bailiff, who now informed his prisoner that he was welcome to the liberty of the house with the other gentlemen.

Booth asked who those gentlemen were. "One of them, sir," says Mr. Bondum, "is a very great writer or author, as they call him; he hath been here these five weeks at the suit of a bookseller for eleven pound odd money; but he expects to be discharged in a day or two, for he hath writ out the debt. He is now writing for five or six booksellers, and he will get you sometimes, when he sits to it, a matter of fifteen shillings a-day. For he is a very good pen, they say, but is apt to be idle. Some days he won't write above five hours; but at other times I have known him at it above sixteen." "Ay!" cries Booth; "pray, what are his productions? What does he write?" "Why, sometimes," answered Bondum, "he writes your history books for your numbers, and sometimes your verses, your poems, what do you call them? and then again he writes news for your newspapers." "Ay, indeed! he is a most extraordinary man, truly!—How doth he get his news here?" "Why he makes it, as he doth your parliament speeches for your magazines. He reads them to us sometimes over a bowl of punch. To be sure it is all one as if one was in the parliament-house,—it is about liberty and freedom, and about the constitution of England. I says nothing for my part, for I will keep my neck out of a halter; but, faith, he makes it out plainly to me that all matters are not as they should be. I am all

for liberty, for my part." "Is that so consistent with your calling?" cries Booth. "I thought, my friend, you had lived by depriving men of their liberty." "That's another matter," cries the bailiff; "that's all according to law, and in the way of business. To be sure, men must be obliged to pay their debts, or else there would be an end of everything." Booth desired the bailiff to give him his opinion of liberty. Upon which, he hesitated a moment, and then cried out, "O it is a fine thing, it is a very fine thing, and the constitution of England." Booth told him, that by the old constitution of England he had heard that men could not be arrested for debt; to which the bailiff answered, that must have been in very bad times; "because as why," says he, "would it not be the hardest thing in the world if a man could not arrest another for a just and lawful debt? besides, sir, you must be mistaken; for how could that ever be? is not liberty the constitution of England? well, and is not the constitution, as a man may say,—whereby the constitution, that is the law and liberty, and all that—"

Booth had a little mercy upon the poor bailiff, when he found him rounding in this manner, and told him he had made the matter very clear. Booth then proceeded to inquire after the other gentlemen, his fellows in affliction; upon which Bondum acquainted him that one of the prisoners was a poor fellow. "He calls himself a gentleman," said Bondum; "but I am sure I never saw anything genteel by him. In a week that he hath been in my house he hath drank only part of one bottle of wine. I intend to carry him to Newgate within a day or two, if he cannot find bail, which, I suppose, he will not be able to do; for everybody says he is an undone man. He hath run out all he hath by losses in business, and one way or other; and he hath a wife and seven children. Here was the whole family here the other day, all howling together. I never saw such a beggarly crew; I was almost ashamed to see them in my house. I thought they seemed fitter for Bridewell than any other place. To be sure, I do not reckon him as proper company for such as you, sir; but there is another prisoner in the house that I dare say you will like very much. He is, indeed, very much of a gentleman, and spends his money like one. I have had him only three days, and I am afraid he won't stay much longer. They say, indeed, he is a gamester; but what is that to me or any one, as long as a man appears as a gentleman? I always love to speak by people as I find; and, in my opinion, he is fit company for the greatest lord in the land; for he hath very good clothes, and money enough. He is not here for debt, but upon a judge's warrant for an assault and battery; for the tipstaff locks up here."

The bailiff was thus haranguing when he was interrupted by the arrival of the attorney whom the trusty serjeant had, with the utmost expedition, found out and despatched to the relief of his distressed friend. But before we proceed any farther with the captain we will return to poor Amelia, for whom, considering the situation in which we left her, the good-natured reader may be, perhaps, in no small degree solicitous.

CHAPTER III.

Containing some extraordinary behaviour in Mrs. Ellison.

THE serjeant being departed to convey Mrs. Ellison to the captain, his wife went to fetch Amelia's children to their mother.

Amelia's concern for the distresses of her husband was aggravated at the sight of her children.

"Good Heavens!" she cried, "what will—what can become of these poor little wretches? why have I produced these little creatures only to give them a share of poverty and misery?" At which words she embraced them eagerly in her arms, and bedewed them both with her tears.

The children's eyes soon overflowed as fast as their mother's, though neither of them knew the cause of her affliction. The little boy, who was the elder and much the sharper of the two, imputed the agonies of his mother to her illness, according to the account brought to his father in his presence.

When Amelia became acquainted with the child's apprehensions, she soon satisfied him that she was in a perfect state of health; at which the little thing expressed great satisfaction, and said he was glad she was well again. Amelia told him she had not been in the least disordered. Upon which the innocent cried out, "La! how can people tell such fibs? a great tall man told my papa you was taken very ill at Mrs. Somebody's shop, and my poor papa presently ran down stairs: I was afraid he would have broke his neck, to come to you."

"O, the villains!" cries Mrs. Atkinson, "what a stratagem was here to take away your husband!"

"Take away!" answered the child—"What! hath anybody taken away papa?—Sure that naughty fibbing man hath not taken away papa?"

Amelia begged Mrs. Atkinson to say something to her children, for that her spirits were overpowered. She then threw herself into a chair, and gave a full vent to a passion almost too strong for her delicate constitution.

The scene that followed, during some minutes, is beyond my power of description; I must beg the readers' hearts to suggest it to themselves. The children hung on the mother, whom they endeavoured in vain to comfort, as Mrs. Atkinson did in vain attempt to pacify them, telling them all would be well, and they would soon see their papa again.

At length, partly by the persuasions of Mrs. Atkinson, partly from consideration of her little ones, and more, perhaps, from the relief which she had acquired by her tears, Amelia became a little composed.

Nothing worth notice passed in this miserable company from this time till the return of Mrs. Ellison from the bailiff's house; and to draw out scenes of wretchedness to too great a length, is a task very uneasy to the writer, and for which none but readers of a most gloomy complexion will think themselves ever obliged to his labours.

At length Mrs. Ellison arrived, and entered the room with an air of gaiety rather misbecoming the occasion. When she had seated herself in a chair she told Amelia that the captain was very well and in good spirits, and that he earnestly desired her to keep up hers. "Come, madam," said she, "don't be disconsolate; I hope we shall soon be able to get him out of his troubles. The debts, indeed, amount to more than I expected; however, ways may be found to redeem him. He must own himself guilty of some rashness in going out of the verge, when he knew to what he was liable; but that is now not to be remedied. If he had followed my advice this had not happened; but men will be headstrong."

"I cannot bear this," cries Amelia; "shall I hear that best of creatures blamed for his tenderness to me?"

"Well, I will not blame him," answered Mrs. Ellison; "I am sure I propose nothing but to serve him; and if you will do as much to serve him yourself, he will not be long a prisoner."

"I do!" cries Amelia; "O Heavens! is there a thing upon earth—"

"Yes, there is a thing upon earth," said Mrs. Ellison, "and a very easy thing too; and yet I will venture my life you start when I propose it. And yet, when I consider that you are a woman of understanding, I know not why I should think so; for sure you must have too much good sense to imagine that you can cry your husband out of prison. If this would have done, I see you have almost cried your eyes out already. And yet you may do the business by a much pleasanter way than by crying and bawling."

"What do you mean, madam?" cries Amelia.—"For my part, I cannot guess your meaning."

"Before I tell you then, madam," answered Mrs. Ellison, "I must inform you, if you do not already know it, that the captain is charged with actions to the amount of near five hundred pounds. I am sure I would willingly be his bail; but I know my bail would not be taken for that sum. You must consider, therefore, madam, what chance you have of redeeming him; unless you choose, as perhaps some wives would, that he should lie all his life in prison."

At these words Amelia discharged a shower of tears, and gave every mark of the most frantic grief.

"Why, there now," cries Mrs. Ellison, "while you will indulge these extravagant passions, how can you be capable of listening to the voice of reason? I know I am a fool in concerning myself thus with the affairs of others. I know the thankless office I undertake; and yet I love you so, my dear Mrs. Booth, that I cannot bear to see you afflicted, and I would comfort you if you would suffer me. Let me beg you to make your mind easy; and within these two days I will engage to set your husband at liberty."

"Harkee, child; only behave like a woman of spirit this evening, and keep your appointment, notwithstanding what hath happened; and I am convinced there is one who hath the power and the will to serve you."

Mrs. Ellison spoke the latter part of her speech in a whisper, so that Mrs. Atkinson, who was then engaged with the children, might not hear her; but Amelia answered aloud, and said, "What appointment would you have me keep this evening?"

"Nay, nay, if you have forgot," cries Mrs. Ellison, "I will tell you more another time; but come, will you go home? my dinner is ready by this time, and you shall dine with me."

"Talk not to me of dinners," cries Amelia; "my stomach is too full already."

"Nay, but, dear madam," answered Mrs. Ellison, "let me beseech you to go home with me. I do not care," says she, whispering, "to speak before some folks."

"I have no secret, madam, in the world," replied Amelia aloud, "which I would not communicate to this lady; for I shall always acknowledge the highest obligations to her for the secrets she hath imparted to me."

"Madam," said Mrs. Ellison, "I do not interfere with obligations. I am glad the lady hath obliged you so much; and I wish all people were equally mindful of obligations. I hope I have omitted no opportunity of endeavouring to oblige Mrs. Booth, as well as I have some other folks."

"If by other folks, madam, you mean me," cries Mrs. Atkinson, "I confess I sincerely believe you intended the same obligation to us both; and I have the pleasure to think it is owing to me that this lady is not as much obliged to you as I am."

"I protest, madam, I can hardly guess your meaning," said Mrs. Ellison.—"Do you really intend to affront me, madam?"

"I intend to preserve innocence and virtue, if it be in my power, madam," answered the other. And sure nothing but the most eager resolution to destroy it could induce you to mention such an appointment at such a time."

"I did not expect this treatment from you, madam," cries Mrs. Ellison; "such ingratitude I could not have believed had it been reported to me by any other."

"Such impudence," answered Mrs. Atkinson, "must exceed, I think, all belief; but, when women once abandon that modesty which is the characteristic of their sex, they seldom set any bounds to their assurance."

"I could not have believed this to have been in human nature," cries Mrs. Ellison. "Is this the woman whom I have fed, have clothed, have supported; who owes to my charity and my intercessions that she is not at this day destitute of all the necessities of life?"

"I own it all," answered Mrs. Atkinson; "and I add the favour of a masquerade ticket to the number. Could I have thought, madam, that you would before my face have asked another lady to go to the same place with the same man?—But I ask your pardon; I impute rather more assurance to you than you are mistress of.—You have endeavoured to keep the assignation a secret from me; and it was by mere accident only that I discovered it; unless there are some guardian angels that in general protect innocence and virtue; though, I may say, I have not always found them so watchful."

"Indeed, madam," said Mrs. Ellison, "you are not worth my answer; nor will I stay a moment longer with such a person.—So, Mrs. Booth, you have your choice, madam, whether you will go with me, or remain in the company of this lady."

"If so, madam," answered Mrs. Booth, "I shall not be long in determining to stay where I am."

Mrs. Ellison then, casting a look of great indignation at both the ladies, made a short speech full of invectives against Mrs. Atkinson, and not without oblique hints of ingratitude against poor Amelia; after which she burst out of the room, and out of the house, and made haste to her own home, in a condition of mind to which fortune without guilt cannot, I believe, reduce any one.

Indeed, how much the superiority of misery is on the side of wickedness may appear to every reader who will compare the present situation of Amelia with that of Mrs. Ellison. Fortune had attacked the former with almost the highest degree of her malice. She was involved in a scene of most exquisite distress, and her husband, her principal comfort, torn violently from her arms; yet her sorrow, however exquisite, was all soft and tender, nor was she without many consolations. Her case, however hard, was not absolutely desperate; for scarce any condition of fortune can be so. Art and industry, chance and friends, have oftener relieved the most distressed circumstances, and converted them into opulence. In all these she had hopes on this side the grave, and perfect virtue and innocence gave her the strongest assurances on the other. Whereas, in the bosom of Mrs. Ellison, all was storm and tempest; anger, revenge, fear, and pride, like so many raging furies, possessed her mind, and tortured her with disappointment and shame. Loss of reputation, which is generally irreparable, was to be her lot; loss of friends is of this the certain consequence; all on this side the grave appeared dreary and comfortless; and endless misery on the other, closed the gloomy prospect.

Hence, my worthy reader, console thyself, that however few of the other good things of life are thy lot, the best of all things, which is innocence, is

always within thy own power; and, though Fortune may make thee often unhappy, she can never make thee completely and irreparably miserable without thy own consent.

CHAPTER IV.

Containing, among many matters, the exemplary behaviour of colonel James.

WHEN Mrs. Ellison was departed, Mrs. Atkinson began to apply all her art to sooth and comfort Amelia, but was presently prevented by her. "I am ashamed, dear madam," said Amelia, "of having indulged my affliction so much at your expense. The suddenness of the occasion is my only excuse; for, had I had time to summon my resolution to my assistance, I hope I am mistress of more patience than you have hitherto seen me exert. I know, madam, in my unwarrantable excesses, I have been guilty of many transgressions. First, against that Divine will and pleasure without whose permission, at least, no human accident can happen; in the next place, madam, if anything can aggravate such a fault, I have transgressed the laws of friendship as well as decency, in throwing upon you some part of the load of my grief; and again, I have sinned against common sense, which should teach me, instead of weakly and heavily lamenting my misfortunes, to rouse all my spirits to remove them. In this light I am shocked at my own folly, and am resolved to leave my children under your care, and go directly to my husband. I may comfort him. I may assist him. I may relieve him. There is nothing now too difficult for me to undertake."

Mrs. Atkinson greatly approved and complimented her friend on all the former part of her speech, except what related to herself, on which she spoke very civilly, and I believe with great truth; but as to her determination of going to her husband she endeavoured to dissuade her, at least she begged her to defer it for the present, and till the serjeant returned home. She then reminded Amelia that it was now past five in the afternoon, and that she had not taken any refreshment but a dish of tea the whole day, and desired she would give her leave to procure her a chick, or anything she liked better, for her dinner.

Amelia thanked her friend, and said she would sit down with her to whatever she pleased; "but if I do not eat," said she, "I would not have you impute it to anything but want of appetite; for I assure you all things are equally indifferent to me. I am more solicitous about these poor little things, who have not been used to fast so long. Heaven knows what may hereafter be their fate!"

Mrs. Atkinson bid her hope the best, and then recommended her children to the care of her maid.

And now arrived a servant from Mrs. James, with an invitation to captain Booth and to his lady to dine with the colonel the day after the next. This a little perplexed Amelia; but after a short consideration she despatched an answer to Mrs. James, in which she concisely informed her of what had happened.

The honest serjeant, who had been on his legs almost the whole day, now returned, and brought Amelia a short letter from her husband, in which he gave her the most solemn assurances of his health and spirits, and begged her with great earnestness to take care to preserve her own, which if she did, he said, he had no doubt but that they should shortly be happy. He added something of hopes from my lord, with which Mrs. Ellison had amused him, and which served only to destroy the comfort that Amelia received from the rest of his letter.

Whilst Amelia, the serjeant, and his lady, were engaged in a cold collation, for which purpose a cold chick was procured from the tavern for the ladies, and two pound of cold beef for the serjeant, a violent knocking was heard at the door, and presently afterwards colonel James entered the room. After proper compliments had passed, the colonel told Amelia that her letter was brought to Mrs. James while they were at table, and that on her showing it him he had immediately rose up, made an apology to his company, and took a chair to her. He spoke to her with great tenderness on the occasion, and desired her to make herself easy; assuring her that he would leave nothing in his power undone to serve her husband. He then gave her an invitation, in his wife's name, to his own house, in the most pressing manner.

Amelia returned him very hearty thanks for all his kind offers, but begged to decline that of an apartment in his house. She said, as she could not leave her children, so neither could she think of bringing such a trouble with her into his family; and, though the colonel gave her many assurances that her children, as well as herself, would be very welcome to Mrs. James, and even betook himself to entreaties, she still persisted obstinately in her refusal.

In real truth, Amelia had taken a vast affection for Mrs. Atkinson, of the comfort of whose company she could not bear to be deprived in her distress, nor to exchange it for that of Mrs. James, to whom she had lately conceived no little dislike.

The colonel, when he found he could not prevail with Amelia to accept his invitation, desisted from any farther solicitations. He then took a bank-bill of fifty pounds from his pocket-book, and said, "You will pardon me, dear madam, if I choose to impute your refusal of my house rather to a dislike of my wife, who I will not pretend to be the most agreeable of women (all men," said he, sighing, "have not captain Booth's fortune), than to any aversion or anger to me. I must insist upon it, therefore, to make your present habitation as easy to you as possible—I hope, madam, you will not deny me this happiness; I beg you will honour me with the acceptance of this trifle. He then put the note into her hand, and declared that the honour of touching it was worth a hundred times that sum."

"I protest, colonel James," cried Amelia, blushing, "I know not what to do or say, your goodness so greatly confounds me. Can I, who am so well acquainted with the many great obligations Mr. Booth already hath to your generosity, consent that you should add more to a debt we never can pay?"

The colonel stopped her short, protesting that she misplaced the obligation; for, that if to confer the highest happiness was to oblige, he was obliged to her acceptance. "And I do assure you, madam," said he, "if this trifling sum, or a much larger, can contribute to your ease, I shall consider myself as the happiest man upon earth in being able to supply it, and you, madam, my greatest benefactor in receiving it."

Amelia then put the note in her pocket, and they entered into a conversation in which many civil things were said on both sides; but what was chiefly worth remark was, that Amelia had almost her husband constantly in her mouth, and the colonel never mentioned him: the former seemed desirous to lay all obligations, as much as possible, to the account of her husband; and the latter endeavoured, with the utmost delicacy, to insinuate that her happiness was the main and indeed only point which he had in view.

Amelia had made no doubt, at the colonel's first appearance, but that he intended to go directly to her husband. When he dropped therefore a hint of his intention to visit him next morning she appeared visibly shocked at the delay. The colonel, perceiving this, said, "However inconvenient it may be, yet, madam, if it will oblige you, or if you desire it, I will even go to-night." Amelia answered, "My husband will be far from desiring to derive any good from your inconvenience; but, if you put it to me, I must be excused for saying I desire nothing more in the world than to send him so great a comfort as I know he will receive from the presence of such a friend." "Then, to show you, madam," cries the colonel, "that I desire nothing more in the world than to give you pleasure, I will go to him immediately."

Amelia then bethought herself of the serjeant, and told the colonel his old acquaintance Atkinson, whom he had known at Gibraltar, was then in the house, and would conduct him to the place. The serjeant was immediately called in, paid his respects to the colonel, and was acknowledged by him. They both immediately set forward, Amelia to the utmost of her power pressing their departure.

Mrs. Atkinson now returned to Amelia, and was by her acquainted with the colonel's late generosity; for her heart so boiled over with gratitude that she could not conceal the ebullition. Amelia likewise gave her friend a full narrative of the colonel's former behaviour and friendship to her husband, as well abroad as in England; and ended with declaring that she believed him to be the most generous man upon earth.

Mrs. Atkinson agreed with Amelia's conclusion, and said she was glad to hear there was any such man. They then proceeded with the children to the tea-table, where panegyric, and not scandal, was the topic of their conversation; and of this panegyric the colonel was the subject; both the ladies seeming to vie with each other in celebrating the praises of his goodness.

CHAPTER V.

Comments upon authors.

HAVING left Amelia in as comfortable a situation as could possibly be expected, her immediate distresses relieved, and her heart filled with great hopes from the friendship of the colonel, we will now return to Booth, who, when the attorney and serjeant had left him, received a visit from that great author of whom honourable mention is made in our second chapter.

Booth, as the reader may be pleased to remember, was a pretty good master of the classics; for his father, though he designed his son for the army, did not think it necessary to breed him up a blockhead. He did not, perhaps, imagine that a competent share of Latin or Greek would make his son either a pedant or a coward. He considered likewise, probably, that the life of a soldier is in general a life of idleness; and might think that the spare hours of an officer in country quarters would be as well employed with a book as in sauntering about the streets, loitering in a coffee-house, sitting in a tavern, or in laying schemes to debauch and ruin a set of harmless ignorant country girls.

As Booth was therefore what might well be called, in this age at least, a man of learning, he began to discourse with our author on subjects of literature. "I think, sir," says he, "that Dr. Swift hath been generally allowed, by the critics in this kingdom, to be the greatest master of humour that ever wrote. Indeed, I allow him to have possessed most admirable

talents of this kind; and, if Rabelais was his master, I think he proves the truth of the common Greek proverb—that the scholar is often superior to the master. As to Cervantes, I do not think we can make any just comparison; for, though Mr. Pope compliments him with sometimes taking Cervantes' serious air—"I remember the passage," cries the author;

"O thou, whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver;
Whether you take Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair—"

"You are right, sir," said Booth; "but though I should agree that the doctor hath sometimes condescended to imitate Rabelais, I do not remember to have seen in his works the least attempt in the manner of Cervantes. But there is one in his own way, and whom I am convinced he studied above all others—you guess, I believe, I am going to name Lucian. This author, I say, I am convinced, he followed; but I think he followed him at a distance; as, to say the truth, every other writer of this kind hath done in my opinion; for none, I think, hath yet equalled him. I agree, indeed, entirely with Mr. Moile, in his Discourse on the Age of the Philopatri, when he gives him the epithet of the incomparable Lucian; and incomparable, I believe, he will remain as long as the language in which he wrote shall endure. What an inimitable piece of humour is his Cock!" "I remember it very well," cries the author; "his story of a Cock and a Bull is excellent." Booth stared at this, and asked the author what he meant by the Bull? "Nay," answered he, "I don't know very well, upon my soul. It is a long time since I read him. I learned him all over at school; I have not read him much since. And pray, sir," said he, "how do you like his Pharsalia? don't you think Mr. Rowe's translation a very fine one?" Booth replied, "I believe we are talking of different authors. The Pharsalia, which Mr. Rowe translated, was written by Lucan; but I have been speaking of Lucian, a Greek writer, and, in my opinion, the greatest in the humorous way that ever the world produced." "Ay!" cries the author, "he was indeed so, a very excellent writer indeed! I fancy a translation of him would sell very well!" "I do not know, indeed," cries Booth. "A good translation of him would be a valuable book. I have seen a wretched one published by Mr. Dryden, but translated by others, who in many places have misunderstood Lucian's meaning, and have nowhere preserved the spirit of the original." "That is great pity," says the author. "Pray, sir, is he well translated in the French?" Booth answered, he could not tell; but that he doubted it very much, having never seen a good version into that language out of the Greek. "To confess the truth, I believe," said he, "the French translators have generally consulted the Latin only; which, in some of the few Greek writers I have read, is intolerably bad. And as the English translators, for the most part, pursue the French, we may easily guess what spirit those copies of bad copies must preserve of the original."

"Egad you are a shrewd guesser," cries the author. "I am glad the booksellers have not your sagacity. But how should it be otherwise, considering the price they pay by the sheet? The Greek, you will allow, is a hard language; and there are few gentlemen that write who can read it without a good lexicon. Now, sir, if we were to afford time to find out the true meaning of words, a gentleman would not get bread and cheese by his work. If one was to be paid, indeed, as Mr. Pope was for his Homer—Pray, sir, don't you think that the best translation in the world?"

"Indeed, sir," cries Booth, "I think, though it is certainly a noble paraphrase, and of itself a fine poem, yet in some places it is no translation at all. In the very beginning, for instance, he hath not rendered the true force of the author. Homer invokes his muse in the five first lines of the Iliad; and, at the end of the fifth, he gives his reason:

Διὸς δ' ἰτὺ λείστο βελή.

"For all these things," says he, "were brought about by the decree of Jupiter; and, therefore, he supposes their true sources are known only to the deities. Now, the translation takes no more notice of the ΔΕ than if no such word had been there."

"Very possibly," answered the author; "it is a long time since I read the original. Perhaps, then, he followed the French translations. I observe, indeed, he talks much in the notes of madam Dacier and monsieur Eustathius."

Booth had now received conviction enough of his friend's knowledge of the Greek language; without attempting, therefore, to set him right, he made a sudden transition to the Latin. "Pray, sir," said he, "as you have mentioned Rowe's translation of the Pharsalia, do you remember how he hath rendered that passage in the character of Cato?"

Venerisque huic maximus usus

Progenies; urbi Pater est, urbique Maritus.

"For I apprehend that passage is generally misunderstood."

"I really do not remember," answered the author. "Pray, sir, what do you take to be the meaning?"

"I apprehend, sir," replied Booth; "that by these words, *Urbi Pater est, urbique Maritus*, Cato is represented as the father and husband to the city of Rome."

"Very true, sir," cries the author; "very fine, indeed.—Not only the father of his country, but the husband too; very noble, truly!"

"Pardon me, sir," cries Booth; "I do not conceive that to have been Lucan's meaning. If you please to observe the context; Lucan, having commended the temperance of Cato in the instances of diet and clothes, proceeds to venereal pleasures; of which, says the poet, his principal use was procreation: then he adds, *Urbi pater est, urbique Maritus*; that he became a father and a husband for the sake only of the city."

"Upon my word that's true," cries the author; "I did not think of it. It is much finer than the other.—*Urbis Pater est*—what is the other?—ay—*Urbis Maritus*.—It is certainly as you say, sir."

Booth was by this pretty well satisfied of the author's profound learning; however, he was willing to try him a little farther. He asked him, therefore, what was his opinion of Lucan in general, and in what class of writers he ranked him?

The author stared a little at this question; and, after some hesitation, answered, "Certainly, sir, I think he is a fine writer and a very great poet."

"I am very much of the same opinion," cries Booth; "but where do you class him—next to what poet do you place him?"

"Let me see," cries the author; "where do I class him? next to whom do I place him?—Ay!—why—why, pray, where do you yourself place him?"

"Why, surely," cries Booth, "if he is not to be placed in the first rank with Homer, and Virgil, and Milton, I think clearly he is at the head of the second, before either Statius or Silius Italicus—though I allow to each of these their merits; but, perhaps, an epic poem was beyond the genius of either. I own, I have often thought, if Statius had ventured no farther than Ovid or Claudian, he would have succeeded better; for his *Sylvæ* are, in my opinion, much better than his *Thebais*."

"I believe I was of the same opinion formerly," said the author.

"And for what reason have you altered it?" cries Booth.

"I have not altered it," answered the author; "but, to tell you the truth, I have not any opinion at all about these matters at present. I do not trouble my head much with poetry; for there is no encouragement to such studies in this age. It is true, indeed, I have now and then wrote a poem or two for the magazines, but I never intend to write any more; for a gentleman is not paid for his time. A sheet is a sheet with the booksellers; and, whether it be in prose or verse, they make no difference; though certainly there is as much difference to a gentleman in the work as there is to a tailor between making a plain and a laced suit. Rhymes are difficult things; they are stubborn things, sir. I have been sometimes longer in tagging a couplet than I have been in writing a speech on the side of the opposition which hath been read with great applause all over the kingdom."

"I am glad you are pleased to confirm that," cries Booth; "for I protest it was an entire secret to me till this day. I was so perfectly ignorant, that I thought the speeches published in the magazines were really made by the members themselves."

"Some of them, and I believe I may, without vanity, say the best," cries the author, "are all the productions of my own pen; but I believe I shall leave it off soon, unless a sheet of speech will fetch more than it does at present. In truth, the romance-writing is the only branch of our business now that is worth following. Goods of that sort have had so much success lately in the market, that a bookseller scarce cares what he bids for them. And it is certainly the easiest work in the world; you may write it almost as fast as you can set pen to paper; and if you interlard it with a little scandal, a little abuse on some living characters of note, you cannot fail of success."

"Upon my word, sir," cries Booth, "you have greatly instructed me, I could not have imagined there had been so much regularity in the trade of writing as you are pleased to mention; by what I can perceive, the pen and ink is likely to become the staple commodity of the kingdom."

"Alas! sir," answered the author, "it is overstocked. The market is overstocked. There is no encouragement to merit, no patrons. I have been these five years soliciting a subscription for my new translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, with notes explanatory, historical, and critical; and I have scarce collected five hundred names yet."

The mention of this translation a little surprised Booth; not only as the author had just declared his intentions to forsake the tuneful muses; but, for some other reasons which he had collected from his conversation with our author, he little expected to hear of a proposal to translate any of the Latin poets. He proceeded, therefore, to catechise him a little farther; and by his answers was fully satisfied that he had the very same acquaintance with Ovid that he had appeared to have with Lucan.

The author then pulled out a bundle of papers containing proposals for his subscription, and receipts; and, addressing himself to Booth, said, "Though the place in which we meet, sir, is an improper place to solicit favours of this kind, yet, perhaps, it may be in your power to serve me if you will charge your pockets with some of these." Booth was just offering at an excuse, when the bailiff introduced colonel James and the serjeant.

The unexpected visit of a beloved friend to a man

in affliction, especially in Mr. Booth's situation, is a comfort which can scarce be equalled; not barely from the hopes of relief or redress by his assistance, but as it is an evidence of sincere friendship which scarce admits of any doubt or suspicion. Such an instance doth indeed make a man amends for all ordinary troubles and distresses; and we ought to think ourselves gainers by having had such an opportunity of discovering that we are possessed of one of the most valuable of all human possessions.

Booth was so transported at the sight of the colonel that he dropped the proposals which the author had put into his hands, and burst forth into the highest professions of gratitude to his friend; who behaved very properly on his side, and said everything which became the mouth of a friend on the occasion.

It is true, indeed, he seemed not moved equally either with Booth or the serjeant, both whose eyes watered at the scene. In truth, the colonel, though a very generous man, had not the least grain of tenderness in his disposition. His mind was formed of those firm materials of which nature formerly hammered out the Stoic, and upon which the sorrows of no man living could make an impression. A man of this temper, who doth not much value danger, will fight for the person he calls his friend, and the man that hath but little value for his money will give it him; but such friendship is never to be absolutely depended on; for, whenever the favourite passion interposes with it, it is sure to subside and vanish into air. Whereas the man whose tender disposition really feels the miseries of another will endeavour to relieve them for his own sake; and, in such a mind, friendship will often get the superiority over every other passion.

But, from whatever motive it sprung, the colonel's behaviour to Booth seemed truly amiable; and so it appeared to the author, who took the first occasion to applaud it in a very florid oration; which the reader, when he recollects that he was a speech-maker by profession, will not be surprised at; nor, perhaps, will be much more surprised that he soon after took an occasion of clapping a proposal into the colonel's hands, holding at the same time a receipt very visible in his own.

The colonel received both, and gave the author a guinea in exchange, which was double the sum mentioned in the receipt; for which the author made a low bow, and very politely took his leave, saying, "I suppose, gentlemen, you may have some private business together; I heartily wish a speedy end to your confinement, and I congratulate you on the possessing so great, so noble, and so generous a friend."

CHAPTER VI.

Which inclines rather to satire than panegyric.

THE colonel had the curiosity to ask Booth the name of the gentleman who, in the vulgar language, had struck, or taken him in for a guinea with so much ease and dexterity. Booth answered, he did not know his name; all that he knew of him was, that he was the most impudent and illiterate fellow he had ever seen, and that, by his own account, he was the author of most of the wonderful productions of the age. "Perhaps," said he, "it may look uncharitable in me to blame you for your generosity; but I am convinced the fellow hath not the least merit or capacity, and you have subscribed to the most horrid trash that ever was published."

"I care not a farthing what he publishes," cries

the colonel. "Heaven forbid I should be obliged to read half the nonsense I have subscribed to!"

"But don't you think," said Booth, "that by such indiscriminate encouragement of authors you do a real mischief to the society? By propagating the subscriptions of such fellows, people are tired out and withhold their contributions to men of real merit; and, at the same time, you are contributing to fill the world, not only with nonsense, but with all the scurrility, indecency, and profaneness with which the age abounds, and with which all bad writers supply the defect of genius."

"Pugh!" cries the colonel, "I never consider these matters. Good or bad, it is all one to me; but there's an acquaintance of mine, and a man of great wit too, that thinks the worst the best, as they are the surest to make him laugh."

"I ask pardon, sir," says the serjeant; "but I wish your honour would consider your own affairs a little, for it grows late in the evening."

"The serjeant says true," answered the colonel. "What is it you intend to do?"

"Faith, colonel, I know not what I shall do. My affairs seem so irreparable, that I have been driving them as much as possibly I could from my mind. If I was to suffer alone, I think I could bear them with some philosophy; but when I consider who are to be the sharers in my fortune—the dearest of children, and the best, the worthiest, and the noblest of women—Pardon me, my dear friend, these sensations are above me; they convert me into a woman; they drive me to despair, to madness."

The colonel advised him to command himself, and told him this was not the way to retrieve his fortune. "As to me, my dear Booth," said he, "you know you may command me as far as is really within my power."

Booth answered eagerly, that he was so far from expecting any more favours from the colonel, that he had resolved not to let him know anything of his misfortune. "No, my dear friend," cries he, "I am too much obliged to you already;" and then burst into many fervent expressions of gratitude, till the colonel himself stopped him, and begged him to give an account of the debt or debts for which he was detained in that horrid place.

Booth answered, he could not be very exact, but he feared it was upwards of four hundred pounds.

"It is but three hundred pounds, indeed, sir," cries the serjeant; "if you can raise three hundred pounds, you are a free man this moment."

Booth, who did not apprehend the generous meaning of the serjeant as well as, I believe, the reader will, answered he was mistaken; that he had computed his debts, and they amounted to upwards of four hundred pounds; nay, that the bailiff had shown him writs for above that sum.

"Whether your debts are three or four hundred," cries the colonel, "the present business is to give bail only, and then you will have some time to try your friends: I think you might get a company abroad, and then I would advance the money on the security of half your pay; and, in the mean time, I will be one of your bail with all my heart."

Whilst Booth poured forth his gratitude for all this kindness, the serjeant ran down stairs for the bailiff, and shortly after returned with him into the room.

The bailiff, being informed that the colonel offered to be bail for his prisoner, answered a little surly, "Well, sir, and who will be the other? you know, I suppose, there must be two; and I must have time to inquire after them."

The colonel replied, "I believe, sir, I am well known to be responsible for a much larger sum

than you demand on this gentleman; but, if your forms require two, I suppose the serjeant here will do for the other."

"I don't know the serjeant or you either, sir," cries Bondum; "and, if you propose yourselves bail for the gentleman, I must have time to inquire after you."

"You need very little time to inquire after me," says the colonel, "for I can send for several of the law, whom I suppose you know, to satisfy you; but consider, it is very late."

"Yes, sir," answered Bondum, "I do consider it is too late for the captain to be bailed to-night."

"What do you mean by too late?" cries the colonel.

"I mean, sir, that I must search the office, and that is now shut up; for, if my lord mayor and the court of aldermen would be bound for him, I would not discharge him till I had searched the office."

"How, sir!" cries the colonel, "hath the law of England no more regard for the liberty of the subject than to suffer such fellows as you to detain a man in custody for debt, when he can give undeniable security?"

"Don't fellow me," said the bailiff; "I am as good a fellow as yourself, I believe, though you have that riband in your hat there."

"Do you know whom you are speaking to?" said the serjeant. "Do you know you are talking to a colonel of the army?"

"What's a colonel of the army to me?" cries the bailiff. "I have had as good as he in my custody before now."

"And a member of parliament?" cries the serjeant.

"Is the gentleman a member of parliament?—Well, and what harm have I said? I am sure I meant no harm; and, if his honour is offended, I ask his pardon; to be sure his honour must know that the sheriff is answerable for all the writs in the office, though they were never so many, and I am answerable to the sheriff. I am sure the captain can't say that I have shown him any manner of incivility since he hath been here.—And I hope, honourable sir," cries he, turning to the colonel, "you don't take anything amiss that I said, or meant by way of disrespect, or any such matter. I did not, indeed, as the gentleman here says, know who I was speaking to; but I did not say anything uncivil as I know of, and I hope no offence."

The colonel was more easily pacified than might have been expected, and told the bailiff that, if it was against the rules of law to discharge Mr. Booth that evening, he must be contented. He then addressed himself to his friend, and began to prescribe comfort and patience to him; saying, he must rest satisfied with his confinement that night; and the next morning he promised to visit him again.

Booth answered, that as for himself, the lying one night in any place was very little worth his regard. "You and I, my dear friend, have both spent our evening in a worse situation than I shall in this house. All my concern is for my poor Amelia, whose sufferings on account of my absence I know, and I feel with unspeakable tenderness. Could I be assured she was tolerably easy, I could be contented in chains or in a dungeon."

"Give yourself no concern on her account," said the colonel; "I will wait on her myself, though I break an engagement for that purpose, and will give her such assurances as I am convinced will make her perfectly easy."

Booth embraced his friend, and, weeping over him, paid his acknowledgment with tears for all his goodness. In words, indeed, he was not able

to thank him; for gratitude, joining with his other passions, almost choked him, and stopped his utterance.

After a short scene in which nothing passed worth recounting, the colonel bid his friend good night, and, leaving the serjeant with him, made the best of his way back to Amelia.

CHAPTER VII.

Worthy a very serious perusal.

THE colonel found Amelia sitting very disconsolate with Mrs. Atkinson. He entered the room with an air of great gaiety, assured Amelia that her husband was perfectly well, and that he hoped the next day he would again be with her.

Amelia was a little comforted at this account, and vented many grateful expressions to the colonel for his unparalleled friendship, as she was pleased to call it. She could not, however, help giving way soon after to a sigh at the thoughts of her husband's bondage, and declared that night would be the longest she had ever known.

"This lady, madam," cries the colonel, "must endeavour to make it shorter. And, if you will give me leave, I will join in the same endeavour." Then, after some more consolatory speeches, the colonel attempted to give a gay turn to the discourse, and said, "I was engaged to have spent this evening disagreeably at Ranelagh, with a set of company I did not like. How vastly am I obliged to you, dear Mrs. Booth, that I pass it so infinitely more to my satisfaction!"

"Indeel, colonel," said Amelia, "I am convinced that to a mind so rightly turned as yours there must be a much sweeter relish in the highest offices of friendship than in any pleasures which the gayest public places can afford."

"Upon my word, madam," said the colonel, "you now do me more than justice. I have, and always had, the utmost indifference for such pleasures. Indeed, I hardly allow them worthy of that name, or, if they are so at all, it is in a very low degree. In my opinion the highest friendship must always lead us to the highest pleasure."

Here Amelia entered into a long dissertation on friendship, in which she pointed several times directly at the colonel as the hero of her tale.

The colonel highly applauded all her sentiments; and, when he could not avoid taking the compliment to himself, he received it with a most respectful bow. He then tried his hand likewise at description, in which he found means to repay all Amelia's panegyric in kind. This, though he did with all possible delicacy, yet a curious observer might have been apt to suspect that it was chiefly on her account that the colonel had avoided the masquerade.

In discourses of this kind they passed the evening, till it was very late, the colonel never offering to stir from his chair before the clock had struck one; when he thought, perhaps, that decency obliged him to take his leave.

As soon as he was gone Mrs. Atkinson said to Mrs. Booth, "I think, madam, you told me this afternoon that the colonel was married."

Amelia answered, she did so.

"I think likewise, madam," said Mrs. Atkinson, "you was acquainted with the colonel's lady."

Amelia answered that she had been extremely intimate with her abroad.

"Is she young and handsome?" said Mrs. Atkinson. "In short, pray, was it a match of love or convenience?"

Amelia answered, entirely of love, she believed,

on his side; for that the lady had little or no fortune.

"I am very glad to hear it," said Mrs. Atkinson; "for I am sure the colonel is in love with somebody. I think I never saw a more luscious picture of love drawn than that which he was pleased to give us as the portraiture of friendship. I have read, indeed, of Pylades and Orestes, Damon and Pythias, and other great friends of old; nay, I sometimes flatter myself that I am capable of being a friend myself; but as for that fine, soft, tender, delicate passion, which he was pleased to describe, I am convinced there must go a he and a she to the composition."

"Upon my word, my dear, you are mistaken," cries Amelia. "If you had known the friendship which hath always subsisted between the colonel and my husband, you would not imagine it possible for any description to exceed it. Nay, I think his behaviour this very day is sufficient to convince you."

"I own what he hath done to-day hath great merit," said Mrs. Atkinson; "and yet, from what he hath said to-night—You will pardon me, dear madam; perhaps I am too quick-sighted in my observations; nay, I am afraid I am even impertinent."

"Fie upon it!" cries Amelia; "how can you talk in that strain? Do you imagine I expect ceremony? Pray speak what you think with the utmost freedom."

"Did he not then," said Mrs. Atkinson, "repeat the words, *the finest woman in the world*, more than once? did he not make use of an expression which might have become the mouth of Oroondates himself? If I remember, the words were these,—that, had he been Alexander the Great, he should have thought it more glory to have wiped off a tear from the bright eyes of Statira than to have conquered fifty worlds."

"Did he say so?" cries Amelia—"I think he did say something like it; but my thoughts were so full of my husband that I took little notice. But what would you infer from what he said? I hope you don't think he is in love with me!"

"I hope he doth not think so himself," answered Mrs. Atkinson; "though, when he mentioned the bright eyes of Statira, he fixed his own eyes on yours with the most languishing air I ever beheld."

Amelia was going to answer, when the serjeant arrived, and then she immediately fell to inquiring after her husband, and received such satisfactory answers to all her many questions concerning him, that she expressed great pleasure. These ideas so possessed her mind, that, without once casting her thoughts on any other matters, she took her leave of the serjeant and his lady, and repaired to bed to her children, in a room which Mrs. Atkinson had provided her in the same house; where we will at present wish her a good night.

CHAPTER VIII.

Consisting of grave matters.

WHILE innocence and cheerful hope, in spite of the malice of fortune, closed the eyes of the gentle Amelia on her homely bed, and she enjoyed a sweet and profound sleep, the colonel lay restless all night on his down; his mind was affected with a kind of ague fit; sometimes scorched up with flaming desires, and again chilled with the coldest despair.

There is a time, I think, according to one of our poets, *when lust and envy sleep*. This, I suppose, is when they are well gorged with the food they most delight in; but, while either of these are hungry,

Nor poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the East,
Will ever medicine them to slumber.

The colonel was at present unhappily tormented by both these fiends. His last evening's conversation with Amelia had done his business effectually. The many kind words she had spoken to him, the many kind looks she had given him, as being, she conceived, the friend and preserver of her husband, had made an entire conquest of his heart. Thus the very love which she bore him, as the person to whom her little family were to owe their preservation and happiness, inspired him with thoughts of sinking them all in the lowest abyss of ruin and misery; and, while she smiled with all her sweetness on the supposed friend of her husband, she was converting that friend into his most bitter enemy.

Friendship, take heed; if woman interfere,
Be sure the hour of thy destruction's near.

These are the lines of Vanbrugh; and the sentiment is better than the poetry. To say the truth, as a handsome wife is the cause and cement of many false friendships, she is often too liable to destroy the real ones.

Thus the object of the colonel's lust very plainly appears, but the object of his envy may be more difficult to discover. Nature and Fortune had seemed to strive with a kind of rivalry which should bestow most on the colonel. The former had given him person, parts, and constitution, in all which he was superior almost to every other man. The latter had given him rank in life, and riches, both in a very eminent degree. Whom then should this happy man envy? Here, lest ambition should mislead the reader to search the palaces of the great, we will direct him at once to Gray's-inn-lane; where, in a miserable bed, in a miserable room, he will see a miserable broken lieutenant, in a miserable condition, with several heavy debts on his back, and without a penny in his pocket. This, and no other, was the object of the colonel's envy. And why? because this wretch was possessed of the affections of a poor little lamb, which all the vast flocks that were within the power and reach of the colonel could not prevent that glutton's longing for. And sure this image of the lamb is not improperly adduced on this occasion; for what was the colonel's desire but to lead this poor lamb, as it were, to the slaughter, in order to purchase a feast of a few days by her final destruction, and to tear her away from the arms of one where she was sure of being fondled and caressed all the days of her life?

While the colonel was agitated with these thoughts, his greatest comfort was, that Amelia and Booth were now separated; and his greatest terror was of their coming again together. From wishes, therefore, he began to meditate designs; and so far was he from any intention of procuring the liberty of his friend, that he began to form schemes of prolonging his confinement, till he could procure some means of sending him away far from her; in which case he doubted not but of succeeding in all he desired.

He was forming this plan in his mind when a servant informed him that one serjeant Atkinson desired to speak with his honour. The serjeant was immediately admitted, and acquainted the colonel that, if he pleased to go and become bail for Mr. Booth, another unexceptionable housekeeper would be there to join with him. This person the serjeant had procured that morning, and had, by leave of his wife, given him a bond of indemnification for the purpose.

The colonel did not seem so elated with this news

as Atkinson expected. On the contrary, instead of making a direct answer to what Atkinson said, the colonel began thus: "I think, serjeant, Mr. Booth hath told me that you was foster-brother to his lady. She is really a charming woman, and it is a thousand pities she should ever have been placed in the dreadful situation she is now in. There is nothing so silly as for subaltern officers of the army to marry, unless where they meet with women of very great fortunes indeed. What can be the event of their marrying otherwise, but entailing misery and beggary on their wives and their posterity?"

"Ah! sir," cries the serjeant, "it is too late to think of those matters now. To be sure, my lady might have married one of the top gentlemen in the country; for she is certainly one of the best as well as one of the handsomest women in the kingdom; and, if she had been fairly dealt by, would have had a very great fortune into the bargain. Indeed, she is worthy of the greatest prince in the world; and, if I had been the greatest prince in the world, I should have thought myself happy with such a wife; but she was pleased to like the lieutenant, and certainly there can be no happiness in marriage without liking."

"Looke, serjeant," said the colonel; "you know very well that I am the lieutenant's friend. I think I have shown myself so."

"Indeed your honour hath," quoth the serjeant, "more than once to my knowledge."

"But I am angry with him for his imprudence, greatly angry with him for his imprudence; and the more so, as it affects a lady of so much worth."

"She is, indeed, a lady of the highest worth," cries the serjeant. "Poor dear lady! I knew her, an't please your honour, from her infancy; and the sweetest-tempered, best-natured lady she is that ever trod on English ground. I have always loved her as if she was my own sister. Nay, she hath very often called me brother; and I have taken it to be a greater honour than if I was to be called a general officer."

"What pity it is," said the colonel, "that this worthy creature should be exposed to so much misery by the thoughtless behaviour of a man who, though I am his friend, I cannot help saying, hath been guilty of imprudence at least! Why could he not live upon his half-pay? What had he to do to run himself into debt in this outrageous manner?"

"I wish, indeed," cries the serjeant, "he had been a little more considerative; but I hope this will be a warning to him."

"How am I sure of that," answered the colonel; "or what reason is there to expect it? extravagance is a vice of which men are not so easily cured. I have thought a great deal of this matter, Mr. serjeant; and, upon the most mature deliberation, I am of opinion that it will be better, both for him and his poor lady, that he should smart a little more."

"Your honour, sir, to be sure is in the right," replied the serjeant; "but yet, sir, if you will pardon me for speaking, I hope you will be pleased to consider my poor lady's case. She suffers, all this while, as much or more than the lieutenant; for I know her so well, that I am certain she will never have a moment's ease till her husband is out of confinement."

"I know women better than you, serjeant," cries the colonel; "they sometimes place their affections on a husband as children do on their nurse; but they are both to be weaned. I know you, serjeant, to be a fellow of sense as well as spirit, or I should

not speak so freely to you; but I took a fancy to you a long time ago, and I intend to serve you; but first, I ask you this question—Is your attachment to Mr. Booth or his lady?"

"Certainly, sir," said the serjeant, "I must love my lady best. Not but I have a great affection for the lieutenant too, because I know my lady hath the same; and, indeed, he hath been always very good to me as far as was in his power. A lieutenant, your honour knows, can't do a great deal; but I have always found him my friend upon all occasions."

"You say true," cries the colonel; "a lieutenant can do but little; but I can do much to serve you, and will too. But let me ask you one question: Who was the lady whom I saw last night with Mrs. Booth at her lodgings?"

Here the serjeant blushed, and repeated, "The lady, sir!"

"Ay, a lady, a woman," cries the colonel, "who supped with us last night. She looked rather too much like a gentlewoman for the mistress of a lodging-house."

The serjeant's cheeks glowed at this compliment to his wife; and he was just going to own her when the colonel proceeded: "I think I never saw in my life so ill-looking, sly, demure a b—; I would give something, methinks, to know who she was."

"I don't know, indeed," cries the serjeant, in great confusion; "I know nothing about her."

"I wish you would inquire," said the colonel, "and let me know her name, and likewise what she is; I have a strange curiosity to know, and let me see you again this evening exactly at seven."

"And will not your honour then go to the lieutenant this morning?" said Atkinson.

"It is not in my power," answered the colonel; "I am engaged another way. Besides, there is no haste in this affair. If men will be imprudent they must suffer the consequences. Come to me at seven, and bring me all the particulars you can concerning that ill-looking jade I mentioned to you, for I am resolved to know who she is. And so good-morrow to you, serjeant; be assured I will take an opportunity to do something for you."

Though some readers may, perhaps, think the serjeant not unworthy of the freedom with which the colonel treated him; yet that haughty officer would have been very backward to have condescended to such familiarity with one of his rank had he not proposed some design from it. In truth, he began to conceive hopes of making the serjeant instrumental to his design on Amelia; in other words, to convert him into a pimp; an office in which the colonel had been served by Atkinson's betters, and which, as he knew it was in his power very well to reward him, he had no apprehension that the serjeant would decline—an opinion which the serjeant might have pardoned, though he had never given the least grounds for it, since the colonel borrowed it from the knowledge of his own heart. This dictated to him that he, from a bad motive, was capable of desiring to debauch his friend's wife; and the same heart inspired him to hope that another, from another bad motive, might be guilty of the same breach of friendship in assisting him. Few men, I believe, think better of others than of themselves; nor do they easily allow the existence of any virtue of which they perceive no traces in their own minds; for which reason I have observed, that it is extremely difficult to persuade a rogue that you are an honest man; nor would you ever succeed in the attempt by the strongest evidence, was it not for the comfortable conclusion which the rogue draws, that he who proves himself

to be honest proves himself to be a fool at the same time.

CHAPTER IX.

A curious chapter, from which a curious reader may draw sundry observations.

THE serjeant retired from the colonel in a very dejected state of mind: in which, however, we must leave him awhile and return to Amelia; who, as soon as she was up, had despatched Mrs. Atkinson to pay off her former lodgings, and to bring off all clothes and other moveables.

The trusty messenger returned without performing her errand, for Mrs. Ellison had locked up all her rooms, and was gone out very early that morning, and the servant knew not whither she was gone.

The two ladies now sat down to breakfast, together with Amelia's two children; after which, Amelia declared she would take a coach and visit her husband. To this motion Mrs. Atkinson soon agreed, and offered to be her companion. To say truth, I think it was reasonable enough; and the great abhorrence which Booth had of seeing his wife in a bailiff's house was, perhaps, rather too nice and delicate.

When the ladies were both dressed, and just going to send for their vehicle, a great knocking was heard at the door, and presently Mrs. James was ushered into the room.

This visit was disagreeable enough to Amelia, as it detained her from the sight of her husband, for which she so eagerly longed. However, as she had no doubt but that the visit would be reasonably short, she resolved to receive the lady with all the complaisance in her power.

Mrs. James now behaved herself so very unlike the person that she lately appeared, that it might have surprised any one who doth not know that besides that of a fine lady, which is all mere art and mummery, every such woman hath some real character at the bottom, in which, whenever nature gets the better of her, she acts. Thus the finest ladies in the world will sometimes love, and sometimes scratch, according to their different natural dispositions, with great fury and violence, though both of these are equally inconsistent with a fine lady's artificial character.

Mrs. James then was at the bottom a very good-natured woman, and the moment she heard of Amelia's misfortune was sincerely grieved at it. She had acquiesced on the very first motion with the colonel's design of inviting her to her house; and this morning at breakfast, when he had acquainted her that Amelia made some difficulty in accepting the offer, very readily undertook to go herself and persuade her friend to accept the invitation.

She now pressed this matter with such earnestness, that Amelia, who was not extremely versed in the art of denying, was hardly able to refuse her importunity; nothing, indeed, but her affection to Mrs. Atkinson could have prevailed on her to refuse; that point, however, she would not give up, and Mrs. James, at last, was contented with a promise that, as soon as their affairs were settled, Amelia, with her husband and family, would make her a visit, and stay some time with her in the country, whither she was soon to retire.

Having obtained this promise, Mrs. James, after many very friendly professions, took her leave, and, stepping into her coach, reassumed the fine lady, and drove away to join her company at an auction.

The moment she was gone Mrs. Atkinson, who had left the room upon the approach of Mrs. James,

returned into it, and was informed by Amelia of all that had passed.

"Pray, madam," said Mrs. Atkinson, "do this colonel and his lady live, as it is called, well together?"

"If you mean to ask," cries Amelia, "whether they are a very fond couple, I must answer that I believe they are not."

"I have been told," says Mrs. Atkinson, "that there have been instances of women who have become bawds to their own husbands, and the husbands pimps for them."

"Fie upon it!" cries Amelia. "I hope there are no such people. Indeed, my dear, this is being a little too censorious."

"Call it what you please," answered Mrs. Atkinson; "it arises from my love to you and my fears for your danger. You know the proverb of a burnt child; and, if such a one hath any good-nature, it will dread the fire on the account of others as well as on its own. And, if I may speak my sentiments freely, I cannot think you will be in safety at this colonel's house."

"I cannot but believe your apprehensions to be sincere," replied Amelia; "and I must think myself obliged to you for them; but I am convinced you are entirely in an error. I look on colonel James as the most generous and best of men. He was a friend, and an excellent friend too, to my husband, long before I was acquainted with him, and he hath done him a thousand good offices. What do you say of his behaviour yesterday?"

"I wish," cries Mrs. Atkinson, "that this behaviour to-day had been equal. What I am now going to undertake is the most disagreeable office of friendship, but it is a necessary one. I must tell you, therefore, what passed this morning between the colonel and Mr. Atkinson; for, though it will hurt you, you ought, on many accounts, to know it." Here she related the whole, which we have recorded in the preceding chapter, and with which the serjeant had acquainted her while Mrs. James was paying her visit to Amelia. And, as the serjeant had painted the matter rather in stronger colours than the colonel, so Mrs. Atkinson again a little improved on the serjeant. Neither of these good people, perhaps, intended to aggravate any circumstance; but such is, I believe, the unavoidable consequence of all reports. Mrs. Atkinson, indeed, may be supposed not to see what related to James in the most favourable light, as the serjeant, with more honesty than prudence, had suggested to his wife that the colonel had not the kindest opinion of her, and had called her a sly and demure —: it is true he omitted ill-looking b—; two words which are, perhaps, superior to the patience of any Job in petticoats that ever lived. He made amends, however, by substituting some other phrases in their stead, not extremely agreeable to a female ear.

It appeared to Amelia, from Mrs. Atkinson's relation, that the colonel had grossly abused Booth to the serjeant, and had absolutely refused to become his bail. Poor Amelia became a pale and motionless statue at this account. At length she cried, "If this be true, I and mine are all, indeed, undone. We have no comfort, no hope, no friend left. I cannot disbelieve you. I know you would not deceive me. Why should you, indeed, deceive me? But what can have caused this alteration since last night? Did I say or do anything to offend him?"

"You said, and did rather, I believe, a great deal too much to please him," answered Mrs. Atkinson. "Besides, he is not in the least offended with you. On the contrary, he said many kind things."

"What can my poor love have done?" said Amelia. "He hath not seen the colonel since last night. Some villain hath set him against my husband; he was once before suspicious of such a person. Some cruel monster hath belied his innocence!"

"Pardon me, dear madam," said Mrs. Atkinson; "I believe the person who hath injured the captain with this friend of his is one of the worthiest and best of creatures—nay, do not be surprised; the person I mean is even your fair self: sure you would not be so dull in any other case; but in this, gratitude, humility, modesty, every virtue, shuts your eyes."

Mortales hebetant visus,

as Virgil says. What in the world can be more consistent than his desire to have you at his own house and to keep your husband confined in another? All that he said and all that he did yesterday, and, what is more convincing to me than both, all that he looked last night, are very consistent with both these designs."

"O Heavens!" cries Amelia, "you chill my blood with horror! the idea freezes me to death; I cannot, must not, will not think it. Nothing but conviction! Heaven forbid I should ever have more conviction! And did he abuse my husband? what? did he abuse a poor, unhappy, distressed creature, oppressed, ruined, torn from his children, torn away from his wretched wife; the honestest, worthiest, noblest, tenderest, fondest, best—" Here she burst into an agony of grief, which exceeds the power of description.

In this situation Mrs. Atkinson was doing her utmost to support her when a most violent knocking was heard at the door, and immediately the serjeant ran hastily into the room, bringing with him a cordial which presently relieved Amelia. What this cordial was, we shall inform the reader in due time. In the mean while he must suspend his curiosity; and the gentlemen at White's may lay wagers whether it was Ward's pill or Dr. James's powder.

But before we close this chapter, and return back to the bailiff's house, we must do our best to rescue the character of our heroine from the dulness of apprehension, which several of our quick-sighted readers may lay more heavily to her charge than was done by her friend Mrs. Atkinson.

I must inform, therefore, all such readers, that it is not because innocence is more blind than guilt that the former often overlooks and tumbles into the pit which the latter foresees and avoids. The truth is, that it is almost impossible guilt should miss the discovering of all the snares in its way, as it is constantly prying closely into every corner in order to lay snares for others. Whereas innocence, having no such purpose, walks fearlessly and carelessly through life, and is consequently liable to tread on the gins which cunning hath laid to entrap it. To speak plainly and without allegory or figure, it is not want of sense, but want of suspicion, by which innocence is often betrayed. Again, we often admire at the folly of the dupe, when we should transfer our whole surprise to the astonishing guilt of the betrayer. In a word, many an innocent person hath owed his ruin to this circumstance alone, that the degree of villany was such as must have exceeded the faith of every man who was not himself a villain.

CHAPTER X.

In which are many profound secrets of philosophy. BOOTH, having had enough of the author's company the preceding day, chose now another companion.

Indeed, the author was not very solicitous of a second interview; for, as he could have no hope from Booth's pocket, so he was not likely to receive much increase to his vanity from Booth's conversation; for, low as this wretch was in virtue, sense, learning, birth, and fortune, he was by no means low in his vanity. This passion, indeed, was so high in him, and at the same time so blinded him to his own demerits, that he hated every man who did not either flatter him or give him money. In short, he claimed a strange kind of right, either to cheat all his acquaintance of their praise or to pick their pockets of their pence, in which latter case he himself repaid very liberally with panegyric.

A very little specimen of such a fellow must have satisfied a man of Mr. Booth's temper. He chose, therefore, now to associate himself with that gentleman of whom Bondum had given so shabby a character. In short, Mr. Booth's opinion of the bailiff was such, that he recommended a man most where he least intended it. Nay, the bailiff in the present instance, though he had drawn a malicious conclusion, honestly avowed that this was drawn only from the poverty of the person, which is never, I believe, any forcible disrecommendation to a good mind, but he must have had a very bad mind indeed, who, in Mr. Booth's circumstances, could have disliked or despised another man because that other man was poor.

Some previous conversation having passed between this gentleman and Booth, in which they had both opened their several situations to each other, the former, casting an affectionate look on the latter, expressed great compassion for his circumstances, for which Booth, thanking him, said, "You must have a great deal of compassion, and be a very good man, in such a terrible situation as you describe yourself, to have any pity to spare for other people."

"My affairs, sir," answered the gentleman, "are very bad, it is true, and yet there is one circumstance which makes you appear to me more the object of pity than I am to myself; and it is this—that you must from your years be a novice in affliction, whereas I have served a long apprenticeship to misery, and ought, by this time, to be a pretty good master of my trade. To say the truth, I believe habit teaches men to bear the burthens of the mind, as it inures them to bear heavy burthens on their shoulders. Without use and experience, the strongest minds and bodies both will stagger under a weight which habit might render easy and even contemptible."

"There is great justice," cries Booth, "in the comparison; and I think I have myself experienced the truth of it; for I am not that tyro in affliction which you seem to apprehend me. And perhaps it is from the very habit you mention that I am able to support my present misfortunes a little like a man."

The gentleman smiled at this, and cried, "Indeed, captain, you are a young philosopher."

"I think," cries Booth, "I have some pretensions to that philosophy which is taught by misfortunes, and you seem to be of opinion, sir, that is one of the best schools of philosophy."

"I mean no more, sir," said the gentleman, "than that in the days of our affliction we are inclined to think more seriously than in those seasons of life when we are engaged in the hurrying pursuits of business or pleasure, when we have neither leisure nor inclination to sift and examine things to the bottom. Now there are two considerations which, from my having long fixed my thoughts upon them, have greatly supported me under all my afflictions. The one is the brevity of life even at its longest duration, which the wisest of men hath compared

to the short dimension of a span. One of the Roman poets compares it to the duration of a race; and another, to the much shorter transition of a wave.

"The second consideration is the uncertainty of it. Short as its utmost limits are, it is far from being assured of reaching those limits. The next day, the next hour, the next moment, may be the end of our course. Now of what value is so uncertain, so precarious a station? This consideration, indeed, however lightly it is passed over in our conception, doth, in a great measure, level all fortunes and conditions, and gives no man a right to triumph in the happiest state, or any reason to repine in the most miserable. Would the most worldly men see this in the light in which they examine all other matters, they would soon feel and acknowledge the force of this way of reasoning; for which of them would give any price for an estate from which they were liable to be immediately ejected? or, would they not laugh at him as a madman who accounted himself rich from such an uncertain possession? This is the fountain, sir, from which I have drawn my philosophy. Hence it is that I have learnt to look on all those things which are esteemed the blessings of life, and those which are dreaded as its evils, with such a degree of indifference that, as I should not be elated with possessing the former, so neither am I greatly dejected and depressed by suffering the latter. Is the actor esteemed happier to whose lot it falls to play the principal part than he who plays the lowest? and yet the drama may run twenty nights together, and by consequence may outlast our lives; but, at the best, life is only a little longer drama, and the business of the great stage is consequently a little more serious than that which is performed at the Theatre-royal. But even here, the catastrophes and calamities which are represented are capable of affecting us. The wisest men can deceive themselves into feeling the distresses of a tragedy, though they know them to be merely imaginary; and the children will often lament them as realities: what wonder then, if these tragical scenes which I allow to be a little more serious, should a little more affect us? where then is the remedy but in the philosophy I have mentioned, which, when once by a long course of meditation it is reduced to a habit, teaches us to set a just value on everything, and cures at once all eager wishes and abject fears, all violent joy and grief concerning objects which cannot endure long, and may not exist a moment."

"You have expressed yourself extremely well," cries Booth; "and I entirely agree with the justice of your sentiments; but, however true all this may be in theory, I still doubt its efficacy in practice. And the cause of the difference between these two is this; that we reason from our heads, but act from our hearts:

—*Viden meliora, proboque;
Deteriora sequor.*

Nothing can differ more widely than wise men and fools in their estimation of things; but, as both act from their uppermost passion, they both often act alike. What comfort then can your philosophy give to an avaricious man who is deprived of his riches or to an ambitious man who is stripped of his power? to the fond lover who is torn from his mistress or to the tender husband who is dragged from his wife? Do you really think that any meditations on the shortness of life will soothe them in their afflictions? Is not this very shortness itself one of their afflictions? and if the evil they suffer be a temporary deprivation of what they love, will they not think their fate the harder, and lament the

more, that they are to lose any part of an enjoyment to which there is so short and so uncertain a period?"

"I beg leave, sir," said the gentleman, "to distinguish here. By philosophy, I do not mean the bare knowledge of right and wrong, but an energy, a habit, as Aristotle calls it; and this I do firmly believe, with him and with the Stoics, is superior to all the attacks of fortune."

He was proceeding when the bailiff came in, and in a surly tone bade them both good-morrow; after which he asked the philosopher if he was prepared to go to Newgate; for that he must carry him thither that afternoon.

The poor man seemed very much shocked with this news. "I hope," cries he, "you will give a little longer time, if not till the return of the writ. But I beg you particularly not to carry me thither to-day, for I expect my wife and children here in the evening."

"I have nothing to do with wives and children," cried the bailiff; "I never desire to see any wives and children here. I like no such company."

"I entreat you," said the prisoner, "give me another day. I shall take it as a great obligation; and you will disappoint me in the cruelest manner in the world if you refuse me."

"I can't help people's disappointments," cries the bailiff; "I must consider myself and my own family. I know not where I shall be paid the money that's due already. I can't afford to keep prisoners at my own expense."

"I don't intend it shall be at your expense," cries the philosopher; "my wife is gone to raise money this morning; and I hope to pay you all I owe you at her arrival. But we intend to sup together to-night at your house; and, if you should remove me now, it would be the most barbarous disappointment to us both, and will make me the most miserable man alive."

"Nay, for my part," said the bailiff, "I don't desire to do anything barbarous. I know how to treat gentlemen with civility as well as another. And when people pay as they go, and spend their money like gentlemen, I am sure nobody can accuse me of any incivility since I have been in the office. And if you intend to be merry to-night I am not the man that will prevent it. Though I say it, you may have as good a supper dressed here as at any tavern in town."

"Since Mr. Bondum is so kind, captain," said the philosopher, "I hope for the favour of your company. I assure you, if it ever be my fortune to go abroad into the world, I shall be proud of the honour of your acquaintance."

"Indeed, sir," cries Booth, "it is an honour I shall be very ready to accept; but as for this evening, I cannot help saying I hope to be engaged in another place."

"I promise you, sir," answered the other, "I shall rejoice at your liberty, though I am a loser by it."

"Why, as to that matter," cries Bondum with a sneer, "I fancy, captain, you may engage yourself to the gentleman without any fear of breaking your word; for I am very much mistaken if we part to-day."

"Pardon me, my good friend," said Booth, "but I expect my bail every minute."

"Looke, sir," cries Bondum, "I don't love to see gentlemen in an error. I shall not take the serjeant's bail; and as for the colonel, I have been with him myself this morning (for to be sure I love to do all I can for gentlemen), and he told me he

could not possibly be here to-day; besides, why should I mince the matter? there is more stuff in the office."

"What do you mean by stuff?" cries Booth.

"I mean that there is another writ," answered the bailiff, "at the suit of Mrs. Ellison, the gentleman that was here yesterday; and the attorney that was with her is concerned against you. Some officers would not tell you all this; but I loves to show civility to gentlemen while they behave themselves as such. And I loves the gentlemen of the army in particular. I had like to have been in the army myself once; but I liked the commission I have better. Come, captain, let not your noble courage be cast down; what say you to a glass of white wine, or a tiff of punch, by way of whet?"

"I have told you, sir, I never drink in the morning," cries Booth a little peevishly.

"No offence I hope, sir," said the bailiff; "I hope I have not treated you with any incivility. I don't ask any gentleman to call for liquor in my house if he doth not choose it; nor I don't desire anybody to stay here longer than they have a mind to. Newgate, to be sure, is the place for all debtors that can't find bail. I knows what civility is, and I scorn to behave myself unbecoming a gentleman; but I'd have you consider that the twenty-four hours appointed by act of parliament are almost out; and so it is time to think of removing. As to bail, I would not have you flatter yourself; for I knows very well there are other things coming against you. Besides the sum you are already charged with is very large, and I must see you in a place of safety. My house is no prison, though I lock up for a little time in it. Indeed, when gentlemen are gentlemen, and likely to find bail, I don't stand for a day or two; but I have a good nose at a bit of carrion, captain; I have not carried so much carrion to Newgate, without knowing the smell of it."

"I understand not your cant," cries Booth; "but I did not think to have offended you so much by refusing to drink in a morning."

"Offended me, sir!" cries the bailiff. "Who told you so? Do you think, sir, if I want a glass of wine I am under any necessity of asking my prisoners for it? Damn it, sir, I'll show you I scorn your words. I can afford to treat you with a glass of the best wine in England, if you comes to that." He then pulled out a handful of guineas, saying, "There, sir, they are all my own; I owe nobody a shilling. I am no beggar, nor no debtor. I am the king's officer as well as you, and I will spend guinea for guinea as long as you please."

"Harkee, rascal," cries Booth, laying hold of the bailiff's collar. "How dare you treat me with this insolence? doth the law give you any authority to insult me in my misfortunes?" At which words he gave the bailiff a good shove, and threw him from him.

"Very well, sir," cries the bailiff; "I will swear both an assault and an attempt to a rescue. If officers are to be used in this manner, there is an end of all law and justice. But, though I am not a match for you myself, I have those below that are." He then ran to the door and called up two ill-looking fellows, his followers, whom, as soon as they entered the room, he ordered to seize on Booth, declaring he would immediately carry him to Newgate; at the same time pouring out a vast quantity of abuse, below the dignity of history to record.

Booth desired the two dirty fellows to stand off, and declared he would make no resistance; at the same time bidding the bailiff carry him wherever he durst.

"I'll show you what I dare," cries the bailiff; and again ordered the followers to lay hold of their prisoner, saying, "He has assaulted me already, and endeavoured a rescue. I shan't trust such a fellow to walk at liberty. A gentleman, indeed! ay, ay, Newgate is the properest place for such gentry; as arrant carrion as ever was carried thither."

The fellows then both laid violent hands on Booth, and the bailiff stepped to the door to order a coach; when, on a sudden, the whole scene was changed in an instant; for now the serjeant came running out of breath into the room; and, seeing his friend the captain roughly handled by two ill-looking fellows, without asking any questions stepped briskly up to his assistance, and instantly gave one of the assailants so violent a salute with his fist, that he directly measured his length on the floor.

Booth, having by this means his right arm at liberty, was unwilling to be idle, or entirely to owe his rescue from both the ruffians to the serjeant; he therefore imitated the example which his friend had set him, and with a lusty blow levelled the other follower with his companion on the ground.

The bailiff roared out, "A rescue, a rescue!" to which the serjeant answered there was no rescue intended. "The captain," said he, "wants no rescue. Here are some friends coming who will deliver him in a better manner."

The bailiff swore heartily he would carry him to Newgate in spite of all the friends in the world.

"You carry him to Newgate!" cried the serjeant, with the highest indignation: "Offer but to lay your hands on him, and I will knock your teeth down your ugly jaws." Then, turning to Booth, he cried, "They will be all here within a minute, sir; we had much ado to keep my lady from coming herself; but she is at home in good health, longing to see your honour; and I hope you will be with her within this half-hour."

And now three gentlemen entered the room; these were an attorney, the person whom the serjeant had procured in the morning to be his bail with colonel James, and lastly doctor Harrison himself.

The bailiff no sooner saw the attorney, with whom he was well acquainted (for the others he knew not), than he began, as the phrase is, to pull in his horns, and ordered the two followers, who were now got again on their legs, to walk down stairs.

"So, captain," says the doctor, "when last we parted, I believe we neither of us expected to meet in such a place as this."

"Indeed, doctor," cries Booth, "I did not expect to have been sent hither by the gentleman who did me that favour."

"How so, sir?" said the doctor; "you was sent hither by some person, I suppose, to whom you was indebted. This is the usual place, I apprehend, for creditors to send their debtors to. But you ought to be more surprised that the gentleman who sent you thither is come to release you. Mr. Murphy, you will perform all the necessary ceremonials."

The attorney then asked the bailiff with how many actions Booth was charged, and was informed there were five besides the doctor's, which was much the heaviest of all. Proper bonds were presently provided, and the doctor and the serjeant's friend signed them; the bailiff, at the instance of the attorney, making no objection to the bail.

Booth, we may be assured, made a handsome speech to the doctor for such extraordinary friendship, with which, however, we do not think proper to trouble the reader; and now everything being ended, and the company ready to depart, the bailiff

stepped up to Booth, and told him he hoped he would remember civility-money.

"I believe," cries Booth, "you mean incivility-money; if there are any fees due for rudeness, I must own you have a very just claim."

"I am sure, sir," cries the bailiff, "I have treated your honour with all the respect in the world; no man, I am sure, can charge me with using a gentleman rudely. I know what belongs to a gentleman better; but you can't deny that two of my men have been knocked down; and I doubt not but, as you are a gentleman, you will give them something to drink."

Booth was about to answer with some passion, when the attorney interfered, and whispered in his ear that it was usual to make a compliment to the officer, and that he had better comply with the custom.

"If the fellow had treated me civilly," answered Booth, "I should have no objection to comply with a bad custom in his favour; but I am resolved I will never reward a man for using me ill; and I will not agree to give him a single farthing."

"'Tis very well, sir," said the bailiff; "I am rightly served for my good-nature; but, if it had been to do again, I would have taken care you should not have been bailed this day."

Doctor Harrison, to whom Booth referred the cause, after giving him a succinct account of what had passed, declared the captain to be in the right. He said it was a most horrid imposition that such fellows were ever suffered to prey on the necessitous; but that the example would be much worse to reward them where they had behaved themselves ill. "And I think," says he, "the bailiff is worthy of great rebuke for what he hath just now said; in which I hope he hath boasted of more power than is in him. We do, indeed, with great justice and propriety value ourselves on our freedom if the liberty of the subject depends on the pleasure of such fellows as these!"

"It is not so neither altogether," cries the lawyer; "but custom hath established a present or fee to them at the delivery of a prisoner, which they call civility-money, and expect as in a manner their due, though in reality they have no right."

"But will any man," cries doctor Harrison, "after what the captain hath told us, say that the bailiff hath behaved himself as he ought; and, if he had, is he to be rewarded for acting in an unchristian and inhuman manner? it is pity that, instead of a custom of feeing them out of the pocket of the poor and wretched, when they do not behave themselves ill, there was not both a law and a practice to punish them severely when they do. In the present case, I am so far from agreeing to give the bailiff a shilling, that, if there be any method of punishing him for his rudeness, I shall be heartily glad to see it put into execution; for there are none whose conduct should be so strictly watched as that of these necessary evils in society, as their office concerns, for the most part, those poor creatures who cannot do themselves justice, and as they are generally the worst of men who undertake it."

The bailiff then quitted the room, muttering that he should know better what to do another time; and shortly after, Booth and his friends left the house; but, as they were going out, the attorney took doctor Harrison aside, and slipped a receipt into his hand, which the doctor returned, saying, he never subscribed when he neither knew the work nor the author; but that, if he would call at his lodgings, he would be very willing to give all the encouragement to merit which was in his power.

The author took down the doctor's name and direction, and made him as many bows as he would have done had he carried off the half guinea for which he had been fishing.

Mr. Booth then took his leave of the philosopher, and departed with the rest of his friends.

BOOK IX.—CHAPTER I.

In which the history looks backwards.

BEFORE we proceed farther with our history it may be proper to look back a little, in order to account for the late conduct of doctor Harrison; which, however inconsistent it may have hitherto appeared, when examined to the bottom will be found, I apprehend, to be truly congruous with all the rules of the most perfect prudence, as well as with the most consummate goodness.

We have already partly seen in what light Booth had been represented to the doctor abroad. Indeed, the accounts which were sent of the captain, as well by the curate as by a gentleman of the neighbourhood, were much grosser and more to his disadvantage than the doctor was pleased to set them forth in his letter to the person accused. What sense he had of Booth's conduct was, however, manifest by that letter. Nevertheless, he resolved to suspend his final judgment till his return; and, though he censured him, would not absolutely condemn him without ocular demonstration.

The doctor, on his return to his parish, found all the accusations which had been transmitted to him confirmed by many witnesses, of which the curate's wife, who had been formerly a friend to Amelia, and still preserved the outward appearance of friendship, was the strongest. She introduced all with—"I am sorry to say it, and it is friendship which bids me speak; and it is for their good it should be told you." After which beginnings she never concluded a single speech without some horrid slander and bitter invective.

Besides the malicious turn which was given to these affairs in the country, which were owing a good deal to misfortune, and some little perhaps to imprudence, the whole neighbourhood rung with several gross and scandalous lies, which were merely the inventions of his enemies, and of which the scene was laid in London since his absence.

Poisoned with all this malice, the doctor came to town; and, learning where Booth lodged, went to make him a visit. Indeed, it was the doctor, and no other, who had been at his lodgings that evening when Booth and Amelia were walking in the Park, and concerning which the reader may be pleased to remember so many strange and odd conjectures.

Here the doctor saw the little gold watch and all those fine trinkets with which the noble lord had presented the children, and which, from the answers given him by the poor ignorant, innocent girl, he could have no doubt had been purchased within a few days by Amelia.

This account tallied so well with the ideas he had imbibed of Booth's extravagance in the country, that he firmly believed both the husband and wife to be the vainest, silliest, and most unjust people alive. It was, indeed, almost incredible that two rational beings should be guilty of such absurdity; but, monstrous and absurd as it was, ocular demonstration appeared to be the evidence against them.

The doctor departed from their lodgings enraged at this supposed discovery, and, unhappily for Booth, was engaged to supper that very evening with the country gentleman of whom Booth had rented a farm. As the poor captain happened to be the subject of

conversation, and occasioned their comparing notes, the account which the doctor gave of what he had seen that evening so incensed the gentleman, to whom Booth was likewise a debtor, that he vowed he would take a writ out against him the next morning, and have his body alive or dead; and the doctor was at last persuaded to do the same. Mr. Murphy was thereupon immediately sent for; and the doctor in his presence repeated again what he had seen at his lodgings as the foundation of his suing him, which the attorney, as we have before seen, had blabbed to Atkinson.

But no sooner did the doctor hear that Booth was arrested than the wretched condition of his wife and family began to affect his mind. The children, who were to be utterly undone with their father, were entirely innocent; and as for Amelia herself, though he thought he had most convincing proofs of very blamable levity, yet his former friendship and affection to her were busy to invent every excuse till, by very heartily loading the husband, they lightened the suspicion against the wife.

In this temper of mind he resolved to pay Amelia a second visit, and was on his way to Mrs. Ellison when the serjeant met him and made himself known to him. The doctor took his old servant into a coffee-house, where he received from him such an account of Booth and his family, that he desired the serjeant to show him presently to Amelia; and this was the cordial which we mentioned at the end of the ninth chapter of the preceding book.

The doctor became soon satisfied concerning the trinkets which had given him so much uneasiness, and which had brought so much mischief on the head of poor Booth. Amelia likewise gave the doctor some satisfaction as to what he had heard of her husband's behaviour in the country; and assured him, upon her honour, that Booth could so well answer every complaint against his conduct, that she had no doubt but that a man of the doctor's justice and candour would entirely acquit him, and would consider him as an innocent unfortunate man, who was the object of a good man's compassion, not of his anger or resentment.

This worthy clergyman, who was not desirous of finding proofs to condemn the captain or to justify his own vindictive proceedings, but, on the contrary, rejoiced heartily in every piece of evidence which tended to clear up the character of his friend, gave a ready ear to all which Amelia said. To this, indeed, he was induced by the love he always had for that lady, by the good opinion he entertained of her, as well as by pity for her present condition, than which nothing appeared more miserable; for he found her in the highest agonies of grief and despair, with her two little children crying over their wretched mother. These are, indeed, to a well-disposed mind, the most tragical sights that human nature can furnish, and afford a juster motive to grief and tears in the beholder than it would be to see all the heroes who have ever infested the earth hanged all together in a string.

The doctor felt this sight as he ought. He immediately endeavoured to comfort the afflicted; in which he so well succeeded, that he restored to Amelia sufficient spirits to give him the satisfaction we have mentioned: after which he declared he would go and release her husband, which he accordingly did in the manner we have above related.

CHAPTER II.

In which the history goes forward.

WE now return to that period of our history to

which we had brought it at the end of our last book.

Booth and his friends arrived from the bailiff's, at the serjeant's lodgings, where Booth immediately ran up stairs to his Amelia; between whom I shall not attempt to describe the meeting. Nothing certainly was ever more tender or more joyful. This, however, I will observe, that a very few of these exquisite moments, of which the best minds only are capable, do in reality overbalance the longest enjoyments which can ever fall to the lot of the worst.

Whilst Booth and his wife were feasting their souls with the most delicious mutual endearments, the doctor was fallen to play with the two little children below stairs. While he was thus engaged the little boy did somewhat amiss; upon which the doctor said, "If you do so any more I will take your papa away from you again."—"Again! sir," said the child; "why, was it you then that took away my papa before?" "Suppose it was," said the doctor; "would you not forgive me?" "Yes," cries the child, "I would forgive you; because a christian must forgive everybody; but I should hate you as long as I live."

The doctor was so pleased with the boy's answer, that he caught him in his arms and kissed him; at which time Booth and his wife returned. The doctor asked which of them was their son's instructor in his religion; Booth answered that he must confess Amelia had all the merit of that kind. "I should have rather thought he had learnt of his father," cries the doctor; "for he seems a good soldier-like christian, and professes to hate his enemies with a very good grace."

"How, Billy!" cries Amelia. "I am sure I did not teach you so."

"I did not say I would hate my enemies, madam," cries the boy; "I only said I would hate papa's enemies. Sure, mamma, there is no harm in that; nay, I am sure there is no harm in it, for I have heard you say the same thing a thousand times."

The doctor smiled on the child, and, chucking him under the chin, told him he must hate nobody; and now Mrs. Atkinson, who had provided a dinner for them all, desired them to walk up and partake of it.

And now it was that Booth was first made acquainted with the serjeant's marriage, as was Dr. Harrison; both of whom greatly felicitated him upon it.

Mrs. Atkinson, who was, perhaps, a little more confounded than she would have been had she married a colonel, said, "If I have done wrong, Mrs. Booth is to answer for it, for she made the match; indeed, Mr. Atkinson, you are greatly obliged to the character which this lady gives of you." "I hope he will deserve it," said the doctor; "and, if the army hath not corrupted a good boy, I believe I may answer for him."

While our little company were enjoying that happiness which never fails to attend conversation where all present are pleased with each other, a visitant arrived who was, perhaps, not very welcome to any of them. This was no other than colonel James, who, entering the room with much gaiety, went directly up to Booth, embraced him, and expressed great satisfaction at finding him there; he then made an apology for not attending him in the morning, which he said had been impossible; and that he had, with the utmost difficulty, put off some business of great consequence in order to serve him this afternoon; "but I am glad on your account," cried he to Booth, "that my presence was not necessary."

Booth himself was extremely satisfied with this declaration, and failed not to return him as many thanks as he would have deserved had he performed his promise; but the two ladies were not quite so well satisfied. As for the serjeant, he had slipped out of the room when the colonel entered, not entirely out of that bashfulness which we have remarked him to be tainted with, but indeed, from what had passed in the morning, he hated the sight of the colonel, as well on the account of his wife as on that of his friend.

The doctor, on the contrary, on what he had formerly heard from both Amelia and her husband of the colonel's generosity and friendship, had built so good an opinion of him, that he was very much pleased with seeing him, and took the first opportunity of telling him so. "Colonel," said the doctor, "I have not the happiness of being known to you; but I have long been desirous of an acquaintance with a gentleman in whose commendation I have heard so much from some present." The colonel made a proper answer to this compliment, and they soon entered into a familiar conversation together; for the doctor was not difficult of access; indeed, he held the strange reserve which is usually practised in this nation between people who are in any degree strangers to each other to be very unbecoming the christian character.

The two ladies soon left the room; and the remainder of the visit, which was not very long, passed in discourse on various common subjects, not worth recording. In the conclusion, the colonel invited Booth and his lady, and the doctor, to dine with him the next day.

To give colonel James his due commendation, he had shown a great command of himself and great presence of mind on this occasion; for, to speak the plain truth, the visit was intended to Amelia alone; nor did he expect, or perhaps desire, anything less than to find the captain at home. The great joy which he suddenly conveyed into his countenance at the unexpected sight of his friend is to be attributed to that noble art which is taught in those excellent schools called the several courts of Europe. By this, men are enabled to dress out their countenances as much at their own pleasure as they do their bodies, and to put on friendship with as much ease as they can a laced coat.

When the colonel and doctor were gone, Booth acquainted Amelia with the invitation he had received. She was struck with the news, and betrayed such visible marks of confusion and uneasiness, that they could not have escaped Booth's observation had suspicion given him the least hint to remark; but this, indeed, is the great optic-glass helping us to discern plainly almost all that passes in the minds of others, without some use of which nothing is more purblind than human nature.

Amelia, having recovered from her first perturbation, answered, "My dear, I will dine with you wherever you please to lay your commands on me." "I am obliged to you, my dear soul," cries Booth; "your obedience shall be very easy, for my command will be that you shall always follow your own inclinations." "My inclinations," answered she, "would, I am afraid, be too unreasonable a confinement to you; for they would always lead me to be with you and your children, with at most a single friend or two now and then." "O my dear!" replied he, "large companies give us a greater relish for our own society when we return to it; and we shall be extremely merry, for doctor Harrison dines with us." "I hope you will, my dear," cries she; "but I own I should have been better pleased to have enjoyed a

few days with yourself and the children, with no other person but Mrs. Atkinson, for whom I have conceived a violent affection, and who would have given us but little interruption. However, if you have promised, I must undergo the penance." "Nay, child," cried he, "I am sure I would have refused, could I have guessed it had been in the least disagreeable to you; though I know your objection." "Objection!" cries Amelia, eagerly; "I have no objection." "Nay, nay," said he, "come, be honest, I know your objection, though you are unwilling to own it." "Good Heavens!" cried Amelia, frightened, "what do you mean? what objection?" "Why," answered he, "to the company of Mrs. James; and I must confess she hath not behaved to you lately as you might have expected; but you ought to pass all that by for the sake of her husband, to whom we have both so many obligations, who is the worthiest, honestest, and most generous fellow in the universe, and the best friend to me that ever man had."

Amelia, who had far other suspicions, and began to fear that her husband had discovered them, was highly pleased when she saw him taking a wrong scent. She gave, therefore, a little into the deceit, and acknowledged the truth of what he had mentioned; but said that the pleasure she should have in complying with his desires would highly recompense any dissatisfaction which might arise on any other account; and shortly after ended the conversation on this subject with her cheerfully promising to fulfil his promise.

In reality, poor Amelia had now a most unpleasant task to undertake; for she thought it absolutely necessary to conceal from her husband the opinion she had conceived of the colonel. For, as she knew the characters, as well of her husband as of his friend, or rather enemy (both being often synonymous in the language of the world), she had the utmost reason to apprehend something very fatal might attend her husband's entertaining the same thought of James which filled and tormented her own breast.

And, as she knew that nothing but these thoughts could justify the least unkind, or, indeed, the least reserved behaviour to James, who had, in all appearance, conferred the greatest obligations upon Booth and herself, she was reduced to a dilemma the most dreadful that can attend a virtuous woman, as it often gives the highest triumph, and sometimes, no little advantage, to the men of professed gallantry.

In short, to avoid giving any umbrage to her husband, Amelia was forced to act in a manner which she was conscious must give encouragement to the colonel; a situation which perhaps requires as great prudence and delicacy as any in which the heroic part of the female character can be exerted.

CHAPTER III.

A conversation between Dr. Harrison and others.

THE next day Booth and his lady, with the doctor, met at colonel James's, where colonel Bath likewise made one of the company.

Nothing very remarkable passed at dinner, or till the ladies withdrew. During this time, however, the behaviour of colonel James was such as gave some uneasiness to Amelia, who well understood his meaning, though the particulars were too refined and subtle to be observed by any other present.

When the ladies had gone, which was as soon as Amelia could prevail on Mrs. James to depart, colonel Bath, who had been pretty brisk with

champagne at dinner, soon began to display his magnanimity. "My brother tells me, young gentleman," said he to Booth, "that you have been used very ill lately by some rascals, and I have no doubt but you will do yourself justice."

Booth answered that he did not know what he meant. "Since I must mention it then," cries the colonel, "I hear you have been arrested; and I think you know what satisfaction is to be required by a man of honour."

"I beg sir," says the doctor, "no more may be mentioned of that matter. I am convinced no satisfaction will be required of the captain till he is able to give it."

"I do not understand what you mean by able," cries the colonel. To which the doctor answered, "That it was of too tender a nature to speak more of."

"Give me your hand, doctor," cries the colonel; "I see you are a man of honour, though you wear a gown. It is, as you say, a matter of a tender nature. Nothing, indeed, is so tender as a man's honour. Curse my liver, if any man—I mean, that is, if any gentleman, was to arrest me, I would as surely cut his throat as—"

"How, sir!" said the doctor, "would you compensate one breach of the law by a much greater, and pay your debts by committing murder?"

"Why do you mention law between gentlemen?" says the colonel. "A man of honour wears his law by his side; and can the resentment of an affront make a gentleman guilty of murder? and what greater affront can one man cast upon another than by arresting him? I am convinced that he who would put up an arrest would put up a slap in the face."

Here the colonel looked extremely fierce, and the divine stared with astonishment at this doctrine; when Booth, who well knew the impossibility of opposing the colonel's humour with success, began to play with it; and, having first conveyed a private wink to the doctor, he said there might be cases undoubtedly where such an affront ought to be resented; but that there were others where any resentment was impracticable: "As, for instance," said he, "where the man is arrested by a woman."

"I could not be supposed to mean that case," cries the colonel; "and you are convinced I did not mean it."

"To put an end to this discourse at once, sir," said the doctor, "I was the plaintiff at whose suit this gentleman was arrested."

"Was you so, sir?" cries the colonel; "then I have no more to say. Women and the clergy are upon the same footing. The long-robed gentry are exempted from the laws of honour."

"I do not thank you for that exemption, sir," cries the doctor; "and, if honour and fighting are, as they seem to be, synonymous words with you, I believe there are some clergymen, who in defence of their religion, or their country, or their friend, the only justifiable causes of fighting, except bare self-defence, would fight as bravely as yourself, colonel; and that without being paid for it."

"Sir, you are privileged," says the colonel, with great dignity; "and you have my leave to say what you please. I respect your order, and you cannot offend me."

"I will not offend you, colonel," cries the doctor; "and our order is very much obliged to you, since you profess so much respect to us, and pay none to our Master."

"What Master, sir?" said the colonel.

"That Master," answered the doctor, "who hath

to thank him; for gratitude, joining with his other passions, almost choked him, and stopped his utterance.

After a short scene in which nothing passed worth recounting, the colonel bid his friend good night, and, leaving the serjeant with him, made the best of his way back to Amelia.

CHAPTER VII.

Worthy a very serious perusal.

THE colonel found Amelia sitting very disconsolate with Mrs. Atkinson. He entered the room with an air of great gaiety, assured Amelia that her husband was perfectly well, and that he hoped the next day he would again be with her.

Amelia was a little comforted at this account, and vented many grateful expressions to the colonel for his unparalleled friendship, as she was pleased to call it. She could not, however, help giving way soon after to a sigh at the thoughts of her husband's bondage, and declared that night would be the longest she had ever known.

"This lady, madam," cries the colonel, "must endeavour to make it shorter. And, if you will give me leave, I will join in the same endeavour." Then, after some more consolatory speeches, the colonel attempted to give a gay turn to the discourse, and said, "I was engaged to have spent this evening disagreeably at Ranelagh, with a set of company I did not like. How vastly am I obliged to you, dear Mrs. Booth, that I pass it so infinitely more to my satisfaction!"

"Indeel, colonel," said Amelia, "I am convinced that to a mind so rightly turned as yours there must be a much sweeter relish in the highest offices of friendship than in any pleasures which the gayest public places can afford."

"Upon my word, madam," said the colonel, "you now do me more than justice. I have, and always had, the utmost indifference for such pleasures. Indeed, I hardly allow them worthy of that name, or, if they are so at all, it is in a very low degree. In my opinion the highest friendship must always lead us to the highest pleasure."

Here Amelia entered into a long dissertation on friendship, in which she pointed several times directly at the colonel as the hero of her tale.

The colonel highly applauded all her sentiments; and, when he could not avoid taking the compliment to himself, he received it with a most respectful bow. He then tried his hand likewise at description, in which he found means to repay all Amelia's panegyric in kind. This, though he did with all possible delicacy, yet a curious observer might have been apt to suspect that it was chiefly on her account that the colonel had avoided the masquerade.

In discourses of this kind they passed the evening, till it was very late, the colonel never offering to stir from his chair before the clock had struck one; when he thought, perhaps, that decency obliged him to take his leave.

As soon as he was gone Mrs. Atkinson said to Mrs. Booth, "I think, madam, you told me this afternoon that the colonel was married."

Amelia answered, she did so.

"I think likewise, madam," said Mrs. Atkinson, "you was acquainted with the colonel's lady."

Amelia answered that she had been extremely intimate with her abroad.

"Is she young and handsome?" said Mrs. Atkinson. "In short, pray, was it a match of love or convenience?"

Amelia answered, entirely of love, she believed,

on his side; for that the lady had little or no fortune.

"I am very glad to hear it," said Mrs. Atkinson; "for I am sure the colonel is in love with somebody. I think I never saw a more luscious picture of love drawn than that which he was pleased to give us as the portraiture of friendship. I have read, indeed, of Pylades and Orestes, Damon and Pythias, and other great friends of old; nay, I sometimes flatter myself that I am capable of being a friend myself; but as for that fine, soft, tender, delicate passion, which he was pleased to describe, I am convinced there must go a he and a she to the composition."

"Upon my word, my dear, you are mistaken," cries Amelia. "If you had known the friendship which hath always subsisted between the colonel and my husband, you would not imagine it possible for any description to exceed it. Nay, I think his behaviour this very day is sufficient to convince you."

"I own what he hath done to-day hath great merit," said Mrs. Atkinson; "and yet, from what he hath said to-night—You will pardon me, dear madam; perhaps I am too quick-sighted in my observations; nay, I am afraid I am even impertinent."

"Fie upon it!" cries Amelia; "how can you talk in that strain? Do you imagine I expect ceremony? Pray speak what you think with the utmost freedom."

"Did he not then," said Mrs. Atkinson, "repeat the words, *the finest woman in the world*, more than once? did he not make use of an expression which might have become the mouth of Oroondates himself? If I remember, the words were these,—that, had he been Alexander the Great, he should have thought it more glory to have wiped off a tear from the bright eyes of Statira than to have conquered fifty worlds."

"Did he say so?" cries Amelia—"I think he did say something like it; but my thoughts were so full of my husband that I took little notice. But what would you infer from what he said? I hope you don't think he is in love with me!"

"I hope he doth not think so himself," answered Mrs. Atkinson; "though, when he mentioned the bright eyes of Statira, he fixed his own eyes on yours with the most languishing air I ever beheld."

Amelia was going to answer, when the serjeant arrived, and then she immediately fell to inquiring after her husband, and received such satisfactory answers to all her many questions concerning him, that she expressed great pleasure. These ideas so possessed her mind, that, without once casting her thoughts on any other matters, she took her leave of the serjeant and his lady, and repaired to bed to her children, in a room which Mrs. Atkinson had provided her in the same house; where we will at present wish her a good night.

CHAPTER VIII.

Consisting of grave matters.

WHILE innocence and cheerful hope, in spite of the malice of fortune, closed the eyes of the gentle Amelia on her homely bed, and she enjoyed a sweet and profound sleep, the colonel lay restless all night on his down; his mind was affected with a kind of ague fit; sometimes scorched up with flaming desires, and again chilled with the coldest despair.

There is a time, I think, according to one of our poets, *when lust and envy sleep*. This, I suppose, is when they are well gorged with the food they most delight in; but, while either of these are hungry,

Nor poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the East,
Will ever medicine them to slumber.

The colonel was at present unhappily tormented by both these fiends. His last evening's conversation with Amelia had done his business effectually. The many kind words she had spoken to him, the many kind looks she had given him, as being, she conceived, the friend and preserver of her husband, had made an entire conquest of his heart. Thus the very love which she bore him, as the person to whom her little family were to owe their preservation and happiness, inspired him with thoughts of sinking them all in the lowest abyss of ruin and misery; and, while she smiled with all her sweetness on the supposed friend of her husband, she was converting that friend into his most bitter enemy.

Friendship, take heed; if woman interfere,
Be sure the hour of thy destruction's near.

These are the lines of Vanbrugh; and the sentiment is better than the poetry. To say the truth, as a handsome wife is the cause and cement of many false friendships, she is often too liable to destroy the real ones.

Thus the object of the colonel's lust very plainly appears, but the object of his envy may be more difficult to discover. Nature and Fortune had seemed to strive with a kind of rivalry which should bestow most on the colonel. The former had given him person, parts, and constitution, in all which he was superior almost to every other man. The latter had given him rank in life, and riches, both in a very eminent degree. Whom then should this happy man envy? Here, lest ambition should mislead the reader to search the palaces of the great, we will direct him at once to Gray's-inn-lane; where, in a miserable bed, in a miserable room, he will see a miserable broken lieutenant, in a miserable condition, with several heavy debts on his back, and without a penny in his pocket. This, and no other, was the object of the colonel's envy. And why? because this wretch was possessed of the affections of a poor little lamb, which all the vast flocks that were within the power and reach of the colonel could not prevent that glutton's longing for. And sure this image of the lamb is not improperly adduced on this occasion; for what was the colonel's desire but to lead this poor lamb, as it were, to the slaughter, in order to purchase a feast of a few days by her final destruction, and to tear her away from the arms of one where she was sure of being fondled and caressed all the days of her life?

While the colonel was agitated with these thoughts, his greatest comfort was, that Amelia and Booth were now separated; and his greatest terror was of their coming again together. From wishes, therefore, he began to meditate designs; and so far was he from any intention of procuring the liberty of his friend, that he began to form schemes of prolonging his confinement, till he could procure some means of sending him away far from her; in which case he doubted not but of succeeding in all he desired.

He was forming this plan in his mind when a servant informed him that one serjeant Atkinson desired to speak with his honour. The serjeant was immediately admitted, and acquainted the colonel that, if he pleased to go and become bail for Mr. Booth, another unexceptionable housekeeper would be there to join with him. This person the serjeant had procured that morning, and had, by leave of his wife, given him a bond of indemnification for the purpose.

The colonel did not seem so elated with this news

as Atkinson expected. On the contrary, instead of making a direct answer to what Atkinson said, the colonel began thus: "I think, serjeant, Mr. Booth hath told me that you was foster-brother to his lady. She is really a charming woman, and it is a thousand pities she should ever have been placed in the dreadful situation she is now in. There is nothing so silly as for subaltern officers of the army to marry, unless where they meet with women of very great fortunes indeed. What can be the event of their marrying otherwise, but entailing misery and beggary on their wives and their posterity?"

"Ah! sir," cries the serjeant, "it is too late to think of those matters now. To be sure, my lady might have married one of the top gentlemen in the country; for she is certainly one of the best as well as one of the handsomest women in the kingdom; and, if she had been fairly dealt by, would have had a very great fortune into the bargain. Indeed, she is worthy of the greatest prince in the world; and, if I had been the greatest prince in the world, I should have thought myself happy with such a wife; but she was pleased to like the lieutenant, and certainly there can be no happiness in marriage without liking."

"Looke, serjeant," said the colonel; "you know very well that I am the lieutenant's friend. I think I have shown myself so."

"Indeed your honour hath," quoth the serjeant, "more than once to my knowledge."

"But I am angry with him for his imprudence, greatly angry with him for his imprudence; and the more so, as it affects a lady of so much worth."

"She is, indeed, a lady of the highest worth," cries the serjeant. "Poor dear lady! I knew her, an't please your honour, from her infancy; and the sweetest-tempered, best-natured lady she is that ever trod on English ground. I have always loved her as if she was my own sister. Nay, she hath very often called me brother; and I have taken it to be a greater honour than if I was to be called a general officer."

"What pity it is," said the colonel, "that this worthy creature should be exposed to so much misery by the thoughtless behaviour of a man who, though I am his friend, I cannot help saying, hath been guilty of imprudence at least! Why could he not live upon his half-pay? What had he to do to run himself into debt in this outrageous manner?"

"I wish, indeed," cries the serjeant, "he had been a little more considerative; but I hope this will be a warning to him."

"How am I sure of that," answered the colonel; "or what reason is there to expect it? extravagance is a vice of which men are not so easily cured. I have thought a great deal of this matter, Mr. serjeant; and, upon the most mature deliberation, I am of opinion that it will be better, both for him and his poor lady, that he should smart a little more."

"Your honour, sir, to be sure is in the right," replied the serjeant; "but yet, sir, if you will pardon me for speaking, I hope you will be pleased to consider my poor lady's case. She suffers, all this while, as much or more than the lieutenant; for I know her so well, that I am certain she will never have a moment's ease till her husband is out of confinement."

"I know women better than you, serjeant," cries the colonel; "they sometimes place their affections on a husband as children do on their nurse; but they are both to be weaned. I know you, serjeant, to be a fellow of sense as well as spirit, or I should

expressly forbidden all that cutting of throats to which you discover so much inclination."

"O! your servant, sir," said the colonel; "I see what you are driving at; but you shall not persuade me to think that religion forces me to be a coward."

"I detest and despise the name as much as you can," cries the doctor; "but you have a wrong idea of the word, colonel. What were all the Greeks and Romans? were these cowards? and yet, did you ever hear of this butchery, which we call duelling, among them?"

"Yes, indeed, have I," cries the colonel. "What else is all Mr. Pope's Homer full of but duels? Did not what's his name, one of the Agamemnons, fight with that paltry rascal Paris? and Diomedes with what d'ye call him there? and Hector with I forget his name, he that was Achilles's bosom-friend; and afterwards with Achilles himself? Nay, and in Dryden's Virgil, is there anything almost besides fighting?"

"You are a man of learning, colonel," cries the doctor; "but—"

"I thank you for that compliment," said the colonel.—"No, sir, I do not pretend to learning; but I have some little reading, and I am not ashamed to own it."

"But are you sure, colonel," cries the doctor, "that you have not made a small mistake? for I am apt to believe both Mr. Pope and Mr. Dryden (though I cannot say I ever read a word of either of them) speak of wars between nations, and not of private duels; for of the latter I do not remember one single instance in all the Greek and Roman story. In short, it is a modern custom, introduced by barbarous nations since the times of christianity; though it is a direct and audacious defiance of the christian law, and is consequently much more sinful in us than it would have been in the heathens."

"Drink about, doctor," cries the colonel; "and let us call a new cause; for I perceive we shall never agree on this. You are a churchman, and I don't expect you to speak your mind."

"We are both of the same church, I hope," cries the doctor.

"I am of the church of England, sir," answered the colonel, "and will fight for it to the last drop of my blood."

"It is very generous in you, colonel," cries the doctor, "to fight so zealously for a religion by which you are to be damned."

"It is well for you, doctor," cries the colonel, "that you wear a gown; for, by all the dignity of a man, if any other person had said the words you have just uttered, I would have made him eat them; ay, d—n me, and my sword into the bargain."

Booth began to be apprehensive that this dispute might grow too warm; in which case he feared that the colonel's honour, together with the champagne, might hurry him so far as to forget the respect due, and which he professed to pay, to the sacerdotal robe. Booth therefore interposed between the disputants, and said that the colonel had very rightly proposed to call a new subject; for that it was impossible to reconcile accepting a challenge with the christian religion, or refusing it with the modern notion of honour. "And you must allow it, doctor," said he, "to be a very hard injunction for a man to become infamous; and more especially for a soldier, who is to lose his bread into the bargain."

"Ay, sir," says the colonel, with an air of triumph, "what say you to that?"

"Why," I say," cries the doctor, "that it is much harder to be damned on the other side."

"That may be," said the colonel; "but d—n me, if I would take an affront of any man breathing, for all that. And yet I believe myself to be as good a christian as wears a head. My maxim is, never to give an affront, nor ever to take one; and I say that it is the maxim of a good christian, and no man shall ever persuade me to the contrary."

"Well, sir," said the doctor, "since that is your resolution, I hope no man will ever give you an affront."

"I am obliged to you for your hope, doctor," cries the colonel, with a sneer; "and he that doth will be obliged to you for lending him your gown; for, by the dignity of a man, nothing out of petticoats, I believe, dares affront me."

Colonel James had not hitherto joined in the discourse. In truth, his thoughts had been otherwise employed; nor is it very difficult for the reader to guess what had been the subject of them. Being waked, however, from his reverie, and having heard the two or three last speeches, he turned to his brother, and asked him, why he would introduce such a topic of conversation before a gentleman of doctor Harrison's character?

"Brother," cried Bath, "I own it was wrong, and I ask the doctor's pardon; I know not how it happened to arise; for you know, brother, I am not used to talk of these matters. They are generally poltroons that do. I think I need not be beholden to my tongue to declare I am none. I have shown myself in a line of battle. I believe there is no man will deny that; I believe I may say no man dares deny that I have done my duty."

The colonel was thus proceeding to prove that his prowess was neither the subject of his discourse nor the object of his vanity, when a servant entered and summoned the company to tea with the ladies; a summons which colonel James instantly obeyed, and was followed by all the rest.

But as the tea-table conversation, though extremely delightful to those who are engaged in it, may probably appear somewhat dull to the reader, we will here put an end to the chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

A dialogue between Booth and Amelia.

THE next morning early Booth went by appointment and waited on colonel James; whence he returned to Amelia in that kind of disposition which the great master of human passions would describe in Andromache, when he tells us she cried and smiled at the same instant.

Amelia plainly perceived the discomposure of his mind, in which the opposite affections of joy and grief were struggling for the superiority, and begged to know the occasion; upon which Booth spoke as follows:—

"My dear," said he, "I had no intention to conceal from you what hath passed this morning between me and the colonel, who hath oppressed me, if I may use that expression, with obligations. Sure never man had such a friend; for never was there so noble, so generous a heart—I cannot help this ebullition of gratitude, I really cannot." Here he paused a moment, and wiped his eyes, and then proceeded: "You know, my dear, how gloomy the prospect was yesterday before our eyes, how inevitably ruin stared me in the face; and the dreadful idea of having entailed beggary on my Amelia and her posterity racked my mind; for though, by the goodness of the doctor, I had regained my liberty, the debt yet remained; and, if that worthy man had a design of forgiving me his share, this must have

been my utmost hope, and the condition in which I must still have found myself need not to be expatiated on. In what light, then, shall I see, in what words shall I relate, the colonel's kindness? O my dear Amelia! he hath removed the whole gloom at once, hath driven all despair out of my mind, and hath filled it with the most sanguine, and, at the same time, the most reasonable hopes of making a comfortable provision for yourself and my dear children. In the first place, then, he will advance me a sum of money to pay off all my debts; and this on a bond to be repaid only when I shall become colonel of a regiment, and not before. In the next place, he is gone this very morning to ask a company for me, which is now vacant in the West Indies; and, as he intends to push this with all his interest, neither he nor I have any doubt of his success. Now, my dear, comes the third, which, though perhaps it ought to give me the greatest joy, such is, I own, the weakness of my nature, it rends my very heartstrings asunder. I cannot mention it, for I know it will give you equal pain; though I know, on all proper occasions, you can exert a manly resolution. You will not, I am convinced, oppose it, whatever you must suffer in complying. O my dear Amelia! I must suffer likewise; yet I have resolved to bear it. You know not what my poor heart hath suffered since he made the proposal. It is love for you alone which could persuade me to submit to it. Consider our situation; consider that of our children; reflect but on those poor babes, whose future happiness is at stake, and it must arm your resolution. It is your interest and theirs that reconciled me to a proposal which, when the colonel first made it, struck me with the utmost horror; he hath, indeed, from these motives, persuaded me into a resolution which I thought impossible for any one to have persuaded me into. O my dear Amelia! let me entreat you to give me up to the good of your children, as I have promised the colonel to give you up to their interest and your own. If you refuse these terms we are still undone, for he insists absolutely upon them. Think, then, my love, however hard they may be, necessity compels us to submit to them. I know in what light a woman, who loves like you, must consider such a proposal; and yet how many instances have you of women who, from the same motives, have submitted to the same!"

"What can you mean, Mr. Booth?" cries Amelia, trembling.

"Need I explain my meaning to you more?" answered Booth.—"Did I not say I must give up my Amelia?"

"Give me up!" said she.

"For a time only, I mean," answered he: "for a short time perhaps. The colonel himself will take care it shall not be long—for I know his heart; I shall scarce have more joy in receiving you back than he will have in restoring you to my arms. In the mean time, he will not only be a father to my children, but a husband to you."

"A husband to me!" said Amelia.

"Yes, my dear; a kind, a fond, a tender, an affectionate husband. If I had not the most certain assurances of this, doth my Amelia think I could be prevailed on to leave her? No, my Amelia, he is the only man on earth who could have prevailed on me; but I know his house, his purse, his protection, will be all at your command. And as for any dislike you have conceived to his wife, let not that be any objection; for I am convinced he will not suffer her to insult you; besides, she is extremely well bred, and, how much soever she may hate you in her heart, she will at least treat you with civility.

"Nay, the invitation is not his, but her's; and I am convinced they will both behave to you with the greatest friendship: his I am sure will be sincere, as to the wife of a friend intrusted to his care; and her's will, from good-breeding, have not only the appearances but the effects of the truest friendship."

"I understand you, my dear, at last," said she (indeed she had rambled into very strange conceits from some parts of his discourse); "and I will give you my resolution in a word—I will do the duty of a wife, and that is, to attend her husband wherever he goes."

Booth attempted to reason with her, but all to no purpose. She gave, indeed, a quiet hearing to all he said, and even to those parts which most displeased her ears; I mean those in which he exaggerated the great goodness and disinterested generosity of his friend; but her resolution remained inflexible, and resisted the force of all his arguments with a steadiness of opposition which it would have been almost excusable in him to have construed into stubbornness.

The doctor arrived in the midst of the dispute; and, having heard the merits of the cause on both sides, delivered his opinion in the following words:

"I have always thought it, my dear children, a matter of the utmost nicety to interfere in any differences between husband and wife; but, since you both desire me with such earnestness to give you my sentiments on the present contest between you, I will give you my thoughts as well as I am able. In the first place, then, can anything be more reasonable than for a wife to desire to attend her husband? It is, as my favourite child observes, no more than a desire to do her duty; and I make no doubt but that is one great reason of her insisting on it. And how can you yourself oppose it? Can love be its own enemy? or can a husband who is fond of his wife, content himself almost on any account with a long absence from her?"

"You speak like an angel, my dear doctor Harrison," answered Amelia: "I am sure, if he loved as tenderly as I do, he could on no account submit to it."

"Pardon me, child," cries the doctor; "there are some reasons which would not only justify his leaving you, but which must force him, if he hath any real love for you, joined with common sense, to make that election. If it was necessary, for instance, either to your good or to the good of your children, he would not deserve the name of a man, I am sure not that of a husband, if he hesitated a moment. Nay, in that case, I am convinced you yourself would be an advocate for what you now oppose. I fancy therefore I mistook him when I apprehended he said that the colonel made his leaving you behind as the condition of getting him the commission; for I know my dear child hath too much goodness, and too much sense, and too much resolution, to prefer any temporary indulgence of her own passions to the solid advantages of her whole family."

"There, my dear!" cries Booth; "I knew what opinion the doctor would be of. Nay, I am certain there is not a wise man in the kingdom who would say otherwise."

"Don't abuse me, young gentleman," said the doctor, "with appellations I don't deserve."

"I abuse you, my dear doctor!" cries Booth.

"Yes, my dear sir," answered the doctor; "you insinuated slyly that I was wise, which, as the world understands the phrase, I should be ashamed of; and my comfort is that no one can accuse me justly

of it. I have just given an instance of the contrary by throwing away my advice."

"I hope, sir," cries Booth, "that will not be the case."

"Yes, sir," answered the doctor. "I know it will be the case in the present instance, for either you will not go at all, or my little turtle here will go with you."

"You are in the right, doctor," cries Amelia.

"I am sorry for it," said the doctor, "for then I assure you you are in the wrong."

"Indeed," cries Amelia, "if you knew all my reasons you would say they were very strong ones."

"Very probably," cries the doctor. "The knowledge that they are in the wrong is a very strong reason to some women to continue so."

"Nay, doctor," cries Amelia, "you shall never persuade me of that. I will not believe that any human being ever did an action merely because they knew it to be wrong."

"I am obliged to you, my dear child," said the doctor, "for declaring your resolution of not being persuaded. Your husband would never call me a wise man again if, after that declaration, I should attempt to persuade you."

"Well, I must be content," cries Amelia, "to let you think as you please."

"That is very gracious, indeed," said the doctor. "Surely, in a country where the church suffers others to think as they please, it would be very hard if they had not themselves the same liberty. And yet, as unreasonable as the power of controlling men's thoughts is represented, I will show you how you should control mine whenever you desire it."

"How, pray?" cries Amelia. "I should greatly esteem that power."

"Why, whenever you act like a wise woman," cries the doctor, "you will force me to think you so; and, whenever you are pleased to act as you do now, I shall be obliged, whether I will or no, to think as I do now."

"Nay, dear doctor," cries Booth, "I am convinced my Amelia will never do anything to forfeit your good opinion. Consider but the cruel hardship of what she is to undergo, and you will make allowances for the difficulty she makes in complying. To say the truth, when I examine my own heart, I have more obligations to her than appear at first sight; for, by obliging me to find arguments to persuade her, she hath assisted me in conquering myself. Indeed, if she had shown more resolution, I should have shown less."

"So you think it necessary, then," said the doctor, "that there should be one fool at least in every married couple. A mighty resolution, truly! and well worth your valuing yourself upon, to part with your wife for a few months in order to make the fortune of her and your children; when you are to leave her, too, in the care and protection of a friend that gives credit to the old stories of friendship, and doth an honour to human nature. What, in the name of goodness! do either of you think that you have made an union to endure for ever? How will either of you bear that separation which must, some time or other, and perhaps very soon, be the lot of one of you? Have you forgot that you are both mortal? As for christianity, I see you have resigned all pretensions to it; for I make no doubt but that you have so set your hearts on the happiness you enjoy here together, that neither of you ever think a word of hereafter."

Amelia now burst into tears; upon which Booth begged the doctor to proceed no farther. Indeed, he would not have wanted the caution; for, how-

ever blunt he appeared in his discourse, he had a tenderness of heart which is rarely found among men; for which I know no other reason than that true goodness is rarely found among them; for I am firmly persuaded that the latter never possessed any human mind in any degree without being attended by as large a portion of the former.

Thus ended the conversation on this subject; what followed is not worth relating, till the doctor carried off Booth with him to take a walk in the Park.

CHAPTER V.

A conversation between Amelia and Dr. Harrison, with the result.

AMELIA, being left alone, began to consider seriously of her condition; she saw it would be very difficult to resist the importunities of her husband, backed by the authority of the doctor, especially as she well knew how unreasonable her declarations must appear to every one who was ignorant of her real motives to persevere in it. On the other hand, she was fully determined, whatever might be the consequence, to adhere firmly to her resolution of not accepting the colonel's invitation.

When she had turned the matter every way in her mind, and vexed and tormented herself with much uneasy reflection upon it, a thought at last occurred to her which immediately brought her some comfort. This was, to make a confidant of the doctor, and to impart to him the whole truth. This method, indeed, appeared to her now to be so advisable, that she wondered she had not hit upon it sooner; but it is the nature of despair to blind us to all the means of safety, however easy and apparent they may be.

Having fixed her purpose in her mind, she wrote a short note to the doctor, in which she acquainted him that she had something of great moment to impart to him, which must be an entire secret from her husband, and begged that she might have an opportunity of communicating it as soon as possible.

Doctor Harrison received the letter that afternoon, and immediately complied with Amelia's request in visiting her. He found her drinking tea with her husband and Mrs. Atkinson, and sat down and joined the company.

Soon after the removal of the tea-table Mrs. Atkinson left the room. The doctor then, turning to Booth, said, "I hope, captain, you have a true sense of the obedience due to the church, though our clergy do not often exact it. However, it is proper to exercise our power sometimes, in order to remind the laity of their duty. I must tell you, therefore, that I have some private business with your wife; and I expect your immediate absence."

"Upon my word, doctor," answered Booth, "no Popish confessor, I firmly believe, ever pronounced his will and pleasure with more gravity and dignity; none therefore was ever more immediately obeyed than you shall be." Booth then quitted the room, and desired the doctor to recall him when his business with the lady was over.

Doctor Harrison promised he would; and then turning to Amelia he said, "Thus far, madam, I have obeyed your commands, and am now ready to receive the important secret which you mention in your note."

Amelia now informed her friend of all she knew, all she had seen and heard, and all that she suspected, of the colonel. The good man seemed greatly shocked at the relation, and remained in a silent astonishment. Upon which Amelia said, "Is villany so rare a thing, sir, that it should so much

surprise you?" "No child," cries he; "but I am shocked at seeing it so artfully disguised under the appearance of so much virtue; and, to confess the truth, I believe my own vanity is a little hurt in having been so grossly imposed upon. Indeed, I had a very high regard for this man; for, besides the great character given him by your husband, and the many facts I have heard so much redounding to his honour, he hath the fairest and most promising appearance I have ever yet beheld. A good face, they say, is a letter of recommendation. O Nature, Nature, why art thou so dishonest as ever to send men with these false recommendations into the world?"

"Indeed, my dear sir, I begin to grow entirely sick of it," cries Amelia; "for sure all mankind almost are villains in their hearts."

"Fie, child!" cries the doctor. "Do not make a conclusion so much to the dishonour of the great Creator. The nature of man is far from being in itself evil; it abounds with benevolence, charity, and pity, coveting praise and honour, and shunning shame and disgrace. Bad education, bad habits, and bad customs, debauch our nature, and drive it headlong as it were into vice. The governors of the world, and I am afraid the priesthood, are answerable for the badness of it. Instead of discouraging wickedness to the utmost of their power, both are too apt to connive at it. In the great sin of adultery, for instance; hath the government provided any law to punish it? or doth the priest take any care to correct it? on the contrary, is the most notorious practice of it any detriment to a man's fortune or to his reputation in the world? doth it exclude him from any preferment in the state, I had almost said in the church? is it any blot in his escutcheon? any bar to his honour? is he not to be found every day in the assemblies of women of the highest quality? in the closets of the greatest men, and even at the tables of bishops? What wonder then if the community in general treat this monstrous crime as matter of jest, and that men give way to the temptations of a violent appetite, when the indulgence of it is protected by law and countenanced by custom? I am convinced there are good stamina in the nature of this very man; for he hath done acts of friendship and generosity to your husband before he could have any evil design on your chastity; and in a christian society, which I no more esteem this nation to be than I do any part of Turkey, I doubt not but this very colonel would have made a worthy and valuable member."

"Indeed, my dear sir," cries Amelia, "you are the wisest as well as best man in the world—"

"Not a word of my wisdom," cries the doctor. "I have not a grain—I am not the least versed in the Chrematistic * art, as an old friend of mine calls it. I know not how to get a shilling, nor how to keep it in my pocket if I had it."

"But you understand human nature to the bottom," answered Amelia; "and your mind is the treasury of all ancient and modern learning."

"You are a little flatterer," cries the doctor; "but I dislike you not for it. And, to show you I don't, I will return your flattery, and tell you you have acted with great prudence in concealing this affair from your husband; but you have drawn me into a scrape; for I have promised to dine with this fellow again to-morrow, and you have made it impossible for me to keep my word."

"Nay, but, dear sir," cries Amelia, "for Heaven's sake take care! If you show any kind of disrespect

to the colonel, my husband may be led into some suspicion—especially after our conference."

"Fear nothing, child. I will give him no hint; and, that I may be certain of not doing it, I will stay away. You do not think, I hope, that I will join in a cheerful conversation with such a man; that I will so far betray my character as to give any countenance to such flagitious proceedings. Besides, my promise was only conditional; and I do not know whether I could otherwise have kept it; for I expect an old friend every day who comes to town twenty miles on foot to see me, whom I shall not part with on any account; for, as he is very poor, he may imagine I treat him with disrespect."

"Well, sir," cries Amelia, "I must admire you and love you for your goodness."

"Must you love me?" cries the doctor. "I could cure you now in a minute if I pleased."

"Indeed, I defy you, sir," said Amelia.

"If I could but persuade you," answered he, "that I thought you not handsome, away would vanish all ideas of goodness in an instant. Confess honestly, would they not?"

"Perhaps I might blame the goodness of your eyes," replied Amelia; "and that is perhaps an honest confession than you expected. But do, pray, sir, be serious, and give me your advice what to do. Consider the difficult game I have to play; for I am sure, after what I have told you, you would not even suffer me to remain under the roof of this colonel."

"No, indeed, would I not," said the doctor, "whilst I have a house of my own to entertain you."

"But how to dissuade my husband," continued she, "without giving him any suspicion of the real cause, the consequences of his guessing at which I tremble to think upon."

"I will consult my pillow upon it," said the doctor; "and in the morning you shall see me again. In the mean time be comforted, and compose the perturbations of your mind."

"Well, sir," said she, "I put my whole trust in you."

"I am sorry to hear it," cries the doctor. "Your innocence may give you a very confident trust in a much more powerful assistance. However, I will do all I can to serve you; and now, if you please, we will call back your husband; for, upon my word, he hath shown a good catholic patience. And where is the honest serjeant and his wife? I am pleased with the behaviour of you both to that worthy fellow, in opposition to the custom of the world; which, instead of being formed on the precepts of our religion to consider each other as brethren, teaches us to regard those who are a degree below us, either in rank or fortune, as a species of beings of an inferior order in the creation."

The captain now returned into the room, as did the serjeant and Mrs. Atkinson; and the two couple, with the doctor, spent the evening together in great mirth and festivity; for the doctor was one of the best companions in the world and a vein of cheerfulness, good humour, and pleasantry, ran through his conversation, with which it was impossible to resist being pleased.

CHAPTER VI.

Containing as surprising an accident as is perhaps recorded in history.

Booth had acquainted the serjeant with the great goodness of colonel James, and with the cheerful prospects which he entertained from it. This Atkinson, behind the curtain, communicated to his wife. The conclusion which she drew from it need scarce be hinted to the reader. She made, indeed,

* The art of getting wealth is so called by Aristotle in his Politics.

no scruple of plainly and bluntly telling her husband that the colonel had a most manifest intention to attack the chastity of Amelia.

This thought gave the poor serjeant great uneasiness, and, after having kept him long awake, tormented him in his sleep with a most horrid dream, in which he imagined that he saw the colonel standing by the bed-side of Amelia, with a naked sword in his hand, and threatened to stab her instantly unless she complied with his desires. Upon this the serjeant started up in his bed, and, catching his wife by the throat, cried out, "D—n you, put up your sword this instant, and leave the room, or by Heaven I'll drive mine to your heart's blood!"

This rough treatment immediately aroused Mrs. Atkinson from her sleep, who no sooner perceived the position of her husband, and felt his hand grasping her throat, than she gave a violent shriek and presently fell into a fit.

Atkinson now waked likewise, and soon became sensible of the violent agitations of his wife. He immediately leaped out of bed, and, running for a bottle of water, began to sprinkle her very plentifully; but all to no purpose: she neither spoke nor gave any symptoms of recovery. Atkinson then began to roar aloud; upon which Booth, who lay under him, jumped from his bed, and ran up with the lighted candle in his hand. The serjeant had no sooner taken the candle than he ran with it to the bed-side. Here he beheld a sight which almost deprived him of his senses. The bed appeared to be all over blood, and his wife weltering in the midst of it. Upon this the serjeant, almost in a frenzy, cried out, "O Heavens! I have killed my wife. I have stabbed her! I have stabbed her!" "What can be the meaning of all this?" said Booth. "O, sir!" cries the serjeant, "I dreamt I was rescuing your lady from the hands of colonel James, and I have killed my poor wife."—Here he threw himself upon the bed by her, caught her in his arms, and behaved like one frantic with despair.

By this time Amelia had thrown on a wrapping-gown, and was come up into the room where the serjeant and his wife were lying on the bed, and Booth standing like a motionless statue by the bed-side. Amelia had some difficulty to conquer the effects of her own surprise on this occasion; for a more ghastly and horrible sight than the bed presented could not be conceived.

Amelia sent Booth to call up the maid of the house, in order to lend her assistance; but before his return Mrs. Atkinson began to come to herself; and soon after, to the inexpressible joy of the serjeant, it was discovered she had no wound. Indeed, the delicate nose of Amelia soon made that discovery, which the grosser smell of the serjeant, and perhaps his fright, had prevented him from making; for now it appeared that the red liquor with which the bed was stained, though it may, perhaps, sometimes run through the veins of a fine lady, was not what is properly called blood, but was, indeed, no other than cherry-brandy, a bottle of which Mrs. Atkinson always kept in her room to be ready for immediate use, and to which she used to apply for comfort in all her afflictions. This the poor serjeant, in his extreme hurry, had mistaken for a bottle of water. Matters were now soon accommodated, and no other mischief appeared to be done, unless to the bed-clothes. Amelia and Booth returned back to their room, and Mrs. Atkinson rose from her bed in order to equip it with a pair of clean sheets.

And thus this adventure would have ended without producing any kind of consequence, had not

the words which the serjeant uttered in his frenzy made some slight impression on Booth; so much, at least, as to awaken his curiosity; so that in the morning when he arose he sent for the serjeant, and desired to hear the particulars of this dream, since Amelia was concerned in it.

The serjeant at first seemed unwilling to comply, and endeavoured to make excuses. This, perhaps, increased Booth's curiosity, and he said, "Nay, I am resolved to hear it. Why, you simpleton, do you imagine me weak enough to be affected by a dream, however terrible it may be?"

"Nay, sir," cries the serjeant, "as for that matter, dreams have sometimes fallen out to be true. One of my own, I know, did so, concerning your honour; for, when you courted my young lady, I dreamt you was married to her; and yet it was at a time when neither I myself, nor any of the country, thought you would ever obtain her. But Heaven forbid this dream should ever come to pass!"

"Why, what was this dream?" cries Booth. "I insist on knowing."

"To be sure, sir," cries the serjeant, "I must not refuse you; but I hope you will never think any more of it. Why then, sir, I dreamt that your honour was gone to the West Indies, and had left my lady in the care of colonel James; and last night I dreamt the colonel came to my lady's bed-side, offering to ravish her, and with a drawn sword in his hand, threatening to stab her that moment unless she would comply with his desires. How I came to be by I know not; but I dreamt I rushed upon him, caught him by the throat, and swore I would put him to death unless he instantly left the room. Here I waked, and this was my dream. I never paid any regard to a dream in my life—but, indeed, I never dreamt anything so very plain as this. It appeared downright reality. I am sure I have left the marks of my fingers in my wife's throat. I would not have taken a hundred pound to have used her so."

"Faith," cries Booth, "it was an odd dream and not so easily to be accounted for as that you had formerly of my marriage; for, as Shakspeare says, *dreams denote a forgone conclusion*. Now it is impossible you should ever have thought of any such matter as this."

"However, sir," cries the serjeant, "it is in your honour's power to prevent any possibility of this dream's coming to pass, by not leaving my lady to the care of the colonel; if you must go from her, certainly there are other places where she may be with great safety; and, since my wife tells me that my lady is so very unwilling, whatever reasons she may have, I hope your honour will oblige her."

"Now I recollect it," cries Booth, "Mrs. Atkinson hath once or twice dropped some disrespectful words of the colonel. He hath done something to disoblige her."

"He hath indeed, sir," replied the serjeant: "he hath said that of her which she doth not deserve, and for which, if he had not been my superior officer, I would have cut both his ears off. Nay, for that matter, he can speak ill of other people besides her."

"Do you know, Atkinson," cries Booth, very gravely, "that you are talking of the dearest friend I have?"

"To be honest then," answered the serjeant, "I do not think so. If I did, I should love him much better than I do."

"I must and will have this explained," cries Booth. "I have too good an opinion of you, Atkinson, to think you would drop such things as you have without some reason—and I will know it."

"I am sorry I have dropped a word," cries Atkinson. "I am sure I did not intend it; and your honour hath drawn it from me unawares."

"Indeed, Atkinson," cries Booth, "you have made me very uneasy, and I must be satisfied."

"Then, sir," said the serjeant, "you shall give me your word of honour, or I will be cut into ten thousand pieces before I will mention another syllable."

"What shall I promise?" said Booth.

"That you will not resent anything I shall lay to the colonel," answered Atkinson.

"Resent!—Well, I give you my honour," said Booth.

The serjeant made him bind himself over and over again, and then related to him the scene which formerly passed between the colonel and himself, as far as concerned Booth himself; but concealed all that more immediately related to Amelia.

"Atkinson," cries Booth, "I cannot be angry with you, for I know you love me, and I have many obligations to you; but you have done wrong in censuring the colonel for what he said of me. I deserved all that he said, and his censures proceeded from his friendship."

"But it was not so kind, sir," said Atkinson, "to say such things to me who am but a serjeant, and at such a time too."

"I will hear no more," cries Booth. "Be assured you are the only man I would forgive on this occasion; and I forgive you only on condition you never speak a word more of this nature. This silly dream hath intoxicated you."

"I have done, sir," cries the serjeant. "I know my distance, and whom I am to obey; but I have one favour to beg of your honour, never to mention a word of what I have said to my lady; for I know she never would forgive me; I know she never would, by what my wife hath told me. Besides, you need not mention it, sir, to my lady, for she knows it all already, and a great deal more."

Booth presently parted from the serjeant, having desired him to close his lips on this occasion, and repaired to his wife, to whom he related the serjeant's dream.

Amelia turned as white as snow, and fell into so violent a trembling that Booth plainly perceived her emotion, and immediately partook of it himself. "Sure, my dear," said he, staring wildly, "there is more in this than I know. A silly dream could not so discompose you. I beg you, I entreat you to tell me—hath ever colonel James—"

At the very mention of the colonel's name Amelia fell on her knees, and begged her husband not to frighten her.

"What do I say, my dear love," cried Booth, "that can frighten you?"

"Nothing, my dear," said she; "but my spirits are so discomposed with the dreadful scene I saw last night, that a dream, which at another time I should have laughed at, hath shocked me. Do but promise me that you will not leave me behind you, and I am easy."

"You may be so," cries Booth, "for I will never deny you anything. But make me easy too. I must know if you have seen anything in colonel James to displease you."

"Why should you suspect it?" cries Amelia.

"You torment me to death," cries Booth. "By Heavens! I will know the truth. Hath he ever said or done anything which you dislike?"

"How, my dear," said Amelia, "can you imagine I should dislike a man who is so much your friend? Think of all the obligations you have to

him, and then you may easily resolve yourself. Do you think, because I refuse to stay behind you in his house, that I have any objection to him? No, my dear, had he done a thousand times more than he hath—was he an angel instead of a man, I would not quit my Billy. There's the score, my dear—there's the misery, to be left by you."

Booth embraced her with the most passionate raptures, and, looking on her with inexpressible tenderness, cried, "Upon my soul, I am not worthy of you: I am a fool, and yet you cannot blame me. If the stupid miser hoards, with such care, his worthless treasure—if he watches it with such anxiety—if every apprehension of another's sharing the least part fills his soul with such agonies—O Amelia! what must be my condition, what terrors must I feel, while I am watching over a jewel of such real, such inestimable worth!"

"I can, with great truth, return the compliment," cries Amelia. "I have my treasure too; and am so much a miser, that no force shall ever tear me from it."

"I am ashamed of my folly," cries Booth; "and yet it is all from extreme tenderness. Nay, you yourself are the occasion. Why will you ever attempt to keep a secret from me? Do you think I should have resented to my friend his just censure of my conduct?"

"What censure, my dear love?" cries Amelia.

"Nay, the serjeant hath told me all," cries Booth—"nay, and that he hath told it to you. Poor soul! thou couldst not endure to hear me accused, though never so justly, and by so good a friend. Indeed, my dear, I have discovered the cause of that resentment to the colonel which you could not hide from me. I love you, I adore you for it; indeed, I could not forgive a slighting word on you. But, why do I compare things so unlike?—what the colonel said of me was just and true; every reflection on my Amelia must be false and villanous."

The discernment of Amelia was extremely quick, and she now perceived what had happened, and how much her husband knew of the truth. She resolved therefore to humour him, and fell severely on colonel James for what he had said to the serjeant, which Booth endeavoured all he could to soften; and thus ended this affair, which had brought Booth to the very brink of a discovery which must have given him the highest torment, if it had not produced any of those tragical effects which Amelia apprehended.

CHAPTER VII.

In which the author appears to be master of that profound learning called the knowledge of the town.

MRS. JAMES now came to pay a morning's visit to Amelia. She entered the room with her usual gaiety, and, after a slight preface, addressing herself to Booth, said she had been quarrelling with her husband on his account. "I know not," said she, "what he means by thinking of sending you the Lord knows whither. I have insisted on his asking something for you nearer home; and it would be the hardest thing in the world if he should not obtain it. Are we resolved never to encourage merit, but to throw away all our preferments on those who do not deserve them? What a set of contemptible wretches do we see strutting about the town in scarlet!"

Booth made a very low bow, and modestly spoke in disparagement of himself. To which she answered, "Indeed, Mr. Booth, you have merit; I have heard it from my brother, who is a judge of those matters, and I am sure cannot be suspected of flattery. He is your friend as well as myself;

and we will never let Mr. James rest till he hath got you a commission in England."

Booth bowed again, and was offering to speak, but she interrupted him, saying, "I will have no thanks, nor no fine speeches; if I can do you any service I shall think I am only paying the debt of friendship to my dear Mrs. Booth."

Amelia, who had long since forgot the dislike she had taken to Mrs. James at her first seeing her in town, had attributed it to the right cause, and had begun to resume her former friendship for her, expressed very warm sentiments of gratitude on this occasion. She told Mrs. James she should be eternally obliged to her if she could succeed in her kind endeavours; for that the thoughts of parting again with her husband had given her the utmost concern. "Indeed," added she, "I cannot help saying he hath some merit in the service, for he hath received two dreadful wounds in it, one of which very greatly endangered his life; and I am convinced, if his pretensions were backed with any interest, he would not fail of success."

"They shall be backed with interest," cries Mrs. James, "if my husband hath any. He hath no favour to ask for himself, nor for any other friend that I know of; and, indeed, to grant a man his just due ought hardly to be thought a favour. Resume your old gaiety, therefore, my dear Emily. Lord! I remember the time when you was much the gayer creature of the two. But you make an arrant mope of yourself by confining yourself at home—one never meets you anywhere. Come, you shall go with me to the lady Betty Castleton's."

"Indeed, you must excuse me, my dear," answered Amelia, "I do not know lady Betty."

"Not know lady Betty! how is that possible?—but no matter, I will introduce you. She keeps a morning rout; hardly a rout, indeed; a little bit of a drum—only four or five tables. Come, take your capuchin; you positively shall go. Booth, you shall go with us too. Though you are with your wife, another woman will keep you in countenance."

"La! child," cries Amelia, "how you rattle!"

"I am in spirits," answered Mrs. James, "this morning; for I won four rubbers together last night; and betted the things, and won almost every bet. I am in luck, and we will contrive to be partners—Come."

"Nay, child, you shall not refuse Mrs. James," said Booth.

"I have scarce seen my children to-day," answered Amelia. "Besides, I mortally detest cards."

"Detest cards!" cries Mrs. James. "How can you be so stupid? I would not live a day without them—nay, indeed, I do not believe I should be able to exist. Is there so delightful a sight in the world as the four honours in one's own hand, unless it be three natural aces at brag?—And you really hate cards?"

"Upon reflection," cries Amelia, "I have sometimes had great pleasure in them—in seeing my children build houses with them. My little boy is so dexterous that he will sometimes build up the whole pack."

"Indeed, Booth," cries Mrs. James, "this good woman of yours is strangely altered since I knew her first; but she will always be a good creature."

"Upon my word, my dear," cries Amelia, "you are altered too very greatly; but I doubt not to live to see you alter again, when you come to have as many children as I have."

"Children!" cries Mrs. James; "you make me shudder. How can you envy me the only circumstance which makes matrimony comfortable?"

"Indeed, my dear," said Amelia, "you injure me; for I envy no woman's happiness in marriage." At these words such looks passed between Booth and his wife as, to a sensible by-stander, would have made all the airs of Mrs. James appear in the highest degree contemptible, and would have rendered herself the object of compassion. Nor could that lady avoid looking a little silly on the occasion.

Amelia now, at the earnest desire of her husband, accoutred herself to attend her friend; but first she insisted on visiting her children, to whom she gave several hearty kisses, and then, recommending them to the care of Mrs. Atkinson, she and her husband accompanied Mrs. James to the rout; where few of my fine readers will be displeased to make part of the company.

The two ladies and Booth then entered an apartment beset with card-tables, like the rooms at Bath and Tunbridge. Mrs. James immediately introduced her friends to lady Betty, who received them very civilly, and presently engaged Booth and Mrs. James in a party at whist; for, as to Amelia, she so much declined playing, that as the party could be filled without her, she was permitted to sit by.

And now, who should make his appearance but the noble peer of whom so much honourable mention hath already been made in this history? He walked directly up to Amelia, and addressed her with as perfect a confidence as if he had not been in the least conscious of having in any manner displeased her; though the reader will hardly suppose that Mrs. Ellison had kept anything a secret from him.

Amelia was not, however, so forgetful. She made him a very distant curtesy, would scarce vouchsafe an answer to anything he said, and took the first opportunity of shifting her chair and retiring from him.

Her behaviour, indeed, was such that the peer plainly perceived that he should get no advantage by pursuing her any farther at present. Instead, therefore, of attempting to follow her, he turned on his heel and addressed his discourse to another lady, though he could not avoid often casting his eyes towards Amelia as long as she remained in the room.

Fortune, which seems to have been generally no great friend to Mr. Booth, gave him no extraordinary marks of her favour at play. He lost two full rubbers, which cost five guineas; after which, Amelia, who was uneasy at his lordship's presence, begged him in a whisper to return home; with which request he directly complied.

Nothing, I think, remarkable happened to Booth, unless the renewal of his acquaintance with an officer whom he had known abroad, and who made one of his party at the whist-table.

The name of this gentleman, with whom the reader will hereafter be better acquainted, was Trent. He had formerly been in the same regiment with Booth, and there was some intimacy between them. Captain Trent expressed great delight in meeting his brother officer, and both mutually promised to visit each other.

The scenes which had passed the preceding night and that morning had so confused Amelia's thoughts, that, in the hurry in which she was carried off by Mrs. James, she had entirely forgot her appointment with Dr. Harrison. When she was informed at her return home that the doctor had been to wait upon her, and had expressed some anger at her being gone out, she became greatly uneasy, and begged her husband to go to the doctor's lodgings and make her apology.

But, lest the reader should be as angry with the

doctor as he had declared himself with Amelia, we think proper to explain the matter. Nothing then was farther from the doctor's mind than the conception of any anger towards Amelia. On the contrary, when the girl answered him that her mistress was not at home, the doctor said with great good humour, "How! not at home! then tell your mistress she is a giddy vagabond, and I will come to see her no more till she sends for me." This the poor girl, from misunderstanding one word, and half forgetting the rest, had construed into great passion, several very bad words, and a declaration that he would never see Amelia any more.

CHAPTER VIII.

In which two strangers make their appearance.

Booth went to the doctor's lodgings, and found him engaged with his country friend and his son, a young gentleman who was lately in orders; both whom the doctor had left to keep his appointment with Amelia.

After what we mentioned at the end of the last chapter we need take little notice of the apology made by Booth, or the doctor's reception of it, which was in his peculiar manner. "Your wife," said he, "is a vain hussy to think herself worth my anger; but tell her I have the vanity myself to think I cannot be angry without a better cause. And yet tell her I intend to punish her for her levity; for, if you go abroad, I have determined to take her down with me into the country, and make her do penance there till you return."

"Dear sir," said Booth, "I know not how to thank you if you are in earnest."

"I assure you then I am in earnest," cries the doctor; "but you need not thank me, however, since you know not how."

"But would not that, sir," said Booth, "be showing a slight to the colonel's invitation? and you know I have so many obligations to him."

"Don't tell me of the colonel," cries the doctor; "the church is to be first served. Besides, sir, I have priority of right, even to yourself. You stole my little lamb from me; for I was her first love."

"Well, sir," cries Booth, "if I should be so unhappy to leave her to any one, she must herself determine; and, I believe, it will not be difficult to guess where her choice will fall; for of all men, next to her husband, I believe, none can contend with Dr. Harrison in her favour."

"Since you say so," cries the doctor, "fetch her hither to dinner with us; for I am at least so good a Christian to love those that love me—I will show you my daughter, my old friend, for I am really proud of her—and you may bring my grand-children with you if you please."

Booth made some compliments, and then went on his errand. As soon as he was gone the old gentleman said to the doctor, "Pray, my good friend, what daughter is this of yours? I never so much as heard that you was married."

"And what then," cries the doctor; "did you ever hear that a pope was married? and yet some of them have had sons and daughters, I believe; but, however, this young gentleman will absolve me without obliging me to penance."

"I have not yet that power," answered the young clergyman; "for I am only in deacon's orders."

"Are you not?" cries the doctor; "why then I will absolve myself. You are to know, then, my good friend, that this young lady was the daughter of a neighbour of mine, who is since dead, and whose sins, I hope, are forgiven; for she had too much to answer for on her child's account. Her father was

my intimate acquaintance and friend; a worthier man, indeed, I believe, never lived. He died suddenly when his children were infants; and, perhaps, to the suddenness of his death it was owing that he did not recommend any care of them to me. However, I, in some measure, took that charge upon me; and particularly of her whom I call my daughter. Indeed, as she grew up she discovered so many good qualities that she wanted not the remembrance of her father's merit to recommend her. I do her no more than justice when I say she is one of the best creatures I ever knew. She hath a sweetness of temper, a generosity of spirit, an openness of heart—in a word, she hath a true Christian disposition. I may call her an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile."

"I wish you joy of your daughter," cries the old gentleman; "for, to a man of your disposition, to find out an adequate object of your benevolence is, I acknowledge, to find a treasure."

"It is, indeed, a happiness," cries the doctor.

"The greatest difficulty," added the gentleman, "which persons of your turn of mind meet with, is in finding proper objects for their goodness; for nothing sure can be more irksome to a generous mind than to discover that it hath thrown away all its good offices on a soil that bears no other fruit than ingratitude."

"I remember," cries the doctor, "Phocylides saith,

*Μὴ κακὸν εὖ ἔρξης· σπείρειν ἴσον ἐστ' ἐνὶ πόντῳ.**

But he speaks more like a philosopher than a Christian. I am more pleased with a French writer, one of the best, indeed, that I ever read, who blames men for lamenting the ill return which is so often made to the best offices.† A true Christian can never be disappointed if he doth not receive his reward in this world; the labourer might as well complain that he is not paid his hire in the middle of the day."

"I own, indeed," said the gentleman, "if we see it in that light—"

"And in what light should we see it?" answered the doctor. "Are we like Agrippa, only almost Christians? or, is Christianity a matter of bare theory, and not a rule for our practice?"

"Practical, undoubtedly; undoubtedly practical," cries the gentleman. "Your example might indeed have convinced me long ago that we ought to do good to every one."

"Pardon me, father," cries the young divine, "that is rather a heathenish than a Christian doctrine. Homer, I remember, introduces in his Iliad one Axylus, of whom he says,—

—Φίλος δ' ἦν ἀνθρώποισι·

Πάντας γὰρ φιλεῖσκεν.‡

But Plato, who, of the heathens, came nearest to the Christian philosophy, condemned this as impious doctrine; so Eustathius tells us, folio 474."

"I know he doth," cries the doctor, "and so Barnes tells us, in his note upon the place; but if you remember the rest of the quotation as well as you do that from Eustathius, you might have added the observation which Mr. Dryden makes in favour of this passage, that he found not, in all the Latin authors, so admirable an instance of extensive humanity. You might have likewise remembered the noble sentiment with which Mr. Barnes ends his note, the sense of which is taken from the fifth chapter of Matthew:—

* To do a kindness to a bad man is like sowing your seed in the sea.

† D'Esprit.

‡ He was a friend to mankind, for he loved them all.

—ὅς καὶ φάος ἡλίσιον
Μίγδ' ἀγαθοῖσι κακοῖσι τ' ἐπ' ἀνδράσιν ἔξανασίλλει.

"It seems, therefore, as if this character rather became a christian than a heathen, for Homer could not have transcribed it from any of his deities. Whom is it, therefore, we imitate by such extensive benevolence?"

"What a prodigious memory you have!" cries the old gentleman: "indeed, son, you must not contend with the doctor in these matters."

"I shall not give my opinion hastily," cries the son. "I know, again, what Mr. Poole, in his annotations, says on that verse of St. Matthew—That it is only to *heap coals of fire upon their heads*. How are we to understand, pray, the text immediately preceding?—*Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you.*"

"You know, I suppose, young gentleman," said the doctor, "how these words are generally understood. The commentator you mention, I think, tells us that love is not here to be taken in the strict sense, so as to signify the complacency of the heart; you may hate your enemies as God's enemies, and seek due revenge of them for his honour; and, for your own sakes too, you may seek moderate satisfaction of them; but then you are to love them with a love consistent with these things; that is to say, in plainer words, you are to love them and hate them, and bless and curse, and do them good and mischief."

"Excellent! admirable!" said the old gentleman; "you have a most inimitable turn to ridicule."

"I do not approve ridicule," said the son, "on such subjects."

"Nor I neither," cries the doctor; "I will give you my opinion, therefore, very seriously. The two verses taken together contain a very positive precept, delivered in the plainest words, and yet illustrated by the clearest instance in the conduct of the Supreme Being; and lastly, the practice of this precept is most nobly enforced by the reward annexed—that *ye may be the children*, and so forth. No man who understands what it is to love, and to bless, and to do good, can mistake the meaning. But if they required any comment, the scripture itself affords enow. *If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; not rendering evil for evil or railing for railing, but contrariwise, blessing.* They do not, indeed, want the comments of men, who, when they cannot bend their minds to the obedience of scripture, are desirous to wrest scripture to a compliance with their own inclinations."

"Most nobly and justly observed," cries the old gentleman. "Indeed, my good friend, you have explained the text with the utmost perspicuity."

"But if this be the meaning," cries the son, "there must be an end of all law and justice, for I do not see how any man can prosecute his enemy in a court of justice."

"Pardon me, sir," cries the doctor. "Indeed, as an enemy merely, and from a spirit of revenge, he cannot, and he ought not to prosecute him; but as an offender against the laws of his country he may, and it is his duty so to do. Is there any spirit of revenge in the magistrates or officers of justice when they punish criminals? Why do such, ordinarily I mean, concern themselves in inflicting punishments, but because it is their duty? and why may not a private man deliver an offender into the hands of justice from the same laudable motive? Revenge, indeed, of all kinds, is strictly prohibited; wherefore, as we are not to execute it with our own hands, so neither are we to make use of the law as the instrument of private malice, and to worry each other with inveteracy and rancour. And where is the

great difficulty in obeying this wise, this generous, this noble precept? If revenge be, as a certain divine, not greatly to his honour, calls it, the most luscious morsel the devil ever dropped into the mouth of a sinner, it must be allowed at least to cost us often extremely dear. It is a dainty, if indeed it be one, which we come at with great inquietude, with great difficulty, and with great danger. However pleasant it may be to the palate while we are feeding on it, it is sure to leave a bitter relish behind it; and so far, indeed, it may be called a luscious morsel, that the most greedy appetites are soon glutted, and the most eager longing for it is soon turned into loathing and repentance. I allow there is something tempting in its outward appearance, but it is like the beautiful colour of some poisons, from which, however they may attract our eyes, a regard to our own welfare commands us to abstain. And this is an abstinence to which wisdom alone, without any divine command, hath been often found adequate, with instances of which the Greek and Latin authors everywhere abound. May not a christian, therefore, be well ashamed of making a stumbling-block of a precept which is not only consistent with his worldly interest, but to which so noble an incentive is proposed?"

The old gentleman fell into raptures at this speech, and, after making many compliments to the doctor upon it, he turned to his son, and told him he had an opportunity now of learning more in one day than he had learned at the university in a twelvemonth.

The son replied, that he allowed the doctrine to be extremely good in general, and that he agreed with the greater part; "but I must make a distinction," said he. However, he was interrupted from his distinction at present, for now Booth returned with Amelia and the children.

CHAPTER IX.

A scene of modern wit and humour.

IN the afternoon the old gentleman proposed a walk to Vauxhall, a place of which, he said, he had heard much, but had never seen it.

The doctor readily agreed to his friend's proposal, and soon after ordered two coaches to be sent for to carry the whole company. But when the servant was gone for them Booth acquainted the doctor that it was yet too early. "Is it so?" said the doctor; "why, then, I will carry you first to one of the greatest and highest entertainments in the world."

The children pricked up their ears at this, nor did any of the company guess what he meant; and Amelia asked what entertainment he could carry them to at that time of day?

"Suppose," says the doctor, "I should carry you to court."

"At five o'clock in the afternoon!" cries Booth.

"Ay, suppose I should have interest enough to introduce you into the presence?"

"You are jesting, dear sir," cries Amelia.

"Indeed, I am serious," answered the doctor. "I will introduce you into that presence, compared to whom the greatest emperor on the earth is many millions of degrees meaner than the most contemptible reptile is to him. What entertainment can there be to a rational being equal to this? Was not the taste of mankind most wretchedly depraved, where would the vain man find an honour, or where would the love of pleasure propose so adequate an object as divine worship? with what ecstasy must the contemplation of being admitted to such a presence fill the mind! The pitiful courts of princes are open to few, and to those only at particular seasons; but from this glorious and gracious presence we are none of us, and at no time excluded."

The doctor was proceeding thus when the servant returned, saying the coaches were ready; and the whole company with the greatest alacrity attended the doctor to St James's church.

When the service was ended, and they were again got into their coaches, Amelia returned the doctor many thanks for the light in which he had placed divine worship, assuring him that she had never before had so much transport in her devotion as at this time, and saying she believed she should be the better for this notion he had given her as long as she lived.

The coaches being come to the water-side, they all alighted, and, getting into one boat, proceeded to Vauxhall.

The extreme beauty and elegance of this place is well known to almost every one of my readers; and happy is it for me that it is so, since to give an adequate idea of it would exceed my power of description. To delineate the particular beauties of these gardens would, indeed, require as much pains, and as much paper too, as to rehearse all the good actions of their master, whose life proves the truth of an observation which I have read in some ethic writer, that a truly elegant taste is generally accompanied with an excellency of heart; or, in other words, that true virtue is, indeed, nothing else but true taste.

Here our company diverted themselves with walking an hour or two before the music began. Of all the seven, Booth alone had ever been here before; so that, to all the rest, the place, with its other charms, had that of novelty. When the music played, Amelia, who stood next to the doctor, said to him in a whisper, "I hope I am not guilty of profaneness; but, in pursuance of that cheerful chain of thoughts with which you have inspired me this afternoon, I was just now lost in a reverie, and fancied myself in those blissful mansions which we hope to enjoy hereafter. The delicious sweetness of the place, the enchanting charms of the music, and the satisfaction which appears in every one's countenance, carried my soul almost to heaven in its ideas. I could not have, indeed, imagined there had been anything like this in this world."

The doctor smiled, and said, "You see, dear madam, there may be pleasures of which you could conceive no idea till you actually enjoyed them."

And now the little boy, who had long withstood the attractions of several cheesecakes that passed to and fro, could contain no longer, but asked his mother to give him one, saying, "I am sure my sister would be glad of another, though she is ashamed to ask." The doctor, overhearing the child, proposed that they should all retire to some place where they might sit down and refresh themselves; which they accordingly did. Amelia now missed her husband; but, as she had three men in her company, and one of them was the doctor, she concluded herself and her children to be safe, and doubted not but that Booth would soon find her out.

They now sat down, and the doctor very gallantly desired Amelia to call for what she liked. Upon which the children were supplied with cakes, and some ham and chicken were provided for the rest of the company; with which while they were regaling themselves with the highest satisfaction, two young fellows walking arm-in-arm, came up, and when they came opposite to Amelia they stood still, staring Amelia full in the face, and one of them cries aloud to the other, "D—n me, My lord, if she is not an angel!"—My lord stood still, staring likewise at her, without speaking a word; when two others of the same gang came up, and one of them cried,

"Come along, Jack, I have seen her before; but she is too well manned already. Three — are enough for one woman, or the devil is in it!"

"D—n me," says he that spoke first, and whom they called Jack, "I will have a brush at her if she belonged to the whole convocation." And so saying, he went up to the young clergyman, and cried, "Doctor, sit up a little, if you please, and don't take up more room in a bed than belongs to you." At which words he gave the young man a push, and seated himself down directly over against Amelia, and, leaning both his elbows on the table, he fixed his eyes on her in a manner with which modesty can neither look nor bear to be looked at.

Amelia seemed greatly shocked at this treatment; upon which the doctor removed her within him, and then, facing the gentleman, asked him what he meant by this rude behaviour?—Upon which my lord stepped up and said, "Don't be impertinent, old gentleman. Do you think such fellows as you are to keep, d—n me, such fine wenches, d—n me, to yourselves, d—n me?"

"No, no," cries Jack, "the old gentleman is more reasonable. Here's the fellow that eats up the tiche-pig. Don't you see how his mouth waters at her? Where's your slabbering bib?" For, though the gentleman had rightly guessed he was a clergyman, yet he had not any of those insignia on with which it would have been improper to have appeared there.

"Such boys as you," cries the young clergyman, "ought to be well whipped at school, instead of being suffered to become nuisances in society."

"Boys, sir!" says Jack; "I believe I am as good a man as yourself, Mr. —, and as good a scholar too. *Bos fur sus quotque sacerdos.* Tell me what's next. D—n me, I'll hold you fifty pounds you don't tell me what's next."

"You have him, Jack," cries my lord. "It is over with him, d—n me! he can't strike another blow."

"If I had you in a proper place," cries the clergyman, "you should find I would strike a blow, and a pretty hard one too."

"There," cries my lord, "there is the meekness of the clergyman—there spoke the wolf in sheep's clothing. D—n me, how big he looks! You must be civil to him, faith! or else he will burst with pride."

"Ay, ay," cries Jack, "let the clergy alone for pride; there's not a lord in the kingdom now hath half the pride of that fellow."

"Pray, sir," cries the doctor, turning to the other, "are you a lord?"

"Yes, Mr. —," cries he, "I have that honour, indeed."

"And I suppose you have pride too," said the doctor.

"I hope I have, sir," answered he, "at your service."

"If such a one as you, sir," cries the doctor, "who are not only a scandal to the title you bear as a lord, but even as a man, can pretend to pride, why will you not allow it to a clergyman? I suppose, sir, by your dress, you are in the army; and, by the ribbon in your hat, you seem to be proud of that too. How much greater and more honourable is the service in which that gentleman is enlisted than yours! Why then should you object to the pride of the clergy, since the lowest of the function is in reality every way so much your superior?"

"Tida Tidu Tidum," cries my lord.

"However, gentlemen," cries the doctor, "if you have the least pretension to that name, I beg you will put an end to your frolic; since you see it

gives so much uneasiness to the lady. Nay, I entreat you for your own sakes, for here is one coming who will talk to you in a very different style from ours."

"One coming!" cries my lord; "what care I who is coming?"

"I suppose it is the devil," cries Jack; "for here are two of his livery servants already."

"Let the devil come as soon as he will," cries my lord; "d—n me if I have not a kiss!"

Amelia now fell a trembling; and her children, perceiving her fright, both hung on her, and began to cry; when Booth and captain Trent both came up.

Booth, seeing his wife disordered, asked eagerly what was the matter? At the same time the lord and his companion, seeing captain Trent, whom they well knew, said both together, "What, doth this company belong to you?" When the doctor, with great presence of mind, as he was apprehensive of some fatal consequence if Booth should know what had passed, said, "So, Mr. Booth, I am glad you are returned; your poor lady here began to be frightened out of her wits. But now you have him again," said he to Amelia, "I hope you will be easy."

Amelia, frightened as she was, presently took the hint, and greatly chid her husband for leaving her. But the little boy was not so quick-sighted, and cried, "Indeed, papa, those naughty men there have frightened my mamma out of her wits."

"How!" cries Booth, a little moved; "frightened! Hath any one frightened you, my dear?"

"No, my love," answered she, "nothing. I know not what the child means. Everything is well now I see you safe."

Trent had been all the while talking aside with the young sparks; and now, addressing himself to Booth, said, "Here hath been some little mistake; I believe my lord mistook Mrs. Booth for some other lady."

"It is impossible," cries my lord, "to know every one. I am sure, if I had known the lady to be a woman of fashion, and an acquaintance of captain Trent, I should have said nothing disagreeable to her; but, if I have, I ask her pardon, and the company's."

"I am in the dark," cries Booth. "Pray what is all this matter?"

"Nothing of any consequence," cries the doctor, "nor worth your inquiring into. You hear it was a mistake of the person, and I really believe his lordship that all proceeded from his not knowing to whom the lady belonged."

"Come, come," says Trent, "there is nothing in the matter, I assure you. I will tell you the whole another time."

"Very well; since you say so," cries Booth, "I am contented." So ended the affair, and the two sparks made their congee, and sneaked off.

"Now they are gone," said the young gentleman, "I must say I never saw two worse-bred jackanapes, nor fellows that deserved to be kicked more. If I had had them in another place I would have taught them a little more respect to the church."

"You took rather a better way," answered the doctor, "to teach them that respect."

Booth now desired his friend Trent to sit down with them, and proposed to call for a fresh bottle of wine; but Amelia's spirits were too much disconcerted to give her any prospect of pleasure that evening. She therefore laid hold of the pretence of her children, for whom she said the hour was already too late; with which the doctor agreed. So they paid their reckoning and departed, leaving to the two rakes the triumph of havin totally dissipated

the mirth of this little innocent company, who were before enjoying complete satisfaction.

CHAPTER X.

A curious conversation between the doctor, the young clergyman, and the young clergyman's father.

THE next morning, when the doctor and his two friends were at breakfast, the young clergyman, in whose mind the injurious treatment he had received the evening before was very deeply impressed, renewed the conversation on that subject.

"It is a scandal," said he, "to the government, that they do not preserve more respect to the clergy, by punishing all rudeness to them with the utmost severity. It was very justly observed of you, sir," said he to the doctor, "that the lowest clergyman in England is in real dignity superior to the highest nobleman. What then can be so shocking as to see that gown, which ought to entitle us to the veneration of all we meet, treated with contempt and ridicule? Are we not, in fact, ambassadors from heaven to the world? and do they not, therefore, in denying us our due respect, deny it in reality to Him that sent us!"

"If that be the case," says the doctor, "it behoves them to look to themselves; for He who sent us is able to exact most severe vengeance for the ill treatment of his ministers."

"Very true, sir," cries the young one; "and I heartily hope He will; but those punishments are at too great a distance to infuse terror into wicked minds. The government ought to interfere with its immediate censures. Fines and imprisonments and corporal punishments operate more forcibly on the human mind than all the fears of damnation."

"Do you think so?" cries the doctor; "then I am afraid men are very little in earnest in those fears."

"Most justly observed," says the old gentleman. "Indeed, I am afraid that is too much the case."

"In that," said the son, "the government is to blame. Are not books of infidelity, treating our holy religion as a mere imposture, nay, sometimes as a mere jest, published daily, and spread abroad amongst the people with perfect impunity?"

"You are certainly in the right," says the doctor; "there is a most blameable remissness with regard to these matters; but the whole blame doth not lie there; some little share of the fault is, I am afraid, to be imputed to the clergy themselves."

"Indeed, sir," cries the young one, "I did not expect that charge from a gentleman of your cloth. Do the clergy give any encouragement to such books? Do they not, on the contrary, cry loudly out against the suffering them? This is the invidious aspersion of the laity; and I did not expect to hear it confirmed by one of our own cloth."

"Be not too impatient, young gentleman," said the doctor. "I do not absolutely confirm the charge of the laity; it is much too general and too severe; but even the laity themselves do not attack them in that part to which you have applied your defence. They are not supposed such fools as to attack that religion to which they owe their temporal welfare. They are not taxed with giving any other support to infidelity than what it draws from the ill examples of their lives; I mean of the lives of some of them. Here too the laity carry their censures too far; for there are very few or none of the clergy whose lives, if compared with those of the laity, can be called profligate; but such, indeed, is the perfect purity of our religion, such is the innocence and virtue which it exacts to entitle us to its glorious rewards and to screen us from its dreadful punishments, that he must be a very good man indeed

who lives up to it. Thus then these persons argue. This man is educated in a perfect knowledge of religion, is learned in its laws, and is by his profession obliged, in a manner, to have them always before his eyes. The rewards which it promises to the obedience of these laws are so great, and the punishments threatened on disobedience so dreadful, that it is impossible but all men must fearfully fly from the one, and as eagerly pursue the other. If, therefore, such a person lives in direct opposition to, and in a constant breach of, these laws, the inference is obvious. There is a pleasant story in Matthew Paris, which I will tell you as well as I can remember it. Two young gentlemen, I think they were priests, agreed together that whosoever died first should return and acquaint his friend with the secrets of the other world. One of them died soon after, and fulfilled his promise. The whole relation he gave is not very material; but, among other things, he produced one of his hands, which Satan had made use of to write upon, as the moderns do on a card, and had sent his compliments to the priests for the number of souls which the wicked examples of their lives daily sent to hell. This story is the more remarkable as it was written by a priest, and a great favourer of his order."

"Excellent!" cried the old gentleman; "what a memory you have!"

"But, sir," cries the young one, "a clergyman is a man as well as another; and, if such perfect purity be expected—"

"I do not expect it," cries the doctor; "and I hope it will not be expected of us. The scripture itself gives us this hope, where the best of us are said to fall twenty times a-day. But sure we may not allow the practice of any of those grosser crimes which contaminate the whole mind. We may expect an obedience to the ten commandments, and an abstinence from such notorious vices as, in the first place, Avarice, which, indeed, can hardly subsist without the breach of more commandments than one. Indeed, it would be excessive candour to imagine that a man who so visibly sets his whole heart, not only on this world, but on one of the most worthless things in it (for so is money, without regard to its uses), should be, at the same time, laying up his treasure in heaven. Ambition is a second vice of this sort: we are told we cannot serve God and Mammon. I might have applied this to avarice; but I chose rather to mention it here. When we see a man sneaking about in courts and levees, and doing the dirty work of great men, from the hopes of preferment, can we believe that a fellow whom we see to have so many hard taskmasters upon earth ever thinks of his Master which is in heaven? Must he not himself think, if ever he reflects at all, that so glorious a master will disdain and disown a servant who is the dutiful tool of a court-favourite, and employed either as a pimp of his pleasure, or sometimes, perhaps, made a dirty channel to assist in the conveyance of that corruption which is clogging up and destroying the very vitals of his country?"

"The last vice which I shall mention is Pride. There is not in the universe a more ridiculous nor a more contemptible animal than a proud clergyman; a turkey-cock or a jackdaw are objects of veneration when compared with him. I don't mean, by Pride, that noble dignity of mind to which goodness can only administer an adequate object, which delights in the testimony of its own conscience, and could not, without the highest agonies, bear its condemnation. By Pride I mean that saucy passion which exults in every little eventual

pre-eminence over other men: such are the ordinary gifts of nature, and the paltry presents of fortune, wit, knowledge, birth, strength, beauty, riches, titles, and rank. That passion which is ever aspiring, like a silly child, to look over the heads of all about them; which, while it servilely adheres to the great, flies from the poor, as if afraid of contamination; devouring greedily every murmur of applause and every look of admiration; pleased and elated with all kind of respect; and hurt and inflamed with the contempt of the lowest and most despicable of fools, even with such as treated you last night disrespectfully at Vauxhall. Can such a mind as this be fixed on things above? Can such a man reflect that he hath the ineffable honour to be employed in the immediate service of his great Creator? or can he please himself with the heart-warming hope that his ways are acceptable in the sight of that glorious, that incomprehensible Being?"

"Hear, child, hear," cries the old gentleman; "hear, and improve your understanding. Indeed, my good friend, no one retires from you without carrying away some good instructions with him. Learn of the doctor, Tom, and you will be the better man as long as you live."

"Undoubtedly, sir," answered Tom, "the doctor hath spoken a great deal of excellent truth; and, without a compliment to him, I was always a great admirer of his sermons, particularly of their oratory. But,

Nec tamen hoc tribuens dederim quoque cætera.

I cannot agree that a clergyman is obliged to put up with an affront any more than another man, and more especially when it is paid to the order."

"I am very sorry, young gentleman," cries the doctor, "that you should be ever liable to be affronted as a clergyman; and I do assure you, if I had known your disposition formerly, the order should never have been affronted through you."

The old gentleman now began to check his son for his opposition to the doctor, when a servant delivered the latter a note from Amelia, which he read immediately to himself, and it contained the following words:

"MY DEAR SIR,—Something hath happened since I saw you which gives me great uneasiness, and I beg the favour of seeing you as soon as possible to advise with you upon it. I am your most obliged and dutiful daughter,

"AMELIA BOOTH."

The doctor's answer was, that he would wait on the lady directly; and then, turning to his friend, he asked him if he would not take a walk in the Park before dinner. "I must go," says he, "to the lady who was with us last night; for I am afraid, by her letter, some bad accident hath happened to her. Come, young gentleman, I spoke a little too hastily to you just now; but I ask your pardon. Some allowance must be made to the warmth of your blood. I hope we shall, in time, both think alike."

The old gentleman made his friend another compliment; and the young one declared he hoped he should always think, and act too, with the dignity becoming his cloth. After which the doctor took his leave for a while, and went to Amelia's lodgings.

As soon as he was gone the old gentleman fell very severely on his son. "Tom," says he, "how can you be such a fool to undo, by your perverseness, all that I have been doing? Why will you not learn to study mankind with the attention which I have employed to that purpose? Do you think, if I had affronted this obstinate old fellow as you do, I should ever have engaged his friendship?"

"I cannot help it, sir," said Tom: "I have not studied six years at the university to give up my

sentiments to every one. It is true, indeed, he put together a set of sounding words; but, in the main, I never heard any one talk more foolishly."

"What of that?" cries the father; "I never told you he was a wise man, nor did I ever think him so. If he had any understanding, he would have been a bishop long ago, to my certain knowledge. But, indeed, he hath been always a fool in private life; for I question whether he is worth 100% in the world more than his annual income. He hath given away above half his fortune to the Lord knows who. I believe I have had above 200% of him, first and last; and would you lose such a milch-cow as this for want of a few compliments? Indeed, Tom, thou art as great a simpleton as himself. How do you expect to rise in the church if you cannot temporise and give in to the opinions of your superiors?"

"I don't know, sir," cries Tom, "what you mean by my superiors. In one sense, I own, a doctor of divinity is superior to a bachelor of arts, and so far I am ready to allow his superiority; but I understand Greek and Hebrew as well as he, and will maintain my opinion against him, or any other in the schools."

"Tom," cries the old gentleman, "till thou gettest the better of thy conceit I shall never have any hopes of thee. If thou art wise, thou wilt think every man thy superior of whom thou canst get any thing; at least thou wilt persuade him that thou thinkest so, and that is sufficient. Tom, Tom, thou hast no policy in thee."

"What have I been learning these seven years," answered he, "in the university? However, father, I can account for your opinion. It is the common failing of old men to attribute all wisdom to themselves. Nestor did it long ago: but, if you will inquire my character at college, I fancy you will not think I want to go to school again."

The father and son then went to take their walk, during which the former repeated many good lessons of policy to his son, not greatly perhaps to his edification. In truth, if the old gentleman's fondness had not in a great measure blinded him to the imperfections of his son, he would have soon perceived that he was sowing all his instructions in a soil so choked with self-conceit that it was utterly impossible they should ever bear any fruit.

BOOK X. CHAPTER I.

To which we will not prefix a preface.

THE doctor found Amelia alone, for Booth was gone to walk with his new-revived acquaintance, captain Trent, who seemed so pleased with the renewal of his intercourse with his old brother-officer, that he had been almost continually with him from the time of their meeting at the drum.

Amelia acquainted the doctor with the purport of her message, as follows: "I ask your pardon, my dear sir, for troubling you so often with my affairs; but I know your extreme readiness, as well as ability, to assist any one with your advice. The fact is, that my husband hath been presented by colonel James with two tickets for a masquerade, which is to be in a day or two, and he insists so strongly on my going with him, that I really do not know how to refuse without giving him some reason; and I am not able to invent any other than the true one, which you would not, I am sure, advise me to communicate to him. Indeed I had a most narrow escape the other day; for I was almost drawn in inadvertently by a very strange accident, to acquaint him with the whole matter." She then related the serjeant's dream with all the consequences that attended it.

The doctor considered a little with himself, and then said, "I am really, child, puzzled as well as you about this matter. I would by no means have you go to the masquerade; I do not indeed like the diversion itself, as I have heard it described to me; not that I am such a prude to suspect every woman who goes there of any evil intentions; but it is a pleasure of too loose and disorderly a kind for the recreation of a sober mind. Indeed, you have still a stronger and more particular objection. I will try myself to reason him out of it."

"Indeed it is impossible," answered she; "and therefore I would not set you about it. I never saw him more set on anything. There is a party, as they call it, made on the occasion; and he tells me my refusal will disappoint all."

"I really do not know what to advise you," cries the doctor; "I have told you I do not approve of these diversions; but yet, as your husband is so very desirous, I cannot think there will be any harm in going with him. However, I will consider of it, and do all in my power for you."

Here Mrs. Atkinson came in, and the discourse on this subject ceased; but soon after Amelia renewed it, saying there was no occasion to keep any thing a secret from her friend. They then fell to debating on the subject, but could not come to any resolution. But Mrs. Atkinson, who was in an unusual flow of spirits, cried out, "Fear nothing, my dear Amelia, two women surely will be too hard for one man. I think, doctor, it exceeds Virgil:

Una dolo divum si fœmina victa duorum est."

"Very well repeated, indeed!" cries the doctor. Do you understand all Virgil as well as you seem to do that line?"

"I hope I do, sir," said she, "and Horace too; or else my father threw away his time to very little purpose in teaching me."

"I ask your pardon, madam," cries the doctor. "I own it was an impertinent question."

"Not at all, sir," says she; "and if you are one of those who imagine women incapable of learning, I shall not be offended at it. I know the common opinion; but

Interdum vulgus rectum videt, est ubi peccat."

"If I was to profess such an opinion, madam," said the doctor, "madam Dacier and yourself would bear testimony against me. The utmost indeed that I should venture would be to question the utility of learning in a young lady's education."

"I own," said Mrs. Atkinson, "as the world is constituted, it cannot be as serviceable to her fortune as it will be to that of a man; but you will allow, doctor, that learning may afford a woman, at least, a reasonable and an innocent entertainment."

"But I will suppose," cries the doctor, "it may have its inconveniences. As, for instance, if a learned lady should meet with an unlearned husband, might she not be apt to despise him?"

"I think not," cries Mrs. Atkinson—"and, if I may be allowed the instance, I think I have shown, myself, that women who have learning themselves can be contented without that qualification in a man."

"To be sure," cries the doctor, "there may be other qualifications which may have their weight in the balance. But let us take the other side of the question, and suppose the learned of both sexes to meet in the matrimonial union, may it not afford one excellent subject of disputation, which is the most learned?"

"Not at all," cries Mrs. Atkinson; "for, if they had both learning and good sense, they would soon see on which side the superiority lay."

"But if the learned man," said the doctor, "should

be a little unreasonable in his opinion, are you sure that the learned woman would preserve her duty to her husband, and submit?"

"But why," cries Mrs. Atkinson, "must we necessarily suppose that a learned man would be unreasonable?"

"Nay, madam," said the doctor, "I am not your husband; and you shall not hinder me from supposing what I please. Surely it is not such a paradox to conceive that a man of learning should be unreasonable. Are there no unreasonable opinions in very learned authors, even among the critics themselves? For instance, what can be a more strange, and indeed unreasonable opinion, than to prefer the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid to the *Æneid* of Virgil?"

"It would be indeed so strange," cries the lady, "that you shall not persuade me it was ever the opinion of any man."

"Perhaps not," cries the doctor; "and I believe you and I should not differ in our judgments of any person who maintained such an opinion—What a taste must he have!"

"A most contemptible one indeed," cries Mrs. Atkinson.

"I am satisfied," cries the doctor. "And, in the words of your own Horace, *Verbum non amplius addam*."

"But how provoking is this," cries Mrs. Atkinson, "to draw one in in such a manner! I protest I was so warm in the defence of my favourite Virgil, that I was not aware of your design; but all your triumph depends on a supposition that one should be so unfortunate as to meet with the silliest fellow in the world."

"Not in the least," cries the doctor. "Doctor Bentley was not such a person; and yet he would have quarrelled, I am convinced, with any wife in the world, in behalf of one of his corrections. I don't suppose he would have given up his *Ingentia Fata* to an angel."

"But do you think," said she, "if I had loved him, I would have contended with him?"

"Perhaps you might sometimes," said the doctor, "be of these sentiments; but you remember your own Virgil—*Varium et mutabile semper fœmina*."

"Nay, Amelia," said Mrs. Atkinson, "you are now concerned as well as I am; for he hath now abused the whole sex, and quoted the severest thing that ever was said against us, though I allow it is one of the finest."

"With all my heart, my dear," cries Amelia. "I have the advantage of you however, for I don't understand him."

"Nor doth she understand much better than yourself," cries the doctor; "or she would not admire nonsense, even though in Virgil."

"Pardon me, sir," said she.

"And pardon me, madam," cries the doctor, with a feigned seriousness; "I say, a boy in the fourth form at Eton would be whipped, or would deserve to be whipped at least, who made the neuter gender agree with the feminine. You have heard, however, that Virgil left his *Æneid* incorrect; and, perhaps, had he lived to correct it, we should not have seen the faults we now see in it."

"Why, it is very true as you say, doctor," cries Mrs. Atkinson; "there seems to be a false concord. I protest I never thought of it before."

"And yet this is the Virgil," answered the doctor, "that you are so fond of, who hath made you all of the neuter gender; or, as we say in English, he hath made mere animals of you; for, if we translate it thus,

Woman is a various and changeable animal,

there will be no fault, I believe, unless in point of civility to the ladies."

Mrs. Atkinson had just time to tell the doctor he was a provoking creature, before the arrival of Booth and his friend put an end to that learned discourse, in which neither of the parties had greatly recommended themselves to each other; the doctor's opinion of the lady being not at all heightened by her progress in the classics, and she, on the other hand, having conceived a great dislike in her heart towards the doctor, which would have raged, perhaps, with no less fury from the consideration that he had been her husband.

CHAPTER II.

What happened at the masquerade.

FROM this time to the day of the masquerade nothing happened of consequence enough to have a place in this history.

On that day colonel James came to Booth's about nine in the evening, where he staid for Mrs. James, who did not come till near eleven. The four masques then set out together in several chairs, and all proceeded to the Haymarket.

When they arrived at the Opera-house the colonel and Mrs. James presently left them; nor did Booth and his lady remain long together, but were soon divided from each other by different masques.

A domino soon accosted the lady, and had her away to the upper end of the farthest room on the right hand, where both the masques sat down; nor was it long before the he domino began to make very fervent love to the she. It would, perhaps, be tedious to the reader to run through the whole process, which was not indeed in the most romantic style. The lover seemed to consider his mistress as a mere woman of this world, and seemed rather to apply to her avarice and ambition than to her softer passions.

As he was not so careful to conceal his true voice as the lady was, she soon discovered that this lover of her's was no other than her old friend the peer, and presently a thought suggested itself to her of making an advantage of this accident. She gave him therefore an intimation that she knew him, and expressed some astonishment at his having found her out. "I suspect," says she, "my lord, that you have a friend in the woman where I now lodge, as well as you had in Mrs. Ellison." My lord protested the contrary. To which she answered, "Nay, my lord, do not defend her so earnestly till you are sure I should have been angry with her."

At these words, which were accompanied with a very bewitching softness, my lord flew into raptures rather too strong for the place he was in. These the lady gently checked, and begged him to take care they were not observed; for that her husband, for aught she knew, was then in the room.

Colonel James came now up, and said, "So, madam, I have the good fortune to find you again; I have been extremely miserable since I lost you." The lady answered in her masquerade voice that she did not know him. "I am colonel James," said he in a whisper. "Indeed, sir," answered she, "you are mistaken; I have no acquaintance with any colonel James." "Madam," answered he, in a whisper likewise, "I am positive I am not mistaken, you are certainly Mrs. Booth." "Indeed, sir," said she, "you are very impertinent, and I beg you will leave me." My lord then interposed, and, speaking in his own voice, assured the colonel that the lady was a woman of quality, and that they were engaged in a conversation together; upon which the colonel

asked the lady's pardon; for, as there was nothing remarkable in her dress, he really believed he had been mistaken.

He then went again a hunting through the rooms, and soon after found Booth walking without his mask between two ladies, one of whom was in a blue domino, and the other in the dress of a shepherdess. "Will," cries the colonel, "do you know what is become of our wives; for I have seen neither of them since we have been in the room?" Booth answered, "That he supposed they were both together, and they should find them by and by." "What!" cries the lady in the blue domino, "are you both come upon duty then with your wives? as for yours, Mr. Alderman," said she to the colonel, "I make no question but she is got into much better company than her husband's." "How can you be so cruel, madam?" said the shepherdess; "you will make him beat his wife by and by, for he is a military man I assure you." "In the train bands, I presume," cries the domino, "for he is plainly dated from the city." "I own, indeed," cries the other, "the gentleman smells strongly of Thames-street, and, if I may venture to guess, of the honourable calling of a tailor."

"Why, what the devil hast thou picked up here?" cries James.

"Upon my soul, I don't know," answered Booth; "I wish you would take one of them at least."

"What say you, madam?" cries the domino, "will you go with the colonel? I assure you you have mistaken your man, for he is no less a person than the great colonel James himself."

"No wonder, then, that Mr. Booth gives him his choice of us; it is the proper office of a caterer, in which capacity Mr. Booth hath, I am told, the honour to serve the noble colonel."

"Much good may it do you with your ladies!" said James; "I will go in pursuit of better game." At which words he walked off.

"You are a true sportsman," cries the shepherdess; "for your only pleasure, I believe, lies in the pursuit."

"Do you know the gentleman, madam?" cries the domino.

"Who doth not know him?" answered the shepherdess.

"What is his character?" cries the domino; "for, though I have jested with him, I only know him by sight."

"I know nothing very particular in his character," cries the shepherdess. "He gets every handsome woman he can, and so they do all."

"I suppose then he is not married?" said the domino.

"O yes! and married for love too," answered the other; "but he hath loved away all his love for her long ago, and now, he says, she makes as fine an object of hatred. I think, if the fellow ever appears to have any wit, it is when he abuses his wife; and, luckily for him, that is his favourite topic. I don't know the poor wretch, but, as he describes her, it is a miserable animal."

"I know her very well," cries the other; "and I am much mistaken if she is not even with him; but hang him! what is become of Booth?"

At this instant a great noise arose near that part where the two ladies were. This was occasioned by a large assembly of young fellows whom they call bucks, who were got together, and were enjoying, as the phrase is, a letter, which one of them had found in the room.

Curiosity hath its votaries among all ranks of people; whenever therefore an object of this appears

it is as sure of attracting a crowd in the assemblies of the polite as in those of their inferiors.

When this crowd was gathered together, one of the bucks, at the desire of his companions, as well as of all present, performed the part of a public orator, and read out the following letter, which we shall give the reader, together with the comments of the orator himself, and of all his audience.

The orator then, being mounted on a bench, began as follows:

"Here beginneth the first chapter of — saint — Pox on't, Jack, what is the saint's name? I have forgot."

"Timothy, you blockhead," answered another; "— Timothy."

"Well, then cries the orator, "of Saint Timothy."

"SIR—I am very sorry to have any occasion of writing on the following subject in a country that is honoured with the name of christian; much more am I concerned to address myself to a man whose many advantages, derived both from nature and fortune, should demand the highest return of gratitude to the great Giver of all those good things. Is not such a man guilty of the highest ingratitude to that most beneficent Being, by a direct and avowed disobedience of his most positive laws and commands?"

"I need not tell you that adultery is forbid in the laws of the decalogue; nor need I, I hope, mention that it is expressly forbid in the New Testament."

"You see, therefore," said the orator, "what the law is, and therefore none of you will be able to plead ignorance when you come to the Old Bailey in the other world. But here goes again:—

"If it had not been so expressly forbidden in scripture, still the law of Nature would have yielded light enough for us to have discovered the great horror and atrociousness of this crime."

"And accordingly we find that nations, where the sun of righteousness hath yet never shined, have punished the adulterer with the most exemplary pains and penalties; not only the polite heathens, but the most barbarous nations, have concurred in these; in many places the most severe and shameful corporal punishments, and in some, and those not a few, death itself hath been inflicted on this crime."

"And sure in a human sense there is scarce any guilt which deserves to be more severely punished. It includes in it almost every injury and every mischief which one man can do to, or can bring on, another. It is robbing him of his property—"

"Mind that, ladies," said the orator; "you are all the property of your husbands.—And of that property which, if he is a good man, he values above all others. It is poisoning that fountain whence he hath a right to derive the sweetest and most innocent pleasure, the most cordial comfort, the most solid friendship, and most faithful assistance in all his affairs, wants, and distresses. It is the destruction of his peace of mind, and even of his reputation. The ruin of both wife and husband, and sometimes of the whole family, are the probable consequence of this fatal injury. Domestic happiness is the end of almost all our pursuits, and the common reward of all our pains. When men find themselves for ever barred from this delightful fruition, they are lost to all industry, and grow careless of all their worldly affairs. Thus they become bad subjects, bad relations, bad friends, and bad men. Hatred and revenge are the wretched passions which boil in their minds. Despair and madness very commonly ensue, and murder and suicide often close the dreadful scene."

"Thus, gentlemen and ladies, you see the scene

is closed. So here ends the first act—and thus begins the second:—

“I have here attempted to lay before you a picture of this vice, the horror of which no colours of mine can exaggerate. But what pencil can delineate the horrors of that punishment which the scripture denounces against it?”

“And for what will you subject yourself to this punishment? or for what reward will you inflict all this misery on another? I will add, on your friends? for the possession of a woman; for the pleasure of a moment? But, if neither virtue nor religion can restrain your inordinate appetites, are there not many women as handsome as your friend's wife, whom, though not with innocence, you may possess with a much less degree of guilt? what motive then can thus hurry you on to the destruction of yourself and your friend? doth the peculiar rankness of the guilt add any zest to the sin? doth it enhance the pleasure as much as we may be assured it will the punishment?”

“But if you can be so lost to all sense of fear, and of shame, and of goodness, as not to be debarred by the evil which you are to bring on yourself, by the extreme baseness of the action, nor by the ruin in which you are to involve others, let me still urge the difficulty, I may say, the impossibility of the success. You are attacking a fortress on a rock; a chastity so strongly defended, as well by a happy natural disposition of mind as by the strongest principles of religion and virtue, implanted by education and nourished and improved by habit, that the woman must be invincible even without that firm and constant affection of her husband which would guard a much looser and worse-disposed heart. What therefore are you attempting but to introduce distrust, and perhaps disunion, between an innocent and a happy couple, in which too you cannot succeed without bringing, I am convinced, certain destruction on your own head?”

“Desist, therefore, let me advise you, from this enormous crime; retreat from the vain attempt of climbing a precipice which it is impossible you should ever ascend, where you must probably soon fall into utter perdition, and can have no other hope but of dragging down your best friend into perdition with you.

“I can think of but one argument more, and that, indeed, a very bad one; you throw away that time in an impossible attempt, which might, in other places, crown your sinful endeavours with success.”

“And so ends the dismal ditty.”

“D—n me,” cries one, “did ever mortal hear such d—ned stuff?”

“Upon my soul,” said another, “I like the last argument well enough. There is some sense in that; for d—n me if I had not rather go to D—g—ss at any time than to follow a virtuous b—— for a fortnight.”

“Tom,” says one of them, “let us set the ditty to music; let us subscribe to have it set by Handel; it will make an excellent oratorio.”

“D—n me, Jack,” says another, “we'll have it set to a psalm-tune, and we'll sing it next Sunday at St. James's church, and I'll bear a bob, d—n me.”

“Fie upon it! gentlemen, fie upon it!” said a friar, who came up; “do you think there is any wit and humour in this ribaldry; or, if there were, would it make any atonement for abusing religion and virtue?”

“Heyday!” cries one, “this is a friar in good earnest.”

“Whatever I am,” said the friar, “I hope at least you are what you appear to be. Heaven forbid,

for the sake of our posterity, that you should be gentlemen.”

“Jack,” cries one, “let us toss the friar in a blanket.”

“Me in a blanket?” said the friar: “by the dignity of man, I will twist the neck of every one of you as sure as ever the neck of a dunghill-cock was twisted.” At which words he pulled off his masque, and the tremendous majesty of colonel Bath appeared, from which the bucks fled away as fast as the Trojans heretofore from the face of Achilles. The colonel did not think it worth while to pursue any other of them except him who had the letter in his hand, which the colonel desired to see, and the other delivered, saying it was very much at his service.

The colonel being possessed of the letter, retired as privately as he could, in order to give it a careful perusal; for, badly as it had been read by the orator, there were some passages in it which had pleased the colonel. He had just gone through it when Booth passed by him; upon which the colonel called to him, and, delivering him the letter, bid him put it in his pocket and read it at his leisure. He made many encomiums upon it, and told Booth it would be of service to him, and was proper for all young men to read.

Booth had not yet seen his wife; but, as he concluded she was safe with Mrs. James, he was not uneasy. He had been prevented searching farther after her by the lady in the blue domino, who had joined him again. Booth had now made these discoveries: that the lady was pretty well acquainted with him, that she was a woman of fashion, and that she had a particular regard for him. But, though he was a gay man, he was in reality so fond of his Amelia that he thought of no other woman; wherefore, though not absolutely a Joseph, as we have already seen, yet could he not be guilty of premeditated inconstancy. He was indeed so very cold and insensible to the hints which were given him, that the lady began to complain of his dulness. When the shepherdess again came up and heard this accusation against him, she confirmed it, saying, “I do assure you, madam, he is the dullest fellow in the world. Indeed, I should almost take you for his wife, by finding you a second time with him; for I do assure you the gentleman very seldom keeps any other company.” “Are you so well acquainted with him, madam?” said the domino. “I have had that honour longer than your ladyship, I believe,” answered the shepherdess. “Possibly you may, madam,” cries the domino; “but I wish you would not interrupt us at present, for we have some business together.” “I believe, madam,” answered the shepherdess, “my business with the gentleman is altogether as important as yours; and therefore your ladyship may withdraw if you please.” “My dear ladies,” cries Booth, “I beg you will not quarrel about me.” “Not at all,” answered the domino; “since you are so indifferent, I resign my pretensions with all my heart. If you had not been the dullest fellow upon earth, I am convinced you must have discovered me.” She then went off, muttering to herself that she was satisfied the shepherdess was some wretched creature whom nobody knew.

The shepherdess overheard the sarcasm, and answered it by asking Booth what contemptible wretch he had picked up? “Indeed, madam,” said he, “you know as much of her as I do; she is a masquerade acquaintance like yourself.” “Like me!” repeated she. “Do you think if this had been our first acquaintance I should have wasted so much time with you as I have? for your part, indeed, I believe a woman will get very little advantage by

her having been formerly intimate with you." "I do not know, madam," said Booth, "that I deserve that character any more than I know the person that now gives it me." "And you have the assurance then," said she in her own voice, "to affect not to remember me?" "I think," cries Booth, "I have heard that voice before; but, upon my soul, I do not recollect it." "Do you recollect," said she, "no woman that you have used with the highest barbarity—I will not say ingratitude?" "No, upon my honour," answered Booth. "Mention not honour," said she, "thou wretch! for, hardened as thou art, I could show thee a face that, in spite of thy consummate impudence, would confound thee with shame and horror. Dost thou not yet know me?" "I do, madam, indeed," answered Booth, "and I confess that of all women in the world you have the most reason for what you said."

Here a long dialogue ensued between the gentleman and the lady, whom, I suppose, I need not mention to have been Miss Matthews; but, as it consisted chiefly of violent upbraidings on her side, and excuses on his, I despair of making it entertaining to the reader, and shall therefore return to the colonel, who, having searched all the rooms with the utmost diligence, without finding the woman he looked for, began to suspect that he had before fixed on the right person, and that Amelia had denied herself to him, being pleased with her paramour, whom he had discovered to be the noble peer.

He resolved, therefore, as he could have no sport himself, to spoil that of others; accordingly he found out Booth, and asked him again what was become of both their wives; for that he had searched all over the rooms, and could find neither of them.

Booth was now a little alarmed at this account, and, parting with Miss Matthews, went along with the colonel in search of his wife. As for Miss Matthews, he had at length pacified her with a promise to make her a visit; which promise she extorted from him, swearing bitterly, in the most solemn manner, unless he made it to her, she would expose both him and herself at the masquerade.

As he knew the violence of the lady's passions, and to what heights they were capable of rising, he was obliged to come in to these terms; for he had, I am convinced, no fear upon earth equal to that of Amelia's knowing what it was in the power of Miss Matthews to communicate to her, and which, to conceal from her, he had already undergone so much uneasiness.

The colonel led Booth directly to the place where he had seen the peer and Amelia (such he was now well convinced she was) sitting together. Booth no sooner saw her than he said to the colonel, "Sure that is my wife in conversation with that masque?" "I took her for your lady myself," said the colonel; "but I found I was mistaken. Hark ye, that is my lord —, and I have seen that very lady with him all this night."

This conversation passed at a little distance, and out of the hearing of the supposed Amelia; when Booth, looking stedfastly at the lady, declared with an oath that he was positive the colonel was in the right. She then beckoned to him with her fan; upon which he went directly to her, and she asked him to go home, which he very readily consented to. The peer then walked off; the colonel went in pursuit of his wife, or of some other woman; and Booth and his lady repaired in two chairs to their lodgings.

CHAPTER III.

Consequences of the masquerade, not uncommon nor surprising.

THE lady, getting first out of her chair, ran hastily up into the nursery to the children; for such was

Amelia's constant method at her return home, at whatever hour. Booth then walked into the dining-room, where he had not been long before Amelia came down to him, and, with a most cheerful countenance, said, "My dear, I fancy we have neither of us supped; shall I go down and see whether there is any cold meat in the house?"

"For yourself, if you please," answered Booth; "but I shall eat nothing."

"How, my dear!" said Amelia; "I hope you have not lost your appetite at the masquerade;" for supper was a meal at which he generally ate very heartily.

"I know not well what I have lost," said Booth; "I find myself disordered.—My head aches. I know not what is the matter with me."

"Indeed, my dear, you frighten me," said Amelia; "you look, indeed, disordered. I wish the masquerade had been far enough before you had gone thither."

"Would to Heaven it had!" cries Booth; "but that is over now. But pray, Amelia, answer me one question,—Who was that gentleman with you when I came up to you?"

"The gentleman! my dear," said Amelia; "what gentleman?"

"The gentleman—the nobleman—when I came up; sure I speak plain."

"Upon my word, my dear, I don't understand you," answered she; "I did not know one person at the masquerade."

"How!" said he; "what! spend the whole evening with a masque without knowing him?"

"Why, my dear," said she, "you know we were not together."

"I know we were not," said he, "but what is that to the purpose? Sure you answer me strangely. I know we were not together; and therefore I ask you whom you were with?"

"Nay, but, my dear," said she, "can I tell people in masques?"

"I say again, madam," said he, "would you converse two hours or more with a masque whom you did not know?"

"Indeed, child," says she, "I know nothing of the methods of a masquerade; for I never was at one in my life."

"I wish to Heaven you had not been at this!" cries Booth. "Nay, you will wish so yourself if you tell me truth.—What have I said? do I—can I suspect you of not speaking truth? Since you are ignorant then I will inform you: the man you have conversed with was no other than lord —."

"And is that the reason," said she, "you wish I had not been there?"

"And is not that reason," answered he, "sufficient? Is he not the last man upon earth with whom I would have you converse?"

"So you really wish then that I had not been at the masquerade?"

"I do," cried he, "from my soul."

"So may I ever be able," cried she, "to indulge you in every wish as in this.—I was not there."

"Do not trifle, Amelia," cried he; "you would not jest with me if you knew the situation of my mind."

"Indeed I do not jest with you," said she. "Upon my honour I was not there. Forgive me this first deceit I ever practised, and indeed it shall be the last; for I have paid severely for this by the uneasiness it hath given me." She then revealed to him the whole secret, which was this:

I think it hath been already mentioned in some part of this history that Amelia and Mrs. Atkinson were exactly of the same make and stature, and that there was likewise a very near resemblance between their voices. When Mrs. Atkinson, therefore, found

that Amelia was so extremely averse to the masquerade, she proposed to go thither in her stead, and to pass upon Booth for his own wife.

This was afterwards very easily executed; for, when they left Booth's lodgings, Amelia, who went last to her chair, ran back to fetch her mask, as she pretended, which she had purposely left behind. She then whipped off her domino, and threw it over Mrs. Atkinson, who stood ready to receive it, and ran immediately down stairs, and, stepping into Amelia's chair, proceeded with the rest to the masquerade.

As her stature exactly suited that of Amelia, she had very little difficulty to carry on the imposition; for, besides the natural resemblance of their voices, and the opportunity of speaking in a feigned one, she had scarce an intercourse of six words with Booth during the whole time; for the moment they got into the crowd she took the first opportunity of slipping from him. And he, as the reader may remember, being seized by other women, and concluding his wife to be safe with Mrs. James, was very well satisfied, till the colonel set him upon the search, as we have seen before.

Mrs. Atkinson, the moment she came home, ran up stairs to the nursery, where she found Amelia, and told her in haste that she might very easily carry on the deceit with her husband; for that she might tell him what she pleased to invent, as they had not been a minute together during the whole evening.

Booth was no sooner satisfied that his wife had not been from home that evening than he fell into raptures with her, gave a thousand tender caresses, blamed his own judgment, acknowledged the goodness of hers, and vowed never to oppose her will more in any one instance during his life.

Mrs. Atkinson, who was still in the nursery with her masquerade dress, was then summoned down stairs, and, when Booth saw her and heard her speak in her mimic tone, he declared he was not surprised at his having been imposed upon, for that, if they were both in the same disguise, he should scarce be able to discover the difference between them.

They then sat down to half an hour's cheerful conversation, after which they retired all in the most perfect good-humour.

CHAPTER IV.

Consequences of the masquerade.

WHEN Booth rose in the morning he found in his pocket that letter which had been delivered to him by colonel Bath, which, had not chance brought to his remembrance, he might possibly have never recollected.

He had now, however, the curiosity to open the letter, and, beginning to read it, the matter of it drew him on till he perused the whole; for, notwithstanding the contempt cast upon it by those learned critics the bucks, neither the subject nor the manner in which it was treated was altogether contemptible.

But there was still another motive which induced Booth to read the whole letter, and this was, that he presently thought he knew the hand. He did, indeed, immediately conclude it was Dr. Harrison; for the doctor wrote a very remarkable one, and this letter contained all the particulars of the doctor's character.

He had just finished a second reading of this letter when the doctor himself entered the room. The good man was impatient to know the success of Amelia's stratagem, for he bore towards her all

that love which esteem can create in a good mind, without the assistance of those selfish considerations from which the love of wives and children may be ordinarily deduced. The latter of which, Nature, by very subtle and refined reasoning, suggests to us to be part of our dear selves; and the former, as long as they remain the objects of our liking, that same Nature is furnished with very plain and fertile arguments to recommend to our affections. But to raise that affection in the human breast which the doctor had for Amelia, Nature is forced to use a kind of logic which is no more understood by a bad man than Sir Isaac Newton's doctrine of colours is by one born blind. And yet in reality it contains nothing more abstruse than this, that an injury is the object of anger, danger of fear, and praise of vanity; for in the same simple manner it may be asserted that goodness is the object of love.

The doctor inquired immediately for his child (for so he often called Amelia); Booth answered that he had left her asleep, for that she had had but a restless night. "I hope she is not disordered by the masquerade," cries the doctor. Booth answered he believed she would be very well when she waked. "I fancy," said he, "her gentle spirits were a little too much fluttered last night; that is all."

"I hope, then," said the doctor, "you will never more insist on her going to such places, but know your own happiness in having a wife that hath the discretion to avoid those places; which, though perhaps they may not be as some represent them, such brothels of vice and debauchery as would impeach the character of every virtuous woman who was seen at them, are certainly, however, scenes of riot, disorder, and intemperance, very improper to be frequented by a chaste and sober Christian matron."

Booth declared that he was very sensible of his error, and that, so far from soliciting his wife to go to another masquerade, he did not intend ever to go thither any more himself.

The doctor highly approved the resolution; and then Booth said, "And I thank you, my dear friend, as well as my wife's discretion, that she was not at the masquerade last night." He then related to the doctor the discovery of the plot; and the good man was greatly pleased with the success of the stratagem, and that Booth took it in such good part.

"But, sir," says Booth, "I had a letter given me by a noble colonel there, which is written in a hand so very like yours, that I could almost swear to it. Nor the style, as far as I can guess, unlike your own. Here it is, sir. Do you own the letter, doctor, or do you not?"

The doctor took the letter, and, having looked at it a moment, said, "And did the colonel himself give you this letter?"

"The colonel himself," answered Booth.

"Why then," cries the doctor, "he is surely the most impudent fellow that the world ever produced. What! did he deliver it with an air of triumph?"

"He delivered it me with air enough," cries Booth, "after his own manner, and bid me read it for my edification. To say the truth, I am a little surprised that he should single me out of all mankind to deliver the letter to; I do not think I deserve the character of such a husband. It is well I am not so very forward to take an affront as some folks."

"I am glad to see you are not," said the doctor; "and your behaviour in this affair becomes both the man of sense and the Christian; for it would be surely the greatest folly, as well as the most daring impiety, to risk your own life for the impertinence

of a fool. As long as you are assured of the virtue of your own wife, it is wisdom in you to despise the efforts of such a wretch. Not, indeed, that your wife accuses him of any downright attack, though she hath observed enough in his behaviour to give offence to her delicacy."

"You astonish me, doctor," said Booth. "What can you mean? my wife dislike his behaviour! hath the colonel ever offended her?"

"I do not say he hath ever offended her by any open declarations; nor hath he done anything which, according to the most romantic notion of honour, you can or ought to resent; but there is something extremely nice in the chastity of a truly virtuous woman."

"And hath my wife really complained of anything of that kind in the colonel?"

"Look ye, young gentleman," cries the doctor; "I will have no quarrelling or challenging; I find I have made some mistake, and therefore I insist upon it, by all the rights of friendship, that you give me your word of honour you will not quarrel with the colonel on this account."

"I do, with all my heart," said Booth; "for, if I did not know your character, I should absolutely think you was jesting with me. I do not think you have mistaken my wife, but I am sure she hath mistaken the colonel, and hath misconstrued some over-strained point of gallantry, something of the Quixote kind, into a design against her chastity; but I have that opinion of the colonel, that I hope you will not be offended when I declare I know not which of you two I should be the sooner jealous of."

"I would by no means have you jealous of any one," cries the doctor; "for I think my child's virtue may be firmly relied on; but I am convinced she would not have said what she did to me without a cause; nor should I, without such a conviction, have written that letter to the colonel, as I own to you I did. However, nothing I say hath yet passed which, even in the opinion of false honour, you are at liberty to resent; but as to declining any great intimacy, if you will take my advice, I think that would be prudent."

"You will pardon me, my dearest friend," said Booth, "but I have really such an opinion of the colonel that I would pawn my life upon his honour; and as for women, I do not believe he ever had an attachment to any."

"Be it so," said the doctor: "I have only two things to insist on. The first is, that, if ever you change your opinion, this letter may not be the subject of any quarrelling or fighting: the other is, that you never mention a word of this to your wife. By the latter I shall see whether you can keep a secret; and, if it is no otherwise material, it will be a wholesome exercise to your mind; for the practice of any virtue is a kind of mental exercise, and serves to maintain the health and vigour of the soul."

"I faithfully promise both," cries Booth. And now the breakfast entered the room, as did soon after Amelia and Mrs. Atkinson.

The conversation ran chiefly on the masquerade; and Mrs. Atkinson gave an account of several adventures there; but whether she told the whole truth with regard to herself I will not determine, for, certain it is, she never once mentioned the name of the noble peer. Amongst the rest, she said there was a young fellow that had preached a sermon there upon a stool, in praise of adultery, she believed; for she could not get near enough to hear the particulars.

During that transaction Booth had been engaged

with the blue domino in another room, so that he knew nothing of it; so that what Mrs. Atkinson had now said only brought to his mind the doctor's letter to colonel Bath, for to him he supposed it was written; and the idea of the colonel being a lover to Amelia struck him in so ridiculous a light, that it threw him into a violent fit of laughter.

The doctor, who, from the natural jealousy of an author, imputed the agitation of Booth's muscles to his own sermon or letter on that subject, was a little offended, and said, gravely, "I should be glad to know the reason of this immoderate mirth. Is adultery a matter of jest in your opinion?"

"Far otherwise," answered Booth. "But how is it possible to refrain from laughter at the idea of a fellow preaching a sermon in favour of it at such a place?"

"I am very sorry," cries the doctor, "to find the age is grown to so scandalous a degree of licentiousness, that we have thrown off not only virtue, but decency. How abandoned must be the manners of any nation where such insults upon religion and morality can be committed with impunity! No man is fonder of true wit and humour than myself; but to profane sacred things with jest and scoffing is a sure sign of a weak and a wicked mind. It is the very vice which Homer attacks in the odious character of Thersites. The ladies must excuse my repeating the passage to you, as I know you have Greek enough to understand it:—

"Ὅς ῥ' ἔπειτα φρεσὶν ἦσιν ἄκοσμά τε, πολλὰ τε ἤδη.
Μὰ ψ, ἀτὰρ ἔ κατὰ κόσμον ἐριζέμεναι βασιλεῦσιν,
'Αλλ' ὅ, τι οἱ εἴσαιτο γελοῖον Ἀργείοισιν
ἔμμεναι.*

"And immediately adds,

—*αἰσχιστος δὲ ἀνὴρ ὑπὸ Ἰλίων ἦλθε.†*

"Horace, again, describes such a rascal:

—*Solutos*

Qui captat risus hominum famamque dicacis ‡

"and says of him,

Hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveo.§

"O charming Homer!" said Mrs. Atkinson, "how much above all other writers!"

"I ask your pardon, madam," said the doctor; "I forgot you was a scholar; but, indeed, I did not know you understood Greek as well as Latin."

"I do not pretend," said she, "to be a critic in the Greek; but I think I am able to read a little of Homer, at least with the help of looking now and then into the Latin."

"Pray, madam," said the doctor, "how do you like this passage in the speech of Hector to Andromache:

—*Εἰς οἶκον ἴδ' αὖτ' αὐτῆς ἔργα κόμει,
'Ιστὸν τ' ἡλακάτην τε, καὶ ἀμφιπόλοισι κίλει
ἔργον ἐποίχισθαι?||*

"Or how do you like the character of Hippodamia, who, by being the prettiest girl and the best workwoman of her age, got one of the best husbands in all Troy?—I think, indeed, Homer enumerates her discretion with her other qualifications; but I do not remember he gives us one character of a woman of learning.—Don't you conceive this to be a great omission in that charming poet? However, Juvenal makes you amends, for he talks very

* Thus paraphrased by Mr. Pope:

"Awed by no shame, by no respect controll'd,
In scandal busy, in reproaches bold;
With witty malice, studious to defame,
Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim."

† "He was the greatest scoundrel in the whole army."

‡ "Who trivial bursts of laughter strives to raise,
And courts of prating petulance the praise." FRANCIS.

§ "This man is black; do thou, O Roman! shun this man."

|| "Go home and mind your own business. Follow your spinning, and keep your maids to their work."

abundantly of the learning of the Roman ladies in his time."

"You are a provoking man, doctor," said Mrs. Atkinson; "where is the harm in a woman's having learning as well as a man?"

"Let me ask you another question," said the doctor. "Where is the harm in a man's being a fine performer with a needle as well as a woman? And yet, answer me honestly; would you greatly choose to marry a man with a thimble upon his finger? Would you in earnest think a needle became the hand of your husband as well as a halberd?"

"As to war, I am with you," said she. "Homer himself, I well remember, makes Hector tell his wife that warlike works—What is the Greek word—Pollemy—something—belonged to men only; and I readily agree to it. I hate a masculine woman, an Amazon, as much as you can do; but what is there masculine in learning?"

"Nothing so masculine, take my word for it. As for your Pollemy, I look upon it to be the true characteristic of a devil. So Homer everywhere characterises Mars."

"Indeed, my dear," cries the serjeant, "you had better not dispute with the doctor; for, upon my word, he will be too hard for you."

"Nay, I beg you will not interfere," cries Mrs. Atkinson; "I am sure you can be no judge in these matters."

At which the doctor and Booth burst into a loud laugh; and Amelia, though fearful of giving her friend offence, could not forbear a gentle smile.

"You may laugh, gentlemen, if you please," said Mrs. Atkinson; "but I thank Heaven I have married a man who is not jealous of my understanding. I should have been the most miserable woman upon earth with a starched pedant who was possessed of that nonsensical opinion that the difference of sexes causes any difference in the mind. Why don't you honestly avow the Turkish notion that women have no souls? for you say the same thing in effect."

"Indeed, my dear," cries the serjeant, greatly concerned to see his wife so angry, "you have mistaken the doctor."

"I beg, my dear," cried she, "you will say nothing upon these subjects—I hope you at least do not despise my understanding."

"I assure you, I do not," said the serjeant; "and I hope you will never despise mine; for a man may have some understanding, I hope, without learning."

Mrs. Atkinson reddened extremely at these words; and the doctor, fearing he had gone too far, began to soften matters, in which Amelia assisted him. By these means, the storm rising in Mrs. Atkinson before was in some measure laid, at least suspended from bursting at present; but it fell afterwards upon the poor serjeant's head in a torrent, who had learned perhaps one maxim from his trade, that a cannon-ball always doth mischief in proportion to the resistance it meets with, and that nothing so effectually deadens its force as a woolpack. The serjeant therefore bore all with patience; and the idea of a woolpack, perhaps, bringing that of a feather-bed into his head, he at last not only quieted his wife, but she cried out with great sincerity, "Well, my dear, I will say one thing for you, that I believe from my soul, though you have no learning, you have the best understanding of any man upon earth; and I must own I think the latter far the more profitable of the two."

Far different was the idea she entertained of the doctor, whom, from this day, she considered as a conceited pedant; nor could all Amelia's endeavours ever alter her sentiments.

The doctor now took his leave of Booth and his wife for a week, he intending to set out within an hour or two with his old friend, with whom our readers were a little acquainted at the latter end of the ninth book, and of whom, perhaps, they did not then conceive the most favourable opinion.

Nay, I am aware that the esteem which some readers before had for the doctor may be here lessened; since he may appear to have been too easy a dupe to the gross flattery of the old gentleman. If there be any such critics, we are heartily sorry, as well for them as for the doctor; but it is our business to discharge the part of a faithful historian, and to describe human nature as it is, not as we would wish it to be.

CHAPTER V.

In which colonel Bath appears in great glory.

THAT afternoon, as Booth was walking in the Park, he met with colonel Bath, who presently asked him for the letter which he had given him the night before; upon which Booth immediately returned it.

"Don't you think," cries Bath, "it is writ with great dignity of expression and emphasis of—of—of judgment?"

"I am surprised, though," cries Booth, "that any one should write such a letter to you, colonel."

"To me!" said Bath. "What do you mean, sir? I hope you don't imagine any man durst write such a letter to me? d—n me, if I knew a man who thought me capable of debauching my friend's wife, I would——d—n me."

"I believe, indeed, sir," cries Booth, "that no man living dares put his name to such a letter; but you see it is anonymous."

"I don't know what you mean by ominous," cries the colonel; "but, blast my reputation, if I had received such a letter, if I would not have searched the world to have found the writer. D—n me, I would have gone to the East Indies to have pulled off his nose."

"He would, indeed, have deserved it," cries Booth. "But pray, sir, how came you by it?"

"I took it," said the colonel, "from a set of idle young rascals, one of whom was reading it out aloud upon a stool, while the rest were attempting to make a jest, not only of the letter, but of all decency, virtue, and religion. A set of fellows that you must have seen or heard of about town, that are, d—n me, a disgrace to the dignity of manhood; puppies that mistake noise and impudence, rudeness and profaneness, for wit. If the drummers of my company had not more understanding than twenty such fellows, I'd have them both whipped out of the regiment."

"So, then, you do not know the person to whom it was writ?" said Booth.

"Lieutenant," cries the colonel, "your question deserves no answer. I ought to take time to consider whether I ought not to resent the supposition. Do you think, sir, I am acquainted with a rascal?"

"I do not suppose, colonel," cries Booth, "that you would willingly cultivate an intimacy with such a person; but a man must have good luck who hath any acquaintance, if there are not some rascals among them."

"I am not offended with you, child," says the colonel. "I know you did not intend to offend me."

"No man, I believe, dares intend it," said Booth.

"I believe so too," said the colonel; "d—n me, I know it. But you know, child, how tender I am on this subject. If I had been ever married myself, I

should have cleft the man's skull who had dared look wantonly at my wife."

"It is certainly the most cruel of all injuries," said Booth. "How finely doth Shakspeare express it in his Othello!"

"But there, where I had treasured up my soul."

"That Shakspeare," cries the colonel, "was a fine fellow. He was a very pretty poet indeed. Was it not Shakspeare that wrote the play about Hotspur? You must remember these lines. I got them almost by heart at the playhouse; for I never missed that play whenever it was acted, if I was in town:—

By Heav'n it was an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour into the full moon,
Or drive into the bottomless deep.

And—and—faith, I have almost forgot them; but I know it is something about saving your honour from drowning—O! it is very fine! I say, d—n me, the man that writ those lines was the greatest poet the world ever produced. There is dignity of expression and emphasis of thinking, d—n me."

Booth assented to the colonel's criticism, and then cried, "I wish, colonel, you would be so kind to give me that letter." The colonel answered, if he had any particular use for it he would give it him with all his heart, and presently delivered it; and soon afterwards they parted.

Several passages now struck all at once upon Booth's mind, which gave him great uneasiness. He became confident now that he had mistaken one colonel for another; and, though he could not account for the letter's getting into those hands from whom Bath had taken it (indeed James had dropped it out of his pocket), yet a thousand circumstances left him no room to doubt the identity of the person, who was a man much more liable to raise the suspicion of a husband than honest Bath, who would at any time have rather fought with a man than lain with a woman.

The whole behaviour of Amelia now rushed upon his memory. Her resolution not to take up her residence at the colonel's house, her backwardness even to dine there, her unwillingness to go to the masquerade, many of her unguarded expressions, and some where she had been more guarded, all joined together to raise such an idea in Mr. Booth, that he had almost taken a resolution to go and cut the colonel to pieces in his own house. Cooler thoughts, however, suggested themselves to him in time. He recollected the promise he had so solemnly made to the doctor. He considered, moreover, that he was yet in the dark as to the extent of the colonel's guilt. Having nothing, therefore, to fear from it, he contented himself to postpone a resentment which he nevertheless resolved to take of the colonel hereafter, if he found he was in any degree a delinquent.

The first step he determined to take was, on the first opportunity, to relate to colonel James the means by which he became possessed of the letter, and to read it to him; on which occasion, he thought he should easily discern by the behaviour of the colonel whether he had been suspected either by Amelia or the doctor without a cause; but as for his wife, he fully resolved not to reveal the secret to her till the doctor's return.

While Booth was deeply engaged by himself in these meditations, captain Trent came up to him, and familiarly slapped him on the shoulder.

They were soon joined by a third gentleman, and presently afterwards by a fourth, both acquaintances of Mr. Trent; and all having walked twice the length of the Mall together, it being now past nine

in the evening, Trent proposed going to the tavern, to which the strangers immediately consented; and Booth himself, after some resistance, was at length persuaded to comply.

To the King's Arms then they went, where the bottle went very briskly round till after eleven; at which time Trent proposed a game at cards, to which proposal likewise Booth's consent was obtained, though not without much difficulty; for, though he had naturally some inclination to gaming, and had formerly a little indulged it, yet he had entirely left it off for many years.

Booth and his friend were partners, and had at first some success; but Fortune, according to her usual conduct, soon shifted about, and persecuted Booth with such malice, that in about two hours he was stripped of all the gold in his pocket, which amounted to twelve guineas, being more than half the cash which he was at that time worth.

How easy it is for a man who is at all tainted with the itch of gaming to leave off play in such a situation, especially when he is likewise heated with liquor, I leave to the gamblers to determine. Certain it is that Booth had no inclination to desist; but, on the contrary, was so eagerly bent on playing on, that he called his friend out of the room, and asked him for ten pieces, which he promised punctually to pay the next morning.

Trent chid him for using so much formality on the occasion. "You know," said he, "dear Booth, you may have what money you please of me. Here is a twenty-pound note at your service; and, if you want five times the sum, it is at your service. We will never let these fellows go away with our money in this manner; for we have so much the advantage, that if the knowing ones were here they would lay odds of our side."

But if this was really Mr. Trent's opinion, he was very much mistaken; for the other two honourable gentlemen were not only greater masters of the game, and somewhat soberer than poor Booth, having, with all the art in their power, evaded the bottle, but they had, moreover, another small advantage over their adversaries, both of them, by means of some certain private signs, previously agreed upon between them, being always acquainted with the principal cards in each other's hands. It cannot be wondered, therefore, that Fortune was on their side; for, however she may be reported to favour fools, she never, I believe, shows them any countenance when they engage in play with knaves.

The more Booth lost, the deeper he made his bets; the consequence of which was, that about two in the morning, besides the loss of his own money, he was fifty pounds indebted to Trent: a sum indeed, which he would not have borrowed, had not the other, like a very generous friend, pushed it upon him.

Trent's pockets became at last dry by means of these loans. His own loss, indeed, was trifling; for the stakes of the games were no higher than crowns, and betting (as it is called) was that to which Booth owed his ruin. The gentlemen, therefore, pretty well knowing Booth's circumstances, and being kindly unwilling to win more of a man than he was worth, declined playing any longer, nor did Booth once ask them to persist, for he was ashamed of the debt which he had already contracted to Trent, and very far from desiring to increase it.

The company then separated. The two victors and Trent went off in their chairs to their several houses near Grosvenor-square, and poor Booth, in a melancholy mood, walked home to his lodgings. He was, indeed, in such a fit of despair, that it more

than once came into his head to put an end to his miserable being.

But before we introduce him to Amelia we must do her the justice to relate the manner in which she spent this unhappy evening. It was about seven when Booth left her to walk in the Park; from this time till past eight she was employed with her children, in playing with them, in giving them their supper, and in putting them to bed.

When these offices were performed she employed herself another hour in cooking up a little supper for her husband, this being, as we have already observed, his favourite meal, as indeed it was her's; and, in a most pleasant and delightful manner, they generally passed their time at this season, though their fare was very seldom of the sumptuous kind.

It now grew dark, and her hashed mutton was ready for the table, but no Booth appeared. Having waited therefore for him a full hour, she gave him over for that evening; nor was she much alarmed at his absence, as she knew he was in a night or two to be at the tavern with some brother-officers; she concluded therefore that they had met in the park, and had agreed to spend this evening together.

At ten then she sat down to supper by herself, for Mrs. Atkinson was then abroad. And here we cannot help relating a little incident, however trivial it may appear to some. Having sat some time alone, reflecting on their distressed situation, her spirits grew very low; and she was once or twice going to ring the bell to send her maid for half-a-pint of white wine, but checked her inclination in order to save the little sum of sixpence, which she did the more resolutely as she had before refused to gratify her children with tarts for their supper from the same motive. And this self-denial she was very probably practising to save sixpence, while her husband was paying a debt of several guineas incurred by the ace of trumps being in the hands of his adversary.

Instead therefore of this cordial she took up one of the excellent Farquhar's comedies, and read it half through; when, the clock striking twelve, she retired to bed, leaving the maid to sit up for her master. She would, indeed, have much more willingly sat up herself, but the delicacy of her own mind assured her that Booth would not thank her for the compliment. This is, indeed, a method which some wives take of upbraiding their husbands for staying abroad till too late an hour, and of engaging them, through tenderness and good nature, never to enjoy the company of their friends too long when they must do this at the expense of their wives' rest.

To bed then she went, but not to sleep. Thrice indeed she told the dismal clock, and as often heard the more dismal watchman, till her miserable husband found his way home, and stole silently like a thief to bed to her; at which time, pretending then first to awake, she threw her snowy arms around him; though, perhaps, the more witty property of snow, according to Addison, that is to say its coldness, rather belonged to the poor captain.

CHAPTER VI.

Read, gamester, and observe.

Booth could not so well disguise the agitations of his mind from Amelia but that she perceived sufficient symptoms to assure her that some misfortune had befallen him. This made her in her turn so uneasy that Booth took notice of it, and after breakfast said, "Sure, my dear Emily, something hath fallen out to vex you."

Amelia, looking tenderly at him, answered, "Indeed, my dear, you are in the right; I am indeed extremely vexed." "For Heaven's sake," said he, "what is it?" "Nay, my love," cries she, "that you must answer yourself. Whatever it is which hath given you all that disturbance that you in vain endeavour to conceal from me, this it is which causes all my affliction."

"You guess truly, my sweet," replied Booth; "I am indeed afflicted, and I will not, nay I cannot, conceal the truth from you. I have undone myself, Amelia."

"What have you done, child?" said she, in some consternation; "pray, tell me."

"I have lost my money at play," answered he.

"Pugh!" said she, recovering herself,—"what signifies the trifle you had in your pocket? Resolve never to play again, and let it give you no farther vexation; I warrant you, we will contrive some method to repair such a loss."

"Thou heavenly angel! thou comfort of my soul!" cried Booth, tenderly embracing her; then starting a little from her arms, and looking with eager fondness in her eyes, he said, "Let me survey thee; art thou really human, or art thou not rather an angel in a human form? O, no," cried he, flying again into her arms, "thou art my dearest woman, my best, my beloved wife!"

Amelia, having returned all his caresses with equal kindness, told him she had near eleven guineas in her purse, and asked how much she should fetch him. "I would not advise you, Billy, to carry too much in your pocket, for fear it should be a temptation to you to return to gaming, in order to retrieve your past losses. Let me beg you, on all accounts, never to think more, if possible, on the trifle you have lost, any more than if you had never possessed it."

Booth promised her faithfully he never would, and refused to take any of the money. He then hesitated a moment, and cried—"You say, my dear, you have eleven guineas; you have a diamond ring, likewise, which was your grandmother's—I believe that it is worth twenty pounds; and your own and the child's watch are worth as much more."

"I believe they would sell for as much," cried Amelia; "for a pawnbroker of Mrs. Atkinson's acquaintance offered to lend me thirty-five pounds upon them when you was in your last distress. But why are you computing their value now?"

"I was only considering," answered he, "how much we could raise in any case of exigency."

"I have computed it myself," said she; "and I believe all we have in the world, besides our bare necessary apparel, would produce about sixty pounds: and suppose, my dear," said she, "while we have that little sum, we should think of employing it some way or other, to procure some small subsistence for ourselves and our family. As for your dependence on the colonel's friendship, it is all vain, I am afraid, and fallacious. Nor do I see any hopes you have from any other quarter, of providing for yourself again in the army. And though the sum which is now in your power is very small, yet we may possibly contrive with it to put ourselves into some mean way of livelihood. I have a heart, my Billy, which is capable of undergoing anything for your sake; and I hope my hands are as able to work as those which have been more inured to it. But think, my dear, think what must be our wretched condition, when the very little we now have is all mouldered away, as it will soon be in this town."

When poor Booth heard this, and reflected that the time which Amelia foresaw was already arrived,

(for that he had already lost every farthing they were worth,) it touched him to the quick; he turned pale, gnashed his teeth, and cried out, "Damnation! this is too much to bear."

Amelia was thrown into the utmost consternation by this behaviour; and, with great terror in her countenance, cried out, "Good Heavens! my dear love, what is the reason of this agony?"

"Ask me no questions," cried he, "unless you would drive me to madness."

"My Billy! my love!" said she, "what can be the meaning of this?—I beg you will deal openly with me, and tell me all your griefs."

"Have you dealt fairly with me, Amelia?" said he.

"Yes, surely," said she; "Heaven is my witness how fairly."

"Nay, do not call Heaven," cried he, "to witness a falsehood. You have not dealt openly with me, Amelia. You have concealed secrets from me; secrets which I ought to have known, and which, if I had known, it had been better for us both."

"You astonish me as much as you shock me," cried she. "What falsehood, what treachery have I been guilty of?"

"You tell me," said he, "that I can have no reliance on James; why did not you tell me so before?"

"I call Heaven again," said she, "to witness; nay, I appeal to yourself for the truth of it; I have often told you so. I have told you I disliked the man, notwithstanding the many favours he had done you. I desired you not to have too absolute a reliance upon him. I own I had once an extreme good opinion of him, but I changed it, and I acquainted you that I had so—"

"But not," cries he, "with the reasons why you had changed it."

"I was really afraid, my dear," said she, "of going too far. I knew the obligations you had to him; and if I suspected that he acted rather from vanity than true friendship—"

"Vanity!" cries he; "take care, Amelia: you know his motive to be much worse than vanity—a motive which, if he had piled obligations on me till they had reached the skies, would tumble all down to hell. It is in vain to conceal it longer—I know all—your confidant hath told me all."

"Nay, then," cries she, "on my knees I entreat you to be pacified, and hear me out. It was, my dear, for you, my dread of your jealous honour, and the fatal consequences."

"Is not Amelia, then," cried he, "equally jealous of my honour? Would she, from a weak tenderness for my person, go privately about to betray, to undermine the most invaluable treasure of my soul? Would she have me pointed at as the credulous dupe, the easy fool, the tame, the kind cuckold of a rascal, with whom I conversed as a friend?"

"Indeed you injure me," said Amelia. "Heaven forbid I should have the trial! but I think I could sacrifice all I hold most dear to preserve your honour. I think I have shown I can. But I will—when you are cool, I will—satisfy you I have done nothing you ought to blame."

"I am cool then," cries he; "I will with the greatest coolness hear you.—But do not think, Amelia, I have the least jealousy, the least suspicion, the least doubt of your honour. It is your want of confidence in me alone which I blame."

"When you are calm," cried she, "I will speak, and not before."

He assured her he was calm; and then she said,

You have justified my conduct by your present passion, in concealing from you my suspicions; for they were no more, nay it is possible they were unjust;

for since the doctor, in betraying the secret to you, hath so far falsified my opinion of him, why may I not be as well deceived in my opinion of the colonel, since it was only formed on some particulars in his behaviour which I disliked? for, upon my honour, he never spoke a word to me, nor hath ever been guilty of any direct action, which I could blame." She then went on, and related most of the circumstances which she had mentioned to the doctor, omitting one or two of the strongest, and giving such a turn to the rest, that, if Booth had not had some of Othello's blood in him, his wife would have almost appeared a prude in his eyes. Even he, however, was pretty well pacified by this narrative, and said he was glad to find a possibility of the colonel's innocence; but that he greatly commended the prudence of his wife, and only wished she would for the future make him her only confidant.

Amelia, upon that, expressed some bitterness against the doctor for breaking his trust; when Booth, in his excuse, related all the circumstances of the letter, and plainly convinced her that the secret had dropped by mere accident from the mouth of the doctor.

Thus the husband and wife became again reconciled, and poor Amelia generously forgave a passion of which the sagacious reader is better acquainted with the real cause than was that unhappy lady.

CHAPTER VII.

In which Booth receives a visit from captain Trent.

WHEN Booth grew perfectly cool, and began to reflect that he had broken his word to the doctor, in having made the discovery to his wife which we have seen in the last chapter, that thought gave him great uneasiness; and now, to comfort him, captain Trent came to make him a visit.

This was, indeed, almost the last man in the world whose company he wished for; for he was the only man he was ashamed to see, for a reason well known to gamblers; among whom, the most dishonourable of all things is not to pay a debt, contracted at the gaming-table, the next day, or the next time at least that you see the party.

Booth made no doubt but that Trent was come on purpose to receive this debt; the latter had been therefore scarce a minute in the room before Booth began, in an awkward manner, to apologise; but Trent immediately stopped his mouth, and said, "I do not want the money, Mr. Booth, and you may pay it me whenever you are able; and, if you are never able, I assure you I will never ask you for it."

This generosity raised such a tempest of gratitude in Booth (if I may be allowed the expression), that the tears burst from his eyes, and it was some time before he could find any utterance for those sentiments with which his mind overflowed; but, when he began to express his thankfulness, Trent immediately stopped him, and gave a sudden turn to their discourse.

Mrs. Trent had been to visit Mrs. Booth on the masquerade evening, which visit Mrs. Booth had not yet returned. Indeed, this was only the second day since she had received it. Trent therefore now told his friend that he should take it extremely kind if he and his lady would waive all ceremony, and sup at their house the next evening. Booth hesitated a moment, but presently said, "I am pretty certain my wife is not engaged, and I will undertake for her. I am sure she will not refuse anything Mr. Trent can ask." And soon after Trent took Booth with him to walk in the Park.

There were few greater lovers of a bottle than Trent; he soon proposed therefore to adjourn to

the King's Arms tavern, where Booth, though much against his inclination, accompanied him. But Trent was very importunate, and Booth did not think himself at liberty to refuse such a request to a man from whom he had so lately received such obligations.

When they came to the tavern, however, Booth recollected the omission he had been guilty of the night before. He wrote a short note therefore to his wife, acquainting her that he should not come home to supper; but comforted her with a faithful promise that he would on no account engage himself in gaming.

The first bottle passed in ordinary conversation; but, when they had tapped the second, Booth, on some hints which Trent gave him, very fairly laid open to him his whole circumstances, and declared he almost despaired of mending them. "My chief relief," said he, "was in the interest of colonel James; but I have given up those hopes."

"And very wisely too," said Trent. "I say nothing of the colonel's good will. Very likely he may be your sincere friend; but I do not believe he hath the interest he pretends to. He hath had too many favours in his own family to ask any more yet a while. But I am mistaken if you have not a much more powerful friend than the colonel; one who is both able and willing to serve you. I dined at his table within these two days, and I never heard kinder nor warmer expressions from the mouth of man than he made use of towards you. I make no doubt you know whom I mean."

"Upon my honour I do not," answered Booth; "nor did I guess that I had such a friend in the word as you mention."

"I am glad then," cries Trent, "that I have the pleasure of informing you of it." He then named the noble peer who hath been already so often mentioned in this history.

Booth turned pale and started at his name. "I forgive you, my dear Trent," cries Booth, "for mentioning his name to me, as you are a stranger to what hath passed between us."

"Nay, I know nothing that hath passed between you," answered Trent. "I am sure, if there is any quarrel between you of two days' standing, all is forgiven on his part."

"D—n his forgiveness!" said Booth. "Perhaps I ought to blush at what I have forgiven."

"You surprise me!" cries Trent. "Pray what can be the matter?"

"Indeed, my dear Trent," cries Booth, very gravely, "he would have injured me in the tenderest part. I know not how to tell it you; but he would have dishonoured me with my wife."

"Sure, you are not in earnest!" answered Trent; "but, if you are, you will pardon me for thinking that impossible."

"Indeed," cries Booth, "I have so good an opinion of my wife as to believe it impossible for him to succeed; but that he should intend me the favour you will not, I believe, think an impossibility."

"Faith! not in the least," said Trent. "Mrs. Booth is a very fine woman; and, if I had the honour to be her husband, I should not be angry with any man for liking her."

"But you would be angry," said Booth, "with a man, who should make use of stratagems and contrivances to seduce her virtue; especially if he did this under the colour of entertaining the highest friendship for yourself."

"Not at all," cries Trent. "It is human nature."

"Perhaps it is," cries Booth; "but it is human nature depraved, stripped of all its worth, and love-

liness, and dignity, and degraded down to a level with the vilest brutes."

"Look ye, Booth," cries Trent, "I would not be misunderstood. I think, when I am talking to you, I talk to a man of sense and to an inhabitant of this country, not to one who dwells in a land of saints. If you have really such an opinion as you express of this noble lord, you have the finest opportunity of making a complete fool and bubble of him that any man can desire, and of making your own fortune at the same time. I do not say that your suspicions are groundless; for, of all men upon earth I know, my lord is the greatest bubble to women, though I believe he hath had very few. And this I am confident of, that he hath not the least jealousy of these suspicions. Now, therefore, if you will act the part of a wise man, I will undertake that you shall make your fortune without the least injury to the chastity of Mrs. Booth."

"I do not understand you, sir," said Booth.

"Nay," cries Trent, "if you will not understand me, I have done. I meant only your service; and I thought I had known you better."

Booth begged him to explain himself. "If you can," said he, "show me any way to improve such circumstances as I have opened to you, you may depend on it I shall readily embrace it, and own my obligations to you."

"That is spoken like a man," cries Trent. "Why, what is it more than this? Carry your suspicions in your own bosom. Let Mrs. Booth, in whose virtue I am sure you may be justly confident, go to the public places; there let her treat my lord with common civility only; I am sure he will bite. And thus, without suffering him to gain his purpose, you will gain yours. I know several who have succeeded with him in this manner."

"I am very sorry, sir," cries Booth, "that you are acquainted with any such rascals. I do assure you, rather than I would act such a part, I would submit to the hardest sentence that fortune could pronounce against me."

"Do as you please, sir," said Trent; "I have only ventured to advise you as a friend. But do you not think your nicety is a little over-scrupulous?"

"You will excuse me, sir," said Booth; "but I think no man can be too scrupulous in points which concern his honour."

"I know many men of very nice honour," answered Trent, "who have gone much farther; and no man, I am sure, had ever a better excuse for it than yourself. You will forgive me, Booth, since what I speak proceeds from my love to you; nay, indeed, by mentioning your affairs to me, which I am heartily sorry for, you have given me a right to speak. You know best what friends you have to depend upon; but, if you have no other pretensions than your merit, I can assure you you would fail, if it was possible you could have ten times more merit than you have. And, if you love your wife, as I am convinced you do, what must be your condition in seeing her want the necessaries of life?"

"I know my condition is very hard," cries Booth; "but I have one comfort in it, which I will never part with, and that is innocence. As to the mere necessaries of life, however, it is pretty difficult to deprive us of them; this, I am sure of, no one can want them long."

"Upon my word, sir," cries Trent, "I did not know you had been so great a philosopher. But, believe me, these matters look much less terrible at a distance than when they are actually present. You will then find, I am afraid, that honour hath no

more skill in cookery than Shakspeare tells us it hath in surgery. D—n me if I don't wish his lordship loved my wife as well as he doth yours, I promise you I would trust her virtue; and, if he should get the better of it, I should have people of fashion enough to keep me in countenance."

Their second bottle being now almost out, Booth, without making any answer, called for a bill. Trent pressed very much the drinking another bottle, but Booth absolutely refused, and presently afterwards they parted, not extremely well satisfied with each other. They appeared, indeed, one to the other, in disadvantageous lights of a very different kind. Trent concluded Booth to be a very silly fellow, and Booth began to suspect that Trent was very little better than a scoundrel.

CHAPTER VIII.

Contains a letter and other matters.

WE will now return to Amelia; to whom, immediately upon her husband's departure to walk with Mr. Trent, a porter brought the following letter, which she immediately opened and read:

"MADAM,—The quick despatch which I have given to your first commands will I hope assure you of the diligence with which I shall always obey every command that you are pleased to honour me with. I have, indeed, in this trifling affair, acted as if my life itself had been at stake; nay, I know not but it may be so; for this insignificant matter, you was pleased to tell me, would oblige the charming person in whose power is not only my happiness, but, as I am well persuaded, my life too. Let me reap therefore some little advantage in your eyes, as you have in mine, from this trifling occasion; for, if anything could add to the charms of which you are mistress, it would be perhaps that amiable zeal with which you maintain the cause of your friend. I hope, indeed, she will be my friend and advocate with the most lively of her sex, as I think she hath reason, and as you was pleased to insinuate she had been. Let me beseech you, madam, let not that dear heart, whose tenderness is so inclined to compassionate the miseries of others, be hardened only against the sufferings which itself occasions. Let not that man alone have reason to think you cruel, who, of all others, would do the most to procure your kindness. How often have I lived over in my reflections, in my dreams, those two short minutes we were together! But, alas! how faint are these mimicries of the imagination! What would I not give to purchase the reality of such another blessing! This, madam, is in your power to bestow on the man who hath no wish, no will, no fortune, no heart, no life, but what are at your disposal. Grant me only the favour to be at lady —'s assembly. You can have nothing to fear from indulging me with a moment's sight, a moment's conversation; I will ask no more. I know your delicacy, and had rather die than offend it. Could I have seen you sometimes, I believe the fear of offending you would have kept my love for ever buried in my own bosom; but, to be totally excluded even from the sight of what my soul dotes on is what I cannot bear. It is that alone which hath extorted the fatal secret from me. Let that obtain your forgiveness for me. I need not sign this letter otherwise than with that impression of my heart which I hope it bears; and, to conclude it in any form, no language hath words of devotion strong enough to tell you with what truth, what anguish, what zeal, what adoration I love you."

Amelia had just strength to hold out to the end, when her trembling grew so violent that she dropped the letter, and had probably dropped herself, had not Mrs. Atkinson come timely in to support her.

"Good Heavens!" cries Mrs. Atkinson, "what is the matter with you, madam?"

"I know not what is the matter," cries Amelia; "but I have received a letter at last from that infamous colonel."

"You will take my opinion again then, I hope, madam," cries Mrs. Atkinson. "But don't be so affected; the letter cannot eat you or run away with you. Here it lies, I see; will you give me leave to read it?"

"Read it with all my heart," cries Amelia; "and give me your advice how to act, for I am almost distracted."

"Heyday!" says Mrs. Atkinson, "here is a piece of parchment too—what is that?" In truth, this

parchment had dropped from the letter when Amelia first opened it; but her attention was so fixed by the contents of the letter itself that she had never read the other. Mrs. Atkinson had now opened the parchment first; and, after a moment's perusal, the fire flashed from her eyes, and the blood flushed into her cheeks, and she cried out, in a rapture, "It is a commission for my husband! upon my soul, it is a commission for my husband!" and, at the same time, began to jump about the room in a kind of frantic fit of joy.

"What can be the meaning of all this?" cries Amelia, under the highest degree of astonishment.

"Do not I tell you, my dear madam," cries she, "that it is a commission for my husband? and can you wonder at my being overjoyed at what I know will make him so happy? And now it is all out. The letter is not from the colonel, but from that noble lord of whom I have told you so much. But, indeed, madam, I have some pardons to ask of you. However, I know your goodness, and I will tell you all."

"You are to know then, madam, that I had not been in the Opera-house six minutes before a masque came up, and, taking me by the hand, led me aside. I gave the masque my hand; and, seeing a lady at that time lay hold on captain Booth, I took that opportunity of slipping away from him; for though, by the help of the squeaking voice, and by attempting to mimic yours, I had pretty well disguised my own, I was still afraid, if I had much conversation with your husband, he would discover me. I walked therefore away with this masque to the upper end of the farthest room, where we sat down in a corner together. He presently discovered to me that he took me for you, and I soon after found out who he was; indeed, so far from attempting to disguise himself, he spoke in his own voice and in his own person. He now began to make very violent love to me, but it was rather in the style of a great man of the present age than of an Arcadian swain. In short, he laid his whole fortune at my feet, and bade me make whatever terms I pleased, either for myself or for others. By others, I suppose he meant your husband. This, however, put a thought into my head of turning the present occasion to advantage. I told him there were two kinds of persons, the fallaciousness of whose promises had become proverbial in the world. These were lovers, and great men. What reliance, then, could I have on the promise of one who united in himself both those characters? That I had seen a melancholy instance, in a very worthy woman of my acquaintance (meaning myself, madam), of his want of generosity. I said I knew the obligations that he had to this woman, and the injuries he had done her, all which I was convinced she forgave, for that she had said the handsomest things in the world of him to me. He answered that he thought he had not been deficient in generosity to this lady (for I explained to him whom I meant); but that indeed, if she had spoke well of him to me (meaning yourself, madam), he would not fail to reward her for such an obligation. I then told him she had married a very deserving man, who had served long in the army abroad as a private man, and who was a serjeant in the guards; that I knew it was so very easy for him to get him a commission, that I should not think he had any honour or goodness in the world if he neglected it. I declared this step must be a preliminary to any good opinion he must ever hope for of mine. I then professed the greatest friendship to that lady (in which I am convinced you will think me serious), and assured him he would give me one of

the highest pleasures in letting me be the instrument of doing her such a service. He promised me in a moment to do what you see, madam, he hath since done. And to you I shall always think myself indebted for it."

"I know not how you are indebted to me," cries Amelia. "Indeed, I am very glad of any good fortune that can attend poor Atkinson, but I wish it had been obtained some other way. Good Heavens! what must be the consequence of this? What must this lord think of me for listening to his mention of love? nay, for making any terms with him? for what must he suppose those terms mean? Indeed, Mrs. Atkinson, you carried it a great deal too far. No wonder he had the assurance to write to me in the manner he hath done. It is too plain what he conceives of me, and who knows what he may say to others? You may have blown up my reputation by your behaviour."

"How is that possible?" answered Mrs. Atkinson. "Is it not in my power to clear up all matters? If you will but give me leave to make an appointment in your name I will meet him myself, and declare the whole secret to him."

"I will consent to no such appointment," cries Amelia. "I am heartily sorry I ever consented to practice any deceit. I plainly see the truth of what Dr. Harrison hath often told me, that, if one steps ever so little out of the ways of virtue and innocence, we know not how we may slide, for all the ways of vice are a slippery descent."

"That sentiment," cries Mrs. Atkinson, "is much older than Dr. Harrison. *Omne vitium in proclivi est.*"

"However new or old it is, I find it is true," cries Amelia—"But, pray, tell me all, though I tremble to hear it."

"Indeed, my dear friend," said Mrs. Atkinson, "you are terrified at nothing—indeed, indeed, you are too great a prude."

"I do not know what you mean by prudery," answered Amelia. "I shall never be ashamed of the strictest regard to decency, to reputation, and to that honour in which the dearest of all human creatures hath his share. But, pray, give me the letter, there is an expression in it which alarmed me when I read it. Pray, what doth he mean by his two short minutes, and by purchasing the reality of such another blessing?"

"Indeed, I know not what he means by two minutes," cries Mrs. Atkinson, "unless he calls two hours so; for we were not together much less. And as for any blessing he had, I am a stranger to it. Sure, I hope you have a better opinion of me than to think I granted him the last favour."

"I don't know what favours you granted him, madam," answered Amelia, peevishly, "but I am sorry you granted him any in my name."

"Upon my word," cries Mrs. Atkinson, "you use me unkindly, and it is an usage I did not expect at your hands, nor do I know that I deserved it. I am sure I went to the masquerade with no other view than to oblige you, nor did I say or do anything there which any woman who is not the most confounded prude upon earth would have started at on a much less occasion than what induced me. Well, I declare upon my soul then, that, if I was a man, rather than be married to a woman who makes such a fuss with her virtue, I would wish my wife was without such a troublesome companion."

"Very possibly, madam, these may be your sentiments," cries Amelia, "and I hope they are the sentiments of your husband."

"I desire, madam," cries Mrs. Atkinson, "you would not reflect on my husband. He is as worthy a man and as brave a man as yours; yes, madam, and he is now as much a captain."

She spoke these words with so loud a voice, that Atkinson, who was accidentally going up stairs, heard them; and, being surprised at the angry tone of his wife's voice, he entered the room, and, with a look of much astonishment, begged to know what was the matter.

"The matter, my dear," cries Mrs. Atkinson "is, that I have got a commission for you, and your good old friend here is angry with me for getting it."

"I have not spirits enow," cries Amelia, "to answer you as you deserve; and, if I had, you are below my anger."

"I do not know, Mrs. Booth," answered the other, "whence this great superiority over me is derived; but, if your virtue gives it you, I would have you to know, madam, that I despise a prude as much as you can do a —."

"Though you have several times," cries Amelia, "insulted me with that word, I scorn to give you any ill language in return. If you deserve any bad appellation, you know it, without my telling it you."

Poor Atkinson, who was more frightened than he had ever been in his life, did all he could to procure peace. He fell upon his knees to his wife, and begged her to compose herself; for indeed she seemed to be in a most furious rage.

While he was in this posture Booth, who had knocked so gently at the door, for fear of disturbing his wife, that he had not been heard in the tempest, came into the room. The moment Amelia saw him, the tears which had been gathering for some time, burst in a torrent from her eyes, which, however, she endeavoured to conceal with her handkerchief. The entry of Booth turned all in an instant into a silent picture, in which the first figure which struck the eyes of the captain was the serjeant on his knees to his wife.

Booth immediately cried, "What's the meaning of this?" but received no answer. He then cast his eyes towards Amelia, and, plainly discerning her condition, he ran to her, and in a very tender phrase begged to know what was the matter. To which she answered, "Nothing, my dear, nothing of any consequence." He replied that he would know, and then turned to Atkinson, and asked the same question.

Atkinson answered, "Upon my honour, sir, I know nothing of it. Something hath passed between madam and my wife; but what it is I know no more than your honour."

"Your wife," said Mrs. Atkinson, "hath used me cruelly ill, Mr. Booth. If you must be satisfied, that is the whole matter."

Booth rapped out a great oath, and cried, "It is impossible; my wife is not capable of using any one ill."

Amelia then cast herself upon her knees to her husband, and cried, "For Heaven's sake do not throw yourself into a passion—some few words have passed—perhaps I may be in the wrong."

"Damnation seize me if I think so!" cries Booth. "And I wish whoever hath drawn these tears from your eyes may pay it with as many drops of their heart's blood."

"You see, madam," cries Mrs. Atkinson, "you have your bully to take your part; so I suppose you will use your triumph."

Amelia made no answer, but still kept hold of Booth, who, in a violent rage, cried out, "My Amelia triumph over such a wretch as thee!—What

can lead thy insolence to such presumption? Serjeant, I desire you'll take that monster out of the room, or I cannot answer for myself."

The serjeant was beginning to beg his wife to retire (for he perceived very plainly that she had, as the phrase is, taken a sip too much that evening) when, with a rage little short of madness, she cried out, "And do you tamely see me insulted in such a manner, now that you are a gentleman, and upon a footing with him?"

"It is lucky for us all, perhaps," answered Booth, "that he is not my equal."

"You lie, sirrah," said Mrs. Atkinson; "he is every way your equal; he is as good a gentleman as yourself, and as much an officer. No, I retract what I say; he hath not the spirit of a gentleman, nor of a man neither, or he would not bear to see his wife insulted."

"Let me beg of you, my dear," cries the serjeant, "to go with me and compose yourself."

"Go with thee, thou wretch!" cries she, looking with the utmost disdain upon him: "no, nor ever speak to thee more." At which words she burst out of the room, and the serjeant, without saying a word, followed her.

A very tender and pathetic scene now passed between Booth and his wife, in which, when she was a little composed, she related to him the whole story. For, besides that it was not possible for her otherwise to account for the quarrel which he had seen, Booth was now possessed of the letter that lay on the floor.

Amelia, having emptied her mind to her husband, and obtained his faithful promise that he would not resent the affair to my lord, was pretty well composed, and began to relent a little towards Mrs. Atkinson; but Booth was so highly incensed with her, that he declared he would leave her house the next morning; which they both accordingly did, and immediately accommodated themselves with convenient apartments within a few doors of their friend the doctor.

CHAPTER IX.

Containing some things worthy observation.

NOTWITHSTANDING the exchange of his lodgings, Booth did not forget to send an excuse to Mr. Trent, of whose conversation he had taken a full surfeit the preceding evening.

That day in his walks Booth met with an old brother-officer, who had served with him at Gibraltar, and was on half-pay as well as himself. He had not, indeed, had the fortune of being broke with his regiment, as was Booth, but had gone out, as they call it, on half-pay as a lieutenant, a rank to which he had risen in five-and-thirty years.

This honest gentleman, after some discourse with Booth, desired him to lend him half-a-crown, which he assured him he would faithfully pay the next day, when he was to receive some money for his sister. The sister was the widow of an officer that had been killed in the sea-service; and she and her brother lived together, on their joint stock, out of which they maintained likewise an old mother and two of the sister's children, the eldest of which was about nine years old. "You must know," said the old lieutenant, "I have been disappointed this morning by an old scoundrel, who wanted fifteen per cent. for advancing my sister's pension; but I have now got an honest fellow who hath promised it me to-morrow at ten per cent."

"And enough too, of all conscience," cries Booth.

"Why, indeed, I think so too," answered the other; "considering it is sure to be paid one time

or other. To say the truth, it is a little hard the government doth not pay those pensions better; for my sister's hath been due almost these two years; that is my way of thinking."

Booth answered he was ashamed to refuse him such a sum; but, "Upon my soul," said he, "I have not a single halfpenny in my pocket; for I am in a worse condition, if possible, than yourself; for I have lost all my money, and, what is worse, I owe Mr. Trent, whom you remember at Gibraltar, fifty pounds."

"Remember him! yes, d—n him! I remember him very well," cries the old gentleman, "though he will not remember me. He is grown so great now that he will not speak to his old acquaintance; and yet I should be ashamed of myself to be great in such a manner."

"What manner do you mean?" cries Booth, a little eagerly.

"Why, by pimping," answered the other; "he is pimp in ordinary to my lord——, who keeps his family; or how the devil he lives else I don't know, for his place is not worth three hundred pounds a year, and he and his wife spend a thousand at least. But she keeps an assembly, which, I believe, if you was to call a bawdy-house, you would not misname it. But d—n me if I had not rather be an honest man, and walk on foot, with holes in my shoes, as I do now, or go without a dinner, as I and all my family will to-day, than ride in a chariot and feast by such means. I am honest Bob Bound, and always will be; that's my way of thinking; and there's no man shall call me otherwise; for if he doth, I will knock him down for a lying rascal; that is my way of thinking."

"And a very good way of thinking too," cries Booth. "However, you shall not want a dinner to-day; for if you will go home with me, I will lend you a crown with all my heart."

"Looke," said the old man, "if it be anywise inconvenient to you I will not have it; for I will never rob another man of his dinner to eat myself—that is my way of thinking."

"Pooh!" said Booth; "never mention such a trifle twice between you and me. Besides, you say you can pay it me to-morrow; and I promise you that will be the same thing."

They then walked together to Booth's lodgings, where Booth, from Amelia's pocket, gave his friend double the little sum he had asked. Upon which the old gentleman shook him heartily by the hand, and, repeating his intentions of paying him the next day, made the best of his way to a butcher's, whence he carried off a leg of mutton to a family that had lately kept Lent without any religious merit.

When he was gone Amelia asked her husband who that old gentleman was? Booth answered he was one of the scandals of his country; that the duke of Marlborough had about thirty years before made him an ensign from a private man for very particular merit; and that he had not long since gone out of the army with a broken heart, upon having several boys put over his head. He then gave her an account of his family, which he had heard from the old gentleman in their way to his house, and with which we have already in a concise manner acquainted the reader.

"Good Heavens!" cries Amelia; "what are our great men made of? are they in reality a distinct species from the rest of mankind? are they born without hearts?"

"One would, indeed, sometimes," cries Booth, "be inclined to think so. In truth, they have no perfect idea of those common distresses of mankind

which are far removed from their own sphere. Compassion, if thoroughly examined, will, I believe, appear to be the fellow-feeling only of men of the same rank and degree of life for one another, on account of the evils to which they themselves are liable. Our sensations are, I am afraid, very cold towards those who are at a great distance from us, and whose calamities can consequently never reach us."

"I remember," cries Amelia, "a sentiment of Dr. Harrison's, which he told me was in some Latin book; *I am a man myself, and my heart is interested in whatever can befall the rest of mankind.* That is the sentiment of a good man, and whoever thinks otherwise is a bad one."

"I have often told you, my dear Emily," cries Booth, "that all men, as well the best as the worst, act alike from the principle of self-love. Where benevolence therefore is the uppermost passion, self-love directs you to gratify it by doing good, and by relieving the distresses of others; for they are then in reality your own. But where ambition, avarice, pride, or any other passion, governs the man and keeps his benevolence down, the miseries of all other men affect him no more than they would a stock or a stone. And thus the man and his statue have often the same degree of feeling or compassion."

"I have often wished, my dear," cries Amelia, "to hear you converse with Dr. Harrison on this subject; for I am sure he would convince you, though I can't, that there are really such things as religion and virtue."

This was not the first hint of this kind which Amelia had given; for she sometimes apprehended from his discourse that he was little better than an atheist: a consideration which did not diminish her affection for him, but gave her great uneasiness. On all such occasions Booth immediately turned the discourse to some other subject; for, though he had in other points a great opinion of his wife's capacity yet, as a divine or a philosopher he did not hold her in a very respectable light, nor did he lay any great stress on her sentiments in such matters. He now, therefore, gave a speedy turn to the conversation, and began to talk of affairs below the dignity of this history.

BOOK XI.—CHAPTER I.

Containing a very polite scene.

WE will now look back to some personages who, though not the principal characters in this history, have yet made too considerable a figure in it to be abruptly dropped: and these are colonel James and his lady.

This fond couple never met till dinner the day after the masquerade, when they happened to be alone together in an antechamber before the arrival of the rest of the company.

The conversation began with the colonel's saying, "I hope, madam, you got no cold last night at the masquerade." To which the lady answered by much the same question.

They then sat together near five minutes without opening their mouths to each other. At last Mrs. James said, "Pray, sir, who was that masque with you in the dress of a shepherdess? How could you expose yourself by walking with such a trollop in public; for certainly no woman of any figure would appear there in such a dress? You know, Mr. James, I never interfere with your affairs; but I would, methinks, for my own sake, if I was you, preserve a little decency in the face of the world."

"Upon my word," said James, "I do not know

whom you mean. A woman in such a dress might speak to me for aught I know. A thousand people speak to me at a masquerade. But, I promise you, I spoke to no woman acquaintance there that I know of. Indeed, I now recollect there was a woman in a dress of a shepherdess; and there was another awkward thing in a blue domino that plagued me a little, but I soon got rid of them."

"And I suppose you do not know the lady in the blue domino neither?"

"Not I, I assure you," said James. "But pray, why do you ask me these questions? it looks so like jealousy."

"Jealousy!" cries she; "I jealous! no, Mr. James, I shall never be jealous, I promise you, especially of the lady in the blue domino; for, to my knowledge, she despises you of all the human race."

"I am heartily glad of it," said James; "for I never saw such a tall awkward monster in my life."

"That is a very cruel way of telling me you knew me."

"You, madam!" said James; "you were in a black domino."

"It is not so unusual a thing, I believe, you yourself know, to change dresses. I own I did it to discover some of your tricks. I did not think you could have distinguished the tall awkward monster well."

"Upon my soul," said James, "if it was you I did not even suspect it; so you ought not to be offended at what I have said ignorantly."

"Indeed, sir," cries she, "you cannot offend me by anything you can say to my face; no, by my soul, I despise you too much. But I wish, Mr. James, you would not make me the subject of your conversation amongst your wenches. I desire I may not be afraid of meeting them for fear of their insults; that I may not be told by a dirty trollop you make me the subject of your wit amongst them, of which, it seems, I am the favourite topic. Though you have married a tall awkward monster, Mr. James, I think she hath a right to be treated, as your wife, with respect at least: indeed, I shall never require any more; indeed, Mr. James, I never shall. I think a wife hath a title to that."

"Who told you this, madam?" said James.

"Your slut," said she; "your wench, your shepherdess."

"By all that's sacred!" cries James, "I do not know who the shepherdess was."

"By all that's sacred then," says she, "she told me so, and I am convinced she told me truth. But I do not wonder at your denying it; for that is equally consistent with honour as to behave in such a manner to a wife who is a gentlewoman. I hope you will allow me that, sir. Because I had not quite so great a fortune I hope you do not think me beneath you, or that you did me any honour in marrying me. I am come of as good a family as yourself, Mr. James; and if my brother knew how you treated me he would not bear it."

"Do you threaten me with your brother, madam?" said James.

"I will not be ill-treated, sir," answered she.

"Nor I neither, madam," cries he; "and therefore I desire you will prepare to go into the country to-morrow morning."

"Indeed, sir," said she, "I shall not."

"By heavens! madam, but you shall," answered he: "I will have my coach at the door to-morrow morning by seven; and you shall either go into it or be carried."

"I hope, sir, you are not in earnest," said she.

"Indeed, madam," answered he, "but I am in

earnest, and resolved; and into the country you go to-morrow."

"But why into the country," said she, "Mr. James? Why will you be so barbarous to deny me the pleasures of the town?"

"Because you interfere with my pleasures," cried James, "which I have told you long ago I would not submit to. It is enough for fond couples to have these scenes together. I thought we had been upon a better footing, and had cared too little for each other to become mutual plagues. I thought you had been satisfied with the full liberty of doing what you pleased."

"So I am; I defy you to say I have ever given you any uneasiness."

"How!" cries he; "have you not just now upbraided me with what you heard at the masquerade?"

"I own," said she, "to be insulted by such a creature to my face stung me to the soul. I must have had no spirit to bear the insults of such an animal. Nay, she spoke of you with equal contempt. Whoever she is, I promise you Mr. Booth is her favourite. But, indeed, she is unworthy any one's regard, for she behaved like an arrant dragoon."

"Hang her!" cries the colonel, "I know nothing of her."

"Well, but, Mr. James, I am sure you will not send me into the country. Indeed I will not go into the country."

"If you was a reasonable woman," cries James, "perhaps I should not desire it. And on one consideration—"

"Come, name your consideration," said she.

"Let me first experience your discernment," said he. "Come, Molly, let me try your judgment. Can you guess at any woman of your acquaintance that I like?"

"Sure," said she, "it cannot be Mrs. Booth!"

"And why not Mrs. Booth?" answered he. "Is she not the finest woman in the world?"

"Very far from it," replied she, "in my opinion."

"Pray what faults," said he, "can you find in her?"

"In the first place," cries Mrs. James, "her eyes are too large; and she hath a look with them that I don't know how to describe; but I know I don't like it. Then her eyebrows are too large; therefore, indeed, she doth all in her power to remedy this with her pincers; for if it was not for those her eyebrows would be preposterous. Then her nose, as well proportioned as it is, has a visible scar on one side. Her neck, likewise, is too protuberant for the genteel size, especially as she laces herself; for no woman, in my opinion, can be genteel who is not entirely flat before. And, lastly, she is both too short and too tall. Well, you may laugh, Mr. James, I know what I mean, though I cannot well express it: I mean that she is too tall for a pretty woman and too short for a fine woman. There is such a thing as a kind of insipid medium—a kind of something that is neither one thing nor another. I know not how to express it more clearly; but when I say such a one is a pretty woman, a pretty thing, a pretty creature, you know very well I mean a little woman; and when I say such a one is a very fine woman, a very fine person of a woman, to be sure I must mean a tall woman. Now a woman that is between both is certainly neither the one nor the other."

"Well, I own," said he, "you have explained yourself with great dexterity; but, with all these imperfections, I cannot help liking her."

"That you need not tell me, Mr. James," answered the lady, "for that I knew before you desired

me to invite her to your house. And nevertheless, did not I, like an obedient wife, comply with your desires? did I make any objection to the party you proposed for the masquerade, though I knew very well your motive? what can the best of wives do more? to procure you success is not in my power; and, if I may give you my opinion, I believe you never will succeed with her."

"Is her virtue so very impregnable?" said he, with a sneer.

"Her virtue," answered Mrs. James, "hath the best guard in the world, which is a most violent love for her husband."

"All pretence and affectation," cries the colonel. It is impossible she should have so little taste, or indeed so little delicacy, as to like such a fellow."

"Nay, I do not much like him myself," said she.

"He is not indeed at all such a sort of man as I should like; but I thought he had been generally allowed to be handsome."

"He handsome!" cries James. "What, with a nose like the proboscis of an elephant, with the shoulders of a porter, and the legs of a chairman? The fellow hath not in the least the look of a gentleman, and one would rather think he had followed a plough than the camp all his life."

"Nay, now I protest," said she, "I think you do him injustice. He is genteel enough in my opinion. It is true, indeed, he is not quite of the most delicate make; but, whatever he is, I am convinced she thinks him the finest man in the world."

"I cannot believe it," answered he peevishly; "but will you invite her to dinner here to-morrow?"

"With all my heart, and as often as you please," answered she. "But I have some favours to ask of you. First, I must hear no more of going out of town till I please."

"Very well," cries he.

"In the next place," said she, "I must have two hundred guineas within these two or three days."

"Well, I agree to that too," answered he.

"And when I do go out of town, I go to Tunbridge—I insist upon that; and from Tunbridge I go to Bath—positively to Bath. And I promise you faithfully I will do all in my power to carry Mrs. Booth with me."

"On that condition," answered he, "I promise you you shall go wherever you please. And, to show you I will even prevent your wishes by my generosity, as soon as I receive the five thousand pounds which I am going to take upon one of my estates, you shall have two hundred more."

She thanked him with a low curtsy; and he was in such good humour that he offered to kiss her. To this kiss she coldly turned her cheek, and then, flirting her fan, said, "Mr. James, there is one thing I forgot to mention to you—I think you intended to get a commission in some regiment abroad for this young man. Now, if you would take my advice, I know this will not oblige his wife; and, besides, I am positive she resolves to go with him. But, if you can provide for him in some regiment at home, I know she will dearly love you for it, and when he is ordered to quarters she will be left behind; and Yorkshire or Scotland, I think, is as good a distance as either of the Indies."

"Well, I will do what I can," answered James; "but I cannot ask anything yet; for I got two places of a hundred a year each for two of my footmen, within this fortnight."

At this instant a violent knock at the door signified the arrival of their company, upon which both husband and wife put on their best looks to receive their guests; and, from their behaviour to each

other during the rest of the day, a stranger might have concluded he had been in company with the fondest couple in the universe.

CHAPTER II.

Matters political.

BEFORE we return to Booth we will relate a scene in which Dr. Harrison was concerned.

This good man, while in the country, happened to be in the neighbourhood of a nobleman of his acquaintance, and whom he knew to have very considerable interest with the ministers at that time.

The doctor, who was very well known to this nobleman, took this opportunity of paying him a visit in order to recommend poor Booth to his favour. Nor did he much doubt of his success, the favour he was to ask being a very small one, and to which he thought the service of Booth gave him so just a title.

The doctor's name soon gained him an admission to the presence of this great man, who, indeed, received him with much courtesy and politeness; not so much, perhaps, from any particular regard to the sacred function, nor from any respect to the doctor's personal merit, as from some considerations which the reader will perhaps guess anon. After many ceremonials, and some previous discourse on different subjects, the doctor opened the business, and told the great man that he was come to him to solicit a favour for a young gentleman who had been an officer in the army and was now on half-pay. "All the favour I ask, my lord," said he, "is, that this gentleman may be again admitted *ad eundem*. I am convinced your lordship will do me the justice to think I would not ask for a worthless person; but, indeed, the young man I mean hath very extraordinary merit. He was at the siege of Gibraltar, in which he behaved with distinguished bravery, and was dangerously wounded at two several times in the service of his country. I will add that he is at present in great necessity, and hath a wife and several children, for whom he hath no other means of providing; and, if it will recommend him farther to your lordship's favour, his wife, I believe, is one of the best and worthiest of all her sex."

"As to that, my dear doctor," cries the nobleman, "I shall make no doubt. Indeed any service I shall do the gentleman will be upon your account. As to necessity, it is the plea of so many that it is impossible to serve them all. And with regard to the personal merit of these inferior officers, I believe I need not tell you that it is very little regarded. But if you recommend him, let the person be what he will, I am convinced it will be done; for I know it is in your power at present to ask for a greater matter than this."

"I depend entirely upon your lordship," answered the doctor.

"Indeed, my worthy friend," replied the lord, "I will not take a merit to myself which will so little belong to me. You are to depend on yourself. It falls out very luckily too at this time, when you have it in your power so greatly to oblige us."

"What, my lord, is in my power?" cries the doctor.

"You certainly know," answered his lordship, "how hard colonel Trompington is run at your town in the election of a mayor; they tell me it will be a very near thing unless you join us. But we know it is in your power to do the business, and turn the scale. I heard your name mentioned the other day on that account, and I know you may have anything in reason if you will give us your interest."

"Sure, my lord," cries the doctor, "you are not in earnest in asking my interest for the colonel?"

"Indeed I am," answered the peer; "why should you doubt it?"

"For many reasons," answered the doctor. "First, I am an old friend and acquaintance of Mr. Fairfield, as your lordship, I believe, very well knows. The little interest, therefore, that I have, you may be assured, will go in his favour. Indeed, I do not concern myself deeply in these affairs, for I do not think it becomes my cloth so to do. But, as far as I think it decent to interest myself, it will certainly be on the side of Mr. Fairfield. Indeed, I should do so if I was acquainted with both the gentlemen only by reputation; the one being a neighbouring gentleman of a very large estate, a very sober and sensible man, of known probity and attachment to the true interest of his country; the other is a mere stranger, a boy, a soldier of fortune, and, as far as I can discern from the little conversation I have had with him, of a very shallow capacity, and no education."

"No education, my dear friend!" cries the nobleman. "Why, he hath been educated in half the courts of Europe."

"Perhaps so, my lord," answered the doctor; "but I shall always be so great a pedant as to call a man of no learning a man of no education. And, from my own knowledge, I can aver that I am persuaded there is scarce a foot-soldier in the army who is more illiterate than the colonel."

"Why, as to Latin and Greek, you know," replied the lord, "they are not much required in the army."

"It may be so," said the doctor. "Then let such persons keep their own profession. It is a very low civil capacity indeed for which an illiterate man can be qualified. And, to speak a plain truth, if your lordship is a friend to the colonel, you would do well to advise him to decline an attempt in which I am certain he hath no probability of success."

"Well, sir," said the lord, "if you are resolved against us, I must deal as freely with you, and tell you plainly I cannot serve you in your affair. Nay, it will be the best thing I can do to hold my tongue; for, if I should mention his name with your recommendation after what you have said, he would perhaps never get provided for as long as he lives."

"Is his own merit, then, my lord, no recommendation?" cries the doctor.

"My dear, dear sir," cries the other, "what is the merit of a subaltern officer?"

"Surely, my lord," cries the doctor, "it is the merit which should recommend him to the post of a subaltern officer. And it is a merit which will hereafter qualify him to serve his country in a higher capacity. And I do assure you of this young man, that he hath not only a good heart but a good head too. And I have been told by those who are judges that he is, for his age, an excellent officer."

"Very probably!" cries my lord. "And there are abundance with the same merit and the same qualifications who want a morsel of bread for themselves and their families."

"It is an infamous scandal on the nation," cries the doctor; "and I am heartily sorry it can be said even with a colour of truth."

"How can it be otherwise?" says the peer. "Do you think it is possible to provide for all men of merit?"

"Yes, surely do I," said the doctor; "and very easily too."

"How, pray?" cries the lord. "Upon my word, I shall be glad to know."

"Only by not providing for those who have none. The men of merit in any capacity are not, I am

afraid, so extremely numerous that we need starve any of them, unless we wickedly suffer a set of worthless fellows to eat their bread."

"This is all mere Utopia," cries his lordship; "the chimerical system of Plato's commonwealth, with which we amused ourselves at the university; politics which are inconsistent with the state of human affairs."

"Sure, my lord," cries the doctor, "we have read of states where such doctrines have been put in practice. What is your lordship's opinion of Rome in the earlier ages of the commonwealth, of Sparta, and even of Athens itself in some periods of its history?"

"Indeed, doctor," cries the lord, "all these notions are obsolete and long since exploded. To apply maxims of government drawn from the Greek and Roman histories to this nation is absurd and impossible. But, if you will have Roman examples, fetch them from those times of the republic that were most like our own. Do you not know, doctor, that this is as corrupt a nation as ever existed under the sun? And would you think of governing such a people by the strict principles of honesty and morality?"

"If it be so corrupt," said the doctor, "I think it is high time to amend it: or else it is easy to foresee that Roman and British liberty will have the same fate; for corruption in the body politic as naturally tends to dissolution as in the natural body."

"I thank you for your simile," cries my lord; "for, in the natural body, I believe, you will allow there is the season of youth, the season of manhood, and the season of old age; and that, when the last of these arrives, it will be an impossible attempt by all the means of art to restore the body again to its youth, or to the vigour of its middle age. The same periods happen to every great kingdom. In its youth it rises by arts and arms to power and prosperity. This it enjoys and flourishes with a while; and then it may be said to be in the vigour of its age, enriched at home with all the emoluments and blessings of peace, and formidable abroad with all the terrors of war. At length this very prosperity introduces corruption, and then comes on its old age. Virtue and learning, art and industry, decay by degrees. The people sink into sloth and luxury and prostitution. It is enervated at home—becomes contemptible abroad; and such indeed is its misery and wretchedness, that it resembles a man in the last decrepit stage of life, who looks with unconcern at his approaching dissolution."

"This is a melancholy picture indeed," cries the doctor; "and, if the latter part of it can be applied to our case, I see nothing but religion, which would have prevented this decrepit state of the constitution, should prevent a man of spirit from hanging himself out of the way of so wretched a contemplation."

"Why so?" said the peer; "why hang myself, doctor? Would it not be wiser, think you, to make the best of your time, and the most you can, in such a nation?"

"And is religion, then, to be really laid out of the question?" cries the doctor.

"If I am to speak my own opinion, sir," answered the peer, "you know I shall answer in the negative. But you are too well acquainted with the world to be told that the conduct of politicians is not formed upon the principles of religion."

"I am very sorry for it," cries the doctor; "but I will talk to them then of honour and honesty; this is a language which I hope they will at least pretend to understand. Now to deny a man the preferment which he merits, and to give it to another man who doth

not merit it, is a manifest act of injustice, and is consequently inconsistent with both honour and honesty. Nor is it only an act of injustice to the man himself, but to the public, for whose good principally all public offices are, or ought to be, instituted. Now this good can never be completed nor obtained but by employing all persons according to their capacities. Wherever true merit is liable to be superseded by favour and partiality, and men are intrusted with offices without any regard to capacity or integrity, the affairs of that state will always be in a deplorable situation. Such, as Livy tells us, was the state of Capua a little before its final destruction, and the consequence your lordship well knows. But, my lord, there is another mischief which attends this kind of injustice, and that is, it hath a manifest tendency to destroy all virtue and all ability among the people, by taking away all that encouragement and incentive which should promote emulation and raise men to aim at excelling in any art, science, or profession. Nor can anything, my lord, contribute more to render a nation contemptible among its neighbours; for what opinion can other countries have of the councils, or what terror can they conceive of the arms of such a people? and it was chiefly owing to the avoiding of this error that Oliver Cromwell carried the reputation of England higher than it ever was at any other time. I will add only one argument more, and that is founded on the most narrow and selfish system of politics; and this is, that such a conduct is sure to create universal discontent and grumbling at home; for nothing can bring men to rest satisfied, when they see others preferred to them, but an opinion that they deserve that elevation; for, as one of the greatest men this country ever produced observes,

One worthless man that gains what he pretends
Disgusts a thousand unpretending friends.

With what heart-burnings then must any nation see themselves obliged to contribute to the support of a set of men of whose incapacity to serve them they are well apprised, and who do their country a double diskindness, by being themselves employed in posts to which they are unequal, and by keeping others out of those employments for which they are qualified!"

"And do you really think, doctor," cries the nobleman, "that any minister could support himself in this country upon such principles as you recommend? Do you think he would be able to baffle an opposition unless he should oblige his friends by conferring places often contrary to his own inclinations and his own opinion?"

"Yes, really do I," cries the doctor. "Indeed, if a minister is resolved to make good his confession in the liturgy, *by leaving undone all those things which he ought to have done, and by doing all those things which he ought not to have done*, such a minister, I grant, will be obliged to baffle opposition, as you are pleased to term it, by these arts; for, as Shakespeare somewhere says,

Things ill begun strengthen themselves by ill.

But if, on the contrary, he will please to consider the true interest of his country, and that only in great and national points; if he will engage his country in neither alliances nor quarrels but where it is really interested; if he will raise no money but what is wanted, nor employ any civil or military officers but what are useful, and place in these employments men of the highest integrity, and of the greatest abilities; if he will employ some few of his hours to advance our trade, and some few more to regulate our domestic government; if he would do this, my lord, I will answer for it, he shall either have no

opposition to baffle, or he shall baffle it by a fair appeal to his conduct. Such a minister may, in the language of the law, put himself on his country when he pleases, and he shall come off with honour and applause."

"And do you really believe, doctor," cries the peer, "there ever was such a minister, or ever will be?"

"Why not, my lord?" answered the doctor. "It requires no very extraordinary parts, nor any extraordinary degree of virtue. He need practise no great instances of self-denial. He shall have power, and honour, and riches, and, perhaps, all in a much greater degree than he can ever acquire by pursuing a contrary system. He shall have more of each and much more of safety."

"Pray, doctor," said my lord, "let me ask you one simple question. Do you really believe any man upon earth was ever a rogue out of choice?"

"Really, my lord," says the doctor, "I am ashamed to answer in the affirmative; and yet I am afraid experience would almost justify me if I should. Perhaps the opinion of the world may sometimes mislead men to think those measures necessary which in reality are not so. Or the truth may be, that a man of good inclinations finds his office filled with such corruption by the iniquity of his predecessors, that he may despair of being capable of purging it; and so sits down contented, as Augeas did with the filth of his stables, not because he thought them the better, or that such filth was really necessary to a stable, but that he despaired of sufficient force to cleanse them."

"I will ask you one question more, and I have done," said the nobleman. "Do you imagine that if any minister was really as good as you would have him, that the people in general would believe that he was so?"

"Truly, my lord," said the doctor, "I think they may be justified in not believing too hastily. But I beg leave to answer your lordship's question by another. Doth your lordship believe that the people of Greenland, when they see the light of the sun and feel his warmth, after so long a season of cold and darkness, will really be persuaded that he shines upon them?"

My lord smiled at the conceit; and then the doctor took an opportunity to renew his suit, to which his lordship answered, "He would promise nothing, and could give him no hopes of success; but you may be assured," said he, with a leering countenance, "I shall do him all the service in my power." A language which the doctor well understood; and soon after took a civil, but not a very ceremonious leave.

CHAPTER III.

The history of Mr. Trent.

WE will now return to Mr. Booth and his wife. The former had spent his time very uneasily ever since he had discovered what sort of man he was indebted too; but, lest he should forget it, Mr. Trent thought now proper to remind him in the following letter, which he read the next morning after he had put off the appointment.

"SIR,—I am sorry the necessity of my affairs obliges me to mention that small sum which I had the honour to lend you the other night at play; and which I shall be much obliged to you if you will let me have some time either to-day or to-morrow. I am, sir, your most obedient, most humble servant,
"GEORGE TRENT."

This letter a little surprised Booth, after the genteel, and, indeed, as it appeared, generous behaviour of Trent. But lest it should have the same effect upon the reader, we will now proceed to account for

this, as well as for some other phenomena that have appeared in this history, and which, perhaps, we shall be forgiven for not having opened more largely before.

Mr. Trent then was a gentleman possibly of a good family, for it was not certain whence he sprung on the father's side. His mother, who was the only parent he ever knew or heard of, was a single gentlewoman, and for some time carried on the trade of a milliner in Covent-garden. She sent her son, at the age of eight years old, to a charity-school, where he remained till he was of the age of fourteen, without making any great proficiency in learning. Indeed it is not very probable he should; for the master, who, in preference to a very learned and proper man, was chosen by a party into this school, the salary of which was upwards of a hundred pounds a-year, had himself never travelled through the Latin Grammar, and was, in truth, a most consummate blockhead.

At the age of fifteen Mr. Trent was put clerk to an attorney, where he remained a very short time before he took leave of his master; rather, indeed, departed without taking leave; and, having broke open his mother's escrutoire, and carried off with him all the valuable effects he there found, to the amount of about fifty pounds, he marched off to sea, and went on board a merchantman, whence he was afterwards pressed into a man-of-war.

In this service he continued above three years; during which time he behaved so ill in his moral character that he twice underwent a very severe discipline for thefts in which he was detected; but, at the same time, he behaved so well as a sailor in an engagement with some pirates, that he wiped off all former scores, and greatly recommended himself to his captain.

At his return home, he being then about twenty years of age, he found that the attorney had in his absence married his mother, had buried her, and secured all her effects, to the amount, as he was informed, of about fifteen hundred pounds. Trent applied to his stepfather, but to no purpose; the attorney utterly disowned him, nor would he suffer him to come a second time within his doors.

It happened that the attorney had, by a former wife, an only daughter, a great favourite, who was about the same age with Trent himself, and had, during his residence at her father's house, taken a very great liking to this young fellow, who was extremely handsome and perfectly well made. This her liking was not, during his absence, so far extinguished but that it immediately revived on his return. Of this she took care to give Mr. Trent proper intimation; for she was not one of those backward and delicate ladies who can die rather than make the first overture. Trent was overjoyed at this, and with reason, for she was a very lovely girl in her person, the only child of a rich father; and the prospect of so complete a revenge on the attorney charmed him above all the rest. To be as short in the matter as the parties, a marriage was soon consummated between them.

The attorney at first raged and was implacable; but at last fondness for his daughter so far overcame resentment that he advanced a sum of money to buy his son-in-law (for now he acknowledged him as such) an ensign's commission in a marching regiment then ordered to Gibraltar; at which place the attorney heartily hoped that Trent might be knocked on the head; for in that case he thought he might marry his daughter more agreeably to his own ambition and to her advantage.

The regiment into which Trent purchased was

the same with that in which Booth likewise served ; the one being an ensign, and the other a lieutenant, in the two additional companies.

Trent had no blemish in his military capacity. Though he had had but an indifferent education, he was naturally sensible and genteel, and Nature, as we have said, had given him a very agreeable person. He was likewise a very bold fellow, and, as he really behaved himself every way well enough while he was at Gibraltar, there was some degree of intimacy between him and Booth.

When the siege was over, and the additional companies were again reduced, Trent returned to his wife, who received him with great joy and affection. Soon after this an accident happened which proved the utter ruin of his father-in-law, and ended in breaking his heart. This was nothing but making a mistake pretty common at this day, of writing another man's name to a deed instead of his own. In truth this matter was no less than what the law calls forgery, and was just then made capital by an act of parliament. From this offence, indeed, the attorney was acquitted, by not admitting the proof of the party, who was to avoid his own deed by his evidence, and therefore no witness, according to those excellent rules called the law of evidence ; a law very excellently calculated for the preservation of the lives of his majesty's roguish subjects, and most notably used for that purpose.

But though by common law the attorney was honourably acquitted, yet, as common sense manifested to every one that he was guilty, he unhappily lost his reputation, and of consequence his business ; the chagrin of which latter soon put an end to his life.

This prosecution had been attended with a very great expense ; for, besides the ordinary costs of avoiding the gallows by the help of the law, there was a very high article, of no less than a thousand pounds, paid down to remove out of the way a witness against whom there was no legal exception. The poor gentleman had besides suffered some losses in business ; so that, to the surprise of all his acquaintance, when his debts were paid there remained no more than a small estate of fourscore pounds a-year, which he settled upon his daughter, far out of the reach of her husband, and about two hundred pounds in money.

The old gentleman had not long been in his grave before Trent set himself to consider seriously of the state of his affairs. He had lately begun to look on his wife with a much less degree of liking and desire than formerly ; for he was one of those who think too much of one thing is good for nothing. Indeed, he had indulged these speculations so far, that I believe his wife, though one of the prettiest women in town, was the last subject that he would have chose for any amorous dalliance.

Many other persons, however, greatly differed from him in this opinion. Amongst the rest was the illustrious peer of amorous memory. This noble peer, having therefore got a view of Mrs. Trent one day in the street, did, by means of an emissary then with him, make himself acquainted with her lodging, to which he immediately laid siege in form, setting himself down in a lodging directly opposite to her, from whence the battery of ogles began to play the very next morning.

The siege had not continued long before the governor of the garrison became sufficiently apprised of all the works which were carrying on, and, having well reconnoitered the enemy, and discovered who he was, notwithstanding a false name and some disguise of his person, he called a council of war

within his own breast. In fact, to drop all allegory, he began to consider whether his wife was not really a more valuable possession than he had lately thought her. In short, as he had been disappointed in her fortune, he now conceived some hopes of turning her beauty itself into a fortune.

Without communicating these views to her, he soon scraped an acquaintance with his opposite neighbour by the name which he there usurped, and counterfeited an entire ignorance of his real name and title. On this occasion Trent had his disguise likewise, for he affected the utmost simplicity ; of which affectation, as he was a very artful fellow, he was extremely capable.

The peer fell plump into this snare ; and when, by the simplicity, as he imagined, of the husband, he became acquainted with the wife, he was so extravagantly charmed with her person, that he resolved, whatever was the cost or the consequence, he would possess her.

His lordship, however, preserved some caution in his management of this affair ; more, perhaps, than was necessary. As for the husband, none was requisite, for he knew all he could ; and, with regard to the wife herself, as she had for some time perceived the decrease of her husband's affection (for few women are, I believe, to be imposed upon in that matter), she was not displeased to find the return of all that complaisance and endearment, of those looks and languishments, from another agreeable person, which she had formerly received from Trent, and which she now found she should receive from him no longer.

My lord, therefore, having been indulged with as much opportunity as he could wish from Trent, and having received rather more encouragement than he could well have hoped from the lady, began to prepare all matters for a storm, when luckily, Mr. Trent declaring he must go out of town for two days, he fixed on the first day of his departure as the time of carrying his design into execution.

And now, after some debate with himself in what manner he should approach his love, he at last determined to do it in his own person ; for he conceived, and perhaps very rightly, that the lady, like Semele, was not void of ambition, and would have preferred Jupiter in all his glory to the same deity in the disguise of an humble shepherd. He dressed himself, therefore, in the richest embroidery of which he was master, and appeared before his mistress arrayed in all the brightness of peerage ; a sight whose charms she had not the power to resist, and the consequences are only to be imagined. In short, the same scene which Jupiter acted with his above-mentioned mistress of old was more than beginning when Trent burst from the closet into which he had conveyed himself, and unkindly interrupted the action.

His lordship presently ran to his sword ; but Trent, with great calmness, answered, " That, as it was very well known he durst fight, he should not draw his sword on this occasion ; for sure," says he, " my lord, it would be the highest imprudence in me to kill a man who is now become so considerably my debtor." At which words he fetched a person from the closet, who had been confined with him, telling him he had done his business, and might now, if he pleased, retire.

It would be tedious here to amuse the reader with all that passed on the present occasion ; the rage and confusion of the wife, or the perplexity in which my lord was involved. We will omit therefore all such matters, and proceed directly to business, as Trent and his lordship did soon after. And in the conclusion my lord stipulated to pay a good round

sum, and to provide Mr. Trent with a good place on the first opportunity.

On the side of Mr. Trent were stipulated absolute remission of all past, and full indulgence for the time to come.

Trent now immediately took a house at the polite end of the town, furnished it elegantly, and set up his equipage, rigged out both himself and his wife with very handsome clothes, frequented all public places where he could get admission, pushed himself into acquaintance, and his wife soon afterwards began to keep an assembly, or, in the fashionable phrase, to be at home once a-week; when, by my lord's assistance, she was presently visited by most men of the first rank, and by all such women of fashion as are not very nice in their company.

My lord's amour with this lady lasted not long; for, as we have before observed, he was the most inconstant of all the human race. Mrs. Trent's passion was not however of that kind which leads to any very deep resentment of such fickleness. Her passion, indeed, was principally founded upon interest; so that foundation served to support another superstructure; and she was easily prevailed upon, as well as her husband, to be useful to my lord in a capacity which, though very often exerted in the polite world, hath not as yet, to my great surprise, acquired any polite name, or, indeed, any which is not too coarse to be admitted in this history.

After this preface, which we thought necessary to account for a character of which some of my country and collegiate readers might possibly doubt the existence, I shall proceed to what more immediately regards Mrs. Booth. The reader may be pleased to remember that Mr. Trent was present at the assembly to which Booth and his wife were carried by Mrs. James, and where Amelia was met by the noble peer.

His lordship, seeing there that Booth and Trent were old acquaintance, failed not, to use the language of sportsmen, to put Trent upon the scent of Amelia. For this purpose that gentleman visited Booth the very next day, and had pursued him close ever since. By his means, therefore, my lord learned that Amelia was to be at the masquerade, to which place she was dogged by Trent in a sailor's jacket, who, meeting my lord, according to agreement, at the entrance of the opera-house, like the four-legged gentlemen of the same vocation, made a dead point, as it is called, at the game.

My lord was so satisfied and delighted with his conversation at the masquerade with the supposed Amelia, and the encouragement which in reality she had given him, that, when he saw Trent the next morning, he embraced him with great fondness, gave him a bank note of a hundred pounds, and promised him both the Indies on his success, of which he began now to have no manner of doubt.

The affair that happened at the gaming-table was likewise a scheme of Trent's, on a hint given by my lord to him to endeavour to lead Booth into some scrape or distress; his lordship promising to pay whatever expense Trent might be led into by such means. Upon his lordship's credit, therefore, the money lent to Booth was really advanced. And hence arose all that seeming generosity and indifference as to the payment; Trent being satisfied with the obligation conferred on Booth, by means of which he hoped to effect his purpose.

But now the scene was totally changed; for Mrs. Atkinson, the morning after the quarrel, beginning seriously to recollect that she had carried the matter rather too far, and might really injure Amelia's reputation, a thought to which the warm pursuit of her own interest had a good deal blinded her at the time,

resolved to visit my lord himself, and to let him into the whole story; for, as she had succeeded already in her favourite point, she thought she had not reason to fear any consequence of the discovery. This resolution she immediately executed.

Trent came to attend his lordship, just after Mrs. Atkinson had left him. He found the peer in a very ill humour, and brought no news to comfort or recruit his spirits; for he had himself just received a billet from Booth, with an excuse for himself and his wife, from accepting the invitation at Trent's house that evening, where matters had been previously concerted for their entertainment, and when his lordship was by accident to drop into the room where Amelia was, while Booth was to be engaged at play in another.

And now after much debate, and after Trent had acquainted my lord with the wretched situation of Booth's circumstances, it was resolved that Trent should immediately demand his money of Booth, and upon his not paying it, for they both concluded it impossible he should pay it, to put the note which Trent had for the money in suit against him, by the genteel means of paying it away to a nominal third person; and this they both conceived must end immediately in the ruin of Booth, and, consequently, in the conquest of Amelia.

In this project, and with this hope, both my lord and his setter, or (if the sportsmen please) setting-dog, both greatly exulted; and it was next morning executed, as we have already seen.

CHAPTER IV.

Containing some distress.

TRENT's letter drove Booth almost to madness. To be indebted to such a fellow at any rate had stuck much in his stomach, and had given him very great uneasiness; but to answer this demand in any other manner than by paying the money, was absolutely what he could not bear. Again, to pay this money, he very plainly saw there was but one way; and this was, by stripping his wife, not only of every farthing, but almost of every rag she had in the world; a thought so dreadful that it chilled his very soul with horror: and yet pride, at last, seemed to represent this as the lesser evil of the two.

But how to do this was still a question. It was not sure, at least he feared it was not, that Amelia herself would readily consent to this; and so far from persuading her to such a measure, he could not bear even to propose it. At length his determination was to acquaint his wife with the whole affair, and to ask her consent, by way of asking her advice; for he was well assured she could find no other means of extricating him out of his dilemma. This he accordingly did, representing the affair as bad as he could; though, indeed, it was impossible for him to aggravate the real truth.

Amelia heard him patiently, without once interrupting him. When he had finished she remained silent some time: indeed, the shock she received from this story almost deprived her of the power of speaking. At last she answered, "Well, my dear, you ask my advice; I certainly can give you no other than that the money must be paid."

"But how must it be paid?" cries he. "O heavens! thou sweetest creature! what, not once upbraid me for bringing this ruin on thee?"

"Upbraid you, my dear!" says she—"Would to Heaven I could prevent your upbraiding yourself. But do not despair. I will endeavour by some means or other to get you the money."

"Alas! my dear love," cries Booth, "I know the only way by which you can raise it. How can

I consent to that? do you forget the fears you so lately expressed of what would be our wretched condition when our little all was mouldered away? O my Amelia! they cut my very heart-strings when you spoke then; for I had then lost this little all. Indeed, I assure you, I have not played since, nor ever will more."

"Keep that resolution," said she, "my dear, and I hope we shall yet recover the past."—At which words, casting her eyes on the children, the tears burst from her eyes, and she cried,—“Heaven will, I hope, provide for us.”

A pathetic scene now ensued between the husband and wife, which would not, perhaps, please many readers to see drawn at too full a length. It is sufficient to say that this excellent woman not only used her utmost endeavours to stifle and conceal her own concern, but said and did everything in her power to allay that of her husband.

Booth was, at this time, to meet a person whom we have formerly mentioned in the course of our history. This gentleman had a place in the war-office, and pretended to be a man of great interest and consequence; by which means he did not only receive great respect and court from the inferior officers, but actually bubbled several of their money, by undertaking to do them services which, in reality, were not within his power. In truth, I have known few great men who have not been beset with one or more of such fellows as these, through whom the inferior part of mankind are obliged to make their court to the great men themselves; by which means, I believe, principally, persons of real merit have been often deterred from the attempt; for these subaltern coxcombs ever assume an equal state with their masters, and look for an equal degree of respect to be paid to them; to which men of spirit, who are in every light their betters, are not easily brought to submit. These fellows, indeed, themselves have a jealous eye towards all great abilities, and are sure, to the utmost of their power, to keep all who are so endowed from the presence of their masters. They use their masters as bad ministers have sometimes used a prince—they keep all men of merit from his ears, and daily sacrifice his true honour and interest to their own profit and their own vanity.

As soon as Booth was gone to his appointment with this man, Amelia immediately betook herself to her business with the highest resolution. She packed up, not only her own little trinkets, and those of the children, but the greatest part of her own poor clothes (for she was but barely provided), and then drove in a hackney-coach to the same pawnbroker's who had before been recommended to her by Mrs. Atkinson, who advanced her the money she desired.

Being now provided with her sum, she returned well pleased home, and her husband coming in soon after, she with much cheerfulness delivered him all the money.

Booth was so overjoyed with the prospect of discharging his debt to Trent, that he did not perfectly reflect on the distress to which his family was now reduced. The good-humour which appeared in the countenance of Amelia was, perhaps, another help to stifle those reflections; but, above all, were the assurances he had received from the great man, whom he had met at a coffee-house, and who had promised to do him all the service in his power; which several half-pay subaltern officers assured him was very considerable.

With this comfortable news he acquainted his wife, who either was, or seemed to be, extremely well pleased with it. And now he set out with the

money in his pocket to pay his friend Trent, who unluckily for him happened not to be at home.

On his return home he met his old friend the lieutenant, who thankfully paid him his crown, and insisted on his going with him and taking part of a bottle. This invitation was so eager and pressing, that poor Booth, who could not resist much importunity, complied.

While they were over this bottle Booth acquainted his friend with the promises he had received that afternoon at the coffee-house, with which the old gentleman was very well pleased: “For I have heard,” says he, “that gentleman hath very powerful interest;” but he informed him likewise that he had heard that the great man must be touched, for that he never did anything without touching. Of this, indeed, the great man himself had given some oblique hints, by saying, with great sagacity and slyness, that he knew where fifty pounds might be deposited to much advantage.

Booth answered that he would very readily advance a small sum if he had it in his power, but that at present it was not so, for that he had no more in the world than the sum of fifty pounds, which he owed Trent, and which he intended to pay him the next morning.

“It is very right, undoubtedly, to pay your debts,” says the old gentleman; “but sure, on such an occasion, any man but the rankest usurer would be contented to stay a little while for his money; and it will be only a little while I am convinced; for, if you deposit this sum in the great man's hands, I make no doubt but you will succeed immediately in getting your commission; and then I will help you to a method of taking up such a sum as this.” The old gentleman persisted in this advice, and backed it with every argument he could invent, declaring, as was indeed true, that he gave the same advice which he would pursue was the case his own.

Booth long rejected the opinion of his friend, till, as they had not argued with dry lips, he became heated with wine, and then at last the old gentleman succeeded. Indeed, such was his love, either for Booth or for his own opinion, and perhaps for both, that he omitted nothing in his power. He even endeavoured to palliate the character of Trent, and unsaid half what he had before said of that gentleman. In the end, he undertook to make Trent easy, and to go to him the very next morning for that purpose.

Poor Booth at last yielded, though with the utmost difficulty. Indeed, had he known quite as much of Trent as the reader doth, no motive whatsoever would have prevailed on him to have taken the old gentleman's advice.

CHAPTER V.

Containing more wormwood and other ingredients.

IN the morning Booth communicated the matter to Amelia, who told him she would not presume to advise him in an affair of which he was so much the better judge.

While Booth remained in a doubtful state what conduct to pursue Bound came to make him a visit, and informed him that he had been at Trent's house, but found him not at home, adding that he would pay him a second visit that very day, and would not rest till he found him.

Booth was ashamed to confess his wavering resolution in an affair in which he had been so troublesome to his friend; he therefore dressed himself immediately, and together they both went to wait on the little great man, to whom Booth now hoped to pay his court in the most effectual manner.

Bound had been longer acquainted with the modern methods of business than Booth; he advised his friend, therefore, to begin with tipping (as it is called) the great man's servant. He did so, and by that means got speedy access to the master.

The great man received the money, not as a gudgeon doth a bait, but as a pike receives a poor gudgeon into his maw. To say the truth, such fellows as these may well be likened to that voracious fish, who fattens himself by devouring all the little inhabitants of the river. As soon as the great man had pocketed the cash he shook Booth by the hand, and told him he would be sure to slip no opportunity of serving him, and would send him word as soon as any offered.

Here I shall stop one moment, and so, perhaps, will my good-natured reader; for surely it must be a hard heart which is not affected with reflecting on the manner in which this poor little sum was raised, and on the manner in which it was bestowed. A worthy family, the wife and children of a man who had lost his blood abroad in the service of his country, parting with their little all, and exposed to cold and hunger, to pamper such a fellow as this!

And if any such reader as I mention should happen to be in reality a great man, and in power, perhaps the horror of this picture may induce him to put a final end to this abominable practice of touching, as it is called; by which, indeed, a set of leeches are permitted to suck the blood of the brave and the indigent, of the widow and the orphan.

Booth now returned home, where he found his wife with Mrs. James. Amelia had, before the arrival of her husband, absolutely refused Mrs. James's invitation to dinner the next day; but when Booth came in the lady renewed her application, and that in so pressing a manner, that Booth seconded her; for, though he had enough of jealousy in his temper, yet such was his friendship to the colonel, and such his gratitude to the obligations which he had received from him, that his own unwillingness to believe anything of him, co-operating with Amelia's endeavours to put everything in the fairest light, had brought him to acquit his friend of any ill design. To this, perhaps, the late affair concerning my lord had moreover contributed; for it seems to me that the same passion cannot much energise on two different objects at one and the same time: an observation which, I believe, will hold as true with regard to the cruel passions of jealousy and anger as to the gentle passion of love, in which one great and mighty object is sure to engage the whole passion.

When Booth grew importunate, Amelia answered, "My dear, I should not refuse you whatever was in my power; but this is absolutely out of my power; for since I must declare the truth, I cannot dress myself."

"Why so?" said Mrs. James. "I am sure you are in good health."

"Is there no other impediment to dressing but want of health, madam?" answered Amelia.

"Upon my word, none that I know of," replied Mrs. James.

"What do you think of want of clothes, madam?" said Amelia.

"Ridiculous!" cries Mrs. James, "What need have you to dress yourself out? You will see nobody but our own family, and I promise you I don't expect it. A plain night-gown will do very well."

"But if I must be plain with you, madam," said Amelia, "I have no other clothes but what I have now on my back. I have not even a clean shift in the world; for you must know, my dear," said she to Booth, "that little Betty is walked off this morning, and hath carried all my linen with her."

"How, my dear?" cries Booth; "little Betty robbed you?"

"It is even so," answered Amelia. Indeed, she spoke truth; for little Betty, having perceived the evening before that her mistress was moving her goods, was willing to lend all the assistance in her power, and had accordingly moved off early that morning, taking with her whatever she could lay her hands on.

Booth expressed himself with some passion on the occasion, and swore he would make an example of the girl. "If the little slut be above ground," cried he, "I will find her out, and bring her to justice."

"I am really sorry for this accident," said Mrs. James, "and (though I know not how to mention it) I beg you'll give me leave to offer you any linen of mine till you can make new of your own."

Amelia thanked Mrs. James, but declined the favour, saying, she should do well enough at home; and that, as she had no servant now to take care of her children, she could not, nor would not, leave them on any account.

"Then bring master and miss with you," said Mrs. James. "You shall positively dine with us to-morrow."

"I beg, madam, you will mention it no more," said Amelia; "for, besides the substantial reasons I have already given, I have some things on my mind at present which make me unfit for company; and I am resolved nothing shall prevail on me to stir from home."

Mrs. James had carried her invitation already to the very utmost limits of good breeding, if not beyond them. She desisted therefore from going any farther, and, after some short stay longer, took her leave, with many expressions of concern, which, however, great as it was, left her heart and her mouth together before she was out of the house.

Booth now declared that he would go in pursuit of little Betty, against whom he vowed so much vengeance, that Amelia endeavoured to moderate his anger by representing to him the girl's youth, and that this was the first fault she had ever been guilty of. "Indeed," says she, "I would be very glad to have my things again, and I should have the girl too punished in some degree, which might possibly be for her own good; but I tremble to think of taking away her life;" for Booth in his rage had sworn he would hang her.

"I know the tenderness of your heart, my dear," said Booth, "and I love you for it; but I must beg leave to dissent from your opinion. I do not think the girl in any light an object of mercy. She is not only guilty of dishonesty but of cruelty; for she must know our situation, and the very little we had left. She is besides guilty of ingratitude to you, who have treated her with so much kindness, that you have rather acted the part of a mother than of a mistress. And, so far from thinking her youth an excuse, I think it rather an aggravation. It is true, indeed, there are faults which the youth of the party very strongly recommends to our pardon. Such are all those which proceed from carelessness and want of thought; but crimes of this black die, which are committed with deliberation, and imply a bad mind, deserve a more severe punishment in a young person than in one of riper years; for what must the mind be in old age which hath acquired such a degree of perfection in villany so very early? Such persons as these it is really a charity to the public to put out of society; and, indeed, a religious man would put them out of the world for the sake of themselves; for whoever understands anything of human nature must know

that such people, the longer they live, the more they will accumulate vice and wickedness."

"Well, my dear," cries Amelia, "I cannot argue with you on these subjects. I shall always submit to your superior judgment, and I know you too well to think that you will ever do anything cruel."

Booth then left Amelia to take care of her children, and went in pursuit of the thief.

CHAPTER VI.

A scene of the tragic kind.

HE had not been long gone before a thundering knock was heard at the door of the house where Amelia lodged, and presently after a figure all pale, ghastly, and almost breathless, rushed into the room where she then was with her children.

This figure Amelia soon recognised to be Mrs. Atkinson, though indeed she was so disguised that at her first entrance Amelia scarce knew her. Her eyes were sunk in her head, her hair dishevelled, and not only her dress but every feature in her face was in the utmost disorder.

Amelia was greatly shocked at this sight, and the little girl was much frightened; as for the boy, he immediately knew her, and, running to Amelia, he cried, "La! mamma, what is the matter with poor Mrs. Atkinson?"

As soon as Mrs. Atkinson recovered her breath she cried out, "O, Mrs. Booth! I am the most miserable of women—I have lost the best of husbands."

Amelia, looking at her with all the tenderness imaginable, forgetting, I believe, that there had ever been any quarrel between them, said—"Good Heavens, madam, what's the matter?"

"O, Mrs. Booth!" answered she, "I fear I have lost my husband: the doctor says there is but little hope of his life. O, madam! however I have been in the wrong, I am sure you will forgive me and pity me. I am sure I am severely punished; for to that cursed affair I owe all my misery."

"Indeed, madam," cries Amelia, "I am extremely concerned for your misfortune. But pray tell me, hath anything happened to the serjeant?"

"O, madam!" cries she, "I have the greatest reason to fear I shall lose him. The doctor hath almost given him over—he says he hath scarce any hopes. O, madam! that evening that the fatal quarrel happened between us my dear captain took it so to heart that he sat up all night and drank a whole bottle of brandy. Indeed, he said he wished to kill himself; for nothing could have hurt him so much in the world, he said, as to have any quarrel between you and me. His concern, and what he drank together, threw him into a high fever. So that, when I came home from my lord's—for indeed, madam, I have been, and set all to rights—your reputation is now in no danger—when I came home, I say, I found the poor man in a raving delirious fit, and in that he hath continued ever since till about an hour ago, when he came perfectly to his senses; but now he says he is sure he shall die, and begs for Heaven's sake to see you first. Would you, madam, would you have the goodness to grant my poor captain's desire? consider he is a dying man, and neither he nor I shall ever ask you a second favour. He says he hath something to say to you that he can mention to no other person, and that he cannot die in peace unless he sees you."

"Upon my word, madam," cries Amelia, "I am extremely concerned at what you tell me. I knew the poor serjeant from his infancy, and always had an affection for him, as I think him to be one of the best-natured and honestest creatures upon earth. I

am sure if I could do him any service—but of what use can my going be?"

"Of the highest in the world," answered Mrs. Atkinson. "If you knew how earnestly he entreated it, how his poor breaking heart begged to see you, you would not refuse."

"Nay, I do not absolutely refuse," cries Amelia. "Something to say to me of consequence, and that he could not die in peace unless he said it! did he say that, Mrs. Atkinson?"

"Upon my honour he did," answered she, "and much more than I have related."

"Well, I will go with you," cries Amelia. "I cannot guess what this should be; but I will go."

Mrs. Atkinson then poured out a thousand blessings and thanksgivings; and, taking hold of Amelia's hand, and eagerly kissing it, cried out, "How could that fury passion drive me to quarrel with such a creature?"

Amelia told her she had forgiven and forgot it; and then, calling up the mistress of the house, and committing to her the care of the children, she cloaked herself up as well as she could and set out with Mrs. Atkinson.

When they arrived at the house, Mrs. Atkinson said she would go first and give the captain some notice; for that, if Amelia entered the room unexpectedly, the surprise might have an ill effect. She left therefore Amelia in the parlour, and proceeded directly up stairs.

Poor Atkinson, weak and bad as was his condition, no sooner heard that Amelia was come than he discovered great joy in his countenance, and presently afterwards she was introduced to him.

Atkinson exerted his utmost strength to thank her for this goodness to a dying man (for so he called himself). He said he should not have presumed to give her this trouble, had he not had something which he thought of consequence to say to her, and which he could not mention to any other person. He then desired his wife to give him a little box, of which he always kept the key himself, and afterwards begged her to leave the room for a few minutes; at which neither she nor Amelia expressed any dissatisfaction.

When he was alone with Amelia he spoke as follows: "This, madam, is the last time my eyes will ever behold what—do pardon me, madam, I will never offend you more." Here he sunk down in his bed, and the tears gushed from his eyes.

"Why should you fear to offend me, Joe?" said Amelia. "I am sure you never did anything willingly to offend me."

"No, madam," answered he, "I would die a thousand times before I would have ventured it in the smallest matter. But—I cannot speak—and yet I must. You cannot pardon me, and yet, perhaps, as I am a dying man, and never shall see you more—indeed, if I was to live after this discovery, I should never dare to look you in the face again; and yet, madam, to think I shall never see you more is worse than ten thousand deaths."

"Indeed, Mr. Atkinson," cries Amelia, blushing, and looking down on the floor, "I must not hear you talk in this manner. If you have anything to say, tell it me, and do not be afraid of my anger; for I think I may promise to forgive whatever it was possible you should do."

"Here then, madam," said he, "is your picture; I stole it when I was eighteen years of age, and have kept it ever since. It is set in gold, with three little diamonds; and yet I can truly say it was not the gold nor the diamonds which I stole—it was that face; which, if I had been the emperor of the world—"

"I must not hear any more of this," said she. "Comfort yourself, Joe, and think no more of this matter. Be assured, I freely and heartily forgive you—But pray compose yourself; come, let me call in your wife."

"First, madam, let me beg one favour," cried he: "consider it is the last, and then I shall die in peace—let me kiss that hand before I die."

"Well, nay," says she, "I don't know what I am doing—well—there." She then carelessly gave him her hand, which he put gently to his lips, and then presently let it drop, and fell back in the bed.

Amelia now summoned Mrs. Atkinson, who was indeed no farther off than just without the door. She then hastened down stairs, and called for a great glass of water, which having drank off, she threw herself into a chair, and the tears ran plentifully from her eyes with compassion for the poor wretch she had just left in his bed.

To say the truth, without any injury to her chastity, that heart, which had stood firm as a rock to all the attacks of title and equipage, of finery and flattery, and which all the treasures of the universe could not have purchased, was yet a little softened by the plain, honest, modest, involuntary, delicate, heroic passion of this poor and humble swain; for whom, in spite of herself, she felt a momentary tenderness and complacency, at which Booth, if he had known it, would perhaps have been displeased.

Having staid some time in the parlour, and not finding Mrs. Atkinson come down, (for indeed her husband was then so bad she could not quit him,) Amelia left a message with the maid of the house for her mistress, purporting that she should be ready to do anything in her power to serve her, and then left the house with a confusion on her mind that she had never felt before, and which any chastity that is not hewn out of marble must feel on so tender and delicate an occasion.

CHAPTER VII.

In which Mr. Booth meets with more than one adventure.

Booth, having hunted about for two hours, at last saw a young lady in a tattered silk gown stepping out of a shop in Monmouth-street into a hackney-coach. This lady, notwithstanding the disguise of her dress, he presently discovered to be no other than little Betty.

He instantly gave the alarm of stop thief, stop coach! upon which Mrs. Betty was immediately stopped in her vehicle, and Booth and his myrmidons laid hold of her.

The girl no sooner found that she was seized by her master than the consciousness of her guilt overpowered her; for she was not yet an experienced offender, and she immediately confessed her crime.

She was then carried before a justice of peace, where she was searched, and there was found in her possession four shillings and sixpence in money, besides the silk gown, which was indeed proper furniture for rag-fair, and scarce worth a single farthing, though the honest shopkeeper in Monmouth-street had sold it for a crown to this simple girl.

The girl, being examined by the magistrate, spoke as follows:—"Indeed, sir, an't please your worship, I am very sorry for what I have done; and to be sure, an't please your honour, my lord, it must have been the devil that put me upon it; for to be sure, please your majesty, I never thought upon such a thing in my whole life before, any more than I did of my dying-day; but, indeed, sir, an't please your worship—"

She was running on in this manner when the justice interrupted her, and desired her to give an ac-

count of what she had taken from her master, and what she had done with it.

"Indeed, an't please your majesty," said she, "I took no more than two shifts of madam's, and I pawned them for five shillings, which I gave for the gown that's upon my back; and as for the money in my pocket, it is every farthing of it my own. I am sure I intended to carry back the shifts too as soon as ever I could get money to take them out."

The girl having told them where the pawnbroker lived, the justice sent to him, to produce the shifts, which he presently did; for he expected that a warrant to search his house would be the consequence of his refusal.

The shifts being produced, on which the honest pawnbroker had lent five shillings, appeared plainly to be worth above thirty; indeed, when new they had cost much more: so that, by their goodness as well as by their size, it was certain they could not have belonged to the girl. Booth grew very warm against the pawnbroker. "I hope, sir," said he to the justice, "there is some punishment for this fellow likewise, who so plainly appears to have known that these goods were stolen. The shops of these fellows may indeed be called the fountains of theft; for it is in reality the encouragement which they meet with from these receivers of their goods that induces men very often, to become thieves, so that these deserve equal if not severer punishment than the thieves themselves."

The pawnbroker protested his innocence, and denied the taking in the shifts. Indeed, in this he spoke truth, for he had slipped into an inner room, as was always his custom on these occasions, and left a little boy to do the business; by which means he had carried on the trade of receiving stolen goods for many years with impunity, and had been twice acquitted at the Old Bailey, though the juggle appeared upon the most manifest evidence.

As the justice was going to speak he was interrupted by the girl, who, falling upon her knees to Booth, with many tears begged his forgiveness.

"Indeed, Betty," cries Booth, "you do not deserve forgiveness; for you know very good reasons why you should not have thought of robbing your mistress, particularly at this time. And what farther aggravates your crime is, that you have robbed the best and kindest mistress in the world. Nay, you are not only guilty of felony, but of a felonious breach of trust, for you know very well everything your mistress had was intrusted to your care."

Now it happened, by very great accident, that the justice before whom the girl was brought understood the law. Turning therefore to Booth, he said, "Do you say, sir, that this girl was intrusted with the shifts?"

"Yes, sir," said Booth, "she was intrusted with everything."

"And will you swear that the goods stolen," said the justice, "are worth forty shillings?"

"No, indeed, sir," answered Booth, "nor that they are worthy thirty either."

"Then, sir," cries the justice, "the girl cannot be guilty of felony."

"How, sir," said Booth, "is it not a breach of trust? and is not a breach of trust felony, and the worst felony too?"

"No, sir," answered the justice; "a breach of trust is no crime in our law, unless it be in a servant; and then the act of parliament requires the goods taken to be of the value of forty shillings."

"So then a servant," cries Booth, "may rob his master of thirty-nine shillings whenever he pleases, and he can't be punished."

"If the goods are under his care, he can't," cries the justice.

"I ask your pardon, sir," says Booth. "I do not doubt what you say; but sure this is a very extraordinary law."

"Perhaps I think so too," said the justice; "but it belongs not to my office to make or to mend laws. My business is only to execute them. If therefore the case be as you say, I must discharge the girl."

"I hope, however, you will punish the pawnbroker," cries Booth.

"If the girl is discharged," cries the justice, "so must be the pawnbroker; for, if the goods are not stolen, he cannot be guilty of receiving them knowing them to be stolen. And, besides, as to his offence, to say the truth, I am almost weary of prosecuting it; for such are the difficulties laid in the way of this prosecution, that it is almost impossible to convict any one on it. And, to speak my opinion plainly, such are the laws, and such the method of proceeding, that one would almost think our laws were rather made for the protection of rogues than for the punishment of them."

Thus ended this examination: the thief and the receiver went about their business, and Booth departed in order to go home to his wife.

In his way home Booth was met by a lady in a chair, who, immediately upon seeing him, stopped her chair, bolted out of it, and, going directly up to him, said, "So, Mr. Booth, you have kept your word with me."

This lady was no other than Miss Matthews, and the speech she meant was of a promise made to her at the masquerade of visiting her within a day or two; which, whether he ever intended to keep I cannot say, but, in truth, the several accidents that had since happened to him had so discomposed his mind that he had absolutely forgot it.

Booth, however, was too sensible and too well-bred to make the excuse of forgetfulness to a lady; nor could he readily find any other. While he stood therefore hesitating, and looking not over-wise, Miss Matthews said, "Well, sir, since by your confusion I see you have some grace left, I will pardon you on one condition, and that is that you will sup with me this night. But, if you fail me now, expect all the revenge of an injured woman." She then bound herself by a most outrageous oath that she would complain to his wife—"And I am sure," says she, "she is so much a woman of honour as to do me justice. And, though I miscarried in my first attempt, be assured I will take care of my second."

Booth asked what she meant by her first attempt; to which she answered that she had already writ his wife an account of his ill-usage of her, but that she was pleased it had miscarried. She then repeated her asseveration that she would now do it effectually if he disappointed her.

This threat she reckoned would most certainly terrify poor Booth; and, indeed, she was not mistaken; for I believe it would have been impossible, by any other menace or by any other means, to have brought him once even to balance in his mind on this question. But by this threat she prevailed; and Booth promised, upon his word and honour, to come to her at the hour she appointed. After which she took leave of him with a squeeze of the hand, and a smiling countenance, and walked back to her chair.

But, however she might be pleased with having obtained this promise, Booth was far from being delighted with the thoughts of having given it. He looked, indeed, upon the consequences of this meeting with horror; but, as to the consequence which was so apparently intended by the lady, he resolved against it. At length he came to this determina-

tion, to go according to his appointment, to argue the matter with the lady, and to convince her, if possible, that, from a regard to his honour only, he must discontinue her acquaintance. If this failed to satisfy her, and she still persisted in her threats to acquaint his wife with the affair, he then resolved, whatever pain it cost him, to communicate the whole truth himself to Amelia, from whose goodness he doubted not but to obtain an absolute remission.

CHAPTER VIII.

In which Amelia appears in a light more amiable than gay.

WE will now return to Amelia, whom we left in some perturbation of mind departing from Mrs. Atkinson.

Though she had before walked through the streets in a very improper dress with Mrs. Atkinson, she was unwilling, especially as she was alone, to return in the same manner. Indeed, she was scarce able to walk in her present condition; for the case of poor Atkinson had much affected her tender heart, and her eyes had overflowed with many tears.

It occurred likewise to her at present that she had not a single shilling in her pocket or at home to provide food for herself and her family. In this situation she resolved to go immediately to the pawnbroker whither she had gone before, and to deposit her picture for what she could raise upon it. She then immediately took a chair and put her design in execution.

The intrinsic value of the gold in which this picture was set, and of the little diamonds which surrounded it, amounted to nine guineas. This therefore was advanced to her, and the prettiest face in the world (such is often the fate of beauty) was deposited, as of no value, into the bargain.

When she came home she found the following letter from Mrs. Atkinson:—

"MY DEAREST MADAM,—As I know your goodness, I could not delay a moment acquainting you with the happy turn of my affairs since you went. The doctor, on his return to visit my husband, has assured me that the captain was on the recovery, and in very little danger; and I really think he is since mended. I hope to wait on you soon with better news. Heaven bless you, dear madam! and believe me to be, with the utmost sincerity, your most obliged, obedient, humble servant,
"ATKINSON."

Amelia was really pleased with this letter; and now, it being past four o'clock, she despaired of seeing her husband till the evening. She therefore provided some tarts for her children, and then, eating nothing but a slice of bread and butter herself, she began to prepare for the captain's supper.

There were two things of which her husband was particularly fond, which, though it may bring the simplicity of his taste into great contempt with some of my readers, I will venture to name. These were a fowl and egg sauce and mutton broth; both which Amelia immediately purchased.

As soon as the clock struck seven the good creature went down into the kitchen, and began to exercise her talents in cookery, of which she was a great mistress, as she was of every economical office from the highest to the lowest; and, as no woman could outshine her in a drawing-room, so none could make the drawing-room itself shine brighter than Amelia. And, if I may speak a bold truth, I question whether it be possible to view this fine creature in a more amiable light than while she was dressing her husband's supper, with her little children playing round her.

It was now half an hour past eight, and the meat almost ready, the table likewise neatly spread with materials borrowed from her landlady, and she began to grow a little uneasy at Booth's not returning;

when a sudden knock at the door roused her spirits, and she cried, "There, my dear, there is your good papa;" at which words she darted swiftly up stairs and opened the door to her husband.

She desired her husband to walk up to the dining-room, and she would come to him in an instant; for she was desirous to increase his pleasure by surprising him with his two favourite dishes. She then went down again to the kitchen, where the maid of the house undertook to send up the supper, and she with her children returned to Booth.

He then told her concisely what had happened with relation to the girl—to which she scarce made any answer, but asked him if he had not dined? He assured her he had not ate a morsel the whole day. "Well," says she, "my dear, I am a fellow-sufferer; but we shall both enjoy our supper the more; for I have made a little provision for you, as I guessed what might be the case. I have got you a bottle of wine too. And here is a clean cloth and a smiling countenance, my dear Will. Indeed, I am in unusual good spirits to-night, and I have made a promise to the children, which you must confirm; I have promised to let them sit up this one night to supper with us.—Nay, don't look so serious: cast off all uneasy thoughts, I have a present for you here—no matter how I came by it."—At which words she put eight guineas into his hand, crying, "Come, my dear Bill, be gay—Fortune will yet be kind to us—at least let us be happy this night. Indeed, the pleasures of many women during their whole lives will not amount to my happiness this night if you will be in good humour."

Booth fetched a deep sigh, and cried, "How unhappy am I, my dear, that I can't sup with you to-night!"

As in the delightful month of June, when the sky is all serene, and the whole face of nature looks with a pleasing and smiling aspect, suddenly a dark cloud spreads itself over the hemisphere, the sun vanishes from our sight, and every object is obscured by a dark and horrid gloom; so happened it to Amelia: the joy that had enlightened every feature disappeared in a moment; the lustre forsook her shining eyes, and all the little loves that played and wantoned in her cheeks hung their drooping heads, and with a faint trembling voice she repeated her husband's words, "Not sup with me to-night, my dear!"

"Indeed, my dear," answered he, "I cannot. I need not tell you how uneasy it makes me, or that I am as much disappointed as yourself; but I am engaged to sup abroad. I have absolutely given my honour; and besides, it is on business of importance."

"My dear," said she, "I say no more. I am convinced you would not willingly sup from me. I own it is a very particular disappointment to me to-night, when I had proposed unusual pleasure; but the same reason which is sufficient to you ought to be so to me."

Booth made his wife a compliment on her ready compliance, and then asked her what she intended by giving him that money, or how she came by it?

"I intend, my dear," said she, "to give it you; that is all. As to the manner in which I came by it, you know, Billy, that is not very material. You are well assured I got it by no means which would displease you; and, perhaps, another time I may tell you."

Booth asked no farther questions; but he returned it her, and insisted on her taking all but one guinea, saying she was the safest treasurer. He then promised her to make all the haste home in his power,

and he hoped, he said, to be with her in an hour and half at farthest, and then took his leave.

When he was gone the poor disappointed Amelia sat down to supper with her children, with whose company she was forced to console herself for the absence of her husband.

CHAPTER IX.

A very tragic scene.

THE clock had struck eleven, and Amelia was just proceeding to put her children to bed, when she heard a knock at the street-door; upon which the boy cried out, "There's papa, mamma; pray let me stay and see him before I go to bed." This was a favour very easily obtained; for Amelia instantly ran down stairs, exulting in the goodness of her husband for returning so soon, though half an hour was already elapsed beyond the time in which he promised to return.

Poor Amelia was now again disappointed; for it was not her husband at the door, but a servant with a letter for him, which he delivered into her hands. She immediately returned up stairs, and said—"It was not your papa, my dear; but I hope it is one who hath brought us some good news." For Booth had told her that he hourly expected to receive such from the great man, and had desired her to open any letter which came to him in his absence.

Amelia therefore broke open the letter, and read as follows:

"SIR,—After what hath passed between us, I need only tell you that I know you supped this very night alone with Miss Matthews: a fact which will upbraid you sufficiently, without putting me to that trouble, and will very well account for my desiring the favour of seeing you to-morrow in Hyde-park at six in the morning. You will forgive me reminding you once more how inexcusable this behaviour is in you, who are possessed in your own wife of the most inestimable jewel. Yours, &c.

"T. JAMES.

"I shall bring pistols with me."

It is not easy to describe the agitation of Amelia's mind when she read this letter. She threw herself into her chair, turned as pale as death, began to tremble all over, and had just power enough left to tap the bottle of wine, which she had hitherto preserved entire for her husband, and to drink off a large bumper.

The little boy perceived the strange symptoms which appeared in his mother; and running to her, he cried, "What's the matter, my dear mamma? you don't look well!—No harm hath happened to poor papa, I hope—Sure that bad man hath not carried him away again?"

Amelia answered, "No, child, nothing—nothing at all." And then a large shower of tears came to her assistance, which presently after produced the same in the eyes of both the children.

Amelia, after a short silence, looking tenderly at her children, cried out, "It is too much, too much to bear. Why did I bring these little wretches into the world? why were these innocents born to such a fate?" She then threw her arms round them both (for they were before embracing her knees), and cried, "O my children! my children! forgive me, my babes! Forgive me that I have brought you into such a world as this! You are undone—my children are undone!"

The little boy answered with great spirit, "How undone, mammy? my sister and I don't care a farthing for being undone. Don't cry so upon our accounts—we are both very well; indeed we are. But do pray tell us. I am sure some accident hath happened to poor papa."

"Mention him no more," cries Amelia: "your

papa is—indeed he is a wicked man—he cares not for any of us. O Heavens! is this the happiness I promised myself this evening?" At which words she fell into an agony, holding both her children in her arms.

The maid of the house now entered the room, with a letter in her hand which she had received from a porter, whose arrival the reader will not wonder to have been unheard by Amelia in her present condition.

The maid, upon her entrance into the room, perceiving the situation of Amelia, cried out, "Good Heavens! madam, what's the matter?" Upon which Amelia, who had a little recovered herself after the last violent vent of her passion, started up and cried, "Nothing, Mrs. Susan—nothing extraordinary. I am subject to these fits sometimes; but I am very well now. Come, my dear children, I am very well again; indeed I am. You must now go to bed; Mrs. Susan will be so good as to put you to bed."

"But why doth not papa love us?" cries the little boy. "I am sure we have none of us done anything to disoblige him."

This innocent question of the child so stung Amelia that she had the utmost difficulty to prevent a relapse. However, she took another dram of wine; for so it might be called to her, who was the most temperate of women, and never exceeded three glasses on any occasion. In this glass she drank her children's health, and soon after so well soothed and composed them that they went quietly away with Mrs. Susan.

The maid, in the shock she had conceived at the melancholy, indeed frightful scene, which had presented itself to her at her first coming into the room, had quite forgot the letter which she held in her hand. However, just at her departure she recollected it, and delivered it to Amelia, who was no sooner alone than she opened it, and read as follows:

"MY DEAREST, SWEETEST LOVE,—I write this from the bailiff's house where I was formerly, and to which I am again brought at the suit of that villain Trent. I have the misfortune to think I owe this accident (I mean that it happened to-night) to my own folly in endeavouring to keep a secret from you—O my dear! had I had resolution to confess my crime to you, your forgiveness would, I am convinced, have cost me only a few blushes, and I had now been happy in your arms. Fool that I was, to leave you on such an account, and to add to a former transgression a new one!—Yet, by Heavens! I mean not a transgression of the like kind; for of that I am not nor ever will be guilty; and when you know the true reason of my leaving you to-night I think you will pity rather than upbraid me. I am sure you would if you knew the compunction with which I left you to go to the most worthless, the most infamous. Do guess the rest—guess that crime with which I cannot stain my paper—but still believe me no more guilty than I am, or, if it will lessen your vexation at what hath befallen me, believe me as guilty as you please, and think me, for a while at least, as undeserving of you as I think myself. This paper and pen are so bad, I question whether you can read what I write; I almost doubt whether I wish you should. Yet this I will endeavour to make as legible as I can. Be comforted, my dear love, and still keep up your spirits with the hopes of better days. The doctor will be in town to-morrow, and I trust on his goodness for my delivery once more from this place, and that I shall soon be able to repay him. That Heaven may bless and preserve you is the prayer of, my dearest love, your ever fond, affectionate, and hereafter faithful husband,
"W. BOOTH."

Amelia pretty well guessed the obscure meaning of this letter, which, though at another time it might have given her unspeakable torment, was at present rather of the medicinal kind, and served to allay her anguish. Her anger to Booth too began a little to abate, and was softened by her concern for his misfortune. Upon the whole, however, she passed a miserable and sleepless night, her gentle mind torn and distracted with various and contending passions, distressed with doubts, and wandering in a

kind of twilight which presented her only objects of different degrees of horror, and where black despair closed at a small distance the gloomy prospect.

BOOK XII.—CHAPTER I.

The book begins with polite history.

BEFORE we return to the miserable couple whom we left at the end of the last book we will give our reader the more cheerful view of the gay and happy family of colonel James.

Mrs. James, when she could not, as we have seen, prevail with Amelia to accept that invitation which, at the desire of the colonel, she had so kindly and obediently carried her, returned to her husband and acquainted him with the ill success of her embassy; at which, to say the truth, she was almost as much disappointed as the colonel himself; for he had not taken a much stronger liking to Amelia than she herself had conceived for Booth. This will account for some passages which may have a little surprised the reader in the former chapters of this history, as we were not then at leisure to communicate to them a hint of this kind; it was, indeed, on Mr. Booth's account that she had been at the trouble of changing her dress at the masquerade.

But her passions of this sort, happily for her, were not extremely strong; she was therefore easily balked; and, as she met with no encouragement from Booth, she soon gave way to the impetuosity of Miss Matthews, and from that time scarce thought more of the affair till her husband's design against the wife revived her's likewise; insomuch that her passion was at this time certainly strong enough for Booth to produce a good hearty hatred for Amelia, whom she now abused to the colonel in, very gross terms, both on the account of her poverty and her insolence, for so she termed the refusal of all her offers.

The colonel, seeing no hopes of soon possessing his new mistress, began, like a prudent and wise man, to turn his thoughts towards the securing his old one. From what his wife had mentioned concerning the behaviour of the shepherdess, and particularly her preference of Booth, he had little doubt but that this was the identical Miss Matthews. He resolved therefore to watch her closely, in hopes of discovering Booth's intrigue with her. In this, besides the remainder of affection which he yet preserved for that lady, he had another view, as it would give him a fair pretence to quarrel with Booth; who, by carrying on this intrigue, would have broke his word and honour given to him. And he began now to hate poor Booth heartily, from the same reason from which Mrs. James had contracted her aversion to Amelia.

The colonel therefore employed an inferior kind of pimp to watch the lodgings of Miss Matthews, and to acquaint him if Booth, whose person was known to the pimp, made any visit there.

The pimp faithfully performed his office, and, having last night made the wished-for discovery, immediately acquainted his master with it.

Upon this news the colonel presently despatched to Booth the short note which we have before seen. He sent it to his own house instead of Miss Matthews's, with hopes of that very accident which actually did happen. Not that he had any ingredient of the bully in him, and desired to be prevented from fighting, but with a prospect of injuring Booth in the affection and esteem of Amelia, and of recommending himself somewhat to her by appearing in the light of her champion; for which purpose he added that compliment to Amelia in his letter. He concluded upon the whole that, if Booth himself opened the letter, he would certainly meet him

AMELIA.

the next morning; but if his wife should open it before he came home it might have the effect before mentioned; and, for his future expostulation with Booth, it would not be in Amelia's power to prevent it.

Now it happened that this pimp had more masters than one. Amongst these was the worthy Mr. Trent, for whom he had often done business of the pimping vocation. He had been employed indeed in the service of the great peer himself, under the direction of the said Trent, and was the very person who had assisted the said Trent in dogging Booth and his wife to the opera-house on the masquerade night.

This subaltern pimp was with his superior Trent yesterday morning, when he found a bailiff with him in order to receive his instructions for the arresting Booth, when the bailiff said it would be a very difficult matter to take him, for that to his knowledge he was as shy a cock as any in England. The subaltern immediately acquainted Trent with the business in which he was employed by the colonel; upon which Trent enjoined him the moment he had set him to give immediate notice to the bailiff, which he agreed to, and performed accordingly.

The bailiff, on receiving this notice, immediately set out for his stand at an alehouse within three doors of Miss Matthews's lodgings; at which, unfortunately for poor Booth, he arrived a very few minutes before Booth left that lady in order to return to Amelia.

These were several matters of which we thought necessary our reader should be informed; for, besides that it conduces greatly to a perfect understanding of all history, there is no exercise of the mind of a sensible reader more pleasant than the tracing the several small and almost imperceptible links in every chain of events by which all the great actions of the world are produced. We will now in the next chapter proceed with our history.

CHAPTER II.

In which Amelia visits her husband.

AMELIA, after much anxious thinking, in which she sometimes flattered herself that her husband was less guilty than she had at first imagined him, and that he had some good excuse to make for himself (for, indeed, she was not so able as willing to make one for him), at length resolved to set out for the bailiff's castle. Having therefore strictly recommended the care of her children to her good landlady, she sent for a hackney-coach, and ordered the coachman to drive to Gray's-inn-lane.

When she came to the house, and asked for the captain, the bailiff's wife, who came to the door, guessing, by the greatness of her beauty and the disorder of her dress, that she was a young lady of pleasure, answered surlily, "Captain! I do not know of any captain that is here, not I!" For this good woman was, as well as dame Purgante in Prior, a bitter enemy to all whores, especially to those of the handsome kind; for some such she suspected to go shares with her in a certain property to which the law gave her the sole right.

Amelia replied she was certain that captain Booth was there. "Well, if he is so," cries the bailiff's wife, "you may come into the kitchen if you will, and he shall be called down to you if you have any business with him." At the same time she muttered something to herself, and concluded a little more intelligibly, though still in a muttering voice, that she kept no such house.

Amelia, whose innocence gave her no suspicion of the true cause of this good woman's sullenness, was frightened, and began to fear she knew not

what. At last she made a shift to totter into the kitchen, when the mistress of the house asked her, "Well, madam, who shall I tell the captain wants to speak with him?"

"I ask your pardon, madam," cries Amelia; "in my confusion I really forgot you did not know me—tell him, if you please, that I am his wife."

"And are you indeed his wife, madam?" cries Mrs. Bailiff, a little softened.

"Yes, indeed, and upon my honour," answers Amelia.

"If this be the case," cries the other, "you may walk up stairs if you please. Heaven forbid I should part man and wife! Indeed, I think they can never be too much together. But I never will suffer any bad doings in my house, nor any of the town ladies to come to gentlemen here."

Amelia answered that she liked her the better: for, indeed, in her present disposition, Amelia was as much exasperated against wicked women as the virtuous mistress of the house, or any other virtuous woman could be.

The bailiff's wife then ushered Amelia up stairs, and, having unlocked the prisoner's doors, cried, "Captain, here is your lady, sir, come to see you." At which words Booth started up from his chair, and caught Amelia in his arms, embracing her for a considerable time with so much rapture, that the bailiff's wife, who was an eye-witness of this violent fondness, began to suspect whether Amelia had really told her truth. However, she had some little awe of the captain; and, for fear of being in the wrong, did not interfere, but shut the door and turned the key.

When Booth found himself alone with his wife, and had vented the first violence of his rapture in kisses and embraces, he looked tenderly at her, and cried, "Is it possible, Amelia, is it possible you can have this goodness to follow such a wretch as me to such a place as this—or do you come to upbraid me with my guilt, and to sink me down to that perdition I so justly deserve?"

"Am I so given to upbraiding then?" says she, in a gentle voice; "have I ever given you occasion to think I would sink you to perdition?"

"Far be it from me, my love, to think so," answered he. "And yet you may forgive the utmost fears of an offending, penitent sinner. I know, indeed, the extent of your goodness, and yet I know my guilt so great—"

"Alas! Mr. Booth," said she, "what guilt is this which you mention, and which you writ to me of last night?—Sure, by your mentioning to me so much, you intend to tell me more,—nay, indeed, to tell me all; and not leave my mind open to suspicions perhaps ten times worse than the truth."

"Will you give me a patient hearing?" said he.

"I will indeed," answered she; "nay, I am prepared to hear the worst you can unfold; nay, perhaps, the worst is short of my apprehensions."

Booth then, after a little further apology, began and related to her the whole that had passed between him and Miss Matthews, from their first meeting in the prison to their separation the preceding evening. All which, as the reader knows it already, it would be tedious and unpardonable to transcribe from his mouth. He told her likewise all that he had done and suffered to conceal his transgression from her knowledge. This he assured her was the business of his visit last night, the consequence of which was, he declared in the most solemn manner, no other than an absolute quarrel with Miss Matthews, of whom he had taken a final leave.

When he had ended his narration, Amelia, after a short silence, answered, "Indeed, I firmly believe every word you have said, but I cannot now forgive you the fault you have confessed; and my reason is—because I have forgiven it long ago. Here, my dear," said she, "is an instance that I am likewise capable of keeping a secret."—She then delivered her husband a letter which she had some time ago received from Miss Matthews, and which was the same which that lady had mentioned, and supposed, as Booth had never heard of it, that it had miscarried; for she sent it by the penny-post. In this letter, which was signed by a feigned name, she had acquainted Amelia with the infidelity of her husband, and had besides very greatly abused him; taxing him with many falsehoods, and, among the rest, with having spoken very slightly and disrespectfully of his wife.

Amelia never shined forth to Booth in so amiable and great a light; nor did his own unworthiness ever appear to him so mean and contemptible as at this instant. However, when he had read the letter, he uttered many violent protestations to her, that all which related to herself was absolutely false.

"I am convinced it is," said she. "I would not have a suspicion of the contrary for the world. I assure you I had, till last night revived it in my memory, almost forgot the letter; for, as I well knew from whom it came, by her mentioning obligations which she had conferred on you, and which you had more than once spoken to me of, I made large allowances for the situation you was then in; and I was the more satisfied, as the letter itself, as well as many other circumstances, convinced me the affair was at an end."

Booth now uttered the most extravagant expressions of admiration and fondness that his heart could dictate, and accompanied them with the warmest embraces. All which warmth and tenderness she returned; and tears of love and joy gushed from both their eyes. So ravished indeed were their hearts, that for some time they both forgot the dreadful situation of their affairs.

This, however, was but a short reverie. It soon recurred to Amelia, that, though she had the liberty of leaving that house when she pleased, she could not take her beloved husband with her. This thought stung her tender bosom to the quick, and she could not so far command herself as to refrain from many sorrowful exclamations against the hardship of their destiny; but when she saw the effect they had upon Booth she stifled her rising grief, forced a little cheerfulness into her countenance, and, exerting all the spirits she could raise within herself, expressed her hopes of seeing a speedy end to their sufferings. She then asked her husband what she should do for him, and to whom she should apply for his deliverance?

"You know, my dear," cries Booth, "that the doctor is to be in town some time to-day. My hopes of immediate redemption are only in him; and, if that can be obtained, I make no doubt of the success of that affair which is in the hands of a gentleman who had faithfully promised, and in whose power I am so well assured it is to serve me."

Thus did this poor man support his hopes by a dependence on that ticket which he had so dearly purchased of one who pretended to manage the wheels in the great state lottery of preferment. A lottery, indeed, which hath this to recommend it—that many poor wretches feed their imaginations with the prospect of a prize during their whole lives, and never discover they have drawn a blank.

Amelia, who was of a pretty sanguine temper, and was entirely ignorant of these matters, was full as easy to be deceived into hopes as her husband; but in reality at present she turned her eyes to no distant prospect; the desire of regaining her husband's liberty having engrossed her whole mind.

While they were discoursing on these matters they heard a violent noise in the house, and immediately after several persons passed by their door upstairs to the apartment over their head. This greatly terrified the gentle spirit of Amelia, and she cried—"Good Heavens, my dear, must I leave you in this horrid place? I am terrified with a thousand fears concerning you."

Booth endeavoured to comfort her, saying that he was in no manner of danger, and that he doubted not but that the doctor would soon be with him—"And stay, my dear," cries he; "now I recollect, suppose you should apply to my old friend James; for I believe you are pretty well satisfied that your apprehensions of him were groundless. I have no reason to think but that he would be as ready to serve me as formerly."

Amelia turned pale as ashes at the name of James, and, instead of making a direct answer to her husband, she laid hold of him, and cried, "My dear, I have one favour to beg of you, and I insist on your granting it me."

Booth readily swore he would deny her nothing.

"It is only this, my dear," said she, "that, if that detested colonel comes, you will not see him. Let the people of the house tell him you are not here."

"He knows nothing of my being here," answered Booth; "but why should I refuse to see him if he should be kind enough to come hither to me? Indeed, my Amelia, you have taken a dislike to that man without sufficient reason."

"I speak not upon that account," cries Amelia; "but I have had dreams last night about you two. Perhaps you will laugh at my folly, but pray indulge it. Nay, I insist on your promise of not denying me."

"Dreams! my dear creature," answered he. "What dream can you have had of us?"

"One too horrible to be mentioned," replied she.—"I cannot think of it without horror; and, unless you will promise me not to see the colonel till I return, I positively will never leave you."

"Indeed, my Amelia," said Booth, "I never knew you unreasonable before. How can a woman of your sense talk of dreams?"

"Suffer me to be once at least unreasonable," said Amelia, "as you are so good-natured to say I am not often so. Consider what I have lately suffered, and how weak my spirits must be at this time."

As Booth was going to speak, the bailiff, without any ceremony, entered the room, and cried, "No offence, I hope, madam; my wife, it seems, did not know you. She thought the captain had a mind for a bit of flesh by the bye. But I have quieted all matters; for I know you very well: I have seen that handsome face many a time when I have been waiting upon the captain formerly. No offence, I hope, madam; but if my wife was as handsome as you are I should not look for worse goods abroad."

Booth conceived some displeasure at this speech, but he did not think proper to express more than a pish; and then asked the bailiff what was the meaning of the noise they heard just now?

"I know of no noise," answered the bailiff.

"Some of my men have been carrying a piece of bad luggage up stairs; a poor rascal that resisted the law and justice; so I gave him a cut or two with a hanger. If they should prove mortal, he must thank himself for it. If a man will not behave like a gentleman to an officer, he must take the consequence; but I must say that for you, captain, you behave yourself like a gentleman, and therefore I shall always use you as such; and I hope you will find bail soon with all my heart. This is but a paltry sum to what the last was; and I do assure you there is nothing else against you in the office."

The latter part of the bailiff's speech somewhat comforted Amelia, who had been a little frightened by the former; and she soon after took leave of her husband to go in quest of the doctor, who, as Amelia had heard that morning, was expected in town that very day, which was somewhat sooner than he had intended at his departure.

Before she went, however, she left a strict charge with the bailiff, who ushered her very civilly down stairs, that if one colonel James came there to inquire for her husband he should deny that he was there.

She then departed; and the bailiff immediately gave a very strict charge to his wife, his maid, and his followers, that if one colonel James, or any one from him, should inquire after the captain, that they should let him know he had the captain above stairs; for he doubted not but that the colonel was one of Booth's creditors, and he hoped for a second bail-bond by his means.

CHAPTER III.

Containing matter pertinent to the history.

AMELIA, in her way to the doctor's, determined just to stop at her own lodgings, which lay a little out of the road, and to pay a momentary visit to her children.

This was fortunate enough; for, had she called at the doctor's house, she would have heard nothing of him, which would have caused in her some alarm and disappointment; for the doctor was set down at Mrs. Atkinson's, where he was directed to Amelia's lodgings, to which he went before he called at his own; and here Amelia now found him playing with her two children.

The doctor had been a little surprised at not finding Amelia at home, or any one that could give an account of her. He was now more surprised to see her come in such a dress, and at the disorder which he very plainly perceived in her pale and melancholy countenance. He addressed her first (for indeed she was in no great haste to speak), and cried, "My dear child, what is the matter? where is your husband? some mischief I am afraid hath happened to him in my absence."

"O my dear doctor!" answered Amelia, "sure some good angel hath sent you hither. My poor Will is arrested again. I left him in the most miserable condition in the very house whence your goodness formerly redeemed him."

"Arrested!" cries the doctor. "Then it must be for some very inconsiderable trifle."

"I wish it was," said Amelia; "but it is for no less than fifty pounds."

"Then," cries the doctor, "he hath been disingenuous with me. He told me he did not owe ten pounds in the world for which he was liable to be sued."

"I know not what to say," cries Amelia. "Indeed, I am afraid to tell you the truth."

"How, child?" said the doctor—"I hope you will never disguise it to any one, especially to me. Any

prevarication, I promise you, will forfeit my friendship for ever."

"I will tell you the whole," cries Amelia, "and rely entirely on your goodness." She then related the gaming story, not forgetting to set in the fullest light, and to lay the strongest emphasis on, his promise never to play again.

The doctor fetched a deep sigh when he had heard Amelia's relation, and cried, "I am sorry, child, for the share you are to partake in your husband's sufferings; but as for him, I really think he deserves no compassion. You say he hath promised never to play again, but I must tell you he hath broke his promise to me already; for I had heard he was formerly addicted to this vice, and had given him sufficient caution against it. You will consider, child, I am already pretty largely engaged for him, every farthing of which I am sensible I must pay. You know I would go to the utmost verge of prudence to serve you; but I must not exceed my ability, which is not very great; and I have several families on my hands who are by misfortune alone brought to want. I do assure you I cannot at present answer for such a sum as this without distressing my own circumstances."

"Then Heaven have mercy upon us all!" cries Amelia, "for we have no other friend on earth: my husband is undone, and these poor little wretches must be starved."

The doctor cast his eyes on the children, and then cried, "I hope not so. I told you I must distress my circumstances, and I will distress them this once on your account, and on the account of these poor little babes. But things must not go on any longer in this way. You must take an heroic resolution. I will hire a coach for you to-morrow morning which shall carry you all down to my parsonage-house. There you shall have my protection till something can be done for your husband; of which, to be plain with you, I at present see no likelihood."

Amelia fell upon her knees in an ecstasy of thanksgiving to the doctor, who immediately raised her up, and placed her in her chair. She then recollected herself, and said, "O my worthy friend, I have still another matter to mention to you, in which I must have both your advice and assistance. My soul blushes to give you all this trouble; but what other friend have I?—indeed, what other friend could I apply to so properly on such an occasion?"

The doctor, with a very kind voice and countenance, desired her to speak. She then said, "O sir! that wicked colonel whom I have mentioned to you formerly hath picked some quarrel with my husband, (for she did not think proper to mention the cause,) and hath sent him a challenge. It came to my hand last night after he was arrested: I opened and read it."

"Give it me, child," said the doctor.

She answered she had burnt it, as was indeed true. "But I remember it was an appointment to meet with sword and pistol this morning at Hyde-park."

"Make yourself easy, my dear child," cries the doctor; "I will take care to prevent any mischief."

"But consider, my dear sir," said she, "this is a tender matter. My husband's honour is to be preserved as well as his life."

"And so is his soul, which ought to be the dearest of all things," cries the doctor. "Honour! nonsense! Can honour dictate to him to disobey the express commands of his Maker, in compliance with a custom established by a set of blockheads, founded on false principles of virtue, in direct opposition to

the plain and positive precepts of religion, and tending manifestly to give a sanction to ruffians, and to protect them in all the ways of impudence and villany?"

"All this, I believe, is very true," cries Amelia; "but yet you know, doctor, the opinion of the world."

"You talk simply, child," cries the doctor. "What is the opinion of the world opposed to religion and virtue? but you are in the wrong. It is not the opinion of the world; it is the opinion of the idle, ignorant, and profligate. It is impossible it should be the opinion of one man of sense, who is in earnest in his belief of our religion. Chiefly, indeed, it hath been upheld by the nonsense of women, who, either from their extreme cowardice and desire of protection, or, as Mr. Bayle thinks, from their excessive vanity, have been always forward to countenance a set of hectors and bravoos, and to despise all men of modesty and sobriety; though these are often at the bottom, not only the better, but the braver men."

"You know, doctor," cries Amelia, "I have never presumed to argue with you; your opinion is to me always instruction, and your word a law."

"Indeed, child," cries the doctor, "I know you are a good woman; and yet I must observe to you, that this very desire of feeding the passion of female vanity with the heroism of her man, old Homer seems to make the characteristic of a bad and loose woman. He introduces Helen upbraiding her gallant with having quitted the fight, and left the victory to Menelaus, and seeming to be sorry that she had left her husband only because he was the better duellist of the two: but in how different a light doth he represent the tender and chaste love of Andromache to her worthy Hector! she dissuades him from exposing himself to danger, even in a just cause. This is indeed a weakness, but it is an amiable one, and becoming the true feminine character; but a woman who, out of heroic vanity (for so it is), would hazard not only the life but the soul too of her husband in a duel, is a monster, and ought to be painted in no other character but that of a Fury."

"I assure you, doctor," cries Amelia, "I never saw this matter in the odious light in which you have truly represented it before. I am ashamed to recollect what I have formerly said on this subject. And yet, whilst the opinion of the world is as it is, one would wish to comply as far as possible, especially as my husband is an officer of the army. If it can be done, therefore, with safety to his honour—"

"Again honour!" cries the doctor; "indeed I will not suffer that noble word to be so basely and barbarously prostituted. I have known some of these men of honour, as they call themselves, to be the most arrant rascals in the universe."

"Well, I ask your pardon," said she; "reputation then, if you please, or any word you like better; you know my meaning very well."

"I do know your meaning," cries the doctor, "and Virgil knew it a great while ago. The next time you see your friend Mrs. Atkinson, ask her what it was made Dido fall in love with Æneas?"

"Nay, dear sir," said Amelia, "do not rally me so unmercifully; think where my poor husband is now."

"He is," answered the doctor, "where I will presently be with him. In the mean time, do you pack up everything in order for your journey to-morrow; for, if you are wise, you will not trust your husband a day longer in this town—therefore to packing."

Amelia promised she would, though indeed she wanted not any warning for her journey on this account; for when she had packed up herself in the coach, she packed up her all. However, she did not think proper to mention this to the doctor; for, as he was now in pretty good humour, she did not care to venture again discomposing his temper.

The doctor then set out for Gray's-inn-lane, and, as soon as he was gone, Amelia began to consider of her incapacity to take a journey in her present situation without even a clean shift. At last she resolved, as she was possessed of seven guineas and a half, to go to her friend and redeem some of her own and her husband's linen out of captivity; indeed just so much as would render it barely possible for them to go out of town with any kind of decency. And this resolution she immediately executed.

As soon as she had finished her business with the pawnbroker, (if a man who lends under thirty *per cent.* deserves that name,) he said to her, "Pray, madam, did you know that man who was here yesterday when you brought the picture?" Amelia answered in the negative. "Indeed, madam," said the broker, "he knows you, though he did not recollect you while you was here, as your hood was drawn over your face; but the moment you was gone he begged to look at the picture, which I, thinking no harm, permitted. He had scarce looked upon it when he cried out, 'By heaven and earth it is her picture! He then asked me if I knew you. 'Indeed,' says I, 'I never saw the lady before.'"

In this last particular, however, the pawnbroker a little savoured of his profession, and made a small deviation from the truth, for, when the man had asked him if he knew the lady, he answered she was some poor undone woman who had pawned all her clothes to him the day before; and I suppose, says he, this picture is the last of her goods and chattels. This hint we thought proper to give the reader, as it may chance to be material.

Amelia answered coldly that she had taken so very little notice of the man that she scarce remembered he was there.

"I assure you, madam," says the pawnbroker, "he hath taken very great notice of you; for the man changed countenance upon what I said, and presently after begged me to give him a dram. Oho! thinks I to myself, are you thereabouts? I would not be so much in love with some folks as some people are for more interest than I shall ever make of a thousand pounds."

Amelia blushed, and said, with some peevishness, "That she knew nothing of the man, but supposed he was some impertinent fellow or other."

"Nay, madam," answered the pawnbroker, "I assure you he is not worthy your regard. He is a poor wretch, and I believe I am possessed of most of his movables. However, I hope you are not offended, for indeed he said no harm; but he was very strangely disordered, that is the truth of it."

Amelia was very desirous of putting an end to this conversation, and altogether as eager to return to her children; she therefore bundled up her things as fast as she could, and, calling for a hackney-coach, directed the coachman to her lodgings, and bid him drive her home with all the haste he could.

CHAPTER IV.

In which Dr. Harrison visits colonel James.

THE doctor, when he left Amelia, intended to go directly to Booth, but he presently changed his mind, and determined first to call on the colonel, as

he thought it was proper to put an end to that matter before he gave Booth his liberty.

The doctor found the two colonels, James and Bath, together. They both received him very civilly, for James was a very well-bred man, and Bath always showed a particular respect to the clergy, he being indeed a perfect good Christian, except in the articles of fighting and swearing.

Our divine sat some time without mentioning the subject of his errand, in hopes that Bath would go away, but when he found no likelihood of that (for indeed Bath was of the two much the most pleased with his company), he told James that he had something to say to him relating to Mr. Booth, which he believed he might speak before his brother.

"Undoubtedly, sir," said James; "for there can be no secrets between us which my brother may not hear."

"I come then to you, sir," said the doctor, "from the most unhappy woman in the world, to whose afflictions you have very greatly and very cruelly added by sending a challenge to her husband, which hath very luckily fallen into her hands; for, had the man for whom you designed it received it, I am afraid you would not have seen me upon this occasion."

"If I writ such a letter to Mr. Booth, sir," said James, "you may be assured I did not expect this visit in answer to it."

"I do not think you did," cries the doctor; "but you have great reason to thank Heaven for ordering this matter contrary to your expectations. I know not what trifle may have drawn this challenge from you, but, after what I have some reason to know of you, sir, I must plainly tell you that, if you had added to your guilt already committed against this man that of having his blood upon your hands, your soul would have become as black as hell itself."

"Give me leave to say," cries the colonel, "this is a language which I am not used to hear; and if your cloth was not your protection you should not give it me with impunity. After what you know of me, sir! What do you presume to know of me to my disadvantage?"

"You say my cloth is my protection, colonel," answered the doctor; "therefore pray lay aside your anger: I do not come with any design of affronting or offending you."

"Very well," cries Bath; "that declaration is sufficient from a clergyman, let him say what he pleases."

"Indeed, sir," says the doctor very mildly, "I consult equally the good of you both, and, in a spiritual sense, more especially yours; for you know you have injured this poor man."

"So far, on the contrary," cries James, "that I have been his greatest benefactor. I scorn to upbraid him, but you force me to it. Nor have I ever done him the least injury."

"Perhaps not," said the doctor; "I will alter what I have said. But for this I apply to your honour—Have you not intended him an injury, the very intention of which cancels every obligation?"

"How, sir?" answered the colonel; "what do you mean?"

"My meaning," replied the doctor, "is almost too tender to mention. Come, colonel, examine your own heart, and then answer me, on your honour, if you have not intended to do him the highest wrong which one man can do another?"

"I do not know what you mean by the question," answered the colonel.

"D—n me, the question is very transparent!" cries Bath. "From any other man it would be an affront with the strongest emphasis, but from one of

the doctor's cloth it demands a categorical answer."

"I am not a papist, sir," answered colonel James, "nor am I obliged to confess to my priest. But if you have anything to say speak openly, for I do not understand your meaning."

"I have explained my meaning to you already," said the doctor, "in a letter I wrote to you on the subject—a subject which I am sorry I should have any occasion to write upon to a christian."

"I do remember now," cries the colonel, "that I received a very impertinent letter, something like a sermon, against adultery; but I did not expect to hear the author own it to my face."

"That brave man then, sir," answered the doctor, "stands before you who dares own he wrote that letter, and dares affirm too that it was writ on a just and strong foundation. But if the hardness of your heart could prevail on you to treat my good intention with contempt and scorn, what, pray, could induce you to show it, nay, to give it Mr. Booth? What motive could you have for that, unless you meant to insult him, and to provoke your rival to give you that opportunity of putting him out of the world which you have since wickedly sought by your challenge?"

"I give him the letter!" said the colonel.

"Yes, sir," answered the doctor, "he showed me the letter, and affirmed that you gave it him at the masquerade."

He is a lying rascal then!" said the colonel very passionately. "I scarce took the trouble of reading the letter, and lost it out of my pocket."

Here Bath interfered, and explained this affair in the manner in which it happened, and with which the reader is already acquainted. He concluded by great eulogiums on the performance, and declared it was one of the most enthusiastic (meaning, perhaps, ecclesiastic) letters that ever was written. "And d—n me," says he, "if I do not respect the author with the utmost emphasis of thinking."

The doctor now recollected what had passed with Booth, and perceived he had made a mistake of one colonel for another. This he presently acknowledged to colonel James, and said that the mistake had been his, and not Booth's.

Bath now collected all his gravity and dignity, as he called it, into his countenance, and, addressing himself to James, said, "And was that letter writ to you, brother?—I hope you never deserved any suspicion of this kind."

"Brother," cries James, "I am accountable to myself for my actions, and shall not render an account either to you or to that gentleman."

"As to me, brother," answered Bath, "you say right; but I think this gentleman may call you to an account; nay, I think it is his duty so to do. And let me tell you, brother, there is one much greater than he to whom you must give an account. Mrs. Booth is really a fine woman, a lady of most imperious and majestic presence. I have heard you often say that you liked her; and, if you have quarrelled with her husband upon this account, by all the dignity of man I think you ought to ask his pardon."

"Indeed, brother," cries James, "I can bear this no longer—you will make me angry presently."

"Angry! brother James," cries Bath; "angry!—I love you, brother, and have obligations to you. I will say no more, but I hope you know I do not fear making any man angry."

James answered he knew it well; and then the doctor, apprehending that while he was stopping up one breach he should make another, presently inter-

ferred, and turned the discourse back to Booth. "You tell me, sir," said he to James, "that my gown is my protection; let it then at least protect me where I have had no design in offending—where I have consulted your highest welfare, as in truth I did in writing this letter. And if you did not in the least deserve any such suspicion, still you have no cause for resentment. Caution against sin, even to the innocent, can never be unwholesome. But this I assure you, whatever anger you have to me, you can have none to poor Booth, who was entirely ignorant of my writing to you, and who, I am certain, never entertained the least suspicion of you; on the contrary, reveres you with the highest esteem, and love and gratitude. Let me therefore reconcile all matters between you, and bring you together before he hath even heard of this challenge."

"Brother," cries Bath, "I hope I shall not make you angry—I lie when I say so; for I am indifferent to any man's anger. Let me be an accessory to what the doctor hath said. I think I may be trusted with matters of this nature, and it is a little unkind that, if you intended to send a challenge, you did not make me the bearer. But, indeed, as to what appears to me, this matter may be very well made up; and, as Mr. Booth doth not know of the challenge, I don't see why he ever should, any more than your giving him the lie just now; but that he shall never have from me, nor, I believe, from this gentleman; for, indeed, if he should, it would be incumbent upon him to cut your throat."

"Lookee, doctor," said James, "I do not deserve the unkind suspicion you just now threw out against me. I never thirsted after any man's blood; and, as for what hath passed since this discovery hath happened, I may, perhaps, not think it worth my while to trouble myself any more about it."

The doctor was not contented with perhaps, he insisted on a firm promise, to be bound with the colonel's honour. This at length he obtained, and then departed well satisfied.

In fact, the colonel was ashamed to avow the real cause of the quarrel to this good man, or, indeed, to his brother Bath, who would not only have condemned him equally with the doctor, but would possibly have quarrelled with him on his sister's account, whom, as the reader must have observed, he loved above all things; and, in plain truth, though the colonel was a brave man, and dared to fight, yet he was altogether as willing to let it alone; and this made him now and then give a little way to the wrongheadedness of colonel Bath, who, with all the other principles of honour and humanity, made no more of cutting the throat of a man upon any of his punctilios than a butcher doth of killing sheep.

CHAPTER V.

What passed at the bailiff's house.

THE doctor now set forwards to his friend Booth, and, as he passed by the door of his attorney in the way, he called upon him and took him with him.

The meeting between him and Booth need not be expatiated on. The doctor was really angry, and, though he deferred his lecture to a more proper opportunity, yet, as he was no dissembler (indeed, he was incapable of any disguise), he could not put on a show of that heartiness with which he had formerly used to receive his friend.

Booth at last began himself in the following manner: "Doctor, I am really ashamed to see you; and, if you knew the confusion of my soul on this occasion, I am sure you would pity rather than upbraid me; and yet I can say with great sincerity I

rejoice in this last instance of my shame, since I am like to reap the most solid advantage from it." The doctor stared at this, and Booth thus proceeded: "Since I have been in this wretched place I have employed my time almost entirely in reading over a series of sermons which are contained in that book (meaning Dr. Barrow's works, which then lay on the table before him) in proof of the Christian religion; and so good an effect have they had upon me, that I shall, I believe, be the better man for them as long as I live. I have not a doubt (for I own I have had such) which remains now unsatisfied. If ever an angel might be thought to guide the pen of a writer, surely the pen of that great and good man had such an assistant." The doctor readily concurred in the praises of Dr. Barrow, and added, "You say you have had your doubts, young gentleman; indeed, I did not know that—and, pray, what were your doubts?" "Whatever they were, sir," said Booth, "they are now satisfied, as I believe those of every impartial and sensible reader will be if he will, with due attention, read over these excellent sermons." "Very well," answered the doctor, "though I have conversed, I find, with a false brother hitherto, I am glad you are reconciled to truth at last, and I hope your future faith will have some influence on your future life." "I need not tell you, sir," replied Booth, "that will always be the case where faith is sincere, as I assure you mine is. Indeed, I never was a rash disbeliever; my chief doubt was founded on this—that, as men appeared to me to act entirely from their passions, their actions could have neither merit nor demerit." "A very worthy conclusion truly!" cries the doctor; "but if men act, as I believe they do, from their passions, it would be fair to conclude that religion to be true which applies immediately to the strongest of these passions, hope and fear; choosing rather to rely on its rewards and punishments than on that native beauty of virtue which some of the ancient philosophers thought proper to recommend to their disciples. But we will defer this discourse till another opportunity; at present, as the devil hath thought proper to set you free, I will try if I can prevail on the bailiff to do the same."

The doctor had not really so much money in town as Booth's debt amounted to, and therefore, though he would otherwise very willingly have paid it, he was forced to give bail to the action. For which purpose, as the bailiff was a man of great form, he was obliged to get another person to be bound with him. This person, however, the attorney undertook to procure, and immediately set out in quest of him.

During his absence the bailiff came into the room, and, addressing himself to the doctor, said, "I think, sir, your name is doctor Harrison?" The doctor immediately acknowledged his name. Indeed, the bailiff had seen it to a bail-bond before. "Why then, sir," said the bailiff, "there is a man above in a dying condition that desires the favour of speaking to you; I believe he wants you to pray by him."

The bailiff himself was not more ready to execute his office on all occasions for his fee than the doctor was to execute his for nothing. Without making any farther inquiry therefore into the condition of the man, he immediately went up stairs.

As soon as the bailiff returned down stairs, which was immediately after he had lodged the doctor in the room, Booth had the curiosity to ask him who this man was. "Why, I don't know much of him," said the bailiff; "I had him once in custody before now: I remember it was when your honour

was here last; and now I remember, too, he said that he knew your honour very well. Indeed, I had some opinion of him at that time, for he spent his money very much like a gentleman; but I have discovered since that he is a poor fellow, and worth nothing. He is a mere shy cock; I have had the stuff about me this week, and could never get at him till this morning; nay, I don't believe we should ever have found out his lodgings had it not been for the attorney that was here just now, who gave us information. And so we took him this morning by a comical way enough; for we dressed up one of my men in women's clothes, who told the people of the house that she was his sister, just come to town—for we were told by the attorney that he had such a sister, upon which he was led up stairs—and so kept the door a-jar till I and another rushed in. Let me tell you, captain, there are as good stratagems made use of in our business as any in the army."

"But pray, sir," said Booth, "did not you tell me this morning that the poor fellow was desperately wounded; nay, I think you told the doctor that he was a dying man?"

"I had like to have forgot that," cries the bailiff. "Nothing would serve the gentleman but that he must make resistance, and he gave my man a blow with a stick; but I soon quieted him by giving him a wipe or two with a hanger. Not that, I believe, I have done his business neither; but the fellow is faint-hearted, and the surgeon, I fancy, frightens him more than he need. But, however, let the worst come to the worst, the law is all on my side, and it is only *se fendendo*. The attorney that was here just now told me so, and bid me fear nothing; for that he would stand my friend, and undertake the cause; and he is a devilish good one at a defence at the Old Bailey, I promise you. I have known him bring off several that every body thought would have been hanged."

"But suppose you should be acquitted," said Booth, "would not the blood of this poor wretch lie a little heavy at your heart?"

"Why should it, captain?" said the bailiff. "Is not all done in a lawful way? Why will people resist the law when they know the consequence? To be sure, if a man was to kill another in an unlawful manner as it were, and what the law calls murder, that is quite and clear another thing. I should not care to be convicted of murder any more than another man. Why now, captain, you have been abroad in the wars, they tell me, and, to be sure, must have killed men in your time. Pray, was you ever afraid afterwards of seeing their ghosts?"

"That is a different affair," cries Booth; "but I would not kill a man in cold blood for all the world."

"There is no difference at all, as I can see," cries the bailiff. "One is as much in the way of business as the other. When gentlemen behave themselves like unto gentlemen, I know how to treat them as such, as well as any officer the king hath; and when they do not, why they must take what follows, and the law doth not call it murder."

Booth very plainly saw that the bailiff had squared his conscience exactly according to law, and that he could not easily subvert his way of thinking. He therefore gave up the cause, and desired the bailiff to expedite the bonds, which he promised to do, saying, he hoped he had used him with proper civility this time, if he had not the last, and that he should be remembered for it.

But before we close this chapter we shall endeavour to satisfy an inquiry, which may arise in our most favourite readers (for so are the most curious),

how it came to pass that such a person as was doctor Harrison should employ such a fellow as this Murphy?

The case then was thus: this Murphy had been clerk to an attorney in the very same town in which the doctor lived, and, when he was out of his time, had set up with a character fair enough, and had married a maid-servant of Mrs. Harris, by which means he had all the business to which that lady and her friends, in which number was the doctor, could recommend him.

Murphy went on with his business, and thrived very well, till he happened to make an unfortunate slip, in which he was detected by a brother of the same calling. But, though we call this by the gentle name of a slip, in respect to its being so extremely common, it was a matter in which the law, if it had ever come to its ears, would have passed a very severe censure, being, indeed, no less than perjury and subornation of perjury.

This brother attorney, being a very good-natured man, and unwilling to bespatter his own profession, and considering, perhaps, that the consequence did in no wise affect the public, who had no manner of interest in the alternative whether A., in whom the right was, or B., to whom Mr. Murphy, by the means aforesaid, had transferred it, succeeded in an action; we mention this particular, because, as this brother attorney was a very violent party-man, and a professed stickler for the public, to suffer any injury to have been done to that, would have been highly inconsistent with his principles.

This gentleman, therefore, came to Mr. Murphy, and, after showing him that he had it in his power to convict him of the aforesaid crime, very generously told him that he had not the least delight in bringing any man to destruction, nor the least animosity against him. All that he insisted upon was, that he would not live in the same town or county with one who had been guilty of such an action. He then told Mr. Murphy that he would keep the secret on two conditions; the one was, that he immediately quitted that country; the other was, that he should convince him he deserved this kindness by his gratitude, and that Murphy should transfer to the other all the business which he then had in those parts, and to which he could possibly recommend him.

It is the observation of a very wise man that it is a very common exercise of wisdom in this world, of two evils to choose the least. The reader, therefore, cannot doubt but that Mr. Murphy complied with the alternative proposed by this kind brother, and accepted the terms on which secrecy was to be obtained.

This happened while the doctor was abroad, and with all this, except the departure of Murphy, not only the doctor, but the whole town (save his aforesaid brother alone), were to this day unacquainted.

The doctor, at his return, hearing that Mr. Murphy was gone, applied to the other attorney in his affairs, who still employed this Murphy as his agent in town, partly, perhaps, out of good will to him, and partly from the recommendation of Miss Harris; for, as he had married a servant of the family, and a particular favourite of hers, there can be no wonder that she, who was entirely ignorant of the affair above related, as well as of his conduct in town, should continue her favour to him. It will appear, therefore, I apprehend, no longer strange that the doctor, who had seen this man but three times since his removal to town, and then conversed with him only on business, should remain as ignorant of his life and character, as a man generally is of the cha-

racter of the hackney-coachman who drives him. Nor doth it reflect more on the honour or understanding of the doctor, under these circumstances, to employ Murphy, than it would if he had been driven about the town by a thief or a murderer.

CHAPTER VI.

What passed between the doctor and the sick man.

WE left the doctor in the last chapter with the wounded man, to whom the doctor, in a very gentle voice, spoke as follows:—

"I am sorry, friend, to see you in this situation, and am very ready to give you any comfort or assistance within my power."

"I thank you kindly, doctor," said the man. "Indeed I should not have presumed to have sent to you had I not known your character; for, though I believe I am not at all known to you, I have lived many years in that town where you yourself had a house; my name is Robinson. I used to write for the attorneys in those parts, and I have been employed on your business in my time."

"I do not recollect you nor your name," said the doctor; "but consider, friend, your moments are precious, and your business, as I am informed, is to offer up your prayers to that great Being before whom you are shortly to appear. But first let me exhort you earnestly to a most serious repentance of all your sins."

"O doctor!" said the man; "pray, what is your opinion of a death-bed repentance?"

"If repentance is sincere," cries the doctor, "I hope, through the mercies and merits of our most powerful and benign Intercessor, it will never come too late."

"But do not you think, sir," cries the man, "that, in order to obtain forgiveness of any great sin we have committed, by an injury done to our neighbours, it is necessary, as far as in us lies, to make all the amends we can to the party injured, and to undo, if possible, the injury we have done?"

"Most undoubtedly," cries the doctor; "our pretence to repentance would otherwise be gross hypocrisy, and an impudent attempt to deceive and impose upon our Creator himself."

"Indeed, I am of the same opinion," cries the penitent; "and I think farther, that this is thrown in my way, and hinted to me by that great Being; for an accident happened to me yesterday, by which, as things have fallen out since, I think I plainly discern the hand of Providence. I went yesterday, sir, you must know, to a pawnbroker's, to pawn the last moveable, which, except the poor clothes you see on my back, I am worth in the world. While I was there a young lady came in to pawn her picture. She had disguised herself so much, and pulled her hood so over her face, that I did not know her while she staid, which was scarce three minutes. As soon as she was gone the pawnbroker, taking the picture in his hand, cried out, *Upon my word, this is the handsomest face I ever saw in my life!* I desired him to let me look on the picture, which he readily did—and I no sooner cast my eyes upon it, than the strong resemblance struck me, and I knew it to be Mrs. Booth."

"Mrs. Booth! what Mrs. Booth?" cries the doctor.

"Captain Booth's lady, the captain who is now below," said the other.

"How?" cries the doctor with great impetuosity.

"Have patience," said the man, "and you shall hear all. I expressed some surprise to the pawnbroker, and asked the lady's name. He answered, that he knew not her name; but that she was some

undone wretch, who had the day before left all her clothes with him in pawn. My guilt immediately flew in my face, and told me I had been accessory to this lady's undoing. The sudden shock so affected me, that, had it not been for a dram which the pawnbroker gave me, I believe I should have sunk on the spot."

"Accessory to her undoing! how accessory?" said the doctor. "Pray tell me, for I am impatient to hear."

"I will tell you all as fast as I can," cries the sick man. "You know, good doctor, that Mrs. Harris of our town had two daughters, this Mrs. Booth and another. Now, sir, it seems the other daughter had, some way or other, disoblged her mother a little before the old lady died; therefore she made a will, and left all her fortune, except one thousand pounds, to Mrs. Booth; to which will Mr. Murphy, myself, and another who is now dead, were the witnesses. Mrs. Harris afterwards died suddenly; upon which it was contrived by her other daughter and Mr. Murphy to make a new will, in which Mrs. Booth had a legacy of ten pounds, and all the rest was given to the other. To this will, Murphy, myself, and the same third person, again set our hands."

"Good Heaven! how wonderful is thy providence!" cries the doctor—"Murphy, say you?"

"He himself, sir," answered Robinson; "Murphy, who is the greatest rogue, I believe, now in the world."

"Pray, sir, proceed," cries the doctor.

"For this service, sir," said Robinson, "myself and the third person, one Carter, received two hundred pounds each. What reward Murphy himself had I know not. Carter died soon afterwards; and from that time, at several payments, I have by threats extorted above a hundred pounds more. And this, sir, is the whole truth, which I am ready to testify if it would please Heaven to prolong my life."

"I hope it will," cries the doctor; "but something must be done for fear of accidents. I will send to counsel immediately to know how to secure your testimony.—Whom can I get to send?—Stay, ay—he will do—but I know not where his house or his chambers are. I will go myself—but I may be wanted here."

While the doctor was in this violent agitation the surgeon made his appearance. The doctor stood still in a meditating posture, while the surgeon examined his patient. After which the doctor begged him to declare his opinion, and whether he thought the wounded man in any immediate danger of death. "I do not know," answered the surgeon, "what you call immediate. He may live several days—nay, he may recover. It is impossible to give any certain opinion in these cases." He then launched forth into a set of terms which the doctor, with all his scholarship, could not understand. To say the truth, many of them were not to be found in any dictionary or lexicon.

One discovery, however, the doctor made, and that was, that the surgeon was a very ignorant, conceited fellow, and knew nothing of his profession. He resolved, therefore, to get better advice for the sick; but this he postponed at present, and, applying himself to the surgeon, said, "He should be very much obliged to him, if he knew where to find such a counsellor, and would fetch him thither. I should not ask such a favour of you, sir," says the doctor, "if it was not on business of the last importance, or if I could find any other messenger."

"I fetch, sir!" said the surgeon very angrily. "Do you take me for a footman or a porter? I

don't know who you are ; but I believe you are full as proper to go on such an errand as I am." (For as the doctor, who was just come off his journey, was very roughly dressed, the surgeon held him in no great respect.) The surgeon then called aloud from the top of the stairs, "Let my coachman draw up," and strutted off without any ceremony, telling his patient he would call again the next day.

At this very instant arrived Murphy with the other bail, and, finding Booth alone, he asked the bailiff at the door what was become of the doctor? "Why the doctor," answered he, "is above stairs, praying with———" "How!" cries Murphy. "How came you not to carry him directly to Newgate, as you promised me?" "Why, because he was wounded," cries the bailiff. "I thought it was charity to take care of him; and, besides, why should one make more noise about the matter than is necessary?" "And doctor Harrison with him?" said Murphy. "Yes, he is," said the bailiff; "he desired to speak with the doctor very much, and they have been praying together almost this hour." "All is up and undone!" cries Murphy. "Let me come by, I have thought of something which I must do immediately."

Now, as by means of the surgeon's leaving the door open the doctor heard Murphy's voice naming Robinson peevishly, he drew softly to the top of the stairs, where he heard the foregoing dialogue; and as soon as Murphy had uttered his last words, and was moving downwards, the doctor immediately sallied from his post, running as fast as he could, and crying, Stop the villain! stop the thief!

The attorney wanted no better hint to accelerate his pace; and, having the start of the doctor, got down stairs, and out into the street; but the doctor was so close at his heels, and being in foot the nimbler of the two, he soon overtook him, and laid hold of him, as he would have done on either Broughton or Slack in the same cause.

This action in the street, accompanied with the frequent cry of Stop thief by the doctor during the chase, presently drew together a large mob, who began, as is usual, to enter immediately upon business, and to make strict inquiry into the matter, in order to proceed to do justice in their summary way.

Murphy, who knew well the temper of the mob, cried out, "If you are a bailiff, show me your writ. Gentlemen, he pretends to arrest me here without a writ."

Upon this, one of the sturdiest and forwardest of the mob, and who by a superior strength of body and of lungs presided in this assembly, declared he would suffer no such thing. "D—n me," says he, "away to the pump with the catchpole directly—show me your writ, or let the gentleman go—you shall not arrest a man contrary to law."

He then laid his hands on the doctor, who, still fast griping the attorney, cried out, "He is a villain—I am no bailiff, but a clergyman, and this lawyer is guilty of forgery, and hath ruined a poor family."

"How!" cries the spokesman—"a lawyer!—that alters the case."

"Yes, faith," cries another of the mob, "it is lawyer Murphy. I know him very well."

"And hath he ruined a poor family?—like enough, faith, if he's a lawyer. Away with him to the justice immediately."

The bailiff now came up, desiring to know what was the matter; to whom doctor Harrison answered that he had arrested that villain for a forgery. "How can you arrest him?" cries the bailiff; "you are no officer, nor have any warrant. Mr. Murphy is a gentleman, and he shall be used as such."

"Nay, to be sure," cries the spokesman, "there ought to be a warrant; that's the truth on't."

"There needs no warrant," cries the doctor. "I accuse him of felony; and I know so much of the law of England, that any man may arrest a felon without any warrant whatever. This villain hath undone a poor family; and I will die on the spot before I part with him."

"If the law be so," cries the orator, "that is another matter. And to be sure, to ruin a poor man is the greatest of sins. And being a lawyer too makes it so much the worse. He shall go before the justice, d—n me if he shan't go before the justice! I says the word, he shall."

"I say he is a gentleman, and shall be used according to law," cries the bailiff; "and, though you are a clergyman," said he to Harrison, "you don't show yourself as one by your actions."

"That's a bailiff," cries one of the mob: "one lawyer will always stand by another; but I think the clergyman is a very good man, and acts becoming a clergyman, to stand by the poor."

At which words the mob all gave a great shout, and several cried out, "Bring him along, away with him to the justice!"

And now a constable appeared, and with an authoritative voice declared what he was, produced his staff, and demanded the peace.

The doctor then delivered his prisoner over to the officer, and charged him with felony; the constable received him, the attorney submitted, the bailiff was hushed, and the waves of the mob immediately subsided.

The doctor now balanced with himself how he should proceed: at last he determined to leave Booth a little longer in captivity, and not quit sight of Murphy before he had lodged him safe with a magistrate. They then all moved forwards to the justice; the constable and his prisoner marching first, the doctor and the bailiff following next, and about five thousand mob (for no less number were assembled in a very few minutes) following in the procession.

They found the magistrate just sitting down to his dinner; however, when he was acquainted with the doctor's profession, he immediately admitted him, and heard his business; which he no sooner perfectly understood, with all its circumstances, than he resolved, though it was then very late, and he had been fatigued all the morning with public business, to postpone all refreshment till he had discharged his duty. He accordingly adjourned the prisoner and his cause to the bailiff's house, whither he himself, with the doctor, immediately repaired, and whither the attorney was followed by a much larger number of attendants than he had been honoured with before.

CHAPTER VII.

In which the history draws towards a conclusion.

NOTHING could exceed the astonishment of Booth at the behaviour of the doctor at the time when he sallied forth in pursuit of the attorney; for which it was so impossible for him to account in any manner whatever. He remained a long time in the utmost torture of mind, till at last the bailiff's wife came to him, and asked him if the doctor was not a madman? and, in truth, he could hardly defend him from that imputation.

While he was in this perplexity the maid of the house brought him a message from Robinson, desiring the favour of seeing him above stairs. With this he immediately complied.

When these two were alone together, and the key turned on them (for the bailiff's wife was a most careful person, and never omitted that ceremony in the absence of her husband, having always at her tongue's end that excellent proverb of Safe bind,

safe find), Robinson, looking stedfastly upon Booth, said, "I believe, sir, you scarce remember me."

Booth answered that he thought he had seen his face somewhere before, but could not then recollect when or where.

"Indeed, sir," answered the man, "it was a place which no man can remember with pleasure. But do you not remember, a few weeks ago, that you had the misfortune to be in a certain prison in this town, where you lost a trifling sum at cards to a fellow-prisoner?"

This hint sufficiently awakened Booth's memory, and he now recollected the features of his old friend Robinson. He answered him a little surlily, "I know you now very well, but I did not imagine you would ever have reminded me of that transaction."

"Alas, sir!" answered Robinson, "whatever happened then was very trifling compared to the injuries I have done you; but if my life be spared long enough I will now undo it all: and, as I have been one of your worst enemies, I will now be one of your best friends."

He was just entering upon his story when a noise was heard below which might be almost compared to what have been heard in Holland when the dykes have given way, and the ocean in an inundation breaks in upon the land. It seemed, indeed, as if the whole world was bursting into the house at once.

Booth was a man of great firmness of mind, and he had need of it all at this instant. As for poor Robinson, the usual concomitants of guilt attended him, and he began to tremble in a violent manner.

The first person who ascended the stairs was the doctor, who no sooner saw Booth than he ran to him and embraced him, crying, "My child, I wish you joy with all my heart. Your sufferings are all at an end, and Providence hath done you the justice at last which it will, one day or other, render to all men. You will hear all presently; but I can now only tell you that your sister is discovered and the estate is your own."

Booth was in such confusion that he scarce made any answer, and now appeared the justice and his clerk, and immediately afterwards the constable with his prisoner, the bailiff, and as many more as could possibly crowd up stairs.

The doctor now addressed himself to the sick man, and desired him to repeat the same information before the justice which he had made already; to which Robinson readily consented.

While the clerk was taking down the information the attorney expressed a very impatient desire to send instantly for his clerk, and expressed so much uneasiness at the confusion in which he had left his papers at home, that a thought suggested itself to the doctor that, if his house was searched some lights and evidence relating to this affair would certainly be found; he therefore desired the justice to grant a search-warrant immediately to search his house.

The justice answered that he had no such power; that, if there was any suspicion of stolen goods, he could grant a warrant to search for them.

"How, sir!" said the doctor, "can you grant a warrant to search a man's house for a silver tea-spoon, and not in a case like this, where a man is robbed of his whole estate?"

"Hold, sir," says the sick man; "I believe I can answer that point; for I can swear he hath several title-deeds of the estate now in his possession, which I am sure were stolen from the right owner."

The justice still hesitated. He said title-deeds savoured of the reality, and it was not felony to steal them. If, indeed, they were taken away in a box, then it would be felony to steal the box.

"Savour of the reality! Savour of the fatality," said the doctor. "I never heard such incomprehensible nonsense. This is impudent, as well as childish, trifling with the lives and properties of men."

"Well, sir," said Robinson, "I now am sure I can do his business; for I know he hath a silver cup in his possession which is the property of this gentleman (meaning Booth), and how he got it but by stealth let him account if he can."

"That will do," cries the justice, with great pleasure. "That will do; and if you will charge him on oath with that I will instantly grant my warrant to search his house for it." "And I will go and see it executed," cries the doctor; for it was a maxim of his that no man could descend below himself in doing any act which may contribute to protect an innocent person or to bring a rogue to the gallows.

The oath was instantly taken, the warrant signed, and the doctor attended the constable in the execution of it.

The clerk then proceeded in taking the information of Robinson, and had just finished it, when the doctor returned with the utmost joy in his countenance, and declared that he had sufficient evidence of the fact in his possession. He had, indeed, two or three letters from Miss Harris in answer to the attorney's frequent demands of money for secrecy, that fully explained the whole villany.

The justice now asked the prisoner what he had to say for himself, or whether he chose to say any thing in his own defence.

"Sir," said the attorney, with great confidence, "I am not to defend myself here. It will be of no service to me; for I know you neither can nor will discharge me. But I am extremely innocent of all this matter, as I doubt not but to make appear to the satisfaction of a court of justice."

The legal previous ceremonies were then gone through of binding over the prosecutor, &c., and then the attorney was committed to Newgate, whither he was escorted amidst the acclamations of the populace.

When Murphy was departed, and a little calm restored in the house, the justice made his compliments of congratulation to Booth, who, as well as he could in his present tumult of joy, returned his thanks to both the magistrate and the doctor. They were now all preparing to depart, when Mr. Bondum stepped up to Booth, and said, "Hold, sir, you have forgot one thing—you have not given bail yet."

This occasioned some distress at this time, for the attorney's friend was departed; but when the justice heard this, he immediately offered himself as the other bondsman, and thus ended the affair.

It was now past six o'clock, and none of the gentlemen had yet dined. They very readily, therefore, accepted the magistrate's invitation, and went all together to his house.

And now the very first thing that was done, even before they sat down to dinner, was to despatch a messenger to one of the best surgeons in town to take care of Robinson, and another messenger to Booth's lodgings to prevent Amelia's concern at their staying so long.

The latter, however, was to little purpose; for Amelia's patience had been worn out before, and she had taken a hackney-coach and driven to the bailiff's, where she arrived a little after the departure of her husband, and was thence directed to the justice's.

Though there was no kind of reason for Amelia's fright at hearing that her husband and doctor Harrison were gone before the justice, and though she indeed imagined that they were there in the light of complainants, not of offenders, yet so tender were her fears for her husband, and so much had her gentle spirits been lately agitated, that she had a

AMELIA.

thousand apprehensions of she knew not what. When she arrived, therefore, at the house, she ran directly into the room where all the company were at dinner, scarce knowing what she did or whither she was going.

She found her husband in such a situation, and discovered such cheerfulness in his countenance, that so violent a turn was given to her spirits that she was just able, with the assistance of a glass of water, to support herself. She soon, however, recovered her calmness, and in a little time began to eat what might indeed be almost called her breakfast.

The justice now wished her joy of what had happened that day, for which she kindly thanked him, apprehending he meant the liberty of her husband. His worship might perhaps have explained himself more largely had not the doctor given him a timely wink; for this wise and good man was fearful of making such a discovery all at once to Amelia, lest it should overpower her, and luckily the justice's wife was not well enough acquainted with the matter to say anything more on it than barely to assure the lady that she joined in her husband's congratulation.

Amelia was then in a clean white gown, which she had that day redeemed, and was, indeed, dressed all over with great neatness and exactness; with the glow therefore which arose in her features from finding her husband released from his captivity, she made so charming a figure, that she attracted the eyes of the magistrate and of his wife, and they both agreed when they were alone that they had never seen so charming a creature; nay, Booth himself afterwards told her that he scarce ever remembered her to look so extremely beautiful as she did that evening.

Whether Amelia's beauty, or the reflection on the remarkable acts of justice he had performed, or whatever motive filled the magistrate with extraordinary good humour, and opened his heart and cellars, I will not determine; but he gave them so hearty a welcome, and they were all so pleased with each other, that Amelia, for that one night, trusted the care of her children to the woman where they lodged, nor did the company rise from table till the clock struck eleven.

They then separated. Amelia and Booth, having been set down at their lodgings, retired into each other's arms; nor did Booth that evening, by the doctor's advice, mention one word of the grand affair to his wife.

CHAPTER VIII.

Thus this history draws nearer to a conclusion.

IN the morning early Amelia received the following letter from Mrs. Atkinson:

"The surgeon of the regiment, to which the captain my husband lately belonged, and who came this evening to see the captain, had almost frightened me out of my wits by a strange story of your husband being committed to prison by a justice of peace for forgery. For Heaven's sake send me the truth. If my husband can be of any service, weak as he is, he will be carried in a chair to serve a brother officer for whom he hath a regard, which I need not mention. Or if the sum of twenty pounds will be of any service to you, I will wait upon you with it the moment I can get my clothes on, the morning you receive this; for it is too late to send to-night. The captain begs his hearty service and respects, and believe me, dear madam, your ever affectionate friend, and humble servant. "F. ATKINSON."

When Amelia read this letter to Booth they were both equally surprised, she at the commitment for forgery, and he at seeing such a letter from Mrs. Atkinson; for he was a stranger yet to the reconciliation that had happened.

Booth's doubts were first satisfied by Amelia, from which he received great pleasure; for he really had a very great affection and fondness for Mr.

Atkinson, who, indeed, so well deserved it. "Well, my dear," said he to Amelia, smiling, "shall we accept this generous offer?"

"O fie! no certainly," answered she.

"Why not?" cries Booth; "it is but a trifle; and yet it will be of great service to us."

"But consider, my dear," said she, "how ill these poor people can spare it."

"They can spare it for a little while," said Booth, "and we shall soon pay it them again."

"When, my dear?" said Amelia. "Do, my dear Will, consider our wretched circumstances. I beg you let us go into the country immediately, and live upon bread and water till Fortune pleases to smile upon us."

"I am convinced that day is not far off," said Booth. "However, give me leave to send an answer to Mrs. Atkinson, that we shall be glad of her company immediately to breakfast."

"You know I never contradict you," said she, "but I assure you it is contrary to my inclinations to take this money."

"Well, suffer me," cries he, "to act this once contrary to your inclinations." He then writ a short note to Mrs. Atkinson, and despatched it away immediately; which when he had done, Amelia said, "I shall be glad of Mrs. Atkinson's company to breakfast; but yet I wish you would oblige me in refusing this money. Take five guineas only. That is indeed such a sum as, if we never should pay it, would sit light on our mind. The last persons in the world from whom I would receive favours of that sort are the poor and generous."

"You can receive favours only from the generous," cries Booth; "and, to be plain with you, there are very few who are generous that are not poor."

"What think you," said she, "of Dr. Harrison?"

"I do assure you," said Booth, "he is far from being rich. The doctor hath an income of little more than six hundred pounds a-year, and I am convinced he gives away four of it. Indeed, he is one of the best economists in the world; but yet I am positive he never was at any time possessed of five hundred pounds, since he hath been a man. Consider, dear Emily, the late obligations we have to this gentleman; it would be unreasonable to expect more, at least at present; my half-pay is mortgaged for a year to come. How then shall we live?"

"By our labour," answered she; "I am able to labour, and I am sure I am not ashamed of it."

"And you do really think you can support such a life?"

"I am sure I could be happy in it," answered Amelia. "And why not I as well as a thousand others, who have not the happiness of such a husband to make life delicious? why should I complain of my hard fate while so many who are much poorer than I enjoy theirs? Am I of a superior rank of being to the wife of the honest labourer? am I not partaker of one common nature with her?"

"My angel," cries Booth, "it delights me to hear you talk thus, and for a reason you little guess; for I am assured that one who can so heroically endure adversity, will bear prosperity with equal greatness of soul; for the mind that cannot be dejected by the former, is not likely to be transported with the latter."

"If it had pleased Heaven," cried she, "to have tried me, I think, at least I hope, I should have preserved my humility."

"Then, my dear," said he, "I will relate you a dream I had last night. You know you lately mentioned a dream of yours."

"Do so," said she; "I am attentive."

"I dreamt," said he, "this night, that we were in the most miserable situation imaginable; indeed,

in the situation we were yesterday morning, or rather worse; that I was laid in a prison for debt, and that you wanted a morsel of bread to feed the mouths of your hungry children. At length (for nothing you know is quicker than the transition in dreams) Dr. Harrison methought came to me, with cheerfulness and joy in his countenance. The prison-doors immediately flew open, and Dr. Harrison introduced you, gaily though not richly dressed. That you gently chid me for staying so long. All on a sudden appeared a coach with four horses to it, in which was a maid-servant with our two children. We both immediately went into the coach, and, taking our leave of the doctor, set out towards your country house; for yours I dreamt it was. I only ask you now, if this was real, and the transition almost as sudden, could you support it?"

Amelia was going to answer, when Mrs. Atkinson came into the room, and after very little previous ceremony, presented Booth with a bank-note, which he received of her, saying he would very soon repay it; a promise that a little offended Amelia, as she thought he had no chance of keeping it.

The doctor presently arrived, and the company sat down to breakfast, during which Mrs. Atkinson entertained them with the history of the doctors that had attended her husband, by whose advice Atkinson was recovered from everything but the weakness which his distemper had occasioned.

When the tea-table was removed Booth told the doctor that he had acquainted his wife with a dream he had last night. "I dreamt, doctor," said he, "that she was restored to her estate."

"Very well," said the doctor; "and if I am to be the Oniropolis, I believe the dream will come to pass. To say the truth, I have rather a better opinion of dreams than Horace had. Old Homer says they come from Jupiter; and as to your dream, I have often had it in my waking thoughts, that some time or other that roguery (for so I was always convinced it was) would be brought to light; for the same Homer says, as you, madam (meaning Mrs. Atkinson), very well know,

Εἴπερ γὰρ τε καὶ αὐτίκ' Ὀλύμπιος ἐκ ἐτέλεισεν,
Ἐκ τε καὶ ὀφείτελει· σὺν τε μεγάλῃ ἀπίστῳ
Σὺν σφῆσιν κεφαλῇσι, γυναιξὶ τε καὶ τέκνῳσιν.*

"I have no Greek ears, sir," said Mrs. Atkinson. "I believe I could understand it in the Delphin Homer."

"I wish," cries he, "my dear child (to Amelia), you would read a little in the Delphin Aristotle, or else in some christian divine, to learn a doctrine which you will one day have a use for. I mean to bear the hardest of all human conflicts, and support with an even temper, and without any violent transports of mind, a sudden gust of prosperity."

"Indeed," cries Amelia, "I should almost think my husband and you, doctor, had some very good news to tell me, by your using, both of you, the same introduction. As far as I know myself, I think I can answer I can support any degree of prosperity, and I think I yesterday showed I could; for I do assure you it is not in the power of fortune to try me with such another transition from grief to joy as I conceived from seeing my husband in prison and at liberty."

"Well, you are a good girl," cries the doctor, "and after I have put on my spectacles I will try you."

The doctor then took out a newspaper, and read as follows:

"Yesterday one Murphy, an eminent attorney-

* "If Jupiter doth not immediately execute his vengeance, he will however execute it at last; and their transgressions shall fall heavily on their own heads, and on their wives and children."

at-law, was committed to Newgate for the forgery of a will under which an estate had been for many years detained from the right owner."

"Now in this paragraph there is something very remarkable, and that is—that it is true: but *opus est explanatum*. In the Delphin edition of this newspaper there is the following note upon the words right owner:—"The right owner of this estate is a young lady of the highest merit, whose maiden name was Harris, and who some time since was married to an idle fellow, one lieutenant Booth. And the best historians assure us that letters from the elder sister of this lady, which manifestly prove the forgery and clear up the whole affair, are in the hands of an old person called Dr. Harrison."

"And is this really true?" cries Amelia.

"Yes, really and sincerely," cries the doctor. "The whole estate; for your mother left it you all, and is as surely yours as if you was already in possession."

"Gracious Heaven!" cries she, falling on her knees, "I thank you!" And then starting up, she ran to her husband, and, embracing him, cried, "My dear love, I wish you joy; and I ought in gratitude to wish it you; for you are the cause of mine. It is upon yours and my children's account that I principally rejoice."

Mrs. Atkinson rose from her chair, and jumped about the room for joy, repeating,

*Turne, quod optanti divum promittere nemo
Auderet, volucunda dies, en, attulit ultro*.*

Amelia now threw herself into a chair, complained she was a little faint, and begged a glass of water. The doctor advised her to be blooded; but she refused, saying she required a vent of another kind. She then desired her children to be brought to her, whom she immediately caught in her arms, and, having profusely cried over them for several minutes, declared she was easy. After which she soon regained her usual temper and complexion.

That day they dined together, and in the afternoon they all, except the doctor, visited captain Atkinson; he repaired to the bailiff's house to visit the sick man, whom he found very cheerful, the surgeon having assured him that he was in no danger.

The doctor had a long spiritual discourse with Robinson, who assured him that he sincerely repented of his past life, that he was resolved to lead his future days in a different manner, and to make what amends he could for his sins to society, by bringing one of the greatest rogues in it to justice. There was a circumstance which much pleased the doctor, and made him conclude that, however Robinson had been corrupted by his old master, he had naturally a good disposition. This was, that Robinson declared he was chiefly induced to the discovery by what had happened at the pawnbroker's, and by the miseries which he there perceived he had been instrumental in bringing on Booth and his family.

The next day Booth and his wife, at the doctor's instance, dined with colonel James and his lady, where they were received with great civility, and all matters were accommodated, without Booth ever knowing a syllable of the challenge even to this day.

The doctor insisted very strongly on having Miss Harris taken into custody, and said, if she was his sister, he would deliver her to justice. He added besides, that it was impossible to screen her and carry on the prosecution, or, indeed, recover the estate. Amelia at last begged the delay of one day only, in which time she wrote a letter to her sister, informing her of the discovery, and the danger in

* "What none of all the Gods could grant thy vows,
That, Turnus, this auspicious day bestows."

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which she stood, and begged her earnestly to make her escape, with many assurances that she would never suffer her to know any distress. This letter she sent away express, and it had the desired effect; for Miss Harris, having received sufficient information from the attorney to the same purpose, immediately set out for Pool, and from thence to France, carrying with her all her money, most of her clothes, and some few jewels. She had, indeed, packed up plate and jewels to the value of two thousand pounds and upwards. But Booth, to whom Amelia communicated the letter, prevented her by ordering the man that went with the express (who had been a serjeant of the foot-guards recommended to him by Atkinson) to suffer the lady to go whither she pleased, but not to take any thing with her except her clothes, which he was carefully to search. These orders were obeyed punctually, and with these she was obliged to comply.

Two days after the bird was flown a warrant from the lord chief justice arrived to take her up, the messenger of which returned with the news of her flight, highly to the satisfaction of Amelia, and consequently of Booth, and, indeed, not greatly to the grief of the doctor.

About a week afterwards Booth and Amelia, with their children and captain Atkinson and his lady, all set forward together for Amelia's house, where they arrived amidst the acclamations of all the neighbours and every public demonstration of joy.

They found the house ready prepared to receive them by Atkinson's friend the old serjeant, and a good dinner prepared for them by Amelia's old nurse, who was addressed with the utmost duty by her son and daughter, most affectionately caressed by Booth and his wife, and by Amelia's absolute command seated next to herself at the table. At which, perhaps, were assembled some of the best and happiest people then in the world.

CHAPTER IX.

In which the history is concluded.

HAVING brought our history to a conclusion, as to those points in which we presume our reader was chiefly interested, in the foregoing chapter, we shall in this, by way of epilogue, endeavour to satisfy his curiosity as to what hath since happened to the principal personages of whom we have treated in the foregoing pages.

Colonel James and his lady, after living in a polite manner for many years together, at last agreed to live in as polite a manner asunder. The colonel hath kept Miss Matthews ever since, and is at length grown to dote on her (though now very disagreeable in her person, and immensely fat) to such a degree that he submits to be treated by her in the most tyrannical manner.

He allows his lady eight hundred pounds a-year, with which she divides her time between Tunbridge, Bath, and London, and passes about nine hours in the twenty-four at cards. Her income is lately increased by three thousand pounds left her by her brother colonel Bath, who was killed in a duel about six years ago by a gentleman who told the colonel he differed from him in opinion.

The noble peer and Mrs. Ellison have been both dead several years, and both of the consequences of their favourite vices; Mrs. Ellison having fallen a martyr to her liquor, and the other to his amours, by which he was at last become so rotten that he stunk above ground.

The attorney, Murphy, was brought to his trial at the Old Bailey, where, after much quibbling

about the meaning of a very plain act of parliament, he was at length convicted of forgery, and was soon afterwards hanged at Tyburn.

The witness for some time seemed to reform his life, and received a small pension from Booth; after which he returned to vicious courses, took a purse on the highway, was detected and taken, and followed the last steps of his old master. So apt are men whose manners have been once thoroughly corrupted, to return, from any dawn of an amendment, into the dark paths of vice.

As to Miss Harris, she lived three years with a broken heart at Boulogne, where she received annually fifty pounds from her sister, who was hardly prevailed on by Dr. Harrison not to send her a hundred, and then died in a most miserable manner.

Mr. Atkinson upon the whole hath led a very happy life with his wife, though he hath been sometimes obliged to pay proper homage to her superior understanding and knowledge. This, however, he cheerfully submits to, and she makes him proper returns of fondness. They have two fine boys, of whom they are equally fond. He is lately advanced to the rank of captain, and last summer both he and his wife paid a visit of three months to Booth and his wife.

Dr. Harrison is grown old in years and in honour, beloved and respected by all his parishioners and by all his neighbours. He divides his time between his parish, his old town, and Booth's—at which last place he had, two years ago, a gentle fit of the gout, being the first attack of that disorder. During this fit Amelia was his nurse, and her two eldest daughters sat up alternately with him for a whole week. The eldest of those girls, whose name is Amelia, is his favourite; she is the picture of her mother, and it is thought the doctor hath distinguished her in his will, for he hath declared that he will leave his whole fortune, except some few charities, among Amelia's children.

As to Booth and Amelia, Fortune seems to have made them large amends for the tricks she played them in their youth. They have, ever since the above period of this history, enjoyed an uninterrupted course of health and happiness. In about six weeks after Booth's first coming into the country he went to London and paid all his debts of honour; after which, and a stay of two days only, he returned into the country, and hath never since been thirty miles from home. He hath two boys and four girls; the eldest of the boys, he who hath made his appearance in this history, is just come from the university, and is one of the finest gentlemen and best scholars of his age. The second is just going from school, and is intended for the church, that being his own choice. His eldest daughter is a woman grown, but we must not mention her age. A marriage was proposed to her the other day with a young fellow of a good estate, but she never would see him more than once; "For doctor Harrison," says she, "told me he was illiterate, and I am sure he is ill-natured." The second girl is three years younger than her sister, and the others are yet children.

Amelia is still the finest woman in England of her age. Booth himself often avers she is as handsome as ever. Nothing can equal the serenity of their lives. Amelia declared to me the other day, that she did not remember to have seen her husband out of humour these ten years; and, upon my insinuating to her that he had the best of wives, she answered with a smile that she ought to be so, for that he had made her the happiest of women.

THE HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE MR. JONATHAN WILD THE GREAT.

BOOK I. CHAPTER I.

Showing the wholesome uses drawn from recording the achievements of those wonderful productions of nature called GREAT MEN.

As it is necessary that all great and surprising events, the designs of which are laid, conducted, and brought to perfection by the utmost force of human invention and art, should be produced by great and eminent men, so the lives of such may be justly and properly styled the quintessence of history. In these, when delivered to us by sensible writers, we are not only most agreeably entertained, but most usefully instructed; for, besides the attaining hence a consummate knowledge of human nature in general; of its secret springs, various windings, and perplexed mazes; we have here before our eyes lively examples of whatever is amiable or detestable, worthy of admiration or abhorrence, and are consequently taught, in a manner infinitely more effectual than by precept, what we are eagerly to imitate or carefully to avoid.

But besides the two obvious advantages of surveying, as it were in a picture, the true beauty of virtue and deformity of vice, we may moreover learn from Plutarch, Nepos, Suetonius, and other biographers, this useful lesson, not too hastily, nor in the gross, to bestow either our praise or censure; since we shall often find such a mixture of good and evil in the same character that it may require a very accurate judgment and a very elaborate inquiry to determine on which side the balance turns, for though we sometimes meet with an Aristides or a Brutus, a Lysander or a Nero, yet far the greater number are of the mixed kind, neither totally good nor bad; their greatest virtues being obscured and allayed by their vices, and those again softened and coloured over by their virtues.

Of this kind was the illustrious person whose history we now undertake; to whom, though Nature had given the greatest and most shining endowments, she had not given them absolutely pure and without alloy. Though he had much of the admirable in his character, as much perhaps as is usually to be found in a hero, I will not yet venture to affirm that he was entirely free from all defects, or that the sharp eyes of censure could not spy out some little blemishes lurking amongst his many great perfections.

We would not therefore be understood to affect giving the reader a perfect or consummate pattern of human excellence, but rather, by faithfully recording some little imperfections which shadowed over the lustre of those great qualities which we shall here record, to teach the lesson we have above mentioned, to induce our reader with us to lament the frailty of human nature, and to convince him that no mortal, after a thorough scrutiny, can be a proper object of our adoration.

But before we enter on this great work we must endeavour to remove some errors of opinion which mankind have, by the disingenuity of writers, contracted: for these, from their fear of contradicting the obsolete and absurd doctrines of a set of simple fellows, called, in derision, sages or philosophers, have endeavoured, as much as possible, to confound the ideas of greatness and goodness; whereas no two things can possibly be more distinct from each

other, for greatness consists in bringing all manner of mischief on mankind, and goodness in removing it from them. It seems therefore very unlikely that the same person should possess them both; and yet nothing is more usual with writers, who find many instances of greatness in their favourite hero, than to make him a compliment of goodness into the bargain; and this, without considering that by such means they destroy the great perfection called uniformity of character. In the histories of Alexander and Cæsar we are frequently, and indeed impertinently, reminded of their benevolence and generosity, of their clemency and kindness. When the former had with fire and sword overrun a vast empire, had destroyed the lives of an immense number of innocent wretches, had scattered ruin and desolation like a whirlwind, we are told, as an example of his clemency, that he did not cut the throat of an old woman, and ravish her daughters, but was content with only undoing them. And when the mighty Cæsar, with wonderful greatness of mind, had destroyed the liberties of his country, and with all the means of fraud and force had placed himself at the head of his equals, had corrupted and enslaved the greatest people whom the sun ever saw, we are reminded, as an evidence of his generosity, of his largesses to his followers and tools, by whose means he had accomplished his purpose, and by whose assistance he was to establish it.

Now, who doth not see that such sneaking qualities as these are rather to be bewailed as imperfections than admired as ornaments in these great men; rather obscuring their glory, and holding them back in their race to greatness, indeed unworthy the end for which they seem to have come into the world, viz. of perpetrating vast and mighty mischief?

We hope our reader will have reason justly to acquit us of any such confounding ideas in the following pages; in which, as we are to record the actions of a great man, so we have nowhere mentioned any spark of goodness which had discovered itself either faintly in him, or more glaringly in any other person, but as a meanness and imperfection, disqualifying them for undertakings which lead to honour and esteem among men.

As our hero had as little as perhaps is to be found of that meanness, indeed only enough to make him partaker of the imperfection of humanity, instead of the perfection of diabolism, we have ventured to call him *The Great*; nor do we doubt but our reader, when he hath perused his story, will concur with us in allowing him that title.

CHAPTER II.

Giving an account of as many of our hero's ancestors as can be gathered out of the rubbish of antiquity, which hath been carefully sifted for that purpose.

It is the custom of all biographers, at their entrance into their work, to step a little backwards (as far, indeed, generally as they are able) and to trace up their hero, as the ancients did the river Nile, till an incapacity of proceeding higher puts an end to their search.

What first gave rise to this method is somewhat difficult to determine. Sometimes I have thought that the hero's ancestors have been introduced as

foils to himself. Again, I have imagined it might be to obviate a suspicion that such extraordinary personages were not produced in the ordinary course of nature, and may have proceeded from the author's fear that, if we were not told who their fathers were, they might be in danger, like prince Prettyman, of being supposed to have had none. Lastly, and perhaps more truly, I have conjectured that the design of the biographer hath been no more than to show his great learning and knowledge of antiquity. A design to which the world hath probably owed many notable discoveries, and indeed most of the labours of our antiquarians.

But whatever original this custom had, it is now too well established to be disputed. I shall therefore conform to it in the strictest manner.

Mr. Jonathan Wild, or Wyld, then (for he himself did not always agree in one method of spelling his name), was descended from the great Wolfstan Wild, who came over with Hengist, and distinguished himself very eminently at that famous festival, where the Britons were so treacherously murdered by the Saxons; for when the word was given, *i. e.* *Nemet eour Saxes, take out your swords*, this gentleman, being a little hard of hearing, mistook the sound for *Nemet her sacs, take out their purses*; instead therefore of applying to the throat, he immediately applied to the pocket of his guest, and contented himself with taking all that he had, without attempting his life.

The next ancestor of our hero who was remarkably eminent was Wild, surnamed Langfanger, or Longfinger. He flourished in the reign of Henry III., and was strictly attached to Hubert de Burgh, whose friendship he was recommended to by his great excellence in an art of which Hubert was himself the inventor; he could, without the knowledge of the proprietor, with great ease and dexterity, draw forth a man's purse from any part of his garment where it was deposited, and hence he derived his surname. This gentleman was the first of his family who had the honour to suffer for the good of his country: on whom a wit of that time made the following epitaph:

O shame o' justice! Wild is hang'd,
For thatten he a pocket fang'd,
While safe old Hubert, and his gang,
Doth pocket o' the nation fang.

Langfanger left a son named Edward, whom he had carefully instructed in the art for which he himself was so famous. This Edward had a grandson, who served as a volunteer under the famous Sir John Falstaff, and by his gallant demeanour so recommended himself to his captain, that he would have certainly been promoted by him, had Harry the fifth kept his word with his old companion.

After the death of Edward the family remained in some obscurity down to the reign of Charles the first, when James Wild distinguished himself on both sides the question in the civil wars, passing from one to t'other, as Heaven seemed to declare itself in favour of either party. At the end of the war, James not being rewarded according to his merits, as is usually the case of such impartial persons, he associated himself with a brave man of those times, whose name was Hind, and declared open war with both parties. He was successful in several actions, and spoiled many of the enemy: till at length, being overpowered and taken, he was, contrary to the law of arms, put basely and cowardly to death by a combination between twelve men of the enemy's party, who, after some consultation, unanimously agreed on the said murder.

This Edward took to wife Rebecca, the daughter

of the above-mentioned John Hind, esq., by whom he had issue John, Edward, Thomas, and Jonathan, and three daughters, namely, Grace, Charity, and Honour. John followed the fortunes of his father, and, suffering with him, left no issue. Edward was so remarkable for his compassionate temper that he spent his life in soliciting the causes of the distressed captives in Newgate, and is reported to have held a strict friendship with an eminent divine who solicited the spiritual causes of the said captives. He married Editha, daughter and co-heiress of Geoffry Snap, gent., who long enjoyed an office under the high sheriff of London and Middlesex, by which, with great reputation, he acquired a handsome fortune: by her he had no issue. Thomas went very young abroad to one of our American colonies, and hath not been since heard of. As for the daughters, Grace was married to a merchant of Yorkshire who dealt in horses. Charity took to husband an eminent gentleman, whose name I cannot learn, but who was famous for so friendly a disposition that he was bail for above a hundred persons in one year. He had likewise the remarkable humour of walking in Westminster-hall with a straw in his shoe. Honour, the youngest, died unmarried: she lived many years in this town, was a great frequenter of plays, and used to be remarkable for distributing oranges to all who would accept of them.

Jonathan married Elizabeth, daughter of Scragg Hollow, of Hockley-in-the-Hole, esq.; and by her had Jonathan, who is the illustrious subject of these memoirs.

CHAPTER III.

The birth, parentage, and education of Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great.

It is observable that Nature seldom produces any one who is afterwards to act a notable part on the stage of life, but she gives some warning of her intention; and, as the dramatic poet generally prepares the entry of every considerable character with a solemn narrative, or at least a great flourish of drums and trumpets, so doth this our *Alma Mater* by some shrewd hints pre-admonish us of her intention, giving us warning, as it were, and crying—

—*Venienti occurrere morbo.*

Thus Astyages, who was the grandfather of Cyrus, dreamt that his daughter was brought to bed of a vine, whose branches overspread all Asia; and Hecuba, while big with Paris, dreamt that she was delivered of a firebrand that set all Troy in flames; so did the mother of our great man, while she was with child of him, dream that she was enjoyed in the night by the gods Mercury and Priapus. This dream puzzled all the learned astrologers of her time, seeming to imply in it a contradiction; Mercury being the god of ingenuity, and Priapus the terror of those who practised it. What made this dream the more wonderful, and perhaps the true cause of its being remembered, was a very extraordinary circumstance, sufficiently denoting something preternatural in it; for though she had never heard even the name of either of these gods, she repeated these very words in the morning, with only a small mistake of the quantity of the latter, which she chose to call *Priäpus* instead of *Priäpus*; and her husband swore that, though he might possibly have named Mercury to her (for he had heard of such an heathen god), he never in his life could anywise have put her in mind of that other deity, with whom he had no acquaintance.

Another remarkable incident was, that during her whole pregnancy she constantly longed for every-

thing she saw; nor could be satisfied with her wish unless she enjoyed it clandestinely; and as nature, by true and accurate observers, is remarked to give us no appetites without furnishing us with the means of gratifying them; so had she at this time a most marvellous glutinous quality attending her fingers, to which, as to birdlime, everything closely adhered that she handled.

To omit other stories, some of which may be perhaps the growth of superstition, we proceed to the birth of our hero, who made his first appearance on this great theatre the very day when the plague first broke out in 1665. Some say his mother was delivered of him in an house of an orbicular or round form in Covent-garden; but of this we are not certain. He was some years afterwards baptised by the famous Mr. Titus Oates.

Nothing very remarkable passed in his years of infancy, save that, as the letters *th* are the most difficult of pronunciation, and the last which a child attains to the utterance of, so they were the first that came with any readiness from young master Wild. Nor must we omit the early indications which he gave of the sweetness of his temper; for though he was by no means to be terrified into compliance, yet might he, by a sugar-plum, be brought to your purpose: indeed, to say the truth, he was to be bribed to anything, which made many say he was certainly born to be a great man.

He was scarce settled at school before he gave marks of his lofty and aspiring temper; and was regarded by all his schoolfellows with that deference which men generally pay to those superior geniuses who will exact it of them. If an orchard was to be robbed Wild was consulted, and, though he was himself seldom concerned in the execution of the design, yet was he always concerter of it, and treasurer of the booty, some little part of which he would now and then, with wonderful generosity, bestow on those who took it. He was generally very secret on these occasions; but if any offered to plunder of his own head, without acquainting master Wild, and making a deposit of the booty, he was sure to have an information against him lodged with the schoolmaster, and to be severely punished for his pains.

He discovered so little attention to school-learning that his master, who was a very wise and worthy man, soon gave over all care and trouble on that account, and, acquainting his parents that their son proceeded extremely well in his studies, he permitted his pupil to follow his own inclinations, perceiving they led him to nobler pursuits than the sciences, which are generally acknowledged to be a very unprofitable study, and indeed greatly to hinder the advancement of men in the world: but though master Wild was not esteemed the readiest at making his exercise, he was universally allowed to be the most dexterous at stealing it of all his schoolfellows, being never detected in such furtive compositions, nor indeed in any other exertations of his great talents, which all inclined the same way, but once, when he had laid violent hands on a book called *Gradus ad Parnassum*, i. e. *A step towards Parnassus*; on which account his master, who was a man of most wonderful wit and sagacity, is said to have told him he wished it might not prove in the event *Gradus ad Patibulum*, i. e. *A step towards the gallows*.

But, though he would not give himself the pains requisite to acquire a competent sufficiency in the learned languages, yet did he readily listen with attention to others, especially when they translated the classical authors to him; nor was he in the least

backward, at all such times, to express his approbation. He was wonderfully pleased with that passage in the eleventh Iliad where Achilles is said to have bound two sons of Priam upon a mountain, and afterwards to have released them for a sum of money. This was, he said, alone sufficient to refute those who affected a contempt for the wisdom of the ancients, and an undeniable testimony of the great antiquity of priggism.* He was ravished with the account which Nestor gives in the same book of the rich booty which he bore off (i. e. stole) from the Eleans. He was desirous of having this often repeated to him, and at the end of every repetition he constantly fetched a deep sigh, and said *it was a glorious booty*.

When the story of Cacus was read to him out of the eighth Æneid he generously pitied the unhappy fate of that great man, to whom he thought Hercules much too severe: one of his schoolfellows commending the dexterity of drawing the oxen backward by their tails into his den, he smiled, and with some disdain said, *He could have taught him a better way*.

He was a passionate admirer of heroes, particularly of Alexander the Great, between whom and the late king of Sweden he would frequently draw parallels. He was much delighted with the accounts of the Czar's retreat from the latter, who carried off the inhabitants of great cities to people his own country. *This*, he said, *was not once thought of by Alexander*; but added, *perhaps he did not want them*.

Happy had it been for him if he had confined himself to this sphere; but his chief, if not only blemish, was, that he would sometimes, from an humility in his nature too pernicious to true greatness, condescend to an intimacy with inferior things and persons. Thus the Spanish rogue was his favourite book, and the Cheats of Scapin his favourite play.

The young gentleman being now at the age of seventeen, his father, from a foolish prejudice to our universities, and out of a false as well as excessive regard to his morals, brought his son to town, where he resided with him till he was of an age to travel. Whilst he was here, all imaginable care was taken of his instruction, his father endeavouring his utmost to inculcate principles of honour and gentility into his son.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Wild's first entrance into the world. His acquaintance with count La Ruse.

AN accident happened soon after his arrival in town which almost saved the father his whole labour on this head, and provided master Wild a better tutor than any after-care or expense could have furnished him with. The old gentleman, it seems, was a FOLLOWER of the fortunes of Mr. Snap, son of Mr. Geoffry Snap, whom we have before mentioned to have enjoyed a reputable office under the sheriff of London and Middlesex, the daughter of which Geoffry had intermarried with the Wilds. Mr. Snap the younger, being thereto well warranted, had laid violent hands on, or, as the vulgar express it, arrested one count La Ruse, a man of considerable figure in those days, and had confined him to his own house till he could find two seconds who would in a formal manner give their words that the count should, at a certain day and place appointed, answer all that one Thomas Thimble, a tailor, had to say to him; which Thomas Thimble, it seems, alleged that the count had, according to the law of the realm, made over

* This word, in the cant language, signifies thievery.

his body to him as a security for some suits of clothes to him delivered by the said Thomas Thimble. Now as the count, though perfectly a man of honour, could not immediately find these seconds, he was obliged for some time to reside at Mr. Snap's house: for it seems the law of the land is, that whoever owes another 10*l.*, or indeed 2*l.*, may be, on the oath of that person, immediately taken up and carried away from his own house and family, and kept abroad till he is made to owe 50*l.*, whether he will or no; for which he is perhaps afterwards obliged to lie in gaol; and all these without any trial had, or any other evidence of the debt than the abovesaid oath, which if untrue, as it often happens, you have no remedy against the perjurer; he was, forsooth, mistaken.

But though Mr. Snap would not (as perhaps by the nice rules of honour he was obliged) discharge the count on his parole, yet did he not (as by the strict rules of law he was enabled) confine him to his chamber. The count had his liberty of the whole house, and Mr. Snap, using only the precaution of keeping his doors well locked and barred, took his prisoner's word that he would not go forth.

Mr. Snap had by his second lady two daughters, who were now in the bloom of their youth and beauty. These young ladies, like damsels in romance, compassionated the captive count, and endeavoured by all means to make his confinement less irksome to him; which, though they were both very beautiful, they could not attain by any other way so effectually as by engaging with him at cards, in which contentions, as will appear hereafter, the count was greatly skilful.

As whisk and swabbers was the game then in the chief vogue, they were obliged to look for a fourth person in order to make up their parties. Mr. Snap himself would sometimes relax his mind from the violent fatigues of his employment by these recreations; and sometimes a neighbouring young gentleman or lady came in to their assistance; but the most frequent guest was young master Wild, who had been educated from his infancy with the Miss Snaps, and was, by all the neighbours, allotted for the husband of Miss Tishy, or Lætitia, the younger of the two; for though, being his cousin-german, she was perhaps, in the eye of a strict conscience, somewhat too nearly related to him, yet the old people on both sides, though sufficiently scrupulous in nice matters, agreed to overlook this objection.

Men of great genius as easily discover one another as freemasons can. It was therefore no wonder that the count soon conceived an inclination to an intimacy with our young hero, whose vast abilities could not be concealed from one of the count's discernment; for though this latter was so expert at his cards that he was proverbially said to *play the whole game*, he was no match for master Wild, who, inexperienced as he was, notwithstanding all the art, the dexterity, and often the fortune of his adversary, never failed to send him away from the table with less in his pocket than he brought to it, for indeed Langfanger himself could not have extracted a purse with more ingenuity than our young hero.

His hands made frequent visits to the count's pocket before the latter had entertained any suspicion of him, imputing the several losses he sustained rather to the innocent and sprightly frolic of Miss Doshy, or Theodosia, with which, as she indulged him with little innocent freedoms about her person in return, he thought himself obliged to be contented; but one night, when Wild imagined the count asleep, he made so unguarded an attack upon him, that the other caught him in the fact: however,

he did not think proper to acquaint him with the discovery he had made, but, preventing him from any booty at that time, he only took care for the future to button his pockets, and to pack the cards with double industry.

So far was this detection from causing any quarrel between these two prigs,* that in reality it recommended them to each other; for a wise man, that is to say a rogue, considers a trick in life as a gamester doth a trick at play. It sets him on his guard, but he admires the dexterity of him who plays it. These, therefore, and many other such instances of ingenuity, operated so violently on the count, that, notwithstanding the disparity which age, title, and above all, dress, had set between them, he resolved to enter into an acquaintance with Wild. This soon produced a perfect intimacy, and that a friendship, which had a longer duration than is common to that passion between persons who only propose to themselves the common advantages of eating, drinking, whoring, or borrowing money; which ends, as they soon fail, so doth the friendship founded upon them. Mutual interest, the greatest of all purposes, was the cement of this alliance, which nothing, of consequence, but superior interest, was capable of dissolving.

CHAPTER V.

A dialogue between young Master Wild and Count La Ruse, which, having extended to the rejoinder, had a very quiet, easy, and natural conclusion.

ONE evening, after the Miss Snaps were retired to rest, the count thus addressed himself to young Wild: "You cannot, I apprehend, Mr. Wild, be such a stranger to your own great capacity, as to be surprised when I tell you I have often viewed, with a mixture of astonishment and concern, your shining qualities confined to a sphere where they can never reach the eyes of those who would introduce them properly into the world, and raise you to an eminence where you may blaze out to the admiration of all men. I assure you I am pleased with my captivity, when I reflect I am likely to owe to it an acquaintance, and I hope friendship, with the greatest genius of my age; and, what is still more, when I indulge my vanity with a prospect of drawing from obscurity (pardon the expression) such talents as were, I believe, never before like to have been buried in it: for I make no question but, at my discharge from confinement, which will now soon happen, I shall be able to introduce you into company, where you may reap the advantage of your superior parts.

"I will bring you acquainted, sir, with those who, as they are capable of setting a true value on such qualifications, so they will have it both in their power and inclination to prefer you for them. Such an introduction is the only advantage you want, without which your merit might be your misfortune; for those abilities which would entitle you to honour and profit in a superior station may render you only obnoxious to danger and disgrace in a lower."

Mr. Wild answered, "Sir, I am not insensible of my obligations to you, as well for the over-value you have set on my small abilities, as for the kindness you express in offering to introduce me among my superiors. I must own my father hath often persuaded me to push myself into the company of my betters; but, to say the truth, I have an awkward pride in my nature, which is better pleased with being at the head of the lowest class than at the bottom of the highest. Permit me to say, though the idea may be somewhat coarse, I had rather stand on the summit of a dunghill than at the bottom of a

* Thieves.

hill in Paradise. I have always thought it signifies little into what rank of life I am thrown, provided I make a great figure therein, and should be as well satisfied with exerting my talents well at the head of a small party or gang, as in the command of a mighty army; for I am far from agreeing with you, that great parts are often lost in a low situation; on the contrary, I am convinced it is impossible they should be lost. I have often persuaded myself that there were not fewer than a thousand in Alexander's troops capable of performing what Alexander himself did.

"But, because such spirits were not elected or destined to an imperial command, are we therefore to imagine they came off without a booty? or that they contented themselves with the share in common with their comrades? Surely, no. In civil life, doubtless, the same genius, the same endowments, have often composed the statesman and the prig, for so we call what the vulgar name a thief. The same parts, the same actions, often promote men to the head of superior societies, which raise them to the head of lower; and where is the essential difference if the one ends on Tower-hill and the other at Tyburn? Hath the block any preference to the gallows, or the ax to the halter, but was given them by the ill-guided judgment of men? You will pardon me, therefore, if I am not so hastily inflamed with the common outside of things, nor join the general opinion in preferring one state to another. A guinea is as valuable in a leathern as in an embroidered purse; and a cod's head is a cod's head still, whether in a pewter or a silver dish."

The count replied as follows: "What you have now said doth not lessen my idea of your capacity, but confirms my opinion of the ill effects of bad and low company. Can any man doubt whether it is better to be a great statesman or a common thief? I have often heard that the devil used to say, where or to whom I know not, that it was better to reign in Hell than to be a valet-de-chambre in Heaven, and perhaps he was in the right; but sure, if he had had the choice of reigning in either, he would have chosen better. The truth therefore is, that by low conversation we contract a greater awe for high things than they deserve. We decline great pursuits not from contempt but despair. The man who prefers the high road to a more reputable way of making his fortune doth it because he imagines the one easier than the other; but you yourself have asserted, and with undoubted truth, that the same abilities qualify you for undertaking, and the same means will bring you to your end in both journeys—as in music it is the same tune, whether you play it in a higher or a lower key. To instance in some particulars: is it not the same qualifications which enables this man to hire himself as a servant, and to get into the confidence and secrets of his master in order to rob him, and that to undertake trusts of the highest nature with a design to break and betray them? Is it less difficult by false tokens to deceive a shopkeeper into the delivery of his goods, which you afterwards run away with, than to impose upon him by outward splendour and the appearance of fortune into a credit by which you gain and he loses twenty times as much? Doth it not require more dexterity in the fingers to draw out a man's purse from his pocket, or to take a lady's watch from her side, without being perceived of any (an excellence in which, without flattery, I am persuaded you have no superior), than to cog a die or to shuffle a pack of cards? Is not as much art, as many excellent qualities, required to make a pimping porter at a common bawdy-house as would enable a man to

prostitute his own or his friend's wife or child? Doth it not ask as good a memory, as nimble an invention, as steady a countenance, to forswear yourself in Westminster-hall as would furnish out a complete fool of state, or perhaps a statesman himself? It is needless to particularise every instance; in all we shall find that there is a nearer connexion between high and low life than is generally imagined, and that a highwayman is entitled to more favour with the great than he usually meets with. If, therefore, as I think I have proved, the same parts which qualify a man for eminence in a low sphere, qualify him likewise for eminence in a higher, sure it can be no doubt in which he would choose to exert them. Ambition, without which no one can be a great man, will immediately instruct him, in your own phrase, to prefer a hill in Paradise to a dung-hill; nay, even fear, a passion the most repugnant to greatness, will show him how much more safely he may indulge himself in the free and full exertion of his mighty abilities in the higher than in the lower rank; since experience teaches him that there is a crowd oftener in one year at Tyburn than on Tower-hill in a century." Mr. Wild with much solemnity rejoined, "That the same capacity which qualifies a mill-ken,* a bridle-cull,† or a buttock-and-file,‡ to arrive at any degree of eminence in his profession, would likewise raise a man in what the world esteem a more honourable calling, I do not deny; nay, in many of your instances it is evident that more ingenuity, more art, is necessary to the lower than the higher proficients. If, therefore, you had only contended that every prig might be a statesman if he pleased, I had readily agreed to it; but when you conclude that it is his interest to be so, that ambition would bid him take that alternative, in a word, that a statesman is greater or happier than a prig, I must deny my assent. But, in comparing these two together, we must carefully avoid being misled by the vulgar erroneous estimation of things, for mankind err in disquisitions of this nature as physicians do who in considering the operations of a disease have not a due regard to the age and complexion of the patient. The same degree of heat which is common in this constitution may be a fever in that; in the same manner that which may be riches or honour to me may be poverty or disgrace to another: for all these things are to be estimated by relation to the person who possesses them. A booty of 10*l.* looks as great in the eye of a bridle-cull, and gives as much real happiness to his fancy, as that of as many thousands to the statesman; and doth not the former lay out his acquisitions in whores and fiddles with much greater joy and mirth than the latter in palaces and pictures? What are the flattery, the false compliments of his gang to the statesman, when he himself must condemn his own blunders, and is obliged against his will to give fortune the whole honour of success? What is the pride resulting from such sham applause, compared to the secret satisfaction which a prig enjoys in his mind in reflecting on a well-contrived and well-executed scheme? Perhaps, indeed, the greater danger is on the prig's side; but then you must remember that the greater honour is so too. When I mention honour, I mean that which is paid him by his gang; for that weak part of the world which is vulgarly called **THE WISE** see both in a disadvantageous and disgraceful light; and as the prig enjoys (and merits too) the greater degree of honour from his gang, so doth he suffer the less disgrace from the world, who think

* A housebreaker.

† A highwayman.

‡ A shoplifter. Terms used in the Cant Dictionary.

his misdeeds, as they call them, sufficiently at last punished with a halter, which at once puts an end to his pain and infamy; whereas the other is not only hated in power, but detested and contemned at the scaffold; and future ages vent their malice on his fame, while the other sleeps quiet and forgotten. Besides, let us a little consider the secret quiet of their consciences: how easy is the reflection of having taken a few shillings or pounds from a stranger, without any breach of confidence, or perhaps any great harm to the person who loses it, compared to that of having betrayed a public trust, and ruined the fortunes of thousands, perhaps of a great nation! How much braver is an attack on the highway than at the gaming-table; and how much more innocent the character of a b—dy-house than a c—t pimp!" He was eagerly proceeding, when, casting his eyes on the count, he perceived him to be fast asleep; wherefore, having first picked his pocket of three shillings, then gently jogged him in order to take his leave, and promised to return to him the next morning to breakfast, they separated: the count retired to rest, and master Wild to a night-cellar.

CHAPTER VI.

Further conferences between the count and master Wild, with other matters of the great kind.

THE count missed his money the next morning, and very well knew who had it; but, as he knew likewise how fruitless would be any complaint, he chose to pass it by without mentioning it. Indeed it may appear strange to some readers that these gentlemen, who knew each other to be thieves, should never once give the least hint of this knowledge in all their discourse together, but, on the contrary, should have the words honesty, honour, and friendship as often in their mouths as any other men. This, I say, may appear strange to some; but those who have lived long in cities, courts, gaols, or such places, will perhaps be able to solve the seeming absurdity.

When our two friends met the next morning the count (who, though he did not agree with the whole of his friend's doctrine, was, however, highly pleased with his argument) began to bewail the misfortune of his captivity, and the backwardness of friends to assist each other in their necessities; but what vexed him, he said, most, was the cruelty of the fair: for he intrusted Wild with the secret of his having had an intrigue with Miss Theodosia, the elder of the Miss Snaps, ever since his confinement, though he could not prevail with her to set him at liberty. Wild answered, with a smile, "It was no wonder a woman should wish to confine her lover where she might be sure of having him entirely to herself; but added, he believed he could tell him a method of certainly procuring his escape." The count eagerly besought him to acquaint him with it. Wild told him bribery was the surest means, and advised him to apply to the maid. The count thanked him, but returned, "That he had not a farthing left besides one guinea, which he had then given her to change." To which Wild said, "He must make it up with promises, which he supposed he was courtier enough to know how to put off." The count greatly applauded the advice, and said he hoped he should be able in time to persuade him to condescend to be a great man, for which he was so perfectly well qualified.

This method being concluded on, the two friends sat down to cards, a circumstance which I should not have mentioned but for the sake of observing the prodigious force of habit; for though the count knew if he won ever so much of Mr. Wild he should not

receive a shilling, yet could he not refrain from packing the cards; nor could Wild keep his hands out of his friend's pockets, though he knew there was nothing in them.

When the maid came home the count began to put it to her; offered her all he had, and promised mountains *in futuro*; but all in vain—the maid's honesty was impregnable. She said, "She would not break her trust for the whole world; no, not if she could gain a hundred pound by it." Upon which Wild stepping up and telling her "She need not fear losing her place, for it would never be found out; that they could throw a pair of sheets into the street, by which it might appear he got out at a window; that he himself would swear he saw him descending; that the money would be so much gains in her pocket; that, besides his promises, which she might depend on being performed, she would receive from him twenty shillings and ninepence in ready money (for she had only laid out threepence in plain Spanish); and lastly, that, besides his honour, the count should leave a pair of gold buttons (which afterwards turned out to be brass) of great value in her hands, as a further pawn."

The maid still remained inflexible, till Wild offered to lend his friend a guinea more, and to deposit it immediately in her hands. This reinforcement bore down the poor girl's resolution, and she faithfully promised to open the door to the count that evening.

Thus did our young hero not only lend his rhetoric, which few people care to do without a fee, but his money too (a sum which many a good man would have made fifty excuses before he would have parted with), to his friend, and procured him his liberty.

But it would be highly derogatory from the GREAT character of Wild, should the reader imagine he lent such a sum to a friend without the least view of serving himself. As, therefore, the reader may easily account for it in a manner more advantageous to our hero's reputation, by concluding that he had some interested view in the count's enlargement, we hope he will judge with charity, especially as the sequel makes it not only reasonable but necessary to suppose he had some such view.

A long intimacy and friendship subsisted between the count and Mr. Wild, who, being by the advice of the count dressed in good clothes, was by him introduced into the best company. They constantly frequented the assemblies, auctions, gaming-tables, and play-houses; at which last they saw two acts every night, and then retired without paying—this being, it seems, an immemorial privilege which the beaux of the town prescribe for to themselves. This, however, did not suit Wild's temper, who called it a cheat, and objected against it as requiring no dexterity, but what every blockhead might put in execution. He said it was a custom very much savouring of the sneaking-budge,* but neither so honourable nor so ingenious.

Wild now made a considerable figure, and passed for a gentleman of great fortune in the funds. Women of quality treated him with great familiarity, young ladies began to spread their charms for him, when an accident happened that put a stop to his continuance in a way of life too insipid and inactive to afford employment for those great talents which were designed to make a much more considerable figure in the world than attends the character of a beau or a pretty gentleman.

* Shoplifting.

CHAPTER VII.

Master Wild sets out on his travels, and returns home again. A very short chapter, containing infinitely more time and less matter than any other in the whole story.

WE are sorry we cannot indulge our reader's curiosity with a full and perfect account of this accident; but as there are such various accounts, one of which only can be true, and possibly and indeed probably none; instead of following the general method of historians, who in such cases set down the various reports, and leave to your own conjecture which you will choose, we shall pass them all over.

Certain it is that, whatever this accident was, it determined our hero's father to send his son immediately abroad for seven years; and, which may seem somewhat remarkable, to his majesty's plantations in America—that part of the world being, as he said, freer from vices than the courts and cities of Europe, and consequently less dangerous to corrupt a young man's morals. And as for the advantages, the old gentleman thought they were equal there with those attained in the politer climates; for travelling, he said, was travelling in one part of the world as well as another; it consisted in being such a time from home, and in traversing so many leagues; and appealed to experience whether most of our travellers in France and Italy did not prove at their return that they might have been sent as profitably to Norway and Greenland.

According to these resolutions of his father, the young gentleman went aboard a ship, and with a great deal of good company set out for the American hemisphere. The exact time of his stay is somewhat uncertain; most probably longer than was intended. But howsoever long his abode there was, it must be a blank in this history, as the whole story contains not one adventure worthy the reader's notice; being indeed a continued scene of whoring, drinking, and removing from one place to another.

To confess a truth, we are so ashamed of the shortness of this chapter, that we should have done a violence to our history, and have inserted an adventure or two of some other traveller; to which purpose we borrowed the journals of several young gentlemen who have lately made the tour of Europe; but to our great sorrow, could not extract a single incident strong enough to justify the theft to our conscience.

When we consider the ridiculous figure this chapter must make, being the history of no less than eight years, our only comfort is, that the histories of some men's lives, and perhaps of some men who have made a noise in the world, are in reality as absolute blanks as the travels of our hero. As, therefore, we shall make sufficient amends in the sequel for this inanity, we shall hasten on to matters of true importance and immense greatness. At present we content ourselves with setting down our hero where we took him up, after acquainting our reader that he went abroad, staid seven years, and then came home again.

CHAPTER VIII.

An adventure where Wild, in the division of the booty, exhibits an astonishing instance of GREATNESS.

THE count was one night very successful at the hazard-table, where Wild, who was just returned from his travels, was then present; as was likewise a young gentleman whose name was Bob Bagshot, an acquaintance of Mr. Wild's, and of whom he entertained a great opinion; taking, therefore, Mr. Bagshot aside, he advised him to prepare himself (if he had not them about him) with a pair of pis-

tols, and to attack the count in his way home, promising to plant himself near with the same arms, as a *corps de reserve*, and to come up on occasion. This was accordingly executed, and the count obliged to surrender to savage force what he had in so genteel and civil a manner taken at play.

And as it is a wise and philosophical observation, that one misfortune never comes alone, the count had hardly passed the examination of Mr. Bagshot when he fell into the hands of Mr. Snap, who, in company with Mr. Wild the elder and one or two more gentlemen, being, it seems, thereto well warranted, laid hold of the unfortunate count, and conveyed him back to the same house from which, by the assistance of his good friend, he had formerly escaped.

Mr. Wild and Mr. Bagshot went together to the tavern, where Mr. Bagshot (generously, as he thought) offered to share the booty, and, having divided the money into two unequal heaps, and added a golden snuff-box to the lesser heap, he desired Mr. Wild to take his choice.

Mr. Wild immediately conveyed the larger share of the ready into his pocket, according to an excellent maxim of his, "First secure what share you can before you wrangle for the rest;" and then, turning to his companion, he asked with a stern countenance whether he intended to keep all that sum to himself? Mr. Bagshot answered, with some surprise, that he thought Mr. Wild had no reason to complain; for it was surely fair, at least on his part, to content himself with an equal share of the booty, who had taken the whole. "I grant you took it," replied Wild; "but, pray, who proposed or counselled the taking it? Can you say that you have done more than executed my scheme? and might not I, if I had pleased, have employed another, since you well know there was not a gentleman in the room but would have taken the money if he had known how conveniently and safely to do it?" "That is very true" returned Bagshot, "but did not I execute the scheme, did not I run the whole risk? Should not I have suffered the whole punishment if I had been taken, and is not the labourer worthy of his hire?" "Doubtless" says Jonathan, "he is so, and your hire I shall not refuse you, which is all that the labourer is entitled to or ever enjoys. I remember when I was at school to have heard some verses which for the excellence of their doctrine made an impression on me, purporting that the birds of the air and the beasts of the field work not for themselves. It is true, the farmer allows fodder to his oxen and pasture to his sheep; but it is for his own service, not theirs. In the same manner the ploughman, the shepherd, the weaver, the builder, and the soldier, work not for themselves but others; they are contented with a poor pittance (the labourer's hire), and permit us, the GREAT, to enjoy the fruits of their labours. Aristotle, as my master told us, hath plainly proved, in the first book of his politics, that the low, mean, useful part of mankind, are born slaves to the wills of their superiors, and are indeed as much their property as the cattle. It is well said of us, the higher order of mortals, that we are born only to devour the fruits of the earth; and it may be as well said of the lower class, that they are born only to produce them for us. Is not the battle gained by the sweat and danger of the common soldier? Are not the honour and fruits of the victory the general's who laid the scheme? Is not the house built by the labour of the carpenter and the bricklayer? Is it not built for the profit only of the architect and for the use of the inhabitant, who could not easily have placed one brick upon another? Is not the cloth or the silk wrought into its form and

variegated with all the beauty of colours by those who are forced to content themselves with the coarsest and vilest part of their work, while the profit and enjoyment of their labours fall to the share of others? Cast your eye abroad, and see who it lives in the most magnificent buildings, feasts his palate with the most luxurious dainties, his eyes with the most beautiful sculptures and delicate paintings, and clothes himself in the finest and richest apparel; and tell me if all these do not fall to his lot who had not any the least share in producing all these conveniences, nor the least ability so to do? Why then should the state of a prig* differ from all others? Or why should you, who are the labourer only, the executor of my scheme, expect a share in the profit? Be advised, therefore; deliver the whole booty to me, and trust to my bounty for your reward." Mr. Bagshot was some time silent, and looked like a man thunderstruck, but at last, recovering himself from his surprise, he thus began: "If you think, Mr. Wild, by the force of your arguments, to get the money out of my pocket, you are greatly mistaken. What is all this stuff to me? D—n me, I am a man of honour, and, though I can't talk as well as you, by G— you shall not make a fool of me; and if you take me for one, I must tell you you are a rascal." At which words he laid his hand to his pistol. Wild, perceiving the little success the great strength of his arguments had met with, and the hasty temper of his friend, gave over his design for the present, and told Bagshot he was only in jest. But this coolness with which he treated the other's flame had rather the effect of oil than of water. Bagshot replied in a rage, "D—n me, I don't like such jests; I see you are a pitiful rascal and a scoundrel." Wild, with a philosophy worthy of great admiration, returned, "As for your abuse, I have no regard to it; but, to convince you I am not afraid of you, let us lay the whole booty on the table, and let the conqueror take it all." And having so said, he drew out his shining hanger, whose glittering so dazzled the eyes of Bagshot, that, in tone entirely altered, he said, "No! he was contented with what he had already; that it was mighty ridiculous in them to quarrel among themselves; that they had common enemies enough abroad, against whom they should unite their common force; that if he had mistaken Wild he was sorry for it; and as for a jest, he could take a jest as well as another." Wild, who had a wonderful knack of discovering and applying to the passions of men, beginning now to have a little insight into his friend, and to conceive what arguments would make the quickest impression on him, cried out in a loud voice, "That he had bullied him into drawing his hanger, and, since it was out, he would not put it up without satisfaction." "What satisfaction would you have?" answered the other. "Your money or your blood," said Wild. "Why, look ye, Mr. Wild," said Bagshot, "if you want to borrow a little of my part, since I know you to be a man of honour, I don't care if I lend you; for, though I am not afraid of any man living, yet rather than break with a friend, and as it may be necessary for your occasions—" Wild, who often declared that he looked upon borrowing to be as good a way of taking as any, and, as he called it, the genteel kind of sneaking-budge, putting up his hanger, and shaking his friend by the hand, told him he had hit the nail on the head; it was really his present necessity only that prevailed with him against his will, for that his honour was concerned to pay a considerable sum the next morning. Upon which, contenting him-

* A thief.

self with one half of Bagshot's share, so that he had three parts in four of the whole, he took leave of his companion and retired to rest.

CHAPTER IX.

Wild pays a visit to Miss Lætitia Snap. A description of that lovely young creature, and the unsuccessful issue of Mr. Wild's addresses.

THE next morning when our hero waked he began to think of paying a visit to Miss Tishy Snap, a woman of great merit and of as great generosity; yet Mr. Wild found a present was ever most welcome to her, as being a token of respect in her lover. He therefore went directly to a toy-shop, and there purchased a genteel snuff-box, with which he waited upon his mistress, whom he found in the most beautiful undress. Her lovely hair hung wantonly over her forehead, being neither white with, nor yet free from, powder; a neat double clout, which seemed to have been worn a few weeks only, was pinned under her chin; some remains of that art with which ladies improve nature shone on her cheeks; her body was loosely attired, without stays or jumps, so that her breasts had uncontrolled liberty to display their beauteous orbs, which they did as low as her girdle; a thin covering of a rumpled muslin handkerchief almost hid them from the eyes, save in a few parts, where a good-natured hole gave opportunity to the naked breast to appear. Her gown was a satin of a whitish colour, with about a dozen little silver spots upon it, so artificially interwoven at great distance, that they looked as if they had fallen there by chance. This, flying open, discovered a fine yellow petticoat, beautifully edged round the bottom with a narrow piece of half gold lace, which was now almost become fringe: beneath this appeared another petticoat stiffened with whalebone, vulgarly called a hoop, which hung six inches at least below the other; and under this again appeared an under-garment of that colour which Ovid intends when he says,

———*Qui color albus erat nunc est contrarius albo.*

She likewise displayed two pretty feet covered with silk and adorned with lace, and tied, the right with a handsome piece of blue ribbon; the left, as more unworthy, with a piece of yellow stuff, which seemed to have been a strip of her upper-petticoat. Such was the lovely creature whom Mr. Wild attended. She received him at first with some of that coldness which women of strict virtue, by a commendable though sometimes painful restraint, enjoin themselves to their lovers. The snuff-box, being produced, was at first civilly, and indeed gently, refused; but on a second application accepted. The tea-table was soon called for, at which a discourse passed between these young lovers, which, could we set it down with any accuracy, would be very edifying as well as entertaining to our reader; let it suffice then that the wit, together with the beauty, of this young creature, so inflamed the passion of Wild, which, though an honourable sort of a passion, was at the same time so extremely violent, that it transported him to freedoms too offensive to the nice chastity of Lætitia, who was, to confess the truth, more indebted to her own strength for the preservation of her virtue than to the awful respect or backwardness of her lover: he was indeed so very urgent in his addresses, that, had he not with many oaths promised her marriage, we could scarce have been strictly justified in calling his passion honourable; but he was so remarkably attached to decency, that he never offered any violence to a young lady without the most earnest promises of that kind, these being, he said, a ceremonial due to female modesty,

which cost so little, and were so easily pronounced, that the omission could arise from nothing but the mere wantonness of brutality. The lovely Lætitia, either out of prudence, or perhaps religion, of which she was a liberal professor, was deaf to all his promises, and luckily invincible to his force; for, though she had not yet learned the art of well clenching her fist, nature had not however left her defenceless, for at the ends of her fingers she wore arms, which she used with such admirable dexterity, that the hot blood of Mr. Wild soon began to appear in several little spots on his face, and his fullblown cheeks to resemble that part which modesty forbids a boy to turn up anywhere but in a public school, after some pedagogue, strong of arm, hath exercised his talents thereon. Wild now retreated from the conflict, and the victorious Lætitia, with becoming triumph and noble spirit, cried out, "D—n your eyes, if this be your way of showing your love, I'll warrant I gives you enough on't." She then proceeded to talk of her virtue, which Wild bid her carry to the devil with her, and thus our lovers parted.

CHAPTER X.

A discovery of some matters concerning the chaste Lætitia which must wonderfully surprise, and perhaps affect, our reader.

MR. WILD was no sooner departed than the fair conqueress, opening the door of a closet, called forth a young gentleman whom she had there enclosed at the approach of the other. The name of this gallant was Tom Smirk. He was clerk to an attorney, and was indeed the greatest beau and the greatest favourite of the ladies at the end of the town where he lived. As we take dress to be the characteristic or efficient quality of a beau, we shall, instead of giving any character of this young gentleman, content ourselves with describing his dress only to our readers. He wore, then, a pair of white stockings on his legs, and pumps on his feet: his buckles were a large piece of pinchbeck plate, which almost covered his whole foot. His breeches were of red plush, which hardly reached his knees; his waistcoat was a white dimity, richly embroidered with yellow silk, over which he wore a blue plush coat with metal buttons, a smart sleeve, with a cape reaching half way down his back. His wig was of a brown colour, covering almost half his pate, on which was hung on one side a little laced hat, but cocked with great smartness. Such was the accomplished Smirk, who, at his issuing forth from the closet, was received with open arms by the amiable Lætitia. She addressed him by the tender name of dear Tommy, and told him she had dismissed the odious creature whom her father intended for her husband, and had now nothing to interrupt her happiness with him.

Here, reader, thou must pardon us if we stop a while to lament the capriciousness of Nature in forming this charming part of the creation designed to complete the happiness of man; with their soft innocence to allay his ferocity, with their sprightliness to soothe his cares, and with their constant friendship to relieve all the troubles and disappointments which can happen to him. Seeing then that these are the blessings chiefly sought after and generally found in every wife, how must we lament that disposition in these lovely creatures which leads them to prefer in their favour those individuals of the other sex who do not seem intended by nature as so great a masterpiece! For surely, however useful they may be in the creation, as we are taught that nothing, not even a louse, is made in vain, yet these beaux, even that most splendid and honoured part which in this our

island nature loves to distinguish in red, are not, as some think, the noblest work of the Creator. For my own part, let any man choose to himself two beaux, let them be captains or colonels, as well-dressed men as ever lived, I would venture to oppose a single sir Isaac Newton, a Shakspeare, a Milton, or perhaps some few others, to both these beaux; nay, and I very much doubt whether it had not been better for the world in general that neither of these beaux had ever been born than that it should have wanted the benefit arising to it from the labour of any one of those persons.

If this be true, how melancholy must be the consideration that any single beau, especially if he have but half a yard of ribbon in his hat, shall weigh heavier in the scale of female affection than twenty sir Isaac Newtons! How must our reader, who perhaps had wisely accounted for the resistance which the chaste Lætitia had made to the violent addresses of the ravished (or rather ravishing) Wild from that lady's impregnable virtue—how must he blush, I say, to perceive her quit the strictness of her carriage, and abandon herself to those loose freedoms which she indulged to Smirk! But alas! when we discover all, as to preserve the fidelity of our history we must, when we relate that every familiarity had passed between them, and that the FAIR Lætitia (for we must, in this single instance, imitate Virgil when he drops the *pius* and the *pater*, and drop our favourite epithet of *chaste*), the FAIR Lætitia had, I say, made Smirk as happy as Wild desired to be, what must then be our reader's confusion! We will, therefore, draw a curtain over this scene, from that philogyny which is in us, and proceed to matters which, instead of dishonouring the human species, will greatly raise and ennoble it.

CHAPTER XI.

Containing as notable instances of human greatness as are to be met with in ancient or modern history. Concluding with some wholesome hints to the gay part of mankind.

WILD no sooner parted from the chaste Lætitia than, recollecting that his friend the count was returned to his lodgings in the same house, he resolved to visit him; for he was none of those half-bred fellows who are ashamed to see their friends when they have plundered and betrayed them; from which base and pitiful temper many monstrous cruelties have been transacted by men, who have sometimes carried their modesty so far as to the murder or utter ruin of those against whom their consciences have suggested to them that they have committed some small trespass, either by the debauching a friend's wife or daughter, belying or betraying the friend himself, or some other such trifling instance. In our hero there was nothing not truly great: he could, without the least abashment, drink a bottle with the man who knew he had the moment before picked his pocket; and, when he had stripped him of everything he had, never desired to do him any further mischief; for he carried good-nature to that wonderful and uncommon height that he never did a single injury to man or woman by which he himself did not expect to reap some advantage. He would often indeed say that by the contrary party men often made a bad bargain with the devil, and did his work for nothing.

Our hero found the captive count, not basely lamenting his fate nor abandoning himself to despair, but, with due resignation, employing himself in preparing several packs of cards for future exploits. The count, little suspecting that Wild had been the sole contriver of the misfortune which had befallen him, rose up and eagerly embraced him;

and Wild returned his embrace with equal warmth. They were no sooner seated than Wild took an occasion, from seeing the cards lying on the table, to inveigh against gaming, and, with an usual and highly commendable freedom, after first exaggerating the distressed circumstances in which the count was then involved, imputed all his misfortunes to that cursed itch of play which, he said, he concluded had brought his present confinement upon him, and must unavoidably end in his destruction. The other, with great alacrity, defended his favourite amusement (or rather employment), and, having told his friend the great success he had after his unluckily quitting the room, acquainted him with the accident which followed, and which the reader, as well as Mr. Wild, hath had some intimation of before; adding, however, one circumstance not hitherto mentioned, viz. that he had defended his money with the utmost bravery, and had dangerously wounded at least two of the three men that had attacked him. This behaviour Wild, who not only knew the extreme readiness with which the booty had been delivered, but also the constant frigidity of the count's courage, highly applauded, and wished he had been present to assist him. The count then proceeded to animadvert on the carelessness of the watch, and the scandal it was to the laws that honest people could not walk the streets in safety; and, after expatiating some time on that subject, he asked Mr. Wild if he ever saw so prodigious a run of luck (for so he chose to call his winning, though he knew Wild was well acquainted with his having loaded dice in his pocket). The other answered it was indeed prodigious, and almost sufficient to justify any person who did not know him better in suspecting his fair play. "No man, I believe, dares call that in question," replied he. "No, surely," says Wild; "you are well known to be a man of more honour; but pray, sir," continued he, "did the rascals rob you of all?" "Every shilling," cries the other, with an oath; "they did not leave me a single stake."

While they were thus discoursing, Mr. Snap, with a gentleman who followed him, introduced Mr. Bagshot into the company. It seems Mr. Bagshot, immediately after his separation from Mr. Wild, returned to the gaming-table, where, having trusted to fortune that treasure which he had procured by his industry, the faithless goddess committed a breach of trust, and sent Mr. Bagshot away with as empty pockets as are to be found in any laced coat in the kingdom. Now, as that gentleman was walking to a certain reputable house or shed in Covent-garden market he fortuneed to meet with Mr. Snap, who had just returned from conveying the count to his lodgings, and was then walking to and fro before the gaming-house door; for you are to know, my good reader, if you have never been a man of wit and pleasure about town, that, as the voracious pike lieth snug under some weed before the mouth of any of those little streams which discharge themselves into a large river, waiting for the small fry which issue thereout, so hourly, before the door or mouth of these gaming-houses, doth Mr. Snap, or some other gentleman of his occupation, attend the issuing forth of the small fry of young gentlemen, to whom they deliver little slips of parchment, containing invitations of the said gentlemen to their houses, together with one Mr. John Doe,* a person whose company is in great request. Mr. Snap, among many others of these billets, happened to have one directed to Mr. Bagshot, being at the suit or solicitation of

one Mrs. Anne Sample, spinster, at whose house the said Bagshot had lodged several months, and whence he had inadvertently departed without taking a formal leave, on which account Mrs. Anne had taken this method of *speaking with* him.

Mr. Snap's house being now very full of good company, he was obliged to introduce Mr. Bagshot into the count's apartment, it being, as he said, the only chamber he had to *lock up* in. Mr. Wild no sooner saw his friend than he ran eagerly to embrace him, and immediately presented him to the count, who received him with great civility

CHAPTER XII.

Further particulars relating to Miss Tishy, which perhaps may not greatly surprise after the former. The description of a very fine gentleman. And a dialogue between Wild and the count, in which public virtue is just hinted at, with, &c.

MR. SNAP had turned the key a very few minutes before a servant of the family called Mr. Bagshot out of the room, telling him there was a person below who desired to speak with him; and this was no other than Miss Lætitia Snap, whose admirer Mr. Bagshot had long been, and in whose tender breast his passion had raised a more ardent flame than that which any of his rivals had been able to raise. Indeed she was so extremely fond of this youth, that she often confessed to her female confidants, if she could ever have listened to the thought of living with any one man, Mr. Bagshot was he. Nor was she singular in this inclination, many other young ladies being her rivals in this lover, who had all the great and noble qualifications necessary to form a true gallant, and which nature is seldom so extremely bountiful as to indulge to any one person. We will endeavour, however, to describe them all with as much exactness as possible. He was then six feet high, had large calves, broad shoulders, a ruddy complexion, with brown curled hair, a modest assurance, and clean linen. He had indeed, it must be confessed, some small deficiencies to counterbalance these heroic qualities; for he was the silliest fellow in the world, could neither write nor read, nor had he a single grain or spark of honour, honesty, or good-nature, in his whole composition.

As soon as Mr. Bagshot had quitted the room the count, taking Wild by the hand, told him he had something to communicate to him of very great importance. "I am very well convinced," said he, "that Bagshot is the person who robbed me." Wild started with great amazement at this discovery, and answered, with a most serious countenance, "I advise you to take care how you cast any such reflections on a man of Mr. Bagshot's nice honour, for I am certain he will not bear it." "D—n his honour!" quoth the enraged count; "nor can I bear being robbed; I will apply to a justice of peace." Wild replied, with great indignation, "Since you dare entertain such a suspicion against my friend, I will henceforth disclaim all acquaintance with you. Mr. Bagshot is a man of honour, and my friend, and consequently it is impossible he should be guilty of a bad action." He added much more to the same purpose, which had not the expected weight with the count; for the latter seemed still certain as to the person, and resolute in applying for justice, which, he said, he thought he owed to the public as well as to himself. Wild then changed his countenance into a kind of derision, and spoke as follows: "Suppose it should be possible that Mr. Bagshot had, in a frolic (for I will call it no other), taken this method of borrowing your money, what will you get by prosecuting him? Not your money again, for

* This is a fictitious name which is put into every writ; for what purpose the lawyers best know.

you hear he was stripped at the gaming-table (of which Bagshot had during their short confabulation informed them); you will get then an opportunity of being still more out of pocket by the prosecution. Another advantage you may promise yourself is the being blown up at every gaming-house in town, for that I will assure you of; and then much good may it do you to sit down with the satisfaction of having discharged what it seems you owe the public. I am ashamed of my own discernment when I mistook you for a great man. Would it not be better for you to receive part (perhaps all) of your money again by a wise concealment; for, however *seedy** Mr. Bagshot may be now, if he hath really played this frolic with you, you may believe he will play it with others, and when he is in cash you may depend on a restoration; the law will be always in your power, and that is the last remedy which a brave or a wise man would resort to. Leave the affair therefore to me; I will examine Bagshot, and, if I find he hath played you this trick, I will engage my own honour you shall in the end be no loser." The count answered, "If I was sure to be no loser, Mr. Wild, I apprehend you have a better opinion of my understanding than to imagine I would prosecute a gentleman for the sake of the public. These are foolish words of course, which we learn a ridiculous habit of speaking, and will often break from us without any design or meaning. I assure you, all I desire is a reimbursement; and if I can by your means obtain that, the public may —;" concluding with a phrase too coarse to be inserted in a history of this kind.

They were now informed that dinner was ready, and the company assembled below stairs, whither the reader may, if he please, attend these gentlemen.

There sat down at the table Mr. Snap, and the two Miss Snaps his daughters, Mr. Wild the elder, Mr. Wild the younger, the count, Mr. Bagshot, and a grave gentleman who had formerly had the honour of carrying arms in a regiment of foot, and who was now engaged in the office (perhaps a more profitable one) of assisting or following Mr. Snap in the execution of the laws of his country.

Nothing very remarkable passed at dinner. The conversation (as is usual in polite company) rolled chiefly on what they were then eating and what they had lately eaten. In this the military gentleman, who had served in Ireland, gave them a very particular account of a new manner of roasting potatoes, and others gave an account of other dishes. In short, an indifferent by-stander would have concluded from their discourse that they had all come into this world for no other purpose than to fill their bellies; and indeed, if this was not the chief, it is probable it was the most innocent design Nature had in their formation.

As soon as *the dish* was removed, and the ladies retired, the count proposed a game at hazard, which was immediately assented to by the whole company, and, the dice being immediately brought in, the count took up the box and demanded who would set him: to which no one made any answer, imagining perhaps the count's pockets to be more empty than they were; for, in reality, that gentleman (notwithstanding what he had heartily sworn to Mr. Wild) had, since his arrival at Mr. Snap's, conveyed a piece of plate to pawn, by which means he had furnished himself with ten guineas. The count, therefore, perceiving this backwardness in his friends, and probably somewhat guessing at the cause of it, took the said guineas out of his pocket, and threw

them on the table; when lo! (such is the force of example) all the rest began to produce their funds, and immediately, a considerable sum glittering in their eyes, the game began.

CHAPTER XIII.

A chapter of which we are extremely vain, and which indeed we look on as our *chef-d'œuvre*; containing a wonderful story concerning the devil, and as nice a scene of honour as ever happened.

My reader, I believe, even if he be a gamester, would not thank me for an exact relation of every man's success; let it suffice then that they played till the whole money vanished from the table. Whether the devil himself carried it away, as some suspected, I will not determine; but very surprising it was that every person protested he had lost, nor could any one guess who, unless *the devil*, had won.

But though very probable it is that this arch fiend had some share in the booty, it is likely he had not all; Mr. Bagshot being imagined to be a considerable winner, notwithstanding his assertions to the contrary; for he was seen by several to convey money often into his pocket; and what is still a little stronger presumption is, that the grave gentleman whom we have mentioned to have served his country in two honourable capacities, not being willing to trust alone to the evidence of his eyes, had frequently dived into the said Bagshot's pocket, whence (as he tells us in the apology for his life, afterwards published*), though he might extract a few pieces, he was very sensible he had left many behind. The gentleman had long indulged his curiosity in this way before Mr. Bagshot, in the heat of gaming, had perceived him; but, as Bagshot was now leaving off play, he discovered this ingenious feat of dexterity; upon which, leaping up from his chair in violent passion, he cried out, "I thought I had been among gentlemen and men of honour, but, d—n me, I find we have a pickpocket in company." The scandalous sound of this word extremely alarmed the whole board, nor did they all show less surprise than the *Con—n* (whose not sitting of late is much lamented) would express at hearing there was an atheist in the room; but it more particularly affected the gentleman at whom it was levelled, though it was not addressed to him. He likewise started from his chair, and, with a fierce countenance and accent, said, "Do you mean me? D—n your eyes, you are a rascal and a scoundrel!" Those words would have been immediately succeeded by blows had not the company interposed, and with strong arm withheld the two antagonists from each other. It was, however, a long time before they could be prevailed on to sit down; which being at last happily brought about, Mr. Wild the elder, who was a well-disposed old man, advised them to shake hands and be friends; but the gentleman who had received the first affront absolutely refused it, and swore *he would have the villain's blood*. Mr. Snap highly applauded the resolution, and affirmed that the affront was by no means to be put up by any who bore the name of a gentleman, and that unless his friend resented it properly he would never execute another warrant in his company; that he had always looked upon him as a man of honour, and doubted not but he would prove himself so; and that, if it was his own case, nothing should persuade him to put up such an affront without proper satisfaction. The count likewise spoke on the same

* Not in a book by itself, in imitation of some other such persons, but in the ordinary's account, &c., where all the apologies for the lives of rogues and whores which have been published within these twenty years should have been inserted.

* Poor.

side, and the parties themselves muttered several short sentences purporting their intentions. At last Mr. Wild, our hero, rising slowly from his seat, and having fixed the attention of all present, began as follows: "I have heard with infinite pleasure everything which the two gentlemen who spoke last have said with relation to honour, nor can any man possibly entertain a higher and nobler sense of that word, nor a greater esteem of its inestimable value, than myself. If we have no name to express it by in our Cant Dictionary, it were well to be wished we had. It is indeed the essential quality of a gentleman, and which no man who ever was great in the field or on the road (as others express it) can possibly be without. But alas! gentlemen, what pity is it that a word of such sovereign use and virtue should have so uncertain and various an application that scarce two people mean the same thing by it? Do not some by honour mean good-nature and humanity, which weak minds call virtues? How then! Must we deny it to the great, the brave, the noble; to the sackers of towns, the plunderers of provinces, and the conquerors of kingdoms? Were not these men of honour? and yet they scorn those pitiful qualities I have mentioned. Again, some few (or I am mistaken) include the idea of honesty in their honour. And shall we then say that no man who withholds from another what law, or justice perhaps, calls his own, or who greatly and boldly deprives him of such property, is a man of honour? Heaven forbid I should say so in this, or, indeed, in any other good company! Is honour truth? No; it is not in the lie's going from us, but in its coming to us, our honour is injured. Doth it then consist in what the vulgar call cardinal virtues? It would be an affront to your understandings to suppose it, since we see every day so many men of honour without any. In what then doth the word honour consist? Why in itself alone. A man of honour is he that is called a man of honour; and while he is so called he so remains, and no longer. Think not anything a man commits can forfeit his honour. Look abroad into the world; the PRIG, while he flourishes, is a man of honour; when in gaol, at the bar, or the tree, he is so no longer. And why is this distinction? Not from his actions; for those are often as well known in his flourishing estate as they are afterwards; but because men, I mean those of his own party or gang, call him a man of honour in the former, and cease to call him so in the latter condition. Let us see then; how hath Mr. Bagshot injured the gentleman's honour? Why, he hath called him a pickpocket; and that, probably, by a severe construction and a long roundabout way of reasoning, may seem a little to derogate from his honour, if considered in a very nice sense. Admitting it, therefore, for argument's sake, to be some small imputation on his honour, let Mr. Bagshot give him satisfaction; let him doubly and triply repair this oblique injury by directly asserting that he believes he is a man of honour." The gentleman answered he was content to refer it to Mr. Wild, and whatever satisfaction he thought sufficient he would accept. "Let him give me my money again first," said Bagshot, "and then I will call him a man of honour with all my heart." The gentleman then protested he had not any, which Snap seconded, declaring he had his eyes on him all the while; but Bagshot remained still unsatisfied, till Wild, rapping out a hearty oath, swore he had not taken a single farthing, adding that whoever asserted the contrary gave him the lie, and he would resent it. And now, such was the ascendancy of this great man, that Bagshot immediately acquiesced, and performed the

ceremonies required: and thus, by the exquisite address of our hero, this quarrel, which had so fatal an aspect, and which between two persons so extremely jealous of their honour would most certainly have produced very dreadful consequences, was happily concluded.

Mr. Wild was indeed a little interested in this affair, as he himself had set the gentleman to work, and had received the greatest part of the booty: and as to Mr. Snap's deposition in his favour, it was the usual height to which the ardour of that worthy person's friendship too frequently hurried him. It was his constant maxim that he was a pitiful fellow who would stick at a little *rapping** for his friend.

CHAPTER XIV.

In which the history of GREATNESS is continued.

MATTERS being thus reconciled, and the gaming over, from reasons before hinted, the company proceeded to drink about with the utmost cheerfulness and friendship; drinking healths, shaking hands, and professing the most perfect affection for each other. All which were not in the least interrupted by some designs which they then agitated in their minds, and which they intended to execute as soon as the liquor had prevailed over some of their understandings. Bagshot and the gentleman intending to rob each other; Mr. Snap and Mr. Wild the elder meditating what other creditors they could find out to charge the gentleman then in custody with; the count hoping to renew the play, and Wild, our hero, laying a design to put Bagshot out of the way, or, as the vulgar express it, to hang him with the first opportunity. But none of these great designs could at present be put in execution, for, Mr. Snap being soon after summoned abroad on business of great moment, which required likewise the assistance of Mr. Wild the elder and his other friend, and as he did not care to trust to the nimbleness of the count's heels, of which he had already had some experience, he declared he must *lock up* for that evening. Here, reader, if thou pleasest, as we are in no great haste, we will stop and make a simile. As when their lap is finished, the cautious huntsman to their kennel gathers the nimble-footed hounds, they with lank ears and tails slouch sullenly on, whilst he, with his whippers-in, follow close to their heels, regardless of their dogged humour, till, having seen them safe within the door, he turns the key, and then retires to whatever business or pleasure calls him thence; so with lowering countenance and reluctant steps mounted the count and Bagshot to their chamber, or rather kennel, whither they were attended by Snap and those who followed him, and where Snap, having seen them deposited, very contentedly locked the door and departed. And now, reader, we will, in imitation of the truly laudable custom of the world, leave these our good friends to deliver themselves as they can, and pursue the thriving fortunes of Wild, our hero, who, with that great aversion to satisfaction and content which is inseparably incident to great minds, began to enlarge his views with his prosperity: for this restless, amiable disposition, this noble avidity which increases with feeding, is the first principle or constituent quality of these our great men; to whom, in their passage on to greatness, it happens as to a traveller over the Alps, or, if this be a too far-fetched simile, to one who travels westward over the hills near Bath, where the simile was indeed made. He sees not the end of his journey at once; but, passing on from

* *Rapping* is a cant word for perjury.

scheme to scheme, and from hill to hill, with noble constancy, resolving still to attain the summit on which he hath fixed his eye, however dirty the roads may be through which he struggles, he at length arrives—at some vile inn, where he finds no kind of entertainment nor conveniency for repose. I fancy, reader, if thou hast ever travelled in these roads, one part of my simile is sufficiently apparent (and, indeed, in all these illustrations, one side is generally much more apparent than the other); but, believe me, if the other doth not so evidently appear to thy satisfaction, it is from no other reason than because thou art unacquainted with these great men, and hast not had sufficient instruction, leisure, or opportunity, to consider what happens to those who pursue what is generally understood by GREATNESS: for surely, if thou hadst animadverted, not only on the many perils to which great men are daily liable while they are in their progress, but hadst discerned, as it were through a microscope (for it is invisible to the naked eye), that diminutive speck of happiness which they attain even in the consummation of their wishes, thou wouldst lament with me the unhappy fate of these great men, on whom nature hath set so superior a mark, that the rest of mankind are born for their use and emolument only, and be apt to cry out, “It is pity that THOSE for whose pleasure and profit mankind are to labour and sweat, to be hacked and hewed, to be pillaged, plundered, and every way destroyed, should reap so LITTLE advantage from all the miseries they occasion to others.” For my part, I own myself of that humble kind of mortals who consider themselves born for the behoof of some great man or other, and could I behold his happiness carved out of the labour and ruin of a thousand such reptiles as myself I might with satisfaction exclaim, *Sic, sic juvat*: but when I behold one great man starving with hunger and freezing with cold, in the midst of fifty thousand who are suffering the same evils for his diversion; when I see another, whose own mind is a more abject slave to his own greatness, and is more tortured and racked by it, than those of all his vassals; lastly, when I consider whole nations rooted out only to bring tears into the eyes of a great man, not indeed because he hath extirpated so many, but because he had no more nations to extirpate, then truly I am almost inclined to wish that Nature had spared us this her MASTERPIECE, and that no GREAT MAN had ever been born into the world.

But to proceed with our history, which will, we hope, produce much better lessons, and more instructive, than any we can preach: Wild was no sooner retired to a night-cellar than he began to reflect on the sweets he had that day enjoyed from the labours of others, *viz.*, first, from Mr. Bagshot, who had for his use robbed the count; and, secondly, from the gentleman, who, for the same good purpose, had picked the pocket of Bagshot. He then proceeded to reason thus with himself: “The art of policy is the art of multiplication, the degrees of greatness being constituted by those two little words *more* and *less*. Mankind are first properly to be considered under two grand divisions, those that use their own hands, and those who employ the hands of others. The former are the base and rabble; the latter, the genteel part of the creation. The mercantile part of the world, therefore, wisely use the term *employing hands*, and justly prefer each other as they employ more or fewer; for thus one merchant says he is greater than another because he employs more hands. And now indeed the merchant should seem to challenge some

character of greatness, did we not necessarily come to a second division, *viz.*, of those who employ hands for the use of the community in which they live, and of those who employ hands merely for their own use, without any regard to the benefit of society. Of the former sort are the yeoman, the manufacturer, the merchant, and perhaps the gentleman. The first of these being to manure and cultivate his native soil, and to employ hands to produce the fruits of the earth. The second being to improve them by employing hands likewise, and to produce from them those useful commodities which serve as well for the conveniencies as necessities of life. The third is to employ hands for the exportation of the redundancy of our own commodities, and to exchange them with the redundances of foreign nations, that thus every soil and every climate may enjoy the fruits of the whole earth. The gentleman is, by employing hands, likewise to embellish his country with the improvement of arts and sciences, with the making and executing good and wholesome laws for the preservation of property and the distribution of justice, and in several other manners to be useful to society. Now we come to the second part of this division, *viz.*, of those who employ hands for their own use only: and this is that noble and great part who are generally distinguished into *conquerors*, *absolute princes*, *statesmen*, and *prigs*.* Now all these differ from each other in greatness only—they employ *more* or *fewer* hands. And Alexander the Great was only *greater* than a captain of one of the Tartarian or Arabian hordes, as he was at the head of a larger number. In what then is a single *prig* inferior to any other great man, but because he employs his own hands only; for he is not on that account to be levelled with the base and vulgar, because he employs his hands for his own use only. Now, suppose a *prig* had as many tools as any prime minister ever had, would he not be as great as any prime minister whatsoever? Undoubtedly he would. What then have I to do in the pursuit of greatness but to procure a gang, and to make the use of this gang centre in myself? This gang shall rob for me only, receiving very moderate rewards for their actions; out of this gang I will prefer to my favour the boldest and most iniquitous (as the vulgar express it); the rest I will, from time to time, as I see occasion, transport and hang at my pleasure; and thus (which I take to be the highest excellence of a *prig*) convert those laws which are made for the benefit and protection of society to my single use.”

Having thus preconceived his scheme, he saw nothing wanting to put it in immediate execution but that which is indeed the beginning as well as the end of all human devices: I mean money. Of which commodity he was possessed of no more than sixty-five guineas, being all that remained from the double benefits he had made of Bagshot, and which did not seem sufficient to furnish his house, and every other convenience necessary for so grand an undertaking. He resolved, therefore, to go immediately to the gaming-house, which was then sitting, not so much with an intention of trusting to fortune as to play the surer card of attacking the winner in his way home. On his arrival, however, he thought he might as well try his success at the dice, and reserve the other resource as his last expedient. He accordingly sat down to play; and as Fortune, no more than others of her sex, is observed to distribute her favours with strict regard to great mental endowments, so our hero lost every farthing in his pocket. This loss however he bore with great con-

* Thieves.

stancy of mind, and with as great composure of aspect. To say truth, he considered the money as only lent for a short time, or rather indeed as deposited with a banker. He then resolved to have immediate recourse to his surer stratagem; and, casting his eyes round the room, he soon perceived a gentleman sitting in a disconsolate posture, who seemed a proper instrument or tool for his purpose. In short (to be as concise as possible in these least shining parts of our history), Wild accosted this man, sounded him, found him fit to execute, proposed the matter, received a ready assent, and, having fixed on the person who seemed that evening the greatest favourite of Fortune, they posted themselves in the most proper place to surprise the enemy as he was retiring to his quarters, where he was soon attacked, subdued, and plundered; but indeed of no considerable booty; for it seems this gentleman played on a common stock, and had deposited his winnings at the scene of action, nor had he any more than two shillings in his pocket when he was attacked.

This was so cruel a disappointment to Wild, and so sensibly affects us, as no doubt it will the reader, that, as it must disqualify us both from proceeding any farther at present, we will now take a little breath, and therefore we shall here close this book.

BOOK II.—CHAPTER I.

Characters of silly people, with the proper uses for which such are designed.

ONE reason why we chose to end our first book, as we did, with the last chapter, was, that we are now obliged to produce two characters of a stamp entirely different from what we have hitherto dealt in. These persons are of that pitiful order of mortals who are in contempt called good-natured; being indeed sent into the world by nature with the same design with which men put little fish into a pike-pond, in order to be devoured by that voracious water-hero.

But to proceed with our history: Wild, having shared the booty in much the same manner as before, *i. e.* taken three-fourths of it, amounting to eighteen-pence, was now retiring to rest, in no very happy mood, when by accident he met with a young fellow who had formerly been his companion, and indeed intimate friend, at school. It hath been thought that friendship is usually nursed by similitude of manners, but the contrary had been the case between these lads; for whereas Wild was rapacious and intrepid, the other had always more regard for his skin than his money; Wild therefore had very generously compassionated this defect in his school-fellow, and had brought him off from many scrapes, into most of which he had first drawn him, by taking the fault and whipping to himself. He had always indeed been well paid on such occasions; but there are a sort of people who, together with the best of the bargain, will be sure to have the obligation too on their side; so it had happened here: for this poor lad had considered himself in the highest degree obliged to Mr. Wild, and had contracted a very great esteem and friendship for him; the traces of which an absence of many years had not in the least effaced in his mind. He no sooner knew Wild, therefore, than he accosted him in the most friendly manner, and invited him home with him to breakfast (it being now near nine in the morning), which invitation our hero with no great difficulty consented to. This young man, who was about Wild's age, had some time before set up in the trade of a jeweller, in the materials or stock for which he had laid out the greatest part of a little

fortune, and had married a very agreeable woman for love, by whom he then had two children. As our reader is to be more acquainted with this person, it may not be improper to open somewhat of his character, especially as it will serve as a kind of foil to the noble and great disposition of our hero, and as the one seems sent into this world as a proper object on which the talents of the other were to be displayed with a proper and just success.

Mr. Thomas Heartfree then (for that was his name) was of an honest and open disposition. He was of that sort of men whom experience only, and not their own natures, must inform that there are such things as deceit and hypocrisy in the world, and who, consequently, are not at five-and-twenty so difficult to be imposed upon as the oldest and most subtle. He was possessed of several great weaknesses of mind, being good-natured, friendly, and generous to a great excess. He had, indeed, too little regard to common justice, for he had forgiven some debts to his acquaintance only because they could not pay him, and had intrusted a bankrupt, on his setting up a second time, from having been convinced that he had dealt in his bankruptcy with a fair and honest heart, and that he had broke through misfortune only, and not from neglect or imposture. He was withal so silly a fellow that he never took the least advantage of the ignorance of his customers, and contented himself with very moderate gains on his goods; which he was the better enabled to do, notwithstanding his generosity, because his life was extremely temperate, his expenses being solely confined to the cheerful entertainment of his friends at home, and now and then a moderate glass of wine, in which he indulged himself in the company of his wife, who, with an agreeable person, was a mean-spirited, poor, domestic, low-bred animal, who confined herself mostly to the care of her family, placed her happiness in her husband and her children, followed no expensive fashions or diversions, and indeed rarely went abroad, unless to return the visits of a few plain neighbours, and twice a-year afforded herself, in company with her husband, the diversion of a play, where she never sat in a higher place than the pit.

To this silly woman did this silly fellow introduce the GREAT WILD, informing her at the same time of their school acquaintance and the many obligations he had received from him. This simple woman no sooner heard her husband had been obliged to her guest than her eyes sparkled on him with a benevolence which is an emanation from the heart, and of which great and noble minds, whose hearts never swell but with an injury, can have no very adequate idea; it is therefore no wonder that our hero should misconstrue, as he did, the poor, innocent, and simple affection of Mrs. Heartfree towards her husband's friend for that great and generous passion which fires the eyes of a modern heroine when the colonel is so kind as to indulge his city creditor with partaking of his table to-day and of his bed to-morrow. Wild, therefore, instantly returned the compliment as he understood it, with his eyes, and presently after bestowed many encomiums on her beauty, with which, perhaps, she, who was a woman, though a good one, and misapprehended the design, was not displeased any more than the husband.

When breakfast was ended, and the wife retired to her household affairs, Wild, who had a quick discernment into the weaknesses of men, and who, besides the knowledge of his good (or foolish) disposition when a boy, had now discovered several sparks of goodness, friendship, and generosity in his friend, began to discourse over the accidents which

had happened in their childhood, and took frequent occasions of reminding him of those favours which we have before mentioned his having conferred on him; he then proceeded to the most vehement professions of friendship, and to the most ardent expressions of joy in this renewal of their acquaintance. He at last told him, with great seeming pleasure, that he believed he had an opportunity of serving him by the recommendation of a gentleman to his custom, who was then on the brink of marriage. "And, if he be not already engaged, I will," says he, "endeavour to prevail on him to furnish his lady with jewels at your shop."

Heartfree was not backward in thanks to our hero, and, after many earnest solicitations to dinner, which were refused, they parted for the first time.

But here, as it occurs to our memory that our readers may be surprised (an accident which sometimes happens in histories of this kind) how Mr. Wild the elder, in his present capacity, should have been able to maintain his son at a reputable school, as this appears to have been, it may be necessary to inform him that Mr. Wild himself was then a tradesman in good business, but, by misfortunes in the world, to wit, extravagance and gaming, he had reduced himself to that honourable occupation which we have formerly mentioned.

Having cleared up this doubt, we will now pursue our hero, who forthwith repaired to the count, and, having first settled preliminary articles concerning distributions, he acquainted him with the scheme which he had formed against Heartfree; and after consulting proper methods to put it in execution, they began to concert measures for the enlargement of the count; on which the first, and indeed only point to be considered, was to raise money, not to pay his debts, for that would have required an immense sum, and was contrary to his inclination or intention, but to procure him bail; for as to his escape, Mr. Snap had taken such precautions that it appeared absolutely impossible.

CHAPTER II.

Great examples of GREATNESS in Wild, shown as well by his behaviour to Bagshot as in a scheme laid, first, to impose on Heartfree by means of the count, and then to cheat the count of the booty.

WILD undertook therefore to extract some money from Bagshot, who, notwithstanding the depredations made on him, had carried off a pretty considerable booty from their engagement at dice the preceding day. He found Mr. Bagshot in expectation of his bail, and, with a countenance full of concern, which he could at any time, with wonderful art, put on, told him that all was discovered; that the count knew him, and intended to prosecute him for the robbery, "had not I exerted (said he) my utmost interest, and with great difficulty prevailed on him in case you refund the money—" "Refund the money!" cried Bagshot, "that is in your power: for you know what an inconsiderable part of it fell to my share." "How!" replied Wild, "is this your gratitude to me for saving your life? For your own conscience must convince you of your guilt, and with how much certainty the gentleman can give evidence against you." "Marry come up!" quoth Bagshot; "I believe my life alone will not be in danger. I know those who are as guilty as myself. Do you tell me of conscience?" "Yes, sirrah!" answered our hero, taking him by the collar; "and since you dare threaten me I will show you the difference between committing a robbery and conniving at it, which is all I can charge myself with. I own indeed I suspected, when you showed me a

sum of money, that you had not come honestly by it." "How!" says Bagshot, frightened out of one half of his wits, and amazed out of the other, "can you deny?" "Yes, you rascal," answered Wild, "I do deny everything; and do you find a witness to prove it: and, to show you how little apprehension I have of your power to hurt me, I will have you apprehended this moment."—At which words he offered to break from him; but Bagshot laid hold of his skirts, and, with an altered tone and manner, begged him not to be so impatient. "Refund then, sirrah," cries Wild, "and perhaps I may take pity on you." "What must I refund?" answered Bagshot. "Every farthing in your pocket," replied Wild; "then I may have some compassion on you, and not only save your life, but, out of an excess of generosity, may return you something." At which words Bagshot seeming to hesitate, Wild pretended to make to the door, and rapt out an oath of vengeance with so violent an emphasis, that his friend no longer presumed to balance, but suffered Wild to search his pockets and draw forth all he found, to the amount of twenty-one guineas and a half, which last piece our generous hero returned him again, telling him he might now sleep secure, but advised him for the future never to threaten his friends.

Thus did our hero execute the greatest exploits with the utmost ease imaginable, by means of those transcendent qualities which nature had indulged him with, viz., a bold heart, a thundering voice, and a steady countenance.

Wild now returned to the count, and informed him that he had got ten guineas of Bagshot; for, with great and commendable prudence, he sunk the other eleven into his own pocket, and told him with that money he would procure him bail, which he after prevailed on his father, and another gentleman of the same occupation, to become, for two guineas each; so that he made lawful prize of six more, making Bagshot debtor for the whole ten; for such were his great abilities, and so vast the compass of his understanding, that he never made any bargain without overreaching (or, in the vulgar phrase, cheating) the person with whom he dealt.

The count being, by these means, enlarged, the first thing they did, in order to procure credit from tradesmen, was the taking a handsome house ready furnished in one of the new streets; in which as soon as the count was settled, they proceeded to furnish him with servants and equipage, and all the *insignia* of a large estate proper to impose on poor Heartfree. These being all obtained, Wild made a second visit to his friend, and with much joy in his countenance acquainted him that he had succeeded in his endeavours, and that the gentleman had promised to deal with him for the jewels which he intended to present his bride, and which were designed to be very splendid and costly; he therefore appointed him to go to the count the next morning, and carry with him a set of the richest and most beautiful jewels he had, giving him at the same time some hints of the count's ignorance of that commodity, and that he might extort what price of him he pleased; but Heartfree told him, not without some disdain, that he scorned to take any such advantage; and, after expressing much gratitude to his friend for his recommendation, he promised to carry the jewels at the hour and to the place appointed.

I am sensible that the reader, if he hath but the least notion of greatness, must have such a contempt for the extreme folly of this fellow, that he will be very little concerned at any misfortunes which may befall him in the sequel; for to have no suspicion that an old schoolfellow, with whom he had, in

his tenderest years, contracted a friendship, and who, on the accidental renewing of their acquaintance, had professed the most passionate regard for him, should be very ready to impose on him; in short, to conceive that a friend should, of his own accord, without any view to his own interest, endeavour to do him a service, must argue such weakness of mind, such ignorance of the world, and such an artless, simple, undesigning heart, as must render the person possessed of it the lowest creature and the properest object of contempt imaginable in the eyes of every man of understanding and discernment.

Wild remembered that his friend Heartfree's faults were rather in his heart than in his head; that, though he was so mean a fellow that he was never capable of laying a design to injure any human creature, yet was he by no means a fool, nor liable to any gross imposition, unless where his heart betrayed him. He therefore instructed the count to take only one of his jewels at the first interview, and to reject the rest as not fine enough, and order him to provide some richer. He said this management would prevent Heartfree from expecting ready money for the jewel he brought with him, which the count was presently to dispose of, and by means of that money, and his great abilities at cards and dice, to get together as large a sum as possible, which he was to pay down to Heartfree at the delivery of the set of jewels, who would be thus void of all manner of suspicion, and would not fail to give him credit for the residue.

By this contrivance, it will appear in the sequel that Wild did not only propose to make the imposition on Heartfree, who was (hitherto) void of all suspicion, more certain; but to rob the count himself of this sum. This double method of cheating the very tools who are our instruments to cheat others is the superlative degree of greatness, and is probably, as far as any spirit crusted over with clay can carry it, falling very little short of diabolism itself.

This method was immediately put in execution, and the count the first day took only a single brilliant, worth about three hundred pounds, and ordered a necklace, earrings, and solitaire, of the value of three thousand more, to be prepared by that day sevensnight.

This interval was employed by Wild in prosecuting his scheme of raising a gang, in which he met with such success, that within a few days he had levied several bold and resolute fellows, fit for any enterprise, how dangerous or great soever.

We have before remarked that the truest mark of greatness is insatiability. Wild had covenanted with the count to receive three-fourths of the booty, and had, at the same time, covenanted with himself to secure the other fourth part likewise, for which he had formed a very great and noble design; but he now saw with concern that sum which was to be received in hand by Heartfree in danger of being absolutely lost. In order therefore to possess himself of that likewise, he contrived that the jewels should be brought in the afternoon, and that Heartfree should be detained before the count could see him; so that the night should overtake him in his return, when two of his gang were ordered to attack and plunder him.

CHAPTER III.

Containing scenes of softness, love, and honour, all in the GREAT style.

THE count had disposed of his jewel for its full value, and this he had by dexterity raised to a thousand pounds; this sum therefore he paid down to

Heartfree, promising him the rest within a month. His house, his equipage, his appearance, but, above all, a certain plausibility in his voice and behaviour would have deceived any but one whose great and wise heart had dictated to him something within which would have secured him from any danger of imposition from without. Heartfree therefore did not in the least scruple giving him credit; but, as he had in reality procured those jewels of another, his own little stock not being able to furnish anything so valuable, he begged the Count would be so kind to give his note for the money, payable at the time he mentioned; which that gentleman did not in the least scruple; so he paid him the thousand pounds in specie, and gave his note for two thousand eight hundred pounds more to Heartfree, who burnt with gratitude to Wild for the noble customer he had recommended to him.

As soon as Heartfree was departed Wild, who waited in another room, came in and received the casket from the count, it having been agreed between them that this should be deposited in his hands, as he was the original contriver of the scheme, and was to have the largest share. Wild, having received the casket, offered to meet the count late that evening to come to a division, but such was the latter's confidence in the honour of our hero, that he said, if it was any inconvenience to him, the next morning would do altogether as well. This was more agreeable to Wild, and accordingly, an appointment being made for that purpose, he set out in haste to pursue Heartfree to the place where the two gentlemen were ordered to meet and attack him. Those gentlemen with noble resolution executed their purpose; they attacked and spoiled the enemy of the whole sum he had received from the count.

As soon as the engagement was over, and Heartfree left sprawling on the ground, our hero, who wisely declined trusting the booty in his friends' hands, though he had good experience of their honour, made off after the conquerors: at length, they being all at a place of safety, Wild, according to a previous agreement, received nine-tenths of the booty: the subordinate heroes did indeed profess some little unwillingness (perhaps more than was strictly consistent with honour) to perform their contract; but Wild, partly by argument, but more by oaths and threatenings, prevailed with them to fulfil their promise.

Our hero having thus, with wonderful address, brought this great and glorious action to a happy conclusion, resolved to relax his mind after his fatigue, in the conversation of the fair. He therefore set forwards to his lovely Lætitia; but in his way accidentally met with a young lady of his acquaintance, Miss Molly Straddle, who was taking the air in Bridges-street. Miss Molly, seeing Mr. Wild, stopped him, and with a familiarity peculiar to a genteel town education, tapped, or rather slapped him on the back, and asked him to treat her with a pint of wine at a neighbouring tavern. The hero, though he loved the chaste Lætitia with excessive tenderness, was not of that low sniveling breed of mortals who, as it is generally expressed, *tie themselves to a woman's apron-strings*; in a word, who are tainted with that mean, base, low vice, or virtue as it is called, of constancy; therefore he immediately consented, and attended her to a tavern famous for excellent wine, known by the name of the Rummer and Horseshoe, where they retired to a room by themselves. Wild was very vehement in his addresses, but to no purpose; the young lady declared she would grant no favour till he had made her a present; this was immediately complied with, and the lover made as happy as he could desire.

The immoderate fondness which Wild entertained for his dear Lætitia would not suffer him to waste any considerable time with Miss Straddle. Notwithstanding, therefore, all the endearments and caresses of that young lady, he soon made an excuse to go down stairs, and thence immediately set forward to Lætitia without taking any formal leave of Miss Straddle, or indeed of the drawer, with whom the lady was afterwards obliged to come to an account for the reckoning.

Mr. Wild, on his arrival at Mr. Snap's, found only Miss Doshy at home, that young lady being employed alone, in imitation of Penelope, with her thread or worsted, only with this difference, that whereas Penelope unravelled by night what she had knit or wove or spun by day, so what our young heroine unravelled by day she knit again by night. In short, she was mending a pair of blue stockings with red clocks; a circumstance which perhaps we might have omitted, had it not served to show that there are still some ladies of this age who imitate the simplicity of the ancients.

Wild immediately asked for his beloved, and was informed that she was not at home. He then inquired where she was to be found, and declared he would not depart till he had seen her, nay, not till he had married her; for, indeed, his passion for her was truly honourable; in other words, he had so ungovernable a desire for her person, that he would go any length to satisfy it. He then pulled out the casket, which he swore was full of the finest jewels, and that he would give them all to her, with other promises, which so prevailed on Miss Doshy, who had not the common failure of sisters in envying, and often endeavouring to disappoint, each other's happiness, that she desired Mr. Wild to sit down a few minutes, whilst she endeavoured to find her sister and to bring her to him. The lover thanked her, and promised to stay till her return; and Miss Doshy, leaving Mr. Wild to his meditations, fastened him in the kitchen by barring the door (for most of the doors in this mansion were made to be bolted on the outside), and then, slapping to the door of the house with great violence, without going out at it, she stole softly up stairs where Miss Lætitia was engaged in close conference with Mr. Bagshot. Miss Letty, being informed by her sister in a whisper of what Mr. Wild had said, and what he had produced, told Mr. Bagshot that a young lady was below to visit her whom she would despatch with all imaginable haste and return to him. She desired him therefore to stay with patience for her in the mean time, and that she would leave the door unlocked, though her papa would never forgive her if he should discover it. Bagshot promised on his honour not to step without his chamber; and the two young ladies went softly down stairs, when, pretending first to make their entry into the house, they repaired to the kitchen, where not even the presence of the chaste Lætitia could restore that harmony to the countenance of her lover which Miss Theodosia had left him possessed of; for, during her absence, he had discovered the absence of a purse containing bank-notes for 900*l.*, which had been taken from Mr. Heartfree, and which, indeed, Miss Straddle had, in the warmth of his amorous caresses, unperceived drawn from him. However, as he had that perfect mastery of his temper, or rather of his muscles, which is as necessary to the forming a great character as to the personating it on the stage, he soon conveyed a smile into his countenance, and, concealing as well his misfortune as his chagrin at it, began to pay honourable addresses to Miss Letty. This young lady, among many other good ingredients,

had three very predominant passions; to wit, vanity, wantonness, and avarice. To satisfy the first of these she employed Mr. Smirk and company; to the second, Mr. Bagshot and company; and our hero had the honour and happiness of solely engrossing the third. Now, these three sorts of lovers she had very different ways of entertaining. With the first she was all gay and coquette; with the second all fond and rampant; and with the last all cold and reserved. She therefore told Mr. Wild, with a most composed aspect, that she was glad he had repented of his manner of treating her at their last interview, where his behaviour was so monstrous that she had resolved never to see him any more; that she was afraid her own sex would hardly pardon her the weakness she was guilty of in receding from that resolution, which she was persuaded she never should have brought herself to, had not her sister, who was there to confirm what she said (as she did with many oaths), betrayed her into his company, by pretending it was another person to visit her: but, however, as he now thought proper to give her more convincing proofs of his affections (for he had now the casket in his hand), and since she perceived his designs were no longer against her virtue, but were such as a woman of honour might listen to, she must own—and then she feigned an hesitation, when Theodosia began: "Nay, sister, I am resolved you shall counterfeit no longer. I assure you, Mr. Wild, she hath the most violent passion for you in the world; and indeed, dear Tishy, if you offer to go back, since I plainly see Mr. Wild's designs are honourable, I will betray all you have ever said." "How, sister!" answered Lætitia; "I protest you will drive me out of the room: I did not expect this usage from you." Wild then fell on his knees, and, taking hold of her hand, repeated a speech, which, as the reader may easily suggest it to himself, I shall not here set down. He then offered her the casket, but she gently rejected it; and on a second offer, with a modest countenance and voice, desired to know what it contained. Wild then opened it, and took forth (with sorrow I write it, and with sorrow will it be read) one of those beautiful necklaces with which, at the fair of Bartholomew, they deck the well-bewhitened neck of Thalestris queen of Amazons, Anna Bullen, queen Elizabeth, or some other high princess in Drollic story. It was indeed composed of that paste which Derdaus Magnus, an ingenious toymen, doth at a very moderate price dispense of to the second-rate beaux of the metropolis. For, to open a truth, which we ask our reader's pardon for having concealed from him so long, the sagacious count, wisely fearing lest some accident might prevent Mr. Wild's return at the appointed time, had carefully conveyed the jewels which Mr. Heartfree had brought with him into his own pocket, and in their stead had placed in the casket these artificial stones, which, though of equal value to a philosopher, and perhaps of a much greater to a true admirer of the compositions of art, had not however the same charms in the eyes of Miss Letty, who had indeed some knowledge of jewels; for Mr. Snap, with great reason, considering how valuable a part of a lady's education it would be to be well instructed in these things, in an age when young ladies learn little more than how to dress themselves, had in her youth placed Miss Letty as the handmaid (or housemaid as the vulgar call it) of an eminent pawnbroker. The lightning, therefore, which should have flashed from the jewels, flashed from her eyes, and thunder immediately followed from her voice. She be-knaved, be-rascalled, be-

rogued the unhappy hero, who stood silent, confounded with astonishment, but more with shame and indignation, at being thus outwitted and overreached. At length he recovered his spirits, and, throwing down the casket in a rage, he snatched the key from the table, and, without making any answer to the ladies, who both very plentifully opened upon him, and without taking any leave of them, he flew out at the door, and repaired with the utmost expedition to the count's habitation.

CHAPTER IV.

In which Wild, after many fruitless endeavours to discover his friend, moralises on his misfortune in a speech, which may be of use (if rightly understood) to some other considerable speech-makers.

NOT the highest-fed footman of the highest-bred woman of quality knocks with more impetuosity than Wild did at the count's door, which was immediately opened by a well-dressed liveryman, who answered that his master was not at home. Wild, not satisfied with this, searched the house, but to no purpose; he then ransacked all the gaming-houses in town, but found no count: indeed, that gentleman had taken leave of his house the same instant Mr. Wild had turned his back, and, equipping himself with boots and a post-horse, without taking with him either servant, clothes, or any necessaries for the journey of a great man, made such mighty expedition that he was now upwards of twenty miles on his way to Dover.

Wild, finding his search ineffectual, resolved to give it over for that night; he then retired to his seat of contemplation, a night-cellar, where, without a single farthing in his pocket, he called for a sneaker of punch, and, placing himself on a bench by himself, he softly vented the following soliloquy:—

“How vain is human GREATNESS! What avail superior abilities, and a noble defiance of those narrow rules and bounds which confine the vulgar, when our best-concerted schemes are liable to be defeated! How unhappy is the state of PRIGGISM! How impossible for human prudence to foresee and guard against every circumvention! It is even as a game of chess, where, while the rook, or knight, or bishop, is busied in forecasting some great enterprise, a worthless pawn interposes and disconcerts his scheme. Better had it been for me to have observed the simple laws of friendship and morality than thus to ruin my friend for the benefit of others. I might have commanded his purse to any degree of moderation: I have now disabled him from the power of serving me. Well! but that was not my design. If I cannot arraign my own conduct, why should I, like a woman or a child, sit down and lament the disappointment of chance? But can I acquit myself of all neglect? Did I not misbehave in putting it into the power of others to outwit me? But that is impossible to be avoided. In this a *prig* is more unhappy than any other: a cautious man may, in a crowd, preserve his own pockets by keeping his hands in them; but while the *prig* employs his hands in another's pocket, how shall he be able to defend his own? Indeed, in this light, what can be imagined more miserable than a *prig*? How dangerous are his acquisitions! how unsafe, how unquiet his possessions! Why then should any man wish to be a *prig*, or where is his greatness? I answer, in his mind: it is the inward glory, the secret consciousness of doing great and wonderful actions, which can alone support the truly GREAT man, whether he be a CONQUEROR, a TYRANT, a STATESMAN,

or a PRIG. These must bear him up against the private curse and public imprecation, and, while he is hated and detested by all mankind, must make him inwardly satisfied with himself. For what but some such inward satisfaction as this could inspire men possessed of power, of wealth, of every human blessing which pride, avarice, or luxury could desire, to forsake their homes, abandon ease and repose, and at the expense of riches and pleasures, at the price of labour and hardship, and at the hazard of all that fortune hath liberally given them, could send them at the head of a multitude of *prigs*, called an army, to molest their neighbours; to introduce rape, rapine, bloodshed, and every kind of misery among their own species? What but some such glorious appetite of mind could inflame princes, endowed with the greatest honours, and enriched with the most plentiful revenues, to desire maliciously to rob those subjects of their liberties who are content to sweat for the luxury, and to bow down their knees to the pride, of those very princes? What but this can inspire them to destroy one half of their subjects, in order to reduce the rest to an absolute dependence on their own wills, and on those of their brutal successors? What other motive could seduce a subject, possessed of great property in his community, to betray the interest of his fellow-subjects, of his brethren, and his posterity, to the wanton disposition of such princes? Lastly, what less inducement could persuade the *prig* to forsake the methods of acquiring a safe, an honest, and a plentiful livelihood, and, at the hazard of even life itself, and what is mistakingly called dishonour, to break openly and bravely through the laws of his country, for uncertain, unsteady, and unsafe gain? Let me then hold myself contented with this reflection, that I have been wise though unsuccessful, and am a GREAT though an unhappy man.”

His soliloquy and his punch concluded together; for he had at every pause comforted himself with a sip. And now it came first into his head that it would be more difficult to pay for it than it was to swallow it; when, to his great pleasure, he beheld at another corner of the room one of the gentlemen whom he had employed in the attack on Heart-free, and who, he doubted not, would readily lend him a guinea or two; but he had the mortification, on applying to him, to hear that the gaming-table had stripped him of all the booty which his own generosity had left in his possession. He was therefore obliged to pursue his usual method on such occasions: so, cocking his hat fiercely, he marched out of the room without making any excuse, or any one daring to make the least demand.

CHAPTER

Containing many surprising adventures, which our hero, with GREAT GREATNESS, achieved.

WE will now leave our hero to take a short repose, and return to Mr. Snap's, where, at Wild's departure, the fair Theodosia had again betaken herself to her stocking, and Miss Letty had retired up stairs to Mr. Bagshot; but that gentleman had broken his parole, and, having conveyed himself below stairs behind a door, he took the opportunity of Wild's sally to make his escape. We shall only observe that Miss Letty's surprise was the greater, as she had, notwithstanding her promise to the contrary, taken the precaution to turn the key; but, in her hurry, she did it ineffectually. How wretched must have been the situation of this young creature, who had not only lost a lover on whom her tender heart perfectly doted, but was exposed to the rage of

an injured father, tenderly jealous of his honour, which was deeply engaged to the sheriff of London and Middlesex for the safe custody of the said Bagshot, and for which two very good responsible friends had given not only their words but their bonds.

But let us remove our eyes from this melancholy object, and survey our hero, who, after a successful search for Miss Straddle, with wonderful greatness of mind and steadiness of countenance went early in the morning to visit his friend Heartfree, at a time when the common herd of friends would have forsaken and avoided him. He entered the room with a cheerful air, which he presently changed into surprise on seeing his friend in a nightgown, with his wounded head bound about with linen, and looking extremely pale from a great effusion of blood. When Wild was informed by Heartfree what had happened he first expressed great sorrow, and afterwards suffered as violent agonies of rage against the robbers to burst from him. Heartfree, in compassion to the deep impression his misfortunes seemed to make on his friend, endeavoured to lessen it as much as possible, at the same time exaggerating the obligation he owed to Wild, in which his wife likewise seconded him, and they breakfasted with more comfort than was reasonably to be expected after such an accident; Heartfree expressing great satisfaction that he had put the count's note in another pocket-book; adding, that such a loss would have been fatal to him; "for, to confess the truth to you, my dear friend," said he, "I have had some losses lately which have greatly perplexed my affairs; and though I have many debts due to me from people of great fashion, I assure you I know not where to be certain of getting a shilling." Wild greatly felicitated him on the lucky accident of preserving his note, and then proceeded, with much acrimony, to inveigh against the barbarity of people of fashion, who kept tradesmen out of their money.

While they amused themselves with discourses of this kind, Wild meditating within himself whether he should borrow or steal from his friend, or indeed whether he could not effect both, the apprentice brought a bank-note of 500*l.* in to Heartfree, which he said a gentlewoman in the shop, who had been looking at some jewels, desired him to exchange. Heartfree, looking at the number, immediately recollected it to be one of those he had been robbed of. With this discovery he acquainted Wild, who, with the notable presence of mind and unchanged complexion so essential to a great character, advised him to proceed cautiously; and offered (as Mr. Heartfree himself was, he said, too much flustered to examine the woman with sufficient art) to take her into a room in his house alone. He would, he said, personate the master of the shop, would pretend to show her some jewels, and would undertake to get sufficient information out of her to secure the rogues, and most probably all their booty. This proposal was readily and thankfully accepted by Heartfree. Wild went immediately up stairs into the room appointed, whither the apprentice, according to appointment, conducted the lady.

The apprentice was ordered down stairs the moment the lady entered the room; and Wild, having shut the door, approached her with great ferocity in his looks, and began to expatiate on the complicated baseness of the crime she had been guilty of; but though he uttered many good lessons of morality, as we doubt whether from a particular reason they may work any very good effect on our reader, we shall omit his speech, and only mention his conclusion, which was by asking her what mercy she could now

expect from him? Miss Straddle, for that was the young lady, who had had a good execution, and had been more than once present at the Old Bailey, very confidently denied the whole charge, and said she had received the note from a friend. Wild then, raising his voice, told her she should be immediately committed, and she might depend on being convicted; "but," added he, changing his tone, "as I have a violent affection for thee, my dear Straddle, if you will follow my advice, I promise you, on my honour, to forgive you, nor shall you be ever called in question on this account." "Why, what would you have me to do, Mr. Wild?" replied the young lady, with a pleasanter aspect. "You must know then," said Wild, "the money you picked out of my pocket (nay, by G—d you did, and if you offer to flinch you shall be convicted of it) I won at play of a fellow who it seems robbed my friend of it; you must, therefore, give an information on oath against one Thomas Fierce, and say that you received the note from him, and leave the rest to me. I am certain, Molly, you must be sensible of your obligations to me, who return good for evil to you in this manner." The lady readily consented, and advanced to embrace Mr. Wild, who stepped a little back and cried, "Hold, Molly; there are two other notes of 200*l.* each to be accounted for—where are they?" The lady protested with the most solemn asseverations that she knew of no more; with which, when Wild was not satisfied, she cried, "I will stand search." "That you shall," answered Wild, "and stand strip too." He then proceeded to tumble and search her, but to no purpose, till at last she burst into tears, and declared she would tell the truth (as indeed she did); she then confessed that she had disposed of the one to Jack Swagger, a great favourite of the ladies, being an Irish gentleman, who had been bred clerk to an attorney, afterwards whipped out of a regiment of dragoons, and was then a Newgate solicitor, and a bawdyhouse bully; and, as for the other, she had laid it all out that very morning in brocaded silks and Flanders lace. With this account Wild, who indeed knew it to be a very probable one, was forced to be contented; and now, abandoning all further thoughts of what he saw was irretrievably lost, he gave the lady some further instructions, and then, desiring her to stay a few minutes behind him, he returned to his friend, and acquainted him that he had discovered the whole roguery; that the woman had confessed from whom she had received the note, and promised to give an information before a justice of peace; adding, he was concerned he could not attend him thither, being obliged to go to the other end of the town to receive thirty pounds, which he was to pay that evening. Heartfree said that should not prevent him of his company, for he could easily lend him such a trifle. This was accordingly done and accepted, and Wild, Heartfree, and the lady went to the justice together.

The warrant being granted, and the constable being acquainted by the lady, who received her information from Wild, of Mr. Fierce's haunts, he was easily apprehended, and, being confronted with Miss Straddle, who swore positively to him, though she had never seen him before, he was committed to Newgate, where he immediately conveyed an information to Wild of what had happened, and in the evening received a visit from him.

Wild affected great concern for his friend's misfortune, and as great surprise at the means by which it was brought about. However, he told Fierce that he must certainly be mistaken in that point of his having had no acquaintance with Miss Straddle; but

added, that he would find her out, and endeavour to take off her evidence, which, he observed, did not come home enough to endanger him; besides, he would secure him witnesses of an *alibi*, and five or six to his character; so that he need be under no apprehension, for his confinement till the sessions would be his only punishment.

Fierce, who was greatly comforted by these assurances of his friend, returned him many thanks, and, both shaking each other very earnestly by the hand, with a very hearty embrace they separated.

The hero considered with himself that the single evidence of Miss Straddle would not be sufficient to convict Fierce, whom he resolved to hang, as he was the person who had principally refused to deliver him the stipulated share of the booty; he therefore went in quest of Mr. James Sly, the gentleman who had assisted in the exploit, and found and acquainted him with the apprehending of Fierce. Wild then, intimating his fear lest Fierce should impeach Sly, advised him to be beforehand, to surrender himself to a justice of peace and offer himself as an evidence. Sly approved Mr. Wild's opinion, went directly to a magistrate, and was by him committed to the Gate-house, with a promise of being admitted evidence against his companion.

Fierce was in a few days brought to his trial at the Old Bailey, where, to his great confusion, his old friend Sly appeared against him, as did Miss Straddle. His only hopes were now in the assistances which our hero had promised him. These unhappily failed him: so that, the evidence being plain against him, and he making no defence, the jury convicted him, the court condemned him, and Mr. Ketch executed him.

With such infinite address did this truly great man know how to play with the passions of men, to set them at variance with each other, and to work his own purposes out of those jealousies and apprehensions which he was wonderfully ready at creating by means of those great arts which the vulgar call treachery, dissembling, promising, lying, falsehood, &c., but which are by great men summed up in the collective name of policy, or politics, or rather politricks; an art of which, as it is the highest excellence of human nature, perhaps our great man was the most eminent master.

CHAPTER VI.

Of hats.

WILD had now got together a very considerable gang, composed of undone gamesters, ruined bailiffs, broken tradesmen, idle apprentices, attorneys' clerks, and loose and disorderly youth, who, being born to no fortune, nor bred to any trade or profession, were willing to live luxuriously without labour. As these persons wore different *principles*, i. e. *hats*, frequent dissensions grew among them. There were particularly two parties, *viz.*, those who wore hats *fiercely* cocked, and those who preferred the *nab* or trencher hat, with the brim flapping over their eyes. The former were called *cavaliers* and *tory rory ranter boys*, &c.; the latter went by the several names of *wags*, *roundheads*, *shakebags*, *oldnolls*, and several others. Between these continual jars arose, insomuch that they grew in time to think there was something essential in their differences, and that their interests were incompatible with each other, whereas, in truth, the difference lay only in the fashion of their hats. Wild, therefore, having assembled them all at an alehouse on the night after Fierce's execution, and perceiving evident marks of their misunderstanding, from their beha-

viour to each other, addressed them in the following gentle, but forcible manner:—"Gentlemen, I am ashamed to see men embarked in so great and glorious an undertaking, as that of robbing the public, so foolishly and weakly dissenting among themselves. Do you think the first inventors of hats, or at least of the distinctions between them, really conceived that one form of hats should inspire a man with divinity, another with law, another with learning, or another with bravery? No, they meant no more by these outward signs than to impose on the vulgar, and, instead of putting great men to the trouble of acquiring or maintaining the substance, to make it sufficient that they condescend to wear the type or shadow of it. You do wisely, therefore, when in a crowd, to amuse the mob by quarrels on such accounts, that while they are listening to your jargon you may with the greater ease and safety pick their pockets: but surely to be in earnest, and privately to keep up such a ridiculous contention among yourselves, must argue the highest folly and absurdity. When you know you are all *prigs*, what difference can a broad or a narrow brim create? Is a *prig* less a *prig* in one hat than in another? If the public should be weak enough to interest themselves in your quarrels, and to prefer one pack to the other, while both are aiming at their purses, it is your business to laugh at, not imitate their folly. What can be more ridiculous than for gentlemen to quarrel about hats, when there is not one among you whose hat is worth a farthing? What is the use of a hat farther than to keep the head warm, or to hide a bald crown from the public? It is the mark of a gentleman to move his hat on every occasion; and in courts and noble assemblies no man ever wears one. Let me hear no more therefore of this childish disagreement, but all toss up your hats together with one accord, and consider that hat as the best, which will contain the largest booty." He thus ended his speech, which was followed by a murmuring applause, and immediately all present tossed their hats together as he had commanded them.

CHAPTER VII.

Showing the consequence which attended Heartfree's adventures with Wild; all natural and common enough to little wretches who deal with great men; together with some precedents of letters, being the different methods of answering a dun.

LET us now return to Heartfree, to whom the count's note, which he had paid away, was returned, with an account that the drawer was not to be found, and that, on inquiring after him, they had heard he

* There is something very mysterious in this speech, which probably that chapter written by Aristotle on this subject, which is mentioned by a French author, might have given some light into; but that is unhappily among the lost works of that philosopher. It is remarkable that *galerus*, which is Latin for a hat, signifies likewise a dog-fish, as the Greek word *κυλιν* doth the skin of that animal; of which I suppose the hats or helmets of the ancients were composed, as ours at present are of the beaver or rabbit. Sophocles, in the latter end of his *Ajax*, alludes to a method of cheating in hats, and the scholiast on the place tells us of one Crephontes, who was a master of the art. It is observable likewise that Achilles, in the first *Iliad* of Homer, tells Agamemnon, in anger, that he had dog's eyes. Now, as the eyes of a dog are handsomer than those of almost any other animal, this could be no term of reproach. He must therefore mean that he had a hat on, which, perhaps, from the creature it was made of, or from some other reason, might have been a mark of infamy. This superstitious opinion may account for that custom, which hath descended through all nations, of showing respect by pulling off this covering, and that no man is esteemed fit to converse with his superiors with it on. I shall conclude this learned note with remarking that the term *old hat* is at present used by the vulgar in no very honourable sense.

was run away, and consequently the money was now demanded of the endorser. The apprehension of such a loss would have affected any man of business, but much more one whose unavoidable ruin it must prove. He expressed so much concern and confusion on this occasion, that the proprietor of the note was frightened, and resolved to lose no time in securing what he could. So that in the afternoon of the same day Mr. Snap was commissioned to pay Heartfree a visit, which he did with his usual formality, and conveyed him to his own house.

Mrs. Heartfree was no sooner informed of what had happened to her husband than she raved like one distracted; but after she had vented the first agonies of her passion in tears and lamentations she applied herself to all possible means to procure her husband's liberty. She hastened to beg her neighbours to secure bail for him. But, as the news had arrived at their houses before her, she found none of them at home, except an honest quaker, whose servants durst not tell a lie. However, she succeeded no better with him, for unluckily he had made an affirmation the day before that he would never be bail for any man. After many fruitless efforts of this kind she repaired to her husband, to comfort him at least with her presence. She found him sealing the last of several letters, which he was despatching to his friends and creditors. The moment he saw her a sudden joy sparkled in his eyes, which, however, had a very short duration; for despair soon closed them again; nor could he help bursting into some passionate expressions of concern for her and his little family, which she, on her part, did her utmost to lessen, by endeavouring to mitigate the loss, and to raise in him hopes from the count, who might, she said, be possibly only gone into the country. She comforted him likewise with the expectation of favour from his acquaintance, especially from those whom he had in a particular manner obliged and served. Lastly, she conjured him, by all the value and esteem he professed for her, not to endanger his health, on which alone depended her happiness, by too great an indulgence of grief; assuring him that no state of life could appear unhappy to her with him, unless his own sorrow or discontent made it so.

In this manner did this weak poor-spirited woman attempt to relieve her husband's pains, which it would have rather become her to aggravate, by not only painting out his misery in the liveliest colours imaginable, but by upbraiding him with that folly and confidence which had occasioned it, and by lamenting her own hard fate in being obliged to share his sufferings.

Heartfree returned this goodness (as it is called) of his wife with the warmest gratitude, and they passed an hour in a scene of tenderness too low and contemptible to be recounted to our great readers. We shall therefore omit all such relations, as they tend only to make human nature low and ridiculous.

Those messengers who had obtained any answers to his letters now returned. We shall here copy a few of them, as they may serve for precedents to others who have an occasion, which happens commonly enough in genteel life, to answer the impertinence of a dun.

LETTER I.

MR. HEARTFREE,—My lord commands me to tell you he is very much surprised at your assurance in asking for money which you know hath been so little while due; however, as he intends to deal no longer at your shop, he hath ordered me to pay you as soon as I shall have cash in hand, which, considering many disbursements for bills long due, &c., can't possibly promise any time, &c., at present. And am your humble servant,
ROGER MORECRAFT.

LETTER II.

DEAR SIR,—The money, as you truly say, hath been three years due, but upon my soul I am at present incapable of paying a farthing; but, as I doubt not, very shortly not only to content that small bill, but likewise to lay out very considerable further sums at your house, hope you will meet with no inconvenience by this short delay in, dear sir, your most sincere humble servant,
CHA. COURTLY.

LETTER III.

MR. HEARTFREE,—I beg you would not acquaint my husband of the trifling debt between us; for, as I know you to be a very good-natured man, I will trust you with a secret; he gave me the money long since to discharge it, which I had the ill luck to lose at play. You may be assured I will satisfy you the first opportunity, and am, sir, your very humble servant,
CATH. RUBBERS.

Please to present my compliments to Mrs. Heartfree.

LETTER IV.

MR. THOMAS HEARTFREE, SIR,—Yours received; but as to sum mentioned therein, doth not suit at present. Your humble servant,
PETER POUNCE.

LETTER V.

SIR,—I am sincerely sorry it is not at present possible for me to comply with your request, especially after so many obligations received on my side, of which I shall always entertain the most grateful memory. I am very greatly concerned at your misfortunes, and would have waited upon you in person, but am not at present very well, and besides, am obliged to go this evening to Vauxhall. I am, sir, your most obliged humble servant,
CHAS. EASY.

P.S.—I hope good Mrs. Heartfree and the dear little ones are well.

There were more letters to much the same purpose; but we proposed giving our reader a taste only. Of all these, the last was infinitely the most grating to poor Heartfree, as it came from one to whom, when in distress, he had himself lent a considerable sum, and of whose present flourishing circumstances he was well assured.

CHAPTER VIII.

In which our hero carries GREATNESS to an immoderate height. LET us remove, therefore, as fast as we can, this detestable picture of ingratitude, and present the much more agreeable portrait of that assurance to which the French very properly annex the epithet of good. Heartfree had scarce done reading his letters when our hero appeared before his eyes; not with that aspect with which a pitiful parson meets his patron after having opposed him at an election, or which a doctor wears when sneaking away from a door where he is informed of his patient's death; not with that downcast countenance which betrays the man who, after a strong conflict between virtue and vice, hath surrendered his mind to the latter, and is discovered in his first treachery; but with that noble, bold, great confidence with which a prime minister assures his dependent that the place he promised him was disposed of before. And such concern and uneasiness as he expresses in his looks on those occasions did Wild testify on the first meeting of his friend. And as the said prime minister chides you for neglect of your interest in not having asked in time, so did our hero attack Heartfree for his giving credit to the count; and, without suffering him to make any answer, proceeded in a torrent of words to overwhelm him with abuse, which, however friendly its intention might be, was scarce to be outdone by an enemy. By these means Heartfree, who might perhaps otherwise have vented some little concern for that recommendation which Wild had given him to the count, was totally prevented from any such endeavour; and, like an invading prince, when attacked in his own dominions, forced to recall his whole strength to defend himself at home. This indeed he did so well, by insisting on the figure and outward appearance of the count and his equipage, that Wild at length grew a little more

gentle, and with a sigh said, "I confess I have the least reason of all mankind to censure another for an imprudence of this nature, as I am myself the most easy to be imposed upon, and indeed have been so by this count, who, if he be insolvent, hath cheated me of five hundred pounds. But, for my own part," said he, "I will not yet despair, nor would I have you. Many men have found it convenient to retire or abscond for a while, and afterwards have paid their debts, or at least handsomely compounded them. This I am certain of, should a composition take place, which is the worst I think that can be apprehended, I shall be the only loser; for I shall think myself obliged in honour to repair your loss, even though you must confess it was principally owing to your own folly. Z—ds! had I imagined it necessary, I would have cautioned you, but I thought the part of the town where he lived sufficient caution not to trust him. And such a sum!—The devil must have been in you certainly!"

This was a degree of impudence beyond poor Mrs. Heartfree's imagination. Though she had before vented the most violent execrations on Wild, she was now thoroughly satisfied of his innocence, and begged him not to insist any longer on what he perceived so deeply affected her husband. She said trade could not be carried on without credit, and surely he was sufficiently justified in giving it to such a person as the count appeared to be. Besides, she said, reflections on what was past and irretrievable would be of little service; that their present business was to consider how to prevent the evil consequences which threatened, and first to endeavour to procure her husband his liberty. "Why doth he not procure bail?" said Wild. "Alas! sir," said she, "we have applied to many of our acquaintance in vain; we have met with excuses even where we could least expect them." "Not bail!" answered Wild, in a passion; "he shall have bail, if there is any in the world. It is now very late, but trust me to procure him bail to-morrow morning."

Mrs. Heartfree received these professions with tears, and told Wild he was a friend indeed. She then proposed to stay that evening with her husband, but he would not permit her on account of his little family, whom he would not agree to trust to the care of servants in this time of confusion.

A hackney-coach was then sent for, but without success; for these, like hackney-friends, always offer themselves in the sunshine, but are never to be found when you want them. And as for a chair, Mr. Snap lived in a part of the town which chairmen very little frequent. The good woman was therefore obliged to walk home, whither the gallant Wild offered to attend her as a protector. This favour was thankfully accepted, and, the husband and wife having taken a tender leave of each other, the former was locked in and the latter locked out by the hands of Mr. Snap himself.

As this visit of Mr. Wild's to Heartfree may seem one of those passages in history which writers, Drawcansir-like, introduce only *because they dare*; indeed, as it may seem somewhat contradictory to the greatness of our hero, and may tend to blemish his character with an imputation of that kind of friendship which savours too much of weakness and imprudence, it may be necessary to account for this visit, especially to our more sagacious readers, whose satisfaction we shall always consult in the most especial manner. They are to know then that at the first interview with Mrs. Heartfree Mr. Wild had conceived that passion, or affection, or friendship, or desire, for that handsome creature, which the gentlemen of this our age agreed to call LOVE, and which

is indeed no other than that kind of affection which, after the exercise of the dominical day is over, a lusty divine is apt to conceive for the well-dressed sirloin or handsome buttock which the well-edified squire in gratitude sets before him, and which, so violent is his love, he devours in imagination the moment he sees it. Not less ardent was the hungry passion of our hero, who, from the moment he had cast his eyes on that charming dish, had cast about in his mind by what method he might come at it. This, as he perceived, might most easily be effected after the ruin of Heartfree, which, for other considerations, he had intended. So he postponed all endeavours for this purpose till he had first effected what, by order of time, was regularly to precede this latter design; with such regularity did this our hero conduct all his schemes, and so truly superior was he to all the efforts of passion, which so often disconcert and disappoint the noblest views of others.

CHAPTER IX.

MORE GREATNESS in Wild. A low scene between Mrs. Heartfree and her children, and a scheme of our hero worthy the highest admiration, and even astonishment.

WHEN first Wild conducted his flame (or rather his dish, to continue our metaphor) from the proprietor, he had projected a design of conveying her to one of those eating-houses in Covent-garden, where female flesh is deliciously dressed and served up to the greedy appetites of young gentlemen; but, fearing lest she should not come readily enough into his wishes, and that, by too eager and hasty a pursuit, he should frustrate his future expectations, and luckily at the same time a noble hint suggesting itself to him by which he might almost inevitably secure his pleasure, together with his profit, he contented himself with waiting on Mrs. Heartfree home, and, after many protestations of friendship and service to her husband, took his leave, and promised to visit her early in the morning, and to conduct her back to Mr. Snap's.

Wild now retired to a night-cellar, where he found several of his acquaintance, with whom he spent the remaining part of the night in revelling; nor did the least compassion for Heartfree's misfortunes disturb the pleasure of his cups. So truly great was his soul, that it was absolutely composed, save that an apprehension of Miss Tishy's making some discovery (as she was then in no good temper towards him) a little ruffled and disquieted the perfect serenity he would otherwise have enjoyed. As he had, therefore, no opportunity of seeing her that evening, he wrote her a letter full of ten thousand protestations of honourable love, and (which he more depended on) containing as many promises, in order to bring the young lady into good humour, without acquainting her in the least with his suspicion, or giving her any caution; for it was his constant maxim never to put it into any one's head to do you a mischief by acquainting him that it is in his power.

We must now return to Mrs. Heartfree, who passed a sleepless night in as great agonies and horror for the absence of her husband as a fine well-bred woman would feel at the return of her's from a long voyage or journey. In the morning the children being brought to her, the eldest asked where dear papa was? At which she could not refrain from bursting into tears. The child, perceiving it, said, "Don't cry, mamma; I am sure papa would not stay abroad if he could help it." At these words she caught the child in her arms, and, throwing herself into the chair in an agony of passion, cried out, "No, my child; nor shall all the malice of hell keep us long asunder."

These are circumstances which we should not, for the amusement of six or seven readers only, have inserted, had they not served to show that there are weaknesses in vulgar life to which great minds are so entirely strangers that they have not even an idea of them; and, secondly, by exposing the folly of this low creature, to set off and elevate that greatness of which we endeavour to draw a true portrait in this history.

Wild, entering the room, found the mother with one child in her arms, and the other at her knee. After paying her his compliments, he desired her to dismiss the children and servant, for that he had something of the greatest moment to impart to her.

She immediately complied with his request, and, the door being shut, asked him with great eagerness if he had succeeded in his intentions of procuring the bail. He answered he had not endeavoured at it yet, for a scheme had entered into his head by which she might certainly preserve her husband, herself, and her family. In order to which he advised her instantly to remove with the most valuable jewels she had to Holland, before any statute of bankruptcy issued to prevent her; that he would himself attend her thither and place her in safety, and then return to deliver her husband, who would be thus easily able to satisfy his creditors. He added that he was that instant come from Snap's, where he had communicated the scheme to Heartfree, who had greatly approved of it, and desired her to put it in execution without delay, concluding that a moment was not to be lost.

The mention of her husband's approbation left no doubt in this poor woman's breast; she only desired a moment's time to pay him a visit in order to take her leave. But Wild peremptorily refused; he said by every moment's delay she risked the ruin of her family; that she would be absent only a few days from him, for that the moment he had lodged her safe in Holland he would return, procure her husband his liberty, and bring him to her. I have been the unfortunate, the innocent cause of all my dear Tom's calamity, madam, said he, and I will perish with him or see him out of it. Mrs. Heartfree overflowed with acknowledgments of his goodness, but still begged for the shortest interview with her husband. Wild declared that a minute's delay might be fatal; and added, though with the voice of sorrow rather than of anger, that if she had not resolution enough to execute the commands he brought her from her husband, his ruin would lie at her door; and, for his own part, he must give up any farther meddling in his affairs.

She then proposed to take her children with her; but Wild would not permit it, saying they would only retard their flight, and that it would be proper for her husband to bring them. He at length absolutely prevailed on this poor woman, who immediately packed up the most valuable effects she could find, and, after taking a tender leave of her infants, earnestly recommended them to the care of a very faithful servant. Then they called a hackney-coach, which conveyed them to an inn, where they were furnished with a chariot and six, in which they set forward for Harwich.

Wild rode with an exulting heart, secure, as he now thought himself, of the possession of that lovely woman, together with a rich cargo. In short, he enjoyed in his mind all the happiness which unbridled lust and rapacious avarice could promise him. As to the poor creature who was to satisfy these passions, her whole soul was employed in reflecting on the condition of her husband and children. A single word scarce escaped her lips, though many a tear

gushed from her brilliant eyes, which, if I may use a coarse expression, served only as delicious sauce to heighten the appetite of Wild.

CHAPTER X.

Sea-adventures very new and surprising.

WHEN they arrived at Harwich they found a vessel, which had put in there, just ready to depart for Rotterdam. So they went immediately on board, and sailed with a fair wind; but they had hardly proceeded out of sight of land when a sudden and violent storm arose and drove them to the south-west; insomuch that the captain apprehended it impossible to avoid the Goodwin Sands, and he and all his crew gave themselves for lost. Mrs. Heartfree, who had no other apprehensions from death but those of leaving her dear husband and children, fell on her knees to beseech the Almighty's favour, when Wild, with a contempt of danger truly great, took a resolution as worthy to be admired perhaps as any recorded of the bravest hero, ancient or modern; a resolution which plainly proved him to have these two qualifications so necessary to a hero, to be superior to all the energies of fear or pity. He saw the tyrant death ready to rescue from him his intended prey, which he had yet devoured only in imagination. He therefore swore he would prevent him, and immediately attacked the poor wretch, who was in the utmost agonies of despair, first with solicitation, and afterwards with force.

Mrs. Heartfree, the moment she understood his meaning, which, in her present temper of mind, and in the opinion she held of him, she did not immediately, rejected him with all the repulses which indignation and horror could animate; but when he attempted violence she filled the cabin with her shrieks, which were so vehement that they reached the ears of the captain, the storm at this time luckily abating. This man, who was a brute rather from his education and the element he inhabited than from nature, ran hastily down to her assistance, and, finding her struggling on the ground with our hero, he presently rescued her from her intended ravisher, who was soon obliged to quit the woman, in order to engage with her lusty champion, who spared neither pains nor blows in the assistance of his fair passenger.

When the short battle was over, in which our hero, had he not been overpowered with numbers, who came down on their captain's side, would have been victorious, the captain rapped out a hearty oath, and asked Wild, if he had no more christianity in him than to ravish a woman in a storm? To which the other greatly and sullenly answered, "It was very well; but d—n him if he had not satisfaction the moment they came on shore." The captain with great scorn replied, "Kiss, —" &c., and then, forcing Wild out of the cabin, he, at Mrs. Heartfree's request, locked her into it, and returned to the care of his ship.

The storm was now entirely ceased, and nothing remained but the usual ruffling of the sea after it, when one of the sailors spied a sail at a distance, which the captain wisely apprehended might be a privateer (for we were then engaged in a war with France), and immediately ordered all the sail possible to be crowded; but this caution was in vain, for the little wind which then blew was directly adverse, so that the ship bore down upon them, and soon appeared to be what the captain had feared, a French privateer. He was in no condition of resistance, and immediately struck on her firing the first gun. The captain of the Frenchman, with several

of his hands, came on board the English vessel, which they rifled of everything valuable, and, amongst the rest, of poor Mrs. Heartfree's whole cargo; and then taking the crew, together with the two passengers, aboard his own ship, he determined, as the other would be only a burthen to him, to sink her, she being very old and leaky, and not worth going back with to Dunkirk. He preserved, therefore, nothing but the boat, as his own was none of the best, and then, pouring a broadside into her, he sent her to the bottom.

The French captain, who was a very young fellow, and a man of gallantry, was presently enamoured to no small degree with his beautiful captive; and, imagining Wild, from some words he dropped, to be her husband, notwithstanding the ill affection towards him which appeared in her looks, he asked her if she understood French. She answered in the affirmative, for indeed she did perfectly well. He then asked her how long she and that gentleman (pointing to Wild) had been married. She answered, with a deep sigh and many tears, that she was married indeed, but not to that villain, who was the sole cause of all her misfortunes. The appellation raised a curiosity in the captain, and he importuned her in so pressing but gentle a manner to acquaint him with the injuries she complained of, that she was at last prevailed on to recount to him the whole history of her afflictions. This so moved the captain, who had too little notions of greatness, and so incensed him against our hero, that he resolved to punish him; and, without regard to the laws of war, he immediately ordered out his shattered boat, and, making Wild a present of half-a-dozen biscuits to prolong his misery, he put him therein, and then, committing him to the mercy of the sea, proceeded on his cruise.

CHAPTER XI.

The great and wonderful behaviour of our hero in the boat.

It is probable that a desire of ingratiating himself with his charming captive, or rather conqueror, had no little share in promoting this extraordinary act of illegal justice; for the Frenchman had conceived the same sort of passion or hunger which Wild himself had felt, and was almost as much resolved, by some means or other, to satisfy it. We will leave him however at present in the pursuit of his wishes, and attend our hero in his boat, since it is in circumstances of distress that true greatness appears most wonderful. For that a prince in the midst of his courtiers, all ready to compliment him with his favourite character or title, and indeed with everything else, or that a conqueror, at the head of a hundred thousand men, all prepared to execute his will, how ambitious, wanton, or cruel soever, should, in the giddiness of their pride, elevate themselves many degrees above those their tools, seems not difficult to be imagined, or indeed accounted for. But that a man in chains, in prison, nay, in the vilest dungeon, should, with persevering pride and obstinate dignity, discover that vast superiority in his own nature over the rest of mankind, who to a vulgar eye seem much happier than himself; nay, that he should discover heaven and providence (whose peculiar care, it seems, he is) at that very time at work for him; this is among the arcana of greatness, to be perfectly understood only by an adept in that science.

What could be imagined more miserable than the situation of our hero at this season, floating in a little boat on the open seas, without oar, without sail, and at the mercy of the first wave to overwhelm him? nay, this was indeed the fair side of his for-

tune, as it was a much more eligible fate than that alternative which threatened him with almost unavoidable certainty, viz. starving with hunger, the sure consequence of a continuance of the calm.

Our hero, finding himself in this condition, began to ejaculate a round of blasphemies, which the reader, without being over-pious, might be offended at seeing repeated. He then accused the whole female sex, and the passion of love (as he called it), particularly that which he bore to Mrs. Heartfree, as the unhappy occasion of his present sufferings. At length, finding himself descending too much into the language of meanness and complaint, he stopped short, and soon after broke forth as follows: "D—n it, a man can die but once! what signifies it? Every man must die, and when it is over it is over. I never was afraid of anything yet, nor I won't begin now; no, d—n me, won't I. What signifies fear? I shall die whether I am afraid or no: who's afraid then, d—n me?" At which words he looked extremely fierce, but, recollecting that no one was present to see him, he relaxed a little the terror of his countenance, and, pausing a while, repeated the word, d—n! "Suppose I should be d—ned at last," cries he, "when I never thought a syllable of the matter! I have often laughed and made a jest about it, and yet it may be so, for anything which I know to the contrary. If there should be another world it will go hard with me, that is certain. I shall never escape for what I have done to Heartfree. The devil must have me for that undoubtedly. The devil! Pshaw! I am not such a fool to be frightened at him neither. No, no; when a man's dead there's an end of him. I wish I was certainly satisfied of it though; for there are some men of learning, as I have heard, of a different opinion. It is but a bad chance, methinks, I stand. If there be no other world, why I shall be in no worse condition than a block or a stone: but if there should—d—n me I will think no longer about it.—Let a pack of cowardly rascals be afraid of death, I dare look him in the face. But shall I stay and be starved?—No, I will eat up the biscuits the French son of a whore bestowed on me, and then leap into the sea for drink, since the unconscionable dog hath not allowed me a single dram." Having thus said, he proceeded immediately to put his purpose in execution, and, as his resolution never failed him, he had no sooner despatched the small quantity of provision which his enemy had with no vast liberality presented him, than he cast himself headlong into the sea.

CHAPTER XII.

The strange and yet natural escape of our hero.

OUR hero, having with wonderful resolution thrown himself into the sea, as we mentioned at the end of the last chapter, was miraculously within two minutes after replaced in his boat; and this without the assistance of a dolphin or a seahorse, or any other fish or animal, who are always as ready at hand when a poet or historian pleases to call for them to carry a hero through the sea, as any chairman at a coffee-house door near St. James's to convey a beau over a street, and preserve his white stockings. The truth is, we do not choose to have any recourse to miracles, from the strict observance we pay to that rule of Horace,

Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus.

The meaning of which is, do not bring in a supernatural agent when you can do without him; and indeed we are much deeper read in natural than supernatural causes. We will therefore endeavour

to account for this extraordinary event from the former of these; and in doing this it will be necessary to disclose some profound secrets to our reader, extremely well worth his knowing, and which may serve him to account for many occurrences of the phenomenous kind which have formerly appeared in this our hemisphere.

Be it known then that the great Alma Mater, Nature, is of all other females the most obstinate, and tenacious of her purpose. So true is that observation,

Naturam expellas furca licet, usque recurret.

Which I need not render in English, it being to be found in a book which most fine gentlemen are forced to read. Whatever Nature, therefore, purposes to herself, she never suffers any reason, design, or accident to frustrate. Now, though it may seem to a shallow observer that some persons were designed by Nature for no use or purpose whatever, yet certain it is that no man is born into the world without his particular allotment; viz. some to be kings, some statesmen, some ambassadors, some bishops, some generals, and so on. Of these there be two kinds; those to whom Nature is so generous to give some endowment qualifying them for the parts she intends them afterwards to act on this stage, and those whom she uses as instances of her unlimited power, and for whose preferment to such and such stations Solomon himself could have invented no other reason than that Nature designed them so. These latter some great philosophers have, to show them to be the favourites of Nature, distinguished by the honourable appellation of NATURALS. Indeed, the true reason of the general ignorance of mankind on this head seems to be this; that, as Nature chooses to execute these her purposes by certain second causes, and as many of these second causes seem so totally foreign to her design, the wit of man, which, like his eye, sees best directly forward, and very little and imperfectly what is oblique, is not able to discern the end by the means. Thus, how a handsome wife or daughter should contribute to execute her original designation of a general, or how flattery or half a dozen houses in a borough-town should denote a judge, or a bishop, he is not capable of comprehending. And, indeed, we ourselves, wise as we are, are forced to reason *ab effectu*; and if we had been asked what Nature had intended such men for, before she herself had by the event demonstrated her purpose, it is possible we might sometimes have been puzzled to declare; for it must be confessed that at first sight, and to a mind uninspired, a man of vast natural capacity and much acquired knowledge may seem by Nature designed for power and honour, rather than one remarkable only for the want of these, and indeed all other qualifications; whereas daily experience convinces us of the contrary, and drives us as it were into the opinion I have here disclosed.

Now, Nature having originally intended our great man for that final exaltation which, as it is the most proper and becoming end of all great men, it were heartily to be wished they might all arrive at, would by no means be diverted from her purpose. She therefore no sooner spied him in the water than she softly whispered in his ear to attempt the recovery of his boat, which call he immediately obeyed, and, being a good swimmer, and it being a perfect calm, with great facility accomplished it.

Thus we think this passage in our history, at first so greatly surprising, is very naturally accounted for, and our relation rescued from the Prodigious, which, though it often occurs in biography, is not to be encouraged nor much commended on any occa-

sion, unless when absolutely necessary to prevent the history's being at an end. Secondly, we hope our hero is justified from that imputation of want of resolution which must have been fatal to the greatness of his character.

CHAPTER XIII.

The conclusion of the boat adventure, and the end of the second book.

OUR hero passed the remainder of the evening, the night, and the next day, in a condition not much to be envied by any passion of the human mind, unless by ambition; which, provided it can only entertain itself with the most distant music of fame's trumpet, can disdain all the pleasures of the sensualist, and those more solemn, though quieter comforts, which a good conscience suggests to a christian philosopher.

He spent his time in contemplation, that is to say, in blaspheming, cursing, and sometimes singing and whistling. At last, when cold and hunger had almost subdued his native fierceness, it being a good deal past midnight and extremely dark, he thought he beheld a light at a distance, which the cloudiness of the sky prevented his mistaking for a star: this light, however, did not seem to approach him, at least it approached by such imperceptible degrees that it gave him very little comfort, and at length totally forsook him. He then renewed his contemplation as before, in which he continued till the day began to break, when, to his inexpressible delight, he beheld a sail at a very little distance, and which luckily seemed to be making towards him. He was likewise soon espied by those in the vessel, who wanted no signals to inform them of his distress, and, as it was almost a calm, and their course lay within five hundred yards of him, they hoisted out their boat and fetched him aboard.

The captain of this ship was a Frenchman; she was laden with deal from Norway, and had been extremely shattered in the late storm. This captain was of that kind of men who are actuated by general humanity, and whose compassion can be raised by the distress of a fellow-creature, though of a nation whose king hath quarrelled with the monarch of their own. He therefore, commiserating the circumstances of Wild, who had dressed up a story proper to impose upon such a silly fellow, told him that, as himself well knew, he must be a prisoner on his arrival in France, but that he would endeavour to procure his redemption; for which our hero greatly thanked him. But, as they were making very slow sail (for they had lost their main-mast in the storm), Wild saw a little vessel at a distance, they being within a few leagues of the English shore, which, on inquiry, he was informed was probably an English fishing-boat. And, it being then perfectly calm, he proposed that, if they would accommodate him with a pair of scullers, he could get within reach of the boat, at least near enough to make signals to her; and he preferred any risk to the certain fate of being a prisoner. As his courage was somewhat restored by the provisions (especially brandy) with which the Frenchman had supplied him, he was so earnest in his entreaties, that the captain, after many persuasions, at length complied, and he was furnished with scullers, and with some bread, pork, and a bottle of brandy. Then, taking leave of his preservers, he again betook himself to his boat, and rowed so heartily that he soon came within the sight of the fisherman, who immediately made towards him and took him aboard.

No sooner was Wild got safe on board the fisher-

man than he begged him to make the utmost speed into Deal, for that the vessel which was still in sight was a distressed Frenchman, bound for Havre de Grace, and might easily be made a prize if there was any ship ready to go in pursuit of her. So nobly and greatly did our hero neglect all obligations conferred on him by the enemies of his country, that he would have contributed all he could to the taking his benefactor, to whom he owed both his life and his liberty.

The fisherman took his advice, and soon arrived at Deal, where the reader will, I doubt not, be as much concerned as Wild was that there was not a single ship prepared to go on the expedition.

Our hero now saw himself once more safe on *terra firma*, but unluckily at some distance from that city where men of ingenuity can most easily supply their wants without the assistance of money, or rather can most easily procure money for the supply of their wants. However, as his talents were superior to every difficulty, he framed so dextrous an account of his being a merchant, having been taken and plundered by the enemy, and of his great effects in London, that he was not only heartily regaled by the fisherman at his house, but made so handsome a booty by way of borrowing, a method of taking which we have before mentioned to have his approbation, that he was enabled to provide himself with a place in the stage-coach; which (as God permitted it to perform the journey) brought him at the appointed time to an inn in the metropolis.

And now, reader, as thou canst be in no suspense for the fate of our great man, since we have returned him safe to the principal scene of his glory, we will a little look back on the fortunes of Mr. Heartfree, whom we left in no very pleasant situation; but of this we shall treat in the next book.

BOOK III.—CHAPTER I.

The low and pitiful behaviour of Heartfree; and the foolish conduct of his apprentice.

HIS misfortunes did not entirely prevent Heartfree from closing his eyes. On the contrary, he slept several hours the first night of his confinement. However, he perhaps paid too severely dear both for his repose and for a sweet dream which accompanied it, and represented his little family in one of those tender scenes which had frequently passed in the days of his happiness and prosperity, when the provision they were making for the future fortunes of their children used to be one of the most agreeable topics of discourse with which he and his wife entertained themselves. The pleasantness of this vision, therefore, served only, on his awaking, to set forth his present misery with additional horror, and to heighten the dreadful ideas which now crowded on his mind.

He had spent a considerable time after his first rising from the bed on which he had, without undressing, thrown himself, and now began to wonder at Mrs. Heartfree's long absence; but as the mind is desirous (and perhaps wisely too) to comfort itself with drawing the most flattering conclusions from all events, so he hoped the longer her stay was the more certain was his deliverance. At length his impatience prevailed, and he was just going to despatch a messenger to his own house when his apprentice came to pay him a visit, and on his inquiry informed him that his wife had departed in company with Mr. Wild many hours before, and had carried all his most valuable effects with her; adding at the same time that she had herself posi-

tively acquainted him she had her husband's express orders for so doing, and that she was gone to Holland.

It is the observation of many wise men, who have studied the anatomy of the human soul with more attention than our young physicians generally bestow on that of the body, that great and violent surprise hath a different effect from that which is wrought in a good housewife by perceiving any disorders in her kitchen; who, on such occasions, commonly spreads the disorder, not only over her whole family, but over the whole neighbourhood.—Now, these great calamities, especially when sudden, tend to stifle and deaden all the faculties, instead of rousing them; and accordingly Herodotus tells us a story of Cræsus king of Lydia, who, on beholding his servants and courtiers led captive, wept bitterly, but, when he saw his wife and children in that condition, stood stupid and motionless; so stood poor Heartfree on this relation of his apprentice, nothing moving but his colour, which entirely forsook his countenance.

The apprentice, who had not in the least doubted the veracity of his mistress, perceiving the surprise which too visibly appeared in his master, became speechless likewise, and both remained silent some minutes, gazing with astonishment and horror at each other. At last Heartfree cried out in an agony, "My wife deserted me in my misfortunes!" "Heaven forbid, sir!" answered the other. "And what is become of my poor children?" replied Heartfree. "They are at home, sir," said the apprentice. "Heaven be praised! She hath forsaken them too!" cries Heartfree: "fetch them hither this instant. Go, my dear Jack, bring hither my little all which remains now: fly, child, if thou dost not intend likewise to forsake me in my afflictions." The youth answered he would die sooner than entertain such a thought, and, begging his master to be comforted, instantly obeyed his orders.

Heartfree, the moment the young man was departed, threw himself on his bed in an agony of despair; but, recollecting himself after he had vented the first sallies of his passion, he began to question the infidelity of his wife as a matter impossible. He ran over in his thoughts the uninterrupted tenderness which she had always shown him, and, for a minute, blamed the rashness of his belief against her; till the many circumstances of her having left him so long, and neither writ nor sent to him since her departure with all his effects and with Wild, of whom he was not before without suspicion, and, lastly and chiefly, her false pretence to his commands, entirely turned the scale, and convinced him of her disloyalty.

While he was in these agitations of mind the good apprentice, who had used the utmost expedition, brought his children to him. He embraced them with the most passionate fondness, and imprinted numberless kisses on their little lips. The little girl flew to him with almost as much eagerness as he himself expressed at her sight, and cried out, "O papa, why did you not come home to poor mamma all this while? I thought you would not have left your little Nancy so long." After which he asked her for her mother, and was told she had kissed them both in the morning, and cried very much for his absence. All which brought a flood of tears into the eyes of this weak, silly man, who had not greatness sufficient to conquer these low efforts of tenderness and humanity.

He then proceeded to inquire of the maid-servant, who acquainted him that she knew no more than that her mistress had taken leave of her children in

the morning with many tears and kisses, and had recommended them in the most earnest manner to her care; she said she had promised faithfully to take care of them, and would, while they were intrusted to her, fulfil her promise. For which profession Heartfree expressed much gratitude to her, and, after indulging himself with some little fondnesses which we shall not relate, he delivered his children into the good woman's hands, and dismissed her.

CHAPTER II.

A soliloquy of Heartfree's, full of low and base ideas, without a syllable of GREATNESS.

BEING now alone, he sat some short time silent, and then burst forth into the following soliloquy:—

“What shall I do? Shall I abandon myself to a dispirited despair, or fly in the face of the Almighty? Surely both are unworthy of a wise man; for what can be more vain than weakly to lament my fortune if irretrievable, or, if hope remains, to offend that Being who can most strongly support it? but are my passions then voluntary? Am I so absolutely their master that I can resolve with myself, so far only will I grieve? Certainly no. Reason, however we flatter ourselves, hath not such despotic empire in our minds that it can, with imperial voice, hush all our sorrow in a moment. Where then is its use? For either it is an empty sound, and we are deceived in thinking we have reason, or it is given us to some end, and hath a part assigned it by the all-wise Creator. Why, what can its office be other than justly to weigh the worth of all things, and to direct us to that perfection of human wisdom which proportions our esteem of every object by its real merit, and prevents us from over or undervaluing whatever we hope for, we enjoy, or we lose. It doth not foolishly say to us, Be not glad, or, Be not sorry, which would be as vain and idle as to bid the purling river cease to run, or the raging wind to blow. It prevents us only from exulting, like children, when we receive a toy, or from lamenting when we are deprived of it. Suppose then I have lost the enjoyments of this world, and my expectation of future pleasure and profit is for ever disappointed, what relief can my reason afford? What, unless it can show me I had fixed my affections on a toy; that what I desired was not, by a wise man, eagerly to be affected, nor its loss violently deplored? for there are toys adapted to all ages, from the rattle to the throne; and perhaps the value of all is equal to their several possessors; for if the rattle pleases the ear of the infant, what can the flattery of sycophants give more to the prince? The latter is as far from examining into the reality and source of his pleasure as the former; for if both did, they must both equally despise it. And surely, if we consider them seriously, and compare them together, we shall be forced to conclude all those pomps and pleasures of which men are so fond, and which, through so much danger and difficulty, with such violence and villany, they pursue, to be as worthless trifles as any exposed to sale in a toy-shop. I have often noted my little girl viewing with eager eyes, a jointed baby; I have marked the pains and solicitations she hath used till I have been prevailed on to indulge her with it. At her first obtaining it, what joy hath sparkled in her countenance! with what raptures hath she taken possession! but how little satisfaction hath she found in it! What pains to work out her amusement from it! Its dress must be varied; the tinsel ornaments which first caught her eyes produce no longer pleasure; she endeavours to make it stand and walk in vain, and is con-

strained herself to supply it with conversation. In a day's time it is thrown by and neglected, and some less costly toy preferred to it. How like the situation of this child is that of every man! What difficulties in the pursuit of his desires! what inanity in the possession of most, and satiety in those which seem more real and substantial! The delights of most men are as childish and as superficial as that of my little girl; a feather or a fiddle are their pursuits and their pleasures through life, even to their ripest years, if such men may be said to attain any ripeness at all. But let us survey those whose understandings are of a more elevated and refined temper; how empty do they soon find the world of enjoyments worth their desire or attaining! How soon do they retreat to solitude and contemplation, to gardening and planting, and such rural amusements, where their trees and they enjoy the air and the sun in common, and both vegetate with very little difference between them. But suppose (which neither truth nor wisdom will allow) we could admit something more valuable and substantial in these blessings, would not the uncertainty of their possession be alone sufficient to lower their price? How mean a tenure is that at the will of fortune, which chance, fraud, and rapine are every day so likely to deprive us of, and often the more likely by how much the greater worth our possessions are of! Is it not to place our affections on a bubble in the water, or on a picture in the clouds? What madman would build a fine house or frame a beautiful garden on land in which he held so uncertain an interest? But again, was all this less undeniable, did Fortune, the lady of our manor, lease to us for our lives, of how little consideration must even this term appear! For, admitting that these pleasures were not liable to be torn from us, how certainly must we be torn from them! Perhaps to-morrow—nay, or even sooner; for as the excellent poet says—

Where is to-morrow?—In the other world.
To thousands this is true, and the reverse
Is sure to none.

But if I have no further hope in this world, can I have none beyond it? Surely those laborious writers, who have taken such infinite pains to destroy or weaken all the proofs of futurity, have not so far succeeded as to exclude us from hope. That active principle in man which with such boldness pushes us on through every labour and difficulty, to attain the most distant and most improbable event in this world, will not surely deny us a little flattering prospect of those beautiful mansions which, if they could be thought chimerical, must be allowed the loveliest which can entertain the eye of man; and to which the road, if we understand it rightly, appears to have so few thorns and briars in it, and to require so little labour and fatigue from those who shall pass through it, that its ways are truly said to be ways of pleasantness, and all its paths to be those of peace. If the proofs of christianity be as strong as I imagine them, surely enough may be deduced from that ground only to comfort and support the most miserable man in his afflictions. And this I think my reason tells me that, if the professors and propagators of infidelity are in the right, the losses which death brings to the virtuous are not worth their lamenting; but if these are, as certainly they seem, in the wrong, the blessings it procures them are not sufficiently to be coveted and rejoiced at.

“On my own account then, I have no cause for sorrow, but on my children's!—Why, the same Being to whose goodness and power I intrust my own happiness is likewise as able and willing to

procure theirs. Nor matters it what state of life is allotted for them, whether it be their fate to procure bread with their own labour, or to eat it at the sweat of others. Perhaps, if we consider the case with proper attention, or resolve it with due sincerity, the former is much the sweeter. The hind may be more happy than the lord, for his desires are fewer, and those such as are attended with more hope and less fear. I will do my utmost to lay the foundations of my children's happiness, I will carefully avoid educating them in a station superior to their fortune, and for the event trust to that Being in whom whoever rightly confides must be superior to all worldly sorrows."

In this low manner did this poor wretch proceed to argue, till he had worked himself up into an enthusiasm which by degrees soon became invulnerable to every human attack; so that when Mr. Snap acquainted him with the return of the writ, and that he must carry him to Newgate, he received the message as Socrates did the news of the ship's arrival, and that he was to prepare for death.

CHAPTER III.

Wherein our hero proceeds in the road to GREATNESS.

BUT we must not detain our reader too long with these low characters. He is doubtless as impatient as the audience at the theatre till the principal figure returns on the stage; we will therefore indulge his inclination, and pursue the actions of the Great Wild.

There happened to be in the stage-coach in which Mr. Wild travelled from Dover a certain young gentleman who had sold an estate in Kent, and was going to London to receive the money. There was likewise a handsome young woman who had left her parents at Canterbury, and was proceeding to the same city, in order (as she informed her fellow-travellers) to make her fortune. With this girl the young spark was so much enamoured that he publicly acquainted her with the purpose of his journey, and offered her a considerable sum in hand and a settlement if she would consent to return with him into the country, where she would be at a safe distance from her relations. Whether she accepted this proposal or no we are not able with any tolerable certainty to deliver: but Wild, the moment he heard of his money, began to cast about in his mind by what means he might become master of it. He entered into a long harangue about the methods of carrying money safely on the road, and said, "He had at that time two bank-bills of a hundred pounds each sewed in his coat; which, added he, is so safe a way, that it is almost impossible I should be in any danger of being robbed by the most cunning highwayman."

The young gentleman, who was no descendant of Solomon, or, if he was, did not, any more than some other descendants of wise men, inherit the wisdom of his ancestor, greatly approved Wild's ingenuity, and, thanking him for his information, declared he would follow his example when he returned into the country; by which means he proposed to save the premium commonly taken for the remittance. Wild had then no more to do but to inform himself rightly of the time of the gentleman's journey, which he did with great certainty before they separated.

At his arrival in town he fixed on two whom he regarded as the most resolute of his gang for this enterprise; and, accordingly, having summoned the principal, or most desperate, as he imagined him, of these two (for he never chose to communicate in

the presence of more than one), he proposed to him the robbing and murdering this gentleman.

Mr. Marybone (for that was the gentleman's name to whom he applied) readily agreed to the robbery, but he hesitated at the murder. He said, as to robbery, he had, on much weighing and considering the matter, very well reconciled his conscience to it; for, though that noble kind of robbery which was executed on the highway was, from the cowardice of mankind, less frequent, yet the baser and meaner species, sometimes called cheating, but more commonly known by the name of robbery within the law, was in a manner universal. He did not therefore pretend to the reputation of being so much honestest than other people; but could by no means satisfy himself in the commission of murder, which was a sin of the most heinous nature, and so immediately prosecuted by God's judgment that it never passed undiscovered or unpunished.

Wild, with the utmost disdain in his countenance, answered as follows: "Art thou he whom I have selected out of my whole gang for this glorious undertaking, and dost thou cant of God's revenge against murder? You have, it seems, reconciled your conscience (a pretty word) to robbery from its being so common. Is it then the novelty of murder which deters you? Do you imagine that guns, and pistols, and swords, and knives, are the only instruments of death? Look into the world and see the numbers whom broken fortunes and broken hearts bring untimely to the grave. To omit those glorious heroes who, to their immortal honour, have massacred whole nations, what think you of private persecution, treachery, and slander, by which the very souls of men are in a manner torn from their bodies? Is it not more generous, nay, more good-natured, to send a man to his rest, than, after having plundered him of all he hath, or from malice or malevolence deprived him of his character, to punish him with a languishing death, or, what is worse, a languishing life? Murder, therefore, is not so uncommon as you weakly conceive it, though, as you said of robbery, that more noble kind which lies within the paw of the law may be so. But this is the most innocent in him who doth it, and the most eligible to him who is to suffer it. Believe me, lad, the tongue of a viper is less hurtful than that of a slanderer, and the gilded scales of a rattle-snake less dreadful than the purse of the oppressor. Let me therefore hear no more of your scruples; but consent to my proposal without further hesitation, unless, like a woman, you are afraid of bleeding your clothes, or, like a fool, are terrified with the apprehensions of being hanged in chains. Take my word for it, you had better be an honest man than half a rogue. Do not think of continuing in my gang without abandoning yourself absolutely to my pleasure; for no man shall ever receive a favour at my hands who sticks at any thing, or is guided by any other law than that of my will."

Wild thus ended his speech, which had not the desired effect on Marybone: he agreed to the robbery, but would not undertake the murder, as Wild (who feared that, by Marybone's demanding to search the gentleman's coat, he might hazard suspicion himself) insisted. Marybone was immediately entered by Wild in his black-book, and was presently after impeached and executed as a fellow on whom his leader could not place sufficient dependence; thus falling, as many rogues do, a sacrifice, not to his roguery, but to his conscience.

CHAPTER IV.

In which a young hero, of wonderful good promise, makes his first appearance, with many other GREAT MATTERS.

OUR hero next applied himself to another of his gang, who instantly received his orders, and, instead of hesitating at a single murder, asked if he should blow out the brains of all the passengers, coachman and all. But Wild, whose moderation we have before noted, would not permit him; and therefore, having given him an exact description of the devoted person, with his other necessary instructions, he dismissed him, with the strictest orders to avoid, if possible, doing hurt to any other person.

The name of this youth, who will hereafter make some figure in this history, being the Achates of our Æneas, or rather the Hæphæstion of our Alexander, was Fireblood. He had every qualification to make a second-rate GREAT man; or, in other words, he was completely equipped for the tool of a real or first-rate GREAT man. We shall therefore (which is the properest way of dealing with this kind of GREATNESS) describe him negatively, and content ourselves with telling our reader what qualities he had not; in which number were humanity, modesty, and fear, not one grain of any of which was mingled in his whole composition.

We will now leave this youth, who was esteemed the most promising of the whole gang, and whom Wild often declared to be one of the prettiest lads he had ever seen, of which opinion, indeed, were most other people of his acquaintance; we will however leave him at his entrance on this enterprise, and keep our attention fixed on our hero, whom we shall observe taking large strides towards the summit of human glory.

Wild, immediately at his return to town, went to pay a visit to Miss Lætitia Snap; for he had that weakness of suffering himself to be enslaved by women, so naturally incident to men of heroic disposition; to say the truth, it might more properly be called a slavery to his own appetite; for, could he have satisfied that, he had not cared three farthings what had become of the little tyrant for whom he professed so violent a regard. Here he was informed that Mr. Heartfree had been conveyed to Newgate the day before, the writ being then returnable. He was somewhat concerned at this news; not from any compassion for the misfortunes of Heartfree, whom he hated with such inveteracy that one would have imagined he had suffered the same injuries from him which he had done towards him. His concern therefore had another motive; in fact, he was uneasy at the place of Mr. Heartfree's confinement, as it was to be the scene of his future glory, and where consequently he should be frequently obliged to see a face which hatred, and not shame, made him detest the sight of.

To prevent this, therefore, several methods suggested themselves to him. At first he thought of removing him out of the way by the ordinary method of murder, which he doubted not but Fireblood would be very ready to execute; for that youth had, at their last interview, sworn, D—n his eyes, he thought there was no better pastime than blowing a man's brains out. But, besides the danger of this method, it did not look horrible nor barbarous enough for the last mischief which he should do to Heartfree. Considering, therefore, a little farther with himself, he at length came to a resolution to hang him, if possible, the very next sessions.

Now, though the observation—how apt men are to hate those they injure, or how unforgiving they are of the injuries they do themselves, be common enough,

yet I do not remember to have ever seen the reason of this strange phenomenon as at first it appears. Know therefore, reader, that with much and severe scrutiny we have discovered this hatred to be founded on the passion of fear, and to arise from an apprehension that the person whom we have ourselves greatly injured will use all possible endeavours to revenge and retaliate the injuries we have done him. An opinion so firmly established in bad and great minds (and those who confer injuries on others have seldom very good or mean ones) that no benevolence, nor even beneficence, on the injured side, can eradicate it. On the contrary, they refer all these acts of kindness to imposture and design of lulling their suspicion, till an opportunity offers of striking a surer and severer blow; and thus, while the good man who hath received it hath truly forgotten the injury, the evil mind which did it hath it in lively and fresh remembrance.

As we scorn to keep any discoveries secret from our readers, whose instruction, as well as diversion, we have greatly considered in this history, we have here digressed somewhat to communicate the following short lesson to those who are simple and well inclined: though as a christian thou art obliged, and we advise thee, to forgive thy enemy, NEVER TRUST THE MAN WHO HATH REASON TO SUSPECT THAT YOU KNOW HE HATH INJURED YOU.

CHAPTER V.

More and more GREATNESS, unparalleled in history or romance.

IN order to accomplish this great and noble scheme, which the vast genius of Wild had contrived, the first necessary step was to regain the confidence of Heartfree. But, however necessary this was, it seemed to be attended with such insurmountable difficulties, that even our hero for some time despaired of success. He was greatly superior to all mankind in the steadiness of his countenance, but this undertaking seemed to require more of that noble quality than had ever been the portion of a mortal. However, at last he resolved to attempt it, and from his success I think we may fairly assert that what was said by the Latin poet of labour, that it conquers all things, is much more true when applied to impudence.

When he had formed his plan he went to Newgate, and burst resolutely into the presence of Heartfree, whom he eagerly embraced and kissed; and then, first arraigning his own rashness, and afterwards lamenting his unfortunate want of success, he acquainted him with the particulars of what had happened; concealing only that single incident of his attack on the other's wife, and his motive to the undertaking, which, he assured Heartfree, was a desire to preserve his effects from a statute of bankruptcy.

The frank openness of this declaration, with the composure of countenance with which it was delivered; his seeming only ruffled by the concern for his friend's misfortune; the probability of truth attending it, joined to the boldness and disinterested appearance of this visit, together with his many professions of immediate service at a time when he could not have the least visible motive from self-love; and above all, his offering him money, the last and surest token of friendship, rushed with such united force on the well-disposed heart, as it is vulgarly called, of this simple man, that they instantly staggered and soon subverted all the determination he had before made in prejudice of Wild, who, perceiving the balance to be turning in his

favour, presently threw in a hundred imprecations on his own folly and ill-advised forwardness to serve his friend, which had thus unhappily produced his ruin; he added as many curses on the count, whom he vowed to pursue with revenge all over Europe; lastly, he cast in some grains of comfort, assuring Heartfree that his wife was fallen into the gentlest hands, that she would be carried no farther than Dunkirk, whence she might very easily be redeemed.

Heartfree, to whom the lightest presumption of his wife's fidelity would have been more delicious than the absolute restoration of all his jewels, and who, indeed, had with the utmost difficulty been brought to entertain the slightest suspicion of her inconstancy, immediately abandoned all distrust of both her and his friend, whose sincerity (luckily for Wild's purpose) seemed to him to depend on the same evidence. He then embraced our hero, who had in his countenance all the symptoms of the deepest concern, and begged him to be comforted; saying that the intentions, rather than the actions of men, conferred obligations; that as to the event of human affairs, it was governed either by chance or some superior agent; that friendship was concerned only in the direction of our designs; and suppose these failed of success, or produced an event never so contrary to their aim, the merit of a good intention was not in the least lessened, but was rather entitled to compassion.

Heartfree however was soon curious enough to inquire how Wild had escaped the captivity which his wife then suffered. Here likewise he recounted the whole truth, omitting only the motive to the French captain's cruelty, for which he assigned a very different reason, namely, his attempt to secure Heartfree's jewels. Wild indeed always kept as much truth as was possible in everything; and this he said was turning the cannon of the enemy upon themselves.

Wild, having thus with admirable and truly laudable conduct achieved the first step, began to discourse on the badness of the world, and particularly to blame the severity of creditors, who seldom or never attended to any unfortunate circumstances, but without mercy inflicted confinement on the debtor, whose body the law, with very unjustifiable rigour, delivered into their power. He added, that for his part, he looked on this restraint to be as heavy a punishment as any appointed by law for the greatest offenders. That the loss of liberty was, in his opinion, equal to, if not worse, than the loss of life; that he had always determined, if by any accident or misfortune he had been subjected to the former, he would run the greatest risk of the latter to rescue himself from it; which he said, if men did not want resolution, was always enough; for that it was ridiculous to conceive that two or three men could confine two or three hundred, unless the prisoners were either fools or cowards, especially when they were neither chained nor fettered. He went on in this manner till, perceiving the utmost attention in Heartfree, he ventured to propose to him an endeavour to make his escape, which he said might easily be executed; that he would himself raise a party in the prison, and that, if a murder or two should happen in the attempt, he (Heartfree) might keep free from any share either in the guilt or in the danger.

There is one misfortune which attends all great men and their schemes, *viz.*—that, in order to carry them into execution, they are obliged, in proposing their purpose to their tools, to discover themselves to be of that disposition in which certain little writers have advised mankind to place no confi-

dence; an advice which hath been sometimes taken. Indeed, many inconveniences arise to the said great men from these scribblers publishing without restraint their hints or alarms to society; and many great and glorious schemes have been thus frustrated; wherefore it were to be wished that in all well-regulated governments such liberties should be by some wholesome laws restrained, and all writers inhibited from venting any other instructions to the people than what should be first approved and licensed by the said great men, or their proper instruments or tools; by which means nothing would ever be published but what made for the advancing their most noble projects.

Heartfree, whose suspicions were again raised by this advice, viewing Wild with inconceivable disdain, spoke as follows: "There is one thing the loss of which I should deplore infinitely beyond that of liberty and of life also; I mean that of a good conscience; a blessing which he who possesses can never be thoroughly unhappy; for the bitterest portion of life is by this so sweetened, that it soon becomes palatable; whereas, without it, the most delicate enjoyments quickly lose all their relish, and life itself grows insipid, or rather nauseous, to us. Would you then lessen my misfortunes by robbing me of what hath been my only comfort under them, and on which I place my dependence of being relieved from them? I have read that Socrates refused to save his life by breaking the laws of his country, and departing from his prison when it was open. Perhaps my virtue would not go so far; but heaven forbid liberty should have such charms to tempt me to the perpetration of so horrid a crime as murder! As to the poor evasion of committing it by other hands, it might be useful indeed to those who seek only the escape from temporal punishment, but can be of no service to excuse me to that Being whom I chiefly fear offending; nay, it would greatly aggravate my guilt by so impudent an endeavour to impose upon him, and by so wickedly involving others in my crime. Give me, therefore, no more advice of this kind; for this is my great comfort in all my afflictions, that it is in the power of no enemy to rob me of my conscience, nor will I ever be so much my own enemy as to injure it."

Though our hero heard all this with proper contempt, he made no direct answer, but endeavoured to evade his proposal as much as possible, which he did with admirable dexterity: this method of getting tolerably well off, when you are repulsed in your attack on a man's conscience, may be styled the art of retreating, in which the politician, as well as the general, hath sometimes a wonderful opportunity of displaying his great abilities in his profession.

Wild, having made this admirable retreat, and argued away all design of involving his friend in the guilt of murder, concluded, however, that he thought him rather too scrupulous in not attempting his escape; and then, promising to use all such means as the other would permit in his service, took his leave for the present. Heartfree, having indulged himself an hour with his children, repaired to rest, which he enjoyed quiet and undisturbed; whilst Wild, disdaining repose, sat up all night, consulting how he might bring about the final destruction of his friend without being beholden to any assistance from himself, which he now despaired of procuring. With the result of these consultations we shall acquaint our reader in good time, but at present we have matters of much more consequence to relate to him.

CHAPTER VI.

The event of Fireblood's adventure : and a treaty of marriage, which might have been concluded either at Smithfield or St. James's.

FIREBLOOD returned from his enterprise unsuccessful. The gentleman happened to go home another way than he had intended ; so that the whole design miscarried. Fireblood had indeed robbed the coach, and had wantonly discharged a pistol into it, which slightly wounded one of the passengers in the arm. The booty he met with was not very considerable, though much greater than that with which he acquainted Wild ; for of eleven pounds in money, two silver watches, and a wedding-ring, he produced no more than two guineas and the ring, which he protested with numberless oaths was his whole booty. However, when an advertisement of the robbery was published, with a reward promised for the ring and the watches, Fireblood was obliged to confess the whole, and to acquaint our hero where he had pawned the watches ; which Wild, taking the full value of them for his pains, restored to the right owner.

He did not fail catechising his young friend on this occasion. He said he was sorry to see any of his gang guilty of a breach of honour ; that without honour *priggery* was at an end ; that if a *prig* had but honour he would overlook every vice in the world. "But, nevertheless," said he, "I will forgive you this time, as you are a hopeful lad ; and I hope never afterwards to find you delinquent in this great point."

Wild had now brought his gang to great regularity : he was obeyed and feared by them all. He had likewise established an office where all men who were robbed, paying the value only (or a little more) of their goods, might have them again. This was of notable use to several persons who had lost pieces of plate they had received from their grandmothers ; to others who had a particular value for certain rings, watches, heads of canes, snuff-boxes, &c., for which they would not have taken twenty times as much as they were worth, either because they had them a little while or a long time, or that somebody else had had them before, or from some other such excellent reason, which often stamps a greater value on a toy than the great Bubble-boy himself would have the impudence to set upon it.

By these means he seemed in so promising a way of procuring a fortune, and was regarded in so thriving a light by all the gentlemen of his acquaintance, as by the keeper and turnkeys of Newgate, by Mr. Snap, and others of his occupation, that Mr. Snap one day, taking Mr. Wild the elder aside, very seriously proposed what they had often lightly talked over, a strict union between their families, by marrying his daughter Tishy to our hero. This proposal was very readily accepted by the old gentleman, who promised to acquaint his son with it.

On the morrow on which this message was to be delivered our hero, little dreaming of the happiness which, of his own accord, was advancing so near towards him, had called Fireblood to him ; and, after informing that youth of the violence of his passion for the young lady, and assuring him what confidence he reposed in him and his honour, he despatched him to Miss Tishy with the following letter ; which we here insert, not only as we take it to be extremely curious, but to be a much better pattern for that epistolary kind of writing which is generally called love-letters than any to be found in the *academy of compliments*, and which we challenge all the beaux of our time to excel either in matter or spelling.

"MOST DEIVINE and ADWHORABLE CREETURE,—I doubt not but those IIs, briter than the son, which have kindled such a flam in my hart, have likewise the faculty of seeing it. It would be the hiest preassumption to imagin you eggnorant of my loav. No, madam, I sollemly purtest, that of all the butys in the unaversal glob, there is none kapable of hateracting my IIs like you. Corts and pallaces would be to me deserts without your kumpany, and with it a wilderness would have more charms than haven itself. For I hop you will beleve me when I sware every place in the universe is a haven with you. I am konvinced you must be sinsibel of my violent passion for you, which, if I endeavored to hid it, would be as impossible as for you, or the son, to hid your buty's. I assure you I have not slept a wink since I had the happiness of seeing you last ; therefore hop you will, out of Kumpassion, let me have the honour of seeing you this afternune ; for I am, with the greatest adwhoration, most deivine creeture, Iour most passionate amirer, adwhorer, and slave,
JONATHAN WYLD."

If the spelling of this letter be not so strictly orthographical, the reader will be pleased to remember that such a defect might be worthy of censure in a low and scholastic character, but can be no blemish in that sublime greatness of which we endeavour to raise a complete idea in this history. In which kind of composition spelling, or indeed any kind of human literature, hath never been thought a necessary ingredient ; for if these sort of great personages can but complot and contrive their noble schemes, and hack and hew mankind sufficiently, there will never be wanting fit and able persons who can spell to record their praises. Again, if it should be observed that the style of this letter doth not exactly correspond with that of our hero's speeches which we have here recorded, we answer, it is sufficient if in these the historian adheres faithfully to the matter, though he embellishes the diction with some flourishes of his own eloquence, without which the excellent speeches recorded in ancient historians (particularly in Sallust) would have scarce been found in their writings. Nay, even amongst the moderns, famous as they are for elocution, it may be doubted whether those inimitable harangues published in the monthly magazines came literally from the mouths of the HURGOS, &c., as they are there inserted, or whether we may not rather suppose some historian of great eloquence hath borrowed the matter only, and adorned it with those rhetorical flowers for which many of the said HURGOS are not so extremely eminent.

CHAPTER VII.

Matters preliminary to the marriage between Mr. Jonathan Wild and the chaste Lætitia.

BUT to proceed with our history ; Fireblood, having received this letter, and promised on his honour, with many voluntary asseverations, to discharge the embassy faithfully, went to visit the fair Lætitia. The lady, having opened the letter and read it, put on an air of disdain, and told Mr. Fireblood she could not conceive what Mr. Wild meant by troubling her with his impertinence ; she begged him to carry the letter back again, saying, had she known from whom it came, she would have been d—d before she had opened it. "But with you, young gentleman," says she, "I am not in the least angry. I am rather sorry that so pretty a young man should be employed in such an errand." She accompanied these words with so tender an accent and so wanton a leer, that Fireblood, who was no backward youth, began to take her by the hand, and proceeded so warmly, that, to imitate his actions with the rapidity of our narration, he in a few minutes ravished this fair creature, or at least would have ravished her, if she had not, by a timely compliance, prevented him.

Fireblood, after he had ravished as much as he could, returned to Wild, and acquainted him, as far

as any wise man would, with what had passed; concluding with many praises of the young lady's beauty, with whom, he said, if his honour would have permitted him, he should himself have fallen in love; but, d—n him if he would not sooner be torn in pieces by wild horses than even think of injuring his friend. He asserted indeed, and swore so heartily, that, had not Wild been so thoroughly convinced of the impregnable chastity of the lady, he might have suspected his success; however, he was, by these means, entirely satisfied of his friend's inclination towards his mistress.

Thus constituted were the love affairs of our hero when his father brought him Mr. Snap's proposal. The reader must know very little of love, or indeed of anything else, if he requires any information concerning the reception which this proposal met with. *Not guilty* never sounded sweeter in the ears of a prisoner at the bar, nor the sound of a reprieve to one at the gallows, than did every word of the old gentleman in the ears of our hero. He gave his father full power to treat in his name, and desired nothing more than expedition.

The old people now met, and Snap, who had information from his daughter of the violent passion of her lover, endeavoured to improve it to the best advantage, and would have not only declined giving her any fortune himself, but have attempted to cheat her of what she owed to the liberality of her relations, particularly of a pint silver caudle-cup, the gift of her grandmother. However, in this the young lady herself afterwards took care to prevent him. As to the old Mr. Wild, he did not sufficiently attend to all the designs of Snap, as his faculties were busily employed in designs of his own, to overreach (or, as others express it, to cheat) the said Mr. Snap, by pretending to give his son a whole number for a chair, when in reality he was entitled to a third only.

While matters were thus settling between the old folks the young lady agreed to admit Mr. Wild's visits, and, by degrees, began to entertain him with all the show of affection which the great natural reserve of her temper, and the greater artificial reserve of her education, would permit. At length, everything being agreed between their parents, settlements made, and the lady's fortune (to wit, seventeen pounds and nine shillings in money and goods) paid down, the day for their nuptials was fixed, and they were celebrated accordingly.

Most private histories, as well as comedies, end at this period; the historian and the poet both concluding they have done enough for their hero when they have married him; or intimating rather that the rest of his life must be a dull calm of happiness, very delightful indeed to pass through, but somewhat insipid to relate; and matrimony in general must, I believe, without any dispute, be allowed to be this state of tranquil felicity, including so little variety, that, like Salisbury Plain, it affords only one prospect, a very pleasant one it must be confessed, but the same.

Now there was all the probability imaginable that this contract would have proved of such happy note, both from the great accomplishments of the young lady, who was thought to be possessed of every qualification necessary to make the marriage state happy, and from the truly ardent passion of Mr. Wild; but, whether it was that nature and fortune had great designs for him to execute, and would not suffer his vast abilities to be lost and sunk in the arms of a wife, or whether neither nature nor fortune had any hand in the matter, is a point I will not determine. Certain it is that this match did not

produce that serene state we have mentioned above, but resembled the most turbulent and ruffled, rather than the most calm sea.

I cannot here omit a conjecture, ingenious enough, of a friend, of mine, who had a long intimacy in the Wild family. He hath often told me he fancied one reason of the dissatisfactions which afterwards fell out between Wild and his lady arose from the number of gallants to whom she had, before marriage, granted favours; for, says he, and indeed very probable it is too, the lady might expect from her husband what she had before received from several, and, being angry not to find one man as good as ten, she had, from that indignation, taken those steps which we cannot perfectly justify.

From this person I received the following dialogue, which he assured me he had overheard and taken down *verbatim*. It passed on the day fortnight after they were married.

CHAPTER VIII.

A dialogue matrimonial, which passed between Jonathan Wild, esq., and Lætitia his wife, on the morning of the day fortnight on which his nuptials were celebrated; which concluded more amicably than those debates generally do.

Jonathan. My dear, I wish you would lie a little longer in bed this morning.

Lætitia. Indeed I cannot; I am engaged to breakfast with Jack Strongbow.

Jonathan. I don't know what Jack Strongbow doth so often at my house. I assure you I am uneasy at it; for, though I have no suspicion of your virtue, yet it may injure your reputation in the opinion of my neighbours.

Lætitia. I don't trouble my head about my neighbours; and they shall no more tell me what company I am to keep than my husband shall.

Jonathan. A good wife would keep no company which made her husband uneasy.

Lætitia. You might have found one of those good wives, sir, if you had pleased; I had no objection to it.

Jonathan. I thought I had found one in you.

Lætitia. You did! I am very much obliged to you for thinking me so poor-spirited a creature; but I hope to convince you to the contrary. What, I suppose you took me for a raw senseless girl, who knew nothing what other married women do!

Jonathan. No matter what I took you for; I have taken you for better and worse.

Lætitia. And at your own desire too; for I am sure you never had mine. I should not have broken my heart if Mr. Wild had thought proper to bestow himself on any other more happy woman. Ha, ha!

Jonathan. I hope, madam, you don't imagine that was not in my power, or that I married you out of any kind of necessity.

Lætitia. O no, sir; I am convinced there are silly women enough. And far be it from me to accuse you of any necessity for a wife. I believe you could have been very well contented with the state of a bachelor; I have no reason to complain of your necessities; but that, you know, a woman cannot tell beforehand.

Jonathan. I can't guess what you would insinuate, for I believe no woman had ever less reason to complain of her husband's want of fondness.

Lætitia. Then some, I am certain, have great reason to complain of the price they give for them. But I know better things. (*These words were spoken with a very great air, and toss of the head.*)

Jonathan. Well, my sweeting, I will make it impossible for you to wish me more fond.

Lætitia. Pray, Mr. Wild, none of this nauseous

behaviour, nor those odious words. I wish you were fond! I assure you, I don't know what you would pretend to insinuate of me. I have no wishes which misbecome a virtuous woman. No, nor should not, if I had married for love. And especially now, when nobody, I am sure, can suspect me of any such thing.

Jonathan. If you did not marry for love why did you marry?

Lætitia. Because it was convenient, and my parents forced me.

Jonathan. I hope, madam, at least, you will not tell me to my face you have made your convenience of me.

Lætitia. I have made nothing of you; nor do I desire the honour of making anything of you.

Jonathan. Yes, you have made a husband of me.

Lætitia. No, you made yourself so; for I repeat once more it was not my desire, but your own.

Jonathan. You should think yourself obliged to me for that desire.

Lætitia. La, sir! you was not so singular in it. I was not in despair. I have had other offers, and better too.

Jonathan. I wish you had accepted them with all my heart.

Lætitia. I must tell you, Mr. Wild, this is a very brutish manner of treating a woman to whom you have such obligations; but I know how to despise it, and to despise you too for showing it me. Indeed I am well enough paid for the foolish preference I gave to you. I flattered myself that I should at least have been used with good manners. I thought I had married a gentleman; but I find you every way contemptible and below my concern.

Jonathan. D—n you, madam, have I not more reason to complain when you tell me you married me for your convenience only?

Lætitia. Very fine truly. Is it behaviour worthy a man to swear at a woman? Yet why should I mention what comes from a wretch whom I despise.

Jonathan. Don't repeat that word so often. I despise you as heartily as you can me. And, to tell you a truth, I married you for my convenience likewise, to satisfy a passion which I have now satisfied, and you may be d—d for anything I care.

Lætitia. The world shall know how barbarously I am treated by such a villain.

Jonathan. I need take very little pains to acquaint the world what a b—ch you are, your actions will demonstrate it.

Lætitia. Monster! I would advise you not to depend too much on my sex, and provoke me too far; for I can do you a mischief, and will, if you dare use me so, you villain!

Jonathan. Begin whenever you please, madam; but assure yourself, the moment you lay aside the woman, I will treat you as such no longer; and if the first blow is yours, I promise you the last shall be mine.

Lætitia. Use me as you will; but d—n me if ever you shall use me as a woman again; for may I be cursed if ever I enter into your bed more.

Jonathan. May I be cursed if that abstinence be not the greatest obligation you can lay upon me; for I assure you faithfully your person was all I had ever any regard for; and that I now loath and detest as much as ever I liked it.

Lætitia. It is impossible for two people to agree better; for I always detested your person; and as for any other regard, you must be convinced I never could have any for you.

Jonathan. Why, then, since we come to a right understanding, as we are to live together, suppose

we agreed, instead of quarrelling and abusing, to be civil to each other.

Lætitia. With all my heart.

Jonathan. Let us shake hands then, and hence-forwards never live like man and wife; that is, never be loving nor ever quarrel.

Lætitia. Agreed. But pray, Mr. Wild, why b—ch? Why did you suffer such a word to escape you.

Jonathan. It is not worth your remembrance.

Lætitia. You agree I shall converse with whom-sover I please?

Jonathan. Without control. And I have the same liberty?

Lætitia. When I interfere may every curse you can wish attend me!

Jonathan. Let us now take a farewell kiss, and may I be hanged if it is not the sweetest you ever gave me.

Lætitia. But why b—ch? Methinks I should be glad to know why b—ch?

At which words he sprang from the bed, d—ing her temper heartily. She returned it again with equal abuse, which was continued on both sides while he was dressing. However, they agreed to continue steadfast in this new resolution; and the joy arising on that occasion at length dismissed them pretty cheerfully from each other, though Lætitia could not help concluding with the words, why b—ch?

CHAPTER IX.

Observations on the foregoing dialogue, together with a base design on our hero, which must be detested by every lover of GREATNESS.

THUS did this dialogue (which, though we have termed it matrimonial, had indeed very little savour of the sweets of matrimony in it) produce at last a resolution more wise than strictly pious, and which, if they could have rigidly adhered to it, might have prevented some unpleasant moments as well to our hero as to his serene consort; but their hatred was so very great and unaccountable that they never could bear to see the least composure in one another's countenance without attempting to ruffle it. This set them on so many contrivances to plague and vex one another, that, as their proximity afforded them such frequent opportunities of executing their malicious purposes, they seldom passed one easy or quiet day together.

And this, reader, and no other, is the cause of those many inquietudes which thou must have observed to disturb the repose of some married couples who mistake implacable hatred for indifference; for why should Corvinus, who lives in a round of intrigue, and seldom doth, and never willingly would, dally with his wife, endeavour to prevent her from the satisfaction of an intrigue in her turn? Why doth Camilla refuse a more agreeable invitation abroad, only to expose her husband at his own table at home? In short, to mention no more instances, whence can all the quarrels, and jealousies, and jars proceed in people who have no love for each other, unless from that noble passion above mentioned, that desire, according to my lady Betty Modish, of *curing each other of a smile.*

We thought proper to give our reader a short taste of the domestic state of our hero, the rather to show him that great men are subject to the same frailties and inconveniences in ordinary life with little men, and that heroes are really of the same species with other human creatures, notwithstanding all the pains they themselves or their flatterers take to assert the contrary; and that they differ

chiefly in the immensity of their greatness, or, as the vulgar erroneously call it, villany. Now, therefore, that we may not dwell too long on low scenes in a history of the sublime kind, we shall return to actions of a higher note and more suitable to our purpose.

When the boy Hymen had, with his lighted torch, driven the boy Cupid out of doors, that is to say, in common phrase, when the violence of Mr. Wild's passion (or rather appetite) for the chaste Lætitia began to abate, he returned to visit his friend Heartfree, who was now in the liberties of the Fleet, and had appeared to the commission of bankruptcy against him. Here he met with a more cold reception than he himself had apprehended. Heartfree had long entertained suspicions of Wild, but these suspicions had from time to time been confounded with circumstances, and principally smothered with that amazing confidence which was indeed the most striking virtue in our hero. Heartfree was unwilling to condemn his friend without certain evidence, and laid hold on every probable semblance to acquit him; but the proposal made at his last visit had so totally blackened his character in this poor man's opinion, that it entirely fixed the wavering scale, and he no longer doubted but that our hero was one of the greatest villains in the world.

Circumstances of great improbability often escape men who devour a story with greedy ears; the reader, therefore, cannot wonder that Heartfree, whose passions were so variously concerned, first for the fidelity, and secondly for the safety of his wife; and, lastly, who was so distracted with doubt concerning the conduct of his friend, should at this relation pass unobserved the incident of his being committed to the boat by the captain of the privateer, which he had at the time of his telling so lamely accounted for; but now, when Heartfree came to reflect on the whole, and with a high prepossession against Wild, the absurdity of this fact glared in his eyes and struck him in the most sensible manner. At length a thought of great horror suggested itself to his imagination, and this was, whether the whole was not a fiction, and Wild, who was, as he had learned from his own mouth, equal to any undertaking how black soever, had not spirited away, robbed, and murdered his wife.

Intolerable as this apprehension was, he not only turned it round and examined it carefully in his own mind, but acquainted young Friendly with it at their next interview. Friendly, who detested Wild (from that envy probably with which these GREAT CHARACTERS naturally inspire low fellows), encouraged these suspicions so much, that Heartfree resolved to attack our hero and carry him before a magistrate.

This resolution had been some time taken, and Friendly, with a warrant and a constable, had with the utmost diligence searched several days for our hero; but, whether it was that in compliance with modern custom he had retired to spend the honeymoon with his bride, the only moon indeed in which it is fashionable or customary for the married parties to have any correspondence with each other; or perhaps his habitation might for particular reasons be usually kept a secret, like those of some few great men whom unfortunately the law hath left out of that reasonable as well as honourable provision which it hath made for the security of the persons of other great men.

But Wild resolved to perform works of supererogation in the way of honour, and, though no hero is obliged to answer the challenge of my lord chief justice, or indeed of any other magistrate, but may with

unblemished reputation slide away from it, yet such was the bravery, such the greatness, the magnanimity of Wild, that he appeared in person to it.

Indeed envy may say one thing, which may lessen the glory of this action, namely, that the said Mr. Wild knew nothing of the said warrant or challenge; and as thou mayest be assured, reader, that the malicious fury will omit nothing which can anyways sully so great a character, so she hath endeavoured to account for this second visit of our hero to his friend Heartfree from a very different motive than that of asserting his own innocence.

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Wild with unprecedented generosity visits his friend Heartfree, and the ungrateful reception he met with.

It hath been said then that Mr. Wild, not being able on the strictest examination to find in a certain spot of human nature called his own heart the least grain of that pitiful low quality called honesty, had resolved, perhaps a little too generally, that there was no such thing. He therefore imputed the resolution with which Mr. Heartfree had so positively refused to concern himself in murder, either to a fear of bloodying his hands or the apprehension of a ghost, or lest he should make an additional example in that excellent book called God's Revenge against Murder; and doubted not but he would (at least in his present necessity) agree without scruple to a simple robbery, especially where any considerable booty should be proposed, and the safety of the attack plausibly made appear; which if he could prevail on him to undertake, he would immediately afterwards get him impeached, convicted, and hanged. He no sooner therefore had discharged his duties to Hymen, and heard that Heartfree had procured himself the liberties of the Fleet, than he resolved to visit him, and to propose a robbery with all the allurements of profit, ease, and safety.

This proposal was no sooner made than it was answered by Heartfree in the following manner:

"I might have hoped the answer which I gave to your former advice would have prevented me from the danger of receiving a second affront of this kind. An affront I call it, and surely, if it be so to call a man a villain, it can be no less to show him you suppose him one. Indeed, it may be wondered how any man can arrive at the boldness, I may say impudence, of first making such an overture to another; surely it is seldom done, unless to those who have previously betrayed some symptoms of their own baseness. If I have therefore shown you any such, these insults are more pardonable; but I assure you, if such appear, they discharge all their malignance outwardly, and reflect not even a shadow within; for to me baseness seems inconsistent with this rule, OF DOING NO OTHER PERSON AN INJURY FROM ANY MOTIVE OR ON ANY CONSIDERATION WHATSOEVER. This, sir, is the rule by which I am determined to walk, nor can that man justify disbelieving me who will not own he walks not by it himself. But, whether it be allowed to me or no, or whether I feel the good effects of its being practised by others, I am resolved to maintain it; for surely no man can reap a benefit from my pursuing it equal to the comfort I myself enjoy: for what a ravishing thought, how replete with ecstasy, must the consideration be, that Almighty Goodness is by its own nature engaged to reward me! How indifferent must such a persuasion make a man to all the occurrences of this life! What trifles must he represent to himself both the enjoyments and the afflictions of this world! How easily must he acquiesce under missing the former, and how patiently will he

submit to the latter, who is convinced that his failing of a transitory imperfect reward here is a most certain argument of his obtaining one permanent and complete hereafter! Dost thou think then, thou little, paltry, mean animal (with such language did he treat our truly great man), that I will forego such comfortable expectations for any pitiful reward which thou canst suggest or promise to me; for that sordid lucre for which all pains and labour are undertaken by the industrious, and all barbarities and iniquities committed by the vile; for a worthless acquisition, which such as thou art can possess, can give, or can take away?" The former part of this speech occasioned much yawning in our hero, but the latter roused his anger; and he was collecting his rage to answer, when Friendly and the constable, who had been summoned by Heartfree on Wild's first appearance, entered the room, and seized the great man just as his wrath was bursting from his lips.

The dialogue which now ensued is not worth relating: Wild was soon acquainted with the reason of this rough treatment, and presently conveyed before a magistrate.

Notwithstanding the doubts raised by Mr. Wild's lawyer on his examination, he insisting that the proceeding was improper, for that a *writ de homine replegiando* should issue, and on the return of that a *capias in withernam*, the justice inclined to commitment, so that Wild was driven to other methods for his defence. He therefore acquainted the justice that there was a young man likewise with him in the boat, and begged that he might be sent for, which request was accordingly granted, and the faithful Achates (Mr. Fireblood) was soon produced to bear testimony for his friend, which he did with so much becoming zeal, and went through his examination with such coherence (though he was forced to collect his evidence from the hints given him by Wild in the presence of the justice and the accusers), that, as here was direct evidence against mere presumption, our hero was most honourably acquitted, and poor Heartfree was charged by the justice, the audience, and all others who afterwards heard the story, with the blackest ingratitude, in attempting to take away the life of a man to whom he had such eminent obligations.

Lest so vast an effort of friendship as this of Fireblood's should too violently surprise the reader in this degenerate age, it may be proper to inform him that, beside the ties of engagement in the same employ, another nearer and stronger alliance subsisted between our hero and this youth, which latter was just departed from the arms of the lovely Lætitia when he received her husband's message; an instance which may also serve to justify those strict intercourses of love and acquaintance which so commonly subsist in modern history between the husband and gallant, displaying the vast force of friendship contracted by this more honourable than legal alliance, which is thought to be at present one of the strongest bonds of amity between great men, and the most reputable as well as easy way to their favour.

Four months had now passed since Heartfree's first confinement, and his affairs had begun to wear a more benign aspect; but they were a good deal injured by this attempt on Wild (so dangerous is any attack on a GREAT MAN), several of his neighbours, and particularly one or two of his own trade, industriously endeavouring, from their bitter animosity against such kind of iniquity, to spread and exaggerate his ingratitude as much as possible; not in the least scrupling, in the violent ardour of their indignation, to add some small circumstances of their

own knowledge of the many obligations conferred on Heartfree by Wild. To all these scandals he quietly submitted, comforting himself in the consciousness of his own innocence, and confiding in time, the sure friend of justice, to acquit him.

CHAPTER XI.

A scheme so deeply laid, that it shames all the politics of this our age; with digression and subdigression.

WILD having now, to the hatred he bore Heartfree on account of those injuries he had done him, an additional spur from this injury received (for so it appeared to him, who, no more than the most ignorant, considered how truly he deserved it), applied his utmost industry to accomplish the ruin of one whose very name sounded odious in his ears; when luckily a scheme arose in his imagination which not only promised to effect it securely, but (which pleased him most) by means of the mischief he had already done him; and which would at once load him with the imputation of having committed what he himself had done to him, and would bring on him the severest punishment for a fact of which he was not only innocent, but had already so greatly suffered by. And this was no other than to charge him with having conveyed away his wife, with his most valuable effects, in order to defraud his creditors.

He no sooner started this thought than he immediately resolved on putting it in execution. What remained to consider was only the *quomodo*, and the person or tool to be employed; for the stage of the world differs from that in Drury-lane principally in this—that whereas, on the latter, the hero or chief figure is almost continually before your eyes, whilst the under-actors are not seen above once in an evening; now, on the former, the hero or great man is always behind the curtain, and seldom or never appears or doth anything in his own person. He doth indeed, in this grand drama, rather perform the part of the prompter, and doth instruct the well-dressed figures, who are strutting in public on the stage, what to say and do. To say the truth, a puppet-show will illustrate our meaning better, where it is the master of the show (the great man) who dances and moves everything, whether it be the king of Muscovy or whatever other potentate *alias* puppet which we behold on the stage; but he himself keeps wisely out of sight: for, should he once appear, the whole motion would be at an end. Not that any one is ignorant of his being there, or supposes that the puppets are not mere sticks of wood, and he himself the sole mover; but as this (though every one knows it) doth not appear visibly, *i. e.* to their eyes, no one is ashamed of consenting to be imposed upon; of helping on the drama, by calling the several sticks or puppets by the names which the master hath allotted to them, and by assigning to each the character which the great man is pleased they shall move in, or rather in which he himself is pleased to move them.

It would be to suppose thee, gentle reader, one of very little knowledge in this world, to imagine thou hast never seen some of these puppet-shows which are so frequently acted on the great stage; but though thou shouldst have resided all thy days in those remote parts of this island which great men seldom visit, yet, if thou hast any penetration, thou must have had some occasions to admire both the solemnity of countenance in the actor and the gravity in the spectator, while some of those farces are carried on which are acted almost daily in every village in the kingdom. He must have a very despicable opinion of mankind indeed who can conceive them to be imposed on as often as they appear to be so.

The truth is, they are in the same situation with the readers of romances; who, though they know the whole to be one entire fiction, nevertheless agree to be deceived; and, as these find amusement, so do the others find ease and convenience in this concurrence. But, this being a subdigression, I return to my digression.

A GREAT MAN ought to do his business by others; to employ hands, as we have before said, to his purposes, and keep himself as much behind the curtain as possible; and though it must be acknowledged that two very great men, whose names will be both recorded in history, did in these latter times come forth themselves on the stage, and did hack and hew and lay each other most cruelly open to the diversion of the spectators, yet this must be mentioned rather as an example of avoidance than imitation, and is to be ascribed to the number of those instances which serve to evince the truth of these maxims: *Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit. Ira furor brevis est, &c.*

CHAPTER XII.

New instances of Friendly's folly, &c.

To return to my history, which, having rested itself a little, is now ready to proceed on its journey: Fireblood was the person chosen by Wild for this service. He had, on a late occasion, experienced the talents of this youth for a good round perjury. He immediately, therefore, found him out, and proposed it to him; when, receiving his instant assent, they consulted together, and soon framed an evidence, which, being communicated to one of the most bitter and severe creditors of Heartfree, by him laid before a magistrate, and attested by the oath of Fireblood, the justice granted his warrant; and Heartfree was accordingly apprehended and brought before him.

When the officers came for this poor wretch they found him meanly diverting himself with his little children, the younger of whom sat on his knees, and the elder was playing at a little distance from him with Friendly. One of the officers, who was a very good sort of a man, but one very laudably severe in his office, after acquainting Heartfree with his errand, bad him come along and be d—d, and leave those little bastards, for so, he said, he supposed they were, for a legacy to the parish. Heartfree was much surprised at hearing there was a warrant for felony against him; but he showed less concern than Friendly did in his countenance. The elder daughter, when she saw the officer lay hold on her father, immediately quitted her play, and, running to him and bursting into tears, cried out, "You shall not hurt poor papa." One of the other ruffians offered to take the little one rudely from his knees; but Heartfree started up, and, catching the fellow by the collar, dashed his head so violently against the wall, that, had he had any brains, he might possibly have lost them by the blow.

The officer, like most of those heroic spirits who insult men in adversity, had some prudence mixed with his zeal for justice. Seeing, therefore, this rough treatment of his companion, he began to pursue more gentle methods, and very civilly desired Mr. Heartfree to go with him, seeing he was an officer, and obliged to execute his warrant; that he was sorry for his misfortune, and hoped he would be acquitted. The other answered, "He should patiently submit to the laws of his country, and would attend him whither he was ordered to conduct him;" then, taking leave of his children with a tender kiss, he recommended them to the care of Friendly, who

promised to see them safe home, and then to attend him at the justice's, whose name and abode he had learned of the constable.

Friendly arrived at the magistrate's house just as that gentleman had signed the mittimus against his friend; for the evidence of Fireblood was so clear and strong, and the justice was so incensed against Heartfree, and so convinced of his guilt, that he would hardly hear him speak in his own defence, which the reader perhaps, when he hears the evidence against him, will be less inclined to censure: for this witness deposed, "That he had been, by Heartfree himself, employed to carry the orders of embezzling to Wild, in order to be delivered to his wife; that he had been afterwards present with Wild and her at the inn when they took coach for Harwich, where she showed him the casket of jewels, and desired him to tell her husband that she had fully executed his command; and this he swore to have been done after Heartfree had notice of the commission, and, in order to bring it within that time, Fireblood, as well as Wild, swore that Mrs. Heartfree lay several days concealed at Wild's house before her departure for Holland."

When Friendly found the justice obdurate, and that all he could say had no effect, nor was it any way possible for Heartfree to escape being committed to Newgate, he resolved to accompany him thither; where, when they arrived, the turnkey would have confined Heartfree (he having no money) among the common felons; but Friendly would not permit it, and advanced every shilling he had in his pocket, to procure a room in the press-yard for his friend, which indeed, through the humanity of the keeper, he did at a cheap rate.

They spent that day together, and in the evening the prisoner dismissed his friend, desiring him, after many thanks for his fidelity, to be comforted on his account. "I know not," says he, "how far the malice of my enemy, will prevail; but whatever my sufferings are, I am convinced my innocence will somewhere be rewarded. If, therefore, any fatal accident should happen to me (for he who is in the hands of perjury may apprehend the worst), my dear Friendly, be a father to my poor children;" at which words the tears gushed from his eyes. The other begged him not to admit any such apprehensions, for that he would employ his utmost diligence in his service, and doubted not but to subvert any villanous design laid for his destruction, and to make his innocence appear to the world as white as it was in his own opinion.

We cannot help mentioning a circumstance here, though we doubt it will appear very unnatural and incredible to our reader; which is, that, notwithstanding the former character and behaviour of Heartfree, this story of his embezzling was so far from surprising his neighbours, that many of them declared they expected no better from him. Some were assured he could pay forty shillings in the pound if he would. Others had overheard hints formerly pass between him and Mrs. Heartfree which had given them suspicions. And what is most astonishing of all is, that many of those who had before censured him for an extravagant heedless fool now no less confidently abused him for a cunning, tricking, avaricious knave.

CHAPTER XIII.

Something concerning Fireblood, which will surprise; and somewhat touching one of the Miss Snaps, which will greatly concern the reader.

HOWEVER, notwithstanding all these censures abroad, and in despite of all his misfortunes at home,

Heartfree in Newgate enjoyed a quiet, undisturbed repose; while our hero, nobly disdaining rest, lay sleepless all night, partly from the apprehensions of Mrs. Heartfree's return before he had executed his scheme, and partly from a suspicion lest Fireblood should betray him; of whose infidelity he had, nevertheless, no other cause to maintain any fear, but from his knowing him to be an accomplished rascal as the vulgar term it, a complete GREAT MAN in our language. And indeed, to confess the truth, these doubts were not without some foundation; for the very same thought unluckily entered the head of that noble youth, who considered whether he might not possibly sell himself for some advantage to the other side, as he had yet no promise from Wild; but this was, by the sagacity of the latter, prevented in the morning with a profusion of promises, which showed him to be of the most generous temper in the world, with which Fireblood was extremely well satisfied, and made use of so many protestations of his faithfulness that he convinced Wild of the injustice of his suspicions.

At this time an accident happened, which, though it did not immediately affect our hero, we cannot avoid relating, as it occasioned great confusion in his family, as well as in the family of Snap. It is indeed a calamity highly to be lamented, when it stains untainted blood, and happens to an honourable house — an injury never to be repaired — a blot never to be wiped out — a sore never to be healed. To detain my reader no longer, Miss Theodosia Snap was now safely delivered of a male infant, the product of an amour which that beautiful (O that I could say virtuous!) creature had with the count.

Mr. Wild and his lady were at breakfast when Mr. Snap, with all the agonies of despair both in his voice and countenance, brought them this melancholy news. Our hero, who had (as we have said) wonderful good-nature when his greatness or interest was not concerned, instead of reviling his sister-in-law, asked with a smile, "Who was the father?" But the chaste Lætitia, we repeat the chaste, for well did she now deserve that epithet, received it in another manner. She fell into the utmost fury at the relation, reviled her sister in the bitterest terms, and vowed she would never see nor speak to her more; then burst into tears, and lamented over her father that such dishonour should ever happen to him and herself. At length she fell severely on her husband for the light treatment which he gave this fatal accident. She told him he was unworthy of the honour he enjoyed of marrying into a chaste family. That she looked on it as an affront to her virtue. That if he had married one of the naughty hussies of the town he could have behaved to her in no other manner. She concluded with desiring her father to make an example of the slut, and to turn her out of doors; for that she would not otherwise enter his house, being resolved never to set her foot within the same threshold with the trollop, whom she detested so much the more because (which was perhaps true) she was her own sister.

So violent, and indeed so outrageous, was this chaste lady's love of virtue, that she could not forgive a single slip (indeed the only one Theodosia had ever made) in her own sister, in a sister who loved her, and to whom she owed a thousand obligations.

Perhaps the severity of Mr. Snap, who greatly felt the injury done to the honour of his family, would have relented, had not the parish-officers been extremely pressing on this occasion, and for want of security, conveyed the unhappy young lady to a place, the name of which, for the honour of the Snaps, to whom our hero was so nearly allied, we bury in eternal oblivion; where she suffered so much correction

for her crime, that the good-natured reader of the male kind may be inclined to compassionate her, at least to imagine she was sufficiently punished for a fault which, with submission to the chaste Lætitia and all other strictly virtuous ladies, it should be either less criminal in a woman to commit, or more so in a man to solicit her to it.

But to return to our hero, who was a living and strong instance that human greatness and happiness are not always inseparable. He was under a continual alarm of frights, and fears, and jealousies. He thought every man he beheld wore a knife for his throat, and a pair of scissors for his purse. As for his own gang particularly, he was thoroughly convinced there was not a single man amongst them who would not, for the value of five shillings, bring him to the gallows. These apprehensions so constantly broke his rest, and kept him so assiduously on his guard to frustrate and circumvent any designs which might be formed against him, that his condition, to any other than the glorious eye of ambition, might seem rather deplorable than the object of envy or desire.

CHAPTER XIV.

In which our hero makes a speech well worthy to be celebrated; and the behaviour of one of the gang, perhaps more unnatural than any other part of this history.

THERE was in the gang a man named Blueskin, one of those merchants who trade in dead oxen, sheep, &c., in short, what the vulgar call a butcher. This gentleman had two qualities of a great man, viz. undaunted courage, and an absolute contempt of those ridiculous distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*, which would cause endless disputes, did not the law happily decide them by converting both into *sum*. The common form of exchanging property by trade seemed to him too tedious; he therefore resolved to quit the mercantile profession, and, falling acquainted with some of Mr. Wild's people, he provided himself with arms, and enlisted of the gang; in which he behaved for some time with great decency and order, and submitted to accept such share of the booty with the rest, as our hero allotted him.

But this subserviency agreed ill with his temper; for we should have before remembered a third heroic quality, namely, ambition, which was no inconsiderable part of his composition. One day, therefore, having robbed a gentleman at Windsor of a gold watch, which, on its being advertised in the newspapers, with a considerable reward, was demanded of him by Wild, he peremptorily refused to deliver it.

"How, Mr. Blueskin!" says Wild; "you will not deliver the watch?" "No, Mr. Wild," answered he; "I have taken it, and will keep it; or, if I dispose of it, I will dispose of it myself, and keep the money for which I sell it." "Sure," replied Wild, "you have not the assurance to pretend you have any property or right in this watch?" "I am certain," returned Blueskin, "whether I have any right in it or no, you can prove none." "I will undertake," cries the other, "to show I have an absolute right to it, and that by the laws of our gang, of which I am providentially at the head." "I know not who put you at the head of it," cries Blueskin; "but those who did certainly did it for their own good, that you might conduct them the better in their robberies, inform them of the richest booties, prevent surprises, pack juries, bribe evidence, and so contribute to their benefit and safety; and not to convert all their labour and hazard to your own benefit and advantage." "You are greatly mistaken, sir," answered Wild; "you are talking of a legal

society, where the chief magistrate is always chosen for the public good, which, as we see in all the legal societies of the world, he constantly consults, daily contributing, by his superior skill, to their prosperity, and not sacrificing their good to his own wealth, or pleasure, or humour: but in an illegal society or gang, as this of ours, it is otherwise; for who would be at the head of a gang, unless for his own interest? And without a head, you know, you cannot subsist. Nothing but a head, and obedience to that head, can preserve a gang a moment from destruction. It is absolutely better for you to content yourselves with a moderate reward, and enjoy that in safety at the disposal of your chief, than to engross the whole with the hazard to which you will be liable without his protection. And surely there is none in the whole gang who has less reason to complain than you; you have tasted of my favours: witness that piece of ribbon you wear in your hat, with which I dubbed you captain. Therefore pray, captain, deliver the watch." "D—n your cajoling," says Blueskin: "do you think I value myself on this bit of ribbon, which I could have bought myself for sixpence, and have worn without your leave? Do you imagine I think myself a captain because you, whom I know not empowered to make one, call me so? The name of captain is but a shadow: the men and the salary are the substance; and I am not to be bubbled with a shadow. I will be called captain no longer, and he who flatters me by that name I shall think affronts me, and I will knock him down, I assure you." "Did ever man talk so unreasonably?" cries Wild. "Are you not respected as a captain by the whole gang since my dubbing you so? But it is the shadow only, it seems; and you will knock a man down for affronting you who calls you captain! Might not a man as reasonably tell a minister of state, Sir, you have given me the shadow only? The ribbon or the bauble that you gave me implies that I have either signalled myself, by some great action, for the benefit and glory of my country, or at least that I am descended from those who have done so. I know myself to be a scoundrel, and so have been those few ancestors I can remember, or have ever heard of. Therefore I am resolved to knock the first man down who calls me sir or right honourable. But all great and wise men think themselves sufficiently repaid by what procures them honour and precedence in the gang, without inquiring into substance; nay, if a title or a feather be equal to this purpose, they are substance, and not mere shadows. But I have not time to argue with you at present, so give me the watch without any more deliberation." "I am no more a friend to deliberation than yourself," answered Blueskin, "and so I tell you, once for all, by G—I never will give you the watch, no, nor will I ever hereafter surrender any part of my booty. I won it, and I will wear it. Take your pistols yourself, and go out on the highway, and don't lazily think to fatten yourself with the dangers and pains of other people." At which words he departed in a fierce mood, and repaired to the tavern used by the gang, where he had appointed to meet some of his acquaintance, whom he informed of what had passed between him and Wild, and advised them all to follow his example; which they all readily agreed to, and Mr. Wild's d—tion was the universal toast; in drinking bumpers to which they had finished a large bowl of punch, when a constable, with a numerous attendance, and Wild at their head, entered the room and seized on Blueskin, whom his companions, when they saw our hero, did not dare attempt to rescue. The watch was found upon him,

which, together with Wild's information, was more than sufficient to commit him to Newgate.

In the evening Wild and the rest of those who had been drinking with Blueskin met at the tavern, where nothing was to be seen but the profoundest submission to their leader. They vilified and abused Blueskin as much as they had before abused our hero, and now repeated the same toast, only changing the name of Wild into that of Blueskin; all agreeing with Wild that the watch found in his pocket, and which must be a fatal evidence against him, was a just judgment on his disobedience and revolt.

Thus did this great man by a resolute and timely example (for he went directly to the justice when Blueskin left him) quell one of the most dangerous conspiracies which could possibly arise in a gang, and which, had it been permitted one day's growth, would inevitably have ended in his destruction; so much doth it behove all great men to be eternally on their guard, and expeditious in the execution of their purposes; while none but the weak and honest can indulge themselves in remissness or repose.

The Achates, Fireblood, had been present at both these meetings; but, though he had a little too hastily concurred in cursing his friend, and in vowing his perdition, yet now he saw all that scheme dissolved he returned to his integrity, of which he gave an incontestable proof, by informing Wild of the measures which had been concerted against him, in which he said he had pretended to acquiesce, in order the better to betray them; but this, as he afterwards confessed on his death-bed at Tyburn, was only a copy of his countenance; for that he was, at that time, as sincere and hearty in his opposition to Wild as any of his companions.

Our hero received Fireblood's information with a very placid countenance. He said, as the gang had seen their errors, and repented, nothing was more noble than forgiveness. But, though he was pleased modestly to ascribe this to his lenity, it really arose from much more noble and political principles. He considered that it would be dangerous to attempt the punishment of so many; besides, he flattered himself that fear would keep them in order; and indeed Fireblood had told him nothing more than he knew before, *viz.* that they were all complete prigs, whom he was to govern by their fears, and in whom he was to place no more confidence than was necessary, and to watch them with the utmost caution and circumspection: for a rogue, he wisely said, like gunpowder, must be used with caution; since both are altogether as liable to blow up the party himself who uses them as to execute his mischievous purpose against some other person or animal.

We will now repair to Newgate, it being the place where most of the great men of this history are hastening as fast as possible; and, to confess the truth, it is a castle very far from being an improper or misbecoming habitation for any great man whatever. And as this scene will continue during the residue of our history, we shall open it with a new book, and shall therefore take this opportunity of closing our third.

BOOK IV.—CHAPTER I.

A sentiment of the ordinary's, worthy to be written in letters of gold; a very extraordinary instance of folly in Friendly; and a dreadful accident which befel our hero.

HEARTFREE had not been long in Newgate before his frequent conversation with his children, and other instances of a good heart, which betrayed

themselves in his actions and conversation, created an opinion in all about him that he was one of the silliest fellows in the universe. The ordinary himself, a very sagacious as well as very worthy person, declared that he was a cursed rogue, but no conjuror.

What indeed might induce the former, *i. e.* the roguish part of this opinion in the ordinary, was a wicked sentiment which Heartfree one day disclosed in conversation, and which we, who are truly orthodox, will not pretend to justify, that he believed a sincere Turk would be saved. To this the good man, with becoming zeal and indignation, answered, I know not what may become of a sincere Turk; but, if this be your persuasion, I pronounce it impossible you should be saved. No, sir; so far from a sincere Turk's being within the pale of salvation, neither will any sincere Presbyterian, Anabaptist, nor Quaker whatever, be saved.

But neither did the one nor the other part of this character prevail on Friendly to abandon his old master. He spent his whole time with him, except only those hours when he was absent for his sake, in procuring evidence for him against his trial, which was now shortly to come on. Indeed this young man was the only comfort, besides a clear conscience and the hopes beyond the grave, which this poor wretch had; for the sight of his children was like one of those alluring pleasures which men in some diseases indulge themselves often fatally in, which at once flatter and heighten their malady.

Friendly being one day present while Heartfree was, with tears in his eyes, embracing his eldest daughter, and lamenting the hard fate to which he feared he should be obliged to leave her, spoke to him thus: "I have long observed with admiration the magnanimity with which you go through your own misfortunes, and the steady countenance with which you look on death. I have observed that all your agonies arise from the thoughts of parting with your children, and of leaving them in a distressed condition; now, though I hope all your fears will prove ill grounded, yet, that I may relieve you as much as possible from them, be assured that, as nothing can give me more real misery than to observe so tender and loving a concern in a master, to whose goodness I owe so many obligations, and whom I so sincerely love, so nothing can afford me equal pleasure with my contributing to lessen or to remove it. Be convinced, therefore, if you can place any confidence in my promise, that I will employ my little fortune, which you know to be not entirely inconsiderable, in the support of this your little family. Should any misfortune, which I pray Heaven avert, happen to you before you have better provided for these little ones, I will be myself their father, nor shall either of them ever know distress if it be any way in my power to prevent it. Your younger daughter I will provide for, and as for my little prattler, your elder, as I never yet thought of any woman for a wife, I will receive her as such at your hands; nor will I ever relinquish her for another." Heartfree flew to his friend, and embraced him with raptures of acknowledgment. He vowed to him that he had eased every anxious thought of his mind but one, and that he must carry with him out of the world. "O Friendly!" cried he, "it is my concern for that best of women, whom I hate myself for having ever censured in my opinion. O Friendly! thou didst know her goodness; yet, sure, her perfect character none but myself was ever acquainted with. She had every perfection, both of mind and body, which

Heaven hath indulged to her whole sex, and possessed all in a higher excellence than nature ever indulged to another in any single virtue. Can I bear the loss of such a woman? Can I bear the apprehensions of what mischiefs that villain may have done to her, of which death is perhaps the lightest?" Friendly gently interrupted him as soon as he saw any opportunity, endeavouring to comfort him on this head likewise, by magnifying every circumstance which could possibly afford any hopes of his seeing her again.

By this kind of behaviour, in which the young man exemplified so uncommon a height of friendship, he had soon obtained in the castle the character of as odd and silly a fellow as his master. Indeed they were both the byword, laughing-stock, and contempt of the whole place.

The sessions now came on at the Old Bailey. The grand jury at Hicks's-hall had found the bill of indictment against Heartfree, and on the second day of the session he was brought to his trial; where, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of Friendly and the honest old female servant, the circumstances of the fact corroborating the evidence of Fireblood, as well as that of Wild, who counterfeited the most artful reluctance at appearing against his old friend Heartfree, the jury found the prisoner guilty.

Wild had now accomplished his scheme; for as to what remained, it was certainly unavoidable, seeing that Heartfree was entirely void of interest with the great, and was besides convicted on a statute the infringers of which could hope no pardon.

The catastrophe to which our hero had reduced this wretch was so wonderful an effort of greatness, that it probably made Fortune envious of her own darling; but whether it was from this envy, or only from that known inconstancy and weakness so often and judiciously remarked in that lady's temper, who frequently lifts men to the summit of human greatness, only

ut lapsu graviore ruant;

certain it is, she now began to meditate mischief against Wild, who seems to have come to that period at which all heroes have arrived, and which she was resolved they should never transcend. In short, there seems to be a certain measure of mischief and iniquity which every great man is to fill up, and then Fortune looks on him of no more use than a silkworm whose bottom is spun, and deserts him. Mr. Blueskin was convicted the same day of robbery, by our hero, an unkindness which, though he had drawn on himself, and necessitated him to, he took greatly amiss: as Wild, therefore, was standing near him, with that disregard and indifference which great men are too carelessly inclined to have for those whom they have ruined, Blueskin, privily drawing a knife, thrust the same into the body of our hero with such violence, that all who saw it concluded he had done his business. And, indeed, had not fortune, not so much out of love to our hero as from a fixed resolution to accomplish a certain purpose, of which we have formerly given a hint, carefully placed his guts out of the way, he must have fallen a sacrifice to the wrath of his enemy, which, as he afterwards said, he did not deserve; for, had he been contented to have robbed and only submitted to give him the booty, he might have still continued safe and unimpeached in the gang; but, so it was, that the knife, missing those noble parts (the noblest of many) the guts, perforated only the hollow of his belly, and caused no other harm than an immoderate effusion of blood, of which, though it at present weakened him, he soon after recovered.

This accident, however, was in the end attended with worse consequences: for, as very few people (those greatest of all men, absolute princes excepted) attempt to cut the thread of human life, like the fatal sisters, merely out of wantonness and for their diversion, but rather by so doing propose to themselves the acquisition of some future good, or the avenging some past evil; and as the former of these motives did not appear probable, it put inquisitive persons on examining into the latter. Now, as the vast schemes of Wild, when they were discovered, however great in their nature, seemed to some persons, like the projects of most other such persons, rather to be calculated for the glory of the great man himself than to redound to the general good of society, designs began to be laid by several of those who thought it principally their duty to put a stop to the future progress of our hero; and a learned judge particularly, a great enemy to this kind of greatness, procured a clause in an act of parliament as a trap for Wild, which he soon after fell into. By this law it was made capital in a prig to steal with the hands of other people. A law so plainly calculated for the destruction of all priggish greatness, that it was indeed impossible for our hero to avoid it.

CHAPTER II.

A short hint concerning popular ingratitude. Mr. Wild's arrival in the castle, with other occurrences to be found in no other history.

IF we had any leisure we would here digress a little on that ingratitude which so many writers have observed to spring up in the people of all free governments towards their great men; who, while they have been consulting the good of the public, by raising their own greatness, in which the whole body (as the kingdom of France thinks itself in the glory of their grand monarch) was so deeply concerned, have been sometimes sacrificed by those very people for whose glory the said great men were so industriously at work: and this from a foolish zeal for a certain ridiculous imaginary thing called liberty, to which great men are observed to have a great animosity.

This law had been promulgated a very little time when Mr. Wild, having received from some dutiful members of the gang a valuable piece of goods, did, for a consideration somewhat short of its original price, re-convey it to the right owner; for which fact, being ungratefully informed against by the said owner, he was surprised in his own house, and, being overpowered by numbers, was hurried before a magistrate, and by him committed to that castle, which, suitable as it is to greatness, we do not choose to name too often in our history, and where many great men at this time happened to be assembled.

The governor, or, as the law more honourably calls him, keeper of this castle, was Mr. Wild's old friend and acquaintance. This made the latter greatly satisfied with the place of his confinement, as he promised himself not only a kind reception and handsome accommodation there, but even to obtain his liberty from him if he thought it necessary to desire it: but, alas! he was deceived; his old friend knew him no longer, and refused to see him, and the lieutenant-governor insisted on as high garnish for fetters, and as exorbitant a price for lodging, as if he had had a fine gentleman in custody for murder, or any other genteel crime.

To confess a melancholy truth, it is a circumstance much to be lamented, that there is no absolute dependence on the friendship of great men; an observation which hath been frequently made by those who have lived in courts, or in Newgate, or

in any other place set apart for the habitation of such persons.

The second day of his confinement he was greatly surprised at receiving a visit from his wife; and much more so, when, instead of a countenance ready to insult him, the only motive to which he could ascribe her presence, he saw the tears trickling down her lovely cheeks. He embraced her with the utmost marks of affection, and declared he could hardly regret his confinement, since it had produced such an instance of the happiness he enjoyed in her, whose fidelity to him on this occasion would, he believed, make him the envy of most husbands, even in Newgate. He then begged her to dry her eyes, and be comforted; for that matters might go better with him than she expected. "No, no," says she, "I am certain you would be found guilty *Death*. I knew what it would always come to. I told you it was impossible to carry on such a trade long; but you would not be advised, and now you see the consequence—now you repent when it is too late. All the comfort I shall have when you are *nubbed** is, that I gave you a good advice. If you had always gone out by yourself, as I would have had you, you might have robbed on to the end of the chapter; but you was wiser than all the world, or rather lazier, and see what your laziness is come to—to the *cheat*,† for thither you will go now, that's infallible. And a just judgment on you for following your headstrong will; I am the only person to be pitied; poor I, who shall be scandalised for your fault. *There goes she whose husband was hanged*: methinks I hear them crying so already." At which words she burst into tears. He could not then forbear chiding her for this unnecessary concern on his account, and begged her not to trouble him any more. She answered with some spirit, "On your account, and be d—d to you! No, if the old cull of a justice had not sent me hither, I believe it would have been long enough before I should have come hither to see after you; d—n me, I am committed for the *filing-lay*,‡ man, and we shall be both *nubbed* together. 'Ifaith, my dear, it almost makes me amends for being *nubbed* myself, to have the pleasure of seeing thee *nubbed* too." "Indeed, my dear," answered Wild, "it is what I have long wished for thee; but I do not desire to bear thee company, and I have still hopes to have the pleasure of seeing you go without me; at least I will have the pleasure to be rid of you now." And so saying, he seized her by the waist, and with strong arm flung her out of the room; but not before she had with her nails left a bloody memorial on his cheek: and thus this fond couple parted.

Wild had scarce recovered himself from the uneasiness into which this unwelcome visit, proceeding from the disagreeable fondness of his wife, had thrown him, than the faithful Achates appeared. The presence of this youth was indeed a cordial to his spirits. He received him with open arms, and expressed the utmost satisfaction in the fidelity of his friendship, which so far exceeded the fashion of the times, and said many things which we have forgot on the occasion; but we remember they all tended to the praise of Fireblood, whose modesty, at length, put a stop to the torrent of compliments, by asserting he had done no more than his duty, and that he should have detested himself could he have forsaken his friend in his adversity; and, after many protestations that he came the moment he heard of his misfortune, he asked him if he could be of any service. Wild answered, since he had so kindly proposed that question, he must say he should be obliged to him if he

* The cant word for hanging. † The gallows. ‡ Picking pockets

could lend him a few guineas; for that he was very *seedy*. Fireblood replied that he was greatly unhappy in not having it then in his power, adding many hearty oaths that he had not a farthing of money in his pocket, which was, indeed, strictly true; for he had only a bank-note, which he had that evening purloined from a gentleman in the playhouse passage. He then asked for his wife, to whom, to speak truly, the visit was intended, her confinement being the misfortune of which he had just heard; for, as for that of Mr. Wild himself, he had known it from the first minute, without ever intending to trouble him with his company. Being informed therefore of the visit which had lately happened, he reproved Wild for his cruel treatment of that good creature; then, taking as sudden a leave as he civilly could of the gentleman, he hastened to comfort his lady, who received him with great kindness.

CHAPTER III.

Curious anecdotes relating to the history of Newgate.

THERE resided in the castle at the same time with Mr. Wild one Roger Johnson, a very GREAT man, who had long been at the head of all the *prigs* in Newgate, and had raised contributions on them. He examined into the nature of their defence, procured and instructed their evidence, and made himself, at least in their opinion, so necessary to them, that the whole fate of Newgate seemed entirely to depend upon him.

Wild had not been long in confinement before he began to oppose this man. He represented him to the *prigs* as a fellow who, under the plausible pretence of assisting their causes, was in reality undermining THE LIBERTIES OF NEWGATE. He at first threw out certain sly hints and insinuations; but, having by degrees formed a party against Roger, he one day assembled them together, and spoke to them in the following florid manner:

"Friends and fellow-citizens,—The cause which I am to mention to you this day is of such mighty importance, that when I consider my own small abilities, I tremble with an apprehension lest your safety may be rendered precarious by the weakness of him who hath undertaken to represent to you your danger. Gentlemen, the liberty of Newgate is at stake: your privileges have been long undermined, and are now openly violated by one man; by one who hath engrossed to himself the whole conduct of your trials, under colour of which he exacts what contributions on you he pleases: but are those sums appropriated to the uses for which they are raised? Your frequent convictions at the Old Bailey, those depredations of justice, must too sensibly and sorely demonstrate the contrary. What evidence doth he ever produce for the prisoner which the prisoner himself could not have provided, and often better instructed? How many noble youths have there been lost when a single *alibi* would have saved them! Should I be silent, nay, could your own injuries want a tongue to remonstrate, the very breath which by his neglect hath been stopped at the *cheat* would cry out loudly against him. Nor is the exorbitancy of his plunders visible only in the dreadful consequences it hath produced to the *prigs*, nor glares it only in the miseries brought on them: it blazes forth in the more desirable effects it hath wrought for himself, in the rich perquisites required by it: witness that silk nightgown, that robe of shame, which, to his eternal dishonour, he publicly wears; that gown which I will not scruple to call the winding-sheet of the liberties of Newgate. Is there a *prig* who hath the interest and honour of Newgate so little at heart

that he can refrain from blushing when he beholds that trophy, purchased with the breath of so many *prigs*? Nor is this all. His waistcoat embroidered with silk, and his velvet cap, bought with the same price, are ensigns of the same disgrace. Some would think the rags which covered his nakedness when first he was committed hither well exchanged for these gaudy trappings; but in my eye no exchange can be profitable when dishonour is the condition. If, therefore, Newgate—" Here the only copy which we could procure of this speech breaks off abruptly; however, we can assure the reader, from very authentic information, that he concluded with advising the *prigs* to put their affairs into other hands. After which, one of his party, as had been before concerted, in a very long speech recommended him (Wild himself) to their choice.

Newgate was divided into parties on this occasion; the *prigs* on each side representing their chief or great man to be the only person by whom the affairs of Newgate could be managed with safety and advantage. The *prigs* had indeed very incompatible interests; for, whereas the supporters of Johnson, who was in possession of the plunder of Newgate, were admitted to some share under their leader, so the abettors of Wild had, on his promotion, the same views of dividing some part of the spoil among themselves. It is no wonder, therefore, they were both so warm on each side. What may seem more remarkable was, that the debtors, who were entirely unconcerned in the dispute, and who were the destined plunder of both parties, should interest themselves with the utmost violence, some on behalf of Wild, and others in favour of Johnson. So that all Newgate resounded with WILD *for ever*, JOHNSON *for ever*. And the poor debtors re-echoed the *liberties of Newgate*, which, in the cant language, signifies *plunder*, as loudly as the thieves themselves. In short, such quarrels and animosities happened between them, that they seemed rather the people of two countries long at war with each other than the inhabitants of the same castle.

Wild's party at length prevailed, and he succeeded to the place and power of Johnson, whom he presently stripped of all his finery; but, when it was proposed that he should sell it and divide the money for the good of the whole, he waved that motion, saying it was not yet time, that he should find a better opportunity, that the clothes wanted cleaning, with many other pretences, and within two days, to the surprise of many, he appeared in them himself; for which he vouchsafed no other apology than that they fitted him much better than they did Johnson, and that they became him in a much more elegant manner.

This behaviour of Wild greatly incensed the debtors, particularly those by whose means he had been promoted. They grumbled extremely, and vented great indignation against Wild; when one day a very grave man, and one of much authority among them, bespoke them as follows:

"Nothing sure can be more justly ridiculous than the conduct of those who should lay the lamb in the wolf's way, and then should lament his being devoured. What a wolf is in a sheep-fold, a great man is in society. Now, when one wolf is in possession of a sheep-fold, how little would it avail the simple flock to expel him and place another in his stead! Of the same benefit to us is the overthrowing one *prig* in favour of another. And for what other advantage was your struggle? Did you not all know that Wild and his followers were *prigs*, as well as Johnson and his? What then could the contention be among such but that which you have

now discovered it to have been? Perhaps some would say, Is it then our duty tamely to submit to the rapine of the *prig* who now plunders us for fear of an exchange? Surely no: but I answer, It is better to shake the plunder off than to exchange the plunderer. And by what means can we effect this but by a total change of our manners? Every *prig* is a slave. His own *priggish* desires, which enslave him, themselves betray him to the tyranny of others. To preserve, therefore, the liberty of Newgate is to change the manners of Newgate. Let us, therefore, who are confined here for debt only separate ourselves entirely from the *prigs*; neither drink with them nor converse with them. Let us at the same time separate ourselves farther from *priggism* itself. Instead of being ready, on every opportunity, to pillage each other, let us be content with our honest share of the common bounty, and with the acquisition of our own industry. When we separate from the *prigs*, let us enter into a closer alliance with one another. Let us consider ourselves all as members of one community, to the public good of which we are to sacrifice our private views; not to give up the interest of the whole for every little pleasure or profit which shall accrue to ourselves. Liberty is consistent with no degree of honesty inferior to this, and the community where this abounds no *prig* will have the impudence or audaciousness to endeavour to enslave; or if he should his own destruction would be the only consequence of his attempt. But while one man pursues his ambition, another his interest, another his safety; while one hath a roguery (a *priggism* they here call it) to commit, and another a roguery to defend; they must naturally fly to the favour and protection of those who have power to give them what they desire, and to defend them from what they fear; nay, in this view it becomes their interest to promote this power in their patrons. Now, gentlemen, when we are no longer *prigs*, we shall no longer have these fears or these desires. What remains therefore for us but to resolve bravely to lay aside our *priggism*, our roguery, in plainer words, and preserve our liberty, or to give up the latter in the preservation and preference of the former?"

This speech was received with much applause; however, Wild continued as before to levy contributions among the prisoners, to apply the garnish to his own use, and to strut openly in the ornaments which he had stripped from Johnson. To speak sincerely, there was more bravado than real use or advantage in these trappings. As for the nightgown, its outside indeed made a glittering tinsel appearance, but it kept him not warm, nor could the finery of it do him much honour, since every one knew it did not properly belong to him; as to the waistcoat, it fitted him very ill, being infinitely too big for him; and the cap was so heavy that it made his head ache. Thus these clothes, which perhaps (as they presented the idea of their misery more sensibly to the people's eyes) brought him more envy, hatred, and detraction, than all his deeper impositions and more real advantages, afforded very little use or honour to the wearer; nay, could scarce serve to amuse his own vanity when this was cool enough to reflect with the least seriousness. And, should I speak in the language of a man who estimated human happiness without regard to that greatness which we have so laboriously endeavoured to paint in this history, it is probable he never took (*i. e.* robbed the prisoners of) a shilling which he himself did not pay too dear for.

CHAPTER IV.

The dead-warrant arrives for Heartfree; on which occasion Wild betrays some human weakness.

THE dead-warrant, as it is called, now came down to Newgate for the execution of Heartfree among the rest of the prisoners. And here the reader must excuse us, who profess to draw natural, not perfect characters, and to record the truths of history, not the extravagances of romance, while we relate a weakness in Wild of which we are ourselves ashamed, and which we would willingly have concealed, could we have preserved at the same time that strict attachment to truth and impartiality which we have professed in recording the annals of this great man. Know then, reader, that this dead-warrant did not affect Heartfree, who was to suffer a shameful death by it, with half the concern it gave Wild, who had been the occasion of it. He had been a little struck the day before on seeing the children carried away in tears from their father. This sight brought the remembrance of some slight injuries he had done the father to his mind, which he endeavoured as much as possible to obliterate; but, when one of the keepers (I should say lieutenants of the castle) repeated Heartfree's name among those of the malefactors who were to suffer within a few days, the blood forsook his countenance, and in a cold still stream moved heavily to his heart, which had scarce strength enough left to return it through his veins. In short, his body so visibly demonstrated the pangs of his mind, that to escape observation he retired to his room, where he sullenly gave vent to such bitter agonies, that even the injured Heartfree, had not the apprehension of what his wife had suffered shut every avenue of compassion, would have pitied him.

When his mind was thoroughly fatigued and worn out with the horrors which the approaching fate of the poor wretch who lay under a sentence which he had iniquitously brought upon him had suggested, sleep promised him relief; but this promise was, alas! delusive. This certain friend to the tired body is often the severest enemy to the oppressed mind. So at least it proved to Wild, adding visionary to real horrors, and tormenting his imagination with phantoms too dreadful to be described. At length, starting from these visions, he no sooner recovered his waking senses, than he cried out—"I may yet prevent this catastrophe. It is not too late to discover the whole." He then paused a moment; but greatness, instantly returning to his assistance, checked the base thought, as it first offered itself to his mind. He then reasoned thus coolly with himself:—"Shall I, like a child, or a woman, or one of those mean wretches whom I have always despised, be frightened by dreams and visionary phantoms to sully that honour which I have so difficultly acquired and so gloriously maintained? Shall I, to redeem the worthless life of this silly fellow, suffer my reputation to contract a stain which the blood of millions cannot wipe away? Was it only that the few, the simple part of mankind, should call me rogue, perhaps I could submit; but to be for ever contemptible to the *PRIGS*, as a wretch who wanted spirit to execute my undertaking, can never be digested. What is the life of a single man? Have not whole armies and nations been sacrificed to the honour of ONE GREAT MAN? Nay, to omit that first class of greatness, the conquerors of mankind, how often have numbers fallen by a fictitious plot only to satisfy the spleen, or perhaps exercise the ingenuity, of a member of that second order of greatness the ministerial! What have I done then? Why, I have ruined a family, and brought an innocent man to the gallows. I

ought rather to weep with Alexander that I have ruined no more than to regret the little I have done." He at length, therefore, bravely resolved to consign over Heartfree to his fate, though it cost him more struggling than may easily be believed, utterly to conquer his reluctance, and to banish away every degree of humanity from his mind, these little sparks of which composed one of those weaknesses which we lamented in the opening of our history.

But, in vindication of our hero, we must beg leave to observe that Nature is seldom so kind as those writers who draw characters absolutely perfect. She seldom creates any man so completely great, or completely low, but that some sparks of humanity will glimmer in the former, and some sparks of what the vulgar call evil will dart forth in the latter; utterly to extinguish which will give some pain, and uneasiness to both; for I apprehend no mind was ever yet formed entirely free from blemish, unless peradventure that of a sanctified hypocrite, whose praises some well-fed flatterer hath gratefully thought proper to sing forth.

CHAPTER V.

Containing various matters.

THE day was now come when poor Heartfree was to suffer an ignominious death. Friendly had in the strongest manner confirmed his assurance of fulfilling his promise of becoming a father to one of his children and a husband to the other. This gave him inexpressible comfort, and he had, the evening before, taken his last leave of the little wretches with a tenderness which drew a tear from one of the keepers, joined to a magnanimity which would have pleased a stoic. When he was informed that the coach which Friendly had provided for him was ready, and that the rest of the prisoners were gone, he embraced that faithful friend with great passion, and begged that he would leave him here; but the other desired leave to accompany him to his end, which at last he was forced to comply with. And now he was proceeding towards the coach when he found his difficulties were not yet over; for now a friend arrived of whom he was to take a harder and more tender leave than he had yet gone through. This friend, reader, was no other than Mrs. Heartfree herself, who ran to him with a look all wild, staring, and frantic, and having reached his arms, fainted away in them without uttering a single syllable. Heartfree was, with great difficulty, able to preserve his own senses in such a surprise at such a season. And indeed our good-natured reader will be rather inclined to wish this miserable couple had, by dying in each other's arms, put a final period to their woes, than have survived to taste those bitter moments which were to be their portion, and which the unhappy wife, soon recovering from the short intermission of being, now began to suffer. When she became first mistress of her voice she burst forth into the following accents:—"O my husband! Is this the condition in which I find you after our cruel separation? Who hath done this? Cruel Heaven! What is the occasion? I know thou canst deserve no ill. Tell me, somebody who can speak, while I have my senses left to understand, what is the matter?" At which words several laughed, and one answered, "The matter! Why no great matter. The gentleman is not the first, nor won't be the last: the worst of the matter is, that if we are to stay all the morning here I shall lose my dinner." Heartfree, pausing a moment and recollecting himself, cried out, "I will bear all with patience." And then, addressing himself to the commanding officer, begged he might only have a few minutes

by himself with his wife, whom he had not seen before since his misfortunes. The great man answered, "He had compassion on him, and would do more than he could answer; but he supposed he was too much a gentleman not to know that something was due for such civility." On this hint, Friendly, who was himself half dead, pulled five guineas out of his pocket, which the great man took, and said he would be so generous to give him ten minutes; on which one observed that many a gentleman had bought ten minutes with a woman dearer, and many other facetious remarks were made unnecessary to be here related. Heartfree was now suffered to retire into a room with his wife, the commander informing him at his entrance that he must be expeditious, for that the rest of the good company would be at the tree before him, and he supposed he was a gentleman of too much breeding to make them wait.

This tender wretched couple were now retired for these few minutes, which the commander without carefully measured with his watch; and Heartfree was mustering all his resolution to part with what his soul so ardently doted on, and to conjure her to support his loss for the sake of her poor infants, and to comfort her with the promise of Friendly on their account; but all his design was frustrated. Mrs. Heartfree could not support the shock, but again fainted away, and so entirely lost every symptom of life that Heartfree called vehemently for assistance. Friendly rushed first into the room, and was soon followed by many others, and, what was remarkable, one who had unmoved beheld the tender scene between these parting lovers was touched to the quick by the pale looks of the woman, and ran up and down for water, drops, &c., with the utmost hurry and confusion. The ten minutes were expired, which the commander now hinted; and seeing nothing offered for the renewal of the term (for indeed Friendly had unhappily emptied his pockets), he began to grow very importunate, and at last told Heartfree, he should be ashamed not to act more like a man. Heartfree begged his pardon, and said he would make him wait no longer. Then, with the deepest sigh, cried, "Oh, my angel!" and, embracing his wife with the utmost eagerness, kissed her pale lips with more fervency than ever bridegroom did the blushing cheeks of his bride. He then cried, "The Almighty bless thee! and, if it be his pleasure, restore thee to life; if not, I beseech him we may presently meet again in a better world than this." He was breaking from her, when, perceiving her senses returning, he could not forbear renewing his embrace, and again pressing her lips, which now recovered life and warmth so fast that he begged one ten minutes more to tell her what her swooning had prevented her hearing. The worthy commander, being perhaps a little touched at this tender scene, took Friendly aside, and asked him what he would give if he would suffer his friend to remain half an hour? Friendly answered, anything; that he had no more money in his pocket, but he would certainly pay him that afternoon. "Well, then, I'll be moderate," said he; "twenty guineas." Friendly answered, "It is a bargain." The commander, having exacted a firm promise, cried, "Then I don't care if they stay a whole hour together; for what signifies hiding good news? the gentleman is reprieved;" of which he had just before received notice in a whisper. It would be very impertinent to offer at a description of the joy this occasioned to the two friends, or to Mrs. Heartfree, who was now again recovered. A surgeon, who was happily present, was employed to bleed them all. After which the commander, who had the promise of the money again confirmed to him, wished Heartfree joy, and,

shaking him very friendly by the hands, cleared the room of all the company, and left the three friends together.

CHAPTER VI.

In which the foregoing happy incident is accounted for.

BUT here, though I am convinced my good-natured reader may almost want the surgeon's assistance also, and that there is no passage in this whole story which can afford him equal delight, yet, lest our reprieve should seem to resemble that in the *Beggars' Opera*, I shall endeavour to show him that this incident, which is undoubtedly true, is at least as natural as delightful; for we assure him we would rather have suffered half mankind to be hanged than have saved one contrary to the strictest rules of writing and probability.

Be it known, then (a circumstance which I think highly credible), that the great Fireblood had been, a few days before, taken in the fact of a robbery, and carried before the same justice of peace who had, on his evidence, committed Heartfree to prison. This magistrate, who did indeed no small honour to the commission he bore, duly considered the weighty charge committed to him, by which he was intrusted with decisions affecting the lives, liberties, and properties of his countrymen. He therefore examined always with the utmost diligence and caution into every minute circumstance. And, as he had a good deal balanced, even when he committed Heartfree, on the excellent character given him by Friendly and the maid; and as he was much staggered on finding that, of the two persons on whose evidence alone Heartfree had been committed, and had been since convicted, one was in Newgate for a felony, and the other was now brought before him for a robbery, he thought proper to put the matter very home to Fireblood at this time. The young Achates was taken, as we have said, in the fact; so that denial he saw was in vain. He therefore honestly confessed what he knew must be proved; and desired, on the merit of the discoveries he made, to be admitted as an evidence against his accomplices. This afforded the happiest opportunity to the justice to satisfy his conscience in relation to Heartfree. He told Fireblood that, if he expected the favour he solicited, it must be on condition that he revealed the whole truth to him concerning the evidence which he had lately given against a bankrupt, and which some circumstances had induced a suspicion of; that he might depend on it the truth would be discovered by other means, and gave some oblique hints (a deceit entirely justifiable) that Wild himself had offered such a discovery. The very mention of Wild's name immediately alarmed Fireblood, who did not in the least doubt the readiness of that GREAT MAN to hang any of the gang when his own interest seemed to require it. He therefore hesitated not a moment; but, having obtained a promise from the justice that he should be accepted as an evidence, he discovered the whole falsehood, and declared that he had been seduced by Wild to depose as he had done.

The justice, having thus luckily and timely discovered this scene of villany, *alias* greatness, lost not a moment in using his utmost endeavours to get the case of the unhappy convict represented to the sovereign, who immediately granted him that gracious reprieve which caused such happiness to the persons concerned; and which we hope we have now accounted for to the satisfaction of the reader.

The good magistrate, having obtained this reprieve for Heartfree, thought it incumbent on him to visit him in the prison, and to sound, if possible, the depth of this affair, that, if he should appear as in-

nocent as he now began to conceive him, he might use all imaginable methods to obtain his pardon and enlargement.

The next day therefore after that when the miserable scene above described had passed he went to Newgate, where he found those three persons, namely, Heartfree, his wife, and Friendly, sitting together. The justice informed the prisoner of the confession of Fireblood, with the steps which he had taken upon it. The reader will easily conceive the many outward thanks, as well as inward gratitude, which he received from all three; but those were of very little consequence to him compared with the secret satisfaction he felt in his mind from reflecting on the preservation of innocence, as he soon after very clearly perceived was the case.

When he entered the room Mrs. Heartfree was speaking with some earnestness: as he perceived, therefore, he had interrupted her, he begged she would continue her discourse, which, if he prevented by his presence, he desired to depart; but Heartfree would not suffer it. He said she had been relating some adventures which perhaps might entertain him to hear, and which she the rather desired he would hear, as they might serve to illustrate the foundation on which this falsehood had been built, which had brought on her husband all his misfortunes.

The justice very gladly consented, and Mrs. Heartfree, at her husband's desire, began the relation from the first renewal of Wild's acquaintance with him; but, though this recapitulation was necessary for the information of our good magistrate, as it would be useless, and perhaps tedious, to the reader, we shall only repeat that part of her story to which only he is a stranger, beginning with what happened to her after Wild had been turned adrift in the boat by the captain of the French privateer.

CHAPTER VII.

Mrs. Heartfree relates her adventures.

MRS. HEARTFREE proceeded thus: "The vengeance which the French captain exacted on that villain (our hero) persuaded me that I was fallen into the hands of a man of honour and justice; nor indeed was it possible for any person to be treated with more respect and civility than I now was; but this could not mitigate my sorrows when I reflected on the condition in which I had been betrayed to leave all that was dear to me, much less could it produce such an effect when I discovered, as I soon did, that I owed it chiefly to a passion which threatened me with great uneasiness, as it quickly appeared to be very violent, and as I was absolutely in the power of the person who possessed it, or was rather possessed by it. I must however do him the justice to say my fears carried my suspicions farther than I afterwards found I had any reason to carry them: he did indeed very soon acquaint me with his passion, and used all those gentle methods which frequently succeed with our sex to prevail with me to gratify it; but never once threatened, nor had the least recourse to force. He did not even once insinuate to me that I was totally in his power, which I myself sufficiently saw, and whence I drew the most dreadful apprehensions, well knowing that, as there are some dispositions so brutal that cruelty adds a zest and savour to their pleasures, so there are others whose gentler inclinations are better gratified when they win us by softer methods to comply with their desires; yet that even these may be often compelled by an unruly passion to have recourse at last to the means of violence, when they despair of success from persuasion; but I was happily the captive of a better man. My conqueror was one of those over whom vice hath a limited jurisdiction; and, though he was

too easily prevailed on to sin, he was proof against any temptation to villany.

"We had been two days almost totally becalmed, when, a brisk gale rising as we were in sight of Dunkirk, we saw a vessel making full sail towards us. The captain of the privateer was so strong that he apprehended no danger but from a man-of-war, which the sailors discerned this not to be. He therefore struck his colours, and furled his sails as much as possible, in order to lie by and expect her, hoping she might be a prize." (Here Heartfree smiling, his wife stopped and inquired the cause. He told her it was from her using the sea-terms so aptly: she laughed, and answered he would wonder less at this when he heard the long time she had been on board: and then proceeded.) "This vessel now came alongside of us, and hailed us, having perceived that on which we were aboard to be of her own country; they begged us not to put into Dunkirk, but to accompany them in their pursuit of a large English merchantman, whom we should easily overtake, and both together as easily conquer. Our captain immediately consented to this proposition, and ordered all his sail to be crowded. This was most unwelcome news to me; however, he comforted me all he could by assuring me I had nothing to fear, that he would be so far from offering the least rudeness to me himself, that he would, at the hazard of his life, protect me from it. This assurance gave me all the consolation which my present circumstances and the dreadful apprehensions I had on your dear account would admit." (At which words the tenderest glances passed on both sides between the husband and wife.)

"We sailed near twelve hours, when we came in sight of the ship we were in pursuit of, and which we should probably have soon come up with, had not a very thick mist ravished her from our eyes. This mist continued several hours, and when it cleared up we discovered our companion at a great distance from us; but what gave us (I mean the captain and his crew) the greatest uneasiness was the sight of a very large ship within a mile of us, which presently saluted us with a gun, and now appeared to be a third-rate English man-of-war. Our captain declared the impossibility of either fighting or escaping, and accordingly struck without waiting for the broadside which was preparing for us, and which perhaps would have prevented me from the happiness I now enjoy." This occasioned Heartfree to change colour; his wife therefore passed hastily to circumstances of a more smiling complexion.

"I greatly rejoiced at this event, as I thought it would not only restore me to the safe possession of my jewels, but to what I value beyond all the treasure in the universe. My expectation, however, of both these was somewhat crossed for the present: as to the former, I was told they should be carefully preserved; but that I must prove my right to them before I could expect their restoration, which, if I mistake not, the captain did not very eagerly desire I should be able to accomplish: and as to the latter, I was acquainted that I should be put on board the first ship which they met on her way to England, but that they were proceeding to the West Indies.

"I had not been long on board the man-of-war before I discovered just reason rather to lament than to rejoice at the exchange of my captivity; for such I concluded my present situation to be. I had now another lover in the captain of this Englishman, and much rougher and less gallant than the Frenchman had been. He used me with scarce common civility, as indeed he showed very little to any other person, treating his officers little better than a man of no great good-breeding would exert

to his meanest servant, and that too on some very irritating provocation. As for me, he addressed me with the insolence of a basha to a Circassian slave; he talked to me with the loose licence in which the most profligate libertines converse with harlots, and which women abandoned only in a moderate degree detest and abhor. He often kissed me with very rude familiarity, and one day attempted further brutality; when a gentleman on board, and who was in my situation, that is, had been taken by a privateer and was retaken, rescued me from his hands, for which the captain confined him, though he was not under his command, two days in irons: when he was released (for I was not suffered to visit him in his confinement) I went to him and thanked him with the utmost acknowledgment for what he had done and suffered on my account. The gentleman behaved to me in the handsomest manner on this occasion; told me he was ashamed of the high sense I seemed to entertain of so small an obligation of an action to which his duty as a christian and his honour as a man obliged him. From this time I lived in great familiarity with this man, whom I regarded as my protector, which he professed himself ready to be on all occasions, expressing the utmost abhorrence of the captain's brutality, especially that shown towards me, and the tenderness of a parent for the preservation of my virtue, for which I was not myself more solicitous than he appeared. He was, indeed, the only man I had hitherto met since my unhappy departure who did not endeavour by all his looks, words, and actions, to assure me he had a liking to my unfortunate person; the rest seeming desirous of sacrificing the little beauty they complimented to their desires, without the least consideration of the ruin which I earnestly represented to them they were attempting to bring on me and on my future repose.

"I now passed several days pretty free from the captain's molestation, till one fatal night." Here, perceiving Heartfree grew pale, she comforted him by an assurance that Heaven had preserved her chastity, and again had restored her unsullied to his arms. She continued thus: "Perhaps I gave it a wrong epithet in the word fatal; but a wretched night I am sure I may call it, for no woman who came off victorious was, I believe, ever in greater danger. One night I say, having drank his spirits high with punch, in company with the purser, who was the only man in the ship he admitted to his table, the captain sent for me into his cabin; whither, though unwilling, I was obliged to go. We were no sooner alone together than he seized me by the hand, and, after affronting my ears with discourse which I am unable to repeat, he swore a great oath that his passion was to be dallied with no longer; that I must not expect to treat him in the manner to which a set of blockhead landmen submitted. None of your coquette airs, therefore, with me, madam, said he, for I am resolved to have you this night. No struggling nor squalling, for both will be impertinent. The first man who offers to come in here, I will have his skin flayed off at the gangway. He then attempted to pull me violently towards his bed. I threw myself on my knees, and with tears and entreaties besought his compassion; but this was, I found, to no purpose: I then had recourse to threats, and endeavoured to frighten him with the consequence; but neither had this, though it seemed to stagger him more than the other method, sufficient force to deliver me. At last a stratagem came into my head, of which my perceiving him reel gave me the first hint, I entreated a moment's reprieve only, when, collecting all the spirits I could muster, I put on a

constrained air of gaiety, and told him with an affected laugh, he was the roughest lover I had ever met with, and that I believed I was the first woman he had ever paid his addresses to. Addresses, said he; d—n your addresses! I want to undress you. I then begged him to let us drink some punch together; for that I loved a can as well as himself, and never would grant the favour to any man till I had drank a hearty glass with him. O! said he, if that be all, you shall have punch enough to drown yourself in. At which words he rang the bell, and ordered in a gallon of that liquor. I was in the mean time obliged to suffer his nauseous kisses, and some rudenesses which I had great difficulty to restrain within moderate bounds. When the punch came in he took up the bowl and drank my health ostentatiously, in such a quantity that it considerably advanced my scheme. I followed him with bumpers as fast as possible, and was myself obliged to drink so much that at another time it would have staggered my own reason, but at present it did not affect me. At length, perceiving him very far gone, I watched an opportunity, and ran out of the cabin, resolving to seek protection of the sea if I could find no other; but Heaven was now graciously pleased to relieve me; for in his attempt to pursue me he reeled backwards, and, falling down the cabin stairs, he dislocated his shoulder and so bruised himself that I was not only preserved that night from any danger of my intended ravisher, but the accident threw him into a fever which endangered his life, and whether he ever recovered or no I am not certain; for during his delirious fits the eldest lieutenant commanded the ship. This was a virtuous and a brave fellow, who had been twenty-five years in that post without being able to obtain a ship, and had seen several boys, the bastards of noblemen, put over his head. One day while the ship remained under his command an English vessel bound to Cork passed by; myself and my friend, who had formerly lain two days in irons on my account, went on board this ship with the leave of the good lieutenant, who made us such presents as he was able of provisions, and, congratulating me on my delivery from a danger to which none of the ship's crew had been strangers, he kindly wished us both a safe voyage."

CHAPTER VIII.

In which Mrs. Heartfree continues the relation of her adventures.

"THE first evening after we were aboard this vessel, which was a brigantine, we being then at no very great distance from the Madeiras, the most violent storm arose from the north-west, in which we presently lost both our masts; and indeed death now presented itself as inevitable to us: I need not tell my Tommy what were then my thoughts. Our danger was so great that the captain of the ship, a professed atheist, betook himself to prayers, and the whole crew, abandoning themselves for lost, fell with the utmost eagerness to the emptying a cask of brandy, not one drop of which they swore should be polluted with salt water. I observed here my old friend displayed less courage than I expected from him. He seemed entirely swallowed up in despair. But Heaven be praised! we were at last all preserved. The storm, after above eleven hours' continuance, began to abate, and by degrees entirely ceased, but left us still rolling at the mercy of the waves, which carried us at their own pleasure to the south-east a vast number of leagues. Our crew were all dead drunk with the brandy which they had taken such care to preserve from the sea; but, indeed, had they been awake, their labour would have been of very

little service, as we had lost all our rigging, our brigantine being reduced to a naked hulk only. In this condition we floated about thirty hours, till in the midst of a very dark night we spied a light, which seeming to approach us, grew so large that our sailors concluded it to be the lantern of a man of war; but when we were cheering ourselves with the hopes of our deliverance from this wretched situation, on a sudden, to our great concern, the light entirely disappeared, and left us in a despair increased by the remembrance of those pleasing imaginations with which we had entertained our minds during its appearance. The rest of the night we passed in melancholy conjectures on the light which had deserted us, which the major part of the sailors concluded to be a meteor. In this distress we had one comfort, which was a plentiful store of provision; this so supported the spirits of the sailors, that they declared had they but a sufficient quantity of brandy they cared not whether they saw land for a month to come; but indeed we were much nearer it than we imagined, as we perceived at break of day. One of the most knowing of the crew declared we were near the continent of Africa; but when we were within three leagues of it a second violent storm arose from the north, so that we again gave over all hopes of safety. This storm was not quite so outrageous as the former, but of much longer continuance, for it lasted near three days, and drove us an immense number of leagues to the south. We were within a league of the shore, expecting every moment our ship to be dashed to pieces, when the tempest ceased all on a sudden; but the waves still continued to roll like mountains, and before the sea recovered its calm motion our ship was thrown so near the land that the captain ordered out his boat, declaring he had scarce any hopes of saving her; and indeed we had not quitted her many minutes before we saw the justice of his apprehensions, for she struck against a rock and immediately sunk. The behaviour of the sailors on this occasion very much affected me; they beheld their ship perish with the tenderness of a lover or a parent; they spoke of her as the fondest husband would of his wife; and many of them, who seemed to have no tears in their composition, shed them plentifully at her sinking. The captain himself cried out, Go thy way, charming Molly, the sea never devoured a lovelier morsel. If I have fifty vessels I shall never love another like thee. Poor slut! I shall remember thee to my dying day. Well, the boat now conveyed us all safe to shore, where we landed with very little difficulty. It was now about noon, and the rays of the sun, which descended almost perpendicular on our heads, were extremely hot and troublesome. However, we travelled through this extreme heat about five miles over a plain. This brought us to a vast wood, which extended itself as far as we could see both to the right and left, and seemed to me to put an entire end to our progress. Here we decreed to rest and dine on the provision which we had brought from the ship, of which we had sufficient for very few meals; our boat being so overloaded with people that we had very little room for luggage of any kind. Our repast was salt pork broiled, which the keenness of hunger made so delicious to my companions that they fed very heartily upon it. As for myself, the fatigue of my body and the vexation of my mind had so thoroughly weakened me, that I was almost entirely deprived of appetite; and the utmost dexterity of the most accomplished French cook would have been ineffectual had he endeavoured to tempt me with delicacies. I thought myself very little a gainer by my late escape from the tempest, by which I seemed only to have exchanged the

element in which I was presently to die. When our company had sufficiently, and indeed very plentifully, feasted themselves, they resolved to enter the wood and endeavour to pass it, in expectation of finding some inhabitants, at least some provision. We proceeded therefore in the following order: one man in the front with a hatchet, to clear our way, and two others followed him with guns, to protect the rest from wild beasts; then walked the rest of our company, and last of all the captain himself, being armed likewise with a gun, to defend us from any attack behind—in the rear, I think you call it. And thus our whole company, being fourteen in number, travelled on till night overtook us, without seeing anything unless a few birds and some very insignificant animals. We rested all night under the covert of some trees, and indeed we very little wanted shelter at that season, the heat in the day being the only inclemency we had to combat with in this climate. I cannot help telling you my old friend lay still nearest to me on the ground, and declared he would be my protector should any of the sailors offer rudeness; but I can acquit them of any such attempt; nor was I ever affronted by any one, more than with a coarse expression, proceeding rather from the roughness and ignorance of their education than from any abandoned principle, or want of humanity.

"We had now proceeded very little way on our next day's march when one of the sailors, having skipped nimbly up a hill, with the assistance of a speaking trumpet informed us that he saw a town a very little way off. This news so comforted me, and gave me such strength, as well as spirits, that, with the help of my old friend and another, who suffered me to lean on them, I, with much difficulty, attained the summit; but was so absolutely overcome in climbing it, that I had no longer sufficient strength to support my tottering limbs, and was obliged to lay myself again on the ground; nor could they prevail on me to undertake descending through a very thick wood into a plain, at the end of which indeed appeared some houses, or rather huts, but at a much greater distance than the sailor had assured us; the little way, as he had called it, seeming to me full twenty miles, nor was it, I believe, much less."

CHAPTER IX.

Containing incidents very surprising.

THE captain declared he would, without delay, proceed to the town before him; in which resolution he was seconded by all the crew; but when I could not be persuaded, nor was I able to travel any farther before I had rested myself, my old friend protested he would not leave me, but would stay behind as my guard; and, when I had refreshed myself with a little repose, he would attend me to the town, which the captain promised he would not leave before he had seen us.

"They were no sooner departed than (having first thanked my protector for his care of me) I resigned myself to sleep, which immediately closed my eyelids, and would probably have detained me very long in his gentle dominion, had I not been awaked with a squeeze by the hand by my guard, which I at first thought intended to alarm me with the danger of some wild beast; but I soon perceived it arose from a softer motive, and that a gentle swain was the only wild beast I had to apprehend. He began now to disclose his passion in the strongest manner imaginable, indeed with a warmth rather beyond that of both my former lovers, but as yet without any attempt of absolute force. On my

side remonstrances were made in more bitter exclamations and revilings than I had used to any, that villain Wild excepted. I told him he was the basest and most treacherous wretch alive; and his having cloked his iniquitous designs under the appearance of virtue and friendship added an ineffable degree of horror to them; that I detested him of all mankind the most, and could I be brought to yield to prostitution, he should be the last to enjoy the ruins of my honour. He suffered himself not to be provoked by this language, but only changed his method of solicitation from flattery to bribery. He unripped the lining of his waistcoat, and pulled forth several jewels; these, he said, he had preserved from infinite danger to the happiest purpose, if I could be won by them. I rejected them often with the utmost indignation, till at last, casting my eye, rather by accident than design, on a diamond necklace, a thought like lightning shot through my mind, and, in an instant, I remembered that this was the very necklace you had sold the cursed count, the cause of all our misfortunes. The confusion of ideas into which this surprise hurried me prevented me reflecting on the villain who then stood before me; but the first recollection presently told me it could be no other than the count himself, the wicked tool of Wild's barbarity. Good heavens! what was then my condition! How shall I describe the tumult of passions which then laboured in my breast? However, as I was happily unknown to him, the least suspicion on his side was altogether impossible. He imputed, therefore, the eagerness with which I gazed on the jewels to a very wrong cause, and endeavoured to put as much additional softness into his countenance as he was able. My fears were a little quieted, and I was resolved to be very liberal of promises, and hoped so thoroughly to persuade him of my venality that he might, without any doubt, be drawn in to wait the captain and crew's return, who would, I was very certain, not only preserve me from his violence, but secure the restoration of what you had been so cruelly robbed of. But, alas! I was mistaken." Mrs. Heartfree, again perceiving symptoms of the utmost disquietude in her husband's countenance, cried out, "My dear, don't you apprehend any harm.—But, to deliver you as soon as possible from your anxiety—when he perceived I declined the warmth of his addresses he begged me to consider; he changed at once his voice and features, and, in a very different tone from what he had hitherto affected, he swore I should not deceive him as I had the captain; that fortune had kindly thrown an opportunity in his way which he was resolved not foolishly to lose; and concluded with a violent oath that he was determined to enjoy me that moment, and therefore I knew the consequence of resistance. He then caught me in his arms, and began such rude attempts, that I screamed out with all the force I could, though I had so little hopes of being rescued, when there suddenly rushed forth from a thicket a creature which, at his first appearance, and in the hurry of spirits I then was, I did not take for a man; but, indeed, had he been the fiercest of wild beasts, I should have rejoiced at his devouring us both. I scarce perceived he had a musket in his hand before he struck my ravisher such a blow with it that he felled him at my feet. He then advanced with a gentle air towards me, and told me in French he was extremely glad he had been luckily present to my assistance. He was naked, except his middle and his feet, if I can call a body so which was covered with hair almost equal to any beast whatever. Indeed, his appearance was so horrid in my eyes, that the friendship he had shown me, as well

as his courteous behaviour, could not entirely remove the dread I had conceived from his figure. I believe he saw this very visibly; for he begged me not to be frightened, since, whatever accident had brought me thither, I should have reason to thank heaven for meeting him, at whose hands I might assure myself of the utmost civility and protection. In the midst of all this consternation, I had spirits enough to take up the casket of jewels which the villain, in falling, had dropped out of his hands, and conveyed it into my pocket. My deliverer, telling me that I seemed extremely weak and faint, desired me to refresh myself at his little hut, which, he said, was hard by. If his demeanour had been less kind and obliging, my desperate situation must have lent me confidence; for sure the alternative could not be doubtful, whether I should rather trust this man, who, notwithstanding his savage outside, expressed so much devotion to serve me, which at least I was not certain of the falsehood of, or should abide with one whom I so perfectly well knew to be an accomplished villain. I therefore committed myself to his guidance, though with tears in my eyes, and begged him to have compassion on my innocence, which was absolutely in his power. He said, the treatment he had been witness of, which he supposed was from one who had broken his trust towards me, sufficiently justified my suspicion; but begged me to dry my eyes, and he would soon convince me that I was with a man of different sentiments. The kind accents which accompanied these words gave me some comfort, which was assisted by the re-possession of our jewels by an accident strongly savouring of the disposition of Providence in my favour.

"We left the villain weltering in his blood, though beginning to recover a little motion, and walked together to his hut, or rather cave, for it was under ground, on the side of a hill; the situation was very pleasant, and from its mouth we overlooked a large plain and the town I had before seen. As soon as I entered it, he desired me to sit down on a bench of earth, which served him for chairs, and then laid before me some fruits, the wild product of that country, one or two of which had an excellent flavour. He likewise produced some baked flesh, a little resembling that of venison. He then brought forth a bottle of brandy, which he said had remained with him ever since his settling there, now above thirty years, during all which time he had never opened it, his only liquor being water; that he had reserved this bottle as a cordial in sickness; but, he thanked heaven, he had never yet had occasion for it. He then acquainted me that he was a hermit, that he had been formerly cast away on that coast, with his wife, whom he dearly loved, but could not preserve from perishing; on which account he had resolved never to return to France, which was his native country, but to devote himself to prayer and a holy life, placing all his hopes in the blessed expectation of meeting that dear woman again in heaven, where, he was convinced, she was now a saint and an interceder for him. He said he had exchanged a watch with the king of that country, whom he described to be a very just and good man, for a gun, some powder, shot, and ball, with which he sometimes provided himself food, but more generally used it in defending himself against wild beasts; so that his diet was chiefly of the vegetable kind. He told me many more circumstances, which I may relate to you hereafter: but, to be as concise as possible at present, he at length greatly comforted me by promising to conduct me to a sea-port, where I might have an oppor-

tunity to meet with some vessels trafficking for slaves; and whence I might once more commit myself to that element which, though I had already suffered so much on it, I must again trust to put me in possession of all I loved.

"The character he gave me of the inhabitants of the town we saw below us, and of their king, made me desirous of being conducted thither; especially as I very much wished to see the captain and sailors, who had behaved very kindly to me, and with whom, notwithstanding all the civil behaviour of the hermit, I was rather easier in my mind than alone with this single man; but he dissuaded me greatly from attempting such a walk till I had recruited my spirits with rest, desiring me to repose myself on his couch or bank, saying that he himself would retire without the cave, where he would remain as my guard. I accepted this kind proposal, but it was long before I could procure any slumber; however, at length, weariness prevailed over my fears, and I enjoyed several hours' sleep. When I awaked I found my faithful centinel on his post and ready at my summons. This behaviour infused some confidence into me, and I now repeated my request that he would go with me to the town below; but he answered, it would be better advised to take some repast before I undertook the journey, which I should find much longer than it appeared. I consented, and he set forth a greater variety of fruits than before, of which I ate very plentifully. My collation being ended, I renewed the mention of my walk, but he still persisted in dissuading me, telling me that I was not yet strong enough; that I could repose myself nowhere with greater safety than in his cave; and that, for his part, he could have no greater happiness than that of attending me, adding, with a sigh, it was a happiness he should envy any other more than all the gifts of fortune. You may imagine I began now to entertain suspicions; but he presently removed all doubt by throwing himself at my feet and expressing the warmest passion for me. I should have now sunk with despair had he not accompanied these professions with the most vehement protestations that he would never offer me any other force but that of entreaty, and that he would rather die the most cruel death by my coldness than gain the highest bliss by becoming the occasion of a tear of sorrow to these bright eyes, which he said were stars, under whose benign influence alone he could enjoy, or indeed suffer life." She was repeating many more compliments he made her, when a horrid uproar, which alarmed the whole gate, put a stop to her narration at present. It is impossible for me to give the reader a better idea of the noise which now arose than by desiring him to imagine I had the hundred tongues the poet once wished for, and was vociferating from them all at once, by hollaing, scolding, crying, swearing, bellowing, and, in short, by every different articulation which is within the scope of the human organ.

CHAPTER X.

A horrible uproar in the gate.

BUT however great an idea the reader may hence conceive of this uproar, he will think the occasion more than adequate to it when he is informed that our hero (I blush to name it) had discovered an injury done to his honour, and that in the tenderest point. In a word, reader (for thou must know it, though it give thee the greatest horror imaginable), he had caught Fireblood in the arms of his lovely Lætitia.

As the generous bull who, having long depastured among a number of cows, and thence contracted an opinion that these cows are all his own property,

if he beholds another bull bestride a cow within his walks, he roars aloud, and threatens instant vengeance with his horns, till the whole parish are alarmed with his bellowing; not with less noise nor less dreadful menaces did the fury of Wild burst forth and terrify the whole gate. Long time did rage render his voice inarticulate to the hearer; as when, at a visiting day, fifteen or sixteen or perhaps twice as many females, of delicate but shrill pipes, ejaculate all at once on difference subjects, all is sound only, the harmony entirely melodious indeed, but conveys no idea to our ears; but at length, when reason began to get the better of his passion, which latter, being deserted by his breath, began a little to retreat, the following accents leapt over the hedge of his teeth, or rather the ditch of his gums, whence those hedgestakes had long since by a patten been displaced in battle with an amazon of Drury.

* —“Man of honour! doth this become a friend? Could I have expected such a breach of all the laws of honour from thee, whom I had taught to walk in its paths? Hadst thou chosen any other way to injure my confidence I could have forgiven it; but this is a stab in the tenderest part, a wound never to be healed, an injury never to be repaired; for it is not only the loss of an agreeable companion, of the affection of a wife dearer to my soul than life itself, it is not this loss alone I lament; this loss is accompanied with disgrace and with dishonour. The blood of the Wilds, which hath run with such uninterrupted purity through so many generations, this blood is fouled, is contaminated: hence flow my tears, hence arises my grief. This is the injury never to be redressed, nor ever to be with honour forgiven.” “M—— in a bandbox!” answered Fireblood; “here is a noise about your honour! If the mischief done to your blood be all you complain of, I am sure you complain of nothing; for my blood is as good as yours.” “You have no conception,” replied Wild, “of the tenderness of honour; you know not how nice and delicate it is in both sexes; so delicate that the least breath of air which rudely blows on it destroys it.” “I will prove from your own words,” says Fireblood, “I have not wronged your honour. Have you not often told me that the honour of a man consisted in receiving no affront from his own sex, and that of woman in receiving no kindness from ours? Now, sir, if I have given you no affront, how have I injured your honour?” “But doth not everything,” cried Wild, “of the wife belong to the husband? A married man, therefore, hath his wife’s honour as well as his own, and by injuring hers you injure his. How cruelly you have hurt me in this tender part I need not repeat; the whole gate knows it, and the world shall. I will apply to Doctors’ Commons for my redress against her; I will shake off as much of my dishonour as I can by parting with her; and as for you, expect to hear of me in Westminster-hall; the modern method of repairing these breaches and of resenting this affront.” “D—n your eyes!” cries Fireblood; “I fear you not, nor do I believe a word you say.” “Nay, if you affront me personally,” says Wild, “another sort of resentment is prescribed.” At which word, advancing to Fireblood, he presented him with a box on the ear, which the youth immediately returned; and now our hero and his friend fell to boxing, though with some difficulty, both being encumbered with the chains which they wore between their legs: a few blows passed on both sides before the gentlemen who stood by

stepped in and parted the combatants; and now, both parties having whispered each other, that, if they outlived the ensuing sessions and escaped the tree, one should give and the other should receive satisfaction in single combat, they separated and the gate soon recovered its former tranquillity.

Mrs. Heartfree was then desired by the justice and her husband both, to conclude her story, which she did in the words of the next chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

The conclusion of Mrs. Heartfree’s adventures.

“IF I mistake not, I was interrupted just as I was beginning to repeat some of the compliments made me by the hermit.” “Just as you had finished them, I believe, madam,” said the justice. “Very well, sir,” said she; “I am sure I have no pleasure in the repetition. He concluded then with telling me, though I was in his eyes the most charming woman in the world, and might tempt a saint to abandon the ways of holiness, yet my beauty inspired him with a much tenderer affection towards me than to purchase any satisfaction of his own desires with my misery; if therefore I could be so cruel to him to reject his honest and sincere address, nor could submit to a solitary life with one who would endeavour by all possible means to make me happy, I had no force to dread; for that I was as much at my liberty as if I was in France, or England, or any other free country. I repulsed him with the same civility with which he advanced; and told him that, as he professed great regard to religion, I was convinced he would cease from all farther solicitation when I informed him that, if I had no other objection, my own innocence would not admit of my hearing him on this subject, for that I was married. He started a little at that word, and was for some time silent; but, at length recovering himself, he began to urge the uncertainty of my husband’s being alive, and the probability of the contrary. He then spoke of marriage as of a civil policy only, on which head he urged many arguments not worth repeating, and was growing so very eager and importunate that I know not whither his passion might have hurried him had not three of the sailors, well armed, appeared at that instant in sight of the cave. I no sooner saw them than, exulting with the utmost inward joy, I told him my companions were come for me, and that I must now take my leave of him; assuring him that I would always remember, with the most grateful acknowledgment, the favours I had received at his hands. He fetched a very heavy sigh, and, squeezing me tenderly by the hand, he saluted my lips with a little more eagerness than the European salutations admit of, and told me he should likewise remember my arrival at his cave to the last day of his life, adding, O that he could there spend the whole in the company of one whose bright eyes had kindled—but I know you will think, sir, that we women love to repeat the compliments made us, I will therefore omit them. In a word, the sailors being now arrived, I quitted him with some compassion for the reluctance with which he parted from me, and went forward with my companions.

“We had proceeded but a very few paces before one of the sailors said to his comrades, ‘D—n me, Jack, who knows whether yon fellow hath not some good flip in his cave?’ I innocently answered, the poor wretch had only one bottle of brandy. ‘Hath he so?’ cries the sailor; ‘Fore George, we will taste it;’ and so saying they immediately returned back,

* The beginning of this speech is lost.

and myself with them. We found the poor man prostrate on the ground, expressing all the symptoms of misery and lamentation. I told him in French (for the sailors could not speak that language) what they wanted. He pointed to the place where the bottle was deposited, saying they were welcome to that and whatever else he had, and added he cared not if they took his life also. The sailors searched the whole cave, where finding nothing more which they deemed worth their taking, they walked off with the bottle, and, immediately emptying it without offering me a drop, they proceeded with me towards the town.

"In our way I observed one whisper another, while he kept his eye stedfastly fixed on me. This gave me some uneasiness; but the other answered, 'No, d—n me, the captain will never forgive us: besides, we have enough of it among the black women, and, in my mind, one colour is as good as another.' This was enough to give me violent apprehensions; but I heard no more of that kind till we came to the town, where, in about six hours, I arrived in safety.

"As soon as I came to the captain he inquired what was become of my friend, meaning the villainous count. When he was informed by me of what had happened, he wished me heartily joy of my delivery, and, expressing the utmost abhorrence of such baseness, swore if ever he met him he would cut his throat; but, indeed, we both concluded that he had died of the blow which the hermit had given him.

"I was now introduced to the chief magistrate of this country, who was desirous of seeing me. I will give you a short description of him. He was chosen (as is the custom there) for his superior bravery and wisdom. His power is entirely absolute during his continuance; but, on the first deviation from equity and justice, he is liable to be deposed and punished by the people, the elders of whom, once a year, assemble to examine into his conduct. Besides the danger which these examinations, which are very strict, expose him to, his office is of such care and trouble that nothing but that restless love of power so predominant in the mind of man could make it the object of desire, for he is indeed the only slave of all the natives of this country. He is obliged, in time of peace, to hear the complaint of every person in his dominions and to render him justice; for which purpose every one may demand an audience of him, unless during the hour which he is allowed for dinner, when he sits alone at the table, and is attended in the most public manner with more than European ceremony. This is done to create an awe and respect towards him in the eye of the vulgar; but lest it should elevate him too much in his own opinion, in order to his humiliation he receives every evening in private, from a kind of beadle, a gentle kick on his posteriors; besides which he wears a ring in his nose, somewhat resembling that we ring our pigs with, and a chain round his neck not unlike that worn by our aldermen; both which I suppose to be emblematical, but heard not the reasons of either assigned. There are many more particularities among these people which, when I have an opportunity, I may relate to you. The second day after my return from court one of his officers, whom they call SCHACH PIMPACH, waited upon me, and, by a French interpreter who lives here, informed me that the chief magistrate liked my person, and offered me an immense present if I would suffer him to enjoy it (this is, it seems, their common form of making love). I rejected the present, and never heard any further solicitation; for, as it is no shame for women here to consent at the first proposal, so they never receive a second.

"I had resided in this town a week when the captain informed me that a number of slaves, who had been taken captives in war, were to be guarded to the sea-side, where they were to be sold to the merchants who traded in them to America; that if I would embrace this opportunity I might assure myself of finding a passage to America, and thence to England; acquainting me at the same time that he himself intended to go with them. I readily agreed to accompany him. The chief, being advertised of our designs, sent for us both to court, and, without mentioning a word of love to me, having presented me with a very rich jewel, of less value, he said, than my chastity, took a very civil leave, recommending me to the care of heaven, and ordering us a large supply of provisions for our journey.

"We were provided with mules for ourselves and what we carried with us, and in nine days reached the sea-shore, where we found an English vessel ready to receive both us and the slaves. We went aboard it, and sailed the next day with a fair wind for New England, where I hoped to get an immediate passage to the Old: but Providence was kinder than my expectation; for the third day after we were at sea we met an English man-of-war homeward bound; the captain of it was a very good-natured man, and agreed to take me on board. I accordingly took my leave of my old friend the master of the shipwrecked vessel, who went on to New England, whence he intended to pass to Jamaica, where his owners lived. I was now treated with great civility, had a little cabin assigned me, and dined every day at the captain's table, who was indeed a very gallant man, and, at first, made me a tender of his affections; but, when he found me resolutely bent to preserve myself pure and entire for the best of husbands, he grew cooler in his addresses, and soon behaved in a manner very pleasing to me, regarding my sex only so far as to pay me a deference, which is very agreeable to us all.

"To conclude my story; I met with no adventure in this passage at all worth relating till my landing at Gravesend, whence the captain brought me in his own boat to the Tower. In a short hour after my arrival we had that meeting which, however dreadful at first, will, I now hope, by the good offices of the best of men, whom Heaven for ever bless, end in our perfect happiness, and be a strong instance of what I am persuaded is the surest truth, THAT PROVIDENCE WILL SOONER OR LATER PROCURE THE FELICITY OF THE VIRTUOUS AND INNOCENT."

Mrs. Heartfree thus ended her speech, having before delivered to her husband the jewels which the count had robbed him of, and that presented her by the African chief, which last was of immense value. The good magistrate was sensibly touched at her narrative, as well on the consideration of the sufferings she had herself undergone as for those of her husband, which he had himself been innocently the instrument of bringing upon him. That worthy man, however, much rejoiced in what he had already done for his preservation, and promised to labour with his utmost interest and industry to procure the absolute pardon, rather of his sentence than of his guilt, which he now plainly discovered was a barbarous and false imputation.

CHAPTER XII.

The history returns to the contemplation of GREATNESS.

BUT we have already, perhaps, detained our reader too long in this relation from the consideration of our hero, who daily gave the most exalted proofs of greatness in cajoling the *prigs*, and in exactions on the debtors; which latter now grew so great, *i. e.*

corrupted in their morals, that they spoke with the utmost contempt of what the vulgar call honesty. The greatest character among them was that of a pickpocket, or, in truer language, a *file*; and the only censure was want of dexterity. As to virtue, goodness, and such like, they were the objects of mirth and derision, and all Newgate was a complete collection of *prigs*, every man being desirous to pick his neighbour's pocket, and every one was as sensible that his neighbour was as ready to pick his; so that (which is almost incredible) as great roguery was daily committed within the walls of Newgate as without.

The glory resulting from these actions of Wild probably animated the envy of his enemies against him. The day of his trial now approached; for which, as Socrates did, he prepared himself; but not weakly and foolishly, like that philosopher, with patience and resignation, but with a good number of false witnesses. However, as success is not always proportioned to the wisdom of him who endeavours to attain it, so are we more sorry than ashamed to relate that our hero was, notwithstanding his utmost caution and prudence, convicted, and sentenced to a death which, when we consider not only the great men who have suffered it, but the much larger number of those whose highest honour it hath been to merit it, we cannot call otherwise than honourable. Indeed those who have unluckily missed it seem all their days to have laboured in vain to attain an end which Fortune, for reasons only known to herself, hath thought proper to deny them. Without any farther preface then, our hero was sentenced to be hanged by the neck: but, whatever was to be now his fate, he might console himself that he had perpetrated what

— *Nec Judicis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.*

For my own part, I confess, I look on this death of hanging to be as proper for a hero as any other; and I solemnly declare that had Alexander the Great been hanged it would not in the least have diminished my respect to his memory. Provided a hero in his life doth but execute a sufficient quantity of mischief; provided he be but well and heartily cursed by the widow, the orphan, the poor, and the oppressed (the sole rewards, as many authors have bitterly lamented both in prose and verse, of greatness, *i. e.* *priggism*), I think it avails little of what nature his death be, whether it be by the axe, the halter, or the sword. Such names will be always sure of living to posterity, and of enjoying that fame which they so gloriously and eagerly coveted; for, according to a GREAT dramatic poet,

Fame
Not more survives from good than evil deeds.
Th' aspiring youth that fired Ephesian dome
Outlives in fame the pious fool who rais'd it.

Our hero now suspected that the malice of his enemies would overpower him. He therefore betook himself to that true support of greatness in affliction, a bottle; by means of which he was enabled to curse, swear, and bully, and brave his fate. Other comfort indeed he had not much, for not a single friend ever came near him. His wife, whose trial was deferred to the next sessions, visited him but once, when she plagued, tormented, and upbraided him so cruelly, that he forbade the keeper ever to admit her again. The ordinary of Newgate had frequent conferences with him, and greatly would it embellish our history could we record all which that good man delivered on these occasions; but unhappily we could procure only the substance of a single conference, which was taken down in shorthand by one who overheard it. We shall transcribe it, therefore, exactly in the same form and

words we received it; nor can we help regarding it as one of the most curious pieces which either ancient or modern history hath recorded.

CHAPTER XIII.

A dialogue between the ordinary of Newgate and Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great; in which the subjects of death, immortality, and other grave matters, are very learnedly handled by the former.

Ordinary. Good morrow to you, sir; I hope you rested well last night.

Jonathan. D—n'd ill, sir. I dreamt so confoundedly of hanging, that it disturbed my sleep.

Ordinary. Fie upon it! You should be more resigned. I wish you would make a little better use of those instructions which I have endeavoured to inculcate into you, and particularly last Sunday, and from these words: *Those who do evil shall go into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.* I undertook to show you, first, what is meant by EVERLASTING FIRE; and, secondly, who were THE DEVIL AND HIS ANGELS. I then proceeded to draw some inferences from the whole*; in which I am mightily deceived if I did not convince you that you yourself was one of those ANGELS, and, consequently, must expect EVERLASTING FIRE to be your portion in the other world.

Jonathan. Faith, doctor, I remember very little of your inferences; for I fell asleep soon after your naming the text. But did you preach this doctrine then, or do you repeat it now in order to comfort me?

Ordinary. I do it in order to bring you to a true sense of your manifold sins, and, by that means, to induce you to repentance. Indeed, had I the eloquence of Cicero, or of Tully, it would not be sufficient to describe the pains of hell or the joys of heaven. The utmost that we are taught is, *that ear hath not heard, nor can heart conceive.* Who then would, for the pitiful consideration of the riches and pleasures of this world, forfeit such inestimable happiness! such joys! such pleasures! such delights? Or who would run the venture of such misery, which, but to think on, shocks the human understanding? Who, in his senses, then, would prefer the latter to the former?

Jonathan. Ay, who indeed? I assure you, doctor, I had much rather be happy than miserable. But†

Ordinary. Nothing can be plainer. St.

Jonathan. If
once convinced
no man
lives of
whereas
sure the clergy
opportunity
better informed
all manner of vice

Ordinary. are atheist. deist
arian * cinian * hanged * burnt * oiled * oasted.
dev * his an * ell fire * ternal da
tion.

Jonathan. You * * * to frighten me out of my wits. But the good * * * is, I doubt not, more merciful than his wicked * * If I should believe all you say, I am sure I should die in inexpressible horror.

Ordinary. Despair is sinful. You should place your hopes in repentance and grace; and though it is most true that you are in danger of the judgment, yet there is still room for mercy; and no man, unless excommunicated, is absolutely without hopes of a reprieve.

* He pronounced this word HULL, and perhaps would have spelt it so.

† This part was so blotted that it was illegible.

Jonathan. I am not without hopes of a reprieve from the cheat yet. I have pretty good interest; but, if I cannot obtain it, you shall not frighten me out of my courage. I will not die like a pimp. D—n me, what is death? It is nothing but to be with Platos and with Cæsars, as the poet says, and all the other great heroes of antiquity. * * *

Ordinary. Ay, all this is very true; but life is sweet for all that; and I had rather live to eternity than go into the company of any such heathens, who are, I doubt not, in hell with the devil and his angels; and, as little as you seem to apprehend it, you may find yourself there before you expect it. Where, then, will be your tauntings and your vauntings, your boastings and your braggings? You will then be ready to give more for a drop of water than you ever gave for a bottle of wine.

Jonathan. Faith, doctor! well minded. What say you to a bottle of wine?

Ordinary. I will drink no wine with an atheist. I should expect the devil to make a third in such company; for, since he knows you are his, he may be impatient to have his due.

Jonathan. It is your business to drink with the wicked, in order to amend them.

Ordinary. I despair of it; and so I consign you over to the devil, who is ready to receive you.

Jonathan. You are more unmerciful to me than the judge, doctor. He recommended my soul to heaven; and it is your office to show me the way thither.

Ordinary. No: the gates are barred against all revilers of the clergy.

Jonathan. I revile only the wicked ones, if any such are, which cannot affect you, who, if men were preferred in the church by merit only, would have long since been a bishop. Indeed, it might raise any good man's indignation to observe one of your vast learning and abilities obliged to exert them in so low a sphere, when so many of your inferiors wallow in wealth and preferment.

Ordinary. Why, it must be confessed that there are bad men in all orders; but you should not censure too generally. I must own I might have expected higher promotion; but I have learnt patience and resignation; and I would advise you to the same temper of mind; which, if you can attain, I know you will find mercy. Nay, I do now promise you you will. It is true you are a sinner; but your crimes are not of the blackest dye: you are no murderer, nor guilty of sacrilege. And, if you are guilty of theft, you make some atonement by suffering for it, which many others do not. Happy it is indeed for those few who are detected in their sins, and brought to exemplary punishment for them in this world. So far, therefore, from repining at your fate when you come to the tree, you should exult and rejoice in it; and, to say the truth, I question whether, to a wise man, the catastrophe of many of those who die by a halter is not more to be envied than pitied. Nothing is so sinful as sin, and murder is the greatest of all sins. It follows, that whoever commits murder is happy in suffering for it. If, therefore, a man who commits murder is so happy in dying for it, how much better must it be for you, who have committed a less crime!

Jonathan. All this is very true; but let us take a bottle of wine to cheer our spirits.

Ordinary. Why wine? Let me tell you, Mr. Wild, there is nothing so deceitful as the spirits given us by wine. If you must drink, let us have a bowl of punch—a liquor I the rather prefer, as it is nowhere spoken against in scripture, and as it is more wholesome for the gravel, a distemper with which I am grievously afflicted.

Jonathan (having called for a bowl). I ask your pardon, doctor; I should have remembered that punch was your favourite liquor. I think you never taste wine while there is any punch remaining on the table.

Ordinary. I confess I look on punch to be the more eligible liquor, as well for the reasons I have before mentioned as likewise for one other cause, viz., it is the properest for a DRAUGHT. I own I took it a little unkind of you to mention wine, thinking you knew my palate.

Jonathan. You are in the right; and I will take a swingeing cup to your being made a bishop.

Ordinary. And I will wish you a reprieve in as large a draught. Come, don't despair: it is yet time enough to think of dying; you have good friends, who very probably may prevail for you. I have known many a man reprieved who had less reason to expect it.

Jonathan. But if I should flatter myself with such hopes, and be deceived—what then would become of my soul?

Ordinary. Pugh! Never mind your soul—leave that to me; I will render a good account of it, I warrant you. I have a sermon in my pocket which may be of some use to you to hear. I do not value myself on the talent of preaching, since no man ought to value himself for any gift in this world. But perhaps there are not many such sermons. But to proceed, since we have nothing else to do till the punch comes. My text is the latter part of a verse only:

— *To the Greeks* FOOLISHNESS.

The occasion of these words was principally that philosophy of the Greeks which at that time had overrun great part of the heathen world, had poisoned, and, as it were, puffed up their minds with pride, so that they disregarded all kinds of doctrine in comparison of their own; and, however safe and however sound the learning of others might be, yet, if it anywise contradicted their own laws, customs, and received opinions, *away with it—it is not for us.* It was to the Greeks FOOLISHNESS.

In the former part, therefore, of my discourse on these words, I shall principally confine myself to the laying open and demonstrating the great emptiness and vanity of this philosophy, with which these idle and absurd sophists were so proudly blown up and elevated.

And here I shall do two things: First, I shall expose the matter; and, secondly, the manner of this absurd philosophy.

And first, for the first of these, namely the matter. Now here we may retort the unmannerly word which our adversaries have audaciously thrown in our faces; for what was all this mighty matter of philosophy, this heap of knowledge, which was to bring such large harvests of honour to those who sowed it, and so greatly and nobly to enrich the ground on which it fell; what was it but FOOLISHNESS? An inconsistent heap of nonsense, of absurdities and contradictions, bringing no ornament to the mind in its theory, nor exhibiting any usefulness to the body in its practice. What were all the sermons and the sayings, the fables and the morals of all these wise men, but, to use the word mentioned in my text once more, FOOLISHNESS? What was their great master Plato, or their other great light Aristotle? Both fools, mere quibblers and sophists, idly and vainly attached to certain ridiculous notions of their own, founded neither on truth nor on reason. Their whole works are a strange medley of the greatest falsehoods, scarce covered over with the colour of truth: their precepts are neither borrowed from nature nor guided by reason; mere fictions,

serving only to evince the dreadful height of human pride; in one word, **FOOLISHNESS**. It may be perhaps expected of me that I should give some instances from their works to prove this charge; but, as to transcribe every passage to my purpose would be to transcribe their whole works, and as in such a plentiful crop it is difficult to choose; instead of trespassing on your patience, I shall conclude this first head with asserting what I have so fully proved, and what may indeed be inferred from the text, that the philosophy of the Greeks was **FOOLISHNESS**.

Proceed we now, in the second place, to consider the manner in which this inane and simple doctrine was propagated. And here—But here the punch by entering waked Mr. Wild, who was fast asleep, and put an end to the sermon; nor could we obtain any further account of the conversation which passed at this interview.

CHAPTER XIV.

Wild proceeds to the highest consummation of human
GREATNESS.

THE day now drew nigh when our great man was to exemplify the last and noblest act of greatness by which any hero can signalise himself. This was the day of execution, or consummation, or apotheosis (for it is called by different names), which was to give our hero an opportunity of facing death and damnation, without any fear in his heart, or, at least, without betraying any symptoms of it in his countenance. A completion of greatness which is heartily to be wished to every great man; nothing being more worthy of lamentation than when Fortune, like a lazy poet, winds up her catastrophe awkwardly, and, bestowing too little care on her fifth act, dismisses the hero with a sneaking and private exit, who had in the former part of the drama performed such notable exploits as must promise to every good judge among the spectators a noble, public, and exalted end.

But she was resolved to commit no such error in this instance. Our hero was too much and too deservedly her favourite to be neglected by her in his last moments; accordingly all efforts for a reprieve were vain, and the name of Wild stood at the head of those who were ordered for execution.

From the time he gave over all hopes of life, his conduct was truly great and admirable. Instead of showing any marks of dejection or contrition, he rather infused more confidence and assurance into his looks. He spent most of his hours in drinking with his friends and with the good man above commemorated. In one of these computations, being asked whether he was afraid to die, he answered, “D—n me, it is only a dance without music.” Another time, when one expressed some sorrow for his misfortune, as he termed it, he said with great fierceness,—“A man can die but once.” Again, when one of his intimate acquaintance hinted his hopes, that he would die like a man, he cocked his hat in defiance, and cries out greatly—“Zounds! who’s afraid?”

Happy would it have been for posterity, could we have retrieved any entire conversation which passed at this season, especially between our hero and his learned comforter; but we have searched many pasteboard records in vain.

On the eve of his apotheosis, Wild’s lady desired to see him, to which he consented. This meeting was at first very tender on both sides; but it could not continue so, for unluckily, some hints of former miscarriages intervening, as particularly when she asked him how he could have used her so barbarously once as calling her b—, and whether such language became a man, much less a gentleman, Wild flew into a violent passion, and swore she was

the vilest of b—s to upbraid him at such a season with an unguarded word spoke long ago. She replied, with many tears, she was well enough served for her folly in visiting such a brute; but she had one comfort, however, that it would be the last time he could ever treat her so; that indeed she had some obligation to him, for that his cruelty to her would reconcile her to the fate he was to-morrow to suffer; and, indeed, nothing but such brutality could have made the consideration of his shameful death (so this weak woman called hanging), which was now inevitable, to be borne even without madness. She then proceeded to a recapitulation of his faults in an exacter order, and with more perfect memory, than one would have imagined her capable of; and it is probable would have rehearsed a complete catalogue had not our hero’s patience failed him, so that with the utmost fury and violence he caught her by the hair and kicked her as heartily as his chains would suffer him out of the room.

At length the morning came which Fortune at his birth had resolutely ordained for the consummation of our hero’s **GREATNESS**: he had himself indeed modestly declined the public honours she intended him, and had taken a quantity of laudanum, in order to retire quietly off the stage; but we have already observed, in the course of our wonderful history, that to struggle against this lady’s decrees is vain and impotent; and whether she hath determined you shall be hanged or be a prime minister, it is in either case lost labour to resist. Laudanum, therefore, being unable to stop the breath of our hero, which the fruit of hemp-seed, and not the spirit of poppy-seed, was to overcome, he was at the usual hour attended by the proper gentleman appointed for that purpose, and acquainted that the cart was ready. On this occasion he exerted that greatness of courage which hath been so much celebrated in other heroes; and, knowing it was impossible to resist, he gravely declared he would attend them. He then descended to that room where the fetters of great men are knocked off in a most solemn and ceremonious manner. Then shaking hands with his friends (to wit, those who were conducting him to the tree), and drinking their healths in a bumper of brandy, he ascended the cart, where he was no sooner seated than he received the acclamations of the multitude, who were highly ravished with his **GREATNESS**.

The cart now moved slowly on, being preceded by a troop of horse-guards bearing javelins in their hands, through streets lined with crowds all admiring the great behaviour of our hero, who rode on, sometimes sighing, sometimes swearing, sometimes singing or whistling, as his humour varied.

When he came to the tree of glory he was welcomed with an universal shout of the people, who were there assembled in prodigious numbers to behold a sight much more rare in populous cities than one would reasonably imagine it should be, *viz.* the proper catastrophe of a great man.

But though envy was, through fear, obliged to join the general voice in applause on this occasion, there were not wanting some who maligned this completion of glory, which was now about to be fulfilled to our hero, and endeavoured to prevent it by knocking him on the head as he stood under the tree, while the ordinary was performing his last office. They therefore began to batter the cart with stones, brickbats, dirt, and all manner of mischievous weapons, some of which, erroneously playing on the robes of the ecclesiastic, made him so expeditious in his repetition, that with wonderful alacrity he had ended almost in an instant, and conveyed himself into a place of safety in a hackney-coach, where he waited the

conclusion with a temper of mind described in these verses :

Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terra alterius magnum spectare laborem.

We must not, however, omit one circumstance, as it serves to show the most admirable conservation of character in our hero to the last moment, which was, that, whilst the ordinary was busy in his ejaculations, Wild, in the midst of the shower of stones, &c., which played upon him, applied his hands to the parson's pocket, and emptied it of his bottle-screw, which he carried out of the world in his hand.

The ordinary being now descended from the cart, Wild had just opportunity to cast his eyes around the crowd, and to give them a hearty curse, when immediately the horses moved on, and with universal applause our hero swung out of this world.

Thus fell Jonathan Wild the GREAT, by a death as glorious as his life had been, and which was so truly agreeable to it, that the latter must have been deplorably maimed and imperfect without the former ; a death which hath been alone wanting to complete the characters of several ancient and modern heroes, whose histories would then have been read with much greater pleasure by the wisest in all ages. Indeed we could almost wish that whenever Fortune seems wantonly to deviate from her purpose, and leaves her work imperfect in this particular, the historian would indulge himself in the licence of poetry and romance, and even do a violence to truth, to oblige his reader with a page which must be the most delightful in all the history, and which could never fail of producing an instructive moral.

Narrow minds may possibly have some reason to be ashamed of going this way out of the world, if their consciences can fly in their faces and assure them they have not merited such an honour ; but he must be a fool who is ashamed of being hanged, who is not weak enough to be ashamed of having deserved it.

CHAPTER XV.

The character of our hero, and the conclusion of this history.

WE will now endeavour to draw the character of this great man ; and, by bringing together those several features as it were of his mind which lie scattered up and down in this history, to present our readers with a perfect picture of greatness.

Jonathan Wild had every qualification necessary to form a great man. As his most powerful and predominant passion was ambition, so nature had, with consummate propriety, adapted all his faculties to the attaining those glorious ends to which this passion directed him. He was extremely ingenious in inventing designs, artful in contriving the means to accomplish his purposes, and resolute in executing them : for as the most exquisite cunning and most undaunted boldness qualified him for any undertaking, so was he not restrained by any of those weaknesses which disappoint the views of mean and vulgar souls, and which are comprehended in one general term of honesty, which is a corruption of HONESTY, a word derived from what the Greeks call an ass. He was entirely free from those low vices of modesty and good-nature, which, as he said, implied a total negation of human greatness, and were the only qualities which absolutely rendered a man incapable of making a considerable figure in the world. His lust was inferior only to his ambition ; but, as for what simple people call love, he knew not what it was. His avarice was immense, but it was of the rapacious, not of the tenacious kind ; his rapaciousness was indeed so violent, that nothing ever contented him but the whole ; for, however considerable the share was which his coadjutors allowed him of a booty, he was restless in inventing means to make

himself master of the smallest pittance reserved by them. He said laws were made for the use of *prig* only, and to secure their property ; they were never therefore more perverted than when their edge was turned against these ; but that this generally happened through their want of sufficient dexterity. The character which he most valued himself upon, and which he principally honoured in others, was that of hypocrisy. His opinion was, that no one could carry *priggism* very far without it ; for which reason, he said, there was little greatness to be expected in a man who acknowledged his vices, but always much to be hoped from him who professed great virtues : wherefore, though he would always shun the person whom he discovered guilty of a good action, yet he was never deterred by a good character, which was more commonly the effect of profession than of action : for which reason, he himself was always very liberal of honest professions, and had as much virtue and goodness in his mouth as a saint ; never in the least scrupling to swear by his honour, even to those who knew him the best ; nay, though he held good-nature and modesty in the highest contempt, he constantly practised the affectation of both, and recommended this to others, whose welfare, on his own account, he wished well to. He laid down several maxims as the certain methods of attaining greatness, to which, in his own pursuit of it, he constantly adhered. As,

1. Never to do more mischief to another than was necessary to the effecting his purpose ; for that mischief was too precious a thing to be thrown away.
2. To know no distinction of men from affection ; but to sacrifice all with equal readiness to his interest.
3. Never to communicate more of an affair than was necessary to the person who was to execute it.
4. Not to trust him who hath deceived you, nor who knows he hath been deceived by you.
5. To forgive no enemy ; but to be cautious and often dilatory in revenge.
6. To shun poverty and distress, and to ally himself as close as possible to power and riches.
7. To maintain a constant gravity in his countenance and behaviour, and to affect wisdom on all occasions.
8. To foment eternal jealousies in his gang, one of another.
9. Never to reward any one equal to his merit ; but always to insinuate that the reward was above it.
10. That all men were knaves or fools, and much the greater number a composition of both.
11. That a good name, like money, must be parted with, or at least greatly risked, in order to bring the owner any advantage.
12. That virtues, like precious stones, were easily counterfeited ; that the counterfeits in both cases adorned the wearer equally, and that very few had knowledge or discernment sufficient to distinguish the counterfeit jewel from the real.
13. That many men were undone by not going deep enough in roguery ; as in gaming any man may be a loser who doth not play the whole game.
14. That men proclaim their own virtues, as shopkeepers expose their goods, in order to profit by them.
15. That the heart was the proper seat of hatred, and the countenance of affection and friendship.

He had many more of the same kind, all equally good with these, and which were after his decease found in his study, as the twelve excellent and celebrated rules were in that of king Charles the first ; for he never promulgated them in his lifetime, not having them constantly in his mouth, as some grave

persons have the rules of virtue and morality, without paying the least regard to them in their actions: whereas our hero, by a constant and steady adherence to his rules in conforming everything he did to them, acquired at length a settled habit of walking by them, till at last he was in no danger of inadvertently going out of the way; and by these means he arrived at that degree of greatness which few have equalled; none, we may say, have exceeded: for, though it must be allowed that there have been some few heroes who have done greater mischiefs to mankind, such as those who have betrayed the liberty of their country to others, or have undermined and overpowered it themselves; or conquerors who have impoverished, pillaged, sacked, burnt, and destroyed the countries and cities of their fellow-creatures, from no other provocation than that of glory, *i. e.*, as the tragic poet calls it,

a privilege to kill,

A strong temptation to do bravely ill;

yet, if we consider it in the light wherein actions are placed in this line,

Lætius est, quoties magno tibi constat honestum;

when we see our hero, without the least assistance or pretence, setting himself at the head of a gang which he had not any shadow of right to govern; if we view him maintaining absolute power and exercising tyranny over a lawless crew, contrary to all law but that of his own will; if we consider him setting up an open trade publicly, in defiance not only of the laws of his country but of the common sense of his countrymen; if we see him first contriving the robbery of others, and again the defrauding the very robbers of that booty which they had ventured their necks to acquire, and which, without any hazard, they might have retained, here sure he must appear admirable, and we may challenge not only the truth of history, but almost the latitude of fiction, to equal his glory.

Nor had he any of those flaws in his character which, though they have been commended by weak writers, have (as I hinted in the beginning of this history) by the judicious reader been censured and despised. Such was the clemency of Alexander and Cæsar, which nature had so grossly erred in giving them, as a painter would who should dress a peasant in robes of state, or give the nose or any other feature of a Venus to a satyr. What had the destroyers of mankind, that glorious pair, one of whom came into the world to usurp the dominion and abolish the constitution of his own country; the other to conquer, enslave, and rule over the whole world, at least as much as was well known to him, and the shortness of his life would give him leave to visit; what had, I say, such as these to do with clemency? Who cannot see the absurdity and contradiction of mixing such an ingredient with those noble and great qualities I have before mentioned? Now, in Wild everything was truly great, almost without alloy, as his imperfections (for surely some small ones he had) were only such as served to denominate him a human creature, of which kind none ever arrived at consummate excellence. But surely his whole behaviour to his friend Heartfree is a convincing proof that the true iron or steel greatness of his heart was not debased by any softer metal. Indeed, while greatness consists in power, pride, insolence, and doing mischief to mankind—to speak out—while a great man and a great rogue are synonymous terms, so long shall Wild stand unrivalled on the pinnacle of GREATNESS. Nor must we omit here, as the finishing of his character, what indeed ought to be remembered on his tomb or his statue, the conformity above mentioned of his death to his

life; and that Jonathan Wild the Great, after all his mighty exploits, was, what so few GREAT men can accomplish—hanged by the neck till he was dead.

Having thus brought our hero to his conclusion, it may be satisfactory to some readers (for many, I doubt not, carry their concern no farther than his fate) to know what became of Heartfree. We shall acquaint them, therefore, that his sufferings were now at an end; that the good magistrate easily prevailed for his pardon, nor was contented till he had made him all the reparation he could for his troubles, though the share he had in bringing these upon him was not only innocent but from its motive laudable. He procured the restoration of the jewels from the man-of-war at her return to England, and, above all, omitted no labour to restore Heartfree to his reputation, and to persuade his neighbours, acquaintance, and customers, of his innocence. When the commission of bankruptcy was satisfied, Heartfree had a considerable sum remaining; for the diamond presented to his wife was of prodigious value, and infinitely recompensed the loss of those jewels which Miss Straddle had disposed of. He now set up again in his trade: compassion for his unmerited misfortunes brought him many customers among those who had any regard to humanity; and he hath, by industry joined with parsimony, amassed a considerable fortune. His wife and he are now grown old in the purest love and friendship, but never had another child. Friendly married his elder daughter at the age of nineteen, and became his partner in trade. As to the younger, she never would listen to the addresses of any lover, not even of a young nobleman, who offered to take her with two thousand pounds, which her father would have willingly produced, and indeed did his utmost to persuade her to the match; but she refused absolutely, nor would give any other reason, when Heartfree pressed her, than that she had dedicated her days to his service, and was resolved no other duty should interfere with that which she owed the best of fathers, nor prevent her from being the nurse of his old age.

Thus Heartfree, his wife, his two daughters, his son-in-law, and his grandchildren, of which he hath several, live all together in one house; and that, with such amity and affection towards each other, that they are in the neighbourhood called the family of love.

As to all the other persons mentioned in this history in the light of greatness, they had all the fate adapted to it, being every one hanged by the neck, save two, *viz.*, Miss Theodosia Snap, who was transported to America, where she was pretty well married, reformed, and made a good wife; and the count, who recovered of the wound he had received from the hermit and made his escape into France, where he committed a robbery, was taken, and broke on the wheel.

Indeed, whoever considers the common fate of great men must allow they well deserve and hardly earn that applause which is given them by the world; for, when we reflect on the labours and pains, the cares, disquietudes, and dangers which attend their road to greatness, we may say with the divine *that a man may go to heaven with half the pains which it costs him to purchase hell*. To say the truth, the world have this reason at least to honour such characters as that of Wild: that, while it is in the power of every man to be perfectly honest, not one in a thousand is capable of being a complete rogue; and few indeed there are who, if they were inspired with the vanity of imitating our hero, would not after much fruitless pains be obliged to own themselves inferior to MR. JONATHAN WILD THE GREAT.

A JOURNEY FROM THIS WORLD TO THE NEXT.

&c. &c.

INTRODUCTION.

WHETHER the ensuing pages were really the dream or vision of some very pious and holy person; or whether they were really written in the other world, and sent back to this, which is the opinion of many (though I think too much inclining to superstition); or lastly, whether, as infinitely the greatest part imagine, they were really the production of some choice inhabitant of New Bethlehem, is not necessary nor easy to determine. It will be abundantly sufficient if I give the reader an account by what means they came into my possession.

Mr. Robert Powney, stationer, who dwells opposite to Catherine-street in the Strand, a very honest man and of great gravity of countenance; who, among other excellent stationary commodities, is particularly eminent for his pens, which I am abundantly bound to acknowledge, as I owe to their peculiar goodness that my manuscripts have by any means been legible: this gentleman, I say, furnished me some time since with a bundle of those pens, wrapped up with great care and caution, in a very large sheet of paper full of characters, written as it seemed in a very bad hand. Now, I have a surprising curiosity to read everything which is almost illegible; partly perhaps from the sweet remembrance of the dear Scrawls, Skrawls, or Skrales (for the word is variously spelt), which I have in my youth received from that lovely part of the creation for which I have the tenderest regard; and partly from that temper of mind which makes men set an immense value on old manuscripts so effaced, bustoes so maimed, and pictures so black that no one can tell what to make of them. I therefore perused this sheet with wonderful application, and in about a day's time discovered that I could not understand it. I immediately repaired to Mr. Powney, and inquired very eagerly whether he had not more of the same manuscript? He produced about one hundred pages, acquainting me that he had saved no more; but that the book was originally a huge folio, had been left in his garret by a gentleman who lodged there, and who had left him no other satisfaction for nine months' lodging. He proceeded to inform me that the manuscript had been hawked about (as he phrased it) among all the booksellers, who refused to meddle; some alleged that they could not read, others that they could not understand it. Some would have it to be an atheistical book, and some that it was a libel on the government; for one or other of which reasons they all refused to print it. That it had been likewise shown to the R—l Society, but they shook their heads, saying, there was nothing in it wonderful enough for them. That, hearing the gentleman was gone to the West-Indies, and believing it to be good for nothing else, he had used it as waste paper. He said I was welcome to what remained, and he was heartily sorry for what was missing, as I seemed to set some value on it.

I desired him much to name a price: but he would receive no consideration farther than the payment of a small bill I owed him, which at that time he said he looked on as so much money given him.

I presently communicated this manuscript to my friend parson Abraham Adams, who, after a long and careful perusal, returned it me with his opinion that there was more in it than at first appeared; that the author seemed not entirely unacquainted with the writings of Plato; but he wished he had quoted him sometimes in his margin, that I might be sure (said he) he had read him in the original: for nothing, continued the parson, is commoner than for men now-a-days to pretend to have read Greek authors, who have met with them only in translations, and cannot conjugate a verb in *mi*.

To deliver my own sentiments on the occasion, I think the author discovers a philosophical turn of thinking, with some little knowledge of the world, and no very inadequate value of it. There are some indeed who, from the vivacity of their temper and the happiness of their station, are willing to consider its blessings as more substantial, and the whole to be a scene of more consequence than it is here represented: but, without controverting their opinions at present, the number of wise and good men who have thought with our author are sufficient to keep him in countenance: nor can this be attended with any ill inference, since he everywhere teaches this moral: That the greatest and truest happiness which this world affords, is to be found only in the possession of goodness and virtue; a doctrine which, as it is undoubtedly true, so hath it so noble and practical a tendency, that it can never be too often or too strongly inculcated on the minds of men.

BOOK I.—CHAPTER I.

The author dies, meets with Mercury, and is by him conducted to the stage, which sets out for the other world.

ON the first day of December 1741* I departed this life at my lodging in Cheapside. My body had

* Some doubt whether this should not be rather 1641, which is a date more agreeable to the account given of it in the in-

been some time dead before I was at liberty to quit it, lest it should by any accident return to life: this is an injunction imposed on all souls by the eternal law of fate, to prevent the inconveniences which would follow. As soon as the destined period was expired (being no longer than till the body is become perfectly cold and stiff) I began to move; but found myself under a difficulty of making my escape, for the mouth or door was shut, so that it was impossible for me to go out at it; and the windows, vulgarly called the eyes, were so closely pulled down by the fingers of a nurse, that I could by no means open them. At last I perceived a beam of light glimmering at the top of the house (for such I may call the body I had been enclosed in), whither ascending, I gently let myself down through a kind of chimney, and issued out at the nostrils.

No prisoner discharged from a long confinement ever tasted the sweets of liberty with a more exquisite relish than I enjoyed in this delivery from a dungeon wherein I had been detained upwards of forty years, and with much the same kind of regard I cast my eyes* backwards upon it.

My friends and relations had all quitted the room, being all (as I plainly overheard) very loudly quarrelling below stairs about my will; there was only an old woman left above to guard the body, as I apprehend. She was in a fast sleep, occasioned, as from her savour it seemed, by a comfortable dose of gin. I had no pleasure in this company, and, therefore, as the window was wide open, I sallied forth into the open air: but, to my great astonishment, found myself unable to fly, which I had always during my habitation in the body conceived of spirits; however, I came so lightly to the ground that I did not hurt myself; and, though I had not the gift of flying (owing probably to my having neither feathers nor wings), I was capable of hopping such a prodigious way at once, that it served my turn almost as well.

I had not hopped far before I perceived a tall young gentleman in a siik waistcoat, with a wing on his left heel, a garland on his head, and a caduceus in his right hand.† I thought I had seen this person before, but had not time to recollect where when he called out to me and asked me how long I had been departed. I answered I was just come forth. You must not stay here, replied he, unless you had been murdered: in which case, indeed, you might have been suffered to walk some time; but if you died a natural death you must set out for the other world immediately. I desired to know the way. O, cried the gentleman, I will show you to the inn whence the stage proceeds; for I am the porter. Perhaps you never heard of me,—my name is Mercury. Sure, sir, said I, I have seen you at the playhouse. Upon which he smiled, and, without satisfying me as to that point, walked directly forward, bidding me hop after him. I obeyed him, and soon found myself in Warwick-lane; where Mercury, making a full stop, pointed at a particular introduction: but then there are some passages which seem to relate to transactions infinitely later, even within this year or two. To say the truth, there are difficulties attending either conjecture; so the reader may take which he pleases.

* Eyes are not perhaps so properly adapted to a spiritual substance; but we are here, as in many other places, obliged to use corporeal terms to make ourselves the better understood.

† This is the dress in which the god appears to mortals at the theatres. One of the offices attributed to this god by the ancients, was to collect the ghosts as a shepherd doth a flock of sheep, and drive them with his wand into the other world.

house, where he bade me inquire for the stage, and, wishing me a good journey, took his leave, saying he must go seek after other customers.

I arrived just as the coach was setting out, and found I had no occasion for inquiry; for every person seemed to know my business the moment I appeared at the door: the coachman told me his horses were to, but that he had no place left; however, though there were already six, the passengers offered to make room for me. I thanked them, and ascended without much ceremony. We immediately began our journey, being seven in number; for, as the women wore no hoops, three of them were but equal to two men.

Perhaps, reader, thou mayest be pleased with an account of this whole equipage, as peradventure thou wilt not, while alive, see any such. The coach was made by an eminent toyman, who is well known to deal in immaterial substance, that being the matter of which it was compounded. The work was so extremely fine, that it was entirely invisible to the human eye. The horses which drew this extraordinary vehicle were all spiritual, as well as the passengers. They had, indeed, all died in the service of a certain post-master; and as for the coachman, who was a very thin piece of immaterial substance, he had the honour while alive of driving the Great Peter, or Peter the Great, in whose service his soul, as well as body, was almost starved to death.

Such was the vehicle in which I set out, and now, those who are not willing to travel on with me may, if they please, stop here; those who are, must proceed to the subsequent chapters, in which this journey is continued.

CHAPTER II.

In which the author first refutes some idle opinions concerning spirits, and then the passengers relate their several deaths.

It is the common opinion that spirits, like owls, can see in the dark; nay, and can then most easily be perceived by others. For which reason, many persons of good understanding, to prevent being terrified with such objects, usually keep a candle burning by them, that the light may prevent their seeing. Mr. Locke, in direct opposition to this, hath not doubted to assert that you may see a spirit in open daylight full as well as in the darkest night.

It was very dark when we set out from the inn, nor could we see any more than if every soul of us had been alive. We had travelled a good way before any one offered to open his mouth; indeed, most of the company were fast asleep,* but, as I could not close my own eyes, and perceived the spirit who sat opposite to me to be likewise awake, I began to make overtures of conversation, by complaining *how dark it was*. "And extremely cold too," answered my fellow-traveller; "though, I thank God, as I have no body, I feel no inconvenience from it: but you will believe, sir, that this frosty air must seem very sharp to one just issued forth out of an oven; for such was the inflamed habitation I am lately departed from." "How did you come to your end, sir?" said I. "I was murdered, sir," answered the gentleman. "I am surprised then," replied I, "that you did not divert yourself by walking up and down and playing some merry tricks with the murderer." "Oh, sir," returned he, "I had not that privilege, I was lawfully put to death. In short, a physician set me on fire, by giving me medicines to throw out my distemper.

* Those who have read of the gods sleeping in Homer will not be surprised at this happening to spirits.

I died of a hot regimen, as they call it, in the small-pox."

One of the spirits at that word started up and cried out, "The small-pox! bless me! I hope I am not in company with that distemper, which I have all my life with such caution avoided, and have so happily escaped hitherto!" This fright set all the passengers who were awake into a loud laughter; and the gentleman, recollecting himself, with some confusion, and not without blushing, asked pardon, crying, "I protest I dreamt that I was alive." "Perhaps, sir," said I, "you died of that distemper, which therefore made so strong an impression on you." "No, sir," answered he, "I never had it in my life; but the continual and dreadful apprehension it kept me so long under cannot, I see, be so immediately eradicated. You must know, sir, I avoided coming to London for thirty years together, for fear of the small-pox, till the most urgent business brought me thither about five days ago. I was so dreadfully afraid of this disease that I refused the second night of my arrival to sup with a friend whose wife had recovered of it several months before, and the same evening got a surfeit by eating too many muscles, which brought me into this good company."

"I will lay a wager," cried the spirit who sat next him, "there is not one in the coach able to guess my distemper." I desired the favour of him to acquaint us with it, if it was so uncommon. "Why, sir," said he, "I died of honour."—"Of honour, sir!" repeated I, with some surprise. "Yes, sir," answered the spirit "of honour, for I was killed in a duel."

"For my part," said a fair spirit, "I was inoculated last summer, and had the good fortune to escape with a very few marks in my face. I esteemed myself now perfectly happy, as I imagined I had no restraint to a full enjoyment of the diversions of the town; but within a few days after my coming up I caught cold by overdancing myself at a ball, and last night died of a violent fever."

After a short silence which now ensued, the fair spirit who spoke last, it being now day-light, addressed herself to a female who sat next her, and asked her to what chance they owed the happiness of her company. She answered, she apprehended to a consumption, but the physicians were not agreed concerning her distemper, for she left two of them in a very hot dispute about it when she came out of her body. "And pray, madam," said the same spirit to the sixth passenger, "How came you to leave the other world?" But that female spirit, screwing up her mouth, answered, she wondered at the curiosity of some people; that perhaps persons had already heard some reports of her death, which were far from being true; that, whatever was the occasion of it, she was glad at being delivered from a world in which she had no pleasure, and where there was nothing but nonsense and impertinence; particularly among her own sex, whose loose conduct she had long been entirely ashamed of.

The beauteous spirit, perceiving her question gave offence, pursued it no farther. She had indeed all the sweetness and good-humour which are so extremely amiable (when found) in that sex which tenderness most exquisitely becomes. Her countenance displayed all the cheerfulness, the good-nature, and the modesty, which diffuse such brightness round the beauty of Seraphina,* awing every beholder with respect, and, at the same time, ravishing him with admiration. Had it not been indeed for our con-

* A particular lady of quality is meant here; but every lady of quality, or no quality, are welcome to apply the character to themselves.

versation on the small-pox, I should have imagined we had been honoured with her identical presence. This opinion might have been heightened by the good sense she uttered whenever she spoke, by the delicacy of her sentiments, and the complacency of her behaviour, together with a certain dignity which attended every look, word, and gesture; qualities which could not fail making an impression on a heart* so capable of receiving it as mine, nor was she long in raising in me a very violent degree of seraphic love. I do not intend by this that sort of love which men are very properly said to make to women in the lower world, and which seldom lasts any longer than while it is making. I mean by seraphic love an extreme delicacy and tenderness of friendship, of which my worthy reader, if thou hast no conception, as it is probable thou mayest not, my endeavour to instruct thee would be as fruitless as it would be to explain the most difficult problems of sir Isaac Newton to one ignorant of vulgar arithmetic.

To return therefore to matters comprehensible by all understandings: the discourse now turned on the vanity, folly, and misery of the lower world, from which every passenger in the coach expressed the highest satisfaction in being delivered; though it was very remarkable that, notwithstanding the joy we declared at our death, there was not one of us who did not mention the accident which occasioned it as a thing we would have avoided if we could. Nay, the very grave lady herself, who was the forwardest in testifying her delight, confessed inadvertently that she left a physician by her bedside; and the gentleman who died of honour very liberally cursed both his folly and his fencing. While we were entertaining ourselves with these matters on a sudden a most offensive smell began to invade our nostrils. This very much resembled the savour which travellers in summer perceive at their approach to that beautiful village of the Hague, arising from those delicious canals which, as they consist of standing water, do at that time emit odours greatly agreeable to a Dutch taste, but not so pleasant to any other. Those perfumes, with the assistance of a fair wind, begin to affect persons of quick olfactory nerves at a league's distance, and increase gradually as you approach. In the same manner did the smell I have just mentioned more and more invade us, till one of the spirits, looking out of the coach-window, declared we were just arrived at a very large city; and indeed he had scarce said so before we found ourselves in the suburbs, and, at the same time, the coachman, being asked by another, informed us that the name of this place was the City of Diseases. The road to it was extremely smooth, and, excepting the above-mentioned savour, delightfully pleasant. The streets of the suburbs were lined with bagnios, taverns, and cooks' shops: in the first we saw several beautiful women, but in tawdry dresses, looking out at the windows; and in the latter were visibly exposed all kinds of the richest dainties; but on our entering the city we found, contrary to all we had seen in the other world, that the suburbs were infinitely pleasanter than the city itself. It was indeed a very dull, dark, and melancholy place. Few people appeared in the streets, and these, for the most part, were old women, and here and there a formal grave gentleman, who seemed to be thinking, with large tie-wigs on, and amber-headed canes in their hands. We

* We have before made an apology for this language, which we here repeat for the last time; though the heart may, we hope, be metaphorically used here with more propriety than when we apply those passions to the body which belong to the soul.

were all in hopes that our vehicle would not stop here; but, to our sorrow, the coach soon drove into an inn, and we were obliged to alight.

CHAPTER III.

The adventures we met with in the City of Diseases.

WE had not been long arrived in our inn, where it seems we were to spend the remainder of the day, before our host acquainted us that it was customary for all spirits, in their passage through that city, to pay their respects to that lady Disease, to whose assistance they had owed their deliverance from the lower world. We answered we should not fail in any complacency which was usual to others; upon which our host replied he would immediately send porters to conduct us. He had not long quitted the room before we were attended by some of those grave persons whom I have before described in large tie-wigs with amber-headed canes. These gentlemen are the ticket-porters in the city, and their canes are the *insignia*, or tickets, denoting their office. We informed them of the several ladies to whom we were obliged, and were preparing to follow them, when on a sudden they all stared at one another, and left us in a hurry, with a frown on every countenance. We were surprised at this behaviour, and presently summoned the host, who was no sooner acquainted with it than he burst into an hearty laugh, and told us the reason was, because we did not fee the gentlemen the moment they came in, according to the custom of the place. We answered, with some confusion, we had brought nothing with us from the other world, which we had been all our lives informed was not lawful to do. "No, no, master," replied the host; "I am apprised of that, and indeed it was my fault. I should have first sent you to my lord Scrape,* who would have supplied you with what you want." "My lord Scrape supply us!" said I, with astonishment: "sure you must know we cannot give him security; and I am convinced he never lent a shilling without it in his life." "No, sir," answered the host, "and for that reason he is obliged to do it here, where he is sentenced to keep a bank, and to distribute money *gratis* to all passengers. This bank originally consisted of just that sum, which he had miserably hoarded up in the other world, and he is to perceive it decrease visibly one shilling a-day, till it is totally exhausted; after which he is to return to the other world, and to perform the part of a miser for seventy years; then, being purified in the body of a hog, he is to enter the human species again, and take a second trial." "Sir," said I, "you tell me wonders: but if his bank be to decrease only a shilling a day, how can he furnish all passengers?" "The rest," answered the host, "is supplied again; but in a manner which I cannot easily explain to you." "I apprehend," said I, "this distribution of his money is inflicted on him as a punishment; but I do not see how it can answer that end, when he knows it is to be restored to him again. Would it not serve the purpose as well if he parted only with the single shilling, which it seems is all he is really to lose?" "Sir," cries the host, "when you observe the agonies with which he parts with every guinea, you will be of another opinion. No prisoner condemned to death ever begged so heartily for transportation as he, when he received his sentence, did to go to hell, provided he might carry his money with him. But you will know more of these things when you ar-

* That we may mention it once for all, in the panegyric part of this work some particular person is always meant; but, in the satirical, nobody.

rive at the upper world ; and now, if you please, I will attend you to my lord's, who is obliged to supply you with whatever you desire."

We found his lordship sitting at the upper end of a table, on which was an immense sum of money, disposed in several heaps, every one of which would have purchased the honour of some patriots and the chastity of some prudes. The moment he saw us he turned pale, and sighed, as well apprehending our business. Mine host accosted him with a familiar air, which at first surprised me, who so well remembered the respect I had formerly seen paid this lord by men infinitely superior in quality to the person who now saluted him in the following manner : " Here, you lord, and be dam—d to your little sneaking soul, tell out your money, and supply your betters with what they want. Be quick, sirrah, or I'll fetch the beadle to you. Don't fancy yourself in the lower world again, with your privilege at your a—." He then shook a cane at his lordship, who immediately began to tell out his money, with the same miserable air and face which the miser on our stage wears while he delivers his bank-bills. This affected some of us so much that we had certainly returned with no more than what would have been sufficient to fee the porters, had not our host, perceiving our compassion, begged us not to spare a fellow who, in the midst of immense wealth, had always refused the least contribution to charity. Our hearts were hardened with this reflection, and we all filled our pockets with his money. I remarked a poetical spirit, in particular, who swore he would have a hearty gripe at him : " For," says he, " the rascal not only refused to subscribe to my works, but sent back my letter unanswered, though I am a better gentleman than himself."

We now returned from this miserable object, greatly admiring the propriety as well as justice of his punishment, which consisted, as our host informed us, merely in the delivering forth his money ; and, he observed, we could not wonder at the pain this gave him, since it was as reasonable that the bare parting with money should make him miserable as that the bare having money without using it should have made him happy.

Other tiewig-porters (for those we had summoned before refused to visit us again) now attended us ; and we having feed them the instant they entered the room, according to the instructions of our host, they bowed and smiled, and offered to introduce us to whatever disease we pleased.

We set out several ways, as we were all to pay our respects to different ladies. I directed my porter to show me to the Fever on the Spirits, being the disease which had delivered me from the flesh. My guide and I traversed many streets, and knocked at several doors, but to no purpose. At one, we were told, lived the Consumption ; at another, the *Maladie Alamode*, a French lady ; at the third, the Dropsy ; at the fourth, the Rheumatism ; at the fifth, Intemperance ; at the sixth, Misfortune. I was tired, and had exhausted my patience, and almost my purse ; for I gave my porter a new fee at every blunder he made : when my guide, with a solemn countenance, told me he could do no more ; and marched off without any farther ceremony.

He was no sooner gone than I met another gentleman with a ticket, *i. e.*, an amber-headed cane in his hand. I first feed him, and then acquainted him with the name of the disease. He cast himself for two or three minutes into a thoughtful posture, then pulled a piece of paper out of his pocket, on which he writ something in one of the oriental languages, I believe, for I could not read a syllable : he bade me

carry it to such a particular shop, and, telling me it would do my business, he took his leave.

Secure, as I now thought myself, of my direction, I went to the shop, which very much resembled an apothecary's. The person who officiated, having read the paper, took down about twenty different jars, and, pouring something out of every one of them, made a mixture, which he delivered to me in a bottle, having first tied a paper round the neck of it, on which were written three or four words, the last containing eleven syllables. I mentioned the name of the disease I wanted to find out, but received no other answer than that he had done as he was ordered, and the drugs were excellent.

I began now to be enraged, and, quitting the shop with some anger in my countenance, I intended to find out my inn, but, meeting in the way a porter whose countenance had in it something more pleasing than ordinary, I resolved to try once more, and clapped a fee into his hand. As soon as I mentioned the disease to him he laughed heartily, and told me I had been imposed on, for in reality no such disease was to be found in that city. He then inquired into the particulars of my case, and was no sooner acquainted with them than he informed me that the *Maladie Alamode* was the lady to whom I was obliged. I thanked him, and immediately went to pay my respects to her.

The house, or rather palace, of this lady was one of the most beautiful and magnificent in the city. The avenue to it was planted with sycamore-trees, with beds of flowers on each side ; it was extremely pleasant but short. I was conducted through a magnificent hall, adorned with several statues and bustoes, most of them maimed, whence I concluded them all to be true antiques ; but was informed they were the figures of several modern heroes, who had died martyrs to her ladyship's cause. I next mounted through a large painted staircase, where several persons were depicted in caricatura ; and, upon inquiry, was told they were the portraits of those who had distinguished themselves against the lady in the lower world. I suppose I should have known the faces of many physicians and surgeons, had they not been so violently distorted by the painter. Indeed, he had exerted so much malice in his work, that I believe he had himself received some particular favours from the lady of this mansion : it is difficult to conceive a group of stranger figures. I then entered a long room, hung round with the pictures of women of such exact shapes and features that I should have thought myself in a gallery of beauties, had not a certain sallow paleness in their complexions given me a more distasteful idea. Through this I proceeded to a second apartment, adorned, if I may so call it, with the figures of old ladies. Upon my seeming to admire at this furniture, the servant told me with a smile that these had been very good friends of this lady, and had done her eminent service in the lower world. I immediately recollected the faces of one or two of my acquaintance, who had formerly kept bagnios ; but was very much surprised to see the resemblance of a lady of great distinction in such company. The servant, upon my mentioning this, made no other answer than that his lady had pictures of all degrees.

I was now introduced into the presence of the lady herself. She was a thin, or rather meagre, person, very wan in the countenance, had no nose, and many pimples in her face. She offered to rise at my entrance, but could not stand. After many compliments, much congratulation on her side, and the most fervent expressions of gratitude on mine, she asked me many questions concerning the situa-

tion of her affairs in the lower world ; most of which I answered to her entire satisfaction. At last, with a kind of forced smile, she said, "I suppose the pill and drop go on swimmingly?" I told her they were reported to have done great cures. She replied she could apprehend no danger from any person who was not of regular practice ; "for, however simple mankind are," said she, "or however afraid they are of death, they prefer dying in a regular manner to being cured by a nostrum." She then expressed great pleasure at the account I gave her of the beau monde. She said she had herself removed the hundreds of Drury to the hundreds of Charing-cross, and was very much delighted to find they had spread into St. James's ; that she imputed this chiefly to several of her dear and worthy friends, who had lately published their excellent works, endeavouring to extirpate all notions of religion and virtue ; and particularly to the deserving author of the Bachelor's Estimate ; "to whom," said she, "if I had not reason to think he was a surgeon, and had therefore written from mercenary views, I could never sufficiently own my obligations." She spoke likewise greatly in approbation of the method, so generally used by parents, of marrying children very young, and without the least affection between the parties ; and concluded by saying that, if these fashions continued to spread, she doubted not but she should shortly be the only disease who would ever receive a visit from any person of considerable rank.

While we were discoursing her three daughters entered the room. They were all called by hard names ; the eldest was named Lepra, the second Chæras, and the third Scorbutia.* They were all genteel, but ugly. I could not help observing the little respect they paid their parent, which the old lady remarking in my countenance, as soon as they quitted the room, which soon happened, acquainted me with her unhappiness in her offspring, every one of which had the confidence to deny themselves to be her children, though she said she had been a very indulgent mother and had plentifully provided for them all. As family complaints generally as much tire the hearer as they relieve him who makes them, when I found her launching farther into this subject I resolved to put an end to my visit, and, taking my leave with many thanks for the favour she had done me, I returned to the inn, where I found my fellow-travellers just mounting into their vehicle. I shook hands with my host and accompanied them into the coach, which immediately after proceeded on its journey.

CHAPTER IV.

Discourses on the road, and a description of the palace of Death.

WE were all silent for some minutes, till, being well shaken into our several seats, I opened my mouth first, and related what had happened to me after our separation in the city we had just left. The rest of the company, except the grave female spirit whom our reader may remember to have refused giving an account of the distemper which occasioned her dissolution, did the same. It might be tedious to relate these at large ; we shall therefore only mention a very remarkable inveteracy which the Surfeit declared to all the other diseases, especially to the Fever, who, she said, by the roguery of the porters, received acknowledgments from numberless passengers which were due to herself. "Indeed," says she, "those cane-headed fellows" (for so she called

* These ladies, I believe, by their names, presided over the *leprosy*, *king's-evil*, and *scurvy*.

them, alluding, I suppose, to their ticket) "are constantly making such mistakes ; there is no gratitude in those fellows ; for I am sure they have greater obligations to me than to any other disease, except the Vapours." These relations were no sooner over than one of the company informed us we were approaching to the most noble building he had ever beheld, and which we learned from our coachman was the palace of Death. Its outside, indeed, appeared extremely magnificent. Its structure was of the Gothic order ; vast beyond imagination, the whole pile consisting of black marble. Rows of immense yews form an amphitheatre round it of such height and thickness that no ray of the sun ever perforates this grove, where black eternal darkness would reign was it not excluded by innumerable lamps which are placed in pyramids round the grove ; so that the distant reflection they cast on the palace, which is plentifully gilt with gold on the outside, is inconceivably solemn. To this I may add the hollow murmur of winds constantly heard from the grove, and the very remote sound of roaring waters. Indeed, every circumstance seems to conspire to fill the mind with horror and consternation as we approach to this palace, which we had scarce time to admire before our vehicle stopped at the gate, and we were desired to alight in order to pay our respects to his most mortal majesty (this being the title which it seems he assumes). The outward court was full of soldiers, and, indeed, the whole very much resembled the state of an earthly monarch, only more magnificent. We passed through several courts into a vast hall, which led to a spacious staircase, at the bottom of which stood two pages, with very grave countenances, whom I recollected afterwards to have formerly been very eminent undertakers, and were in reality the only dismal faces I saw here ; for this palace, so awful and tremendous without, is all gay and sprightly within ; so that we soon lost all those dismal and gloomy ideas we had contracted in approaching it. Indeed, the still silence maintained among the guards and attendants resembled rather the stately pomp of eastern courts ; but there was on every face such symptoms of content and happiness that diffused an air of cheerfulness all round. We ascended the staircase and passed through many noble apartments whose walls were adorned with various battle-pieces in tapestry, and which we spent some time in observing. These brought to my mind those beautiful ones I had in my lifetime seen at Blenheim, nor could I prevent my curiosity from inquiring where the duke of Marlborough's victories were placed (for I think they were almost the only battles of any eminence I had read of which I did not meet with) ; when the skeleton of a beef-eater, shaking his head, told me a certain gentleman, one Lewis XIV. who had great interest with his most mortal majesty, had prevented any such from being hung up there. "Besides," says he, "his majesty hath no great respect for that duke, for he never sent him a subject he could keep from him, nor did he ever get a single subject by his means but he lost 1000 others for him." We found the presence-chamber at our entrance very full, and a buzz ran through it, as in all assemblies, before the principal figure enters ; for his majesty was not yet come out. At the bottom of the room were two persons in close conference, one with a square black cap on his head, and the other with a robe embroidered with flames of fire. These, I was informed, were a judge long since dead, and an inquisitor-general. I overheard them disputing with great eagerness whether the one had hanged or the other burnt the most. While I was listening to this dispute, which

seemed to be in no likelihood of a speedy decision, the emperor entered the room and placed himself between two figures, one of which was remarkable for the roughness, and the other for the beauty of his appearance. These were, it seems, Charles XII. of Sweden and Alexander of Macedon. I was at too great a distance to hear any of the conversation, so could only satisfy my curiosity by contemplating the several personages present, of whose names I informed myself by a page, who looked as pale and meagre as any court-page in the other world, but was somewhat more modest. He showed me here two or three Turkish emperors, to whom his most mortal majesty seemed to express much civility. Here were likewise several of the Roman emperors, among whom none seemed so much caressed as Caligula, on account, as the page told me, of his pious wish that he could send all the Romans hither at one blow. The reader may be perhaps surprised that I saw no physicians here; as indeed I was myself, till informed that they were all departed to the city of Diseases, where they were busy in an experiment to purge away the immortality of the soul.

It would be tedious to recollect the many individuals I saw here, but I cannot omit a fat figure, well dressed in the French fashion, who was received with extraordinary complacency by the emperor, and whom I imagined to be Lewis XIV. himself; but the page acquainted me he was a celebrated French cook.

We were at length introduced to the royal presence, and had the honour to kiss hands. His majesty asked us a few questions, not very material to relate, and soon after retired.

When we returned into the yard we found our caravan ready to set out, at which we all declared ourselves well pleased; for we were sufficiently tired with the formality of a court, notwithstanding its outward splendour and magnificence.

CHAPTER V.

The travellers proceed on their journey, and meet several spirits who are coming into the flesh.

WE now came to the banks of the great river Cocytus, where we quitted our vehicle, and passed the water in a boat, after which we were obliged to travel on foot the rest of our journey; and now we met, for the first time, several passengers travelling to the world we had left, who informed us they were souls going into the flesh.

The two first we met were walking arm-in-arm, in very close and friendly conference; they informed us that one of them was intended for a duke, and the other for a hackney-coachman. As we had not yet arrived at the place where we were to deposit our passions, we were all surprised at the familiarity which subsisted between persons of such different degrees; nor could the grave lady help expressing her astonishment at it. The future coachman then replied, with a laugh, that they had exchanged lots; for that the duke had with his dukedom drawn a shrew for a wife, and the coachman only a single state.

As we proceeded on our journey we met a solemn spirit walking alone with great gravity in his countenance: our curiosity invited us, notwithstanding his reserve, to ask what lot he had drawn. He answered, with a smile, he was to have the reputation of a wise man with 100,000*l.* in his pocket, and that he was practising the solemnity which he was to act in the other world.

A little farther we met a company of very merry spirits, whom we imagined by their mirth to have drawn some mighty lot, but, on inquiry, they informed us they were to be beggars.

The farther we advanced, the greater numbers we met; and now we discovered two large roads leading different ways, and of very different appearance; the one all craggy with rocks, full as it seemed of boggy grounds, and everywhere beset with briars, so that it was impossible to pass through it without the utmost danger and difficulty; the other, the most delightful imaginable, leading through the most verdant meadows, painted and perfumed with all kinds of beautiful flowers; in short, the most wanton imagination could imagine nothing more lovely. Notwithstanding which, we were surprised to see great numbers crowding into the former, and only one or two solitary spirits choosing the latter. On inquiry, we were acquainted that the bad road was the way to greatness, and the other to goodness. When we expressed our surprise at the preference given to the former we were acquainted that it was chosen for the sake of the music of drums and trumpets, and the perpetual acclamations of the mob, with which those who travelled this way were constantly saluted. We were told likewise that there were several noble palaces to be seen, and lodged in, on this road, by those who had passed through the difficulties of it (which indeed many were not able to surmount), and great quantities of all sorts of treasure to be found in it; whereas the other had little inviting more than the beauty of the way, scarce a handsome building, save one greatly resembling a certain house by the Bath, to be seen during that whole journey; and, lastly, that it was thought very scandalous and mean-spirited to travel through this, and as highly honourable and noble to pass by the other.

We now heard a violent noise, when, casting our eyes forwards, we perceived a vast number of spirits advancing in pursuit of one whom they mocked and insulted with all kinds of scorn. I cannot give my reader a more adequate idea of this scene than by comparing it to an English mob conducting a pick-pocket to the water; or by supposing that an incensed audience at a playhouse had unhappily possessed themselves of the miserable damned poet. Some laughed, some hissed, some squalled, some groaned, some bawled, some spit at him, some threw dirt at him. It was impossible not to ask who or what the wretched spirit was whom they treated in this barbarous manner; when, to our great surprise, we were informed that it was a king: we were likewise told that this manner of behaviour was usual among the spirits to those who drew the lots of emperors, kings, and other great men, not from envy or anger, but mere derision and contempt of earthly grandeur; that nothing was more common than for those who had drawn these great prizes (as to us they seemed) to exchange them with tailors and cobblers; and that Alexander the Great and Diogenes had formerly done so; he that was afterwards Diogenes having originally fallen on the lot of Alexander.

And now, on a sudden, the mockery ceased, and the king-spirit, having obtained a hearing, began to speak as follows; for we were now near enough to hear him distinctly:—

“GENTLEMEN,—I am justly surprised at your treating me in this manner, since whatever lot I have drawn, I did not choose: if, therefore, it be worthy of derision, you should compassionate me, for it might have fallen to any of your shares. I know in how low a light the station to which fate hath assigned

me is considered here, and that, when ambition doth not support it, it becomes generally so intolerable, that there is scarce any other condition for which it is not gladly exchanged: for what portion, in the world to which we are going, is so miserable as that of care? Should I therefore consider myself as become by this lot essentially your superior, and of a higher order of being than the rest of my fellow-creatures; should I foolishly imagine myself without wisdom superior to the wise, without knowledge to the learned, without courage to the brave, and without goodness and virtue to the good and virtuous; surely so preposterous, so absurd a pride, would justly render me the object of ridicule. But far be it from me to entertain it. And yet, gentlemen, I prize the lot I have drawn, nor would I exchange it with any of yours, seeing it is in my eye so much greater than the rest. Ambition, which I own myself possessed of, teaches me this; ambition, which makes me covet praise, assures me that I shall enjoy a much larger portion of it than can fall within your power either to deserve or obtain. I am then superior to you all, when I am able to do more good, and when I execute that power. What the father is to the son, the guardian to the orphan, or the patron to his client, that am I to you. You are my children, to whom I will be a father, a guardian, and a patron. Not one evening in my long reign (for so it is to be) will I repose myself to rest without the glorious, the heart-warming consideration, that thousands that night owe their sweetest rest to me. What a delicious fortune is it to him whose strongest appetite is doing good to have every day the opportunity and the power of satisfying it! If such a man hath ambition, how happy is it for him to be seated so on high, that every act blazes abroad, and attracts to him praises tainted with neither sarcasm nor adulation, but such as the nicest and most delicate mind may relish! Thus, therefore, while you derive your good from me, I am your superior. If to my strict distribution of justice you owe the safety of your property from domestic enemies; if by my vigilance and valour you are protected from foreign foes; if by my encouragement of genuine industry, every science, every art which can embellish or sweeten life, is produced and flourishes among you; will any of you be so insensible or ungrateful as to deny praise and respect to him by whose care and conduct you enjoy these blessings? I wonder not at the censure which so frequently falls on those in my station; but I wonder that those in my station so frequently deserve it. What strange perverseness of nature! What wanton delight in mischief must taint his composition, who prefers dangers, difficulty, and disgrace, by doing evil, to safety, ease, and honour, by doing good! who refuses happiness in the other world, and heaven in this, for misery there and hell here! But, be assured, my intentions are different. I shall always endeavour the ease, the happiness, and the glory of my people, being confident that, by so doing, I take the most certain method of procuring them all to myself."—He then struck directly into the road of goodness, and received such a shout of applause as I never remember to have heard equalled.

He was gone a little way when a spirit limped after him, swearing he would fetch him back. This spirit, I was presently informed, was one who had drawn the lot of his prime minister.

CHAPTER VI.

An account of the wheel of fortune, with a method of preparing a spirit for this world.

WE now proceeded on our journey, without staying

to see whether he fulfilled his word or no; and without encountering anything worth mentioning, came to the place where the spirits on their passage to the other world were obliged to decide by lot the station in which every one was to act there. Here was a monstrous wheel, infinitely larger than those in which I had formerly seen lottery-tickets deposited. This was called the WHEEL OF FORTUNE. The goddess herself was present. She was one of the most deformed females I ever beheld; nor could I help observing the frowns she expressed when any beautiful spirit of her own sex passed by her, nor the affability which smiled in her countenance on the approach of any handsome male spirits. Hence I accounted for the truth of an observation I had often made on earth, that nothing is more fortunate than handsome men, nor more unfortunate than handsome women. The reader may be perhaps pleased with an account of the whole method of equipping a spirit for his entrance into the flesh.

First, then, he receives from a very sage person, whose look much resembled that of an apothecary, (his warehouse likewise bearing an affinity to an apothecary's shop,) a small phial inscribed, THE PATHERIC POTION, to be taken just before you are born. This potion is a mixture of all the passions, but in no exact proportion, so that sometimes one predominates, and sometimes another; nay, often, in the hurry of making up, one particular ingredient is, as we were informed, left out. The spirit receiveth at the same time another medicine called the NOUSPHORIC DECOCTION, of which he is to drink *ad libitum*. This decoction is an extract from the faculties of the mind, sometimes extremely strong and spirituous, and sometimes altogether as weak; for very little care is taken in the preparation. This decoction is so extremely bitter and unpleasant, that, notwithstanding its wholesomeness, several spirits will not be persuaded to swallow a drop of it, but throw it away, or give it to any other who will receive it; by which means some who were not disgusted by the nauseousness drank double and treble portions. I observed a beautiful young female, who, tasting it immediately from curiosity, screwed up her face and cast it from her with great disdain, whence advancing presently to the wheel, she drew a coronet, which she clapped up so eagerly that I could not distinguish the degree; and indeed I observed several of the same sex, after a very small sip, throw the bottles away.

As soon as the spirit is dismissed by the operator, or apothecary, he is at liberty to approach the wheel, where he hath a right to extract a single lot: but those whom Fortune favours she permits sometimes secretly to draw three or four. I observed a comical kind of figure who drew forth a handful, which, when he opened, were a bishop, a general, a privy-counsellor, a player, and a poet-laureate, and, returning the three first, he walked off, smiling, with the two last.

Every single lot contained two more articles, which were generally disposed so as to render the lots as equal as possible to each other; on one was written, *earl, riches, health, disquietude*; on another, *cobbler, sickness, good-humour*; on a third, *poet, contempt, self-satisfaction*; on a fourth, *general, honour, discontent*; on a fifth, *cottage, happy love*; on a sixth, *coach and six, impotent jealous husband*; on a seventh, *prime minister, disgrace*; on an eighth, *patriot, glory*; on a ninth, *philosopher, poverty, ease*; on a tenth, *merchant, riches, care*. And indeed the whole seemed to contain such a mixture of good and evil, that it would have puzzled me which to choose. I must not omit here that in every lot was directed

whether the drawer should marry or remain in celibacy, the married lots being all marked with a large pair of horns.

We were obliged, before we quitted this place, to take each of us an emetic from the apothecary, which immediately purged us of all our earthly passions, and presently the cloud forsook our eyes, as it doth those of Æneas in Virgil, when removed by Venus; and we discerned things in a much clearer light than before. We began to compassionate those spirits who were making their entry into the flesh, whom we had till then secretly envied, and to long eagerly for those delightful plains which now opened themselves to our eyes, and to which we now hastened with the utmost eagerness. On our way we met with several spirits with very dejected countenances; but our expedition would not suffer us to ask any questions.

At length we arrived at the gate of Elysium. Here was a prodigious crowd of spirits waiting for admittance, some of whom were admitted, and some were rejected; for all were strictly examined by the porter, whom I soon discovered to be the celebrated judge Minos.

CHAPTER VII.

The proceedings of judge Minos at the gate of Elysium.

I now got near enough to the gate to hear the several claims of those who endeavoured to pass. The first, among other pretensions, set forth that he had been very liberal to an hospital; but Minos answered, "Ostentation," and repulsed him. The second exhibited that he had constantly frequented his church, been a rigid observer of fast-days: he likewise represented the great animosity he had shown to vice in others, which never escaped his severest censure; and as to his own behaviour, he had never been once guilty of whoring, drinking, gluttony, or any other excess. He said he had disinherited his son for getting a bastard. "Have you so?" said Minos; "then pray return into the other world and beget another; for such an unnatural rascal shall never pass this gate." A dozen others, who had advanced with very confident countenances, seeing him rejected, turned about of their own accord, declaring, if he could not pass, they had no expectation, and accordingly they followed him back to earth; which was the fate of all who were repulsed, they being obliged to take a farther purification, unless those who were guilty of some very heinous crimes, who were hustled in at a little back gate, whence they tumbled immediately into the bottomless pit.

The next spirit that came up declared he had done neither good nor evil in the world; for that since his arrival at man's estate he had spent his whole time in search of curiosities; and particularly in the study of butterflies, of which he had collected an immense number. Minos made him no answer, but with great scorn pushed him back.

There now advanced a very beautiful spirit indeed. She began to ogle Minos the moment she saw him. She said she hoped there was some merit in refusing a great number of lovers, and dying a maid, though she had had the choice of a hundred. Minos told her she had not refused enow yet, and turned her back.

She was succeeded by a spirit who told the judge he believed his works would speak for him. "What works?" answered Minos. "My dramatic works," replied the other, "which have done so much good in recommending virtue and punishing vice." "Very well," said the judge; "if you please to stand by, the

first person who passes the gate by your means shall carry you in with him; but, if you will take my advice, I think, for expedition sake, you had better return, and live another life upon earth. The bard grumbled at this, and replied that, besides his poetical works, he had done some other good things: for that he had once lent the whole profits of a benefit-night to a friend, and by that means had saved him and his family from destruction. Upon this the gate flew open, and Minos desired him to walk in, telling him, if he had mentioned this at first, he might have spared the remembrance of his plays. The poet answered, he believed, if Minos had read his works, he would set a higher value on them. He was then beginning to repeat, but Minos pushed him forward, and, turning his back to him, applied himself to the next passenger, a very genteel spirit, who made a very low bow to Minos, and then threw himself into an erect attitude, and imitated the motion of taking snuff with his right hand. Minos asked him what he had to say for himself. He answered, he would dance a minuet with any spirit in Elysium: that he could likewise perform all his other exercises very well, and hoped he had in his life deserved the character of a perfect fine gentleman. Minos replied it would be great pity to rob the world of so fine a gentleman, and therefore desired him to take the other trip. The beau bowed, thanked the judge, and said he desired no better. Several spirits expressed much astonishment at this his satisfaction; but we were afterwards informed he had not taken the emetic above mentioned.

A miserable old spirit now crawled forwards, whose face I thought I had formerly seen near Westminster Abbey. He entertained Minos with a long harangue of what he had done when in the house; and then proceeded to inform him how much he was worth, without attempting to produce a single instance of any one good action. Minos stopped the career of his discourse, and acquainted him he must take a trip back again. "What to S——house?" said the spirit in an ecstasy; but the judge, without making him any answer, turned to another, who, with a very solemn air and great dignity, acquainted him he was a duke. "To the right-about, Mr. duke," cried Minos, "you are infinitely too great a man for Elysium;" and then, giving him a kick on the b—ch, he addressed himself to a spirit who, with fear and trembling, begged he might not go to the bottomless pit: he said he hoped Minos would consider that, though he had gone astray, he had suffered for it—that it was necessity which drove him to the robbery of eighteenpence, which he had committed, and for which he was hanged—that he had done some good actions in his life—that he had supported an aged parent with his labour—that he had been a very tender husband and a kind father—and that he had ruined himself by being bail for his friend. At which words the gate opened, and Minos bid him enter, giving him a slap on the back as he passed by him.

A great number of spirits now came forwards, who all declared they had the same claim, and that the captain should speak for them. He acquainted the judge that they had all been slain in the service of their country. Minos was going to admit them, but had the curiosity to ask who had been the invader, in order, as he said, to prepare the back gate for him. The captain answered they had been the invaders themselves—that they had entered the enemy's country, and burnt and plundered several cities. "And for what reason?" said Minos. "By the command of him who paid us," said the captain; "that is the reason of a soldier. We are to execute what-

ever we are commanded, or we should be a disgrace to the army, and very little deserve our pay." "You are brave fellows indeed," said Minos; "but be pleased to face about, and obey my command for once, in returning back to the other world: for what should such fellows as you do where there are no cities to be burnt, nor people to be destroyed? But let me advise you to have a stricter regard to truth for the future, and not call the depopulating other countries the service of your own." The captain answered, in a rage, "D—n me! do you give me the lie?" and was going to take Minos by the nose, had not his guards prevented him, and immediately turned him and all his followers back the same road they came.

Four spirits informed the judge that they had been starved to death through poverty—being the father, mother, and two children; that they had been honest and as industrious as possible, till sickness had prevented the man from labour. "All that is very true," cried a grave spirit who stood by. "I know the fact; for these poor people were under my cure." "You was, I suppose, the parson of the parish," cries Minos; "I hope you had a good living, sir." "That was but a small one," replied the spirit; "but I had another a little better."—"Very well," said Minos; "let the poor people pass." At which the parson was stepping forwards with a stately gait before them; but Minos caught hold of him and pulled him back, saying, "Not so fast, doctor—you must take one step more into the other world first; for no man enters that gate without charity."

A very stately figure now presented himself, and, informing Minos he was a patriot, began a very florid harangue on public virtue and the liberties of his country. Upon which Minos showed him the utmost respect, and ordered the gate to be opened. The patriot was not contented with this applause; he said he had behaved as well in place as he had done in the opposition; and that, though he was now obliged to embrace the court measures, yet he had behaved very honestly to his friends, and brought as many in as was possible. "Hold a moment," says Minos: "on second consideration, Mr. Patriot, I think a man of your great virtue and abilities will be so much missed by your country, that, if I might advise you, you should take a journey back again. I am sure you will not decline it; for I am certain you will, with great readiness, sacrifice your own happiness to the public good." The patriot smiled, and told Minos he believed he was in jest; and was offering to enter the gate, but the judge laid fast hold of him and insisted on his return, which the patriot still declining, he at last ordered his guards to seize him and conduct him back.

A spirit now advanced, and the gate was immediately thrown open to him before he had spoken a word. I heard some whisper, "That is our last lord mayor."

It now came to our company's turn. The fair spirit which I mentioned with so much applause in the beginning of my journey passed through very easily; but the grave lady was rejected on her first appearance, Minos declaring there was not a single prude in Elysium.

The judge then addressed himself to me, who little expected to pass this fiery trial. I confessed I had indulged myself very freely with wine and women in my youth, but had never done an injury to any man living, nor avoided an opportunity of doing good; that I pretended to very little virtue more than general philanthropy and private friendship. I was proceeding, when Minos bid me enter the gate, and not indulge myself with trumpeting forth my virtues. I accordingly passed forward with my lovely com-

panion, and, embracing her with vast eagerness, but spiritual innocence, she returned my embrace in the same manner, and we both congratulated ourselves on our arrival in this happy region, whose beauty no painting of the imagination can describe.

CHAPTER VIII.

The adventures which the author met on his first entrance into Elysium.

WE pursued our way through a delicious grove of orange-trees, where I saw infinite numbers of spirits, every one of whom I knew, and was known by them (for spirits here know one another by intuition). I presently met a little daughter whom I had lost several years before. Good gods! what words can describe the raptures, the melting passionate tenderness, with which we kissed each other, continuing in our embrace, with the most ecstatic joy, a space which, if time had been measured here as on earth, could not be less than half a year.

The first spirit with whom I entered into discourse was the famous Leonidas of Sparta. I acquainted him with the honours which had been done him by a celebrated poet of our nation; to which he answered he was very much obliged to him.

We were presently afterwards entertained with the most delicious voice I had ever heard, accompanied by a violin, equal to Signior Piantinida. I presently discovered the musician and songster to be Orpheus and Sappho.

Old Homer was present at this concert (if I may so call it), and madam Dacier sat in his lap. He asked much after Mr. Pope, and said he was very desirous of seeing him; for that he had read his *Iliad* in his translation with almost as much delight as he believed he had given others in the original. I had the curiosity to inquire whether he had really writ that poem in detached pieces, and sung it about as ballads all over Greece, according to the report which went of him. He smiled at my question, and asked me whether there appeared any connexion in the poem; for if there did he thought I might answer myself. I then importuned him to acquaint me in which of the cities which contended for the honour of his birth he was really born? To which he answered, "Upon my soul I can't tell."

Virgil then came up to me, with Mr. Addison under his arm. "Well, sir," said he, "how many translations have these few last years produced of my *Æneid*?" I told him I believed several, but I could not possibly remember; for that I had never read any but Dr. Trapp's. "Ay," said he, "that is a curious piece indeed!" I then acquainted him with the discovery made by Mr. Warburton of the Elusian mysteries couched in his sixth book. "What mysteries?" said Mr. Addison. "The Elusian," answered Virgil, "which I have disclosed in my sixth book." "How!" replied Addison. "You never mentioned a word of any such mysteries to me in all our acquaintance." "I thought it was unnecessary," cried the other, "to a man of your infinite learning: besides, you always told me you perfectly understood my meaning." Upon this I thought the critic looked a little out of countenance, and turned aside to a very merry spirit, one Dick Steele, who embraced him, and told him he had been the greatest man upon earth; that he readily resigned up all the merit of his own works to him. Upon which Addison gave him a gracious smile, and, clapping him on the back with much solemnity, cried out, "Well said, Dick!"

I then observed Shakspeare standing between Betterton and Booth, and deciding a difference between those two great actors concerning the placing

an accent in one of his lines: this was disputed on both sides with a warmth which surprised me in Elysium, till I discovered by intuition that every soul retained its principal characteristic, being, indeed, its very essence. The line was that celebrated one in Othello—

Put out the light, and then put out the light.

according to Betterton. Mr. Booth contended to have it thus:

Put out the light, and then put out THE light.

I could not help offering my conjecture on this occasion, and suggested it might perhaps be—

Put out the light, and then put out THY light.

Another hinted a reading very sophisticated in my opinion—

Put out the light, and then put out THEE, light,

making light to be the vocative case. Another would have altered the last word, and read—

Put out thy light, and then put out thy sight.

But Betterton said, if the text was to be disturbed, he saw no reason why a word might not be changed as well as a letter, and, instead of "put out thy light," you may read "put out thy eyes." At last it was agreed on all sides to refer the matter to the decision of Shakspeare himself, who delivered his sentiments as follows: "Faith, gentlemen, it is so long since I wrote the line, I have forgot my meaning. This I know, could I have dreamt so much nonsense would have been talked and writ about it, I would have blotted it out of my works; for I am sure, if any of these be my meaning, it doth me very little honour."

He was then interrogated concerning some other ambiguous passages in his works; but he declined any satisfactory answer; saying, if Mr. Theobald had not writ about it sufficiently, there were three or four more new editions of his plays coming out, which he hoped would satisfy every one: concluding, "I marvel nothing so much as that men will gird themselves at discovering obscure beauties in an author. Certes the greatest and most pregnant beauties are ever the plainest and most evidently striking; and when two meanings of a passage can in the least balance our judgments which to prefer, I hold it matter of unquestionable certainty that neither of them is worth a farthing."

From his works our conversation turned on his monument; upon which, Shakspeare, shaking his sides, and addressing himself to Milton, cried out, "On my word, brother Milton, they have brought a noble set of poets together; they would have been hanged erst have convened such a company at their tables when alive." "True, brother," answered Milton, "unless we had been as incapable of eating then as we are now."

CHAPTER IX.

More adventures in Elysium.

A CROWD of spirits now joined us, whom I soon perceived to be the heroes, who here frequently pay their respects to the several bards the recorders of their actions. I now saw Achilles and Ulysses addressing themselves to Homer, and Æneas and Julius Cæsar to Virgil: Adam went up to Milton, upon which I whispered Mr. Dryden that I thought the devil should have paid his compliments there, according to his opinion. Dryden only answered, "I believe the devil was in me when I said so." Several applied themselves to Shakspeare, amongst whom Henry V. made a very distinguishing appearance. While my eyes were fixed on that monarch a very small spirit came up to me, shook me heartily by the hand, and told me his name was THOMAS THUMB. I expressed great satisfaction in seeing him. nor

could I help speaking my resentment against the historian, who had done such injustice to the stature of this great little man, which he represented to be no bigger than a span, whereas I plainly perceived at first sight he was full a foot and a half (and the 37th part of an inch more, as he himself informed me), being indeed little shorter than some considerable beaux of the present age.

I asked this little hero concerning the truth of those stories related of him, viz. of the pudding, and the cow's belly. As to the former, he said it was a ridiculous legend, worthy to be laughed at; but as to the latter, he could not help owning there was some truth in it: nor had he any reason to be ashamed of it, as he was swallowed by surprise; adding, with great fierceness, that if he had had any weapon in his hand the cow should have as soon swallowed the devil.

He spoke the last word with so much fury, and seemed so confounded, that, perceiving the effect it had on him, I immediately waved the story, and, passing to other matters, we had much conversation touching giants. He said, so far from killing any, he had never seen one alive; that he believed those actions were by mistake recorded of him, instead of Jack the giant-killer, whom he knew very well, and who had, he fancied, extirpated the race. I assured him to the contrary, and told him I had myself seen a huge tame giant, who very complacently stayed in London a whole winter, at the special request of several gentlemen and ladies; though the affairs of his family called him home to Sweden.

I now beheld a stern-looking spirit leaning on the shoulder of another spirit, and presently discerned the former to be Oliver Cromwell, and the latter Charles Martel. I own I was a little surprised at seeing Cromwell here, for I had been taught by my grandmother that he was carried away by the devil himself in a tempest; but he assured me, on his honour, there was not the least truth in that story. However, he confessed he had narrowly escaped the bottomless pit; and, if the former part of his conduct had not been more to his honour than the latter, he had been certainly soused into it. He was, nevertheless, sent back to the upper world with this lot:—*Army, cavalier, distress.*

He was born, for the second time, the day of Charles II.'s restoration, into a family which had lost a very considerable fortune in the service of that prince and his father, for which they received the reward very often conferred by princes on real merit, viz.—000. At 16 his father bought a small commission for him in the army, in which he served without any promotion all the reigns of Charles II. and of his brother. At the Revolution he quitted his regiment, and followed the fortunes of his former master, and was in his service dangerously wounded at the famous battle of the Boyne, where he fought in the capacity of a private soldier. He recovered of this wound, and retired after the unfortunate king to Paris, where he was reduced to support a wife and seven children (for his lot had horns in it) by cleaning shoes and snuffing candles at the opera. In which situation, after he had spent a few miserable years, he died half-starved and broken-hearted. He then revisited Minos, who, compassionating his sufferings by means of that family, to whom he had been in his former capacity so bitter an enemy, suffered him to enter here.

My curiosity would not refrain asking him one question, *i. e.* whether in reality he had any desire to obtain the crown? He smiled, and said, "No more than an ecclesiastic hath to the mitre, when he cries *Nolo episcopari.*" Indeed, he seemed to ex-

press some contempt at the question, and presently turned away.

A venerable spirit appeared next, whom I found to be the great historian Livy. Alexander the Great, who was just arrived from the palace of death, passed by him with a frown. The historian, observing it, said, "Ay, you may frown; but those troops which conquered the base Asiatic slaves would have made no figure against the Romans." We then privately lamented the loss of the most valuable part of his history; after which he took occasion to commend the judicious collection made by Mr. Hook, which, he said, was infinitely preferable to all others; and at my mentioning Echard's he gave a bounce, not unlike the going off of a squib, and was departing from me, when I begged him to satisfy my curiosity in one point—whether he was really superstitious or no? For I had always believed he was till Mr. Leibnitz had assured me to the contrary. He answered sullenly, "Doth Mr. Leibnitz know my mind better than myself?" and then walked away.

CHAPTER X.

The author is surprised at meeting Julian the apostate in Elysium; but is satisfied by him by what means he procured his entrance there. Julian relates his adventures in the character of a slave.

As he was departing I heard him salute a spirit by the name of Mr. Julian the apostate. This exceedingly amazed me; for I had concluded that no man ever had a better title to the bottomless pit than he. But I soon found that this same Julian the apostate was also the very individual archbishop Latimer. He told me that several lies had been raised on him in his former capacity, nor was he so bad a man as he had been represented. However, he had been denied admittance, and forced to undergo several subsequent pilgrimages on earth, and to act in the different characters of a slave, a Jew, a general, an heir, a carpenter, a beau, a monk, a fiddler, a wise man, a king, a fool, a beggar, a prince, a statesman, a soldier, a tailor, an alderman, a poet, a knight, a dancing-master, and three times a bishop, before his martyrdom, which, together with his other behaviour in this last character, satisfied the judge, and procured him a passage to the blessed regions.

I told him such various characters must have produced incidents extremely entertaining; and if he remembered all, as I supposed he did, and had leisure, I should be obliged to him for the recital. He answered he perfectly recollected every circumstance; and as to leisure, the only business of that happy place was to contribute to the happiness of each other. He therefore thanked me for adding to his, in proposing to him a method of increasing mine. I then took my little darling in one hand, and my favourite fellow-traveller in the other, and, going with him to a sunny bank of flowers, we all sat down, and he began as follows:

"I suppose you are sufficiently acquainted with my story during the time I acted the part of the emperor Julian, though I assure you all which hath been related of me is not true, particularly with regard to the many prodigies forerunning my death. However, they are now very little worth disputing; and if they can serve any purpose of the historian they are extremely at his service.

"My next entrance into the world was at Laodicea, in Syria, in a Roman family of no great note; and, being of a roving disposition, I came at the age of seventeen to Constantinople, where, after about a year's stay, I set out for Thrace, at the time when the emperor Valens admitted the Goths into that

country. I was there so captivated with the beauty of a Gothic lady, the wife of one Rodoric, a captain, whose name, out of the most delicate tenderness for her lovely sex, I shall even at this distance conceal; since her behaviour to me was more consistent with good-nature than with that virtue which women are obliged to preserve against every assailant. In order to procure an intimacy with this woman I sold myself a slave to her husband, who, being of a nation not over-inclined to jealousy, presented me to his wife, for those very reasons which would have induced one of a jealous complexion to have withheld me from her, namely, for that I was young and handsome.

"Matters succeeded so far according to my wish, and the sequel answered those hopes which this beginning had raised. I soon perceived my service was very acceptable to her; I often met her eyes, nor did she withdraw them without a confusion which is scarce consistent with entire purity of heart. Indeed, she gave me every day fresh encouragement; but the unhappy distance which circumstances had placed between us deterred me long from making any direct attack; and she was too strict an observer of decorum to violate the severe rules of modesty by advancing first; but passion at last got the better of my respect, and I resolved to make one bold attempt, whatever was the consequence. Accordingly, laying hold of the first kind opportunity, when she was alone and my master abroad, I stoutly assailed the citadel and carried it by storm. Well may I say by storm; for the resistance I met was extremely resolute, and indeed as much as the most perfect decency would require. She swore often she would cry out for help; but I answered it was in vain, seeing there was no person near to assist her; and probably she believed me, for she did not once actually cry out, which if she had, I might very likely have been prevented.

"When she found her virtue thus subdued against her will she patiently submitted to her fate, and quietly suffered me a long time to enjoy the most delicious fruits of my victory; but envious fortune resolved to make me pay a dear price for my pleasure. One day in the midst of our happiness we were suddenly surprised by the unexpected return of her husband, who, coming directly into his wife's apartment, just allowed me time to creep under the bed. The disorder in which he found his wife might have surprised a jealous temper; but his was so far otherwise, that possibly no mischief might have happened had he not by a cross accident discovered my legs, which were not well hid. He immediately drew me out by them, and then, turning to his wife with a stern countenance, began to handle a weapon he wore by his side, with which I am persuaded he would have instantly despatched her, had I not very gallantly, and with many imprecations, asserted her innocence and my own guilt; which, however, I protested had hitherto gone no farther than design. She so well seconded my plea (for she was a woman of wonderful art), that he was at length imposed upon; and now all his rage was directed against me, threatening all manner of tortures, which the poor lady was in too great a fright and confusion to dissuade him from executing; and perhaps, if her concern for me had made her attempt it, it would have raised a jealousy in him not afterwards to be removed.

"After some hesitation Rodoric cried out he had luckily hit on the most proper punishment for me in the world, by a method which would at once do severe justice on me for my criminal intention, and at the same time prevent me from any danger

of executing my wicked purpose hereafter. This cruel resolution was immediately executed, and I was no longer worthy the name of a man.

"Having thus disqualified me from doing him any future injury, he still retained me in his family; but the lady, very probably repenting of what she had done, and looking on me as the author of her guilt, would never for the future give me either a kind word or look: and shortly after, a great exchange being made between the Romans and the Goths of dogs for men, my lady exchanged me with a Roman widow for a small lap-dog, giving a considerable sum of money to boot.

"In this widow's service I remained seven years, during all which time I was very barbarously treated. I was worked without the least mercy, and often severely beat by a swingeing maid-servant, who never called me by any other names than those of the Thing and the Animal. Though I used my utmost industry to please, it never was in my power. Neither the lady nor her woman would eat anything I touched, saying they did not believe me wholesome. It is unnecessary to repeat particulars; in a word, you can imagine no kind of ill usage which I did not suffer in this family.

"At last an heathen priest, an acquaintance of my lady's, obtained me of her for a present. The scene was now totally changed, and I had as much reason to be satisfied with my present situation as I had to lament my former. I was so absolutely my master's favourite, that the rest of the slaves paid me almost as much regard as they showed to him, well knowing that it was entirely in my power to command and treat them as I pleased. I was intrusted with all my master's secrets, and used to assist him in privately conveying away by night the sacrifices from the altars, which the people believed the deities themselves devoured. Upon these we feasted very elegantly, nor could invention suggest a rarity which we did not pamper ourselves with. Perhaps you may admire at the close union between this priest and his slave, but we lived in an intimacy which the christians thought criminal; but my master, who knew the will of the gods, with whom he told me he often conversed, assured me it was perfectly innocent.

"This happy life continued about four years, when my master's death, occasioned by a surfeit got by overfeeding on several exquisite dainties, put an end to it.

"I now fell into the hands of one of a very different disposition, and this was no other than the celebrated St. Chrysostom, who dieted me with sermons instead of sacrifices, and filled my ears with good things, but not my belly. Instead of high food to fatten and pamper my flesh, I had receipts to mortify and reduce it. With these I edified so well, that within a few months I became a skeleton. However, as he had converted me to his faith, I was well enough satisfied with this new manner of living, by which he taught me I might ensure myself an eternal reward in a future state. The saint was a good-natured man, and never gave me an ill word but once, which was occasioned by my neglecting to place Aristophanes, which was his constant bedfellow, on his pillow. He was, indeed, extremely fond of that Greek poet, and frequently made me read his comedies to him. When I came to any of the loose passages he would smile, and say, 'It was pity his matter was not as pure as his style;' of which latter he was so immoderately fond that, notwithstanding the detestation he expressed for obscenity, he hath made me repeat those passages ten times over. The character of this good man hath

been very unjustly attacked by his heathen contemporaries, particularly with regard to women; but his severe invectives against that sex are his sufficient justification.

"From the service of this saint, from whom I received manumission, I entered into the family of Timasius, a leader of great eminence in the imperial army, into whose favour I so far insinuated myself that he preferred me to a good command, and soon made me partaker of both his company and his secrets. I soon grew intoxicated with this preferment, and the more he loaded me with benefits the more he raised my opinion of my own merit, which, still outstripping the rewards he conferred on me, inspired me rather with dissatisfaction than gratitude. And thus, by preferring me beyond my merit or first expectation, he made me an envious aspiring enemy, whom perhaps a more moderate bounty would have preserved a dutiful servant.

"I fell now acquainted with one Lucilius, a creature of the prime minister Eutropius, who had by his favour been raised to the post of a tribune; a man of low morals, and eminent only in that meanest of qualities, cunning. This gentleman, imagining me a fit tool for the minister's purpose, having often sounded my principles of honour and honesty, both which he declared to me were words without meaning, and finding my ready concurrence in his sentiments, recommended me to Eutropius as very proper to execute some wicked purposes he had contrived against my friend Timasius. The minister embraced this recommendation, and I was accordingly acquainted by Lucilius (after some previous accounts of the great esteem Eutropius entertained of me, from the testimony he had borne of my parts) that he would introduce me to him; adding that he was a great encourager of merit, and that I might depend upon his favour.

"I was with little difficulty prevailed on to accept of this invitation. A late hour therefore the next evening being appointed, I attended my friend Lucilius to the minister's house. He received me with the utmost civility and cheerfulness, and affected so much regard to me, that I, who knew nothing of these high scenes of life, concluded I had in him a most disinterested friend, owing to the favourable report which Lucilius had made of me. I was however soon cured of this opinion; for immediately after supper our discourse turned on the injustice which the generality of the world were guilty of in their conduct to great men, expecting that they should reward their private merit, without ever endeavouring to apply it to their use. 'What avail,' said Eutropius, 'the learning, wit, courage, or any virtue which a man may be possessed of, to me, unless I receive some benefit from them? Hath he not more merit to me who doth my business and obeys my commands, without any of these qualities?' I gave such entire satisfaction in my answers on this head, that both the minister and his creature grew bolder, and after some preface began to accuse Timasius. At last, finding I did not attempt to defend him, Lucilius swore a great oath that he was not fit to live, and that he would destroy him. Eutropius answered that it would be too dangerous a task: 'Indeed,' said he, 'his crimes are of so black a die, and so well known to the emperor, that his death must be a very acceptable service, and could not fail meeting a proper reward: but I question whether you are capable of executing it. 'If he is not,' cried I, 'I am; and surely no man can have greater motives to destroy him than myself: for, besides his disloyalty to my prince, for whom I have so perfect a duty, I have private disobligations to him. I have had fellows

put over my head, to the great scandal of the service in general, and to my own prejudice and disappointment in particular.' I will not repeat you my whole speech; but, to be as concise as possible, when we parted that evening the minister squeezed me heartily by the hand, and with great commendation of my honesty and assurances of his favour, he appointed me the next evening to come to him alone; when, finding me, after a little more scrutiny, ready for his purpose, he proposed to me to accuse Timasius of high treason, promising me the highest rewards if I would undertake it. The consequence to him, I suppose you know, was ruin; but what was it to me? Why, truly, when I waited on Eutropius for the fulfilling his promises, he received me with great distance and coldness; and, on my dropping some hints of my expectations from him, he affected not to understand me; saying he thought impunity was the utmost I could hope for on discovering my accomplice, whose offence was only greater than mine, as he was in a higher station; and telling me he had great difficulty to obtain a pardon for me from the emperor, which, he said, he had struggled very hardly for, as he had worked the discovery out of me. He turned away, and addressed himself to another person.

"I was so incensed at this treatment, that I resolved revenge, and should certainly have pursued it, had he not cautiously prevented me by taking effectual means to despatch me soon after out of the world.

"You will, I believe, now think I had a second good chance for the bottomless pit, and indeed Minos seemed inclined to tumble me in, till he was informed of the revenge taken on me by Rodoric, and my seven years' subsequent servitude to the widow; which he thought sufficient to make atonement for all the crimes a single life could admit of, and so sent me back to try my fortune a third time."

CHAPTER XI.

In which Julian relates his adventures in the character of an avaricious Jew.

"THE next character in which I was destined to appear in the flesh was that of an avaricious Jew. I was born in Alexandria in Egypt. My name was Balthazar. Nothing very remarkable happened to me till the year of the memorable tumult in which the Jews of that city are reported in history to have massacred more Christians than at that time dwelt in it. Indeed, the truth is, they did maul the dogs pretty handsomely; but I myself was not present, for as all our people were ordered to be armed, I took that opportunity of selling two swords, which probably I might otherwise never have disposed of, they being extremely old and rusty; so that, having no weapon left, I did not care to venture abroad. Besides, though I really thought it an act meriting salvation to murder the Nazarenes, as the fact was to be committed at midnight, at which time, to avoid suspicion, we were all to sally from our own houses, I could not persuade myself to consume so much oil in sitting up to that hour; for these reasons therefore I remained at home that evening.

"I was at this time greatly enamoured with one Hypatia, the daughter of a philosopher; a young lady of the greatest beauty and merit: indeed, she had every imaginable ornament both of mind and body. She seemed not to dislike my person; but there were two obstructions to our marriage, *viz.* my religion and her poverty: both which might probably have been got over, had not those dogs the christians murdered her; and, what is worse, afterwards burned her body: worse, I say, because I lost

by that means a jewel of some value, which I had presented to her, designing, if our nuptials did not take place, to demand it of her back again.

"Being thus disappointed in my love, I soon after left Alexandria and went to the imperial city, where I apprehended I should find a good market for jewels on the approaching marriage of the emperor with Athenais. I disguised myself as a beggar on this journey, for these reasons: first, as I imagined I should thus carry my jewels with greater safety; and, secondly, to lessen my expenses; which latter expedient succeeded so well, that I begged two oboli on my way more than my travelling cost me, my diet being chiefly roots, and my drink water.

"But, perhaps, it had been better for me if I had been more lavish and more expeditious; for the ceremony was over before I reached Constantinople; so that I lost that glorious opportunity of disposing of my jewels with which many of our people were greatly enriched.

"The life of a miser is very little worth relating, as it is one constant scheme of getting or saving money. I shall therefore repeat to you some few only of my adventures, without regard to any order.

"A Roman Jew, who was a great lover of Falerian wine, and who indulged himself very freely with it, came to dine at my house; when, knowing he should meet with little wine, and that of the cheaper sort, sent me in half a dozen jars of Falerian. Can you believe I would not give this man his own wine? Sir, I adulterated it so that I made six jars of them—three which he and his friend drank; the other three I afterwards sold to the very person who originally sent them me, knowing he would give a better price than any other.

"A noble Roman came one day to my house in the country, which I had purchased, for half the value, of a distressed person. My neighbours paid him the compliment of some music, on which account, when he departed, he left a pice of gold with me to be distributed among them. I pocketed this money, and ordered them a small vessel of sour wine, which I could not have sold for above two drachms, and afterwards made them pay in work three times the value of it.

"As I was not entirely void of religion, though I pretended to infinitely more than I had, so I endeavoured to reconcile my transactions to my conscience as well as possible. Thus I never invited any one to eat with me, but those on whose pockets I had some design. After our collation it was constantly my method to set down in a book I kept for that purpose what I thought they owed me for their meal. Indeed, this was generally a hundred times as much as they could have dined elsewhere for; but, however, it was *quid pro quo*, if not *ad valorem*. Now, whenever the opportunity offered of imposing on them I considered it only as paying myself what they owed me: indeed, I did not always confine myself strictly to what I had set down, however extravagant that was; but I reconciled taking the overplus to myself as usance.

"But I was not only too cunning for others—I sometimes overreached myself. I have contracted distempers for want of food and warmth, which have put me to the expense of a physician; nay, I once very narrowly escaped death by taking bad drugs, only to save one seven-eighth per cent. in the price.

"By these and such like means, in the midst of poverty and every kind of distress, I saw myself master of an immense fortune, the casting up and ruminating on which was my daily and only pleasure. This was, however, obstructed and embittered by two considerations which against my will often invaded

my thoughts. One, which would have been intolerable (but that indeed seldom troubled me), was, that I must one day leave my darling treasure. The other haunted me continually, viz. that my riches were no greater. However, I comforted myself against this reflection by an assurance that they would increase daily: on which head my hopes were so extensive that I my say with Virgil—

'His ego nec metas rerum nec tempora pono.'

Indeed I am convinced that, had I possessed the whole globe of earth, save one single drachma, which I had been certain never to be master of—I am convinced, I say, that single drachma would have given me more uneasiness than all the rest could give me pleasure.

“To say the truth, between my solicitude in contriving schemes to procure money and my extreme anxiety in preserving it, I never had one moment of ease while awake nor of quiet when in my sleep. In all the characters through which I have passed, I have never undergone half the misery I suffered in this; and, indeed, Minos seemed to be of the same opinion; for while I stood trembling and shaking in expectation of my sentence he bid me go back about my business, for that nobody was to be d—n'd in more worlds than one. And, indeed, I have since learned that the devil will not receive a miser.”

CHAPTER XII.

What happened to Julian in the characters of a general, an heir, a carpenter, and a beau.

“THE next step I took into the world was at Apollonia, in Thrace, where I was born of a beautiful Greek slave, who was the mistress of Eutyches, a great favourite of the emperor Zeno. That prince, at his restoration, gave me the command of a cohort, I being then but fifteen years of age; and a little afterwards, before I had even seen an army, preferred me, over the heads of all the old officers, to be a tribune.

“As I found an easy access to the emperor, by means of my father's intimacy with him, he being a very good courtier—or, in other words, a most prostitute flatterer—so I soon ingratiated myself with Zeno, and so well imitated my father in flattering him, that he would never part with me from about his person. So that the first armed force I ever beheld was that with which Marcian surrounded the palace, where I was then shut up with the rest of the court.

“I was afterwards put at the head of a legion and ordered to march into Syria with Theodoric the Goth; that is, I mean my legion was so ordered; for, as to myself, I remained at court, with the name and pay of a general, without the labour or the danger.

“As nothing could be more gay, *i. e.* debauched, than Zeno's court, so the ladies of gay disposition had great sway in it; particularly one, whose name was Founta, who, though not extremely handsome, was by her wit and sprightliness very agreeable to the emperor. With her I lived in good correspondence, and we together disposed of all kinds of commissions in the army, not to those who had most merit, but who would purchase at the highest rate. My levee was now prodigiously thronged by officers who returned from the campaigns, who, though they might have been convinced by daily example how ineffectual a recommendation their services were, still continued indefatigable in attendance, and behaved to me with as much observance and respect as I should have been entitled to for making their fortunes, while I suffered them and their families to starve.

“Several poets, likewise, addressed verses to me, in which they celebrated my military achievements; and what, perhaps, may seem strange to us at present, I received all this incense with most greedy vanity, without once reflecting that, as I did not deserve these compliments, they should rather put me in mind of my defects.

“My father was now dead, and I became so absolute in the emperor's grace that one unacquainted with courts would scarce believe the servility with which all kinds of persons who entered the walls of the palace behaved towards me. A bow, a smile, a nod from me, as I passed through cringing crowds, were esteemed as signal favours; but a gracious word made any one happy; and, indeed, had this real benefit attending it, that it drew on the person on whom it was bestowed a very great degree of respect from all others; for these are of current value in courts, and, like notes in trading communities, are assignable from one to the other. The smile of a court favourite immediately raises the person who receives it, and gives a value to his smile when conferred on an inferior: thus the smile is transferred from one to the other, and the great man at last is the person to discount it. For instance, a very low fellow hath a desire for a place. To whom is he to apply? Not to the great man; for to him he hath no access. He therefore applies to A, who is the creature of B, who is the tool of C, who is the flatterer of D, who is the catamite of E, who is the pimp of F, who is the bully of G, who is the buffoon of I, who is the husband of K, who is the whore of L, who is the bastard of M, who is the instrument of the great man. Thus the smile, descending regularly from the great man to A, is discounted back again, and at last paid by the great man.

“It is manifest that a court would subsist as difficultly without this kind of coin as a trading city without paper credit. Indeed, they differ in this, that their value is not quite so certain, and a favourite may protest his smile without the danger of bankruptcy.

“In the midst of all this glory the emperor died, and Anastasius was preferred to the crown. As it was yet uncertain whether I should not continue in favour, I was received as usual at my entrance into the palace to pay my respects to the new emperor; but I was no sooner rumped by him than I received the same compliment from all the rest; the whole room, like a regiment of soldiers, turning their backs to me all at once: my smile now was become of equal value with the note of a broken banker, and every one was as cautious not to receive it.

“I made as much haste as possible from the court, and shortly after from the city, retreating to the place of my nativity, where I spent the remainder of my days in a retired life in husbandry, the only amusement for which I was qualified, having neither learning nor virtue.

“When I came to the gate Minos again seemed at first doubtful, but at length dismissed me; saying, though I had been guilty of many heinous crimes, in as much as I had, though a general, never been concerned in spilling human blood, I might return again to earth.

“I was now again born in Alexandria, and, by great accident, entering into the womb of my daughter-in-law, came forth my own grandson, inheriting that fortune which I had before amassed.

“Extravagance was now as notoriously my vice as avarice had been formerly; and I spent in a very short life what had cost me the labour of a very long one to rake together. Perhaps you will

think my present condition was more to be envied than my former: but upon my word it was very little so; for, by possessing everything almost before I desired it, I could hardly ever say I enjoyed my wish: I scarce ever knew the delight of satisfying a craving appetite. Besides, as I never once thought, my mind was useless to me, and I was an absolute stranger to all the pleasures arising from it. Nor, indeed, did my education qualify me for any delicacy in other enjoyments; so that in the midst of plenty I loathed everything. Taste for elegance I had none; and the greatest of corporeal blisses I felt no more from than the lowest animal. In a word, as while a miser I had plenty without daring to use it, so now I had it without appetite.

"But if I was not very happy in the height of my enjoyment, so I afterwards became perfectly miserable; being soon overtaken by disease, and reduced to distress, till at length, with a broken constitution and broken heart, I ended my wretched days in a gaol: nor can I think the sentence of Minos too mild, who condemned me, after having taken a large dose of avarice, to wander three years on the banks of Coeytus, with the knowledge of having spent the fortune in the person of the grandson which I had raised in that of the grandfather.

"The place of my birth, on my return to the world, was Constantinople, where my father was a carpenter. The first thing I remember was, the triumph of Belisarius, which was, indeed, a most noble show; but nothing pleased me so much as the figure of Gelimer king of the African Vandals, who, being led captive on this occasion, reflecting with disdain on the mutation of his own fortune, and on the ridiculous empty pomp of the conqueror, cried out, 'VANITY, VANITY, ALL IS MERE VANITY.'

"I was bred up to my father's trade, and you may easily believe so low a sphere could produce no adventures worth your notice. However, I married a woman I liked, and who proved a very tolerable wife. My days were passed in hard labour, but this procured me health, and I enjoyed a homely supper at night with my wife with more pleasure than I apprehend greater persons find at their luxurious meals. My life had scarce any variety in it, and at my death I advanced to Minos with great confidence of entering the gate: but I was unhappily obliged to discover some frauds I had been guilty of in the measure of my work when I worked by the foot, as well as my laziness when I was employed by the day. On which account, when I attempted to pass, the angry judge laid hold on me by the shoulders, and turned me back so violently, that, had I had a neck of flesh and bone, I believe he would have broke it."

CHAPTER XIII.

Julian passes into a fop.

"My scene of action was Rome. I was born into a noble family, and heir to a considerable fortune. On which my parents, thinking I should not want any talents, resolved very kindly and wisely to throw none away upon me. The only instructors of my youth were therefore one Saltator, who taught me several motions for my legs; and one Ficus, whose business was to show me the cleanest way (as he called it) of cutting off a man's head. When I was well accomplished in these sciences I thought nothing more wanting but what was to be furnished by the several mechanics in Rome who dealt in dressing and adorning the pope. Being therefore well equipped with all which their art could produce, I became at the age of twenty a complete finished

beau. And now during forty-five years I dressed, I sang and danced, and danced and sang, I bowed and ogled, and ogled and bowed, till, in the sixty-sixth year of my age, I got cold by overheating myself with dancing, and died.

"Minos told me, as I was unworthy of Elysium, so I was too insignificant to be damned, and therefore bade me walk back again."

CHAPTER XIV.

Adventures in the person of a monk.

"FORTUNE now placed me in the character of a younger brother of a good house, and I was in my youth sent to school; but learning was now at so low an ebb, that my master himself could hardly construe a sentence of Latin; and as for Greek, he could not read it. With very little knowledge therefore, and with altogether as little virtue, I was set apart for the church, and at the proper age commenced monk. I lived many years retired in a cell, a life very agreeable to the gloominess of my temper, which was much inclined to despise the world; that is, in other words, to envy all men of superior fortune and qualifications, and in general to hate and detest the human species. Notwithstanding which, I could, on proper occasions, submit to flatter the vilest fellow in nature, which I did one Stephen, an eunuch, a favourite of the emperor Justinian II., one of the wickedest wretches whom perhaps the world ever saw. I not only wrote a panegyric on this man, but I commended him as a pattern to all others in my sermons; by which means I so greatly ingratiated myself with him, that he introduced me to the emperor's presence, where I prevailed so far by the same methods, that I was shortly taken from my cell, and preferred to a place at court. I was no sooner established in the favour of Justinian than I prompted him to all kind of cruelty. As I was of a sour morose temper, and hated nothing more than the symptoms of happiness appearing in any countenance, I represented all kind of diversion and amusement as the most horrid sins. I inveighed against cheerfulness as levity, and encouraged nothing but gravity, or, to confess the truth to you, hypocrisy. The unhappy emperor followed my advice, and incensed the people by such repeated barbarities, that he was at last deposed by them and banished.

"I now retired again to my cell (for historians mistake in saying I was put to death), where I remained safe from the danger of the irritated mob, whom I cursed in my own heart as much as they could curse me."

"Justinian, after three years of his banishment, returned to Constantinople in disguise, and paid me a visit. I at first affected not to know him, and without the least compunction of gratitude for his former favours intended not to receive him, till a thought immediately suggesting itself to me how I might convert him to my advantage, I pretended to recollect him; and, blaming the shortness of my memory and badness of my eyes, I sprung forward and embraced him with great affection.

"My design was to betray him to Apsimar, who, I doubted not, would generously reward such a service. I therefore very earnestly requested him to spend the whole evening with me; to which he consented. I formed an excuse for leaving him a few minutes, and ran away to the palace to acquaint Apsimar with the guest whom I had then in my cell. He presently ordered a guard to go with me and seize him; but, whether the length of my stay gave him any suspicion, or whether he changed his purpose after my departure, I know not; for at my

return we found he had given us the slip; nor could we with the most diligent search discover him.

"Apsimar, being disappointed of his prey, now raged at me; at first denouncing the most dreadful vengeance if I did not produce the deposed monarch. However, by soothing his passion when at the highest, and afterwards by canting and flattery, I made a shift to escape his fury.

"When Justinian was restored I very confidently went to wish him joy of his restoration: but it seems he had unfortunately heard of my treachery, so that he at first received me coldly, and afterwards upbraided me openly with what I had done. I persevered stoutly in denying it, as I knew no evidence could be produced against me; till, finding him irreconcilable, I betook myself to reviling him in my sermons, and on every other occasion, as an enemy to the church and good men, and as an infidel, an heretic, an atheist, a heathen, and an Arian. This I did immediately on his return, and before he gave those flagrant proofs of his inhumanity which afterwards sufficiently verified all I had said.

"Luckily I died on the same day when a great number of those forces which Justinian had sent against the Thracian Bosphorus, and who had executed such unheard-of cruelties there, perished. As every one of these was cast into the bottomless pit, Minos was so tired with condemnation, that he proclaimed that all present who had not been concerned in that bloody expedition might, if they pleased, return to the other world. I took him at his word, and, presently turning about, began my journey."

CHAPTER XV.

Julian passes into the character of a fiddler.

"ROME was now the seat of my nativity. My mother was an African, a woman of no great beauty, but a favourite, I suppose from her piety, of pope Gregory II. Who was my father I know not, but I believe no very considerable man; for after the death of that pope, who was, out of his religion, a very good friend of my mother, we fell into great distress, and were at length reduced to walk the streets of Rome; nor had either of us any other support but a fiddle, on which I played with pretty tolerable skill; for, as my genius turned naturally to music, so I had been in my youth very early instructed at the expense of the good pope. This afforded us but a very poor livelihood: for, though I had often a numerous crowd of hearers, few ever thought themselves obliged to contribute the smallest pittance to the poor starving wretch who had given them pleasure. Nay, some of the graver sort, after an hour's attention to my music, have gone away shaking their heads, and crying it was a shame such vagabonds were suffered to stay in the city.

"To say the truth, I am confident the fiddle would not have kept us alive had we entirely depended on the generosity of my hearers. My mother therefore was forced to use her own industry; and while I was soothing the ears of the crowd, she applied to their pockets, and that generally with such good success that we now began to enjoy a very comfortable subsistence; and indeed, had we had the least prudence or forecast, might have soon acquired enough to enable us to quit this dangerous and dishonourable way of life: but I know not what is the reason that money got with labour and safety is constantly preserved, while the produce of danger and ease is commonly spent as easily, and often as wickedly, as acquired. Thus we proportioned our expenses rather by what we had than what we wanted or even desired; and on obtaining a considerable booty we have even forced nature into

the most profligate extravagance, and have been wicked without inclination.

"We carried on this method of thievery for a long time without detection: but, as Fortune generally leaves persons of extraordinary ingenuity in the lurch at last, so did she us; for my poor mother was taken in the fact, and, together with myself, as her accomplice, hurried before a magistrate.

"Luckily for us, the person who was to be our judge was the greatest lover of music in the whole city, and had often sent for me to play to him, for which, as he had given me very small rewards, perhaps his gratitude now moved him: but, whatever was his motive, he browbeat the informers against us, and treated their evidence with so little favour, that their mouths were soon stopped, and we dismissed with honour; acquitted, I should rather have said, for we were not suffered to depart till I had given the judge several tunes on the fiddle.

"We escaped the better on this occasion because the person robbed happened to be a poet; which gave the judge, who was a facetious person, many opportunities of jesting. He said poets and musicians should agree together, seeing they had married sisters; which he afterwards explained to be the sister arts. And when the piece of gold was produced he burst into a loud laugh, and said it must be the golden age, when poets had gold in their pockets, and in that age there could be no robbers. He made many more jests of the same kind, but a small taste will suffice.

"It is a common saying that men should take warning by any signal delivery; but I cannot approve the justice of it; for to me it seems that the acquittal of a guilty person should rather inspire him with confidence, and it had this effect on us: for we now laughed at the law, and despised its punishments, which we found were to be escaped even against positive evidence. We imagined the late example was rather a warning to the accused than the criminal, and accordingly proceeded in the most impudent and flagitious manner.

"Among other robberies, one night, being admitted by the servants into the house of an opulent priest, my mother took an opportunity, whilst the servants were dancing to my tunes, to convey away a silver vessel: this she did without the least sacrilegious intention; but it seems the cup, which was a pretty large one, was dedicated to holy uses, and only borrowed by the priest on an entertainment which he made for some of his brethren. We were immediately pursued upon this robbery (the cup being taken in our possession), and carried before the same magistrate, who had before behaved to us with so much gentleness, but his countenance was now changed, for the moment the priest appeared against us his severity was as remarkable as his candour had been before, and we were both ordered to be stripped and whipped through the streets.

"This sentence was executed with great severity, the priest himself attending and encouraging the executioner, which he said he did for the good of our souls; but, though our backs were both flayed, neither my mother's torments nor my own afflicted me so much as the indignity offered to my poor fiddle, which was carried in triumph before me, and treated with a contempt by the multitude, intimating a great scorn for the science I had the honour to profess; which, as it is one of the noblest inventions of men, and as I had been always in the highest degree proud of my excellence in it, I suffered so much from the ill-treatment my fiddle received, that I would have given all my remainder of skin to have preserved it from this affront.

"My mother survived the whipping a very short time; and I was now reduced to great distress and misery, till a young Roman of considerable rank took a fancy to me, received me into his family, and conversed with me in the utmost familiarity. He had a violent attachment to music, and would learn to play on the fiddle; but, through want of genius for the science, he never made any considerable progress. However, I flattered his performance, and he grew extravagantly fond of me for so doing. Had I continued this behaviour I might possibly have reaped the greatest advantages from his kindness; but I had raised his own opinion of his musical abilities so high, that he now began to prefer his skill to mine, a presumption I could not bear. One day as we were playing in concert he was horribly out; nor was it possible, as he destroyed the harmony, to avoid telling him of it. Instead of receiving my correction, he answered it was my blunder and not his, and that I had mistaken the key. Such an affront from my own scholar was beyond human patience; I flew into a violent passion, I flung down my instrument in a rage, and swore I was not to be taught music at my age. He answered, with as much warmth, nor was he to be instructed by a strolling fiddler. The dispute ended in a challenge to play a prize before judges. This wager was determined in my favour; but the purchase was a dear one, for I lost my friend by it, who now, twitting me with all his kindness, with my former ignominious punishment, and the destitute condition from which I had been by his bounty relieved, discarded me for ever.

"While I lived with this gentleman I became known, among others, to Sabina, a lady of distinction, and who valued herself much on her taste for music. She no sooner heard of my being discarded than she took me into her house, where I was extremely well clothed and fed. Notwithstanding which, my situation was far from agreeable; for I was obliged to submit to her constant reprehensions before company, which gave me the greater uneasiness because they were always wrong; nor am I certain that she did not by these provocations contribute to my death: for, as experience had taught me to give up my resentment to my bread, so my passions, for want of outward vent, prayed inwardly on my vitals, and perhaps occasioned the distemper of which I sickened.

"The lady, who, amidst all the faults she found, was very fond of me, nay, probably was the fonder of me the more faults she found, immediately called in the aid of three celebrated physicians. The doctors (being well feed) made me seven visits in three days, and two of them were at the door to visit me the eighth time, when, being acquainted that I was just dead, they shook their heads and departed.

"When I came to Minos he asked me with a smile whether I had brought my fiddle with me; and, receiving an answer in the negative, he bid me get about my business, saying it was well for me that the devil was no lover of music."

CHAPTER XVI.

The history of the wise man.

"I now returned to Rome, but in a very different character. Fortune had now allotted me a serious part to act. I had even in my infancy a grave disposition, nor was I ever seen to smile, which infused an opinion into all about me that I was a child of great solidity; some foreseeing that I should be a judge, and others a bishop. At two years old my father presented me with a rattle, which I broke to pieces with great indignation. This the good pa-

rent, being extremely wise, regarded as an eminent symptom of my wisdom, and cried out in a kind of ecstasy, 'Well said, boy! I warrant thou makest a great man.'

"At school I could never be persuaded to play with my mates, not that I spent my hours in learning, to which I was not in the least addicted, nor indeed had I any talents for it. However, the solemnity of my carriage won so much on my master, who was a most sagacious person, that I was his chief favourite, and my example on all occasions was recommended to the other boys, which filled them with envy, and me with pleasure; but, though they envied me, they all paid me that involuntary respect which it is the curse attending this passion to bear towards its object.

"I had now obtained universally the character of a very wise young man, which I did not altogether purchase without pains; for the restraint I laid on myself in abstaining from the several diversions adapted to my years cost me many a yearning; but the pride which I inwardly enjoyed in the fancied dignity of my character made me some amends.

"Thus I passed on, without anything very memorable happening to me, till I arrived at the age of twenty-three, when unfortunately I fell acquainted with a young Neapolitan lady whose name was Ariadne. Her beauty was so exquisite that her first sight made a violent impression on me; this was again improved by her behaviour, which was most genteel, easy, and affable: lastly, her conversation completed the conquest. In this she discovered a strong and lively understanding, with the sweetest and most benign temper. This lovely creature was about eighteen when I first unhappily beheld her at Rome, on a visit to a relation with whom I had great intimacy. As our interviews at first were extremely frequent, my passions were captivated before I apprehended the least danger; and the sooner probably, as the young lady herself, to whom I consulted every method of recommendation, was not displeased with my being her admirer.

"Ariadne, having spent three months at Rome, now returned to Naples, bearing my heart with her: on the other hand, I had all the assurances consistent with the constraint under which the most perfect modesty lays a young woman, that her own heart was not entirely unaffected. I soon found her absence gave me an uneasiness not easy to be borne or to remove. I now first applied to diversions (of the graver sort, particularly to music), but in vain; they rather raised my desires and heightened my anguish. My passion at length grew so violent, that I began to think of satisfying it. As the first step to this, I cautiously inquired into the circumstances of Ariadne's parents, with which I was hitherto unacquainted: though, indeed, I did not apprehend they were extremely great, notwithstanding the handsome appearance of their daughter at Rome. Upon examination, her fortune exceeded my expectation, but was not sufficient to justify my marriage with her, in the opinion of the wise and prudent. I had now a violent struggle between wisdom and happiness, in which, after several grievous pangs, wisdom got the better. I could by no means prevail with myself to sacrifice that character of profound wisdom which I had with such uniform conduct obtained, and with such caution hitherto preserved. I therefore resolved to conquer my affection, whatever it cost me; and indeed it did not cost me a little.

"While I was engaged in this conflict (for it lasted a long time) Ariadne returned to Rome: her presence was a terrible enemy to my wisdom, which

even in her absence had with great difficulty stood its ground. It seems (as she hath since told me in Elysium with much merriment) I had made the same impressions on her which she had made on me. Indeed, I believe my wisdom would have been totally subdued by this surprise, had it not cunningly suggested to me a method of satisfying my passion without doing any injury to my reputation. This was by engaging her privately as a mistress, which was at that time reputable enough at Rome, provided the affair was managed with an air of slyness and gravity, though the secret was known to the whole city.

"I immediately set about this project, and employed every art and engine to effect it. I had particularly bribed her priest, and an old female acquaintance and distant relation of her's, into my interest: but all was in vain; her virtue opposed the passion in her breast as strongly as wisdom had opposed it in mine. She received my proposals with the utmost disdain, and presently refused to see or hear from me any more.

"She returned again to Naples, and left me in a worse condition than before. My days I now passed with the most irksome uneasiness, and my nights were restless and sleepless. The story of our amour was now pretty public, and the ladies talked of our match as certain; but my acquaintance denied their assent, saying, 'No, no, he is too wise to marry so imprudently.' This their opinion gave me, I own, very great pleasure; but, to say the truth, scarce compensated the pangs I suffered to preserve it.

"One day, while I was balancing with myself, and had almost resolved to enjoy my happiness at the price of my character, a friend brought me word that Ariadne was married. This news struck me to the soul; and though I had resolution enough to maintain my gravity before him (for which I suffered not a little the more), the moment I was alone I threw myself into the most violent fit of despair, and would willingly have parted with wisdom, fortune, and everything else, to have retrieved her; but that was impossible, and I had now nothing but time to hope a cure from. This was very tedious in performing it, and the longer as Ariadne had married a Roman cavalier, was now become my near neighbour, and I had the mortification of seeing her make the best of wives, and of having the happiness which I had lost every day before my eyes.

"If I suffered so much on account of my wisdom in having refused Ariadne, I was not much more obliged to it for procuring me a rich widow, who was recommended to me by an old friend as a very prudent match; and, indeed, so it was, her fortune being superior to mine in the same proportion as that of Ariadne had been inferior. I therefore embraced this proposal, and my character of wisdom soon pleaded so effectually for me with the widow, who was herself a woman of great gravity and discretion, that I soon succeeded; and as soon as decency would permit (of which this lady was the strictest observer) we were married, being the second day of the second week of the second year after her husband's death; for she said she thought some period of time above the year had a great air of decorum.

"But, prudent as this lady was, she made me miserable. Her person was far from being lovely, but her temper was intolerable. During fifteen years' habitation I never passed a single day without heartily cursing her and the hour in which we came together. The only comfort I received, in the midst of the highest torments, was from continually

hearing the prudence of my match commended by all my acquaintance.

"Thus you see, in the affairs of love, I bought the reputation of wisdom pretty dear. In other matters I had it somewhat cheaper; not that hypocrisy, which was the price I gave for it, gives one no pain. I have refused myself a thousand little amusements with a feigned contempt, while I have really had an inclination to them. I have often almost choked myself to restrain from laughing at a jest, and (which was perhaps to myself the least hurtful of all my hypocrisy) have heartily enjoyed a book in my closet which I have spoke with detestation of in public. To sum up my history in short, as I had few adventures worth remembering, my whole life was one constant lie; and happy would it have been for me if I could as thoroughly have imposed on myself as I did on others: for reflection, at every turn, would often remind me I was not so wise as people thought me; and this considerably embittered the pleasure I received from the public commendation of my wisdom. This self-admonition, like a *memento mori* or *mortalis es*, must be, in my opinion, a very dangerous enemy to flattery: indeed, a weight sufficient to counterbalance all the false praise of the world. But whether it be that the generality of wise men do not reflect at all, or whether they have, from a constant imposition on others, contracted such a habit of deceit as to deceive themselves, I will not determine: it is, I believe, most certain that very few wise men know themselves what fools they are more than the world doth. Good gods! could one but see what passes in the closet of wisdom! how ridiculous a sight must it be to behold the wise man, who despises gratifying his palate, devouring custard; the sober wise man with his dram-bottle; or, the anti-carnalist (if I may be allowed the expression) chuckling over a b—dy book or picture, and perhaps caressing his housemaid!

"But to conclude a character in which I apprehend I made as absurd a figure as in any in which I trod the stage of earth, my wisdom at last put an end to itself, that is, occasioned my dissolution.

"A relation of mine in the eastern part of the empire disinherited his son, and left me his heir. This happened in the depth of winter when I was in my grand climacteric and had just recovered of a dangerous disease. As I had all the reason imaginable to apprehend the family of the deceased would conspire against me, and embezzle as much as they could, I advised with a grave and wise friend what was proper to be done; whether I should go myself or employ a notary on this occasion, and defer my journey to the spring. To say the truth, I was most inclined to the latter; the rather as my circumstances were extremely flourishing, as I was advanced in years, and had not one person in the world to whom I should with pleasure bequeath any fortune at my death.

"My friend told me he thought my question admitted of no manner of doubt or debate; that common prudence absolutely required my immediate departure; adding, that if the same good luck had happened to him he would have been already on his journey; 'for,' continued he, 'a man who knows the world so well as you would be inexcusable to give persons such an opportunity of cheating you, who, you must be assured, will be too well inclined; and as for employing a notary, remember that excellent maxim, *Ne facias per alium, quod fieri potest per te*. I own the badness of the season and your very late recovery are unlucky circumstances; but a wise man must get over difficulties when necessity obliges him to encounter them.'

"I was immediately determined by this opinion. The duty of a wise man made an irresistible impression, and I took the necessity for granted without examination. I accordingly set forward the next morning; very tempestuous weather soon overtook me; I had not travelled three days before I relapsed into my fever, and died.

"I was now as cruelly disappointed by Minos as I had formerly been happily so. I advanced with the utmost confidence to the gate, and really imagined I should have been admitted by the wisdom of my countenance, even without any questions asked: but this was not my case; and, to my great surprise, Minos, with a menacing voice, called out to me, 'You Mr. there, with the grave countenance, whither so fast, pray? Will you please, before you move any farther forwards, to give me a short account of your transactions below?' I then began, and recounted to him my whole history, still expecting at the end of every period that the gate would be ordered to fly open; but I was obliged to go quite through with it, and then Minos after some little consideration spoke to me as follows:—

"'You, Mr. Wiseman, stand forth if you please. Believe me, sir, a trip back again to earth will be one of the wisest steps you ever took, and really more to the honour of your wisdom than any you have hitherto taken. On the other side, nothing could be simpler than to endeavour at Elysium; for who but a fool would carry a commodity which is of such infinite value in one place into another where it is of none? But, without attempting to offend your gravity with a jest, you must return to the place from whence you came, for Elysium was never designed for those who are too wise to be happy.'

"This sentence confounded me greatly, especially as it seemed to threaten me with carrying my wisdom back again to earth. I told the judge, though he would not admit me at the gate, I hoped I had committed no crime while alive which merited my being wise any longer. He answered me, I must take my chance as to that matter, and immediately we turned our backs to each other."

CHAPTER XVII.

Julian enters into the person of a king.

"I was born at Oviedo in Spain. My father's name was Veremond, and I was adopted by my uncle, king Alphonso the chaste. I don't recollect in all the pilgrimages I have made on earth that I ever passed a more miserable infancy than now; being under the utmost confinement and restraint, and surrounded with physicians who were ever dosing me, and tutors who were continually plaguing me with their instructions; even those hours of leisure which my inclination would have spent in play were allotted to tedious pomp and ceremony, which, at an age wherein I had no ambition to enjoy the servility of courtiers, enslaved me more than it could the meanest of them. However, as I advanced towards manhood, my condition made me some amends; for the most beautiful women of their own accord threw out lures for me, and I had the happiness, which no man in an inferior degree can arrive at, of enjoying the most delicious creatures, without the previous and tiresome ceremonies of courtship, unless with the most simple, young, and unexperienced. As for the court ladies, they regarded me rather as men do the most lovely of the other sex; and, though they outwardly retained some appearance of modesty, they in reality rather considered themselves as receiving than conferring favours.

"Another happiness I enjoyed was in conferring favours of another sort; for, as I was extremely good natured and generous, so I had daily opportunities of satisfying those passions. Besides my own princely allowance, which was very bountiful, and with which I did many liberal and good actions, I recommended numberless persons of merit in distress to the king's notice, most of whom were provided for. Indeed, had I sufficiently known my blessed situation at this time, I should have grieved at nothing more than the death of Alphonso, by which the burden of government devolved upon me; but, so blindly fond is ambition, and such charms doth it fancy in the power and pomp and splendour of a crown, that, though I vehemently loved that king, and had the greatest obligations to him, the thoughts of succeeding him obliterated my regret at his loss, and the wish for my approaching coronation dried my eyes at his funeral.

"But my fondness for the name of king did not make me forgetful of those over whom I was to reign. I considered them in the light in which a tender father regards his children, as persons whose wellbeing God had intrusted to my care; and again, in that in which a prudent lord respects his tenants, as those on whose wealth and grandeur he is to build his own. Both these considerations inspired me with the greatest care for their welfare, and their good was my first and ultimate concern.

"The usurper Mauregas had impiously obliged himself and his successors to pay to the Moors every year an infamous tribute of an hundred young virgins: from this cruel and scandalous imposition I resolved to relieve my country. Accordingly, when their emperor Abderames the second had the audaciousness to make this demand of me, instead of complying with it I ordered his ambassadors to be driven away with all imaginable ignominy, and would have condemned them to death, could I have done it without a manifest violation of the law of nations.

"I now raised an immense army; at the levying of which I made a speech from my throne, acquainting my subjects with the necessity and the reasons of the war in which I was going to engage: which I convinced them I had undertaken for their ease and safety, and not for satisfying any wanton ambition, or revenging any private pique of my own. They all declared unanimously that they would venture their lives and everything dear to them in my defence, and in the support of the honour of my crown. Accordingly, my levies were instantly complete, sufficient numbers being only left to till the land; churchmen, even bishops themselves, enlisting themselves under my banners.

"The armies met at Alvelda, where we were discomfited with immense loss, and nothing but the lucky intervention of the night could have saved our whole army.

"I retreated to the summit of a hill, where I abandoned myself to the highest agonies of grief, not so much for the danger in which I then saw my crown as for the loss of those miserable wretches who had exposed their lives at my command. I could not then avoid this reflection—that, if the deaths of these people in war undertaken absolutely for their protection could give me such concern, what horror must I have felt if, like princes greedy of dominion, I had sacrificed such numbers to my own pride, vanity, and ridiculous lust of power.

"After having vented my sorrows for some time in this manner I began to consider by what means I might possibly endeavour to retrieve this misfortune; when, reflecting on the great number of priests

I had in my army, and on the prodigious force of superstition, a thought luckily suggested itself to me to counterfeit that St. James had appeared to me in a vision, and had promised me the victory. While I was ruminating on this the bishop of Najara came opportunely to me. As I did not intend to communicate the secret to him, I took another method, and, instead of answering anything the bishop said to me, I pretended to talk to St. James, as if he had been really present; till at length, after having spoke those things which I thought sufficient, and thanked the saint aloud for his promise of the victory, I turned about to the bishop, and, embracing him with a pleased countenance, protested I did not know he was present; and then, informing him of this supposed vision, I asked him if he had not himself seen the saint? He answered me he had; and afterwards proceeded to assure me that this appearance of St. James was entirely owing to his prayers; for that he was his tutelar saint. He added he had a vision of him a few hours before, when he promised him a victory over the infidels, and acquainted him at the same time of the vacancy of the see of Toledo. Now, this news being really true, though it had happened so lately that I had not heard of it (nor, indeed, was it well possible I should, considering the great distance of the way), when I was afterwards acquainted with it, a little staggered me, though far from being superstitious; till being informed that the bishop had lost three horses on a late expedition, I was satisfied.

"The next morning the bishop, at my desire, mounted the rostrum, and trumpeted forth this vision so effectually, which he said he had that evening twice seen with his own eyes, that a spirit began to be infused through the whole army which rendered them superior to almost any force: the bishop insisted that the least doubt of success was giving the lie to the saint, and a damnable sin, and he took upon him in his name to promise them victory.

"The army being drawn out, I soon experienced the effect of enthusiasm, for, having contrived another stratagem* to strengthen what the bishop had said, the soldiers fought more like furies than men. My stratagem was this: I had about me a dexterous fellow, who had been formerly a pimp in my amours. Him I dressed up in a strange antic dress, with a pair of white colours in his right hand, a red cross in his left, and, having disguised him so that no one could know him, I placed him on a white horse, and ordered him to ride to the head of the army, and cry out, 'Follow St. James!' These words were reiterated by all the troops, who attacked the enemy with such intrepidity, that, notwithstanding our inferiority of numbers, we soon obtained a complete victory.

"The bishop was come up by the time that the enemy was routed, and, acquainting us that he had met St. James by the way, and that he had informed him of what had passed, he added that he had express orders from the saint to receive a considerable sum for his use, and that a certain tax on corn and wine should be settled on his church for ever; and lastly, that a horseman's pay should be allowed for the future to the saint himself, of which he and his successors were appointed receivers. The army received these demands with such acclamations that I was obliged to comply with them, as I could by no means discover the imposition, nor do I believe I should have gained any credit if I had.

"I had now done with the saint, but the bishop had not; for about a week afterwards lights were

seen in a wood near where the battle was fought; and in a short time afterwards they discovered his tomb at the same place. Upon this the bishop made me a visit, and forced me to go thither, to build a church to him, and largely endow it. In a word, the good man so plagued me with miracle after miracle, that I was forced to make interest with the pope to convey him to Toledo, to get rid of him,

"But to proceed to other matters.—There was an inferior officer, who had behaved very bravely in the battle against the Moors, and had received several wounds, who solicited me for preferment; which I was about to confer on him when one of my ministers came to me in a fright, and told me that he had promised the post I designed for this man to the son of count Alderedo; and that the count, who was a powerful person, would be greatly disobliged at the refusal, as he had sent for his son from school to take possession of it. I was obliged to agree with my minister's reasons, and at the same time recommended the wounded soldier to be preferred by him, which he faithfully promised he would; but I met the poor wretch since in Elysium, who informed me he was afterwards starved to death.

"None who hath not been himself a prince, nor any prince till his death, can conceive the impositions daily put on them by their favourites and ministers; so that princes are often blamed for the faults of others. The count of Saldagne had been long confined in prison, when his son D. Bernard del Carpio, who had performed the greatest actions against the Moors, entreated me, as a reward for his service, to grant him his father's liberty. The old man's punishment had been so tedious, and the services of the young one so singularly eminent, that I was very inclinable to grant the request; but my ministers strongly opposed it; they told me my glory demanded revenge for the dishonour offered to my family; that so positive a demand carried with it rather the air of menace than entreaty; that the vain detail of his services, and the recompence due to them, was an injurious reproach; that to grant what had been so haughtily demanded would argue in the monarch both weakness and timidity; in a word, that to remit the punishment inflicted by my predecessors would be to condemn their judgment. Lastly, one told me in a whisper, 'His whole family are enemies to your house.' By these means the ministers prevailed. The young lord took the refusal so ill, that he retired from court, and abandoned himself to despair, whilst the old one languished in prison. By which means, as I have since discovered, I lost the use of two of my best subjects.

"To confess the truth, I had, by means of my ministers, conceived a very unjust opinion of my whole people, whom I fancied to be daily conspiring against me, and to entertain the most disloyal thoughts, when, in reality (as I have known since my death), they held me in universal respect and esteem. This is a trick, I believe, too often played with sovereigns, who, by such means, are prevented from that open intercourse with their subjects which, as it would greatly endear the person of the prince to the people, so might it often prove dangerous to a minister who was consulting his own interest only at the expense of both. I believe I have now recounted to you the most material passages of my life; for I assure you there are some incidents in the lives of kings not extremely worth relating. Everything which passes in their minds and families is not attended with the splendour which surrounds their throne—indeed, there are some hours wherein the naked king and the naked cobbler can scarce be distinguished from each other.

* This silly story is told as a solemn truth (i. e. that St. James really appeared in the manner this fellow is described) by Mariana, l. 7. § 78.

"Had it not been, however, for my ingratitude to Bernard del Carpio, I believe this would have been my last pilgrimage on earth; for, as to the story of St. James, I thought Minos would have burst his sides at it; but he was so displeased with me on the other account, that, with a frown, he cried out, 'Get thee back again, king.' Nor would he suffer me to say another word."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Julian passes into a fool.

"THE next visit I made to the world was performed in France, where I was born in the court of Lewis III., and had afterwards the honour to be preferred to be fool to the prince, who was surnamed Charles the Simple. But, in reality, I know not whether I might so properly be said to have acted the fool in his court as to have made fools of all others in it. Certain it is, I was very far from being what is generally understood by that word, being a most cunning, designing, arch knave. I knew very well the folly of my master, and of many others, and how to make my advantage of this knowledge.

"I was as dear to Charles the Simple as the player Paris was to Domitian, and, like him, bestowed all manner of offices and honours on whom I pleased. This drew me a great number of followers among the courtiers, who really mistook me for a fool, and yet flattered my understanding. There was particularly in the court a fellow who had neither honour, honesty, sense, wit, courage, beauty, nor indeed any one good quality, either of mind or body, to recommend him; but was at the same time, perhaps, as cunning a monster as ever lived. This gentleman took it into his head to list under my banner, and pursued me so very assiduously with flattery, constantly reminding me of my good sense, that I grew immoderately fond of him; for though flattery is not most judiciously applied to qualities which the persons flattered possess, yet as, notwithstanding my being well assured of my own parts, I passed in the whole court for a fool, this flattery was a very sweet morsel to me. I therefore got this fellow preferred to a bishopric, but I lost my flatterer by it; for he never afterwards said a civil thing to me.

"I never baulked my imagination for the grossness of the reflection on the character of the greatest noble—nay, even the king himself; of which I will give you a very bold instance. One day his simple majesty told me he believed I had so much power that his people looked on me as the king, and himself as my fool. At this I pretended to be angry, as with an affront. 'Why, how now?' says the king; 'are you ashamed of being a king?' 'No, sir,' says I, 'but I am devilishly ashamed of my fool.'

"Hebert, earl of Vermandois, had by my means been restored to the favour of the Simple (for so I used always to call Charles). He afterwards prevailed with the king to take the city of Arras from earl Baldwin, by which means Hebert, in exchange for this city, had Peronne restored to him by count Altmar. Baldwin came to court in order to procure the restoration of his city; but, either through pride or ignorance, neglected to apply to me. As I met him at court during his solicitation, I told him he did not apply the right way; he answered roughly he should not ask a fool's advice. I replied I did not wonder at his prejudice, since he had miscarried already by following a fool's advice; but I told him there were fools who had more interest than that he had brought with him to court. He answered me surlily he had no fool with him, for

that he travelled alone. 'Ay, my lord,' says I, 'I often travel alone, and yet they will have it I always carry a fool with me.' This raised a laugh among the by-standers, on which he gave me a blow. I immediately complained of this usage to the Simple, who dismissed the earl from court with very hard words, instead of granting him the favour he solicited.

"I give you these rather as a specimen of my interest and impudence than of my wit—indeed, my jests were commonly more admired than they ought to be; for perhaps I was not in reality much more a wit than a fool. But, with the latitude of unbounded scurrility, it is easy enough to attain the character of wit, especially in a court, where, as all persons hate and envy one another heartily, and are at the same time obliged by the constrained behaviour of civility to profess the greatest liking, so it is, and must be, wonderfully pleasant to them to see the follies of their acquaintance exposed by a third person. Besides, the opinion of the court is as uniform as the fashion, and is always guided by the will of the prince or of the favourite. I doubt not that Caligula's horse was universally held in his court to be a good and able consul. In the same manner was I universally acknowledged to be the wittiest fool in the world. Every word I said raised laughter, and was held to be a jest, especially by the ladies, who sometimes laughed before I had discovered my sentiment, and often repeated that as a jest which I did not even intend as one.

"I was as severe on the ladies as on the men, and with the same impunity; but this at last cost me dear: for once having joked on the beauty of a lady whose name was Adelaide, a favourite of the Simple's, she pretended to smile and be pleased at my wit with the rest of the company; but in reality she highly resented it, and endeavoured to undermine me with the king. In which she so greatly succeeded (for what cannot a favourite woman do with one who deserves the surname of Simple?) that the king grew every day more reserved to me, and when I attempted any freedom gave me such marks of his displeasure, that the courtiers who have all hawks' eyes at a slight from the sovereign, soon discerned it: and indeed, had I been blind enough not to have discovered that I had lost ground in the Simple's favour by his own change in his carriage towards me, I must have found it, nay even felt it, in the behaviour of the courtiers: for, as my company was two days before solicited with the utmost eagerness, it was now rejected with as much scorn. I was now the jest of the ushers and pages; and an officer of the guards, on whom I was a little jocose, gave me a box on the ear, bidding me make free with my equals. This very fellow had been my butt for many years, without daring to lift his hand against me.

"But though I visibly perceived the alteration in the Simple, I was utterly unable to make any guess at the occasion. I had not the least suspicion of Adelaide; for, besides her being a very good-humoured woman, I had often made severe jests on her reputation, which I had all the reason imaginable to believe had given her no offence. But I soon perceived that a woman will bear the most bitter censures on her morals easier than the smallest reflection on her beauty; for she now declared publicly, that I ought to be dismissed from court, as the stupidest of fools, and one in whom there was no diversion; and that she wondered how any person could have so little taste as to imagine I had any wit. This speech was echoed through the drawing-room, and agreed to by all present. Every one now put on an unusual gravity on their coun-

tenance whenever I spoke ; and it was as much out of my power to raise a laugh as formerly it had been for me to open my mouth without one.

"While my affairs were in this posture I went one day into the circle without my fool's dress. The Simple, who would still speak to me, cried out, 'So fool, what's the matter now?' 'Sir,' answered I, 'fools are like to be so common a commodity at court, that I am weary of my coat.' 'How dost thou mean?' answered the Simple; 'what can make them commoner now than usual?'—'O, sir,' said I, 'there are ladies here make your majesty a fool every day of their lives.' The Simple took no notice of my jest, and several present said my bones ought to be broke for my impudence; but it pleased the queen, who, knowing Adelaide, whom she hated, to be the cause of my disgrace, obtained me of the king, and took me into her service; so that I was henceforth called the queen's fool, and in her court received the same honour, and had as much wit, as I had formerly had in the king's. But as the queen had really no power unless over her own domestics, I was not treated in general with that complacence, nor did I receive those bribes and presents, which had once fallen to my share.

"Nor did this confined respect continue long: for the queen, who had in fact no taste for humour, soon grew sick of my foolery, and, forgetting the cause for which she had taken me, neglected me so much, that her court grew intolerable to my temper and I broke my heart and died.

"Minos laughed heartily at several things in my story, and then, telling me no one played the fool in Elysium, bid me go back again."

CHAPTER XIX.

Julian appears in the character of a beggar.

"I now returned to Rome, and was born into a very poor and numerous family, which, to be honest with you, procured its livelihood by begging. This, if you was never yourself of the calling, you do not know, I suppose, to be as regular a trade as any other; to have its several rules and secrets, or mysteries, which to learn require perhaps as tedious an apprenticeship as those of any craft whatever.

"The first thing we are taught is the countenance miserable. This indeed nature makes much easier to some than others; but there are none who cannot accomplish it, if they begin early enough in youth, and before the muscles are grown too stubborn.

"The second thing is the voice lamentable. In this qualification too nature must have her share in producing the most consummate excellence; however, art will here, as in every other instance, go a great way with industry and application, even without the assistance of genius, especially if the student begins young.

"There are many other instructions, but these are the most considerable. The women are taught one practice more than the men, for they are instructed in the art of crying, that is, to have their tears ready on all occasions: but this is attained very easily by most. Some indeed arrive at the utmost perfection in this art with incredible facility.

"No profession requires a deeper insight into human nature than the beggar's. Their knowledge of the passions of men is so extensive, that I have often thought it would be of no little service to a politician to have his education among them. Nay, there is a much greater analogy between these two characters than is imagined; for both concur in their first and grand principle, it being equally their business to delude and impose on mankind. It

must be confessed that they differ widely in the degree of advantage which they make by their deceit; for, whereas the beggar is contented with a little, the politician leaves but a little behind.

"A very great English philosopher hath remarked our policy, in taking care never to address any one with a title inferior to what he really claims. My father was of the same opinion; for I remember when I was a boy, the pope happening to pass by, I tended him with 'Pray, sir;' 'For God's sake sir;' 'For the Lord's sake, sir;'—To which he answered gravely, Sirrah, sirrah, you ought to be whipped for taking the Lord's name in vain; and in vain it was indeed, for he gave me nothing. My father, overhearing this, took his advice, and whipped me very severely. While I was under correction I promised often never to take the Lord's name in vain any more. My father then said, 'Child, I do not whip you for taking his name in vain; I whip you for not calling the pope his holiness.'

"If all men were so wise and good to follow the clergy's example, the nuisance of beggars would soon be removed. I do not remember to have been above twice relieved by them during my whole state of beggary. Once was by a very well-looking man, who gave me a small piece of silver, and declared he had given me more than he had left himself; the other was by a spruce young fellow, who had that very day first put on his robes, whom I attended with 'Pray, reverend sir, good reverend sir, consider your cloth.' He answered, 'I do, child, consider my office, and I hope all our cloth do the same.' He then threw down some money, and strutted off with great dignity.

"With the women I had one general formulary: 'Sweet pretty lady,' 'God bless your ladyship,' 'God bless your handsome face.' This generally succeeded; but I observed the uglier the woman was, the surer I was of success.

"It was a constant maxim among us, that the greater retinue any one travelled with the less expectation we might promise ourselves from them; but whenever we saw a vehicle with a single or no servant we imagined our booty sure, and were seldom deceived.

"We observed great difference introduced by time and circumstance in the same person; for instance, a losing gamester is sometimes generous, but from a winner you will as easily obtain his soul as a single groat. A lawyer travelling from his country seat to his clients at Rome, and a physician going to visit a patient, were always worth asking; but the same on their return were (according to our cant phrase) untouchable.

"The most general, and indeed the truest, maxim among us was, that those who possessed the least were always the readiest to give. The chief art of a beggarman is, therefore, to discern the rich from the poor, which, though it be only distinguishing substance from shadow, is by no means attainable without a pretty good capacity and a vast degree of attention; for these two are eternally industrious in endeavouring to counterfeit each other. In this deceit the poor man is more heartily in earnest to deceive you than the rich, who, amidst all the emblems of poverty which he puts on, still permits some mark of his wealth to strike the eye. Thus, while his apparel is not worth a groat, his finger wears a ring of value, or his pocket a gold watch. In a word, he seems rather to affect poverty to insult than impose on you. Now the poor man, on the contrary, is very sincere in his desire of passing for rich; but the eagerness of this desire hurries him to overact his part, and he betrays himself as

one who is drunk by his overacted sobriety. Thus, instead of being attended by one servant well mounted, he will have two; and, not being able to purchase or maintain a second horse of value, one of his servants at least is mounted on a hired rascalion. He is not contented to go plain and neat in his clothes; he therefore claps on some tawdry ornament, and what he adds to the fineness of his vestment he detracts from the fineness of his linen. Without descending into more minute particulars, I believe I may assert it as an axiom of indubitable truth, that whoever shows you he is either in himself or his equipage as gaudy as he can, convinces you he is more so than he can afford. Now, whenever a man's expense exceeds his income, he is indifferent in the degree; we had therefore nothing more to do with such than to flatter them with their wealth and splendour, and were always certain of success.

"There is, indeed, one kind of rich man who is commonly more liberal, namely, where riches surprise him, as it were, in the midst of poverty and distress, the consequence of which is, I own, sometimes excessive avarice, but oftener extreme prodigality. I remember one of these who, having received a pretty large sum of money, gave me, when I begged an obolus, a whole talent; on which his friend having reproved him, he answered, with an oath, 'Why not? Have I not fifty left?'

"The life of a beggar, if men estimated things by their real essence, and not by their outward false appearance, would be, perhaps, a more desirable situation than any of those which ambition persuades us, with such difficulty, danger, and often villany, to aspire to. The wants of a beggar are commonly as chimerical as the abundance of a nobleman; for besides vanity, which a judicious beggar will always apply to with wonderful efficacy, there are in reality very few natures so hardened as not to compassionate poverty and distress when the predominancy of some other passion doth not prevent them.

"There is one happiness which attends money got with ease, namely, that it is never hoarded; otherwise, as we have frequent opportunities of growing rich, that canker care might prey upon our quiet, as it doth on others; but our money stock we spend as fast as we acquire it; usually at least, for I speak not without exception; thus it gives us mirth only, and no trouble. Indeed, the luxury of our lives might introduce diseases, did not our daily exercise prevent them. This gives us an appetite and relish for our dainties, and at the same time an antidote against the evil effects which sloth, united with luxury, induces on the habit of a human body. Our women we enjoy with ecstasies at least equal to what the greatest men feel in their embraces. I can, I am assured, say of myself, that no mortal could reap more perfect happiness from the tender passion than my fortune had decreed me. I married a charming young woman for love; she was the daughter of a neighbouring beggar, who, with an improvidence too often seen, spent a very large income which he procured by his profession, so that he was able to give her no fortune down; however, at his death he left her a very well accustomed begging-hut, situated on the side of a steep hill, where travellers could not immediately escape from us, and a garden adjoining, being the twenty-eighth part of an acre, well planted. She made the best of wives, bore me nineteen children, and never failed, unless on her lying-in, which generally lasted three days, to get my supper ready against my return home in an evening; this being my favourite meal,

and at which I, as well as my whole family, greatly enjoyed ourselves; the principal subject of our discourse being generally the boons we had that day obtained, on which occasions, laughing at the folly of the donors made no inconsiderable part of the entertainment; for, whatever might be their motive for giving, we constantly imputed our success to our having flattered their vanity, or overreached their understanding.

"But perhaps I have dwelt too long on this character; I shall conclude, therefore, with telling you that after a life of 102 years' continuance, during all which I had never known any sickness or infirmity but that which old age necessarily induced, I at last, without the least pain, went out like the snuff of a candle.

"Minos, having heard my history, bid me compute, if I could, how many lies I had told in my life. As we are here, by a certain fated necessity, obliged to confine ourselves to truth, I answered, I believed about 50,000,000. He then replied, with a frown, 'Can such a wretch conceive any hopes of entering Elysium?' I immediately turned about, and, upon the whole, was rejoiced at his not calling me back."

CHAPTER XX.

Julian performs the part of a statesman.

"It was now my fortune to be born of a German princess; but a man-midwife, pulling my head off in delivering my mother, put a speedy end to my princely life.

"Spirits who end their lives before they are at the age of five years are immediately ordered into other bodies; and it was now my fortune to perform several infancies before I could again entitle myself to an examination of Minos.

"At length I was destined once more to play a considerable part on the stage. I was born in England, in the reign of Ethelred II. My father's name was Ulnoth: he was earl or thane of Sussex. I was afterwards known by the name of earl Goodwin, and began to make a considerable figure in the world in the time of Harold Harefoot, whom I procured to be made king of Wessex, or the West Saxons, in prejudice of Hardicanute, whose mother Emma endeavoured afterwards to set another of her sons on the throne; but I circumvented her, and, communicating her design to the king, at the same time acquainted him with a project which I had formed for the murder of these two young princes. Emma had sent for these her sons from Normandy, with the king's leave, whom she had deceived by her religious behaviour, and pretended neglect of all worldly affairs; but I prevailed with Harold to invite these princes to his court, and put them to death. The prudent mother sent only Alfred, retaining Edward to herself, as she suspected my ill designs, and thought I should not venture to execute them on one of her sons, while she secured the other; but she was deceived, for I had no sooner Alfred in my possession than I caused him to be conducted to Ely, where I ordered his eyes to be put out, and afterwards to be confined in a monastery.

"This was one of those cruel expedients which great men satisfy themselves well in executing, by concluding them to be necessary to the service of their prince, who is the support of their ambition.

"Edward, the other son of Emma, escaped again to Normandy; whence, after the death of Harold and Hardicanute, he made no scruple of applying to my protection and favour, though he had before prosecuted me with all the vengeance he was able, for the murder of his brother; but in all great affairs

private relation must yield to public interest. Having therefore concluded very advantageous terms for myself with him, I made no scruple of patronising his cause, and soon placed him on the throne. Nor did I conceive the least apprehension from his resentment, as I knew my power was too great for him to encounter.

"Among other stipulated conditions one was to marry my daughter Editha. This Edward consented to with great reluctance, and I had afterwards no reason to be pleased with it; for it raised her, who had been my favourite child, to such an opinion of greatness, that, instead of paying me the usual respect, she frequently threw in my teeth (as often at least as I gave her any admonition), that she was now a queen, and that the character and title of father merged in that of subject. This behaviour, however, did not cure me of my affection towards her, nor lessen the uneasiness which I afterwards bore on Edward's dismissing her from his bed.

"One thing which principally induced me to labour the promotion of Edward was the simplicity or weakness of that prince, under whom I promised myself absolute dominion under another name. Nor did this opinion deceive me; for, during his whole reign, my administration was in the highest degree despotic: I had everything of royalty but the outward ensigns; no man ever applying for a place, or any kind of preferment, but to me only. A circumstance which, as it greatly enriched my coffers, so it no less pampered my ambition, and satisfied my vanity with a numerous attendance; and I had the pleasure of seeing those who only bowed to the king prostrating themselves before me.

"Edward the Confessor, or St. Edward, as some have called him, in derision I suppose, being a very silly fellow, had all the faults incident, and almost inseparable, to fools. He married my daughter Editha from his fear of disobeying me; and afterwards, out of hatred to me, refused even to consummate his marriage, though she was one of the most beautiful women of her age. He was likewise guilty of the basest ingratitude to his mother (a vice to which fools are chiefly, if not only, liable); and, in return for her endeavours to procure him a throne in his youth, confined her in a loathsome prison in her old age. This, it is true, he did by my advice; but as to her walking over nine ploughshares red-hot, and giving nine manors, when she had not one in her possession, there is not a syllable of veracity in it.

"The first great perplexity I fell into was on the account of my son Swane, who had deflowered the abbess of Leon, since called Leominster, in Herefordshire. After this fact he retired into Denmark, whence he sent to me to obtain his pardon. The king at first refused it, being moved thereto, as I afterwards found, by some churchmen, particularly by one of his chaplains, whom I had prevented from obtaining a bishopric. Upon this my son Swane invaded the coasts with several ships, and committed many outrageous cruelties; which, indeed, did his business, as they served me to apply to the fear of this king, which I had long since discovered to be his predominant passion. And, at last, he who had refused pardon to his first offence submitted to give it him after he had committed many other more monstrous crimes; by which his pardon lost all grace to the offended, and received double censure from all others.

"The king was greatly inclined to the Normans, had created a Norman archbishop of Canterbury, and had heaped extraordinary favours on him. I had no other objection to this man than that he

rose without my assistance; a cause of dislike which, in the reign of great and powerful favourites, hath often proved fatal to the persons who have given it, as the persons thus raised inspire us constantly with jealousies and apprehensions. For when we promote any one ourselves we take effectual care to preserve such an ascendant over him that we can at any time reduce him to his former degree, should he dare to act in opposition to our wills; for which reason we never suffer any to come near the prince but such as we are assured it is impossible should be capable of engaging or improving his affection; no prime minister, as I apprehend, esteeming himself to be safe while any other shares the ear of his prince, of whom we are as jealous as the fondest husband can be of his wife. Whoever, therefore, can approach him by any other channel than that of ourselves, is, in our opinion, a declared enemy, and one whom the first principles of policy oblige us to demolish with the utmost expedition. For the affection of kings is as precarious as that of women, and the only way to secure either to ourselves is to keep all others from them.

"But the archbishop did not let matters rest on suspicion. He soon gave open proofs of his interest with the Confessor in procuring an office of some importance for one Rollo, a Roman of mean extraction and very despicable parts. When I represented to the king the indecency of conferring such an honour on such a fellow, he answered me that he was the archbishop's relation. 'Then, sir,' replied I, 'he is related to your enemy.' Nothing more passed at that time; but I soon perceived, by the archbishop's behaviour, that the king had acquainted him with our private discourse; a sufficient assurance of his confidence in him and neglect of me.

"The favour of princes, when once lost, is recoverable only by the gaining a situation which may make you terrible to them. As I had no doubt of having lost all credit with this king, which indeed had been originally founded and constantly supported by his fear, so I took the method of terror to regain it.

"The earl of Boulogne coming over to visit the king gave me an opportunity of breaking out into open opposition; for, as the earl was on his return to France, one of his servants, who was sent before to procure lodgings at Dover, and insisted on having them in the house of a private man in spite of the owner's teeth, was, in a fray which ensued, killed on the spot; and the earl himself, arriving there soon after, very narrowly escaped with his life. The earl, enraged at this affront, returned to the king at Gloucester with loud complaints and demands of satisfaction. Edward consented to his demands, and ordered me to chastise the rioters, who were under my government as earl of Kent: but, instead of obeying these orders, I answered, with some warmth, that the English were not used to punish people unheard, nor ought their rights and privileges to be violated; that the accused should be first summoned—if guilty, should make satisfaction both with body and estate, but, if innocent, should be discharged. Adding, with great ferocity, that as earl of Kent it was my duty to protect those under my government against the insults of foreigners.

"This accident was extremely lucky, as it gave my quarrel with the king a popular colour, and so ingratiated me with the people, that when I set up my standard, which I soon after did, they readily and cheerfully listed under my banners and embraced my cause, which I persuaded them was their own; for that it was to protect them against

foreigners that I had drawn my sword. The word foreigners with an Englishman hath a kind of magical effect, they having the utmost hatred and aversion to them, arising from the cruelties they suffered from the Danes and some other foreign nations. No wonder therefore they espoused my cause in a quarrel which had such a beginning.

"But what may be somewhat more remarkable is, that when I afterwards returned to England from banishment, and was at the head of an army of the Flemish, who were preparing to plunder the city of London, I still persisted that I was come to defend the English from the danger of foreigners, and gained their credit. Indeed, there is no lie so gross but it may be imposed on the people by those whom they esteem their patrons and defenders.

"The king saved his city by being reconciled to me, and taking again my daughter, whom he had put away from him; and thus, having frightened the king into what concessions I thought proper, I dismissed my army and fleet, with which I intended, could I not have succeeded otherwise, to have sacked the city of London and ravaged the whole country.

"I was no sooner re-established in the king's favour, or, what was as well for me, the appearance of it, than I fell violently on the archbishop. He had of himself retired to his monastery in Normandy; but that did not content me: I had him formally banished, the see declared vacant, and then filled up by another.

"I enjoyed my grandeur a very short time after my restoration to it; for the king, hating and fearing me to a very great degree, and finding no means of openly destroying me, at last effected his purpose by poison, and then spread abroad a ridiculous story of my wishing the next morsel might choke me if I had had any hand in the death of Alfred; and, accordingly, that the next morsel, by a divine judgment, stuck in my throat and performed that office.

"This of a statesman was one of my worst stages in the other world. It is a post subjected daily to the greatest danger and inquietude, and attended with less pleasure and less ease. In a word, it is a pill which, was it not gilded over by ambition, would appear nauseous and detestable in the eye of every one; and perhaps that is one reason why Minos so greatly compassionates the case of those who swallow it: for that just judge told me he always acquitted a prime minister who could produce one single good action in his whole life, let him have committed ever so many crimes. Indeed, I understood him a little too largely and was stepping towards the gate; but he pulled me by the sleeve, and, telling me no prime minister ever entered there, bid me go back again; saying, he thought I had sufficient reason to rejoice in my escaping the bottomless pit, which half my crimes committed in any other capacity would have entitled me to.

CHAPTER XXI.

Julian's adventures in the post of a soldier.

"I was born at Caen in Normandy. My mother's name was Matilda; as for my father, I am not so certain; for the good woman on her death-bed assured me she herself could bring her guess to no greater certainty than to five of duke William's captains. When I was no more than thirteen (being indeed a surprising stout boy of my age) I enlisted into the army of duke William, afterwards known by the name of William the Conqueror, landed with him at Pemesey or Pemsey in Sussex, and was present at the famous battle of Hastings.

"At the first onset it was impossible to describe

my consternation, which was heightened by the fall of two soldiers who stood by me; but this soon abated, and by degrees, as my blood grew warm, I thought no more of my own safety, but fell on the enemy with great fury, and did a good deal of execution; till unhappily I received a wound in my thigh, which rendered me unable to stand any longer, so that I now lay among the dead, and was constantly exposed to the danger of being trampled to death, as well by my fellow-soldiers as by the enemy. However, I had the fortune to escape it, and continued the remaining part of the day and the night following on the ground.

"The next morning, the duke sending out parties to bring off the wounded, I was found almost expiring with loss of blood; notwithstanding which, as immediate care was taken to dress my wounds, youth and a robust constitution stood my friends, and I recovered after a long and tedious indisposition, and was again able to use my limbs and do my duty.

"As soon as Dover was taken I was conveyed thither with all the rest of the sick and wounded. Here I recovered of my wound; but fell afterwards into a violent flux, which, when it departed, left me so weak that it was long before I could regain my strength. And what most afflicted me was, that during my whole illness, when I languished under want as well as sickness, I had daily the mortification to see and hear the riots and excess of my fellow-soldiers, who had happily escaped safe from the battle.

"I was no sooner well than I was ordered into garrison at Dover-castle. The officers here fared very indifferently, but the private men much worse. We had great scarcity of provisions, and, what was yet more intolerable, were so closely confined for want of room (four of us being obliged to lie on the same bundle of straw), that many died, and most sickened.

"Here I had remained about four months, when one night we were alarmed with the arrival of the earl of Boulogne, who had come over privily from France, and endeavoured to surprise the castle. The design proved ineffectual; for the garrison making a brisk sally, most of his men were tumbled down the precipice, and he returned with a very few back to France. In this action, however, I had the misfortune to come off with a broken arm; it was so shattered, that, besides a great deal of pain and misery which I endured in my cure, I was disabled for upwards of three months.

"Soon after my recovery I had contracted an amour with a young woman whose parents lived near the garrison, and were in much better circumstances than I had reason to expect should give their consent to the match. However, as she was extremely fond of me (as I was indeed distractedly enamoured of her), they were prevailed on to comply with her desires, and the day was fixed for our marriage.

"On the evening preceding, while I was exulting with the eager expectation of the happiness I was the next day to enjoy, I received orders to march early in the morning towards Windsor, where a large army was to be formed, at the head of which the king intended to march into the west. Any person who hath ever been in love may easily imagine what I felt in my mind on receiving those orders; and what still heightened my torments was, that the commanding officer would not permit any one to go out of the garrison that evening; so that I had not even an opportunity of taking leave of my beloved.

"The morning came which was to have put me in the possession of my wishes; but alas! the scene was now changed, and all the hopes which I had

raised were now so many ghosts to haunt, and furies to torment me.

"It was now the midst of winter, and very severe weather for the season; when we were obliged to make very long and fatiguing marches, in which we suffered all the inconveniences of cold and hunger. The night in which I expected to riot in the arms of my beloved mistress I was obliged to take up with a lodging on the ground, exposed to the inclemencies of a rigid frost; nor could I obtain the least comfort of sleep, which shunned me as its enemy. In short, the horrors of that night are not to be described, or perhaps imagined. They made such an impression on my soul, that I was forced to be dipped three times in the river Lethe to prevent my remembering it in the characters which I afterwards performed in the flesh."

Here I interrupted Julian for the first time, and told him no such dipping had happened to me in my voyage from one world to the other: but he satisfied me by saying "that this only happened to those spirits which returned into the flesh, in order to prevent that reminiscence which Plato mentions, and which would otherwise cause great confusion in the other world."

He then proceeded as follows: "We continued a very laborious march to Exeter, which we were ordered to besiege. The town soon surrendered, and his majesty built a castle there, which he garrisoned with his Normans, and unhappily I had the misfortune to be one of the number.

"Here we were confined closer than I had been at Dover; for, as the citizens were extremely disaffected, we were never suffered to go without the walls of the castle; nor indeed could we, unless in large bodies, without the utmost danger. We were likewise kept to continual duty, nor could any solicitations prevail with the commanding officer to give me a month's absence to visit my love, from whom I had no opportunity of hearing in all my long absence.

"However, in the spring, the people being more quiet, and another officer of a gentler temper succeeding to the principal command, I obtained leave to go to Dover; but alas! what comfort did my long journey bring me? I found the parents of my darling in the utmost misery at her loss; for she had died, about a week before my arrival, of a consumption, which they imputed to her pining at my sudden departure.

"I now fell into the most violent and almost raving fit of despair. I cursed myself, the king, and the whole world, which no longer seemed to have any delight for me. I threw myself on the grave of my deceased love, and lay there without any kind of sustenance for two whole days. At last hunger, together with the persuasions of some people who took pity on me, prevailed with me to quit that situation, and refresh myself with food. They then persuaded me to return to my post, and abandon a place where almost every object I saw recalled ideas to my mind which, as they said, I should endeavour with my utmost force to expel from it. This advice at length succeeded; the rather, as the father and mother of my beloved refused to see me, looking on me as the innocent but certain cause of the death of their only child.

"The loss of one we tenderly love, as it is one of the most bitter and biting evils which attend human life, so it wants the lenitive which palliates and softens every other calamity; I mean that great reliever, hope. No man can be so totally undone, but that he may still cherish expectation: but this deprives us of all such comfort, nor can anything

but time alone lessen it. This, however, in most minds, is sure to work a slow but effectual remedy; so did it in mine: for within a twelvemonth I was entirely reconciled to my fortune, and soon after absolutely forgot the object of a passion from which I had promised myself such extreme happiness, and in the disappointment of which I had experienced such inconceivable misery.

"At the expiration of the month I returned to my garrison at Exeter; where I was no sooner arrived than I was ordered to march into the north, to oppose a force there levied by the earls of Chester and Northumberland. We came to York, where his majesty pardoned the heads of the rebels, and very severely punished some who were less guilty. It was particularly my lot to be ordered to seize a poor man who had never been out of his house, and convey him to prison. I detested this barbarity, yet was obliged to execute it; nay, though no reward would have bribed me in a private capacity to have acted such a part, yet so much sanctity is there in the commands of a monarch or general to a soldier, that I performed it without reluctance, nor had the tears of his wife and family any prevalence with me.

"But this, which was a very small piece of mischief in comparison with many of my barbarities afterwards, was however the only one which ever gave me any uneasiness; for when the king led us afterwards into Northumberland to revenge those people's having joined with Osborne the Dane in his invasion, and orders were given us to commit what ravages we could, I was forward in fulfilling them, and, among some lesser cruelties (I remember it yet with sorrow), I ravished a woman, murdered a little infant playing in her lap, and then burnt her house. In short, for I have no pleasure in this part of my relation, I had my share in all the cruelties exercised on those poor wretches; which were so grievous, that for sixty miles together, between York and Durham, not a single house, church, or any other public or private edifice, was left standing.

"We had pretty well devoured the country, when we were ordered to march to the Isle of Ely, to oppose Hereward, a bold and stout soldier, who had under him a very large body of rebels, who had the impudence to rise against their king and conqueror (I talk now in the same style I did then) in defence of their liberties, as they called them. These were soon subdued; but as I happened (more to my glory than my comfort) to be posted in that part through which Hereward cut his way, I received a dreadful cut on the forehead, a second on the shoulder, and was run through the body with a pike.

"I languished a long time with these wounds, which made me incapable of attending the king into Scotland. However, I was able to go over with him afterwards into Normandy, in his expedition against Philip, who had taken the opportunity of the troubles in England to invade that province. Those few Normans who had survived their wounds, and had remained in the Isle of Ely, were all of our nation who went, the rest of his army being all composed of English. In a skirmish near the town of Mans my leg was broke and so shattered that it was forced to be cut off.

"I was now disabled from serving longer in the army; and accordingly, being discharged from the service, I retired to the place of my nativity, where, in extreme poverty, and frequent bad health from the many wounds I had received, I dragged on a miserable life to the age of sixty-three; my only pleasure being to recount the feats of my youth, in which narratives I generally exceeded the truth.

"It would be tedious and unpleasant to recount to you the several miseries I suffered after my return to Caen; let it suffice, they were so terrible that they induced Minos to compassionate me, and, notwithstanding the barbarities I had been guilty of in Northumberland, to suffer me to go once more back to earth."

CHAPTER XXII.

What happened to Julian in the person of a tailor.

"FORTUNE now stationed me in a character which the ingratitude of mankind hath put them on ridiculing, though they owe to it not only a relief from the inclemencies of cold, to which they would otherwise be exposed, but likewise a considerable satisfaction of their vanity. The character I mean was that of a tailor; which, if we consider it with due attention, must be confessed to have in it great dignity and importance. For, in reality, who constitutes the different degrees between men but the tailor? the prince indeed gives the title, but it is the tailor who makes the man. To his labours are owing the respect of crowds, and the awe which great men inspire into their beholders, though these are too often unjustly attributed to other motives. Lastly, the admiration of the fair is most commonly to be placed to his account.

"I was just set up in my trade when I made three suits of fine clothes for king Stephen's coronation. I question whether the person who wears the rich coat hath so much pleasure and vanity in being admired in it as we tailors have from that admiration; and perhaps a philosopher would say he is not so well entitled to it. I bustled on the day of the ceremony through the crowd, and it was with incredible delight I heard several say, as my clothes walked by, 'Bless me, was ever anything so fine as the earl of Devonshire? Sure he and sir Hugh Bigot are the two best dressed men I ever saw.' Now both those suits were of my making.

"There would indeed be infinite pleasure in working for the courtiers, as they are generally genteel men, and show one's clothes to the best advantage, was it not for one small discouragement; this is, that they never pay. I solemnly protest, though I lost almost as much by the court in my life as I got by the city, I never carried a suit into the latter with half the satisfaction which I have done to the former; though from that I was certain of ready money, and from this almost as certain of no money at all.

"Courtiers may, however, be divided into two sorts, very essentially different from each other; into those who never intend to pay for their clothes; and those who do intend to pay for them, but never happen to be able. Of the latter sort are many of those young gentlemen whom we equip out for the army, and who are, unhappily for us, cut off before they arrive at preferment. This is the reason that tailors, in time of war, are mistaken for politicians by their inquisitiveness into the event of battles, one campaign very often proving the ruin of half a dozen of us. I am sure I had frequent reason to curse that fatal battle of Cardigan, where the Welsh defeated some of king Stephen's best troops, and where many a good suit of mine, unpaid for, fell to the ground.

"The gentlemen of this honourable calling have fared much better in later ages than when I was of it; for now it seems the fashion is, when they apprehend their customer is not in the best circumstances, if they are not paid as soon as they carry home the suit, they charge him in their book as much again as it is worth, and then send a gentle-

man with a small scrip of parchment to demand the money. If this be not immediately paid the gentleman takes the beau with him to his house, where he locks him up till the tailor is contented: but in my time these scrips of parchment were not in use; and if the beau disliked paying for his clothes, as very often happened, we had no method of compelling him.

"In several of the characters which I have related to you, I apprehend I have sometimes forgot myself, and considered myself as really interested as I was when I personated them on earth. I have just now caught myself in the fact; for I have complained to you as bitterly of my customers as I formerly used to do when I was the tailor: but in reality, though there were some few persons of very great quality, and some others, who never paid their debts, yet those were but a few, and I had a method of repairing this loss. My customers I divided under three heads: those who paid ready money, those who paid slow, and those who never paid at all. The first of these I considered apart by themselves, as persons by whom I got a certain but small profit. The two last I lumped together, making those who paid slow contribute to repair my losses by those who did not pay at all. Thus, upon the whole, I was a very inconsiderable loser, and might have left a fortune to my family, had I not launched forth into expenses which swallowed up all my gains. I had a wife and two children. These indeed I kept frugally enough, for I half starved them; but I kept a mistress in a finer way, for whom I had a country house, pleasantly situated on the Thames, elegantly fitted up and neatly furnished. This woman might very properly be called my mistress, for she was most absolutely so; and, though her tenure was no higher than by my will, she domineered as tyrannically as if my chains had been riveted in the strongest manner. To all this I submitted, not through any adoration of her beauty, which was indeed but indifferent. Her charms consisted in little wantonnesses, which she knew admirably well to use in hours of dalliance, and which, I believe, are of all things the most delightful to a lover.

"She was so profusely extravagant, that it seemed as if she had an actual intent to ruin me. This I am sure of, if such had been her real intention, she could have taken no properer way to accomplish it; nay, I myself might appear to have had the same view: for, besides this extravagant mistress and my country-house, I kept likewise a brace of hunters, rather for that it was fashionable so to do than for any great delight I took in the sport, which I very little attended; not for want of leisure, for few noblemen had so much. All the work I ever did was taking measure, and that only of my greatest and best customers. I scarce ever cut a piece of cloth in my life, nor was indeed much more able to fashion a coat than any gentleman in the kingdom. This made a skilful servant too necessary to me. He knew I must submit to any terms with, or any treatment from, him. He knew it was easier for him to find another such a tailor as me than for me to procure such another workman as him: for this reason he exerted the most notorious and cruel tyranny, seldom giving me a civil word; nor could the utmost condescension on my side, though attended with continual presents and rewards, and raising his wages, content or please him. In a word, he was as absolutely my master as was ever an ambitious, industrious prime minister over an indolent and voluptuous king. All my other journeymen paid more respect to him than to me; for they considered

my favour as a necessary consequence of obtaining his.

"These were the most remarkable occurrences while I acted this part. Minos hesitated a few moments, and then bid me get back again, without assigning any reason."

CHAPTER XXIII.

The life of alderman Julian.

"I now revisited England; and was born at London. My father was one of the magistrates of that city. He had eleven children, of whom I was the eldest. He had great success in trade, and grew extremely rich, but the largeness of his family rendered it impossible for him to leave me a fortune sufficient to live well on independent of business. I was accordingly brought up to be a fishmonger, in which capacity I myself afterwards acquired very considerable wealth.

"The same disposition of mind which in princes is called ambition is in subjects named faction. To this temper I was greatly addicted from my youth. I was, while a boy, a great partisan of prince John's against his brother Richard, during the latter's absence in the holy war and in his captivity. I was no more than one-and-twenty when I first began to make political speeches in public, and to endeavour to foment disquietude and discontent in the city. As I was pretty well qualified for this office, by a great fluency of words, an harmonious accent, a graceful delivery, and above all an invincible assurance, I had soon acquired some reputation among the younger citizens, and some of the weaker and more inconsiderate of a riper age. This, co-operating with my own natural vanity, made me extravagantly proud and supercilious. I soon began to esteem myself a man of some consequence, and to overlook persons every way my superiors.

"The famous Robin Hood, and his companion Little John, at this time made a considerable figure in Yorkshire. I took upon me to write a letter to the former, in the name of the city, inviting him to come to London, where I assured him of very good reception, signifying to him my own great weight and consequence, and how much I had disposed the citizens in his favour. Whether he received this letter or no I am not certain; but he never gave me any answer to it.

"A little afterwards one William Fitz-Osborn, or, as he was nicknamed, William Long-Beard, began to make a figure in the city. He was a bold and an impudent fellow, and had raised himself to great popularity with the rabble, by pretending to espouse their cause against the rich. I took this man's part, and made a public oration in his favour, setting him forth as patriot, and one who had embarked in the cause of liberty: for which service he did not receive me with the acknowledgments I expected. However, as I thought I should easily gain the ascendant over this fellow, I continued still firm on his side, till the archbishop of Canterbury, with an armed force, put an end to his progress: for he was seized in Bow-church, where he had taken refuge, and with nine of his accomplices hanged in chains.

"I escaped narrowly myself; for I was seized in the same church with the rest, and, as I had been very considerably engaged in the enterprise, the archbishop was inclined to make me an example; but my father's merit, who had advanced a considerable sum to queen Eleanor towards the king's ransom, preserved me.

"The consternation my danger had occasioned kept me some time quiet, and I applied myself very assiduously to my trade. I invented all manner of methods to enhance the price of fish, and made use

of my utmost endeavours to engross as much of the business as possible in my own hands. By these means I acquired a substance which raised me to some little consequence in the city, but far from elevating me to that degree which I had formerly flattered myself with possessing at a time when I was totally insignificant; for, in a trading society, money must at least lay the foundation of all power and interest.

"But as it hath been remarked that the same ambition which sent Alexander into Asia brings the wrestler on the green; and as this same ambition is as incapable as quicksilver of lying still; so I, who was possessed perhaps of a share equal to what hath fired the blood of any of the heroes of antiquity, was no less restless and discontented with ease and quiet. My first endeavours were to make myself head of my company, which Richard I. had just published, and soon afterwards I procured myself to be chosen alderman.

"Opposition is the only state which can give a subject an opportunity of exerting the disposition I was possessed of. Accordingly king John was no sooner seated on his throne than I began to oppose his measures, whether right or wrong. It is true that monarch had faults enow. He was so abandoned to lust and luxury, that he addicted himself to the most extravagant excesses in both, while he indolently suffered the king of France to rob him of almost all his foreign dominions: my opposition therefore was justifiable enough, and if my motive from within had been as good as the occasion from without I should have had little excuse; but, in truth, I sought nothing but my own preferment, by making myself formidable to the king, and then selling to him the interest of that party by whose means I had become so. Indeed, had the public good been my care, however zealously I might have opposed the beginning of his reign, I should not have scrupled to lend him my utmost assistance in the struggle between him and pope Innocent the third, in which he was so manifestly in the right; nor have suffered the insolence of that pope, and the power of the king of France, to have compelled him in the issue basely to resign his crown into the hands of the former, and receive it again as a vassal; by means of which acknowledgment the pope afterwards claimed this kingdom as a tributary fief to be held of the papal chair. A claim which occasioned great uneasiness to many subsequent princes, and brought numberless calamities on the nation.

"As the king had, among other concessions, stipulated to pay an immediate sum of money to Pandulph, which he had great difficulty to raise, it was absolutely necessary for him to apply to the city, where my interest and popularity were so high that he had no hopes without my assistance. As I knew this, I took care to sell myself and country as high as possible. The terms I demanded, therefore, were a place, a pension, and a knighthood. All those were immediately consented to. I was forthwith knighted, and promised the other two.

"I now mounted the hustings, and, without any regard to decency or modesty, made as emphatical a speech in favour of the king as before I had done against him. In this speech I justified all those measures which I had before condemned, and pleaded as earnestly with my fellow-citizens to open their purses as I had formerly done to prevail with them to keep them shut. But, alas! my rhetoric had not the effect I proposed. The consequence of my arguments was only contempt to myself. The people at first stared on one another, and afterwards began unanimously to express their dislike. An impudent fellow among them, reflecting on my trade, cried out,

'Stinking fish;' which was immediately reiterated through the whole crowd. I was then forced to slink away home; but I was not able to accomplish my retreat without being attended by the mob, who huzza'd me along the street with the repeated cries of 'Stinking fish.'

"I now proceeded to court, to inform his majesty of my faithful service, and how much I had suffered in his cause. I found by my first reception he had already heard of my success. Instead of thanking me for my speech, he said the city should repent of their obstinacy, for that he would show them who he was: and so saying, he immediately turned that part to me to which the toe of man hath so wonderful an affection, that it is very difficult, whenever it presents itself conveniently, to keep our toes from the most violent and ardent salutation of it.

"I was a little nettled at this behaviour, and with some earnestness claimed the king's fulfilling his promise; but he retired without answering me. I then applied to some of the courtiers, who had lately professed great friendship to me, had eat at my house, and invited me to theirs: but not one would return me any answer, all running away from me as if I had been seized with some contagious distemper. I now found by experience that, as none can be so civil, so none can be ruder than a courtier.

"A few moments after the king's retiring I was left alone in the room to consider what I should do or whither I should turn myself. My reception in the city promised itself to be equal at least with what I found at court. However, there was my home, and thither it was necessary I should retreat for the present.

"But, indeed, bad as I apprehended my treatment in the city would be, it exceeded my expectation. I rode home on an ambling pad through crowds who expressed every kind of disregard and contempt; pelting me not only with the most abusive language, but with dirt. However, with much difficulty I arrived at last at my own house, with my bones whole, but covered over with filth.

"When I was got within my doors, and had shut them against the mob, who had pretty well vented their spleen, and seemed now contented to retire, my wife, whom I found crying over her children, and from whom I had hoped some comfort in my afflictions, fell upon me in the most outrageous manner. She asked me why I would venture on such a step, without consulting her; she said her advice might have been civilly asked, if I was resolved not to have been guided by it. That, whatever opinion I might have conceived of her understanding, the rest of the world thought better of it. That I had never failed when I had asked her counsel, nor ever succeeded without it;—with much more of the same kind, too tedious to mention; concluding that it was a monstrous behaviour to desert my party and come over to the court. An abuse which I took worse than all the rest, as she had been constantly for several years assiduous in railing at the opposition, in siding with the court-party, and begging me to come over to it; and especially after my mentioning the offer of knighthood to her, since which time she had continually interrupted my repose with dinning in my ears the folly of refusing honours and of adhering to a party and to principles by which I was certain of procuring no advantage to myself and my family.

"I had now entirely lost my trade, so that I had not the least temptation to stay longer in a city where I was certain of receiving daily affronts and rebukes. I therefore made up my affairs with the utmost expedition, and, scraping together all I could,

retired into the country, where I spent the remainder of my days in universal contempt, being shunned by every body, perpetually abused by my wife, and not much respected by my children.

"Minos told me, though I had been a very vile fellow, he thought my sufferings made some atonement, and so bid me take the other trial."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Julian recounts what happened to him while he was a poet.

"ROME was now the seat of my nativity, where I was born of a family more remarkable for honour than riches. I was intended for the church, and had a pretty good education; but my father dying while I was young, and leaving me nothing, for he had wasted his whole patrimony, I was forced to enter myself in the order of mendicants.

"When I was at school I had a knack of rhyming, which I unhappily mistook for genius, and indulged to my cost; for my verses drew on me only ridicule, and I was in contempt called the poet.

"This humour pursued me through my life. My first composition after I left school was a panegyric on pope Alexander IV., who then pretended a project of dethroning the king of Sicily. On this subject I composed a poem of about fifteen thousand lines, which with much difficulty I got to be presented to his holiness, of whom I expected great preferment as my reward; but I was cruelly disappointed: for when I had waited a year, without hearing any of the commendations I had flattered myself with receiving, and being now able to contain no longer, I applied to a jesuit who was my relation, and had the pope's ear, to know what his holiness's opinion was of my work: he coldly answered me that he was at that time busied in concerns of too much importance to attend the reading of poems.

"However dissatisfied I might be, and really was, with this reception, and however angry I was with the pope, for whose understanding I entertained an immoderate contempt, I was not yet discouraged from a second attempt. Accordingly, I soon after produced another work, entitled, *The Trojan Horse*. This was an allegorical work, in which the church was introduced into the world in the same manner as that machine had been into Troy. The priests were the soldiers in its belly, and the heathen superstition the city to be destroyed by them. This poem was written in Latin. I remember some of the lines:—

Mundanos scandit fatalis machina muros,
Farta sacerdotum turmis: exiude per alvum
Visi exire omnes, magno cum murmure olentes.
Non aliter quàm cum humanis furibundus ab antris
It sonus et nares simul aura invadit hiantes.
Mille scatent et mille alii; trepidare timore
Ethnica gens cœpit: falsi per inane volantes
Effugere Dei—Desertaque templa relinquunt.
Jam magnum crepitavit equus, mox orbis et alti
Ingemuere poli: tunc tu pater, ultimus omnium
Maxime Alexander, ventrem maturus equinum
Deseris, heu proles meliori digne parente."

I believe Julian, had I not stopped him, would have gone through the whole poem (for, as I observed in most of the characters he related, the affections he had enjoyed while he personated them on earth still made some impression on him); but I begged him to omit the sequel of the poem, and proceed with his history. He then recollected himself, and, smiling at the observation which by intuition he perceived I had made, continued his narration as follows:

"I confess to you," says he, "that the delight in repeating our own works is so predominant in a poet, that I find nothing can totally root it out of the soul. Happy would it be for those persons if their hearers

could be delighted in the same manner: but alas! hence that *ingens solitudo* complained of by Horace: for the vanity of mankind is so much greedier and more general than their avarice, that no beggar is so ill received by them as he who solicits their praise.

"This I sufficiently experienced in the character of a poet; for my company was shunned (I believe on this account chiefly) by my whole house: nay, there were few who would submit to hearing me read my poetry, even at the price of sharing in my provisions. The only person who gave me audience was a brother poet; he indeed fed me with commendation very liberally: but, as I was forced to hear and commend in my turn, I perhaps bought his attention dear enough.

"Well, sir, if my expectations of the reward I hoped from my first poem had baulked me, I had now still greater reason to complain; for, instead of being preferred or commended for the second, I was enjoined a very severe penance by my superior, for ludicrously comparing the pope to a fart. My poetry was now the jest of every company, except some few who spoke of it with detestation; and I found that, instead of recommending me to preferment, it had effectually barred me from all probability of attaining it.

"These discouragements had now induced me to lay down my pen and write no more. But, as Juvenal says,

—Si discedas, Laqueo tenet ambitiosi
Consuetudo mali.

I was an example of the truth of this assertion, for I soon betook myself again to my muse. Indeed, a poet hath the same happiness with a man who is dotingly fond of an ugly woman. The one enjoys his muse, and the other his mistress, with a pleasure very little abated by the esteem of the world, and only undervalues their taste for not corresponding with his own.

"It is unnecessary to mention any more of my poems; they had all the same fate; and though in reality some of my latter pieces deserved (I may now speak it without the imputation of vanity) a better success, as I had the character of a bad writer, I found it impossible ever to obtain the reputation of a good one. Had I possessed the merit of Homer I could have hoped for no applause; since it must have been a profound secret; for no one would now read a syllable of my writings.

"The poets of my age were, as I believe you know, not very famous. However, there was one of some credit at that time, though I have the consolation to know his works are all perished long ago. The malice, envy, and hatred I bore this man are inconceivable to any but an author, and an unsuccessful one; I never could bear to hear him well spoken of, and writ anonymous satires against him, though I had received obligations from him; indeed I believe it would have been an absolute impossibility for him at any rate to have made me sincerely his friend.

"I have heard an observation which was made by some one of later days, that there are no worse men than bad authors. A remark of the same kind hath been made on ugly women, and the truth of both stands on one and the same reason, *viz.* that they are both tainted with that cursed and detestable vice of envy; which, as it is the greatest torment to the mind it inhabits, so is it capable of introducing into it a total corruption, and of inspiring it to the commission of the most horrid crimes imaginable.

"My life was but short; for I soon pined myself to death with the vice I just now mentioned. Minos told me I was infinitely too bad for Elysium; and

as for the other place, the devil had sworn he would never entertain a poet for Orpheus's sake: so I was forced to return again to the place from whence I came."

CHAPTER XXV.

Julian performs the parts of a knight and a dancing-master.

"I now mounted the stage in Sicily, and became a knight-templar; but, as my adventures differ so little from those I have recounted you in the character of a common soldier, I shall not tire you with repetition. The soldier and the captain differ in reality so little from one another, that it requires an accurate judgment to distinguish them; the latter wears finer clothes, and in times of success lives somewhat more delicately; but as to everything else, they very nearly resemble one another.

"My next step was into France, where fortune assigned me the part of a dancing-master. I was so expert in my profession that I was brought to court in my youth, and had the heels of Philip de Valois, who afterwards succeeded Charles the Fair, committed to my direction.

"I do not remember that in any of the characters in which I appeared on earth I ever assumed to myself a greater dignity, or thought myself of more real importance, than now. I looked on dancing as the greatest excellence of human nature, and on myself as the greatest proficient in it. And, indeed, this seemed to be the general opinion of the whole court; for I was the chief instructor of the youth of both sexes, whose merit was almost entirely defined by the advances they made in that science which I had the honour to profess. As to myself, I was so fully persuaded of this truth, that I not only slighted and despised those who were ignorant of dancing, but I thought the highest character I could give of any man was that he made a graceful bow: for want of which accomplishment I had a sovereign contempt for most persons of learning; nay for some officers in the army, and a few even of the courtiers themselves.

"Though so little of my youth had been thrown away in what they call literature that I could hardly write and read, yet I composed a treatise on education; the first rudiments of which, as I taught, were to instruct a child in the science of coming handsomely into a room. In this I corrected many faults of my predecessors, particularly that of being too much in a hurry, and instituting a child in the sublimer parts of dancing before they are capable of making their honours.

"But as I have not now the same high opinion of my profession which I had then, I shall not entertain you with a long history of a life which consisted of *borées* and *coupées*. Let it suffice that I lived to a very old age and followed my business as long as I could crawl. At length I revisited my old friend Minos, who treated me with very little respect and bade me dance back again to earth.

"I did so, and was now once more born an Englishman, bred up to the church, and at length arrived to the station of a bishop.

"Nothing was so remarkable in this character as my always voting—*."

* Here part of the manuscript is lost, and that a very considerable one, as appears by the number of the next book and chapter, which contains, I find, the history of Anna Boleyn; but as to the manner in which it was introduced, or to whom the narrative is told, we are totally left in the dark. I have only to remark, that this chapter is, in the original writ in a woman's hand: and, though the observations in it are, I think, as excellent as any in the whole volume, there seems to be a difference in style between this and the preceding chapters; and, as it is the character of a woman which is related, I am inclined to fancy it was really written by one of that sex.

BOOK XIX.—CHAPTER VII.

Wherein Anna Boleyn relates the history of her life.

"I AM going now truly to recount a life which from the time of its ceasing has been, in the other world, the continual subject of the cavils of contending parties; the one making me as black as hell, the other as pure and innocent as the inhabitants of this blessed place; the mist of prejudice blinding their eyes, and zeal for what they themselves profess making everything appear in that light which they think most conduces to its honour.

"My infancy was spent in my father's house, in those childish plays which are most suitable to that state, and I think this was one of the happiest parts of my life; for my parents were not among the number of those who look upon their children as so many objects of a tyrannic power, but I was regarded as the dear pledge of a virtuous love, and all my little pleasures were thought from their indulgence their greatest delight. At seven years old I was carried into France with the king's sister, who was married to the French king, where I lived with a person of quality, who was an acquaintance of my father's. I spent my time in learning those things necessary to give young persons of fashion a polite education, and did neither good nor evil, but day passed after day in the same easy way till I was fourteen; then began my anxiety, my vanity grew strong, and my heart fluttered with joy at every compliment paid to my beauty: and as the lady with whom I lived was of a gay, cheerful disposition, she kept a great deal of company, and my youth and charms made me the continual object of their admiration. I passed some little time in those exulting raptures which are felt by every woman perfectly satisfied with herself and with the behaviour of others towards her: I was, when very young, promoted to be maid of honour to her majesty. The court was frequented by a young nobleman whose beauty was the chief subject of conversation in all assemblies of ladies. The delicacy of his person, added to a great softness in his manner, gave everything he said and did such an air of tenderness, that every woman he spoke to flattered herself with being the object of his love. I was one of those who was vain enough of my own charms to hope to make a conquest of him whom the whole court sighed for. I now thought every other object below my notice; yet the only pleasure I proposed to myself in this design was, the triumphing over that heart which I plainly saw all the ladies of the highest quality and the greatest beauty would have been proud of possessing. I was yet too young to be very artful; but nature, without any assistance, soon discovers to a man who is used to gallantry a woman's desire to be liked by him, whether that desire arises from any particular choice she makes of him, or only from vanity. He soon perceived my thoughts, and gratified my utmost wishes by constantly preferring me before all other women, and exerting his utmost gallantry and address to engage my affections. This sudden happiness, which I then thought the greatest I could have had, appeared visible in all my actions; I grew so gay and so full of vivacity, that it made my person appear still to a better advantage, all my acquaintance pretending to be fonder of me than ever: though, young as I was, I plainly saw it was but pretence, for through all their endeavours to the contrary envy would often break forth in sly insinuations and malicious sneers, which gave me fresh matter of triumph, and frequent opportunities of insulting them, which I never let slip, for now first my female heart grew sensible of the spiteful pleasure of seeing another languish for what I enjoyed.

Whilst I was in the height of my happiness her majesty fell ill of a languishing distemper, which obliged her to go into the country for the change of air: my place made it necessary for me to attend her, and which way he brought it about I can't imagine, but my young hero found means to be one of that small train that waited on my royal mistress, although she went as privately as possible. Hitherto all the interviews I had ever had with him were in public, and I only looked on him as the fitter object to feed that pride which had no other view but to show its power; but now the scene was quite changed. My rivals were all at a distance: the place we went to was as charming as the most agreeable natural situation, assisted by the greatest art, could make it; the pleasant solitary walks, the singing of birds, the thousand pretty romantic scenes this delightful place afforded, gave a sudden turn to my mind; my whole soul was melted into softness, and all my vanity was fled. My spark was too much used to affairs of this nature not to perceive this change; at first the profuse transports of his joy made me believe him wholly mine, and this belief gave me such happiness that no language affords words to express it, and can be only known to those who have felt it. But this was of a very short duration, for I soon found I had to do with one of those men whose only end in the pursuit of a woman is to make her fall a victim to an insatiable desire to be admired. His designs had succeeded, and now he every day grew colder, and, as if by infatuation, my passion every day increased; and, notwithstanding all my resolutions and endeavours to the contrary, my rage at the disappointment at once both of my love and pride, and at the finding a passion fixed in my breast I knew not how to conquer, broke out into that inconsistent behaviour which must always be the consequence of violent passions. One moment I reproached him, the next I grew to tenderness and blamed myself, and thought I fancied what was not true: he saw my struggle and triumphed in it; but, as he had not witnesses enough there of his victory to give him the full enjoyment of it, he grew weary of the country and returned to Paris, and left me in a condition it is utterly impossible to describe. My mind was like a city up in arms, all confusion; and every new thought was a fresh disturber of my peace. Sleep quite forsook me, and the anxiety I suffered threw me into a fever which had like to have cost me my life. With great care I recovered, but the violence of the distemper left such a weakness on my body that the disturbance of my mind was greatly assuaged; and now I began to comfort myself in the reflection that this gentleman's being a finished coquet was very likely the only thing could have preserved me; for he was the only man from whom I was ever in any danger. By that time I was got tolerably well we returned to Paris; and I confess I both wished and feared to see this cause of all my pain: however, I hoped, by the help of my resentment, to be able to meet him with indifference. This employed my thoughts till our arrival. The next day there was a very full court to congratulate the queen on her recovery; and among the rest my love appeared dressed and adorned as if he designed some new conquest. Instead of seeing a woman he despised and slighted, he approached me with that assured air which is common to successful coxcombs. At the same time I perceived I was surrounded by all those ladies who were on his account my greatest enemies, and, in revenge, wished for nothing more than to see me make a ridiculous figure. This situation so perplexed my thoughts, that when he came near

enough to speak to me, I fainted away in his arms. Had I studied which way I could gratify him most, it was impossible to have done anything to have pleased him more. Some that stood by brought smelling-bottles, and used means for my recovery; and I was welcomed to returning life by all those ill-natured repartees which women enraged by envy are capable of venting. One cried, 'Well, I never thought my lord had anything so frightful in his person or so fierce in his manner as to strike a young lady dead at the sight of him.' 'No, no,' says another, 'some ladies' senses are more apt to be hurried by agreeable than disagreeable objects.' With many more such sort of speeches which showed more malice than wit. This not being able to bear, trembling, and with but just strength enough to move, I crawled to my coach and hurried home. When I was alone, and thought on what had happened to me in a public court, I was at first driven to the utmost despair; but afterwards, when I came to reflect, I believe this accident contributed more to my being cured of my passion than any other could have done. I began to think the only method to pique the man who had used me so barbarously, and to be revenged on my spiteful rivals was to recover that beauty which was then languid and had lost its lustre, to let them see I had still charms enough to engage as many lovers as I could desire, and that I could yet rival them who had thus cruelly insulted me. These pleasing hopes revived my sinking spirits, and worked a more effectual cure on me than all the philosophy and advice of the wisest men could have done. I now employed all my time and care in adorning my person, and studying the surest means of engaging the affections of others, while I myself continued quite indifferent; for I resolved for the future, if ever one soft thought made its way to my heart, to fly the object of it, and by new lovers to drive the image from my breast. I consulted my glass every morning, and got such a command of my countenance that I could suit it to the different tastes of variety of lovers; and though I was young, for I was not yet above seventeen, yet my public way of life gave me such continual opportunities of conversing with men, and the strong desire I now had of pleasing them led me to make such constant observations on everything they said or did, that I soon found out the different methods of dealing with them. I observed that most men generally liked in women what was most opposite to their own characters; therefore, to the grave solid man of sense I endeavoured to appear sprightly and full of spirit; to the witty and gay, soft and languishing; to the amorous (for they want no increase of their passions), cold and reserved; to the fearful and backward, warm and full of fire; and so of all the rest. As to beaux, and all those sort of men, whose desires are centered in the satisfaction of their vanity, I had learned by sad experience the only way to deal with them was to laugh at them and let their own good opinion of themselves be the only support of their hopes. I knew, while I could get other followers, I was sure of them; for the only sign of modesty they ever give is that of not depending on their own judgments, but following the opinions of the greatest number. Thus furnished with maxims, and grown wise by past errors, I in a manner began the world again: I appeared in all public places handsomer and more lively than ever, to the amazement of every one who saw me and had heard of the affair between me and my lord. He himself was much surprised and vexed at this sudden change, nor could he account how it was possible for me so soon to shake off

those chains he thought he had fixed on me for life; nor was he willing to lose his conquest in this manner. He endeavoured by all means possible to talk to me again of love, but I stood fixed to my resolution (in which I was greatly assisted by the crowd of admirers that daily surrounded me) never to let him explain himself: for, notwithstanding all my pride, I found the first impression the heart receives of love is so strong that it requires the most vigilant care to prevent a relapse. Now I lived three years in a constant round of diversions, and was made the perfect idol of all the men that came to court of all ages and all characters. I had several good matches offered me, but I thought none of them equal to my merit; and one of my greatest pleasures was to see those women who had pretended to rival me often glad to marry those whom I had refused. Yet, notwithstanding this great success of my schemes, I cannot say I was perfectly happy; for every woman that was taken the least notice of, and every man that was insensible to my arts, gave me as much pain as all the rest gave me pleasure; and sometimes little underhand plots which were laid against my designs would succeed in spite of my care: so that I really began to grow weary of this manner of life, when my father, returning from his embassy in France, took me home with him, and carried me to a little pleasant country-house, where there was nothing grand or superfluous, but everything neat and agreeable. There I led a life perfectly solitary. At first the time hung very heavy on my hands, and I wanted all kind of employment, and I had very like to have fallen into the height of the vapours, from no other reason but from want of knowing what to do with myself. But when I had lived here a little time I found such a calmness in my mind, and such a difference between this and the restless anxieties I had experienced in a court, that I began to share the tranquillity that visibly appeared in everything round me. I set myself to do works of fancy, and to raise little flower-gardens, with many such innocent rural amusements; which, although they are not capable of affording any great pleasure, yet they give that serene turn to the mind which I think much preferable to anything else human nature is made susceptible of. I now resolved to spend the rest of my days here, and that nothing should allure me from this sweet retirement, to be again tossed about with tempestuous passions of any kind. Whilst I was in this situation my lord Percy, the earl of Northumberland's eldest son, by an accident of losing his way after a fox-chase, was met by my father about a mile from our house; he came home with him, only with a design of dining with us, but was so taken with me that he staid three days. I had too much experience in all affairs of this kind not to see presently the influence I had on him; but I was at that time so entirely free from all ambition, that even the prospect of being a countess had no effect on me; and I then thought nothing in the world could have bribed me to have changed my way of life. This young lord, who was just in his bloom, found his passion so strong, he could not endure a long absence, but returned again in a week, and endeavoured, by all the means he could think of, to engage me to return his affection. He addressed me with that tenderness and respect which women on earth think can flow from nothing but real love; and very often told me that, unless he could be so happy as by his assiduity and care to make himself agreeable to me, although he knew my father would eagerly embrace any proposal from him, yet he would suffer that last of miseries of never seeing me more rather than owe his own happiness to anything that might

be the least contradiction to my inclinations. This manner of proceeding had something in it so noble and generous, that by degrees it raised a sensation in me which I know not how to describe, nor by what name to call it: it was nothing like my former passion: for there was no turbulence, no uneasy waking nights attending it, but all I could with honour grant to oblige him appeared to me to be justly due to his truth and love, and more the effect of gratitude than of any desire of my own. The character I had heard of him from my father at my first returning to England, in discoursing of the young nobility, convinced me that if I was his wife I should have the perpetual satisfaction of knowing every action of his must be approved by all the sensible part of mankind; so that very soon I began to have no scruple left but that of leaving my little scene of quietness, and venturing again into the world. But this, by his continual application and submissive behaviour, by degrees entirely vanished, and I agreed he should take his own time to break it to my father, whose consent he was not long in obtaining; for such a match was by no means to be refused. There remained nothing now to be done but to prevail with the earl of Northumberland to comply with what his son so ardently desired; for which purpose he set out immediately for London, and begged it as the greatest favour that I would accompany my father, who was also to go thither the week following. I could not refuse his request, and as soon as we arrived in town he flew to me with the greatest raptures to inform me his father was so good that, finding his happiness depended on his answer, he had given him free leave to act in this affair as would best please himself, and that he had now no obstacle to prevent his wishes. It was then the beginning of the winter, and the time for our marriage was fixed for the latter end of March: the consent of all parties made his access to me very easy, and we conversed together both with innocence and pleasure. As his fondness was so great that he contrived all the methods possible to keep me continually in his sight, he told me one morning he was commanded by his father to attend him to court that evening, and begged I would be so good as to meet him there. I was now so used to act as he would have me that I made no difficulty of complying with his desire. Two days after this, I was very much surprised at perceiving such a melancholy in his countenance, and alteration in his behaviour, as I could no way account for; but, by importunity, at last I got from him that cardinal Wolsey, for what reason he knew not, had peremptorily forbid him to think any more of me: and, when he urged that his father was not displeased with it, the cardinal, in his imperious manner, answered him, he should give his father such convincing reasons why it would be attended with great inconveniences, that he was sure he could bring him to be of his opinion. On which he turned from him, and gave him no opportunity of replying. I could not imagine what design the cardinal could have in intermeddling in this match, and I was still more perplexed to find that my father treated my lord Percy with much more coldness than usual; he too saw it, and we both wondered what could possibly be the cause of all this. But it was not long before the mystery was all made clear by my father, who, sending for me one day into his chamber, let me into a secret which was as little wished for as expected. He began with the surprising effects of youth and beauty, and the madness of letting go those advantages they might procure us till it was too late, when we might wish in vain to bring them back again. I stood amazed at this

beginning; he saw my confusion, and bid me sit down and attend to what he was going to tell me, which was of the greatest consequence; and he hoped I would be wise enough to take his advice, and act as he should think best for my future welfare. He then asked me if I should not be much pleased to be a queen? I answered, with the greatest earnestness, that, so far from it, I would not live in a court again to be the greatest queen in the world; that I had a lover who was both desirous and able to raise my station even beyond my wishes. I found this discourse was very displeasing; my father frowned, and called me a romantic fool, and said if I would hearken to him he could make me a queen; for the cardinal had told him that the king, from the time he saw me at court the other night, liked me, and intended to get a divorce from his wife, and to put me in her place; and ordered him to find some method to make me a maid of honour to her present majesty, that in the mean time he might have an opportunity of seeing me. It is impossible to express the astonishment these words threw me into; and, notwithstanding that the moment before, when it appeared at so great a distance, I was very sincere in my declaration how much it was against my will to be raised so high, yet now the prospect came nearer, I confess my heart fluttered, and my eyes were dazzled with a view of being seated on a throne. My imagination presented before me all the pomp, power, and greatness that attend a crown; and I was so perplexed I knew not what to answer, but remained as silent as if I had lost the use of my speech. My father, who guessed what it was that made me in this condition, proceeded to bring all the arguments he thought most likely to bend me to his will; at last I recovered from this dream of grandeur, and begged him, by all the most endearing names I could think of, not to urge me dishonourably to forsake the man who I was convinced would raise me to an empire if in his power, and who had enough in his power to give me all I desired. But he was deaf to all I could say, and insisted that by next week I should prepare myself to go to court: he bid me consider of it, and not prefer a ridiculous notion of honour to the real interest of my whole family; but, above all things, not to disclose what he had trusted me with. On which he left me to my own thoughts. When I was alone I reflected how little real tenderness this behaviour showed to me, whose happiness he did not at all consult, but only looked on me as a ladder, on which he could climb to the height of his own ambitious desires: and when I thought on his fondness for me in my infancy I could impute it to nothing but either the liking me as a plaything or the gratification of his vanity in my beauty. But I was too much divided between a crown and my engagement to lord Percy to spend much time in thinking of anything else; and, although my father had positively forbid me, yet, when he came next, I could not help acquainting him with all that had passed, with the reserve only of the struggle in my own mind on the first mention of being a queen. I expected he would have received the news with the greatest agonies; but he showed no vast emotion: however, he could not help turning pale, and, taking me by the hand, looked at me with an air of tenderness, and said, 'If being a queen will make you happy, and it is in your power to be so, I would not for the world prevent it, let me suffer what I will.' This amazing greatness of mind had on me quite a contrary effect from what it ought to have had; for, instead of increasing my love for him, it

almost put an end to it, and I began to think, if he could part with me, the matter was not much. And I am convinced, when any man gives up the possession of a woman whose consent he has once obtained, let his motive be ever so generous, he will disoblige her. I could not help showing my dissatisfaction, and told him I was very glad this affair sat so easily on him. He had not power to answer, but was so suddenly struck with this unexpected ill-natured turn I gave his behaviour, that he stood amazed for some time, and then bowed and left me. Now I was again left to my own reflections; but to make anything intelligible out of them is quite impossible: I wished to be a queen, and I wished I might not be one: I would have my lord Percy happy without me; and yet I would not have the power of my charms be so weak that he could bear the thought of life after being disappointed in my love. But the result of all these confused thoughts was a resolution to obey my father. I am afraid there was not much duty in the case, though at that time I was glad to take hold of that small shadow to save me from looking on my own actions in the true light. When my lover came again I looked on him with that coldness that he could not bear, on purpose to rid myself of all importunity: for since I had resolved to use him ill I regarded him as the monument of my shame, and his every look appeared to me to upbraid me. My father soon carried me to court; there I had no very hard part to act; for, with the experience I had had of mankind, I could find no difficulty in managing a man who liked me, and for whom I not only did not care but had an utter aversion to: but this aversion he believed to be virtue; for how credulous is a man who has an inclination to believe! And I took care sometimes to drop words of cottages and love, and how happy the woman was who fixed her affections on a man in such a station of life that she might show her love without being suspected of hypocrisy or mercenary views. All this was swallowed very easily by the amorous king, who pushed on the divorce with the utmost impetuosity, although the affair lasted a good while, and I remained most part of the time behind the curtain. Whenever the king mentioned it to me I used such arguments against it as I thought the most likely to make him the more eager for it; begging that, unless his conscience was really touched, he would not on my account give any grief to his virtuous queen; for in being her handmaid I thought myself highly honoured; and that I would not only forego a crown, but even give up the pleasure of ever seeing him more, rather than wrong my royal mistress. This way of talking, joined to his eager desire to possess my person, convinced the king so strongly of my exalted merit, that he thought it a meritorious act to displace the woman (whom he could not have so good an opinion of, because he was tired of her), and to put me in her place. After about a year's stay at court, as the king's love to me began to be talked of, it was thought proper to remove me, that there might be no umbrage given to the queen's party. I was forced to comply with this, though greatly against my will; for I was very jealous that absence might change the king's mind. I retired again with my father to his country seat, but it had no longer those charms for me which I once enjoyed there; for my mind was now too much taken up with ambition to make room for any other thoughts. During my stay here my royal lover often sent gentlemen to me with messages and letters, which I always answered in the manner I thought would best bring about my designs, which were to come back again to court. In

all the letters that passed between us there was something so kingly and commanding in his, and so deceitful and submissive in mine, that I sometimes could not help reflecting on the difference betwixt this correspondence and that with lord Percy; yet I was so pressed forward by the desire of a crown, I could not think of turning back. In all I wrote I continually praised his resolution of letting me be at a distance from him, since at this time it conduced indeed to my honour; but, what was of ten times more weight with me, I thought it was necessary for his; and I would sooner suffer anything in the world than be any means of hurt to him, either in his interest or reputation. I always gave some hints of ill health, with some reflections how necessary the peace of the mind was to that of the body. By these means I brought him to recal me again by the most absolute command, which I, for a little time, artfully delayed (for I knew the impatience of his temper would not bear any contradiction), till he made my father in a manner force me to what I most wished, with the utmost appearance of reluctance on my side. When I had gained this point I began to think which way I could separate the king from the queen, for hitherto they lived in the same house. The lady Mary, the queen's daughter, being then about sixteen, I sought for emissaries of her own age that I could confide in, to instil into her mind disrespectful thoughts of her father, and make a jest of the tenderness of his conscience about the divorce. I knew she had naturally strong passions, and that young people of that age are apt to think those that pretend to be their friends are really so, and only speak their minds freely. I afterwards contrived to have every word she spoke of him carried to the king, who took it all as I could wish, and fancied those things did not come at first from the young lady, but from her mother. He would often talk of it to me, and I agreed with him in his sentiments; but then, as a great proof of my goodness, I always endeavoured to excuse her, by saying a lady so long time used to be a royal queen might naturally be a little exasperated with those she fancied would throw her from that station she so justly deserved. By these sort of plots I found the way to make the king angry with the queen; for nothing is easier than to make a man angry with a woman he wants to be rid of, and who stands in the way between him and his pleasures; so that now the king, on the pretence of the queen's obstinacy in a point where his conscience was so tenderly concerned, parted with her. Everything was now plain before me; I had nothing farther to do but to let the king alone to his own desires; and I had no reason to fear, since they had carried him so far, but that they would urge him on to do everything I aimed at. I was created marchioness of Pembroke. This dignity sat very easy on me; for the thoughts of a much higher title took from me all feeling of this; and I looked upon being a marchioness as a trifle, not that I saw the bauble in its true light, but because it fell short of what I had figured to myself I should soon obtain. The king's desires grew very impatient, and it was not long before I was privately married to him. I was no sooner his wife than I found all the queen come upon me; I felt myself conscious of royalty, and even the faces of my most intimate acquaintance seemed to me to be quite strange. I hardly knew them: height had turned my head, and I was like a man placed on a monument, to whose sight all creatures at a great distance below him appear like so many little pigmies crawling about on the earth; and the prospect so greatly delighted me, that I did not presently consider that in

both cases descending a few steps erected by human hands would place us in the number of those very pigmies who appeared so despicable. Our marriage was kept private for some time, for it was not thought proper to make it public (the affair of the divorce not being finished) till the birth of my daughter Elizabeth made it necessary. But all who saw me knew it; for my manner of speaking and acting was so much changed with my station, that all around me plainly perceived I was sure I was a queen. While it was a secret I had yet something to wish for; I could not be perfectly satisfied till all the world was acquainted with my fortune: but when my coronation was over, and I was raised to the height of my ambition, instead of finding myself happy, I was in reality more miserable than ever; for, besides that the aversion I had naturally to the king was much more difficult to dissemble after marriage than before, and grew into a perfect detestation, my imagination, which had thus warmly pursued a crown, grew cool when I was in the possession of it, and gave me time to reflect what mighty matter I had gained by all this bustle; and I often used to think myself in the case of the fox-hunter, who, when he has toiled and sweated all day in the chase as if some unheard-of blessing was to crown his success, finds at last all he has got by his labour is a stinking nauseous animal. But my condition was yet worse than his; for he leaves the loathsome wretch to be torn by his hounds, whilst I was obliged to fondle mine, and meanly pretend him to be the object of my love. For the whole time I was in this envied, this exalted state, I led a continual life of hypocrisy, which I now know nothing on earth can compensate. I had no companion but the man I hated. I dared not disclose my sentiments to any person about me, nor did any one presume to enter into any freedom of conversation with me; but all who spoke to me talked to the queen, and not to me; for they would have said just the same things to a dressed-up puppet, if the king had taken a fancy to call it his wife. And as I knew every woman in the court was my enemy, from thinking she had much more right than I had to the place I filled, I thought myself as unhappy as if I had been placed in a wild wood, where there was no human creature for me to speak to, in a continual fear of leaving any traces of my footsteps, lest I should be found by some dreadful monster, or stung by snakes and adders; for such are spiteful women to the objects of their envy. In this worst of all situations I was obliged to hide my melancholy and appear cheerful. This threw me into an error the other way, and I sometimes fell into a levity in my behaviour that was afterwards made use of to my disadvantage. I had a son dead-born, which I perceived abated something of the king's ardour; for his temper could not brook the least disappointment. This gave me no uneasiness; for, not considering the consequences, I could not help being best pleased when I had least of his company. Afterwards I found he had cast his eyes on one of my maids of honour; and, whether it was owing to any art of hers, or only to the king's violent passions, I was in the end used even worse than my former mistress had been by my means. The decay of the king's affection was presently seen by all those court-sycophants who continually watch the motions of royal eyes; and the moment they found they could be heard against me they turned my most innocent actions and words, nay, even my very looks, into proofs of the blackest crimes. The king, who was impatient

to enjoy his new love, lent a willing ear to all my accusers, who found ways of making him jealous that I was false to his bed. He would not so easily have believed anything against me before, but he was now glad to flatter himself that he had found a reason to do just what he had resolved upon without a reason; and on some slight pretences and hearsay evidence I was sent to the Tower, where the lady who was my greatest enemy was appointed to watch me and lie in the same chamber with me. This was really as bad a punishment as my death, for she insulted me with those keen reproaches and spiteful witticisms, which threw me into such vapours and violent fits that I knew not what I uttered in this condition. She pretended I had confessed talking ridiculous stuff with a set of low fellows whom I had hardly ever taken notice of, as could have imposed on none but such as were resolved to believe. I was brought to my trial, and, to blacken me the more, accused of conversing criminally with my own brother, whom indeed I loved extremely well, but never looked on him in any other light than as my friend. However, I was condemned to be beheaded, or burnt, as the king pleased; and he was graciously pleased, from the great remains of his love, to choose the mildest sentence. I was much less shocked at this manner of ending my life than I should have been in any other station: but I had had so little enjoyment from the time I had been a queen, that death was the less dreadful to me. The chief things that lay on my conscience were the arts I had made use of to induce the king to part with the queen, my ill usage of lady Mary, and my jilting lord Percy. However, I endeavoured to calm my mind as well as I could, and hoped these crimes would be forgiven me; for in other respects I had led a very innocent life, and always did all the good-natured actions I found any opportunity of doing. From the time I had it in my power, I gave a great deal of money amongst the poor; I prayed very devoutly, and went to my execution very composedly. Thus I lost my life at the age of twenty-nine, in which short time I believe I went through more variety of scenes than many people who live to be very old. I had lived in a court, where I spent my time in coquetry and gaiety; I had experienced what it was to have one of those violent passions which makes the mind all turbulence and anxiety; I had had a lover whom I esteemed and valued and at the latter part of my life I was raised to a station as high as the vainest woman could wish. But in all these various changes I never enjoyed any real satisfaction, unless in the little time I lived retired in the country free from all noise and hurry, and while I was conscious I was the object of the love and esteem of a man of sense and honour."

On the conclusion of this history Minos paused for a small time, and then ordered the gate to be thrown open for Anne Boleyn's admittance on the consideration that whoever had suffered being a queen for four years, and been sensible during all that time of the real misery which attends that exalted station, ought to be forgiven whatever she had done to obtain it.*

* Here ends this curious manuscript; the rest being destroyed in rolling up pens, tobacco, &c. It is to be hoped heedless people will henceforth be more cautious what they burn, or use to other vile purposes; especially when they consider the fate which had likely to have befallen the divine Milton, and that the works of Homer were probably discovered in some chandler's shop in Greece.

PREFACE TO DAVID SIMPLE.

As so many worthy persons have, I am told, ascribed the honour of this performance to me, they will not be surprised at seeing my name to this preface; nor am I very insincere when I call it an honour; for, if the authors of the age are amongst the number of those who conferred it on me, I know very few of them to whom I shall return the compliment of such a suspicion.

I could indeed have been very well content with the reputation, well knowing that some writings may be justly laid to my charge of a merit greatly inferior to that of the following work, had not the imputation directly accused me of falsehood, in breaking a promise which I have solemnly made in print of never publishing even a pamphlet without setting my name to it—a promise I have always hitherto faithfully kept; and, for the sake of men's characters, I wish all other writers were by law obliged to use the same method; but, till they are, I shall no longer impose any such restraint on myself.

A second reason which induces me to refute this untruth is, that it may have a tendency to injure me in a profession to which I have applied with so arduous and intent a diligence that I have had no leisure, if I had inclination, to compose anything of this kind. Indeed, I am very far from entertaining such an inclination: I know the value of the reward which fame confers on authors too well to endeavour any longer to obtain it; nor was the world ever more unwilling to bestow the glorious envied prize of the laurel or bays than I should now be to receive any such garland or fool's-cap. There is not, I believe (and it is bold to affirm), a single free Briton in this kingdom who hates his wife more heartily than I detest the Muses. They have, indeed, behaved to me like the most infamous harlots, and have laid many a spurious as well as deformed production at my door; in all which my good friends the critics have, in their profound discernment, discovered some resemblance of the parent; and thus I have been reputed and reported the author of half the scurrility, bawdy, treason, and blasphemy, which these few last years have produced.

I am far from thinking every person who hath aspersed me had a determinate design of doing me an injury; I impute it only to an idle childish levity, which possesses too many minds, and makes them report their conjectures as matters of fact, without weighing the proof or considering the consequence. But as to the former of these, my readers will do well to examine their own talents very strictly before they are too thoroughly convinced of their abilities to distinguish an author's style so accurately as from that only to pronounce an anonymous work to be his; and as to the latter, a little reflection will convince them of the cruelty they are guilty of by such reports. For my own part, I can aver that there are few crimes of which I should have been more ashamed than of some writings laid to my charge. I am as well assured of the injuries I have suffered from such unjust imputations, not only in general character, but as they have, I conceive, frequently raised me inveterate enemies in persons to whose disadvantage I have never entertained a single thought; nay, in men whose characters and even names have been unknown to me.

Among all the scurrilities with which I have been

accused (though equally and totally innocent of every one), none ever raised my indignation so much as the Causidicade; this accused me not only of being a bad writer and a bad man, but with downright idiotism, in flying in the face of the greatest men of my profession. I take therefore this opportunity to protest that I never saw that infamous paltry libel till long after it had been in print; nor can any man hold it in greater contempt and abhorrence than myself.

The reader will pardon my dwelling so long on this subject, as I have suffered so cruelly by these aspersions in my own ease, in my reputation, and in my interest. I shall, however, henceforth treat such censure with the contempt it deserves, and do here revoke the promise I formerly made; so that I shall now look upon myself at full liberty to publish an anonymous work without any breach of faith. For though probably I shall never make any use of this liberty, there is no reason why I should be under a restraint for which I have not enjoyed the purposed recompence.

A third, and indeed the strongest, reason which hath drawn me into print, is to do justice to the real and sole author of this little book; who, notwithstanding the many excellent observations dispersed through it, and the deep knowledge of human nature it discovers, is a young woman; one so nearly and dearly allied to me, in the highest friendship as well as relation, that if she had wanted any assistance of mine I would have been as ready to have given it her as I would have been just to my word in owning it; but, in reality, two or three hints which arose on the reading it, and some little direction as to the conduct of the second volume, much the greater part of which I never saw till in print, were all the aid she received from me. Indeed, I believe there are few books in the world so absolutely the author's own as this.

There were some grammatical and other errors in style in the first impression, which my absence from town prevented my correcting, as I have endeavoured, though in great haste, in this edition: by comparing the one with the other, the reader may see, if he think it worth his while, the share I have in this book as it now stands, and which amounts to little more than the correction of some small errors, which want of habit in writing chiefly occasioned, and which no man of learning would think worth his censure in a romance, nor any gentleman in the writings of a young woman.

And as the faults of this work want very little excuse, so its beauties want as little recommendation; though I will not say but they may sometimes stand in need of being pointed out to the generality of readers. For as the merit of this work consists in a vast penetration into human nature, a deep and profound discernment of all the mazes, windings, and labyrinths, which perplex the heart of man to such a degree that he is himself often incapable of seeing through them; and as this is the greatest, noblest, and rarest of all the talents which constitute a genius; so a much larger share of this talent is necessary even to recognise these discoveries when they are laid before us than falls to the share of a common reader. Such beauties therefore in an author must be contented to pass often unob-

served and untasted; whereas, on the contrary, the imperfections of this little book, which arise, not from want of genius, but of learning, lie open to the eyes of every fool who has had a little Latin inoculated into his tail; but had the same great quantity of birch been better employed in scourging away his ill-nature, he would not have exposed it in endeavouring to cavil at the first performance of one whose sex and age entitle her to the gentlest criticism, while her merit of an infinitely higher kind may defy the severest. But I believe the warmth of my friendship hath led me to engage a critic of my own imagination only; for I should be sorry to conceive such a one had any real existence. If, however, any such composition of folly, meanness, and malevolence should actually exist, he must be as incapable of conviction as unworthy of an answer. I shall therefore proceed to the most pleasing task of pointing out some of the beauties of this little work.

I have attempted in my preface to Joseph Andrews to prove that every work of this kind is in its nature a comic epic poem, of which Homer left us a precedent, though it be unhappily lost.

The two great originals of a serious air, which we have derived from that mighty genius, differ principally in the action, which in the *Iliad* is entire and uniform, in the *Odyssey* is rather a series of actions, all tending to produce one great end. Virgil and Milton are, I think, the only pure imitators of the former; most of the other Latin, as well as Italian, French, and English epic poets, choosing rather the history of some war, as Lucan and Silius Italicus, or a series of adventures, as Ariosto, &c., for the subject of their poems.

In the same manner the comic writer may either fix on one action, as the authors of *Le Lutrín*, the *Dunciad*, &c.; or on a series, as Butler in verse and Cervantes in prose have done.

Of this latter kind is the book now before us, where the fable consists of a series of separate adventures, detached from and independent on each other, yet all tending to one great end; so that those who should object want of unity of action here may, if they please, or if they dare, fly back with their objection in the face even of the *Odyssey* itself.

This fable hath in it these three difficult ingredients, which will be found on consideration to be always necessary to works of this kind, *viz.* that the main end or scope be at once amiable, ridiculous, and natural.

If it be said that some of the comic performances I have above mentioned differ in the first of these, and set before us the odious instead of the amiable, I answer, that is far from being one of their perfections; and of this the authors themselves seem so sensible that they endeavour to deceive the reader by false glosses and colours, and by the help of irony at least to represent the aim and design of their heroes in a favourable and agreeable light.

I might further observe that, as the incidents arising from this fable, though often surprising, are everywhere natural (credibility not being once

shocked through the whole), so there is one beauty very apparent, which hath been attributed by the greatest of critics to the greatest of poets, that every episode bears a manifest impression of the principal design, and chiefly turns on the perfection or imperfection of friendship; of which noble passion, from its highest purity to its lowest falsehoods and disguises, this little book is, in my opinion, the most exact model.

As to the characters here described, I shall repeat the saying of one of the greatest men in this age,—“That they were as wonderfully drawn by the writer as they were by Nature herself.” There are many strokes in *Orgueil*, *Spatter*, *Varnish*, *Levif*, the *Balancer*, and some others, which would have shined in the pages of *Theophrastus*, *Horace*, or *La Bruyère*. Nay, there are some touches which I will venture to say might have done honour to the pencil of the immortal Shakspeare himself.

The sentiments are in general extremely delicate; those particularly which regard friendship are, I think, as noble and elevated as I have anywhere met with; nor can I help remarking that the author hath been so careful in justly adapting them to her characters, that a very indifferent reader, after he is in the least acquainted with the character of the speaker, can seldom fail of applying every sentiment to the person who utters it. Of this we have the strongest instance in *Cynthia* and *Camilla*, where the lively spirit of the former, and the gentle softness of the latter, breathe through every sentence which drops from either of them.

The diction I shall say no more of than, as it is the last and lowest perfection in a writer, and one which many of great genius seem to have little regarded, so I must allow my author to have the least merit on this head; many errors in style existing in the first edition, and some, I am convinced, remaining still uncured in this; but experience and habit will most certainly remove this objection; for a good style, as well as a good hand in writing, is chiefly learned by practice.

I shall here finish these short remarks on this little book, which have been drawn from me by those people who have very falsely and impertinently called me its author. I declare I have spoken no more than my real sentiments of it, nor can I see why any relation or attachment to merit should restrain me from its commendation.

The true reason why some have been backward in giving this book its just praise, and why others have sought after some more known and experienced author for it, is, I apprehend, no other than an astonishment how one so young, and in appearance so unacquainted with the world, should know so much both of the better and worse part as is here exemplified: but, in reality, a very little knowledge of the world will afford an observer, moderately accurate, sufficient instances of evil; and a short communication with her own heart will leave the author of this book very little to seek abroad of all the good which is to be found in human nature.

HENRY FIELDING.

THE PREFACE TO THE FAMILIAR LETTERS

BETWEEN

THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN DAVID SIMPLE AND SOME OTHERS.

THE taste of the public, with regard to epistolary writing, having been much vitiated by some modern authors, it may not be amiss to premise some short matter concerning it in this place, that the reader may not expect another kind of entertainment than he will meet with in the following papers, nor impute the author's designed deviation from the common road to any mistake or error.

Those writings which are called letters may be divided into four classes. Under the first class may be ranged those letters, as well ancient as modern, which have been written by men who have filled up the principal characters on the stage of life, upon great and memorable occasions. These have been always esteemed as the most valuable parts of history, as they are not only the most authentic memorials of facts, but as they serve greatly to illustrate the true character of the writer, and do in a manner introduce the person himself to our acquaintance.

A second kind owe their merit not to truth, but to invention; such are the letters which contain ingenious novels, or shorter tales, either pathetic or humorous: these bear the same relation to the former as romance doth to true history; and as the former may be called short histories, so may these be styled short romances.

In the next branch may be ranked those letters which have passed between men of eminence in the republic of literature. Many of these are in high estimation in the learned world, in which they are considered as having equal authority to that which the political world allows to those of the first class.

Besides these three kinds of letters, which have all their several merits, there are two more, with which the moderns have very plentifully supplied the world, though I shall not be very profuse in my encomiums on either: these are, love-letters and letters of conversation; in which last are contained the private affairs of persons of no consequence to the public, either in a political or learned consideration, or indeed in any consideration whatever.

With these two kinds of letters the French language in particular so vastly abounds, that it would employ most of the leisure hours of life to read them all; nay, I believe indeed they are the principal study of many of our fine gentlemen and ladies who learn that language.

And hence such readers have learnt the critical phrases of a familiar easy style, a concise epistolary style, &c.; and these they apply to all letters whatever.

Now, from some polite modern performances, written, I suppose, by this rule, I much doubt whether these French readers have any just and adequate notion of this epistolary style, with which they are so enamoured. To say the truth, I question whether they do not place it entirely in short, abrupt, and unconnected periods; a style so easy that any man may write it, and which, one would imagine, it must be very difficult to procure any person to read.

To such critics, therefore, I would recommend Ovid, who was perhaps the ablest writer of *les let-*

tres galantes that ever lived. In his *Arte Amandi* they will find the following rule:

— præsens ut videare loqui;

viz. that these letters should preserve the style of conversation; and in his epistles they will see this excellently illustrated by example. But if we are to form our idea of the conversation of some modern writers from their letters, we shall have, I am afraid, a very indifferent opinion of both.

But, in reality, this style of conversation is only proper, at least only necessary, to these, which I have called letters of conversation; and is not at all requisite either to letters of business, which in after-ages make a part of history, or to those on the subject of literature and criticism.

Much less is it adapted to the novel or story writer; for what difference is there whether a tale is related this or any other way? And sure no one will contend that the epistolary style is in general the most proper to a novelist, or that it hath been used by the best writers of this kind.

It is not my purpose here to write a large dissertation on style in general, nor to assign what is proper to the historian, what to the romance, and what to the novel-writer, nor to observe in what manner all these differ from each other; it is sufficient to have obviated an objection which I foresaw might be made to these little volumes by some, who are in truth as incapable of knowing any of the faults as of reaping any of the beauties of an author; and I assure them there is no branch of criticism in which learning, as well as good sense, is more required than to the forming an accurate judgment of style, though there is none, I believe, in which every trifling reader is more ready to give his decision.

Instead of laying down any rules for the use of such tyros in the critical art, I shall recommend them to one who is master of style, as of every other excellence. This gentleman, in his *Persian Letters*, many of which are written on the most important subjects in ethics, politics, and philosophy, hath condescended to introduce two or three novels: in these they will find that inimitable writer very judiciously changing the style which he uses on other occasions where the subjects of his letters require the air and style of conversation; to preserve which, in relating stories that run to any length, would be faulty in the writer and tiresome to the reader.

To conclude this point, I know not of any essential difference between this and any other way of writing novels, save only that by making use of letters the writer is freed from the regular beginnings and conclusions of stories, with some other formalities, in which the reader of taste finds no less ease and advantage than the author himself.

As to the matter contained in the following volumes, I am not perhaps at liberty to declare my opinion: relation and friendship to the writer may draw upon me the censure of partiality if I should be as warm as I am inclined to be in their commendation.

The reader will however excuse me if I advise him not to run them over with too much haste and

indifference; such readers will, I promise them, find little to admire in this book, whose beauties (if it have any) require the same attention to discover them with which the author herself hath considered that book of nature whence they are taken. In books, as well as pictures, where the excellence lies in the expression or colouring only, the first glance of the eye acquaints us with all the perfection of the piece; but the nicest and most delicate touches of nature are not so soon perceived. In the works of Cervantes or Hogarth, he is, I believe, a wretched judge who discovers no new beauties on a second, or even a third perusal.

And here I cannot control myself from averring that many touches of this kind appear to me in these letters; some of which I cannot help thinking as fine as I have ever met with in any of the authors who have made human nature their subject.

As such observations are generally supposed to be the effects of long experience in and much acquaintance with mankind, it may perhaps surprise many to find them in the works of a woman; especially of one who, to use the common phrase, hath seen so little of the world: and I should not wonder, on this account, that these letters were ascribed to another author, if I knew any one capable of writing them.

But in reality the knowledge of human nature is not learnt by living in the hurry of the world. True genius, with the help of a little conversation, will be capable of making a vast progress in this learning; and indeed I have observed there are none who know so little of men as those who are placed in the crowds either of business or pleasure. The truth of the assertion, that pedants in colleges have seldom any share of this knowledge, doth not arise from a defect in the college, but from a defect in the pedant, who would have spent many years at St. James's to as little purpose: for daily experience may convince us that it is possible for a blockhead to see much of the world and know little of it.

The objection to the sex of the author hardly requires an answer: it will be chiefly advanced by those who derive their opinion of women, very unfairly, from the fine ladies of the age; whereas, if the behaviour of their counterparts, the beaux, was to denote the understanding of men, I apprehend the conclusion would be in favour of the women, without making a compliment to that sex. I can, of my own knowledge and from my own acquaintance, bear testimony to the possibility of those examples which history gives of women eminent for the highest endowments and faculties of the mind. I shall only add an answer to the same objection, relating to David Simple, given by a lady of very high rank, whose quality is, however, less an honour to her than her understanding. "So far," said she, "from doubting David Simple to be the performance of a woman, I am well convinced it could not have been written by a man."

In the conduct of women in that great and important business of their lives, the affair of love, there are mysteries with which men are perfectly

unacquainted: their education being on this head in constraint of, nay, in direct opposition to, truth and nature, creates such a constant struggle between nature and habit, truth and hypocrisy, as introduce often much humour into their characters; especially when drawn by sensible writers of their own sex, who are on this subject much more capable than the ablest of ours.

I remember it was the observation of a lady for whose opinion I have a great veneration, that there is nothing more generally unnatural than the characters of women on the stage, and that even in our best plays. If this be a fact, as I sincerely believe it is, whence can it proceed but from the ignorance in which the artificial behaviour of women leaves us of what really passes in their minds, and which, like all other mysteries, is known only to the initiated?

Many of the foregoing assertions will, I question not, meet with very little assent from those great and wise men who are not only absolute masters of some poor woman's person, but likewise of her thoughts. With such opposition I must rest contented; but what I more dread is, that I may have unadvisedly drawn the resentment of her own lovely sex against the author of these volumes for having betrayed the secrets of the society.

To this I shall attempt giving two answers; first, that these nice touches will, like the signs of masonry, escape the observation and detection of all those who are not already in the secret.

Secondly, if she should have exposed some of those nicer female foibles which have escaped most other writers, she hath at the same time nobly displayed the beauties and virtues of the more amiable part, which abundantly overbalances in the account. By comparing these together young ladies may, if they please, receive great advantages; I will venture to say, no book extant is so well calculated for their instruction and improvement. It is indeed a glass by which they may dress out their minds, and adorn themselves with more becoming, as well as more lasting graces, than the dancing-master, the mantua-maker, or the milliner can give them. Here even their vanity may be rendered useful, as it may make them detest and scorn all base, mean, shuffling tricks, and admire and cultivate whatever is truly amiable, generous, and good. Here they must learn, if they will please to attend, that the consummation of a woman's character is to maintain the qualities of goodness, tenderness, affection, and sincerity, in the several social offices and duties of life; and not to unite ambition, avarice, luxury, and wantonness, in the person of a woman of the world, or to affect folly, childishness, and levity, under the appellation of a fine lady.

To conclude, I hope, for the sake of my fair countrywomen, that these excellent pictures of virtue and vice, which, to my knowledge, the author hath bestowed such pains in drawing, will not be thrown away on the world; but that much more advantage may accrue to the reader than the good-nature and sensibility of the age have, to their immortal honour, bestowed on the author.

ESSAY ON CONVERSATION.

MAN is generally represented as an animal formed for, and delighted in, society; in this state alone, it is said, his various talents can be exerted, his numberless necessities relieved, the dangers he is exposed to can be avoided, and many of the pleasures he eagerly affects enjoyed. If these assertions be, as I think they are, undoubtedly and obviously certain, those few who have denied man to be a social animal have left us these two solutions of their conduct; either that there are men as bold in denial as can be found in assertion—and as Cicero says there is no absurdity which some philosopher or other hath not asserted, so we may say there is no truth so glaring that some have not denied it;—or else that these rejecters of society borrow all their information from their own savage dispositions, and are, indeed, themselves, the only exceptions to the above general rule.

But to leave such persons to those who have thought them more worthy of an answer; there are others who are so seemingly fond of this social state, that they are understood absolutely to confine it to their own species; and entirely excluding the tamer and gentler, the herding and flocking parts of the creation, from all benefits of it, to set up this as one grand general distinction between the human and the brute species.

Shall we conclude this denial of all society to the nature of brutes, which seems to be in defiance of every day's observation, to be as bold as the denial of it to the nature of men? or, may we not more justly derive the error from an improper understanding of this word society in too confined and special a sense? in a word, do those who utterly deny it to the brutal nature mean any other by society than conversation?

Now, if we comprehend them in this sense, as I think we very reasonably may, the distinction appears to me to be truly just; for though other animals are not without all use of society, yet this noble branch of it seems, of all the inhabitants of this globe, confined to man only; the narrow power of communicating some few ideas of lust, or fear, or anger, which may be observable in brutes, falling infinitely short of what is commonly meant by conversation, as may be deduced from the origination of the word itself, the only accurate guide to knowledge. The primitive and literal sense of this word is, I apprehend, to turn round together; and in its more copious usage we intend by it that reciprocal interchange of ideas by which truth is examined, things are, in a manner, turned round and sifted, and all our knowledge communicated to each other.

In this respect man stands, I conceive, distinguished from, and superior to, all other earthly creatures; it is this privilege which, while he is inferior in strength to some, in swiftness to others; without horns or claws or tusks to attack them, or even to defend himself against them, hath made him master of them all. Indeed, in other views, however vain men may be of their abilities, they are greatly inferior to their animal neighbours. With what envy must a swine, or a much less voracious animal, be surveyed by a glutton; and how contemptible must the talents of other sensualists appear, when opposed, perhaps, to some of the lowest and meanest of brutes! but in conversation man stands alone, at least in this part of the creation; he leaves all

others behind him at his first start, and the greater progress he makes the greater distance is between them.

Conversation is of three sorts. Men are said to converse with God, with themselves, and with one another. The two first of these have been so liberally and excellently spoken to by others, that I shall at present pass them by and confine myself in this essay to the third only; since it seems to me amazing that this grand business of our lives, the foundation of everything either useful or pleasant, should have been so slightly treated of, that, while there is scarce a profession or handicraft in life, however mean and contemptible, which is not abundantly furnished with proper rules to the attaining its perfection, men should be left almost totally in the dark, and without the least light to direct, or any guide to conduct them, in the proper exerting of those talents which are the noblest privilege of human nature and productive of all rational happiness; and the rather as this power is by no means self-instructed, and in the possession of the artless and ignorant is of so mean use that it raises them very little above those animals who are void of it.

As conversation is a branch of society, it follows that it can be proper to none who is not in his nature social. Now, society is agreeable to no creatures who are not inoffensive to each other; and we therefore observe in animals who are entirely guided by nature that it is cultivated by such only, while those of more noxious disposition addict themselves to solitude, and, unless when prompted by lust, or that necessary instinct implanted in them by nature for the nurture of their young, shun as much as possible the society of their own species. If therefore there should be found some human individuals of so savage a habit, it would seem they were not adapted to society, and, consequently, not to conversation; nor would any inconvenience ensue the admittance of such exceptions, since it would by no means impeach the general rule of man's being a social animal; especially when it appears (as is sufficiently and admirably proved by my friend the author of *An Inquiry into Happiness*) that these men live in a constant opposition to their own nature, and are no less monsters than the most wanton abortions or extravagant births.

Again; if society requires that its members should be inoffensive, so the more useful and beneficial they are to each other the more suitable are they to the social nature, and more perfectly adapted to its institution; for all creatures seek their own happiness, and society is therefore natural to any, because it is naturally productive of this happiness. To render therefore any animal social is to render it inoffensive; an instance of which is to be seen in those the ferocity of whose nature can be tamed by man. And here the reader may observe a double distinction of man from the more savage animals by society, and from the social by conversation.

But if men were merely inoffensive to each other, it seems as if society and conversation would be merely indifferent; and that, in order to make it desirable by a sensible being, it is necessary we should go farther and propose some positive good to ourselves from it; and this presupposes, not only negatively, our not receiving any hurt, but positively,

our receiving some good, some pleasure or advantage, from each other in it, something* which we could not find in an unsocial and solitary state; otherwise we might cry out with the right honourable poet,—*

Give us our wildness and our woods,
Our huts and caves again.

The art of pleasing or doing good to one another is therefore the art of conversation. It is this habit which gives it all its value. And as man's being a social animal (the truth of which is incontestably proved by that excellent author of *An Inquiry, &c.*, I have above cited) presupposes a natural desire or tendency this way, it will follow that we can fail in attaining this truly desirable end from ignorance only in the means; and how general this ignorance is may be, with some probability, inferred from our want of even a word to express this art by; that which comes the nearest to it, and by which, perhaps, we would sometimes intend it, being so horribly and barbarously corrupted, that it contains at present scarce a simple ingredient of what it seems originally to have been designed to express.

The word I mean is good-breeding; a word, I apprehend, not at first confined to externals, much less to any particular dress or attitude of the body; nor were the qualifications expressed by it to be furnished by a milliner, a tailor, or a periwig-maker; no, nor even by a dancing-master himself. According to the idea I myself conceive from this word, I should not have scrupled to call Socrates a well-bred man, though, I believe, he was very little instructed by any of the persons I have above enumerated. In short, by good-breeding (notwithstanding the corrupt use of the word in a very different sense) I mean the art of pleasing, or contributing as much as possible to the ease and happiness of those with whom you converse. I shall contend therefore no longer on this head; for, whilst my reader clearly conceives the sense in which I use this word, it will not be very material whether I am right or wrong in its original application.

Good-breeding then, or the art of pleasing in conversation, is expressed two different ways, viz., in our actions and our words, and our conduct in both may be reduced to that concise, comprehensive rule in scripture—Do unto all men as you would they should do unto you. Indeed, concise as this rule is, and plain as it appears, what are all treatises on ethics but comments upon it? and whoever is well read in the book of nature, and hath made much observation on the actions of men, will perceive so few capable of judging or rightly pursuing their own happiness, that he will be apt to conclude that some attention is necessary (and more than is commonly used) to enable men to know truly what they would have done unto them, or, at least, what it would be their interest to have done.

If therefore men, through weakness or inattention, often err in their conceptions of what would produce their own happiness, no wonder they should miss in the application of what will contribute to that of others; and thus we may, without too severe a censure on their inclinations, account for that frequent failure in true good-breeding which daily experience gives us instances of.

Besides, the commentators have well paraphrased on the above-mentioned divine rule, that it is, to do unto men what you would they (if they were in your situation and circumstances, and you in theirs) should do unto you; and, as this comment is necessary to be observed in ethics, so is it particularly useful in this our art, where the degree of the person

* The duke of Buckingham.

is always to be considered, as we shall explain more at large hereafter.

We see then a possibility for a man well disposed to this golden rule, without some precautions, to err in the practice; nay, even good-nature itself, the very habit of mind most essential to furnish us with true good-breeding, the latter so nearly resembling the former, that it hath been called, and with the appearance at least of propriety, artificial good-nature. This excellent quality itself sometimes shoots us beyond the mark, and shows the truth of those lines in Horace:

Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,
Ultrâ quàm satis est, Virtutem si petat ipsam.

Instances of this will be naturally produced where we show the deviations from those rules which we shall now attempt to lay down.

As this good-breeding is the art of pleasing, it will be first necessary with the utmost caution to avoid hurting or giving any offence to those with whom we converse. And here we are surely to shun any kind of actual disrespect, or affront to their persons, by insolence, which is the severest attack that can be made on the pride of man, and of which Florus seems to have no inadequate opinion when, speaking of the second Tarquin, he says; *in omnes superbiam (quæ crudelitate gravior est BONIS) grassatus*; "He trod on all with insolence, which sits heavier on men of great minds than cruelty itself." If there is any temper in man which more than all others disqualifies him for society, it is this insolence or haughtiness, which, blinding a man to his own imperfections, and giving him a hawk's quicksightedness to those of others, raises in him that contempt for his species which inflates the cheeks, erects the head, and stiffens the gait of those strutting animals who sometimes stalk in assemblies, for no other reason but to show in their gesture and behaviour the disregard they have for the company. Though to a truly great and philosophical mind it is not easy to conceive a more ridiculous exhibition than this puppet, yet to others he is little less than a nuisance; for contempt is a murderous weapon, and there is this difference only between the greatest and weakest man when attacked by it, that, in order to wound the former, it must be just; whereas, without the shields of wisdom and philosophy, which God knows are in the possession of very few, it wants no justice to point it, but is certain to penetrate, from whatever corner it comes. It is this disposition which inspires the empty Cacus to deny his acquaintance, and overlook men of merit in distress; and the little silly, pretty Phillida, or Foolida, to stare at the strange creatures round her. It is this temper which constitutes the supercilious eye, the reserved look, the distant bow, the scornful leer, the affected astonishment, the loud whisper, ending in a laugh directed full in the teeth of another. Hence spring, in short, those numberless offences given too frequently, in public and private assemblies, by persons of weak understandings, indelicate habits, and so hungry and foul-feeding a vanity that it wants to devour whatever comes in its way. Now, if good-breeding be what we have endeavoured to prove it, how foreign, and indeed how opposite to it, must such a behaviour be! and can any man call a duke or a duchess who wears it well-bred? or are they not more justly entitled to those inhuman names which they themselves allot to the lowest vulgar? But behold a more pleasing picture on the reverse. See the earl of C——, noble in his birth, splendid in his fortune, and embellished with every endowment of mind; how affable! how condescending! himself the only one who seems ignorant

that he is every way the greatest person in the room.

But it is not sufficient to be inoffensive,—we must be profitable servants to each other: we are, in the second place, to proceed to the utmost verge in paying the respect due to others. We had better go a little too far than stop short in this particular. My lord Shaftesbury hath a pretty observation, that the beggar, in addressing to a coach with, My Lord, is sure not to offend, even though there be no lord there; but, on the contrary, should plain sir fly in the face of a nobleman, what must be the consequence? And, indeed, whoever considers the bustle and contention about precedence, the pains and labours undertaken, and sometimes the prices given, for the smallest title or mark of pre-eminence, and the visible satisfaction betrayed in its enjoyment, may reasonably conclude this is a matter of no small consequence. The truth is, we live in a world of common men, and not of philosophers; for one of these, when he appears (which is very seldom) among us, is distinguished, and very properly too, by the name of an odd fellow; for what is it less than extreme oddity to despise what the generality of the world think the labour of their whole lives well employed in procuring? we are therefore to adapt our behaviour to the opinion of the generality of mankind, and not to that of a few odd fellows.

It would be tedious, and perhaps impossible, to specify every instance, or to lay down exact rules for our conduct in every minute particular. However, I shall mention some of the chief which most ordinarily occur, after premising that the business of the whole is no more than to convey to others an idea of your esteem of them, which is indeed the substance of all the compliments, ceremonies, presents, and whatever passes between well-bred people. And here I shall lay down these positions:—

First, that all mere ceremonies exist in form only, and have in them no substance at all; but, being imposed by the laws of custom, become essential to good-breeding, from those high-flown compliments paid to the Eastern monarchs, and which pass between Chinese mandarins, to those coarser ceremonials in use between English farmers and Dutch boors.

Secondly, that these ceremonies, poor as they are, are of more consequence than they at first appear, and, in reality, constitute the only external difference between man and man. Thus, His grace, Right honourable, My lord, Right reverend, Reverend, Honourable, Sir, Esquire, Mr., &c., have in a philosophical sense, no meaning, yet are perhaps politically essential, and must be preserved by good-breeding; because,

Thirdly, they raise an expectation in the person by law and custom entitled to them, and who will consequently be displeased with the disappointment.

Now, in order to descend minutely into any rules for good-breeding, it will be necessary to lay some scene, or to throw our disciple into some particular circumstance. We will begin them with a visit in the country; and as the principal actor on this occasion is the person who receives it, we will, as briefly as possible, lay down some general rules for his conduct; marking, at the same time, the principal deviation, we have observed on these occasions.

When an expected guest arrives to dinner at your house, if your equal, or indeed not greatly your inferior, he should be sure to find your family in some order, and yourself dressed and ready to receive him at your gate with a smiling countenance. This infuses an immediate cheerfulness into your

guest, and persuades him of your esteem and desire of his company. Not so is the behaviour of Polysphercon, at whose gate you are obliged to knock a considerable time before you gain admittance. At length, the door being opened to you by a maid or some improper servant, who wonders where the devil all the men are, and, being asked if the gentleman is at home, answers she believes so, you are conducted into a hall, or back-parlour, where you stay some time before the gentleman, in a dishabille from his study or his garden, waits upon you, asks pardon, and assures you he did not expect you so soon.

Your guest, being introduced into a drawing-room, is, after the first ceremonies, to be asked whether he will refresh himself after his journey, before dinner (for which he is never to stay longer than the usual or fixed hour). But this request is never to be repeated oftener than twice, and not in imitation of Calepus, who, as if hired by a physician, crams wine in a morning down the throats of his most temperate friends, their constitutions being not so dear to them as their present quiet.

When dinner is on the table, and the ladies have taken their places, the gentlemen are to be introduced into the eating-room, where they are to be seated with as much seeming indifference as possible, unless there be any present whose degrees claim an undoubted precedence. As to the rest, the general rules of precedence are by marriage, age, and profession. Lastly, in placing your guests, regard is rather to be had to birth than fortune; for, though purse-pride is forward enough to exalt itself, it bears a degradation with more secret comfort and ease than the former, as being more inwardly satisfied with itself, and less apprehensive of neglect or contempt.

The order in helping your guests is to be regulated by that of placing them; but here I must, with great submission, recommend to the lady at the upper end of the table to distribute her favours as equally and as impartially as she can. I have sometimes seen a large dish of fish extend no farther than to the fifth person, and a haunch of venison lose all its fat before half the table had tasted it.

A single request to eat of any particular dish, how elegant soever, is the utmost I allow. I strictly prohibit all earnest solicitations, all complaints that you have no appetite, which are sometimes little less than burlesque, and always impertinent and troublesome.

And here, however low it may appear to some readers, as I have known omissions of this kind give offence, and sometimes make the offenders, who have been very well-meaning persons, ridiculous, I cannot help mentioning the ceremonial of drinking healths at table, which is always to begin with the lady's and next the master's of the house.

When dinner is ended, and the ladies retired, though I do not hold the master of the feast obliged to fuddle himself through complacence (and, indeed, it is his own fault generally if his company be such as would desire it), yet he is to see that the bottle circulate sufficient to afford every person present a moderate quantity of wine if he chooses it; at the same time permitting those who desire it either to pass the bottle or to fill their glass as they please. Indeed, the beastly custom of besotting, and ostentatious contention for pre-eminence in their cups, seems at present pretty well abolished among the better sort of people. Yet Methus still remains, who measures the honesty and understanding of mankind by a capaciousness of their swallow; who sings forth the praises of a bumper, and complains

of the light in your glass; and at whose table it is as difficult to preserve your senses as to preserve your purse at a gaming-table or your health at a b-y-house. On the other side, Sophronus eyes you carefully whilst you are filling out his liquor. The bottle as surely stops when it comes to him as your chariot at Temple-bar; and it is almost as impossible to carry a pint of wine from his house as to gain the love of a reigning beauty, or borrow a shilling of P— W—.

But to proceed. After a reasonable time, if your guest intends staying with you the whole evening, and declines the bottle, you may propose play, walking, or any other amusement; but these are to be but barely mentioned, and offered to his choice with all indifference on your part. What person can be so dull as not to perceive in Agyrtas a longing to pick your pockets, or in Alazon a desire to satisfy his own vanity in showing you the rarities of his house and gardens? When your guest offers to go, there should be no solicitations to stay, unless for the whole night, and that no farther than to give him a moral assurance of his being welcome so to do; no assertions that he shan't go yet; no laying on violent hands; no private orders to servants to delay the providing the horses or vehicles—like Desmophylax, who never suffers any one to depart from his house without entitling him to an action of false imprisonment.

Let us now consider a little the part which the visitor himself is to act. And first, he is to avoid the two extremes of being too early or too late, so as neither to surprise his friend unawares or unprovided, nor detain him too long in expectation. Orthrius, who hath nothing to do, disturbs your rest in a morning; and the frugal Chronophidus, lest he should waste some minutes of his precious time, is sure to spoil your dinner.

The address at your arrival should be as short as possible, especially when you visit a superior; not imitating Phlenaphius, who would stop his friend in the rain rather than omit a single bow.

Be not too observant of trifling ceremonies, such as rising, sitting, walking first in or out of the room, except with one greatly your superior; but when such a one offers precedence it is uncivil to refuse it; of which I will give you the following instance: An English nobleman, being in France, was bid by Louis XIV. to enter the coach before him, which he excused himself from. The king then immediately mounted, and, ordering the door to be shut, drove on, leaving the nobleman behind him.

Never refuse anything offered you out of civility, unless in preference of a lady, and that no oftener than once; for nothing is more truly good breeding than to avoid being troublesome. Though the taste and humour of the visitor is to be chiefly considered, yet is some regard likewise to be had to that of the master of the house; for otherwise your company will be rather a penance than a pleasure. Methusus plainly discovers his visit to be paid to his sober friend's bottle; nor will Philopasus abstain from cards, though he is certain they are agreeable only to himself; whilst the slender Leptines gives his fat entertainer a sweat, and makes him run the hazard of breaking his wind up his own mounts.

If conveniency allows your staying longer than the time proposed, it may be civil to offer to depart, lest your stay may be incommodious to your friend; but if you perceive the contrary, by his solicitations, they should be readily accepted, without tempting him to break these rules we have above laid down for him—causing a confusion in his family and among his servants, by preparations for your depar-

ture. Lastly, when you are resolved to go, the same method is to be observed which I have prescribed at your arrival. No tedious ceremonies of taking leave—not like Hyperphylus, who bows and kisses and squeezes by the hand as heartily, and wishes you as much health and happiness, when he is going a journey home of ten miles, from a common acquaintance, as if he was leaving his nearest friend or relation on a voyage to the East Indies.

Having thus briefly considered our reader in the circumstance of a private visit, let us now take him into a public assembly, where, as more eyes will be on his behaviour, it cannot be less his interest to be instructed. We have, indeed, already formed a general picture of the chief enormities committed on these occasions: we shall here endeavour to explain more particularly the rules of an opposite demeanour, which we may divide into three sorts, viz. our behaviour to our superiors, to our equals, and to our inferiors.

In our behaviour to our superiors two extremes are to be avoided; namely, an abject and base servility, and an impudent and encroaching freedom. When the well-bred Hyperdulus approaches a nobleman in any public place, you would be persuaded he was one of the meanest of his domestics; his cringes fall little short of prostration; and his whole behaviour is so mean and servile that an Eastern monarch would not require more humiliation from his vassals. On the other side, Anaschyntus, whom fortunate accidents, without any pretensions from his birth, have raised to associate with his betters, shakes my lord duke by the hand with a familiarity savouring not only of the most perfect intimacy but the closest alliance. The former behaviour properly raises our contempt, the latter our disgust. Hyperdulus seems worthy of wearing his lordship's livery; Anaschyntus deserves to be turned out of his service for his impudence. Between these two is that golden mean which declares a man ready to acquiesce in allowing the respect due to a title by the laws and customs of his country, but impatient of any insult, and disdaining to purchase the intimacy with and favour of a superior at the expense of conscience or honour. As to the question, who are our superiors? I shall endeavour to ascertain them when I come, in the second place, to mention our behaviour to our equals. The first instruction on this head being carefully to consider who are such; every little superiority of fortune or profession being too apt to intoxicate men's minds, and elevate them in their own opinion beyond their merit or pretensions. Men are superior to each other in this our country by title, by birth, by rank in profession, and by age; very little, if any, being to be allowed to fortune, though so much is generally exacted by it and commonly paid to it. Mankind never appear to me in a more despicable light than when I see them, by a simple as well as mean servility, voluntarily concurring in the adoration of riches, without the least benefit or prospect from them. Respect and deference are perhaps justly demandable of the obliged, and may be, with some reason at least, from expectation, paid to the rich and liberal from the necessitous; but that men should be allured by the glittering of wealth only to feed the insolent pride of those who will not in return feed their hunger—that the sordid niggard should find any sacrifices on the altar of his vanity—seems to arise from a blinder idolatry, and a more bigoted and senseless superstition, than any which the sharp eyes of priests have discovered in the human mind.

All gentlemen, therefore, who are not raised above each other by title, birth, rank in profession, age, or

actual obligation, being to be considered as equals, let us take some lessons for their behaviour to each other in public from the following examples; in which we shall discern as well what we are to select as what we are to avoid. Authades is so absolutely abandoned to his own humour that he never gives it up on any occasion. If Seraphina herself, whose charms one would imagine should infuse alacrity into the limbs of a cripple sooner than the Bath waters, was to offer herself for his partner, he would answer he never danced, even though the ladies lost their ball by it. Nor doth this denial arise from incapacity, for he was in his youth an excellent dancer, and still retains sufficient knowledge of the art, and sufficient abilities in his limbs to practise it, but from an affectation of gravity which he will not sacrifice to the eagerest desire of others. Dyskolus hath the same aversion to cards; and though competently skilled in all games is by no importunities to be prevailed on to make a third at ombre, or a fourth at whist and quadrille. He will suffer any company to be disappointed of their amusement rather than submit to pass an hour or two a little disagreeably to himself. The refusal of Philautus is not so general; he is very ready to engage, provided you will indulge him in his favourite game, but it is impossible to persuade him to any other. I should add both these are men of fortune, and the consequences of loss or gain, at the rate they are desired to engage, very trifling and inconsiderable to them.

The rebukes these people sometimes meet with are no more equal to their deserts than the honour paid to Charistus, the benevolence of whose mind scarce permits him to indulge his own will, unless by accident. Though neither his age nor understanding incline him to dance, nor will admit his receiving any pleasure from it, yet would he caper a whole evening rather than a fine young lady should lose an opportunity of displaying her charms by the several genteel and amiable attitudes which this exercise affords the skilful of that sex. And though cards are not adapted to his temper, he never once baulked the inclinations of others on that account.

But, as there are many who will not in the least instance mortify their own humour to purchase the satisfaction of all mankind, so there are some who make no scruple of satisfying their own pride and vanity at the expense of the most cruel mortification of others. Of this kind is Agroicus, who seldom goes to an assembly but he affronts half his acquaintance by overlooking or disregarding them.

As this is a very common offence, and indeed much more criminal, both in its cause and effect, than is generally imagined, I shall examine it very minutely, and I doubt not but to make it appear that there is no behaviour (to speak like a philosopher) more contemptible, nor, in a civil sense, more detestable, than this.

The first ingredient in this composition is pride, which, according to the doctrine of some, is the universal passion. There are others who consider it as the foible of great minds; and others again who will have it to be the very foundation of greatness; and perhaps it may be of that greatness which we have endeavoured to expose in many parts of these works; but to real greatness, which is the union of a good heart with a good head, it is almost diametrically opposite, as it generally proceeds from the depravity of both, and almost certainly from the badness of the latter. Indeed, a little observation will show us that fools are the most addicted to this vice; and a little reflection will teach us that it is incompatible with true understanding. Accordingly

we see that, while the wisest of men have constantly lamented the imbecility and imperfection of their own nature, the meanest and weakest have been trumpeting forth their own excellencies and triumphing in their own sufficiency.

Pride may, I think, be properly defined, the pleasure we feel in contemplating our own superior merit on comparing it with that of others. That it arises from this supposed superiority is evident; for, however great you admit a man's merit to be, if all men were equal to him, there would be no room for pride. Now if it stop here, perhaps there is no enormous harm in it, or at least no more than is common to all other folly; every species of which is always liable to produce every species of mischief: folly I fear it is; for, should the man estimate rightly on this occasion, and the balance should fairly turn on his side in this particular instance; should he be indeed a great orator, poet, general; should he be more wise, witty, learned, young, rich, healthy, or in whatever instance he may excel one, or many, or all; yet, if he examine himself thoroughly, will he find no reason to abate his pride? is the quality in which he is so eminent, so generally or justly esteemed? is it so entirely his own? doth he not rather owe his superiority to the defects of others than to his own perfection? or, lastly, can he find in no part of his character a weakness which may counterpoise this merit, and which as justly at least, threatens him with shame as this entices him to pride? I fancy, if such a scrutiny was made (and nothing so ready as good sense to make it), a proud man would be as rare as in reality he is a ridiculous monster. But suppose a man, on this comparison, is, as may sometimes happen, a little partial to himself, the harm is to himself, and he becomes only ridiculous from it. If I prefer my excellence in poetry to Pope or Young; if an inferior actor should, in his opinion, exceed Quin or Garrick; or a sign-post painter set himself above the inimitable Hogarth, we become only ridiculous by our vanity: and the persons themselves who are thus humbled in the comparison, would laugh with more reason than any other. Pride therefore, hitherto seems an inoffensive weakness only, and entitles a man to no worse an appellation than that of a fool; but it will not stop here: though fool be perhaps no desirable term, the proud man will deserve worse; he is not contented with the admiration he pays himself, he now becomes arrogant, and requires the same respect and preference from the world; for pride, though the greatest of flatterers, is by no means a profitable servant to itself; it resembles the parson of the parish more than the squire, and lives rather on the tithes, oblations, and contributions it collects from others than on its own demesne. As pride therefore is seldom without arrogance, so is this never to be found without insolence. The arrogant man must be insolent in order to attain his own ends; and, to convince and remind men of the superiority he affects, will naturally, by ill-words, actions, and gestures, endeavour to throw the despised person at as much distance as possible from him. Hence proceeds that supercilious look and all those visible indignities with which men behave in public to those whom they fancy their inferiors. Hence the very notable custom of deriding and often denying the nearest relations, friends, and acquaintance, in poverty and distress, lest we should anywise be levelled with the wretches we despise, either in their own imagination or in the conceit of any who should behold familiarities pass between us.

But besides pride, folly, arrogance, and insolence, there is another simple, which vice never willingly

leaves out of any composition—and this is ill-nature. A good-natured man may indeed (provided he is a fool) be proud, but arrogant and insolent he cannot be, unless we will allow to such a still greater degree of folly and ignorance of human nature; which may indeed entitle them to forgiveness in the benign language of scripture, because they know not what they do.

For, when we come to consider the effect of this behaviour on the person who suffers it, we may perhaps have reason to conclude that murder is not a much more cruel injury. What is the consequence of this contempt? or, indeed, what is the design of it but to expose the object of it to shame? a sensation as uneasy and almost intolerable as those which arise from the severest pains inflicted on the body; a convulsion of the mind (if I may so call it) which immediately produces symptoms of universal disorder in the whole man; which hath sometimes been attended with death itself, and to which death hath, by great multitudes, been with much alacrity preferred. Now, what less than the highest degree of ill-nature can permit a man to pamper his own vanity at the price of another's shame? Is the glutton, who, to raise the flavour of his dish, puts some birds or beasts to exquisite torment, more cruel to the animal than this our proud man to his own species?

This character then is a composition made up of those odious, contemptible qualities, pride, folly, arrogance, insolence, and ill-nature. I shall dismiss it with some general observations, which will place it in so ridiculous a light, that a man must hereafter be possessed of a very considerable portion either of folly or impudence to assume it.

First, it proceeds on one grand fallacy; for, whereas this wretch is endeavouring by a supercilious conduct to lead the beholder into an opinion of his superiority to the despised person, he inwardly flatters his own vanity with a deceitful presumption that his conduct is founded on a general preconceived opinion of this superiority.

Secondly, this caution to preserve it plainly indicates a doubt that the superiority of our own character is very slightly established; for which reason we see it chiefly practised by men who have the weakest pretensions to the reputation they aim at; and, indeed, none was ever freer from it than that noble person whom we have already mentioned in this essay, and who can never be mentioned but with honour by those who know him.

Thirdly, this opinion of our superiority is commonly very erroneous. Who hath not seen a general behave in this supercilious manner to an officer of lower rank who hath been greatly his superior in that very art to his excellence in which the general ascribes all his merit? Parallel instances occur in every other art, science, or profession.

Fourthly, men who excel others in trifling instances frequently cast a supercilious eye on their superiors in the highest. Thus the least pretensions to pre-eminence in title, birth, riches, equipages, dress, &c., constantly overlook the most noble endowments of virtue, honour, wisdom, sense, wit, and every other quality which can truly dignify and adorn a man.

Lastly, the lowest and meanest of our species are the most strongly addicted to this vice—men who are a scandal to their sex, and women who disgrace human nature; for the basest mechanic is so far from being exempt that he is generally the most guilty of it. It visits ale-houses and gin-shops, and whistles, in the empty heads of fiddlers, mountebanks, and dancing-masters.

To conclude a character on which we have already dwelt longer than is consistent with the intended measure of this essay, this contempt of others is the truest symptom of a base and a bad heart. While it suggests itself to the mean and the vile, and tickles their little fancy on every occasion, it never enters the great and good mind but on the strongest motives; nor is it then a welcome guest, affording only an uneasy sensation, and brings always with it a mixture of concern and compassion.

We will now proceed to inferior criminals in society. Theoretus, conceiving that the assembly is only met to see and admire him, is uneasy unless he engrosses the eyes of the whole company. The giant doth not take more pains to be viewed; and, as he is unfortunately not so tall, he carefully deposits himself in the most conspicuous place; nor will that suffice—he must walk about the room, though to the great disturbance of the company; and, if he can purchase general observations at no less rate, will condescend to be ridiculous; for he prefers being laughed at to being taken little notice of.

On the other side, Dusopius is so bashful that he hides himself in a corner; he hardly bears being looked at, and never quits the first chair he lights upon, lest he should expose himself to public view. He trembles when you bow to him at a distance, is shocked at hearing his own voice, and would almost swoon at the repetition of his name.

The audacious Anedes, who is extremely amorous in his inclinations, never likes a woman but his eyes ask her the question, without considering the confusion he often occasions to the object; he ogles and languishes at every pretty woman in the room. As there is no law of morality which he would not break to satisfy his desires, so is there no form of civility which he doth not violate to communicate them. When he gets possession of a woman's hand, which those of stricter decency never give him but with reluctance, he considers himself as its master. Indeed, there is scarce a familiarity which he will abstain from on the slightest acquaintance, and in the most public place. Seraphina herself can make no impression on the rough temper of Agroicus; neither her quality nor her beauty can exact the least complacence from him; and he would let her lovely limbs ache rather than offer her his chair: while the gentle Lyperus tumbles over benches and overthrows tea-tables to take up a fan or a glove; he forces you, as a good parent doth his child, for your own good; he is absolute master of a lady's will, nor will allow her the election of standing or sitting in his company. In short, the impertinent civility of Lyperus is as troublesome, though perhaps not so offensive, as the brutish rudeness of Agroicus.

Thus we have hinted at most of the common enormities committed in public assemblies to our equals; for it would be tedious and difficult to enumerate all: nor is it needful; since from this sketch we may trace all others, most of which, I believe, will be found to branch out from some of the particulars here specified.

I am now, in the last place, to consider our behaviour to our inferiors, in which condescension can never be too strongly recommended; for, as a deviation on this side is much more innocent than on the other, so the pride of man renders us much less liable to it. For, besides that we are apt to overrate our own perfections, and undervalue the qualifications of our neighbours, we likewise set too high an esteem on the things themselves, and consider them as constituting a more essential difference between us than they really do. The qualities of the mind do, in reality, establish the truest superiority over

one another: yet should not these so far elevate our pride as to inflate us with contempt, and make us look down on our fellow-creatures as on animals of an inferior order; but that the fortuitous accident of birth, the acquisition of wealth, with some outward ornaments of dress, should inspire men with an insolence capable of treating the rest of mankind with disdain, is so preposterous that nothing less than daily experience could give it credit.

If men were to be rightly estimated, and divided into subordinate classes according to the superior excellence of their several natures, perhaps the lowest class of either sex would be properly assigned to those two disgracers of the human species, commonly called a beau and a fine lady; for, if we rate men by the faculties of the mind, in what degree must these stand? nay, admitting the qualities of the body were to give the pre-eminence, how many of those whom fortune hath placed in the lowest station must be ranked above them? If dress is their only title, sure even the monkey, if as well dressed, is on as high a footing as the beau. But perhaps I shall be told they challenge their dignity from birth; that is a poor and mean pretence to honour when supported with no other. Persons who have no better claim to superiority should be ashamed of this; they are really a disgrace to those very ancestors from whom they would derive their pride, and are chiefly happy in this, that they want the very moderate portion of understanding which would enable them to despise themselves.

And yet who so prone to a contemptuous carriage as these? I have myself seen a little female thing which they have called "my lady," of no greater dignity in the order of beings than a cat, and of no more use in society than a butterfly; whose mien would not give even the idea of a gentlewoman, and whose face would cool the loosest libertine; with a mind as empty of ideas as an opera, and a body fuller of diseases than an hospital—I have seen this thing express contempt to a woman who was an honour to her sex and an ornament to the creation.

To confess the truth, there is little danger of the possessor's ever undervaluing this titular excellence. Not that I would withdraw from it that deference which the policy of government hath assigned it. On the contrary, I have laid down the most exact compliance with this respect, as a fundamental in good-breeding; nay, I insist only that we may be admitted to pay it, and not treated with a disdain even beyond what the eastern monarchs show to their slaves. Surely it is too high an elevation when, instead of treating the lowest human creature, in a christian sense, as our brethren, we look down on such as are but one rank in the civil order removed from us as unworthy to breathe even the same air, and regard the most distant communication with them as an indignity and disgrace offered to ourselves. This is considering the difference not in the individual, but in the very species; a height of insolence impious in a christian society, and most absurd and ridiculous in a trading nation.

I have now done with my first head, in which I have treated of good-breeding, as it regards our actions. I shall, in the next place, consider it with respect to our words, and shall endeavour to lay down some rules, by observing which our well-bred man may, in his discourse as well as actions, contribute to the happiness and wellbeing of society.

Certain it is, that the highest pleasure which we are capable of enjoying in conversation is to be met with only in the society of persons whose understanding is pretty near on an equality with our own;

nor is this equality only necessary to enable men of exalted genius and extensive knowledge to taste the sublimer pleasures of communicating their refined ideas to each other; but it is likewise necessary to the inferior happiness of every subordinate degree of society, down to the very lowest. For instance; we will suppose a conversation between Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and three dancing-masters. It will be acknowledged, I believe, that the heel sophists would be as little pleased with the company of the philosophers as the philosophers with theirs.

It would be greatly, therefore, for the improvement and happiness of conversation, if society could be formed on this equality; but, as men are not ranked in this world by the different degrees of their understanding, but by other methods, and consequently all degrees of understanding often meet in the same class, and must *ex necessitate* frequently converse together, the impossibility of accomplishing any such Utopian scheme very plainly appears. Here therefore is a visible but unavoidable imperfection in society itself.

But, as we have laid it down as a fundamental that the essence of good-breeding is to contribute as much as possible to the ease and happiness of mankind, so will it be the business of our well-bred man to endeavour to lessen this imperfection to his utmost, and to bring society as near to a level at least as he is able.

Now there are but two ways to compass this, viz. by raising the lower, and by lowering what is higher.

Let us suppose, then, that very unequal company I have before mentioned met; the former of these is apparently impracticable. Let Socrates, for instance, institute a discourse on the nature of the soul, or Plato reason on the native beauty of virtue, and Aristotle on his occult qualities—What must become of our dancing-masters? Would they not stare at one another with surprise, and, most probably, at our philosophers with contempt? Would they have any pleasure in such society? or would they not rather wish themselves in a dancing-school, or a green-room at the playhouse? What, therefore, have our philosophers to do but to lower themselves to those who cannot rise to them?

And surely there are subjects on which both can converse. Hath not Socrates heard of harmony? Hath not Plato, who draws virtue in the person of a fine woman, any idea of the gracefulness of attitude? and hath not Aristotle himself written a book on motion? In short, to be a little serious, there are many topics on which they can at least be intelligible to each other.

How absurd, then, must appear the conduct of Cenodoxus, who, having had the advantage of a liberal education, and having made a pretty good progress in literature, is constantly advancing learned subjects in common conversation? He talks of the classics before the ladies, and of Greek criticisms among fine gentlemen. What is this less than an insult on the company over whom he thus affects a superiority, and whose time he sacrifices to his vanity?

Wisely different is the amiable conduct of Sophronus; who, though he exceeds the former in knowledge, can submit to discourse on the most trivial matters, rather than introduce such as his company are utter strangers to. He can talk of fashions and diversions among the ladies; nay, can even condescend to horses and dogs with country gentlemen. This gentleman, who is equal to dispute on the highest and abstrusest points, can likewise talk on a fan or a horse-race; nor had ever any one who was

not himself a man of learning, the least reason to conceive the vast knowledge of Sophronus, unless from the report of others.

Let us compare these together. Cenodoxus proposes the satisfaction of his own pride from the admiration of others; Sophronus thinks of nothing but their amusement. In the company of Cenodoxus, every one is rendered uneasy, laments his own want of knowledge, and longs for the end of the dull assembly; with Sophronus all are pleased, and contented with themselves in their knowledge of matters which they find worthy the consideration of a man of sense. Admiration is involuntarily paid the former; to the latter it is given joyfully. The former receives it with envy and hatred; the latter enjoys it as the sweet fruit of good-will. The former is shunned; the latter courted by all.

This behaviour in Cenodoxus may, in some measure, account for an observation we must have frequent occasion to make; that the conversation of men of very moderate capacities is often preferred to that of men of superior talents; in which the world act more wisely than at first they may seem; for, besides that backwardness in mankind to give their admiration, what can be duller or more void of pleasure than discourses on subjects above our comprehension? It is like listening to an unknown language; and, if such company is ever desired by us, it is a sacrifice to our vanity, which imposes on us to believe that we may by these means raise the general opinion of our own parts and knowledge, and not from that cheerful delight which is the natural result of an agreeable conversation.

There is another very common fault, equally destructive of this delight, by much the same means, though it is far from owing its original to any real superiority of parts and knowledge; this is discoursing on the mysteries of a particular profession, to which all the rest of the company, except one or two, are utter strangers. Lawyers are generally guilty of this fault, as they are more confined to the conversation of one another; and I have known a very agreeable company spoiled, where there have been two of these gentlemen present, who have seemed rather to think themselves in a court of justice than in a mixed assembly of persons met only for the entertainment of each other.

But it is not sufficient that the whole company understand the topic of their conversation; they should be likewise equally interested in every subject not tending to their general information or amusement; for these are not to be postponed to the relation of private affairs, much less of the particular grievance or misfortune of a single person. To bear a share in the afflictions of another is a degree of friendship not to be expected in a common acquaintance; nor hath any man a right to indulge the satisfaction of a weak and mean mind by the comfort of pity at the expense of the whole company's diversion. The inferior and unsuccessful members of the several professions are generally guilty of this fault; for, as they fail of the reward due to their great merit, they can seldom refrain from reviling their superiors, and complaining of their own hard and unjust fate.

Farther, as a man is not to make himself the subject of the conversation, so neither is he to engross the whole to himself. As every man had rather please others by what he says than be himself pleased by what they say; or, in other words, as every man is best pleased with the consciousness of pleasing, so should all have an equal opportunity of aiming at it. This is a right which we are so offended at being deprived of, that, though I remem-

ber to have known a man reputed a good companion who seldom opened his mouth in company, unless to swallow his liquor, yet I have scarce ever heard that appellation given to a very talkative person, even when he hath been capable of entertaining, unless he hath done this with buffoonery, and made the rest amends by partaking of their scorn together with their admiration and applause.

A well-bred man, therefore, will not take more of the discourse than falls to his share; nor in this will he show any violent impetuosity of temper, or exert any loudness of voice, even in arguing; for the information of the company, and the conviction of his antagonist, are to be his apparent motives; not the indulgence of his own pride, or an ambitious desire of victory; which latter, if a wise man should entertain, he will be sure to conceal with his utmost endeavour; since he must know that to lay open his vanity in public is no less absurd than to lay open his bosom to an enemy whose drawn sword is pointed against it; for every man hath a dagger in his hand ready to stab the vanity of another wherever he perceives it.

Having now shown that the pleasure of conversation must arise from the discourse being on subjects levelled to the capacity of the whole company; from being on such in which every person is equally interested; from every one's being admitted to his share in the discourse; and, lastly, from carefully avoiding all noise, violence, and impetuosity; it might seem proper to lay down some particular rules for the choice of those subjects which are most likely to conduce to the cheerful delights proposed from this social communication; but, as such an attempt might appear absurd, from the infinite variety, and perhaps too dictatorial in its nature, I shall confine myself to rejecting those topics only which seem most foreign to this delight, and which are most likely to be attended with consequences rather tending to make society an evil than to procure us any good from it.

And, first, I shall mention that which I have hitherto only endeavoured to restrain within certain bounds, namely, arguments; but which, if they were entirely banished out of company, especially from mixed assemblies, and where ladies make part of the society, it would, I believe, promote their happiness; they have been sometimes attended with bloodshed, generally with hatred from the conquered party towards his victor; and scarce ever with conviction. Here I except jocose arguments, which often produce much mirth; and serious disputes between men of learning (when none but such are present), which tend to the propagation of knowledge and the edification of the company.

Secondly, slander; which, however frequently used, or however savoury to the palate of ill-nature, is extremely pernicious, as it is often unjust and highly injurious to the person slandered, and always dangerous, especially in large and mixed companies, where sometimes an undesigned offence is given to an innocent relation or friend of such person, who is thus exposed to shame and confusion, without having any right to resent the affront. Of this there have been very tragical instances; and I have myself seen some very ridiculous ones, but which have given great pain, as well to the person offended as to him who hath been the innocent occasion of giving the offence.

Thirdly, all general reflections on countries, religions, and professions, which are always unjust. If these are ever tolerable, they are only from the persons who with some pleasantry ridicule their own country. It is very common among us to cast sar-

casms on a neighbouring nation, to which we have no other reason to bear an antipathy than what is more usual than justifiable, because we have injured it; but sure such general satire is not founded on truth; for I have known gentlemen of that nation possessed with every good quality which is to be wished in a man or required in a friend. I remember a repartee made by a gentleman of this country, which, though it was full of the severest wit, the person to whom it was directed could not resent, as he so plainly deserved it. He had with great bitterness inveighed against this whole people; upon which one of them who was present very coolly answered, "I don't know, sir, whether I have not more reason to be pleased with the compliment you pay my country than to be angry with what you say against it; since, by your abusing us all so heavily, you have plainly implied you are not of it." This exposed the other to so much laughter, especially as he was not unexceptionable in his character, that I believe he was sufficiently punished for his ill-mannered satire.

Fourthly, blasphemy, and irreverent mention of religion. I will not here debate what compliment a man pays to his own understanding by the profession of infidelity; it is sufficient to my purpose that he runs a risk of giving the cruelest offence to persons of a different temper; for, if a loyalist would be greatly affronted by hearing any indecencies offered to the person of a temporal prince, how much more bitterly must a man who sincerely believes in such a being as the Almighty feel any irreverence or insult shown to his name, his honour, or his institution? And, notwithstanding the impious character of the present age, and especially of many among those whose more immediate business it is to lead men, as well by example as precept, into the ways of piety, there are still sufficient numbers left who pay so honest and sincere a reverence to religion as may give us a reasonable expectation of finding one at least of this stamp in every large company.

A fifth particular to be avoided, is indecency. We are not only to forbear the repeating of such words as would give an immediate affront to a lady of reputation, but the raising of any loose ideas tending to the offence of that modesty which, if a young woman hath not something more than the affectation of, she is not worthy the regard even of a man of pleasure, provided he hath any delicacy in his constitution. How inconsistent with good-breeding it is to give pain and confusion to such, is sufficiently apparent; all *double-entendres* and obscene jests are therefore carefully to be avoided before them. But suppose no ladies present, nothing can be meaner, lower, and less productive of rational mirth, than this loose conversation. For my own part, I cannot conceive how the idea of jest or pleasantry came ever to be annexed to one of our highest and most serious pleasures. Nor can I help observing, to the discredit of such merriment, that it is commonly the last resource of impotent wit, the weak strainings of the lowest, silliest, and dullest fellows in the world.

Sixthly, you are to avoid knowingly mentioning anything which may revive in any person the remembrance of some past accident, or raise an uneasy reflection on a present misfortune or corporal blemish. To maintain this rule nicely, perhaps, requires great delicacy; but it is absolutely necessary to a well-bred man. I have observed numberless breaches of it; many, I believe, proceeding from negligence and inadvertency; yet I am afraid some may be too justly imputed to a malicious desire of triumphing in our own superior happiness and per-

fections; now, when it proceeds from this motive it is not easy to imagine anything more criminal.

Under this head I shall caution my well-bred reader against a common fault, much of the same nature; which is, mentioning any particular quality as absolutely essential to either man or woman, and exploding all those who want it. This renders every one uneasy who is in the least self-conscious of the defect. I have heard a boor of fashion declare in the presence of women remarkably plain that beauty was the chief perfection of that sex, and an essential without which no woman was worth regarding; a certain method of putting all those in the room, who are but suspicious of their defect that way, out of countenance.

I shall mention one fault more, which is, not paying a proper regard to the present temper of the company, or the occasion of their meeting, in introducing a topic of conversation, by which as great an absurdity is sometimes committed as it would be to sing a dirge at a wedding or an epithalamium at a funeral.

Thus I have, I think, enumerated most of the principal errors which we are apt to fall into in conversation; and though, perhaps, some particulars worthy of remark may have escaped me, yet an attention to what I have here said may enable the reader to discover them. At least I am persuaded that, if the rules I have now laid down were strictly observed, our conversation would be more perfect, and the pleasure resulting from it purer and more unsullied, than at present it is.

But I must not dismiss this subject without some animadversions on a particular species of pleasantry, which, though I am far from being desirous of banishing from conversation, requires, most certainly, some reins to govern, and some rule to direct it. The reader may perhaps guess I mean railery; to which I may apply the fable of the lap-dog and the ass; for, while in some hands it diverts and delights us with its dexterity and gentleness, in others, it paws, daubs, offends, and hurts.

The end of conversation being the happiness of mankind, and the chief means to procure their delight and pleasure, it follows, I think, that nothing can conduce to this end which tends to make a man uneasy and dissatisfied with himself, or which exposes him to the scorn and contempt of others. I here except that kind of railery, therefore, which is concerned in tossing men out of their chairs, tumbling them into water, or any of those handicraft jokes which are exercised on those notable persons commonly known by the name of buffoons; who are contented to feed their belly at the price of their br—ch, and to carry off the wine and the p—ss of a great man together. This I pass by, as well as all remarks on the genius of the great men themselves, who are (to fetch a phrase from school, a phrase not improperly mentioned on this occasion) great dabs of this kind of facetiousness.

But, leaving all such persons to expose human nature among themselves, I shall recommend to my well-bred man, who aims at railery, the excellent character given of Horace by Persius:—

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit,
Callidus excusso populum suspendere naso.

Thus excellently rendered by the late ingenious translator of that obscure author:—

Yet could shrewd Horace, with disportive wit,
Rally his friend, and tickle while he bit;
Winning access, he play'd around the heart,
And, gently touching, prick'd the tainted part.
The crowd he sneer'd; but sneer'd with such a grace,
It pass'd for downright innocence of face.

The raillery which is consistent with good-breeding is a gentle animadversion on some foible; which, while it raises a laugh in the rest of the company, doth not put the person rallied out of countenance, or expose him to shame and contempt. On the contrary, the jest should be so delicate that the object of it should be capable of joining in the mirth it occasions.

All great vices therefore, misfortunes, and notorious blemishes of mind or body, are improper subjects of raillery. Indeed, a hint at such is an abuse and an affront which is sure to give the person (unless he be one shameless and abandoned) pain and uneasiness, and should be received with contempt, instead of applause, by all the rest of the company.

Again; the nature and quality of the person are to be considered. As to the first, some men will not bear any raillery at all. I remember a gentleman who declared he never made a jest, nor would ever take one. I do not, indeed, greatly recommend such a person for a companion; but at the same time, a well-bred man, who is to consult the pleasure and happiness of the whole, is not at liberty to make any one present uneasy. By the quality, I mean the sex, degree, profession, and circumstances; on which head I need not be very particular. With regard to the two former, all raillery on ladies and superiors should be extremely fine and gentle; and with respect to the latter, any of the rules I have above laid down, most of which are to be applied to it, will afford sufficient caution.

Lastly, a consideration is to be had of the persons before whom we rally. A man will be justly uneasy at being reminded of those railleries in one company which he would very patiently bear the imputation of in another. Instances on this head are so obvious that they need not be mentioned. In short, the whole doctrine of raillery is comprised in this famous line:—

“ Quid de quoque viro, et cui dicas, sæpe caveto.”

“ Be cautious what you say, of whom, and to whom.”

And now, methinks, I hear some one cry out that such restrictions are, in effect, to exclude all raillery from conversation; and, to confess the truth, it is a weapon from which many persons will do wisely in totally abstaining; for it is a weapon which doth the more mischief by how much the blunter it is. The sharpest wit therefore is only to be indulged the

free use of it, for no more than a very slight touch is to be allowed; no hacking, nor bruising, as if they were to hew a carcase for hounds, as Shakespeare phrases it.

Nor is it sufficient that it be sharp, it must be used likewise with the utmost tenderness and good-nature; and, as the nicest dexterity of a gladiator is shown in being able to hit without cutting deep, so is this of our railler, who is rather to tickle than wound.

True raillery indeed consists either in playing on peccadilloes, which, however they may be censured by some, are not esteemed as really blemishes in a character in the company where they are made the subject of mirth; as too much freedom with the bottle, or too much indulgence with women, &c.

Or, secondly, in pleasantly representing real good qualities in a false light of shame, and bantering them as ill ones. So generosity may be treated as prodigality; economy as avarice; true courage as fool-hardiness; and so of the rest.

Lastly, in ridiculing men for vices and faults which they are known to be free from. Thus the cowardice of A—le, the dulness of Ch—d, the unpoliteness of D—ton, may be attacked without danger of offence; and thus Lyt—n may be censured for whatever vice or folly you please to impute to him.

And, however limited these bounds may appear to some, yet, in skilful and witty hands, I have known raillery, thus confined, afford a very diverting, as well as inoffensive, entertainment to the whole company.

I shall conclude this essay with these two observations, which I think may be clearly deduced from what hath been said.

First, that every person who indulges his ill-nature or vanity at the expense of others, and in introducing uneasiness, vexation, and confusion into society, however exalted or high-titled he may be, is thoroughly ill-bred.

Secondly, that whoever, from the goodness of his disposition or understanding, endeavours to his utmost to cultivate the good-humour and happiness of others, and to contribute to the ease and comfort of all his acquaintance, however low in rank fortune may have placed him, or however clumsy he may be in his figure or demeanour, hath, in the truest sense of the word, a claim to good-breeding.

AN ESSAY

ON THE

KNOWLEDGE OF THE CHARACTERS OF MEN.

I HAVE often thought it a melancholy instance of the great depravity of human nature, that, whilst so many men have employed their utmost abilities to invent systems by which the artful and cunning part of mankind may be enabled to impose on the rest of the world, few or none should have stood up the champions of the innocent and undesigning, and have endeavoured to arm them against imposition.

Those who predicate of man in general that he is an animal of this or that disposition seem to me not sufficiently to have studied human nature; for that immense variety of characters so apparent in men even of the same climate, religion, and educa-

tion, which gives the poet a sufficient licence, as I apprehend, for saying that

Man differs more from man than man from beast, could hardly exist unless the distinction had some original foundation in nature itself. Nor is it perhaps a less proper predicament of the genius of a tree, that it will flourish so many years, loves such a soil, bears such a fruit, &c., than of man in general, that he is good, bad, fierce, tame, honest, or cunning.

This original difference will, I think, alone account for that very early and strong inclination to good or evil which distinguishes different dispositions in children in their first infancy; in the most unformed savages, who can be thought to have

altered their nature by no rules nor artfully acquired habits; and, lastly, in persons who, from the same education, &c., might be thought to have directed nature the same way; yet, among all these, there subsists, as I have before hinted, so manifest and extreme a difference of inclination or character, that almost obliges us, I think, to acknowledge some unacquired original distinction in the nature or soul of one man from that of another.

Thus, without asserting in general that man is a deceitful animal, we may, I believe, appeal for instances of deceit to the behaviour of some children and savages. When this quality therefore is nourished and improved by education, in which we are taught rather to conceal vices than to cultivate virtues; when it hath sucked in the instruction of politicians, and is instituted in the art of thriving; it will be no wonder that it should grow to that monstrous height to which we sometimes see it arrive. This art of thriving being the very reverse of that doctrine of the Stoics by which men were taught to consider themselves as fellow-citizens of the world, and to labour jointly for the common good, without any private distinction of their own; whereas this, on the contrary, points out to every individual his own particular and separate advantage, to which he is to sacrifice the interest of all others, which he is to consider as his *summum bonum*, to pursue with his utmost diligence and industry, and to acquire by all means whatever. Now, when this noble end is once established, deceit must immediately suggest itself as the necessary means; for, as it is impossible that any man endowed with rational faculties, and being in a state of freedom, should willingly agree, without some motive of love or friendship, absolutely to sacrifice his own interest to that of another, it becomes necessary to impose upon him, to persuade him that his own good is designed, and that he will be a gainer by coming into those schemes which are, in reality, calculated for his destruction. And this, if I mistake not, is the very essence of that excellent art called the Art of Politics.

Thus, while the crafty and designing part of mankind, consulting only their own separate advantage, endeavour to maintain one constant imposition on others, the whole world becomes a vast masquerade, where the greatest part appear disguised under false vizors and habits; a very few only showing their own faces, who become, by so doing, the astonishment and ridicule of all the rest.

But, however cunning the disguise be which a masquerader wears, however foreign to his age, degree, or circumstance, yet, if closely attended to, he very rarely escapes the discovery of an accurate observer; for Nature, which unwillingly submits to the imposture, is ever endeavouring to peep forth and show herself; nor can the cardinal, the friar, or the judge, long conceal the sot, the gamester, or the rake.

In the same manner will those disguises which are worn on the greater stage generally vanish, or prove ineffectual to impose the assumed for the real character upon us, if we employ sufficient diligence and attention in the scrutiny. But as this discovery is of infinitely greater consequence to us, and as, perhaps, all are not equally qualified to make it, I shall venture to set down some few rules, the efficacy (I had almost said infallibility) of which I have myself experienced. Nor need any man be ashamed of wanting or receiving instructions on this head; since that open disposition which is the surest indication of an honest and upright heart chiefly renders us liable to be imposed on by craft and deceit, and principally disqualifies us for this discovery.

Neither will the reader, I hope, be offended if he should here find no observations entirely new to him. Nothing can be plainer or more known than the general rules of morality, and yet thousands of men are thought well employed in reviving our remembrance and enforcing our practice of them. But though I am convinced there are many of my readers whom I am not capable of instructing on this head, and who are, indeed, fitter to give than receive instructions, at least from me, yet this essay may perhaps be of some use to the young and unexperienced, to the more open, honest, and considering part of mankind, who, either from ignorance or inattention, are daily exposed to all the pernicious designs of that detestable fiend hypocrisy.

I will proceed, therefore, without further preface, to those diagnostics which Nature, I apprehend, gives us of the diseases of the mind, seeing she takes such pains to discover those of the body. And first, I doubt whether the old adage of *fronti nulla fides* be generally well understood; the meaning of which is commonly taken to be, that "no trust is to be given to the countenance." But what is the context in Juvenal?

Quis enim non vicus abundat
Tristibus obscœnis?

What place is not filled with austere libertines?

Now, that an austere countenance is no token of purity of heart I readily concede. So far otherwise, it is, perhaps, rather a symptom of the contrary. But the satirist surely never intended by these words, which have grown into a proverb, utterly to depreciate an art on which so wise a man as Aristotle hath thought proper to compose a treatise.

The truth is, we almost universally mistake the symptoms which Nature kindly holds forth to us, and err as grossly as a physician would, who should conclude that a very high pulse is a certain indication of health; but sure the faculty would rather impute such a mistake to his deplorable ignorance than conclude from it that the pulse could give a skilful and sensible observer no information of the patient's distemper.

In the same manner, I conceive, the passions of men do commonly imprint sufficient marks on the countenance; and it is owing chiefly to want of skill in the observer that physiognomy is of so little use and credit in the world.

But our errors in this disquisition would be little wondered at if it was acknowledged that the few rules which generally prevail on this head are utterly false, and the very reverse of truth. And this will perhaps appear if we condescend to the examination of some particulars. Let us begin with the instance given us by the poet above of austerity; which, as he shows us, was held to indicate a chastity or severity of morals, the contrary of which, as himself shows us, is true.

Among us, this austerity, or gravity of countenance, passes for wisdom, with just the same equity of pretension. My lord Shaftesbury tells us that gravity is of the essence of imposture. I will not venture to say that it certainly denotes folly, though I have known some of the silliest fellows in the world very eminently possessed of it. The affections which it indicates, and which we shall seldom err in suspecting to lie under it, are pride, ill-nature, and cunning. Three qualities, which when we know to be inherent in any man, we have no reason to desire any farther discovery to instruct us to deal as little and as cautiously with him as we are able.

But though the world often pays a respect to

these appearances which they do not deserve, they rather attract admiration than love, and inspire us rather with awe than confidence. There is a countenance of a contrary kind, which hath been called a letter of recommendation, which throws our arms open to receive the poison, divests us of all kind of apprehension, and disarms us of all caution: I mean that glavering sneering smile of which the greater part of mankind are extremely fond, conceiving it to be the sign of good-nature; whereas this is generally a compound of malice and fraud, and as surely indicates a bad heart as a galloping pulse doth a fever.

Men are chiefly betrayed into this deceit by a gross but common mistake of good-humour for good-nature. Two qualities so far from bearing any resemblance to each other, that they are almost opposites. Good-nature is that benevolent and amiable temper of mind which disposes us to feel the misfortunes and enjoy the happiness of others; and consequently pushes us on to promote the latter and prevent the former; and that without any abstract contemplation on the beauty of virtue, and without the allurements or terrors of religion. Now, good-humour is nothing more than the triumph of the mind, when reflecting on its own happiness, and that, perhaps, from having compared it with the inferior happiness of others.

If this be allowed, I believe we may admit that glavering smile, whose principal ingredient is malice, to be the symptom of good-humour. And here give me leave to define this word malice, as I doubt whether it be not in common speech so often confounded with envy, that common readers may not have very distinct ideas between them; but, as envy is a repining at the good of others compared with our own, so malice is a rejoicing at their evil, on the same comparison. And thus it appears to have a very close affinity to the malevolent disposition which I have above described under the word good-humour; for nothing is truer than that observation of Shakspeare—

A man may smile, and smile, and be a villain.

But how alien must this countenance be to that heavenly frame of soul of which Jesus Christ himself was the most perfect pattern; of which blessed person it is recorded that he never was once seen to laugh during his whole abode on earth. And what indeed hath good-nature to do with a smiling countenance? It would be like a purse in the hands of a miser which he could never use. For, admitting that laughing at the vices and follies of mankind is entirely innocent (which is more, perhaps, than we ought to admit), yet surely their miseries and misfortunes are no subjects of mirth; and with these, *Quis non vicus abundat?* the world is so full of them that scarce a day passes without inclining a truly good-natured man rather to tears than merriment.

Mr. Hobbes tells us that laughter arises from pride, which is far from being a good-natured passion. And though I would not severely discountenance all indulgence of it, since laughter, while confined to vice and folly, is no very cruel punishment on the object, and may be attended with good consequences to him, yet we shall, I believe, find, on a careful examination into its motive, that it is not produced from good-nature. But this is one of the first efforts of the mind, which few attend to, or, indeed, are capable of discovering; and, however self-love may make us pleased with seeing a blemish in another which we are ourselves free from, yet compassion, on the first reflection of any unhappiness in the object, immediately puts a

stop to it in good minds. For instance; suppose a person well dressed should tumble in a dirty place in the street; I am afraid there are few who would not laugh at the accident. Now, what is this laughter other than a convulsive extasy, occasioned by the contemplation of our own happiness compared with the unfortunate person's? a pleasure which seems to savour of ill-nature; but, as this is one of those first, and as it were spontaneous motions of the soul, which few, as I have said, attend to, and none can prevent, so it doth not properly constitute the character. When we come to reflect on the uneasiness the person suffers, laughter, in a good and delicate mind, will begin to change itself into compassion; and in proportion as this latter operates on us we may be said to have more or less good-nature; but should any fatal consequence, such as a violent bruise or the breaking of a bone, attend the fall, the man who should still continue to laugh would be entitled to the basest and vilest appellation with which any language can stigmatise him.

From what hath been said I think we may conclude that a constant, settled, glavering, sneering smile in the countenance, is so far from indicating goodness, that it may be with much confidence depended on as an assurance of the contrary.

But I would not be understood here to speak with the least regard to that amiable, open, composed, cheerful aspect, which is the result of a good conscience, and the emanation of a good heart; of both which it is an infallible symptom, and may be the more depended on as it cannot, I believe, be counterfeited, with any reasonable resemblance, by the nicest power of art.

Neither have I any eye towards that honest, hearty, loud chuckle which shakes the sides of aldermen and squires without the least provocation of a jest, proceeding chiefly from a full belly; and is a symptom (however strange it may seem) of a very gentle and inoffensive quality called dulness, than which nothing is more risible; for, as Mr. Pope, with exquisite pleasantry, says,—

—Gentle Dulness ever loves a joke;

i.e. one of her own jokes. These are sometimes performed by the foot, as by leaping over heads, or chairs, or tables, kicks in the b—ch, &c.; sometimes by the hand, as by slaps in the face, pulling off wigs, and infinite other dexterities too tedious to particularise; sometimes by the voice, as by hollaing, huzzaing, and singing merry (*i.e.* dull) catches, by merry (*i.e.* dull) fellows.

Lastly, I do by no means hint at the various laughs, titters, tehes, &c., of the fair sex, with whom, indeed, this essay hath not anything to do; the knowledge of the characters of women being foreign to my intended purpose, as it is in fact a science to which I make not the least pretension.

The smile or sneer which composes the countenance I have above endeavoured to describe is extremely different from all these; but as I have already dwelt pretty long on it, and as my reader will not, I apprehend, be liable to mistake it, I shall wind up my caution to him against this symptom in part of a line of Horace:

—Hic niger est; hunc tu caveto.

There is one countenance which is the plainest instance of the general misunderstanding of that adage, *fronti nulla fides*. This is a fierce aspect, which hath the same right to signify courage as gravity to denote wisdom, or a smile good-nature; whereas experience teaches us the contrary, and it passes among most men for the symptom only of a bully.

But I am aware that I shall be reminded of an

assertion which I set out with in the beginning of this essay, viz. "That Nature gives us as sure symptoms of the diseases of the mind as she doth of those of the body." To which what I have now advanced may seem a contradiction. The truth is, Nature doth really imprint sufficient marks in the countenance to inform an accurate and discerning eye; but, as such is the property of few, the generality of mankind mistake the affectation for the reality; for, as Affectation always overacts her part, it fares with her as with a farcical actor on the stage, whose monstrous overdone grimaces are sure to catch the applause of an insensible audience, while the truest and finest strokes of Nature, represented by a judicious and just actor, pass unobserved and disregarded. In the same manner the true symptoms, being finer and less glaring, make no impression on our physiognomist; while the grosser appearances of affectation are sure to attract his eye and deceive his judgment. Thus that sprightly and penetrating look which is almost a certain token of understanding, that cheerful composed serenity which always indicates good-nature, and that fiery cast of the eyes which is never unaccompanied with courage, are often overlooked; while a formal, stately, austere gravity, a glowering fawning smile, and a strong contraction of the muscles, pass generally on the world for the virtues they only endeavour to affect.

But as these rules are, I believe, none of them without some exceptions; as they are of no use but to an observer of much penetration; lastly, as a more subtle hypocrisy will sometimes escape undiscovered from the highest discernment; let us see if we have not a more infallible guide to direct us to the knowledge of men, one more easily to be attained, and on the efficacy of which we may with the greatest certainty rely.

And surely the actions of men seem to be the justest interpreters of their thoughts, and the truest standards by which we may judge them. By their fruits you shall know them is a saying of great wisdom as well as authority. And indeed this is so certain a method of acquiring the knowledge I contend for, that at first appearance it seems absolutely perfect and to want no manner of assistance.

There are, however, two causes of our mistakes on this head, and which lead us into forming very erroneous judgments of men, even while their actions stare us in the face, and, as it were, hold a candle to us, by which we may see into them.

The first of these is, when we take their own words against their actions. This (if I may borrow another illustration from physic) is no less ridiculous than it would be of a learned professor of that art, when he perceives his light-headed patient is in the utmost danger, to take his word that he is well. This error is infinitely more common than its extreme absurdity would persuade us was possible. And many a credulous person hath been ruined by trusting to the assertions of another who must have preserved himself had he placed a wiser confidence in his actions.

The second is an error still more general. This is when we take the colour of a man's actions, not from their own visible tendency, but from his public character; when we believe what others say of him in opposition to what we see him do. How often do we suffer ourselves to be deceived out of the credit of a fact or out of a just opinion of its heinousness by the reputed dignity or honesty of the person who did it! How common are such ejaculations as these: "O! it is impossible he should be guilty of any such thing; he must have done it by

mistake; he could not design it. I will never believe any ill of him. So good a man!" &c.: when, in reality, the mistake lies only in his character. Nor is there any more simple, unjust, and insufficient method of judging mankind than by public estimation, which is oftener acquired by deceit, partiality, prejudice, and such like, than by real desert. I will venture to affirm that I have known some of the best sort of men in the world (to use the vulgar phrase) who would not have scrupled cutting a friend's throat; and a fellow whom no man should be seen to speak to capable of the highest acts of friendship and benevolence.

Now it will be necessary to divest ourselves of both those errors before we can reasonably hope to attain any adequate knowledge of the true characters of men. Actions are their own best expositors; and though crimes may admit of alleviating circumstances, which may properly induce a judge to mitigate the punishment, from the motive for instance, as necessity may lessen the crime of robbery when compared to wantonness or vanity, or from some circumstance attending the fact itself, as robbing a stranger or an enemy, compared with committing it on a friend or benefactor; yet the crime is still robbery, and the person who commits it is a robber, though he should pretend to have done it with a good design, or the world should concur in calling him an honest man.

But I am aware of another objection which may be made to my doctrine, viz., admitting that the actions of men are the surest evidence of their character, that this knowledge comes too late, that it is to caution us against a highwayman after he hath plundered us, or against an incendiary after he hath fired our house.

To which I answer that it is not against force, but deceit, which I am here seeking for armour—against those who can injure us only by obtaining our good opinion. If, therefore, I can instruct my reader from what sort of persons he is to withhold this opinion, and inform him of all, or at least the principal arts, by which deceit proceeds to ingratiate itself with us, by which he will be effectually enabled to defeat his purpose, I shall have sufficiently satisfied the design of this essay.

And here, the first caution I shall give him is against flattery, which I am convinced no one uses without some design on the person flattered. I remember to have heard of a certain nobleman, who, though he was an immoderate lover of receiving flattery himself, was so far from being guilty of this vice to others, that he was remarkably free in telling men their faults. A friend, who had his intimacy, one day told him he wondered that he who loved flattery better than any man living did not return a little of it himself, which he might be sure would bring him back such a plentiful interest. To which he answered, though he admitted the justness of the observation, he could never think of giving away what he was so extremely covetous of. Indeed, whoever knows anything of the nature of men, how greedy they are of praise, and how backward in bestowing it on others; that it is a debt seldom paid, even to the greatest merit, till we are compelled to it, may reasonably conclude that this profusion—this voluntary throwing it away on those who do not deserve it, proceeds, as Martial says of a beggar's present, from some other motive than generosity or good-will.

But indeed there are few whose vanity is so foul a feeder to digest flattery, if undisguised; it must impose on us in order to allure us; before we can relish it we must call it by some other name—such

as a just esteem of, and respect for, our real worth; a debt due to our merit, and not a present to our pride.

Suppose it should be really so, and we should have all these great or good qualities which are extolled in us; yet, considering, as I have said above, with what reluctance such debts are paid, we may justly suspect some design in the person who so readily and forwardly offers it to us. It is well observed that we do not attend without uneasiness to praises in which we have no concern—much less shall be eager to utter and exaggerate the praise of another without some expectations from it.

A flatterer, therefore, is a just object of our distrust, and will, by prudent men, be avoided.

Next to the flatterer is the professor, who carries his affection to you still farther, and on a slight, or no acquaintance, embraces, hugs, kisses, and vows the greatest esteem for your person, parts, and virtues. To know whether this friend is sincere, you have only to examine into the nature of friendship, which is always founded either on esteem or gratitude, or perhaps on both. Now, esteem, admitting every requisite for its formation present (and these are not a few), is of very slow growth; it is an involuntary affection, rather apt to give us pain than pleasure, and therefore meets with no encouragement in our minds, which it creeps into by small and almost imperceptible degrees; and, perhaps, when it hath got an absolute possession of us, may require some other ingredient to engage our friendship to its own object. It appears, then, pretty plain that this mushroom passion here mentioned owes not its original to esteem. Whether it can possibly flow from gratitude, which may, indeed, produce it more immediately, you will more easily judge; for though there are some minds whom no benefits can inspire with gratitude, there are more, I believe, who conceive this affection without even a supposed obligation. If, therefore, you can assure yourself it is impossible he should imagine himself obliged to you, you may be satisfied that gratitude is not the motive to his friendship. Seeing, then, that you can derive it from neither of these fountains, you may well be justified in suspecting its falsehood: and, if so, you will act as wisely in receiving it into your heart as he doth who knowingly lodges a viper in his bosom or a thief in his house. "Forgive the acts of your enemies" hath been thought the highest maxim of morality. "Fear the professions of your friends" is perhaps the wisest.

The third character against which an open heart should be alarmed, is a promiser—one who rises another step in friendship. The man who is wantonly profuse of his promises ought to sink his credit as much as a tradesman would by uttering a great number of promissory notes payable at a distant day. The truest conclusion in both cases is, that neither intend, nor will be able, to pay. And as the latter most probably intends to cheat you of your money, so the former, at least, designs to cheat you of your thanks; and it is well for you if he hath no deeper purpose, and that vanity is the only evil passion to which he destines you a sacrifice.

I would not be here understood to point at the promises of political great men, which they are supposed to lie under a necessity of giving in great abundance; and the value of them is so well known that few are to be imposed on by them. The professor I here mean is he who on all occasions is ready, of his own head and unasked, to promise favours. This is such another instance of generosity as his who relieves his friend in distress by a draught on Aldgate pump.* Of these there are several

* A mercantile phrase for a bad note.

kinds—some who promise what they never intend to perform; others who promise what they are not sure they can perform; and others again who promise so many, that, like debtors, being not able to pay all their debts, they afterwards pay none.

The man who is inquisitive into the secrets of your affairs, with which he hath no concern, is another object of your caution. Men no more desire another's secrets to conceal them than they would another's purse for the pleasure only of carrying it.

Nor is a slanderer less wisely to be avoided, unless you choose to feast on your neighbour's faults, at the price of being served up yourself at the tables of others; for persons of this stamp are generally impartial in their abuse. Indeed, it is not always possible totally to escape them; for being barely known to them is a sure title to their calumny; but the more they are admitted to your acquaintance the more you will be abused by them.

I fear the next character I shall mention may give offence to the grave part of mankind, for whose wisdom and honesty I have an equal respect; but I must, however, venture to caution my open-hearted reader against a saint. No honest and sensible man will understand me here as attempting to declaim against sanctity of morals. The sanctity I mean is that which flows from the lips and shines in the countenance. It may be said, perhaps, that real sanctity may wear these appearances; and how shall we then distinguish, with any certainty, the true from the fictitious? I answer that, if we admit this to be possible, yet, as it is likewise possible that it may be only counterfeit, and as in fact it is so ninety-nine times in a hundred, it is better that one real saint should suffer a little unjust suspicion than that ninety-nine villains should impose on the world, and be enabled to perpetrate their villanies under this mask.

But, to say the truth, a sour, morose, ill-natured, censorious sanctity, never is nor can be sincere. Is a readiness to despise, to hate, and to condemn, the temper of a christian? Can he who passes sentence on the souls of men with more delight and triumph than the devil can execute it have the impudence to pretend himself to be a disciple of one who died for the sins of mankind? Is not such a sanctity the true mark of that hypocrisy, which in many places of scripture, and particularly in the twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew, is so bitterly inveighed against?

As this is a most detestable character in society, and as its malignity is more particularly bent against the best and worthiest men, the sincere and open-hearted, whom it persecutes with inveterate envy and hatred, I shall take some pains in the ripping it up, and exposing the horrors of its inside, that we may all shun it; and at the same time will endeavour so plainly to describe its outside, that we shall hardly be liable, by any mistake, to fall into its snares.

With regard then to the inside (if I am allowed that expression) of this character, the scripture writers have employed uncommon labour in dissecting it. Let us hear our Saviour himself, in the chapter above cited. "It devours widows' houses; it makes its proselytes twofold more the children of hell; it omits the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith; it strains off * a gnat and swal-

* So is the Greek, which the translators have mistaken: they render it, strain at a gnat, *i. e.* struggle in swallowing; whereas, in reality, the Greek word is, to strain through a cullender; and the idea is, that though they pretend their consciences are so fine that a gnat is with difficulty strained through them, yet they can, if they please, open them wide enough to admit a camel.

lows a camel; it is full of extortion and excess." St. Paul, in his First Epistle to Timothy, says of them, "That they speak lies, and their conscience is seared with a red-hot iron." And in many parts of the Old Testament, as in Job, "Let the hypocrite reign not, lest the people be ensnared;" and Solomon in his Proverbs, "An hypocrite with his mouth destroyeth his neighbour."

In these several texts most of the enormities of this character are described; but there is one which deserves a fuller comment, as pointing at its very essence—I mean the thirteenth verse of the twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew, where Jesus addresses himself thus to the Pharisees: "Hypocrites; for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men; for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in."

This is an admirable picture of sanctified hypocrisy, which will neither do good itself nor suffer others to do it. But, if we understand the text figuratively, we may apply it to that censorious quality of this vice which, as it will do nothing honestly to deserve reputation, so is it ever industrious to deprive others of the praises due to their virtues. It confines all merit to those external forms which are fully particularised in scripture; of these it is itself a rigid observer; hence, it must derive all honour and reward in this world, nay and even in the next, if it can impose on itself so far as to imagine itself capable of cheating the Almighty and obtaining any reward there.

Now a galley-slave, of an envious disposition, doth not behold a man free from chains, and at his ease, with more envy than persons in these fetters of sanctity view the rest of mankind, especially such as they behold without them entering into the kingdom of heaven. These are, indeed, the objects of their highest animosity, and are always the surest marks of their detraction. Persons of more goodness than knowledge of mankind, when they are calumniated by these saints, are, I believe, apt to impute the calumny to an ignorance of their real character, and imagine, if they could better inform the said saints of their innate worth, they should be better treated by them; but, alas! this is a total mistake: the more good a sanctified hypocrite knows of an open and an honest man, the more he envies and hates him, and the more ready he is to seize or invent an opportunity of detracting from his real merit.

But envy is not their only motive of hatred to good men; they are eternally jealous of being seen through, and consequently exposed, by them. A hypocrite in society lives in the same apprehension with a thief who lies concealed in the midst of the family he is to rob; for this fancies himself perceived when he is least so; every motion alarms him; he fears he is discovered, and is suspicious that every one who enters the room knows where he is hid, and is coming to seize him. And thus, as nothing hates more violently than fear, many an innocent person, who suspects no evil intended him, is detested by him who intends it.

Now, in destroying the reputation of a virtuous and good man, the hypocrite imagines he hath disarmed his enemy of all weapons to hurt him; and therefore this sanctified hypocrisy is not more industrious to conceal its own vices than to obscure and contaminate the virtues of others. As the business of such a man's life is to procure praise by acquiring and maintaining an undeserved character; so is his utmost care employed to deprive those who have an honest claim to the character himself affects only, of all emoluments which would otherwise arise to them from it.

The prophet Isaiah speaks of these people where he says, "Woe unto them who call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness," &c. In his sermon on which text the witty Dr. South hath these words:—"Detraction is that killing poisonous arrow, drawn out of the devil's quiver, which is always flying about and doing execution in the dark, against which *no virtue is a defence, no innocence a security*. It is a weapon forged in hell, and formed by that prime artificer and engineer, the devil; and none but that great God who knows all things, and can do all things, can protect the best of men against it."

To these, likewise, Martial alludes in the following lines:—

Ut bene loquatur sentiatque Mamercus,
Efficere nullis, Aule, moribus possis.

I have been somewhat diffusive in the censorious branch of this character, as it is a very pernicious one, and (according to what I have observed) little known and attended to. I shall not describe all its other qualities. Indeed there is no species of mischief which it doth not produce. For, not to mention the private villanies it daily transacts, most of the great evils which have affected society, wars, murders and massacres, have owed their original to this abominable vice; which is the destroyer of the innocent, and protector of the guilty; which hath introduced all manner of evil into the world, and hath almost expelled every grain of good out of it. Doth it not attempt to cheat men into the pursuit of sorrow and misery under the appearance of virtue, and to frighten them from mirth and pleasure under the colour of vice, or, if you please, sin? Doth it not attempt to gild over that poisonous potion made up of malevolence, austerity, and such cursed ingredients, while it embitters the delightful draught of innocent pleasure with the nauseous relish of fear and shame?

No wonder then that this malignant cursed disposition, which is the disgrace of human nature and the bane of society, should be spoken against with such remarkable bitterness, by the benevolent Author of our religion, particularly in the thirty-third verse of the above-cited chapter of St. Matthew: "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?"

Having now despatched the inside of this character, and, as I apprehend, said enough to make any one avoid, I am sure sufficient to make a Christian detest it, nothing remains but to examine the outside in order to furnish honest men with sufficient rules to discover it. And in this we shall have the same divine guide whom we have in the former part followed.

First, then, Beware of that sanctified appearance, "that whited sepulchre, which looks beautiful outward, and is within full of all uncleanness. Those who make clean the outside of the platter, but within are full of extortion and excess."

Secondly, Look well to those "who bind heavy burdens, and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers."

"These heavy burdens," says Burket, "were counsels and directions, rules and canons, austerities and severities, which the Pharisees introduced and imposed upon their hearers." This requires no farther comment; for, as I have before said, these hypocrites place all virtue and all religion in the observation of those austerities and severities, without which the truest and purest goodness will never receive their commendation; but how different this doctrine is from the temper of Christianity may be

gathered by that total of all Christian morality with which Jesus sums up the excellent precepts delivered in his divine sermon: "*Therefore, do unto all men as ye would they should do unto you: for this is the law and the prophets.*"

Thirdly, Beware of all ostentation of virtue, goodness, or piety. By this ostentation I mean that of the countenance and the mouth, or of some external forms. And this I apprehend is the meaning of Jesus where he says, "They do their works to be seen of men," as appears by the context: "They make broad their phylacteries, and enlarge the borders of their garments." These phylacteries were certain scrolls of parchment, whereon were written the ten commandments, and particular parts of the Mosaic law, which they ostentatiously wore on their garments, thinking by that ceremony to fulfil the precept delivered to them in a verse of Deuteronomy, though they neglected to fulfil the laws they wore thus about them.

Another instance of their ostentation was,— "making long prayers," *i. e.*, says Burket, "making long prayers (or, perhaps, pretending to make them) in the temples and synagogues for widows, and thereupon persuading them to give bountifully to the corban, or the common treasure of the temple, some part of which was employed for their maintenance. Learn, 1. It is no *new* thing for designing hypocrites to cover the foulest transgression with the cloak of religion. The Pharisees make long prayers a cover for their covetousness. 2. That to make use of religion in policy for worldly advantage sake is the way to be damned with a vengeance for religion's sake."

Again, says Jesus—"in paying tithe of mint and anise and cummin, while they omit the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith." By which we are not to understand (nor would I be understood so to mean) any inhibition of paying the priest his dues; but, as my commentator observes, "an ostentation of a precise keeping the law in smaller matters, and neglecting weightier duties. They paid tithe of mint, anise, and cummin (*i. e.* of the minutest and most worthless things), but at the same time omitted judgment, mercy, and faith; that is, just dealing among men, charity towards the poor, and faithfulness in their promises and covenants one with another. This, says our Saviour, is to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel; a proverbial expression, intimating that some persons pretend great niceness and scrupulosity about small matters, and none, or but little, about duties of the greatest moment. Hence, note, that hypocrites lay the greatest stress upon the least matters in religion, and place holiness most in these things where God places it least." Ye tithe mint, &c., but neglect the weightier matters of the law. "This is indeed the bane of all religion and true piety, to prefer rituals and human institutions before divine commands and the practice of natural religion. *Thus to do is a certain sign of gross hypocrisy.*"

Nothing can in fact be more foreign to the nature of virtue than ostentation. It is truly said of Virtue, that could men behold her naked they would be all in love with her. Here it is implied that this is a sight very rare or difficult to come at; and, indeed, there is always a modest backwardness in true virtue to expose her naked beauty. She is conscious of her innate worth, and little desirous of exposing it to the public view. It is the harlot Vice who constantly endeavours to set off the charms she counterfeits in order to attract men's applause, and to work her sinister ends by gaining their admiration and their confidence.

I shall mention but one symptom more of this hypocrisy, and this is a readiness to censure the faults of others. "Judge not," says Jesus, "lest you be judged." And, again: "Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?" On which the above-mentioned commentator rightly observes, "That those who are most censorious of the lesser infirmities of others are usually most notoriously guilty of far greater failings themselves." This sanctified slander is of all the most severe, bitter, and cruel; and is so easily distinguished from that which is either the effect of anger or wantonness, and which I have mentioned before, that I shall dwell no longer upon it.

And here I shall dismiss my character of a sanctified hypocrite with the honest wish which Shakespeare hath launched forth against an execrable villain:—

—That Heaven would put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world.

I have now, I think, enumerated the principal methods by which deceit works its ends on easy, credulous, and open dispositions; and have endeavoured to point out the symptoms by which they may be discovered; but while men are blinded by vanity and self-love, and while artful hypocrisy knows how to adapt itself to their blind sides and to humour their passions, it will be difficult for honest and undesigning men to escape the snares of cunning and imposition; I shall therefore recommend one more certain rule, and which, I believe, if duly attended to, would in a great measure extirpate all fallacy out of the world; or must at least so effectually disappoint its purposes that it would soon be worth no man's while to assume it, and the character of knave and fool would be more apparently (what they are at present in reality) allied or united.

This method is carefully to observe the actions of men with others, and especially with those to whom they are allied in blood, marriage, friendship, profession, neighbourhood, or any other connexion; nor can you want an opportunity of doing this; for none but the weakest of men would rashly and madly place a confidence which may very materially affect him in any one on a slight or no acquaintance.

Trace then the man proposed to your trust into his private family and nearest intimacies. See whether he hath acted the part of a good son, brother, husband, father, friend, master, servant, &c. If he hath discharged these duties well your confidence will have a good foundation; but if he hath behaved himself in these offices with tyranny, with cruelty, with infidelity, with inconstancy, you may be assured he will take the first opportunity his interest points out to him of exercising the same ill talents at your expense.

I have often thought mankind would be little liable to deceit (at least much less than they are) if they would believe their own eyes, and judge of men by what they actually see them perform towards those with whom they are most closely connected; whereas, how common is it to persuade ourselves that the undutiful, ungrateful son, the unkind or barbarous brother, or the man who is void of all tenderness, honour, or even humanity, to his wife or children, shall nevertheless become a sincere and faithful friend! but how monstrous a belief is it, that the person whom we find incapable of discharging the nearest duties of relation, whom no ties of blood or affinity can bind; nay, who is even deficient in that goodness which instinct infuses into the brute creation; that such a person should have

a sufficient stock of virtue to supply the arduous character of honour and honesty! This is a credulity so absurd that it admits of no aggravation.

Nothing indeed can be more unjustifiable to our prudence than an opinion that the man whom we see act the part of a villain to others should, on some minute change of person, time, place, or other circumstance, behave like an honest and just man to ourselves. I shall not here dispute the doctrine of repentance, any more than its tendency to the good of society; but as the actions of men are the best index to their thoughts, as they do, if well attended to and understood, with the utmost certainty demonstrate the character; and as we are not so certain of the sincerity of the repentance; I think we may with justice suspect, at least so far as to deny him our confidence, that a man whom we once knew to be a villain remains a villain still.

And now let us see whether these observations, extended a little farther, and taken into public life, may not help us to account for some phenomena which have lately appeared in this hemisphere: for as a man's good behaviour to those with whom he hath the nearest and closest connexion is the best assurance to which a stranger can trust for his honest conduct in any engagement he shall enter into with him, so is a worthy discharge of the social offices of a private station the strongest security which a man can give of an upright demeanour in any public trust, if his country shall repose it in him; and we may be well satisfied that the most popular speeches and most plausible pretences of one of a different character are only gilded snares to delude us, and to sacrifice us, in some manner or other, to his own sinister purposes. It is well said in one of Mr. Pope's letters, "How shall a man love five millions who could never love a single person?" If a man hath more love than what centres in himself it will certainly light on his children, his relations, friends, and nearest acquaintance. If he extends it farther, what is it less than general philanthropy, or love to mankind? Now, as a good man loves his friend better than common acquaintance, so philanthropy will operate stronger towards his own country than any other; but no man can have this general philanthropy who hath not private affection, any more than he who hath not strength sufficient to lift ten pounds can at the same time be able to throw a hundredweight over his head. Therefore the bad son, husband, father, brother, friend—in a word, the bad man in private—can never be a sincere patriot.

In Rome and Sparta I agree it was otherwise; for there patriotism, by education, became a part of the character. Their children were nursed in patriotism; it was taught them at an age when religion in all countries is first inculcated; and, as we see men of all religions ready to lay down their lives for the doctrines of it (which they often do not know, and seldom have considered), so were these Spartans and Romans ready with as implicit faith to die for their country; though the private morals of the former were depraved, and the latter were the public robbers of mankind.

Upon what foundation their patriotism then stood seems pretty apparent, and perhaps there can be no surer. For, I apprehend, if twenty boys were taught from their infancy to believe that the Royal Exchange was the kingdom of heaven, and consequently inspired with a suitable awe for it; and, lastly, instructed that it was great, glorious, and godlike to defend it, nineteen of them would afterwards cheerfully sacrifice their lives to its defence; at least, it is impossible that any of them would agree, for a paltry reward, to set it on fire; not even though they were rogues and highwaymen in their disposition. But if you were admitted to choose twenty of such dispositions at the age of manhood, who had never learned anything of its holiness, contracted any such awe, nor imbibed any such duty, I believe it would be difficult to bring them to venture their lives in its cause; nor should I doubt, could I persuade them of the security of the fact, of bribing them to apply the firebrand to any part of the building I pleased.

But a worthy citizen of London, without borrowing any such superstition from education, would scarce be tempted, by any reward, to deprive the city of so great an ornament, and what is so useful and necessary to its trade; at the same time to endanger the ruin of thousands, and perhaps the destruction of the whole.

The application seems pretty easy, that, as there is no such passion in human nature as patriotism, considered abstractedly and by itself, it must be introduced by art, and that, while the mind of man is yet soft and ductile, and the unformed character susceptible of any arbitrary impression you please to make on it; or, secondly, it must be founded on philanthropy or universal benevolence; a passion which really exists in some natures, and which is necessarily attended with the excellent quality above mentioned; for, as it seems granted that the man cannot love a million who never could love a single person, so will it, I apprehend, appear as certain, that he who could not be induced to cheat or to destroy a single man will never be prevailed on to cheat or to destroy many millions.

Thus I have endeavoured to show the several methods by which we can purpose to get any insight into the characters of those with whom we converse, and by which we may frustrate all the cunning and designs of hypocrisy. These methods I have shown to be threefold, viz., by the marks which nature hath imprinted on the countenance, by their behaviour to ourselves, and by their behaviour to others. On the first of these I have not much insisted, as liable to some uncertainty; and as the latter seem abundantly sufficient to secure us, with proper caution, against the subtle devices of hypocrisy, though she be the most cunning as well as malicious of all the vices which have ever corrupted the nature of man.

But, however useless this treatise may be to instruct, I hope it will be at least effectual to alarm my reader; and sure no honest undesigning man can ever be too much on his guard against the hypocrite, or too industrious to expose and expel him out of society.

PHILOSOPHICAL TRANSACTIONS

FOR THE YEAR 1742-3.

CONTENTS.—Several Papers relating to the Terrestrial CHRYSIPUS, GOLDEN-FOOT, or GUINEA, an insect, or vegetable, which has this surprising Property, that being cut into several pieces, each piece lives, and in a short time becomes as perfect an insect or vegetable as that of which it was originally only a part.

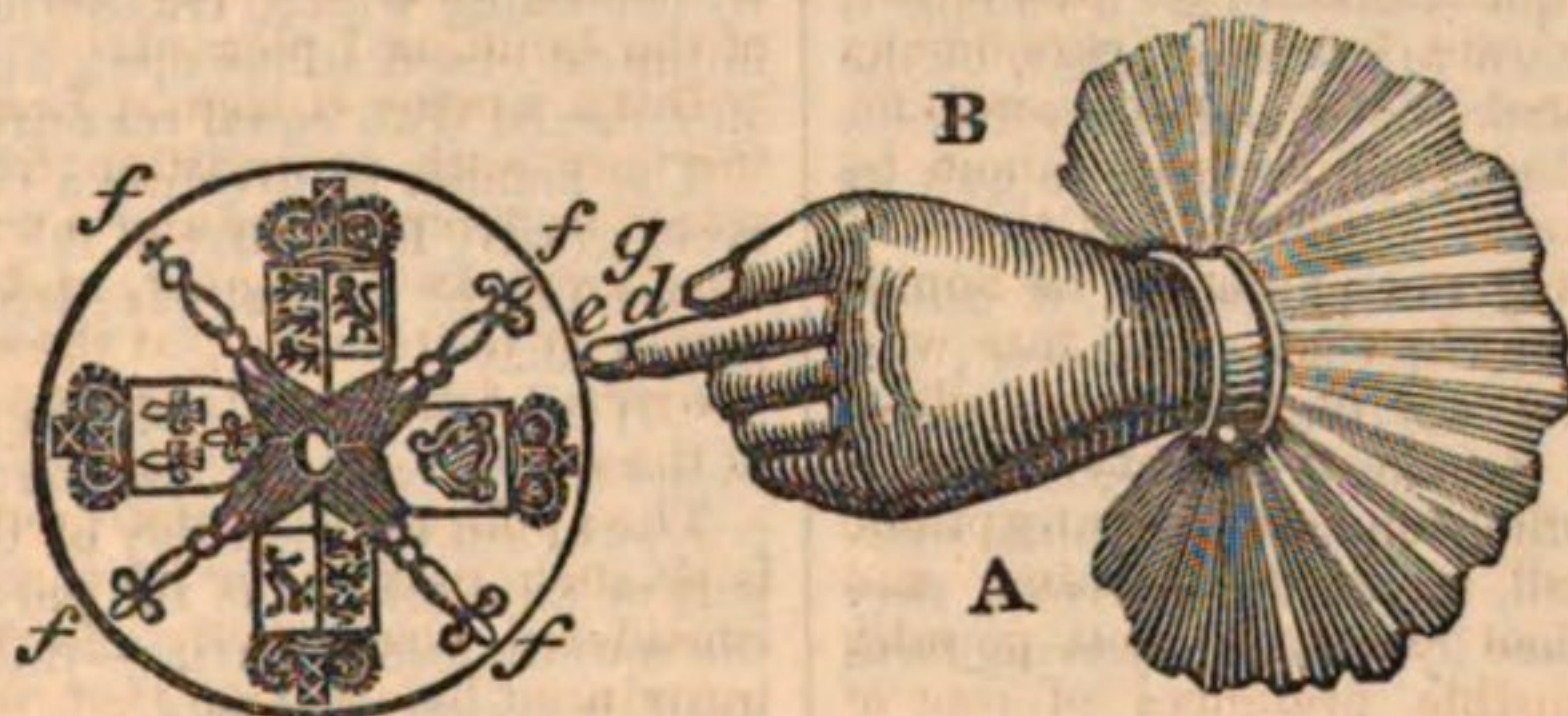
Abstract of part of a letter from the Heer Rottenschach in Germany, communicating Observations on the CHRYSIPUS.

SIR,—Some time since died here of old age, one Petrus Gualterus, a man well known in the learned world, and famous for

nothing so much as for an extraordinary collection which he had made of the Chrysipti, an animal or vegetable, of which I doubt not but there are still some to be found in England: however, if that should be difficult, it may be easy to send some over to you, as they are at present very plentiful in these parts. I can answer for the truth of the facts contained in the paper I send you, as there is not one of them but what I have seen repeated above twenty times; and I wish others may be encouraged to try the experiments over again, and satisfy themselves of the truth by their own eyes. The accounts of the Chrysipti, as well as the collection itself, were found in the cabinet of the abovementioned Petrus, after his death; for he could never be prevailed on to communicate a sight of either while alive.

I am, Sir, &c.

THE FIGURE OF THE TERRESTRIAL CHRYSIPUS STICKING TO A FINGER.



Observations and Experiments upon the TERRESTRIAL CHRYSIPUS, or GUINEA, by Mynheer Petrus Gualterus.

Translated from the FRENCH by P. H. I. Z. C. G. S.

THE animal in question is a terrestrial vegetable or insect of which mention is made in the *Philosophical Transactions* for several years, as may be seen in No. 000, Art. 0000, and No. 00, Art. 002, and No.—, Art. 18.

This animal or vegetable is of a rotund, orbicular, or round form, as represented in the figure annexed; in which A denotes the ruffle; B, the hand; g, the thumb of that hand; d, the finger; e, the part of that finger to which the CHRYSIPUS sticks; f, f, f, f, four tubes, representing the Πίπς,* or man's staff, mentioned by Galen in his treatise *de Usu Partium*, and by Aristotle in that little book called his *Ἀρχιβαλλίων*, or *Masterpiece*. The το θηλυκον, or woman's pipe, an oblong perforated substance, to which the said Πίπς directly tend, is represented by the letter C. The mouth of the chrysipus is in this anterior middle, it opens into the stomach, which takes up the whole length of the body. The whole body forms but one pipe, a sort of gut, which can be opened but at one end, i. e. at letter C.

The size of the body of a chrysipus varies according to its different species.

I know two species only, differing in extent almost one-half; which, for distinction sake, I call the whole *Chrysipus* and the *hemi-Chrysipus*. The latter of these is by no means so valuable as the former. The length of the Πίπς differ likewise in proportion to the different size or extension of these two.

The Πίπς of those of a modern growth are so imperfect and invisible to the naked eye that it is much to be feared the species will soon be entirely lost among us; and, indeed, in England they are observed of late to be much rarer than formerly,

especially in the country, where at present there are very few of them to be found; but at the same time it is remarked that in some places of the continent, particularly in a certain part of Germany, they are much plentier; being to be found in great numbers where formerly there were scarce any to be met with.

I have not, after the minutest observation, been able to settle, with any degree of certainty, whether this be really an animal or vegetable, or whether it be not strictly neither, or rather both. For as I have, by the help of my microscope, discovered some of its parts to resemble those of a lion, I have at other times taken notice of something not unlike the *flower-de-luce*, not to repeat those parts above mentioned which bear great analogy to the αἰδοια of the human body. On their extremities (if they are not very old) may be seen certain letters forming the names of several of our kings; whence I have been almost inclined to conclude that these are the flowers mentioned by Virgil, and which appear to have been so extremely scarce in his time:—

Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina regum
Nascuntur flores.

Particularly as he adds,

— Et Phyllida solus habeto.

Of which we shall take notice hereafter, when we come to speak of its properties. What hath principally dissuaded me from an opinion of its being an animal is, that I could never observe any symptoms of voluntary motion; but indeed the same may be said of an oyster, which I think is not yet settled by the learned to be absolutely a vegetable.

But though it hath not, or seems not to have, any progressive motion of its own, yet is it very easy to communicate a motion to it. Indeed, some persons have made them fly all over the town with great velocity.

What is said of the polypus, in a late excellent paper communicated to the Royal Society, is likewise applicable to the chrysipus:—

“They make use of their progressive motion,

* See *Philos. Transact.* concerning the *arbor vitæ*, anno 1732.

when communicated to them, to place themselves conveniently, so as to catch their prey. They are voracious animals; their $\Pi\epsilon\tilde{\eta}$ are so many snares which they set for numbers of small insects. As soon as any of them touches one of the $\Pi\epsilon\tilde{\eta}$ it is caught."

But then it differs from the polypus in the consequence; for, instead of making the insect its prey, it becomes itself a prey to it; and, instead of conveying an insect twice as large as its own mouth into it, in imitation of the polypus, the poor chrysipus is itself conveyed into the loculus or pouch of an insect a thousand times as large as itself. Notwithstanding which, this wretched animal (for so I think we may be allowed to call it) is so eager after its prey, that if the insect (which seldom happens) makes any resistance, it summons other chrysipi to its aid, which in the end hardly every fail of subduing it and getting into its pouch.

The learned Gualterus goes on in these words:—"A chrysipus, by the simple contact of my own finger, has so closely attached itself to my hand, that, by the joint and indefatigable labour of several of my friends, it could by no means be severed, or made to quit its hold."

As to the generation of the chrysipus, it differs from all other animals or vegetables whatever; for, though it seems the best supplied for this natural function, nature having provided each female part with four male ones, which one would think sufficient, yet it may be said, as of the polypus, they have no distinguished place by which they bring forth their young.

Gualterus judiciously remarks: "I have," says he, "some of them that have greatly multiplied under my eyes, and of which I might almost say that they have produced young ones from all the exterior parts of their body."

"I have learned, by a continual attention to the two species of them, that all the individuals of these species produce young ones."

"I have for sixty years had under my eye thousands of them; and though I have OBSERVED THEM CONSTANTLY, and with ATTENTION, so as to watch them night and day, I never observed anything like the common animal copulation."

"I tried at first two of them; but these I found would not produce a complete chrysipus; at least I had reason to think the operation would be so slow that I must have waited some years for its completion. Upon this I tried a hundred of them together; by whose marvellous union (whether it be that they mix total, like those heavenly spirits mentioned by Milton, or by any other process not yet revealed to human wit) they were found in the year's end to produce three, four, and sometimes five complete chrysipi. I have indeed often made them in that space produce ten or twenty; but this hath been by some held a dangerous experiment, not only to the parent chrysipi themselves, which have by these means been utterly lost and destroyed, but even to the philosopher who hath attempted it; for, as some curious persons have, by hermetic experiments, endangered the loss of their teeth, so we, by a too intense application to this chrysipean philosophy, have been sometimes found to endanger our ears." He then proceeds thus:—

"Another fact which I have observed has proved to me that they have the faculty of multiplying before they are severed from their parent. I have seen a chrysipus, still adhering, bring forth young ones; and those young ones themselves have also brought forth others. Upon supposition that perhaps there was some copulation between the parent and young ones, whilst they were yet united, or between the

young ones coming from the body of the same parent, I made divers experiments to be sure of the fact; but not one of those experiments ever led me to anything that could give the idea of a copulation."

I now proceed to the singularities resulting from the operation I have tried upon them.

A chrysipus of the larger kind may be divided into one-and-twenty substances (whether animal or vegetable we determine not), every substance being at least as large as the original chrysipus. These may again be subdivided, each of them into twenty-four; and, what is very remarkable, every one of these parts is heavier and rather larger than the first chrysipus. The only difference in this change is that of the colour; for the first sort are yellow, the second white, and the third resemble the complexion and substance of many human faces.

These subdivided parts are by some observed to lose in a great degree their adherescent quality; notwithstanding which, Gualterus writes that, from the minutest observations upon his own experience, they all adhered with equal tenacity to his own fingers.

The manner of dividing a chrysipus differs, however, greatly from that of the polypus; for, whereas we are taught in that excellent treatise above mentioned, that

"If the body of a polypus is cut into two parts transversely, each of those parts becomes a complete polypus: on the very day of the operation, the first part or anterior end of the polypus, that is, the head, the mouth, and the arms—this part, I say, lengthens itself, it creeps, and eats."

"The second part, which has no head, gets one; a mouth forms itself at the anterior end, and shoots forth arms. This reproduction comes about more or less quickly, according as the weather is more or less warm. In summer, I have seen arms begin to sprout out twenty-four hours after the operation, and the new head perfected in every respect in a few days."

"Each of those parts thus becomes a perfect polypus, performs absolutely all its functions. It creeps, it eats, it grows, and it multiplies; and all that, as much as a polypus which never had been cut."

"In whatever place the body of a polypus is cut, whether in the middle or more or less near the head or the posterior part, the experiment has always the same success."

"If a polypus is cut transversely at the same moment into three or four parts, they all equally become so many complete ones."

"The animal is too small to be cut at the same time into a great number of parts; I therefore did it successively. I first cut a polypus into four parts and let them grow; next, I cut those quarters again; and at this rate I proceeded till I had made fifty out of one single one; and here I stopped, for there would have been no end of the experiment."

"I have now actually by me several parts of the same polypus cut into pieces above a year ago; since which time they have produced a great number of young ones."

"A polypus may also be cut in two, lengthways. Beginning by the head, one first splits the said head and afterwards the stomach: the polypus being in the form of a pipe, each half of what is thus cut lengthways forms a half pipe, the anterior extremity of which is terminated by the half of the head, the half of the mouth, and part of the arms. It is not long before the two edges of those half pipes close after the operation; they generally begin at the posterior part, and close up by degrees to the anterior part. Then each half pipe becomes a whole one complete: a stomach is formed, in which nothing is wanting; and out of each half mouth a whole one is formed also."

"I have seen all this done in less than an hour;

and that the polypus produced from each of those halves, at the end of that time, did not differ from the whole ones, except that it had fewer arms; but in a few days more grew out.

"I have cut a polypus lengthways between seven and eight in the morning; and between two and three in the afternoon each of the parts has been able to eat a worm as long as itself.

"If a polypus is cut lengthways, beginning at the head, and the section is not carried quite through, the result is, a polypus with two bodies, two heads, and one tail. Some of those bodies and heads may again be cut lengthways soon after. In this manner I have produced a polypus that had several bodies, as many heads, and one tail. I afterwards at once cut off the seven heads of this new Hydra: seven others grew again, and the heads that were cut off became each a complete polypus.

"I cut a polypus transversely into two parts; I put these two parts close to each other again, and they reunited where they had been cut. The polypus thus reunited eat the day after it had undergone this operation: it is since grown, and has multiplied.

"I took the posterior part of one polypus, and the anterior of another, and I have brought them to reunite in the same manner as the foregoing. Next day the polypus that resulted eat: it has continued well these two months since the operation: it is grown and has put forth young ones from each of the parts of which it was formed. The two foregoing experiments do not always succeed; it often happens that the two parts will not join again.

"In order to comprehend the experiment I am now going to speak of, one should recollect that the whole body of a polypus forms only one pipe, a sort of gut or pouch.

"I have been able to turn that pouch, that body of the polypus, *INSIDE OUTWARDS*, AS ONE MAY TURN A STOCKING.

"I have several by me that have remained turned in this manner; *THEIR INSIDE IS BECOME THEIR OUTSIDE AND THEIR OUTSIDE THEIR INSIDE*: they eat, they grow, and they multiply, as if they had never been turned."

Now, in the division and subdivision of our chrysipus, we are forced to proceed in quite a different manner; namely, by the metabolic or mutative, not by the schystic or divisive. Some have indeed attempted this latter method; but, like that great philosopher the elder Pliny, they have perished in their disquisitions, as he did, by suffocation. Indeed, there is a method called the kleptistic, which hath been preferred to the metabolic; but this is too dangerous; the ingenious Gualterus never carried it farther than the metabolic, contenting himself sometimes to divide the original chrysipus into twenty-two parts, and again to subdivide these into twenty-five; but this requires great art.

It can't be doubted but that Mr. Trembley will, in the work he is pleased to promise us, give some account of the longevity of the polypus. As to the age of the chrysipus, it differs extremely; some being of equal duration with the life of man, and some of scarce a moment's existence. The best method of preserving them is, I believe, in bags or chests in large numbers; for they seldom live long when they are alone. The great Gualterus says he thought he could never put enough of them together. If you carry them in your pockets singly or in pairs, as some do, they will last a very little while, and in some pockets not a day.

We are told of the polypus, "That they are to be looked for in such ditches whose water is stocked

with small insects. Pieces of wood, leaves, aquatic plants, in short, everything is to be taken out of the water that is met with at the bottom or on the surface of the water, on the edges, and in the middle of the ditches. What is thus taken out must be put into a glass of clear water, and these insects, if there are any, will soon discover themselves; especially if the glass is let stand a little without moving it; for thus insects which contract themselves when they are first taken out, will again extend themselves when they are at rest, and become thereby so much the more remarkable."

The chrysipus is to be looked for in scrutoires, and behind wainscots in old houses. In searching for them, particular regard is to be had to the persons who inhabit or have inhabited in the same houses, by observing which rule you may often prevent throwing away your labour. They love to be rather with old than young persons, and detest finery so much that they are seldom to be found in the pockets of laced clothes, and hardly ever in gilded palaces. They are sometimes very difficult to be met with, even though you know where they are, by reason of pieces of wood, iron, &c., which must be removed away before you can come at them. There are, however, several sure methods of procuring them, which are all ascertained in a treatise on that subject composed by Petrus Gualterus, which, now he is dead, will shortly see the light.

I come now in the last place to speak of the virtues of the chrysipus: in these it exceeds not only the polypus, of which not one single virtue is recorded, but all other animals and vegetables whatever. Indeed, I intend here only to set down some of its chief qualities; for to enumerate all would require a large volume.

First, then, A single chrysipus stuck on to the finger will make a man talk for a full hour, nay, will make him say whatever the person who sticks it on desires: and again, if you desire silence, it will as effectually stop the most loquacious tongue. Sometimes, indeed, one or two or even twenty are not sufficient; but if you apply the proper number they seldom or never fail of success. It will likewise make men blind or deaf as you think proper; and all this without doing the least injury to the several organs.

Secondly, It hath a most miraculous quality of turning black into white or white into black. Indeed it hath the powers of the prismatic glass, and can, from any object, reflect what colour it pleases.

Thirdly, It is the strongest love-powder in the world, and hath such efficacy on the female sex that it hath often produced love in the finest women to the most worthless and ugly, old and decrepit, of our sex.

To give the strongest idea in one instance of the salubrious quality of the chrysipus: it is a medicine which the physicians are so fond of taking themselves, that few of them care to visit a patient without swallowing a dose of it.

To conclude, facts like these I have related, to be admitted, require the most convincing proofs. I venture to say I am able to produce such proofs. In the mean time, I refer my curious reader to the treatise I have above mentioned, which is not yet published, and perhaps never may.

POSTSCRIPT.—Since I composed the above treatise I have been informed that these animals swarm in England all over the country, like the locusts, once in seven years; and, like them too, they generally cause much mischief and greatly ruin the country in which they have swarmed.

THE FIRST OLYNTHIAC OF DEMOSTHENES.

THE ARGUMENT.—Olynthus was a powerful free city of Thrace, on the confines of Macedonia. By certain alluring offers, Philip had tempted them into an alliance with him, the terms of which were a joint war against the Athenians, and, if a peace, a joint peace. The Olynthians, some time after, becoming jealous of his growing power, detach themselves from his alliance, and make a separate peace with the Athenians. Philip, exclaiming against this as a breach of their former treaty, and glad of an opportunity which he had long been seeking, immediately declares war against them, and besieges their city. Upon this they despatch an embassy to Athens for succour. The subject of this embassy coming to be debated among the Athenians, Demosthenes gives his sentiments in the following oration.

No treasures, O Athenians! can, I am confident, be so desirable in your eyes as to discover what is most advantageous to be done for this city, in the affair now before you; and, since it is of so important a nature, the strictest attention should be given to all those who are willing to deliver their opinions; for not only the salutary counsels which any one may have premeditated are to be heard and received, but I consider it as peculiar to your fortune and good genius that many things highly expedient may suggest themselves to the speakers, even extemporarily, and without premeditation; and then you may easily from the whole collect the most useful resolutions. The present occasion wants only a tongue to declare that the posture of these affairs requires your immediate application, if you have any regard for your preservation. I know not what disposition we all entertain; but my own opinion is, that we vote a supply of men to the Olynthians, and that we send them immediately; and thus, by lending them our assistance now, we shall prevent the accidents which we have formerly felt from falling again upon us. Let an embassy be despatched, not only to declare these our intentions, but to see them executed. For my greatest apprehension is, that the artful Philip, who well knows to improve every opportunity, by concessions where they are most convenient, and by threats, which we may believe him capable of fulfilling, at the same time objecting our absence to our allies, may draw from the whole some considerable advantage to himself. This however, O Athenians! will give some comfort, that the very particular circumstance which adds the greatest strength to Philip is likewise favourable to us. In his own person he unites the several powers of general, of king, and of treasurer; he presides absolutely in all councils, and is constantly at the head of his army. This indeed will contribute greatly to his successes in the field, but will have a contrary effect with regard to that truce which he is so desirous to make with the Olynthians; who will find their contention not to be for glory, nor for the enlargement of dominion; the subversion or slavery of their country is what they fight against. They have seen in what manner he hath treated those Amphipolitans who surrendered their city to him, and those Pydnæans who received him into theirs: and indeed, universally, a kingly state is, in my opinion, a thing in which republics will never trust; and, above all, if their territories border on each other. These things, therefore, O Athenians! being well known to you, when you enter on this debate your resolutions must be for war, and to prosecute it with as much vigour as you have formerly shown on any occasion. You must resolve to raise supplies with the utmost alacrity—to muster yourselves—to omit nothing; for

no longer can a reason be assigned, or excuse alleged, why you should decline what the present exigency requires. For the Olynthians, whom with such universal clamours you have formerly insisted on our fomenting against Philip, are now embroiled with him by mere accident; and this most advantageously for you, since, had they undertaken the war at your request, their alliance might have been less stable, and only to serve a present turn; but since their animosity arises from injuries offered to themselves, their hostility will be firm, as well on account of their fears as of their resentment.

The opportunity which now offers is not, O Athenians! to be lost, nor should you suffer what you have already often suffered. For had we, when we returned from succouring the Eubæans, when Hierax and Stratocles from the Amphipolitans, in this very place, besought you to sail to their assistance, and to receive their city into your protection; had we then consulted our own interest with the same zeal with which we provided for the safety of the Eubæans, we had then possessed ourselves of Amphipolis, and escaped the troubles which have since perplexed us. Again, when we were first acquainted with the sieges of Pydna, Potidæa, Methone, Pagasæ, and others (for I will not waste time in enumerating all), had we then assisted only one of these with proper vigour, we should have found Philip much humbler and easier to be dealt with: whereas now, by constantly pretermittting the opportunities when they presented themselves, and trusting in fortune for the good success of future events, we have increased the power, O Athenians! of Philip ourselves, and have raised him higher than any king of Macedonia ever was. Now then an opportunity is come. What is it? why this which the Olynthians have of their own accord offered to this city; nor is it inferior to any of those we have formerly lost. To me, O Athenians! it appears that if we settle a just account with the gods, notwithstanding all things are not as they ought to be, they are entitled to our liberal thanksgivings. For, as to our losses in war, they are justly to be set down to our own neglect; but that we formerly suffered not these misfortunes, and that an alliance now appears to balance these evils, if we will but accept it:—this, in my opinion, must be referred to the benevolence of the gods. But it happens as in the affair of riches, of which I think it is proverbially said that if a man preserves the wealth he attains he is greatly thankful to fortune; but, if he insensibly consumes it, his gratitude to fortune is consumed at the same time. So in public affairs, if we make not a right improvement of opportunities, we forget the good offered us by the gods, for, from the final event, we generally form our judgments of all that preceded. It is therefore highly necessary, O Athenians! to take effectual care, that by making a right use of the occasion now offered us, we wipe off the stains contracted by our former conduct; for should we, O Athenians! desert these people likewise, and Philip be enabled to destroy Olynthus, will any man tell me what afterwards shall stop his future progress, wherever he desires to extend it? But consider, O Athenians! and see by what means this Philip, once so inconsiderable, is now become so great. He first became master of Amphipolis, secondly of Pydna, next of Potidæa, and then of Methone. After these con-

quests he turned his arms towards Thessaly, where, having reduced Phera, Pagasæ, Magnesia, he marched on to Thrace. Here, after he had dethroned some kings and given crowns to others, he fell sick. On a small amendment of health, instead of refreshing himself with repose, he fell presently on the Olynthians. His expeditions against the Illyrians, the Pæonians, against Arymba, and who can recount all the other nations I omit? But should any man say, Why therefore do you commemorate these things to us now? my answer is that you may know, O Athenians! and sensibly perceive, these two things: first, how pernicious it is to neglect the least article of what ought to be done; and, secondly, that you may discern the restless disposition of Philip to undertake, and his alacrity to execute: whence we may conclude he will never think he hath done enough, nor indulge himself in ease. If then his disposition be to aim still at greater and greater conquests, and ours to neglect every brave measure for our defence, consider in what event we can hope these things should terminate! Good gods! is there any of you so infatuated that he can be ignorant that the war will come home to us if we neglect it? and if this should happen, I fear, O Athenians! that we shall imitate those who borrow money at great usury, who, for a short affluence of present wealth, are afterwards turned out of their original patrimony. So we shall be found to pay dearly for our sloth; and, by giving our minds entirely up to pleasure, shall bring on ourselves many and grievous calamities, against our will shall be at last reduced to a necessity of action, and to contend even for our own country. Perhaps some one may object, that to find fault is easy and within any man's capacity; but to advise proper measures to be taken in the present exigency is the part of a counsellor. I am not ignorant, O Athenians! that not those who have been the first causes of the misfortune, but those who have afterwards delivered their opinions concerning it, fall often under your severe displeasure, when the success doth not answer their expectations. Be that as it will, I do not so tender my own safety that from any regard to that I should conceal what I imagine may conduce to your welfare.

The measures you are to take are, in my opinion, two: first, to preserve the Olynthian cities by sending a supply of men to their assistance; secondly, to ravage the country of the enemy; and this by attacking it both by sea and land. If either of these be neglected, I much fear the success of your expedition; for should he, while you are wasting his territories, by submitting to suffer this, take Olynthus, he will be easily able to return home and defend his own. On the other hand, if you only send succours to the Olynthians, when Philip perceives himself safe at home he will set down before Olynthus, and, employing every artifice against the town, will at length master it. We must therefore assist the Olynthians with numerous forces, and in two several places. This is my advice concerning the manner of our assisting them. As for the supply of money to be raised: you have a treasure, O Athenians! you have a treasury fuller of money, set apart for military uses, than any other city of Greece: this fund you may apply according to your pleasure on this occasion: if the army be supplied this way you will want no tax; if not, you will hardly find any tax sufficient. What! says some one, do you move to have this fund applied to the army? not I, truly; I only suggest that an army should be levied—that this fund should be applied to it—that those who do their duty to the public should receive their reward from it; whereas, in celebrating the public

festivals, much is received by those who do nothing for it.

As to the rest, I think, all should contribute largely, if much wanted—less, if little. Money is wanted, and without it nothing which is necessary to be done can be performed. Others propose other means of raising it; of which do you fix on that which seems most advantageous, and apply yourselves to your preservation while you have an opportunity: for you ought to consider and weigh well the posture in which Philip's affairs now stand; for it appears to me that no man, even though he hath not examined them with much accuracy, can imagine them to be in the fairest situation. He would never have entered into this war had he thought it would have been protracted: he hoped at his very entrance to have carried all things before him, which expectation hath deceived him. This, therefore, by falling out contrary to his opinion, hath given him the first shock, and much dejected him. Then the commotions in Thessaly: for these are by nature the most perfidious of mortals, and have always proved so; as such he hath now sufficiently experienced them. They have decreed to demand Pagasæ of him, and to forbid the fortifying Magnesia. I have moreover heard it said that the Thessalians would no longer open their ports to him, nor suffer his fleets to be victualled in their markets; for that these should go to the support of the republics of Thessaly, and not to the use of Philip. But, should he be deprived of these, he will find himself reduced to great straits to provide for his auxiliaries. And further; can we suppose that Pæonia and Illyria, and all the other cities, will choose rather to be slaves than free, and their own masters? They are not inured to bondage, and the man is, as they say, prone to insolence; which is indeed very credible, for unmerited success entirely perverts the understanding in weaker minds, whence it is often more difficult to retain advantages than it was to gain them. It is our parts then, O Athenians! to take advantage of this distress of Philip, to undertake the business with the utmost expedition; not only to despatch the necessary embassies, but to follow them with an army, and to stir up all his other enemies against him: for we may be assured of this, that had Philip the same opportunity, and the war was near our borders, he would be abundantly ready to invade us. Are you not then ashamed through fear to omit bringing that on him, when you have an opportunity, which he, had he that opportunity, would surely bring on you? Besides, let none of you be ignorant that you have now your option whether you shall attack him abroad or be attacked by him at home; for if the Olynthians, by your assistance, are preserved, the kingdom of Philip will be by your forces invaded; and you may then retain your own dominions, your own city, in safety; but should Philip once master the Olynthians, who would oppose his march hither? The Thebans? let me not be thought too bitter if I say they would be ready to assist him against us. The Phocians? they are not able to save themselves, unless you or some one else will assist them. But, my friend, says one, Philip will have no desire to invade us. I answer, it would surely be most absurd if what he imprudently now threatens us with he would not, when he conveniently could, perform. As to the difference whether the war be here or there, there is, I think, no need of argument; for if it was necessary for you to be thirty days in the field within your own territories, and to sustain your army with your own product, supposing no enemy there at the same time; I say, the losses of your husbandmen, who

supply those provisions, would be greater than the whole expense of the preceding war. But if an actual war should come to our doors, what losses must we then expect? Add to this the insults of the enemy, and that which to generous minds is not inferior to any loss, the disgrace of such an incident. It becomes us all, therefore, when we consider all these things, to apply our utmost endeavours to expel this war from our borders; the rich, that for the many things they possess, parting with a little, they

may secure the quiet possession of the rest; the young men, that having learnt experience in the art of war, at Philip's expense, in his country, they may become formidable defenders of their own; the orators, that they may be judicially vindicated in the advice they have given to the republic; since according to the success of the measures taken in consequence of their opinions, so you will judge of the advisers themselves. May this success be happy for the sake of every one!

OF THE REMEDY OF AFFLICTION

FOR THE

LOSS OF OUR FRIENDS.

It would be a strange consideration (saith Cicero) that, while so many excellent remedies have been discovered for the several diseases of the human body, the mind should be left without any assistance to alleviate and repel the disorders which befall it. The contrary of this he asserts to be true, and prescribes philosophy to us, as a certain and infallible method to assuage and remove all those perturbations which are liable to affect this nobler part of man.

Of the same opinion were all those wise and illustrious ancients whose writings and sayings on this subject have been transmitted to us. And when Seneca tells us that *virtue* is sufficient to subdue all our passions, he means no other (as he explains it in many parts of his works) than *that exalted divine philosophy* which consisted not in vain pomp or useless curiosity, nor even in the search of more profitable knowledge, but in acquiring solid lasting habits of virtue, and engrafting them into our character. It was not the bare knowing the right way, but the constant and steady walking in it, which those glorious writers recommended and dignified by the august names of *philosophy* and *virtue*; which two words, if they did not always use in a synonymous sense, yet they all agreed in this, that virtue was the consummation of true philosophy.

Now that this supreme philosophy, this habit of virtue, which strengthened the mind of a Socrates or a Brutus, is really superior to every evil which can attack us, I make no doubt; but, in truth, this is to have a sound not a sickly constitution. With all proper deference, therefore, to such great authorities, they seem to me to assert no more than that health is a remedy against disease; for a soul once possessed of that degree of virtue which can without emotion look on poverty, pain, disgrace, and death, as things indifferent; a soul, as Horace expresses it,

Totus teres atque rotundus;

or, according to Seneca, *which derives all its comfort from WITHIN not from WITHOUT*; which can look down on all the ruffling billows of fortune, as from a rock on shore we survey a tempestuous sea with unconcern;—such a soul is surely in a state of health which no vigour of bodily constitution can resemble.

And as this health of the mind exceeds that of the body in degree, so doth it in constancy or duration. In the latter the transition from perfect health to sickness is easy and often sudden; whereas the former, being once firmly established in the robust state above described, is never afterwards liable to be shocked by any accident or impulse of fortune.

It must be confessed, indeed, that those great masters have pointed out the way to this philosophy, and have endeavoured to allure and persuade others

into it; but, as it is certain that few of their disciples have been able to arrive at its perfection; nay, as several of the masters themselves have done little honour to their precepts by their examples, there seems still great occasion for a mental physician, who should consider the human mind (as is often the case of the body) in too weak and depraved a situation to be restored to firm vigour and sanity, and should propose rather to palliate and lessen its disorders than absolutely to cure them.

To consider the whole catalogue of diseases to which our minds are liable, and to prescribe proper remedies for them all, would require a much longer treatise than what I now intend; I shall confine myself therefore to one only, and to a particular species of that one, viz. to *affliction for the death of our friends*.

This is a malady to which the best and worthiest of men are chiefly liable. It is like a fever, the distemper of a rich and generous constitution. Indeed, we may say of those base tempers which are totally incapable of being affected with it, what a witty physician of the last age said of a shattered and rotten carcase, that they are not worth preserving.

For this reason the calm demeanour of Stilpo the philosopher, who, when he had lost his children at the taking Megara by Demetrius, concluded, *he had lost nothing, for that he carried all which was his own about him*, hath no charms for me. I am more apt to impute such sudden tranquillity at so great a loss to ostentation or obduracy than to consummate virtue. It is rather wanting the affection than conquering it. To overcome the affliction arising from the loss of our friends is great and praiseworthy; but it requires some reason and time. This sudden unruffled composure is owing to mere insensibility; to a depravity of the heart, not goodness of the understanding.

But in a mind of a different cast, in one susceptible of a tender affection, fortune can make no other ravage equal to such a loss. It is tearing the heart, the soul, from the body; not by a momentary operation, like that by which the most cruel tormentors of the body soon destroy the subject of their cruelty; but by a continued, tedious, though violent agitation; the soul having this double unfortunate superiority to the body, that its agonies, as they are more exquisite, so they are more lasting.

If, however, this calamity be not in a more humane disposition to be presently or totally removed, an attempt to lessen it is, however, worth our attention. He who could reduce the torments of the gout to one-half or a third of the pain would, I apprehend, be a physician in much vogue and request; and surely some palliative remedies are as much

worth our seeking in the mental disorder ; especially if this latter should (as appears to me who have felt both) exceed the former in its anguish a hundred-fold.

I will proceed, therefore, without further apology, to present my reader with the best prescriptions I am capable of furnishing ; many of which have this uncommon recommendation, that I have tried them upon myself with some success. And if Montaigne be right in his choice of a physician, who had himself had the disease which he undertook to cure, I shall at least have that pretension to some confidence and regard.

And first, by way of preparative ; while we yet enjoy our friends, and no immediate danger threatens us of losing them, nothing can be wholesomer than frequent reflections on the certainty of this loss, however distant it may then appear to us ; for, if it be worth our while to prepare the body for diseases which may possibly (or at most probably) attack us, how much more necessary must it seem to furnish the mind with every assistance to encounter a calamity which our own death only, or the previous determination of our friendship, can prevent from happening to us.

It hath been mentioned as one of the first ingredients of a *wise* man, that nothing befalls him entirely unforeseen and unexpected. And this is surely the principal means of taking his happiness or misery out of the hands of fortune. Pleasure or pain which seize us unprepared and by surprise have a double force, and are both more capable of subduing the mind than when they come upon us looking for them and prepared to receive them. That pleasure is heightened by long expectation, appears to me a great though vulgar error. The mind, by constant premeditation on either, lessens the sweetness of the one and bitterness of the other. It hath been well said of lovers who for a long time procrastinate and delay their happiness, that they have loved themselves out before they come to the actual enjoyment ; this is as true in the more ungrateful article of affliction. The object of our passions, as well as of our appetites, may be in a great measure devoured by imagination ; and grief, like hunger, may be so palled and abated by expectation, that it may retain no sharpness when its food is set before it.

The thoughts which are to engage our consideration on this head are too various, and many of them too obvious, to be enumerated ; the principal are surely, first, the certainty of the dissolution of this alliance, however sweet it be to us, or however closely the knot be tied. Secondly, the extreme shortness of its duration, even at the best. And, thirdly, the many accidents by which it is daily and hourly liable of being brought to an end.

Had not the wise man frequently meditated on these subjects, he would not have coolly answered the person who acquainted him with the death of his son—I *KNEW I had begot a mortal*. Whereas, by the behaviour of some on these occasions, we might be almost induced to suspect they were disappointed in their hopes of their friend's immortality ; that something uncommon and beyond the general fate of men had happened to them ; in a word, that they had flattered their fondness for their children and friends as enthusiastically as the poets have their works, which

—nec Jovis ira nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.

Nor is there any dissuasive from such contemplation : it is no breach of friendship nor violence of paternal fondness ; for the event we dread and de-

test is not by these means forwarded, as simple persons think their own death would be by making a will. On the contrary, the sweetest and most rapturous enjoyments are thus promoted and encouraged ; for what can be a more delightful thought than to assure ourselves, after such reflections, that the evil we apprehend, and which might so probably have happened, hath been yet fortunately escaped ? If it be true that the loss of a blessing teaches us its true value, will not these ruminations on the certainty of losing our friends, and the uncertainty of our enjoyment of them, add a relish to the present possession ? Shall we not, in a word, return to their conversation, after such reflections, with the same eagerness and ecstasy with which we receive those we love into our arms when we first wake from a dream which hath terrified us with their deaths ?

Thus then we have a double incentive to these meditations ; as they serve as well to heighten our present enjoyment as to lessen our future loss and to fortify us against it. I shall now proceed to give my reader some instructions for his conduct when this dreadful catastrophe hath actually befallen him.

And here I address myself to common men, and who partake of the more amiable weaknesses of human nature ; not to those elevated souls whom the consummation of virtue and philosophy hath raised to a divine pitch of excellence, and placed beyond the reach of human calamity ; for which reason I do not expect this loss shall be received with the composure of Stilpo. Nay, I shall not regard tears, lamentations, or any other indulgence to the first agonies of our grief on so dreadful an occasion, as marks of effeminacy ; but shall rather esteem them as the symptoms of a laudable tenderness than of a contemptible imbecility of heart.

However, though I admit the first emotions of our grief to be so far irresistible that they are not to be instantly and absolutely overcome, yet we are not, on the other side, totally to abandon ourselves to them. Wisdom is our shield against all calamity, and this we are not cowardly to throw away, though some of the sharper darts of fortune may have pierced us through it. The mind of a wise man may be ruffled and disordered, but cannot be subdued ; in the former it differs from the perfection of the Deity, in the latter from the abject condition of a fool.

With whatever violence our passions at first attack us, they will in time subside. It is then that reason is to be called to our assistance, and we should use every suggestion which it can lend to our relief ; our utmost force being to be exerted to repel and subdue an enemy when he begins to retreat : this, indeed, one would imagine, should want little or no persuasion to recommend it ; inasmuch as we all naturally pursue happiness and avoid misery.

There are, however, two causes of our unwillingness to hearken to the voice of reason on this occasion. The first is a foolish opinion that friendship requires an exorbitant affliction of us ; that we are thus discharging our duty to the dead, and offering (according to the superstition of the ancients) an agreeable sacrifice to their manes ; the other, and perhaps the commoner, motive is, the immediate satisfaction we ourselves feel in this indulgence, which, though attended with very dreadful consequences, gives the same present relief to a tender disposition that air or water brings to one in a high fever.

Now what can possibly, on the least examination, appear more absurd than the former of these ? When the grave, beyond which we can enter into no en-

gagement with one another, hath dissolved all bonds of friendship between us, and removed the object of our affection far from the reach of any of our offices, can anything be more vain and ridiculous, than to nourish an affliction to our own misery, by which we can convey neither profit nor pleasure to our friend? But I shall not dwell on an absurdity so monstrous in itself that the bare first mention throws it in a light which no illustration nor argument can heighten.

And as to the second, it is, as I have said, like those indulgencies which, however pleasant they may be to the distemper, serve only to increase it, and for which we are sure to pay the bitterest agonies in the end. Nothing can indeed betray a weaker or more childish temper of mind than this conduct; by which, like infants, we reject a remedy if it be the least distasteful, and are ready to receive any grateful food without regarding the nourishment which at the same time we contribute to the disease.

Without staying, therefore, longer to argue with such, I shall first recommend to my disciple or patient of another complexion carefully to avoid all circumstances which may revive the memory of the deceased, whom it is now his business to forget as fast and as much as possible; whereas, such is the perverseness of our natures, we are constantly endeavouring, at every opportunity, to recall to our remembrance the words, looks, gestures, and other particularities of a friend. One carries about with him the picture, a second the hair, and others some little gift or token of the dead, as a memorial of their loss. What is all this less than being self-tormentors, and playing with affliction? Indeed, time is the truest and best physician on these occasions; and our wisest part is to lend him the utmost assistance we can; whereas, by pursuing the methods I have here objected to, we withstand with all our might the aid and comfort which that great reliever of human misery so kindly offers us.

Diversions of the lightest kind have been recommended as a remedy for affliction; but for my part, I rather conceive they will increase than diminish it, especially where music is to make up any part of the entertainment; for the nature of this is to sooth or inflame, not to alter our passions. Indeed, I should rather propose such diversions by way of trial than of cure; for, when they can be pursued with any good effect, our affliction is, I apprehend, very little grievous or dangerous.

To say the truth, the physic for this, as well as every other mental disorder, is to be dispensed to us by philosophy and religion. The former of these words (however unhappily it hath contracted the contempt of the pretty gentlemen and fine ladies) doth surely convey, to those who understand it, no very ridiculous idea. Philosophy, in its purer and stricter sense, means no more than the love of wisdom; but in its common and vulgar acceptation it signifies the search after wisdom, or often wisdom itself; for to distinguish between wisdom and philosophy (says a great writer) is rather matter of vain curiosity than of real utility.

Now from this fountain (call it by which of the names we please) may be drawn the following considerations:—

First, the injustice of our complaint, who have been only obliged to fulfil the condition on which we first received the good whose loss we deplore, viz. that of parting with it again. We are tenants at will to Fortune, and, as we have advanced no consideration on our side, can have no right to accuse her caprice in determining our estate. However short-lived our possession hath been, it was still

more than she promised, or we could demand. We are already obliged to her for more than we can pay; but, like ungrateful persons, with whom one denial effaces the remembrance of an hundred benefits, we forget what we have already received, and rail at her because she is not pleased to continue those favours which of her own free-will she hath so long bestowed on us.

Again, as we might have been called on to fulfil the condition of our tenure long before, so, sooner or later, of necessity we must have done it. The longest term we could hope for is extremely short, and compared by Solomon himself to the length of a span. Of what duration is this life of man computed? A scrivener who sells his annuity at fourteen years and a half rejoices in his cunning, and thinks he hath outwitted you at least half a year in the bargain.

But who will ensure these fourteen years? No man. On the contrary, how great is the premium for ensuring you one? and, great as it is, he who accepts it is often a loser.

I shall not go into the hackneyed common place of the numberless avenues to death; a road almost as much beaten by writers as those avenues to death are by mankind: Tibullus sums them up in half a verse:—

——— *Leti mille repente viae.*

Surely no accident can befall our friend which should so little surprise us; for there is no other which he may not escape. In poverty, pain, or other instances, his lot may be harder than his neighbour's. In this the happiest and most miserable, the greatest and lowest, richest and poorest of mankind share all alike.

It is not then, it cannot be, death itself (which is a part of life) that we lament should happen to our friend, but it is the time of his dying. We desire not a pardon, we desire a reprieve only. A reprieve, for how long? *Sine die.* But if he could escape this fever, this small-pox, this inflammation of the bowels, he may live twenty years. He may so; but it is more probable he will not live ten; it is very possible, not one. But suppose he should have twenty, nay, thirty years to come. In prospect, it is true, the term seems to have some duration; but, cast your eyes backwards, and how contemptible the span appears! for it happens in life (however pleasant the journey may be) as to a weary traveller, the plain he is yet to pass extends itself much larger to his eye than that which he hath already conquered.

And suppose fortune should be so generous to indulge us in the possession of our wish, and give us this twenty years' longer possession of our friend, should we be then contented to resign? Or shall we not, in imitation of a child who desires its mamma to stay five minutes, and it will take the potion, be still as unwilling as ever? I am afraid the latter will be the case; seeing that neither our calamity nor the child's physic becomes less nauseous by the delay.

But, admitting this condition to be never so hard, will not philosophy show us the folly of immoderate affliction? Can all our sorrow mend our case? Can we wash back our friend with our tears, or waft him back with our sighs and lamentations? It is a foolish mean-spiritedness in a criminal to blubber to his judge when he knows he shall not prevail by it; and it is natural to admire those more who meet their fate with a decent constancy and resignation. Were the sentences of fate capable of remission, could our sorrows or sufferings restore our friends to us, I would commend him who outdid the

fabled Niobe in weeping: but since no such event is to be expected; since *from that bourne no traveller returns*; surely it is the part of a wise man to bring himself to be content in a situation which no wit or wisdom, labour or art, trouble or pain, can alter.

And let us seriously examine our hearts, whether it is for the sake of our friends or ourselves that we grieve. I am ready to agree with a celebrated French writer, That the lamentation expressed for the loss of our dearest friends is often, in reality, for ourselves; that we are concerned at being less happy, less easy, and of less consequence than we were before; and thus the dead enjoy the honour of those tears which are truly shed on account of the living: concluding,—that in these afflictions men impose on themselves. Now, if on the inquiry this should be found to be our case, I shall leave the patient to seek his remedy elsewhere, having first recommended to him an assembly, a ball, an opera, a play, an amour, or, if he please, all of them; which will very speedily produce his cure. But, on the contrary, if after the strictest examination it should appear (as I make no doubt is sometimes the case) that our sorrow arises from that pure and disinterested affection which many minds are so far from being capable of entertaining that they can have no idea of it; in a word, if it be manifest that our fears are justly to be imputed to our friend's account, it may be then worth our while to consider the nature and degree of this misfortune which hath happened to him; and if, on duly considering it, we should be able to demonstrate to ourselves that this supposed dreadful calamity should exist only in opinion, and all its horrors vanish on being closely and nearly examined; then, I apprehend, the very foundation of our grief will be removed, and it must, of necessary consequence, immediately cease.

I shall not attempt to make an estimate of human life, which to do in the most concise manner would fill more pages than I can here allow it; nor will it be necessary for me, since, admitting there was more real happiness in life than the wisest men have allowed; as the weakest and simplest will be ready to confess that there is much evil in it likewise; and as I conceive every impartial man will, on casting up the whole, acknowledge that the latter is more than a balance for the former; I apprehend it will appear sufficiently for my purpose that death is not that king of terrors as he is represented to be.

Death is nothing more than the negation of life. If therefore life be no general good, death is no general evil. Now, if this be a point in judgment, who shall decide it? Shall we prefer the judgment of women and children, or of wise men? If of the latter, shall I not have all their suffrages with me? Thales, the chief of the sages, held life and death as things indifferent. Socrates, the greatest of all the philosophers, speaks of death as of a deliverance. Solomon, who had tasted all the sweets of life, condemns the whole as vanity and vexation: and Cicero (to name no more), whose life had been a very fortunate one, assures us in his old age that, *if any of the gods would frankly offer him to renew his infancy, and live his life over again, he would strenuously refuse it.*

But if we will be hardy enough to fly in the face of these and numberless other such authorities; if we will still maintain that the pleasures of life have in them something truly solid and worthy our regard and desire; we shall not, however, be bold enough to say that these pleasures are lasting, certain, or the portion of many among us. We

shall not, I apprehend, ensure the possession of them to our friend, nor secure him from all those evils which, as I have before said, none have ever denied the real existence of; nor shall we surely contend that he may not more likely have escaped the latter than have been deprived of the former.

I remember the most excellent of women and tenderest of mothers, when, after a painful and dangerous delivery, she was told she had a daughter, answering, "Good God! have I produced a creature who is to undergo what I have suffered!" Some years afterwards I heard the same woman, on the death of that very child, then one of the loveliest creatures ever seen, comforting herself with reflecting that *her child could never know what it was to feel such a loss as she then lamented.*

In reality she was right in both instances; and however instinct, youth, a flow of spirits, violent attachments, and, above all, folly, may blind us, the day of death is (to most people at least) a day of more happiness than that of our birth, as it puts an end to all those evils which the other gave a beginning to. So just is that sentiment of Solon which Cræsus afterwards experienced the truth of, and which is couched in these lines:—

— ultima semper
Expectanda dies homini, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo, postremaque funera debet.

If therefore death be no evil, there is certainly no reason why we should lament its having happened to our friend; but if there be any whom neither his own observation, nor what Plato hath advanced in his *Apology* for Socrates, in his *Crito*, and his *Phædo*; or Cicero, in the first and third books of his *Tusculan Questions*; or Montaigne (if he hath a contempt for the ancients), can convince that death is not an evil worthy our lamentation; let such a man comfort himself that the evil which his friend hath suffered he shall himself shortly have his share in. As nothing can be a greater consolation to a delicate friendship than this, so there is nothing we may so surely depend on. A few days may, and a few years most infallibly will, bring this about, and we shall then reap one benefit from the cause of our present affliction, that we are not then to be torn from the person we love.

These are, I think, the chief comforts which the voice of human philosophy can administer to us on this occasion. Religion goes much farther, and gives us a most delightful assurance that our friend is not barely no loser, but a gainer, by his dissolution; that those virtues and good qualities which were the objects of our affection on earth are now become the foundation of his happiness and reward in a better world.

Lastly; it gives a hope, the sweetest, most endearing, and ravishing, which can enter into a mind capable of, and inflamed with, friendship—the hope of again meeting the beloved person, of renewing and cementing the dear union in bliss everlasting. This is a rapture which leaves the warmest imagination at a distance. Who can conceive (says Sherlock, in his *Discourse on Death*) the melting caresses of two souls in Paradise? What are all the trash and trifles, the bubbles, bawbles, and gewgaws of this life, to such a meeting? This is a hope which no reasoning shall ever argue me out of, nor millions of such worlds as this should purchase; nor can any man show me its absolute impossibility till he can demonstrate that it is not in the power of the Almighty to bestow it on me.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

AND DIOGENES THE CYNIC.

Alex. WHAT fellow art thou who darest thus to lie at thy ease in our presence, when all others, as thou seest, rise to do us homage? Dost thou not know us?

Diog. I cannot say I do: but by the number of thy attendants, by the splendour of thy habit, but, above all, by the vanity of thy appearance and the arrogance of thy speech, I conceive thou mayst be Alexander the son of Philip.

Alex. And who can more justly challenge thy respect than Alexander, at the head of that victorious army which hath performed such wonderful exploits,* and under his conduct hath subdued the world?

Diog. Who? why the tailor who made me this old cloak.

Alex. Thou art an odd fellow, and I have a curiosity to know thy name.

Diog. I am not ashamed of it: I am called Diogenes: a name composed of as many and as well-sounding syllables as Alexander.

Alex. Diogenes, I rejoice at this encounter. I have heard of thy name, and been long desirous of seeing thee; in which wish, since fortune hath accidentally favoured me, I shall be glad of thy conversation a while: and, that thou likewise mayest be pleased with our meeting, ask me some favour; and, as thou knowest my power, so shalt thou experience my will to oblige thee.

Diog. Why, then, Alexander the Great, I desire thee to stand from between me and the sun, whose beams thou hast withheld from me some time; a blessing which it is not in thy power to recompense the loss of life.

Alex. Thou hast a very shallow opinion of my power, indeed; and, if it was a just one, I should have travelled so far, undergone so much, and conquered so many nations, to a fine purpose, truly.

Diog. That is not my fault.

Alex. Dost thou not know that I am able to give thee a kingdom?

Diog. I know thou art able, if I had one, to take it from me; and I shall never place any value on that which such as thou art can deprive me of.

Alex. Thou dost speak vainly in contempt of a power which no other man ever yet arrived at. Hath the Granicus yet recovered the bloody colour with which I contaminated its waves? Are not the fields of Issus and Arbela still white with human bones? Will Susa show no monuments of my victory? Are Darius and Porus names unknown to thee? Have not the groans of those millions reached thy ears who, but for the valour of this heart and the strength of this arm, had still enjoyed life and tranquillity? Hath then this son of Jupiter, this conqueror of the world, adored by his followers, dreaded by his foes, and worshipped by all, lived to hear his power contemned, and the offer of his favour slighted, by a poor philosopher, a wretched Cynic, whose cloak appears to be his only possession?

Diog. I retort the charge of vanity on thyself, proud Alexander! for how vainly dost thou endea-

* This is an anachronism; for Diogenes was of Sinope, and the meeting between him and Alexander fell out while the latter was confederating the Grecian states in the Peloponnese before his Asiatic expedition; but that season would not have furnished sufficient matter for this dialogue; we have therefore fixed the time of it at the conqueror's return from India.

your to raise thyself on the monuments of thy disgrace! I acknowledge indeed all the exploits thou hast recounted, and the millions thou hast to thy eternal shame destroyed. But is it hence thou wouldst claim Jupiter for thy father? Hath not then every plague or pestilential vapour the same title? If thou art the dread of wretches to whom death appears the greatest of evils, is not every mortal disease the same? And if thou hast the adoration of thy servile followers, do they offer thee more than they are ready to pay to every tinsel ornament or empty title? Is then the fear or worship of slaves of so great honour, when at the same time thou art the contempt of every brave honest man, though, like me, an old cloak should be his only possession?

Alex. Thou seemest, to my apprehension, to be ignorant that, in professing this disregard for the glory I have so painfully achieved, thou art undermining the foundation of all that honour which is the encouragement to, and reward of, everything truly great and noble; for in what doth all honour, glory, and fame consist, but in the breath of that multitude whose estimation, with such ill-grounded scorn, thou dost affect to despise? a reward which hath ever appeared sufficient to inflame the ambition of high and exalted souls; though, from their meanness, low minds may be incapable of tasting, or rather, for which pride, from the despair of attaining it, may inspire thee to feign a false and counterfeit disdain. What other reward than this have all those heroes proposed to themselves who rejected the enjoyments which ease, riches, pleasure, and power have held forth to them in their native country, have deserted their homes and all those things which to vulgar mortals appear lovely or desirable, and, in defiance of difficulty and danger, invaded and spoiled the cities and territories of others; when their anger hath been provoked by no injury, nor their hope inspired by the prospect of any other good than of this very glory and honour, this adoration of slaves, which thou, from having never tasted its sweets, hast treated with contempt?

Diog. Thy own words have convinced me (stand a little more out of the sun, if you please) that thou hast not the least idea of true honour. Was it to depend on the suffrages of such wretches, it would indeed be that contemptible thing which you represent it to be estimated in my opinion: but true honour is of a different nature; it results from the secret satisfaction of our own minds, and is decreed us by wise men and the gods; it is the shadow of wisdom and virtue, and is inseparable from them; nor is it either in thy power to deserve, nor in that of thy followers to bestow. As for such heroes as thou hast named, who, like thyself, were born the curses of mankind, I readily agree they pursue another kind of glory, even that which thou hast mentioned, the applause of their slaves and sycophants; in this instance, indeed, their masters, since they bestow on them the reward, such as it is, of all their labours.

Alex. However, as you would persuade me you have so clear a notion of my honour, I would be glad to be on a par with you, by conceiving some idea of yours; which I can never obtain of the shadow,

till I have some clearer knowledge of the substance, and understand in what your wisdom and virtue consist.

Diog. Not in ravaging countries, burning cities, plundering and massacring mankind.

Alex. No, rather in biting and snarling at them.

Diog. I snarl at them because of their vice and folly; in a word, because there are among them many such as thee and thy followers.

Alex. If thou wouldst confess the truth, envy is the true source of all thy bitterness; it is that which begets thy hatred, and from hatred comes thy railing; whereas the thirst of glory only is my motive. I hate not those whom I attack, as plainly appears by the clemency I show to them when they are conquered.

Diog. Thy clemency is cruelty. Thou givest to one what thou hast by violence and plunder taken from another; and, in so doing, thou only raisest him to be again the mark of fortune's caprice, and to be tumbled down a second time by thyself, or by some other like thee. My snarling is the effect of my love; in order, by my invectives against vice, to frighten men from it, and drive them into the road of virtue.

Alex. For which purpose thou hast forsworn society, and art retired to preach to trees and stones.

Diog. I have left society because I cannot endure the evils I see and detest in it.

Alex. Rather because thou canst not enjoy the good thou dost covet in it. For the same reason I have left my own country, which afforded not sufficient food for my ambition.

Diog. But I come not like thee abroad to rob and plunder others. Thy ambition hath destroyed a million, whereas I have never occasioned the death of a single man.

Alex. Because thou hast not been able; but thou hast done all within thy power, by cursing and devoting to destruction almost as many as I have conquered. Come, come, thou art not the poor-spirited fellow thou wouldst appear. There is more greatness of soul in thee than at present shines forth. Poor circumstances are clouds which often conceal and obscure the brightest minds. Pride will not suffer thee to confess passions which fortune hath not put in thy power to gratify. It is therefore that thou deniest ambition; for hadst thou a soul as capacious as mine, I see no better way which thy humble fortune would allow thee of feeding its ambition than what thou hast chosen; for when alone in this retreat which thou hast chosen, thou mayest contemplate thy own greatness. Here no stronger rival will contend with thee; nor can the hateful objects of superior power, riches, or happiness, invade thy sight. But, be honest and confess, had fortune placed thee at the head of a Macedonian army—

Diog. Had fortune placed me at the head of the world, it could not have raised me in my own opinion. And is this mighty soul, which is, it seems, so much more capacious than mine, obliged at last to support its superiority on the backs of a multitude of armed slaves, and who in reality have gained these conquests, and gathered all these laurels of which thou art so vain? Hadst thou alone passed into Asia, the empire of Darius had still stood unshaken. But though Alexander had never been born, who will say the same troops might not, under some other general, have done as great, or perhaps greater mischiefs? The honour, therefore, such as it is, is by no means justly thy own. Thou usurpest the whole, when thou art at most entitled to an equal share only. It is not then Alexander, but Alexander and his

army are superior to Diogenes. And in what are they his superiors? In brutal strength—in which they would be again excelled by an equal number of lions, or wolves, or tigers. An army which would be able to do as much more mischief than themselves, as they are than Diogenes.

Alex. Then thy grief broke forth. Thou hatest us because we can do more mischief than thyself. And in this I see thou claimest the precedence over me—that I make use of others as the instruments of my conquests, whereas all the raillery and curses against mankind proceed only out of thy own mouth. And if I alone am not able to conquer the world, thou alone art able to curse it.

Diog. If I desired to curse it effectually, I have nothing more to do than to wish thee long life and prosperity.

Alex. But then thou must wish well to an individual, which is contrary to thy nature, who hatest all.

Diog. Thou art mistaken. Long life to such as thee is the greatest of curses; for, to mortify thy pride effectually, know, there is not in thy whole army, no, nor among all the objects of thy triumph one equally miserable with thyself; for, if the satisfaction of violent desires be happiness, and a total failure of success in most eager pursuits misery (which cannot, I apprehend, be doubted), what can be more miserable than to entertain desires which we know never can be satisfied? And this a little reflection will teach thee is thy own case; for what are thy desires? Not pleasures; with that Macedonia would have furnished thee. Not riches; for, capacious as thy soul is, if it had been all filled with avarice, the wealth of Darius would have contented it. Not power; for then the conquest of Porus, and the extending thy arms to the farthest limits of the world,* must have satisfied thy ambition. Thy desire consists in nothing certain, and therefore with nothing certain can be gratified. It is as restless as fire, which still consumes whatever comes in its way, without determining where to stop. How contemptible must thy own power appear to thee, when it cannot give thee the possession of thy wish; but how much more contemptible thy understanding, which cannot enable thee to know certainly what that wish is!

Alex. I can at least comprehend thine, and can grant it. I like thy humour, and will deserve thy friendship. I know the Athenians have affronted thee, have contemned thy philosophy, and suspected thy morals. I will revenge thy cause on them. I will lead my army back, and punish their ill usage of thee. Thou thyself shalt accompany us; and, when thou beholdest their city in flames, shalt have the triumph of proclaiming that thy just resentment hath brought this calamity on them.

Diog. They do indeed deserve it at my hands; and, though revenge is not what I profess, yet the punishment of such dogs may be of good example. I therefore embrace thy offer; but let us not be particular, let Corinth and Lacedæmon share the same fate. They are both the nest of vermin only, and fire alone will purify them. Gods! what a delight it will be to see the rascals, who have so openly in derision called me a snarling cur, roasting in their own houses!

Alex. Yet, on a second consideration, would it not be wiser to preserve the cities, especially Corinth, which is so full of wealth, and only massacre the inhabitants?

Diog. D—n their wealth! I despise it.

Alex. Well, then, let it be given to the soldiers, as the demolition of it will not increase the punishment of the citizens when we have cut their throats.

* Which was then known to the Greeks.

Diog. True.—Then you may give some of it to the soldiers; but, as the dogs have formerly insulted me with their riches, I will, if you please, retain a little—perhaps a moiety, or not much more—to my own use. It will give me at least an opportunity of showing the world I can despise riches when I possess them, as much as I did before in my poverty.

Alex. Art thou not a true dog? Is this thy contempt of wealth? This thy abhorrence of the vices of mankind? To sacrifice three of the noblest cities of the world to thy wrath and revenge! And hast thou the impudence to dispute any longer the superiority with me, who have it in my power to punish my enemies with death, while thou only canst persecute with evil wishes?

Diog. I have still the same superiority over thee

which thou dost challenge over thy soldiers. I would have made thee the tool of my purpose. But I will discourse no longer with thee, for I now despise and curse thee more than I do all the world besides. And may perdition seize thee and all thy followers!

[Here some of the army would have fallen upon him, but Alexander interposed.]

Alex. Let him alone. I admire his obstinacy; nay, I almost envy it. Farewell, old Cynic; and, if it will flatter thy pride, be assured I esteem thee so much, that *was I not Alexander I could desire to be Diogenes.*

Diog. Go to the gibbet! and take with thee as a mortification—that *was I not Diogenes I could almost content myself with being Alexander*

AN INTERLUDE

BETWEEN

JUPITER, JUNO, APOLLO, AND MERCURY;

WHICH WAS ORIGINALLY INTENDED AS AN INTRODUCTION TO A COMEDY

CALLED

JUPITER'S DESCENT ON EARTH.

SCENE I.—JUPITER, JUNO.

Jup. PRAY be pacified.

Juno. It is intolerable, insufferable, and I never will submit to it.

Jup. But, my dear—

Juno. Good Mr. Jupiter, leave off that odious word; you know I detest it. Use it to the trollop Venus, and the rest of your sluts. It sounds most agreeable to their ears, but it is nauseous to a goddess of strict virtue.

Jup. Madam, I do not doubt your virtue.

Juno. You don't? That is, I suppose, humbly insinuating that others do: but who are their divinities? I would be glad to know who they are; they are neither Diana nor Minerva, I am well assured; both of whom pity me, for they know your tricks; they can neither of them keep a maid of honour for you. I desire you will treat me with good manners at least. I should have had that if I had married a mortal, though he had spent my fortune and lain with my chambermaids, as you suffer men to do with impunity—highly to your honour be it spoken!

Jup. Faith! madam, I know but one way to prevent them, which is by annihilating mankind; and I fancy your friends below, the ladies, would hardly thank you for obtaining that favour at my hands.

Juno. I desire you would not reflect on my friends below; it is very well known I never showed any favour but to those of the purest unspotted characters. And all my acquaintance, when I have been on the earth, have been of that kind; for I never return a visit to any other.

Jup. Nay, I have no inclination to find fault with the women of the earth; you know I like them very well.

Juno. Yes, the trollops of the earth, such as Venus converses with. You never show any civility to my favourites, nor make the men do it.

Jup. My dear, give me leave to say, your favourites are such that man must be new made before he can be brought to give them the preference; for, when I moulded up the clay of man, I put not one ingredient in to make him in love with ugliness, which is one of the most glaring qualities in all your favourites whom I have ever seen; and you must

not wonder, while you have such favourites, that the men slight them.

Juno. The men slight them! I'd have you know, sir, they slight the men; and I can, at this moment, hear not less than a thousand railing at mankind.

Jup. Ay, as I hear at this instant several grave black gentlemen railing at riches, and enjoying them, or at least coveting them, at the same time.

Juno. Very fine! Very civil! I understand your comparison.—Well, sir, you may go on giving an example of a bad husband, but I will not give the example of a tame wife; and, if you will not make men better, I will go down to the earth and make women worse—that every house may be too hot for a husband, as I will shortly make heaven for you.

Jup. That I believe you will; but, if you begin your project of making women worse, I will take Hymen, and hang him; for I will take some care of my votaries, as well as you of yours.

SCENE II.—Enter APOLLO.

Apol. Mr. Jupiter, good-morrow to you.

Jup. Apollo, how dost thou?—You are a wise deity, Apollo; prithee will you answer me one

Apol. To my best ability. [question?]

Jup. You have been much conversant with the affairs of men:—what dost thou think the foolishlest thing a man can do?

Apol. Turn poet.

Jup. That is honest enough, as it comes from the god of poets; but you have missed the mark, for certainly the foolishlest thing a man can do is to marry.

Apol. Fie! What is it then in a god? Who, besides that he ought to be wiser than man, is tied for ever by his immortality, and has not the chance which you have given to man of getting rid of his wife.

Jup. Apollo, thy reproof is just: but let us talk of something else; for, when I am out of the hearing my wife, I beg I may never hear of her.

Apol. Have you read any of those books I brought you, just sent me by my votaries upon earth?

Jup. I have read them all. The poem is extremely fine, and the similes most beautiful. There is indeed one little fault in the similes.

Apol. What is that?

Jup. There is not the least resemblance between the things compared together.

Apol. One half of the simile is good, however.

Jup. The dedications please me extremely, and I am glad to find there are such excellent men upon earth. There is one whom I find two or three authors agree to be much better than any of us in heaven are. This discovery, together with my wife's tongue, has determined me to make a trip to the earth, and spend some time in such godlike company. Apollo, will you go with me?

Apol. I would with all my heart, but I shall be of disservice to you; for when I was last on earth, though I heard of these people, I could not get admission to any of them: you had better take Plutus with you—he is acquainted with them all.

Jup. Hang him, proud rascal! of all the deities he is my aversion; I would have kicked him out of heaven long ago, but that I am afraid, if he was to take his residence entirely upon the earth, he would foment a rebellion against me.

Apol. Your fear has too just a ground, for the god of riches has more interest there than all the other gods put together: nay, he has supplanted us in all our provinces; he gives wit to men I never heard of, and beauty to women Venus never saw. Nay, he ventures to make free with Mars himself; and sometimes, they tell me, puts men at the head of military affairs who never saw an enemy, nor of whom an enemy ever could see any other than the back.

Jup. Faith! it is suprising that a god whom I sent down to earth when I was angry with mankind, and who has done them more hurt than all the other deities, should ingratiate himself so far into their favour.

Apol. You may thank yourself, you might have made man wiser if you would.

Jup. What, to laugh at? No, Apollo, believe me, man far outdoes my intention; and when I read in those little histories called dedications how excellent he is grown, I am eager to be with him, that I may make another promotion to the stars; and here comes my son of fortune to accompany us.

SCENE III.—MERCURY, JUPITER, APOLLO.

Mer. (*kneeling.*) Pray, father Jupiter, be pleased to bless me.

Jup. I do, my boy. What part of heaven, pray, have you been spending your time in?

Mer. With some ladies of your acquaintance, Apollo. I have been at blind-man's-buff with the nine muses; but before we began to play we had charming sport between Miss Thally and one of the poets; such a scene of courtship, or invocation as you call it! "Say, O Thalia," cries the bard; and then he scratches his head; and then, "Say, O Thalia," again; and repeated it a hundred times over; but the devil a word would she say.

Apol. She's a humorsome little jade, and, if she takes it into her head to hold her tongue, not all the poets on earth can open her lips.

Jup. I wish Juno had some of her frolics, with all my heart.

Mer. No, my mother-in-law is of a humour quite contrary.

Jup. Ay; for which reason I intend to make an elopement from her, and pay a short visit to our friends on earth. Son Mercury, you shall along with me.

Mer. Sir, I am at your disposal: but pray what is the reason of this visit?

Jup. Partly my wife's temper and partly some informations I have lately received of the prodigious

virtue of mankind; which if I find as great as represented, I believe I shall leave madam Juno for good-and-all, and live entirely amongst men.

Mer. I shall be glad to be introduced by you into the company of these virtuous men; for I am quite weary of the little rogues you put me at the head of. The last time I was on the earth I believe I had three sets of my acquaintance hanged in one year's revolution, and not one man of any reputable condition among them; there were indeed one or two condemned, but, I don't know how, they were found to be honest at last. And I must tell you, sir, I will be god of rogues no longer, if you suffer it to be an established maxim that no rich man can be a rogue.

Jup. We'll talk of that hereafter. I'll now go put on my travelling clothes, order my charger, and be ready for you in half an hour.

SCENE IV.—APOLLO, MERCURY.

Mer. Do you know the true reason of this expedition?

Apol. The great virtue of mankind, he tells us.

Mer. The little virtue of womankind rather.—Do you know him no better than to think he would budge a step after human virtue? besides, where the devil should he find it, if he would?

Apol. You have not read the late dedications of my votaries.

Mer. Of my votaries, you mean: I hope you will not dispute my title to the dedications, as the god of thieves. You made no distinction, I hope, between robbing with a pistol and with a pen.

Apol. My votaries robbers, Mr. Mercury?

Mer. Yes, Mr. Apollo; did not my lord chancellor Midas decree me the lawyers for the same reason? Would not he be a rogue who should take a man's money for persuading him he was a lord or a baronet, when he knew he was no such thing? Is not he equally such who picks his pocket by heaping virtues on him which he knows he has no title to? These fellows prevent the very use of praise, which, while only the reward of virtue, will always invite men to it; but, when it is to be bought, will be despised by the true deserving, equally with a ribbon or a feather, which may be bought by any one in a milliner's or a minister's shop.

Apol. Very well! at this rate you will rob me of all my panegyric writers.

Mer. Ay, and of your satirical writers too, at least a great many of them; for unjust satire is as bad as unjust panegyric.

Apol. If it is unjust indeed. But, sir, I hope you have no claim to my writers of plays, poems which have neither satire nor panegyric in 'em?

Mer. Yes, sir, to all who are thieves, and steal from one another.

Apol. Methinks, sir, you should not reflect thus on wits to me, who am the god of wit.

Mer. Heyday, sir! nor you on thieves to me, who am the god of thieves. We have no such reason to quarrel about our votaries, they are much of the same kind; for as it is a proverb, That all poets are poor, so it is a maxim, That all poor men are rogues.

Apol. Sir, sir, I have men of quality that write.

Mer. Yes, sir, and I have men of quality that rob; but neither are the one poets, nor the other rogues; for, as the one can write without wit, so can the other rob without roguery. They call it privilege, I think: Jupiter I suppose gave it them; and, instead of quarrelling with one another, I think it would be wiser in us to unite in a petition to my father that he would revoke it, and put them on a footing with our other votaries.

Apol. It is in vain to petition him anything against mankind at present, he is in such good humour with them; if they should sour his temper, at his return perhaps he may be willing to do us justice.

Mer. It shall be my fault if he is not in a worse humour with them; at least I will take care he shall not be deceived; and that might happen; for men are such hypocrites, that the greatest part deceive even themselves, and are much worse than they think themselves to be.

Apol. And Jupiter, you know, though he is the

greatest, is far from being the wisest of the gods.

Mer. His own honesty makes him the less suspicious of others; for, except in regard to women, he is as honest a fellow as any deity in all the Elysian Fields; but I shall make him wait for me. Dear Mr. Apollo, I am your humble servant.

Apol. My dear Mercury, a good journey to you; at your return I shall be glad to drink a bottle of nectar with you.

Mer. I shall be proud to kiss your hands.

THE TRUE PATRIOT.

No. 1. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1745.

ILLE Ego, qui quondam —

FASHION is the great governor of this world; it presides, not only in matters of dress and amusement, but in law, physic, politics, religion, and all other things of the gravest kind; indeed, the wisest of men would be puzzled to give any better reason why particular forms in all these have been at certain times universally received, and at others universally rejected, than that they were in or out of fashion.

Men as well as things are in like manner indebted to the favour of this *grand monarque*. It is a phrase commonly used in the polite world that such a person is in fashion; nay, I myself have known an individual in fashion, and then out of fashion, and then in fashion again. Shakspeare hath shared both these fates in poetry, and so hath Mr. Handel in music; so hath my lord Coke in law, and in physic the great Sydenham; and, as to politics and religion, I am sure every man's memory will suggest to himself very great masters in both, even in the present age, who have been in the highest degree both in and out of fashion.

It is therefore the business of every man to accommodate himself to the fashion of the times; which if he neglects, he must not be surprised if the greatest parts and abilities are totally disregarded. If Socrates himself was to go to court in an antique dress he would be neglected, or perhaps ridiculed; or if old Hippocrates was to visit the college of physicians and there talk the language of his aphorisms, he would be despised; the college, as Molière says, *having altered all that at present*.

But of all mankind there are none whom it so absolutely imports to conform to this golden rule as an author; by neglecting this Milton himself lay long in obscurity, and the world had nearly lost the best poem which perhaps it hath ever seen. On the contrary, by adhering to it Tom Dufey, whose name is almost forgot, and many others who are quite forgotten, flourished most notably in their respective ages, and eat and were read very plentifully by their contemporaries.

In strict obedience to this sovereign power, being informed by my bookseller, a man of great sagacity in his business, that nobody at present reads anything but newspapers, I have determined to conform myself to the reigning taste. The number indeed of these writers at first a little staggered us both; but, upon perusal of their works, I fancied I had discovered two or three little imperfections in them all, which somewhat diminished the force of this objection, and gave me hopes that the public will expel some of them to make room for their betters.

The first little imperfection in these writings is that there is scarce a syllable of TRUTH in any of

them. If this be admitted to be a fault it requires no other evidence than themselves, and the perpetual contradictions which occur, not only on comparing one with the other, but the same author with himself at different days.

2dly. There is no SENSE in them; to prove this, likewise, I appeal to their works.

3dly. There is, in reality, NOTHING in them at all. And this also must be allowed by their readers, if paragraphs which contain neither wit, nor humour, nor sense, nor the least importance, may be properly said to contain nothing. Such are the arrival of my lord — *with a great equipage*, the marriage of Miss — *of great beauty and merit*, and the death of Mr. — *who was never heard of in his life*, &c. &c.

Nor will this appear strange if we consider who are the authors of such tracts; namely, the journeymen of booksellers, of whom I believe much the same may be truly predicated as of these their productions.

But the encouragement with which these lucubrations are read may seem more strange and more difficult to be accounted for. And here I cannot agree with my bookseller that their eminent badness recommends them. The true reason is, I believe, simply the same which I once heard an economist assign for the content and satisfaction with which his family drank water-cider, *viz.*, because they could procure no other liquor. Indeed I make no doubt but that the understanding, as well as the palate, though it may out of necessity swallow the worse, will in general prefer the better.

In this confidence I have resolved to provide the public a better entertainment than it hath lately been dieted with; and, as it is no great assurance in an author to think himself capable of excelling such writings as have been mentioned above, so neither can he be called too sanguine in promising himself a more favourable reception from the public.

It is not usual for us of superior eminence in our profession to hang out our names on the sign-post; however, to raise some expectation in the mind of every reader, as well as to give a slight direction to those conjectures which he will be apt to make on this occasion, I shall set down some few hints by which a sagacious guesser may arrive at sufficient certainty concerning me.

And, first, I faithfully promise him that I do not live within a mile of Grub-street, nor am I acquainted with a single inhabitant of that place.

2dly. I am of no party; a word which I hope, by these my labours, to eradicate out of our constitution; this being indeed the true source of all those evils which we have reason to complain of.

3dly. I am a gentleman; a circumstance from

which my reader will reap many advantages; for, at the same time that he may peruse my paper without any danger of seeing himself or any of his friends traduced with scurrility, so he may expect, by means of my intercourse with people of condition, to find here many articles of importance concerning the affairs and transactions of the great world (which can never reach the ears of vulgar news-writers), not only in matters of state and politics, but amusement. All routs, drums, and assemblies will fall under my immediate inspection, and the adventures which happen at them will be inserted in my paper, with due regard however to the character I here profess, and with strict care to give no offence to the parties concerned.

Lastly, As to my learning, knowledge, and other qualifications for the office I have undertaken, I shall be silent, and leave the decision to my reader's judgment; of whom I desire no more than that he would not despise me before he is acquainted with me.

And to prevent this, as I have already given some account *what* I am, so I shall proceed to throw forth a few hints *who* I am; a matter commonly of the greatest importance towards the recommendation of all works of literature.

First, then, It is very probable I am lord B—ke. This I collect from my style in writing and knowledge in politics. Again, it is as probable that I am the b—p of ***, from my zeal for the protestant religion. When I consider these, together with the wit and humour which will diffuse themselves through the whole, it is more than possible I may be lord C— himself, or at least he may have some share in my paper.

From some or all of these reasons, I am very likely Mr. W—n, Mr. D—n, Mr. L—n, Mr. F—g, Mr. T—n, or indeed any other person who hath ever distinguished himself in the republic of letters.

This at least is very probable, that some of these gentlemen may contribute a share of their abilities to the carrying on this work; in which, as nothing shall ever appear in it inconsistent with decency or the religion and true civil interest of my country, no person, how great soever, need be ashamed of being imagined to have a part, unless he should be weak enough to be ashamed of writing at all; that is, of having more sense than his neighbours, or of communicating it to them.

I come now to consider the only remaining article, viz. the price, which is one-third more than my contemporary weekly historians set on their labours.

And here I might, with modesty enough, insist that, if I am either what or who I pretend to be, I have sufficient title to this distinction. It is well known that, among mechanics, a much larger advance is often allowed only for a particular name. A genteel person would not be suspected of dealing with any other than the most eminent in his trade, though he is convinced he pays an additional price by so doing. And I hope the polite world, especially when they consider the regard to fashion which I have above professed, will not scruple to allow me the same pre-eminence.

But, in reality, this is the cheapest paper which was ever given to the public, both in quality, of which enough hath been said already, and in which light a shilling would, I apprehend, be a more moderate price than the three halfpence which is demanded by some others: and, secondly (which my bookseller chiefly insists on), in quantity—as I shall contain, he says, full three times as many letters as the above-mentioned papers; and for which reason he at first advised me to demand fourpence at least,

for that one ninth part would be still abated to the public. To be serious, I would desire my reader to weigh fairly with himself whether he doth not gain six times the knowledge and amusement by my paper, compared to any other; and then I think he will have no difficulty to determine in my favour.

Indeed, the prudent part of mankind will be considerable gainers by purchasing my paper; for, as it will contain everything which is worth their knowing, all others will become absolutely needless: and I leave to their determination whether three pennyworth of truth and sense is not more worth their purchasing than all the rubbish and nonsense of the week, which will cost them twenty times as much. In other words, is it not better to give their understanding an entertainment once a-week than to surcharge it every day with coarse and homely fare?

I shall conclude the whole in the words of the fair and honest tradesman: Gentlemen, upon my word and honour, I can afford it no cheaper; and I believe there is no shop in town will use you better for the price.

No. 3. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1745.

— Furit ensis et ignis

Quo que caret flammâ scelerum est locus.—SIL. ITAL.

THE rebellion having long been the universal subject of conversation in this town, it is no wonder that what so absolutely engages our waking thoughts should attend us to the pillow, and represent to us in dreams or visions those ideas which fear had before suggested to our minds.

It is natural, on all occasions, to have some little attention to our private welfare; nor do I ever honour the patriot the less (I am sure I confide in him much the more) whose own good is involved in that of the public. I am not, therefore, ashamed to give the public the following dream or vision, though my own little affairs, and the private consequences which the success of this rebellion would produce to myself, form the principal object; for I believe, at the same time, there are few of my readers who will not find themselves interested in some parts of it.

Methought I was sitting in my study, meditating for the good and entertainment of the public, with my two little children (as is my usual course to suffer them) playing near me, when I heard a very hard knock at my door, and immediately afterwards several ill-looking rascals burst in upon me, one of whom seized me with great violence, saying I was his prisoner, and must go with him. I asked him for what offence. "Have you the impudence to ask that," said he, "when the words true patriot lie now before you?" I then bid him show me his warrant. He answered, "There it is," pointing to several men who were in Highland dresses, with broad swords by their sides. My children then ran towards me, and, bursting into tears, expressed their concern for their poor papa. Upon which one of the ruffians seized my little boy, and, pulling him from me, dashed him against the ground; and all immediately hurried me away out of my room and house, before I could be sensible of the effects of this barbarity.

My concern for my poor children, from whom I had been torn in the above manner, prevented me from taking much notice of any objects in the streets, through which I was dragged with many insults.—Houses burnt down, dead bodies of men, women, and children strewed everywhere as we passed, and great numbers of Highlanders and popish priests in their several habits, made, however, too forcible an impression on me to be unobserved.

My guard now brought me to Newgate, where they were informed that gaol was too full to admit a single person more. I was then conducted to a large booth in Smithfield, as I thought, where I was shut in with a great number of prisoners, amongst whom were many of the most considerable persons in this kingdom. Two of these were in a very particular manner reviled by the Highland guards (for all the soldiers were in that dress), and these two I presently recollected to be the A-chb-sh-p of Y—k and the B—p of Win—r.

As there is great inconsistency of time and place in most dreams, I now found myself, by an unaccountable transition, in a court which bore some resemblance to the court of King's Bench, only a great cross was erected in the middle; and, instead of those officers of justice who usually attend that court, a number of Highlanders, with drawn swords, stood there as sentinels; the judges too were persons whose faces I had never seen before. I was obliged, I thought, to stand some time at the bar, before my trial came on, the court being busied in a cause where an abbot was plaintiff, in determining the boundaries of some abbey-land, which they decided for the plaintiff, the chief justice declaring it was his majesty's pleasure, in all doubtful cases, that judgment should be in favour of the church.

A charge of high treason was then, I dreamed, exhibited against me, for having writ in defence of his present majesty king George, and my paper of the True Patriot was produced in evidence against me.

Being called upon to make my defence, I insisted entirely on the statute of Henry VII. by which all persons are exempted from incurring the penalties of treason in defence of the king *de facto*. But the chief justice told me in broken English, that if I had no other plea they should presently overrule that; for that his majesty was resolved to make an example of all who had any ways distinguished themselves in opposition to his cause.

Methought I then replied, with a resolution which I hope every Englishman would exert on such an occasion, THAT THE LIFE OF NO MAN WAS WORTH PRESERVING LONGER THAN IT WAS TO BE DEFENDED BY THE KNOWN LAWS OF HIS COUNTRY; and that, if the king's arbitrary pleasure was to be that law, I was indifferent what he determined concerning myself.

The court, having put it to the vote (for no jury, I thought, attended), and unanimously agreed that I was guilty, proceeded to pass the sentence usual in cases of high treason, having first made many eulogiums on the pope, the Roman Catholic religion, and the king, who was to support both and be supported by them.

I was then delivered into the hands of the executioner, who stood ready, and was ordered to allow me only three hours to confess myself, and be reconciled to the church of Rome. Upon which a priest, whose face I remember to have seen at a place called an oratory, and who was, for his good services, preferred to be the ordinary of Newgate, immediately advanced, and began to revile me, saying I was the wickedest heretic in the kingdom, and had exerted myself with more impudence against his majesty and his holiness than any other person whatsoever: but he added, as I had the good fortune to make some atonement for my impiety by being hanged, if I would embrace his religion, confess myself, and receive absolution, I might possibly, after some expiation in purgatory, receive a final pardon.

I was hence conducted into a dungeon, where, by a glimmering light, I saw many wretches my fellow-prisoners, who, for various crimes, were condemned to various punishments.

Among these appeared one in a very ragged plight, whom I very well knew, and who, the last time I saw him, appeared to live in great affluence and splendour. Upon my inquiring the reason of his being detained in that region of horror, he very frankly told me it was for stealing a loaf. He acknowledged the fact; but said he had been obliged to it for the relief of his indigent family. "I see," continued he, "your surprise at this change of my fortune; but, you must know, my whole estate was in the funds, by the wiping out of which I was at once reduced to the condition in which you now see me. I rose in the morning with 40,000*l*. I had a wife whom I tenderly loved, and three blooming daughters. The eldest was within a week of her marriage, and I was to have paid down 10,000*l*. with her. At noon I found a royal decree had reduced me to down-right beggary. My daughter hath lost her marriage, and is gone distracted. My wife is dead of a broken heart, and my poor girls have neither clothes to cover them nor meat to feed them: so that I may truly say —

——Miser, O miser, omnia ademit
Una dies infesta mihi tot præmia vitæ."

Here methought he stopped, and a flood of tears gushed from his eyes. I should perhaps have been a greater sharer in his sorrow, had not the consideration of his children's ruin represented to me the situation of my own. Good gods! what were the agonies I then felt, though in a dream! Racks, wheels, gibbets were no longer the objects of terror. My children possessed my whole mind, and my fearful imagination ran through every scene of horror which villains can act on their fellow-creatures. Sometimes I saw their helpless hands struggling for a moment with a barbarous cut-throat. Here I saw my poor boy, my whole ambition, the hopes and prospect of my age, sprawling on the floor, and weltering in his blood; there my fancy painted my daughter, the object of all my tenderness, prostituted even in her infancy to the brutal lust of a ruffian, and then sacrificed to his cruelty. Such were my terrors, when I was relieved from them by the welcome presence of the executioner, who summoned me immediately forth, telling me, since I had refused the assistance of the priest, he could grant me no longer indulgence.

The first sight which occurred to me as I passed through the streets (for common objects totally escape the observation of a man in my present temper of mind) was a young lady of quality, and the greatest beauty of this age, in the hands of two Highlanders, who were struggling with each other for their booty. The lovely prize, though her hair was dishevelled and torn, her eyes swollen with tears, her face all pale, and some marks of blood both on that and her breast, which was all naked and exposed, retained still sufficient charms to discover herself to me, who have always beheld her with wonder and admiration. Indeed, it may be questioned whether perfect beauty loses or acquires charms by distress. This sight was matter of entertainment to my conductors, who, however, hurried me presently from it, as I wish they had also from her screams, which reached my ears to a great distance.

After such a spectacle as this, the dead bodies which lay everywhere in the streets (for there had been, I was told, a massacre the night before) scarce made any impression; nay, the very fires in which protestants were roasting were, in my sense, objects of much less horror; nay, such an effect had this sight wrought on my mind, which hath been always full of the utmost tenderness for that charming sex,

that for a moment it obliterated all concern for my children, from whom I was to be hurried for ever without a farewell, or without knowing in what condition I left them, or indeed whether they had hitherto survived the cruelty which now methought raged everywhere with all the fury which rage, zeal, lust, and wanton fierceness could inspire into the bloody hearts of popish priests, bigots, and barbarians. Of such a scene my learned reader may see a fine picture drawn by Silius Italicus, in his second book, where he describes the sacking the brave city of Saguntum by a less savage army.

I then overheard a priest admonish the executioner to exert the utmost rigour of my sentence towards me; after which, the same priest advancing forwards, and putting on a look of compassion, advised me, for the sake of my soul, to embrace the holy communion. I gave him no answer, and he turned his back, thundering forth curses against me.

At length I arrived at the fatal place which promised me a speedy end to all my sufferings. Here, methought, I saw a man who by his countenance and actions expressed the highest degree of despair. He stamped with his feet, beat his face, tore his hair, and uttered the most horrid execrations. Upon inquiring into the circumstances of this person, I was informed by one of the by-standers that he was a nonjuror, who had lent considerable assistance to the pretender's cause, out of principle, and was now lamenting the consequences which the success of it had brought on such honest gentlemen as myself. My informer added, with a smile, the wise man expected his majesty would keep his word with heretics.

The executioner then attempted to put the rope round my neck, when my little girl entered my bedchamber, and put an end to my dream by pulling open my eyes, and telling me that the tailor had brought home my clothes for his majesty's birthday.

The sight of my dear child, added to the name of that gracious prince, at once deprived me of every private and public fear; and the joy which now began to arise, being soon after heightened by consideration of the day, the sound of bells, and the hurry which prevailed everywhere from the eagerness of all sorts of people to demonstrate their loyalty at this season, gave me altogether as delightful a sensation as perhaps the heart of man is capable of feeling; of which I have the pleasure to know every reader must partake who hath had good-nature enough to sympathise with me in the foregoing part of this vision.

No. 4.—TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1745.

Ambubaiarum collegia, pharmacopolæ,
Mendici, mimi, balatrones; hoc genus omne
Mœstum et sollicitum est.—HORACE.

THE author of the "Serious Address to the People of Great Britain" (a pamphlet which ought to be in every man's hands at this season) hath incontestably shown the danger of this rebellion to all who have any regard for the protestant religion, or the laws and liberties of their country.

We have further endeavoured, in our last paper, to give a lively picture of the utter misery and desolation it would introduce, and the insecurity of our estates, properties, lives, and families, under the government of an absolute popish prince (for absolute he would plainly be), introduced by the conquering arms of France, Spain, and the Highlands. So that every good and worthy protestant in this nation who is attached to his religion and liberties, or who hath any estate or property, either in church-

lands or in the funds (which includes almost every man who hath either estate or property in the kingdom), is concerned, in the highest degree, to oppose the present rebellion.

I am, however, aware that there yet remains a party to be spoken to who are not strictly concerned in interest in any of the preceding lights: I mean those gentlemen who have no property, nor any regard either for the religion or liberty of their country.

Now if I can make it appear that those persons likewise are interested in opposing the pretender's cause, I think we may then justly conclude he cannot have a single partisan in this nation (the most bigoted Roman Catholics excepted) who is sensible enough to know his own good.

And first, the most noble party of freethinkers, who have no religion, are most heartily concerned to oppose the introduction of popery, which would obtrude one on them, one not only inconsistent with freethinking, but indeed with any thinking at all. How would a man of spirit, whose principles are too elevated to worship the great Creator of the universe, submit to pay his adoration to a rabble of saints, most of whom he would have been justly ashamed to have kept company with while alive?

But, besides the slavish doctrines which he must believe, or, at least, meanly pretend to believe, how would a genius who cannot conform to the little acts of decency required by a protestant church support the slavish impositions of auricular confession, penance, fasting, and all the tiresome forms and ceremonies exacted by the church of Rome?

Lastly, whereas the said freethinkers have long regarded it as an intolerable grievance that a certain body of men called *parsons* should, for the useless services of praying, preaching, catechising, and instructing the people, receive a certain fixed stipend from the public which the law foolishly allows them to call their own: how would these men brook the restoration of abbey-lands, impropriations, and the numberless flowers which the Reformation hath lopped off from the church, and which the re-establishment of popery would most infallibly restore to it?

Again, there are many worthy persons who, though very little concerned for the true liberty of their country, have, however, the utmost respect for what is by several mistaken for it; I mean licentiousness, or a free power of abusing the king, ministry, and everything great, noble, and solemn.

The impunity with which this liberty hath been of late years practised must be acknowledged by every man of the least candour. Indeed, to such a degree, that power and government, instead of being objects of reverence and terror, have been set up as the butts of ridicule and buffoonery, as if they were only intended to be laughed at by the people.

Now this is a liberty which hath only flourished under this royal family. His present majesty, as he hath less deserved than his predecessors to be the object of it, so he hath supported it with more dignity and contempt than they have done; but how impatient the pretender will be under this liberty, and how certainly he will abolish it, may be concluded, not only from the absolute power which he infallibly brings with him, but from the many ears and noses which his family, without such power, have heretofore sacrificed on these occasions.

And this is a loss not only to be deplored by those men of genius who have exerted and may exert their great talents this way. There are many who, without the capacity of writing, have that of reading, and have done their utmost to support and encour-

rage such authors and their works. These will lose their favourite amusement, all those laughs and shrugs which they have formerly vented at the expense of their superiors.

But if these concerns should appear chimerical, I come now to pecuniary considerations; to a large body of men whose whole trade would be ruined by this man's success. The reader will be, perhaps, in doubt what trade can be carried on by such persons as I have described in the beginning of this paper: how much more will he be surprised to hear that it is the principal trade which of late years hath been carried on in this kingdom! To keep him therefore no longer in suspense, I mean the honest method of selling ourselves, which hath flourished so notably for a long time among us. A business which I have ventured to call honest, notwithstanding the objections raised by weak and scrupulous people against it.

I know, indeed, many answers have been given to these objections by a late philosopher of great eminence, and by the followers of his school; such as, that all mankind are rascals; that they are only to be governed by corruption, &c. But, to say the truth, there is no occasion of having recourse to these deep and obscure doctrines for this purpose; there is a much fuller and plainer answer to be given, and which is founded on principles the very reverse of those which were taught in this school, namely, the principles of common sense and common honesty; for if it be granted, as surely it will be, that we are freemen, we have certainly a right to ourselves; and whatever we have a right to we have also a right to sell. And perhaps it was a doubt in that great philosopher *whether we were freemen or no* that led him into those doctrines I have mentioned.

Now this trade, by which alone so many thousands have got an honest livelihood for themselves and families, must be totally ruined; for, if this nation should be once enslaved, it would be impossible for an honest man to carry on this business any longer. A freeman, as hath been proved, may justly sell himself, but a slave cannot.

And if a man should be so dishonourable and base as to offer at carrying on this trade in an enslaved country, contrary to all the rules of honesty and all the most solemn ties of slavery, yet who would buy him? The reasons against such a purchase are too obvious to be mentioned. Indeed, we may say in general, that, as it is dishonest in a slave to sell, so it is as foolish in a slave to buy; for, as the one hath no property to part with, so neither can the other acquire any.

For these reasons, I think it is visibly the interest of all that part of the nation to whom I have addressed myself in the beginning of this paper to exclude popery and arbitrary power.

There is, however, one objection which I foresee may and will be made to this conclusion; and that is, whereas the estates of all the lords and commons of this kingdom will be forfeited, and at the disposal of the conqueror, and the personal fortunes of all others will, in the confusion at least, be liable to plunder, that such honest gentlemen may have a sufficient chance abundantly to repair or compensate all their losses.

I own there is something very plausible in this argument, and it might, perhaps, have great force, if the pretender's son had landed in England, as he did in Scotland, and had been pleased to place that confidence in an English rabble with which he hath vouchsafed rather to honour these Highland banditti. In this case, I grant, no man could justly

have been blamed who had fixed the eyes of his affection on his neighbour's estate, gardens, house, purse, wife, or daughter, for joining the young man's cause, provided the success of it had been probable; such a behaviour would then have been highly consistent with all the rules taught in that school of philosophy above mentioned, and none but a musty moralist, for whose doctrine great men have doubtless an adequate contempt, would have condemned it.

But the fact is otherwise. The Highlanders are those to whom he must owe any success he may attain; these are therefore to be served before you, and I easily refer to your own consideration, when Rome, and France, and Spain, are repaid their demands, when a vast army of hungry Highlanders, and a larger army of as hungry priests, are satisfied, how miserable a pittance will remain to your share! indeed, so small a one must this be, that the greatest adept in our philoso-political school would think it scarce worth his while to sacrifice his conscience to the certainty of obtaining it.

These latter considerations I earnestly recommend to the most serious attention of the gentlemen for whose use this paper is calculated; and I am certain that any argument for the pretender's cause, drawn from the hopes of plundering their neighbours, with which, perhaps, some honest men have too fondly flattered themselves, will have very little weight with any person. Nay, I must remind them that they will not be suffered to rifle the very churches themselves, upon whose small riches most probably the said gentlemen have cast their eyes.

It appears then that none will be or can be gainers by this rebellion but popish priests and Highlanders; and I have too good an opinion of my country to apprehend that her religion, liberties, and properties, can ever be endangered by such adversaries.

No. 7. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1745.

TO THE TRUE PATRIOT.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,—I received your paper, intitled the True Patriot, numbers one and two, inclosed in the franks of my great and most honoured patron, for which I have the highest thanks for you both. I am delighted, and that greatly, with many passages in these papers. The moderation which you profess towards all parties perfectly becomes a christian. Indeed I have always thought that moderation in the shepherd was the best, if not only, way to bring home all the straggling sheep to his flock. I have intimated this at the vestry, and even at visitation before the archdeacon:

Sed Cassandra non creditum est.

I like your method of placing a motto from the classics at the head of every paper. It must give some encouragement to your readers that the author understands, at least, one line of Latin, which is perhaps more than can be safely predicated of every writer in this age.

You desire me, sir, to write you something proper to be seen *et quidem* by the public; as therefore a subject worthy their most serious attention now offers itself, *viz.* the ensuing fast ordained by authority, I have communicated my thoughts to you thereon, which you may suppress or publish as you think meet.

ἔρχου ἐπ' ἔργον
Θεοῖσιν ἱκετεύσας, ΠΥΘΑΓΟΡΑΣ.

Go upon the work,
Having first prayed to the gods for success.

As it is impossible for any man to reflect seriously

on the progress of the present unnatural rebellion without imputing such unparalleled success to some other cause than has yet appeared, some other strength than what any visible human means hath placed in the hands of the rebels; so will it be extremely difficult to assign any adequate cause whatsoever, without recurring to one of whose great efficacy we have frequent examples in sacred history; I mean the just judgment of God against an offending people.

And that this is really so, we may conclude from these two considerations: First, from the rapidity of the rebels' progress, so unaccountable from all human means; for can history produce an instance parallel to this, of six or seven men landing in a great and powerful nation, in opposition to the inclination of the people, in defiance of a vast and mighty army?—for though the greater part of this army was not then in the kingdom, it was so nearly within call that every man of them might, within the compass of a few days or weeks at farthest, have been brought home and landed in any part it? If we consider, I say, this handful of men landing in the most desolate corner, among a set of poor, naked, hungry, disarmed slaves, abiding there with impunity till they had, as it were, in the face of a large body of his majesty's troops, collected a kind of army or rather rabble together; if we view this army intimidating the king's forces from approaching them by their situation; soon afterwards quitting that situation, marching directly up to the northern capital, and entering it without surprise or without a blow. If we again view this half-armed, half-disciplined mob, without the assistance of a single piece of artillery, march up to, attack, and *smite* a superior number of the king's regular troops, with cannon in their front to defend them. If we consider them returning from this complete victory to the capital, which they had before taken, there remaining for near two months in contempt of twelve millions of people, above a hundred thousand of which have arms in their hands, and one-half of these the best troops in Europe. If we consider them afterwards at the approach of a large army under a general of great experience and approved merit, bending their course, though not in a direct line, towards this army; and then, by long and painful marches over almost inaccessible mountains, through the worst of roads in the worst of seasons; by those means, I say, slipping that army and leaving it behind them. If we view them next march on towards another army, still greater, under a young, brave, vigilant, and indefatigable prince, who were advancing in their front to meet, as the others were in their rear to pursue them. If we consider, I say, these banditti, not yet increased to full 6000, and above a third of these old men and boys not to be depended on, proceeding without a check through a long tract of country, through many towns and cities, which they plundered, at least to a degree, up within a few miles of this third army sent to oppose them; then, by the advantage of a dark night, passing by this army likewise, and by a most incredible march getting between that and the metropolis, into which they struck a terror scarce to be credited,—though, besides the two armies at their heels, there was still one in this very metropolis infinitely superior to these rebels, not only in arms and discipline, but in numbers. Who, I say, can consider such things as these, and retain the least doubt whether he shall impute them to a judgment inflicted on this sinful nation; especially when, in the second place, we must allow such judgment to be most undoubtedly our due?

To run through every species of crimes with which our Sodom abounds would fill your whole paper. Indeed, such monstrous impieties and iniquities have I both seen and heard of, within these three last years, during my sojourning in what is called the world, particularly the last winter, while I tarried in the great city, that, while I verily believe we are the silliest nation under the heaven in every other light, we are wiser than Sodom in wickedness. If we would avoid, therefore, that final judgment which was denounced against that city; if we would avoid that total destruction with which we are threatened, not remotely and at a distance, but immediately and at hand; if we would pacify that vengeance which hath already begun to operate by sending rebels, foreign enemies, pestilence, the forerunner of famine and poverty, among us; if we would pacify that vengeance which seems already bent to our destruction, by breathing the breath of folly as well as perfidy, into the nostrils of the great; what have we to do but to set about **THE WORK** recommended by the wise and pious, though heathen philosopher, in my motto? And what is **THIS WORK** but a thorough amendment of our lives, a perfect alteration of our ways? But before we begin this, let us, in obedience to the rule of that philosopher, prescribed above, first apply ourselves by fasting and prayer to the throne of offended grace. My lords the bishops have wisely set apart a particular day for this solemn service—a day which I hope will be kept universally through this kingdom, with all those marks of true piety and repentance which our present dreadful situation demands. Indeed, the wretch whose hard heart is not seriously in earnest on this occasion deserves no more the appellation of a good Englishman than of a good churchman or a true christian. All sober and wise nations have, in times of public danger, instituted certain solemn sacrifices to their gods: now the christian sacrifices are those of fasting and prayer; and if ever these were in a more extraordinary manner necessary, it is surely now, when the least reflection must convince us that we do in so eminent a manner deserve the judgment of God, and when we have so much reason to apprehend it is coming upon us. I hope, therefore (I repeat it once more), that this day will be kept by us **ALL** in the most solemn manner, and that not a man will dare refuse complying with those duties which the state requires of us; but I must at the same time recommend to my countrymen a caution, that they would not mistake **THE WORK** itself for what is only the beginning of or preface to it. Let them not vainly imagine that, when they have fasted and prayed for a day, nay even for an age, that **THE WORK** is done. It is a total amendment of life, a total change of manners, which can bring **THE WORK** to a conclusion, or produce any good effects from it. Here again, to give particular instances would be to enumerate all those vices which I have already declined recounting, and would be too prolix. They are known, they are obvious; and few men who resolve to amend their lives will, I believe, want any assistance to discover what parts of them stand in need of amendment. I shall, however, point out two or three particulars, which I the rather single out, because I have heard that there are some who dispute whether they are really vices or no, though every polity, as well as the christian, have agreed in condemning them as such. The first of these is lying. The devil himself is, in scripture, said to be the father of lies; and liars are, perhaps, some of the vilest and wickedest children he has. Nay, I think the morals of all civilised nations have

denied even the character of a gentleman to a liar. So heinous is this vice, that it has not only stigmatised particular persons, but whole communities, with infamy. And yet have we not persons, ay, and very great persons too, so famous for it, that their credit is a jest and their words mere wind? I need not point them out, for they take sufficient care to point out themselves. Luxury is a second vice which is so far from being acknowledged as criminal, that it is ostentatiously affected. Now this is not only a vice in itself, but it is in reality a privation of all virtue. For, first, in lower fortunes it prevents men from being honest; and in higher situations it excludes that virtue without which no man can be a christian, namely, charity. For, as surely as charity covereth a multitude of sins, so must a multitude of dishes, pictures, jewels, houses, horses, servants, &c., cover all charity. I remember dining last winter at a great man's table, where we had, among many others, one dish the expense of which would have provided very liberally for a poor family a whole twelvemonth. In short I never saw, during my abode in the great city, a single man who gave me reason to think that he would have enabled himself to be charitable by retrenching the most idle superfluity of his expense. Perhaps the large subscriptions which have prevailed all over the kingdom at this season may be urged as an instance of charity. To this I answer, in the words of a very great and generous friend of mine, who disclaimed all merit from a very liberal subscription, saying, "It was rather sense than goodness to sacrifice a small part for the security of the whole." Now, true charity is of another kind; it has no self-interested motives, pursues no immediate return nor worldly good, well knowing that it is laying up a much surer and much greater reward for itself. But, indeed, who wonders that men are so backward in sacrificing any of their wealth to their consciences, who before had sacrificed their consciences to the acquisition of that very wealth? Can we expect to find charity in an age when scarce any refuse to own the most profligate rapaciousness? when no man is ashamed of avowing the pursuit of riches through every dirty road and track? To speak out, in an age when everything is venal; and when there is scarce one among the mighty who would not be equally ashamed at being thought not to set *some price* on himself as he would at being imagined to set too low a one? This is an assertion whose truth is too well known. Indeed, my four years' knowledge of the world hath scarce furnished me with examples of any other kind. I believe I have already exceeded my portion of hourglass; I shall therefore reserve what I have farther to say on this subject to some other opportunity.—I am, &c.

ABRAHAM ADAMS.

No. 9. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1745.

Non hoc ista sibi tempus spectacula poscit.—VIRG.

THE following letter came attended with a small present of Bologna sausages, Naples soap, Florence oil, and a paper of maccaroni:—

"SIGNIOR SAR,—Me be inform dat you be de patriat, dat is to say, van parson who take part for de muny; now, sar, dat be commodity me did forget to bring over vid me; but ven me ave got one two thousand pound me sal send you sum; me desire, darefor, dat you woud rite sumting to recomend de opera, or begar me sal be oblige to go back to Italy like one fool as me did cum, and dey will laff at me for bring no muny from an country vich ave

give so much muny for song.—Me be, signior sar, of your excellence de most umble slave,

"GIOVANI CANTILENA."

Though I by no means admit that character of patriotism which the signior hath conceived, whether in Italy or England I will not determine, yet as I think it one part of integrity to dare oppose popular clamour, I shall, in compliance with my good friend, and in return for this kind present, offer such thoughts as occur to me in favour of a diversion against which so much disgust seems to prevail at this season.

And, in the first place, I think it should be considered that these poor Italians, whose property is their throats, did not come over of their own accord, but were invited hither. Nor is the rebellion a sufficient excuse to send them back unrewarded, since the poverty and distress of this nation, even before this rebellion, occasioned by debts, wars, and almost every public calamity, must have deterred any persons from such an undertaking, who had not resolved to have an opera at any rate and in any situation.

But, perhaps, this melancholy situation of our affairs was a principal reason for the introduction of this opera. Is anything more proper to soften and compose the mind in misfortunes than music? Hath it not always been found the most effectual remedy in grief? and was accordingly used as such by the great Nero, to calm and compose the agonies of his mind while his own city was in flames; and Homer informs us that Achilles used to assuage the wrath and impetuosity of his temper by the music which old Chiron had taught him. Nay, it hath been prescribed by physicians as a medicine for a diseased mind; and we are told by Josephus that, "when Saul was agitated with fits, like a dæmoniac, his physicians, not being able to give any natural or philosophical account of the distemper, only advised the having somebody about him that could sing or play upon the harp well, that might be ready at hand to give him the diversion of an hymn or an air. This advice was taken, and David sent for, who by his voice and harp cured the patient."

The great power over the passions which the ancient philosophers assigned to music is almost too well known to be mentioned. Socrates learned to sing in his old age. Plato had so high an opinion of music that he considered the application of it to amusement only as a high perversion of its institution; for he imagined it given by the gods to men for much more divine and nobler purposes. And Pythagoras (to mention no more) is known to have held that virtue, peace, health, and all other good things, was nothing but harmony. Hence, perhaps, arose that notion maintained by some of the Greeks, from observing the sympathy between them, that the soul of man was something very like the sound of a fiddle.

And this power of music is not only capable of exercising to allay and compose, it is altogether as efficacious in rousing and animating the passions. Thus Xenophantus is recorded to have incited Alexander to arms with his music. And Plutarch, in his Laconic Apophthegms, tells us that Agesilaus being asked why the Spartans marched (or rather danced) up to the enemy to some tune? answered that music discovered the brave man from the coward; for those same notes which made the eyes of the valiant sparkle with fire overspread the timorous face with paleness, and every other mark of terror.

This, therefore, is a second good reason for an

opera at present, provided the music be properly adapted to the times, be chiefly martial, and consist mostly of trumpets and kettle-drums. The subject likewise of the drama (though that is generally considered as a matter of little consequence in those compositions) may lend some assistance; as, suppose, for instance, the famous opera in which the celebrated Nicolini formerly killed a lion with so much bravery should be revived on this occasion. Such an example would almost animate the ladies, nay, even the beaux, to take up arms in defence of their country.

And what are the objections which our antimusical enemies make to this entertainment?

First, I apprehend it hath been said that the softness of Italian music is calculated to enervate the mind. This hath been obviated already. But, admitting the objection true, where is its validity when we consider of what persons the audiences will be composed? for not only the common soldiers but all inferior officers are excluded by the price. Indeed, the audience at an opera consists chiefly of fine gentlemen, fine ladies, and their servants, and, except a few general officers, whose courage we ought to imagine superior to the power of a languishing air, scarce a person is ever present who is likely to see a camp or handle a musket; unless the opera, by being regulated as above, should inspire a martial spirit into them.

Secondly, it is said that the immoderate expense of this diversion, at a season when poverty spreads its black banner over the whole nation, and when much the greater part are reduced to the most miserable degrees of want and necessity, is an argument of most abandoned extravagance and indecent profligacy, scarce to be equalled by any example in history.

This I conceive is the objection on which our adversaries principally rely. I shall apply myself therefore in a very particular manner to answer it.

And here I must premise that this objection proceeds on a tacit admission of what is by no means true, viz., that the sums expended on an opera subscription would otherwise be employed in the public service of the nation, or at least in private charity to some of the numberless objects of it.

But this would certainly not be the case; for the person who could think of promoting such a diversion in the midst of so much calamity must have neither heart nor head good enough to feel the distresses of a fellow-creature, much less to relieve them; and surely it cannot be supposed that these people will advance anything in defence of his majesty when they fly in his sacred face by attempting an opera, though he hath himself (or I am grossly misinformed) been pleased to declare it is not now a time for operas.

We must therefore conclude that this money, if not exhausted for the present good purpose, would either remain dormant in the purse of its owner, or would otherwise be sacrificed at cards, or lavished on some less innocent article of luxury or wantonness.

The expense then of this entertainment, however great it should be, will not injure the public. On the contrary, such will be its political utility that I question whether this opera may not preserve the nation.

For, in the first place, can anything tend more to raise the public credit abroad, or so effectually to refute the slanders of those enemies who have endeavoured to represent us in a bankrupt condition, than this very undertaking? It hath been esteemed a master-stroke of Roman policy, as well as great-

ness, that in their highest distress they endeavoured by all kinds of art to insinuate their great strength and assert their independency; for which purpose was that ever memorable puff with which they refused the presents of king Hiero after the battle of Thrasymene.

I cannot help regarding our sending for a troop of Italian singers in this time of distress as a state puff of the same kind. Indeed I am convinced it was done with this design; for are not the very persons who are the forwardest in promoting this diversion courtiers, and consequently friends to the present establishment? Are they not people of fortune, and therefore highly interested in the preservation of national credit? Nor can I help observing, as a proof of the policy of this measure, another piece of state craft, tending to show our great inward strength and security; for, while we sent for this troop of singers into England, we left several troops of our soldiers abroad. And in what part of Europe could this policy be played off with such advantage as in Italy, where our principal enemies reside, and where the scheme of our destruction is supposed to have been laid? The success with which this scheme hath been attended must have answered our expectation, since it is apparent by the arrival of these singers that they are *fairly taken in*, and imposed upon to believe we have still as much money as ever.

In this light then the opera, and those who encourage it, will deserve our highest encomiums; and the subscription to it may be ranked with the other public subscriptions at this season. And in this light we ought to see the intention of those who have promoted it for the reasons above mentioned: to which I will add the humane maxim of always assigning the best motive possible to the actions of every one.

But, on the contrary, should we be so cruel to deny any such good purpose to be at the bottom; nay, should we derive this desire of an opera at present from the most depraved levity of mind, an utter insensibility of public good or evil, yet we may still draw advantages from our opera, though I must own I could be scarce sanguine enough to derive them from design. For could it be imagined of any nation, at such a season of danger and distress (which I decline painting at length, as the picture is disagreeable and already sufficiently known), that considerable numbers of the inhabitants, instead of contributing all the assistance in their several capacities to the public, should employ their time and their money in endeavouring to promote an expensive foreign diversion, composed of all the ingredients of softness and luxury, such a nation would not be worth invading. No powerful prince could look on such a people with any eyes of fear or jealousy, nor no wise one would send his subjects among them for fear of enervating their minds and debauching their morals.

Such a nation could inspire no other ideas into its neighbours than those of contempt and ridicule. We ought to be considered as the silly swan, whose last breath goes out in a cantata. And as nothing but wanton cruelty could move any power to attack us, so would the conquest of us be no less infamous than barbarous; and we should, from the same reason, be as safe in the neighbourhood of France as the little commonwealth of Lucca was in that of her great sister of Rome.

For all these reasons I am for an opera; but I must then insist on it that we strike up immediately, otherwise I must desire that ghost of an advertisement, calling for latter payment from the subscribers,

which hath haunted the public papers this month, without having (as it seems) been spoken to by any one, to disappear immediately; for I would by no means have all Europe imagine that we *want nothing* to establish our opera at present, *but money*.

No. 10. TUESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1746.

Tu, Jupiter, quem statorem hujus urbis atque imperii verè nominamus: HUNC et HUIUS socios à tuis aris ceterisque templis, à tectis urbis ac mœnibus, à vita fortunisque civium omnium arcebis: et omnes bonorum inimicos, hostes patriæ, latrones Italiæ, scelerum fœdere inter se ac nefaria societate conjunctos, æternis suppliciis, vivos mortuosque mactabis.—CIC. IN L. CATIL.

TO THE TRUE PATRIOT.

Dec. 14, 1745.

Dear Sir,—Though I live on a small fortune, in great obscurity, yet I cannot but be interested in our present troubles. My thoughts sometimes lead me to meditate what we are likely to expect, should success attend the present ravagers of our country. Nay, I have even gone so far as to suppose them actual victors, and have in this light framed an imaginary journal of events, with which I here present you, as with a waking dream.

The person of my drama, or journalist, I suppose to be an honest tradesman, living in the busy part of the city.

January 1, 1746.

THIS day the supposed conqueror was proclaimed at Stocks market amidst the loud acclamations of Highlanders and friars. I was enabled, from my own windows, to view this ceremony; Walbrook church, the Mansion-house, and several others adjoining, having been burnt and razed in the massacre of last week. Father O'Blaze, an Irish dominican, read upon the occasion a speech out of a paper, which he styled an extempore address. Melancholy as I was, I could not help smiling at one of his expressions; when speaking of the new year, he talked of Janus's faces, each of which looked both backward and forward.

Jan. 2. A proclamation issued for a free parliament (according to the declaration) to meet the 20th instant. The twelve judges removed, and twelve new ones appointed; some of whom had scarce ever been in Westminster-hall before.

Jan. 3. Queen Anne's statue in St. Paul's churchyard taken away, and a large crucifix erected in its room.

Jan. 4, 5, 6. The cash, transfer-books, &c., removed to the Tower, from the Bank, South-sea, and India houses, which, 'tis reported, are to be turned into convents.

Jan. 10. Three anabaptists committed to Newgate, for pulling down the crucifix in St. Paul's churchyard.

Jan. 12. Being the first Sunday after Epiphany, father Macdagger, the royal confessor, preached at St. James's—sworn afterwards of the privy-council—arrived the French ambassador with a numerous retinue.

Jan. 20. The free parliament opened—the speech and addresses filled with sentiments of civil and religious liberty. An act of grace proposed from the crown, to pardon all treasons committed under pretext of any office, civil or military, before the first declarations being promulgated, which was in the Isle of Mull, about nineteen months ago. The judges consulted whether all persons throughout Great Britain were intended to be bound by this promulgation, as being privy to it. 'Twas held they were, because ignorantia legis non excusat.

Jan. 22. Three members, to wit, Mr. D—n, Mr. P—t, and Mr. L—n, were seized in their

houses and sent to the Tower, by a warrant from a secretary of state. The same day I heard another great man was dismissed from his place, but his name I could neither learn nor guess.

Jan. 23. His highness sends a message to the house that he would make no further removals till he saw better reason.

Jan. 24. A great court at St. James's, at which were present * and * and * and * and *, and all kissed hands.

Jan. 25. The three anabaptists above mentioned tried for their offence, and sentenced to be hanged. Executed the same day, attended by Mr. Machenly the ordinary. Their teacher, Mr. Obadiah Washum, the currier, was refused access from their first commitment.

Jan. 26. This day the Gazette informs us that Portsmouth, Berwick, and Plymouth, were delivered into the hands of French commissaries, as cautionary towns; and also twenty ships of the line, with their guns and rigging, pursuant to treaty.

Jan. 27. Tom Blatch, the old smallcoal-man, committed to the Compter, for a violent assault on father Macdagger and three young friars. 'Twas the talk about town that they had attempted the chastity of his daughter Kate.

Jan. 28. A bill brought into the commons, and twice read the same day, to repeal the act of habeas corpus, and that by which the writ de hæretico comburendo was abolished. A mutiny the same day among the Highlander soldiers—quelled by doubling their pay.

Jan. 31. The above bill passed, and the royal assent given. A motion made about the restoration of abbey lands,—rejected by the lords; seven English Roman Catholic peers being in the majority.

February 1. All peerages declared void since the revolution, and 24 new peers created, without a foot of land in the island. A second mutiny among the soldiery.

Feb. 2. Long-acre and Covent-garden allotted out in portions to the Highland guards. Two watermen and a porter committed to the Lollards' tower at Lambeth for heresy.

Feb. 3. Father Poignardini, an Italian jesuit, made privy-seal. A bill proposed against the liberty of the press, and to place the nomination of jurors, except from challenge, in the crown. Several catholic lords and gentlemen, being English, quit the court and retire into the country. More heretics sent to Lambeth.

Feb. 5. A promotion of 18 general officers, three only of which were English. Lord John Drummond made colonel of the First regiment of foot guards, the duke of Perth of the second, the lord George Murray of the third.

Feb. 6. Various grants passed the privy-seal of lands in various counties to generals, ecclesiastics, and other favourites, all foreigners.

Feb. 9. A petition from various persons, sufferers by the said grants, setting forth their fidelity to the government, and that particularly in the late troubles, though they had never entered into any schemes in favour of his present highness, yet they had constantly declined all subscriptions, associations, &c., to his prejudice. Father Macdagger brought them for answer, that the associators and subscribers had at least shown their attachment to some government, but that an indifference to all government deserved favour from none, and that therefore their petition was rejected.

Feb. 13. Four heretics burnt in Smithfield.—Mr. Machenly attended them, assisted on this extraordinary occasion by father O'Blaze, the dominican.

Feb. 19. Rumours of a plot. More heretics committed. The judges declare the power of the crown to suspend laws. Father Macdagger made president of Magdalen college in Oxford.

Feb. 21. Four lords and two commoners taken into custody for the plot, all English, and two of them Roman catholics. The deanery of Christ church given to father Poignardini, and the bishoprics of Winchester and Ely to the general of the jesuits' order, resident in Italy.

Feb. 28. Six more heretics burnt in Smithfield. A fresh motion made to restore the abbey lands—carried in the lords' house, but rejected by the commons. Several members of the lower house sent to the Tower by a secretary of state's warrant, and the next day expelled, and fined by the privy council 1000*l.* each.

March 1. The French ambassador made a duke, with precedence. The motion for restoring abbey lands carried, and an address of both houses prepared upon the occasion. Cape Breton given back to the French, and Gibraltar and Port Mahon to the Spaniards.

March 2. Seven more heretics burnt. A message from the crown, desiring the advice of the free parliament touching the funds. An humble address immediately voted by way of answer, praying that his highness would take such methods as they might be effectually and speedily annihilated.

March 4. An eminent physician fined 200 marks in the king's bench, for an inuendo at Batson's that Bath-water was preferable to holy-water. Three hundred Highlanders, of the opposite party, with their wives and children, massacred in Scotland. The pope's nuncio arrived this evening at Greenwich.

March 7. The pope's nuncio makes his public entry: met at the Royal Exchange by my lord mayor (a Frenchman) with the aldermen, who have all the honour to kiss his toe: proceeds to Paul's churchyard; met there by father O'Blaze, who invites him, in the name of the new vicar-general and his doctors, to a *combustio hereticorum*, just then going to be celebrated. His eminence accepts the offer kindly, and attends them to Smithfield, where the ordinary is introduced and well received. The nuncio proceeds thence to St. James's, where he had been expected for five hours—the nobility and great officers of state all admitted to kiss his toe. A grand office opened the same night in Drury-lane for the sale of pardons and indulgences.

March 9. My little boy Jacky taken ill of the itch. He had been on the parade with his godfather the day before, to see the life-guards, and had just touched one of their plaids.

March 12. His highness sends a message to the commons, acquainting them with his design of equipping a large fleet for the assistance of his good brother of France, and for that purpose demanding two millions to be immediately raised by a capitation. A warm debate thereon. His highness goes to the house of commons at 12 at night, places himself in the speaker's chair, and introduces the French ambassador. His excellency makes a long speech, setting forth the many services which his master had done this nation, and the great good-will he had always borne towards them, and concluding with many haughty menaces, in case they should prove ungrateful for all his favours. He is seconded by the laird of Keppoch, chancellor of the exchequer. The speaker stands up, and utters the word privilege, upon which he is sent to the Tower. Then Mr. chancellor of the exchequer moved that the members against the motion might have leave to with-

draw; and, several having left the house, the question was put, and carried in the affirmative, *nemine contradicente*.

March 16. Lord C. J. W——les and admiral V——n hanged at Tyburn. Several others were reprieved on the merit of having been enemies to those two great men, and were only ordered to be whipped at the cart's tail.

March 17. Fresh rumours of a plot—a riot in the city—a rising in the north—a descent in the west—confusions, uproars, commitments, hangings, burnings, &c. &c.

——verbum non amplius addam.

No. 11. TUESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1746.

Τὰ χρηματ' ἀνθρώποισιν τιμιάτατα
Δυναμὶν τε πλείστην τῶν ἐν ἀνθρώποις ἔχει.

EURIP. IN PHŒNISS.

TO THE TRUE PATRIOT.

SIR,—I am a citizen, a haberdasher by trade, and one of those persons to whom the world allow the epithets of wise and prudent. And I enjoy this character the more as I can fairly assure myself I deserve it; nor am indebted on this account to anything but my own regular conduct, unless to the good instructions with which my father launched me into the world, and upon which I formed this grand principle, "That there is no real value in anything but money."

The truth of this proposition may be argued from hence, that it is the only thing in the value of which mankind are agreed; for, as to all other matters, while they are held in high estimation by some, they are disregarded and looked on as cheap and worthless by others. Nay, I believe it is difficult to find any two persons who place an equal valuation on any virtue, good or great quality, whatever.

Now, having once established this great rule, I have, by reference to it, been enabled to set a certain value on everything else; in which I have governed myself by two cautions: 1st, Never to purchase too dear; and, 2ndly (which is a more uncommon degree of wisdom), Never to overvalue what I am to sell; by which latter misconduct I have observed many persons guilty of great imprudence.

It is not my purpose to trouble you with exemplifications of the foregoing rule in my ordinary calling: I shall proceed to acquaint you with my conduct concerning those things which some silly people call invaluable, such as reputation, virtue, sense, beauty, &c., all which I have reduced to a certain standard: "for," as your friend Mr. Adams says in his letter on the late fast, "I imagine every man, woman, and thing, to have their price." His astonishment at which truth made me smile, as I dare swear it did you; it is, indeed, agreeable enough to the simplicity of his character.

But to proceed:—in my youth I fell violently in love with a very pretty woman. She had a good fortune; but it was 500*l.* less than I could with justice demand (I was heartily in love with her, that's the truth of it); I therefore took my pen and ink (for I do nothing without them), and set down the particulars in the following manner:—

Mrs. Amey Fairface debtor to Stephen Grub.

	£.	s.	d.
For fortune, as per marriage	5000	00	00
Per contra creditor.			
Imprimis, to cash	4500	00	00
Item, to beauty (for she had a great deal, and I had a great value for it)	100	00	00

Item, to wit as per conversation . . .	2 10 00
Item, to her affection for me . . .	30 00 00
Item, to good housewifery, a sober, chaste education, and being a good workwoman at her needle, in all	50 00 00
Item, to her skill in music . . .	1 01 00
Item, to dancing . . .	00 00 06
	4683 11 06

Mrs. Amey debtor . . .	5000 00 00
Per contra creditor . . .	4683 11 06

Due to balance . . .	316 08 06
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You see, sir, I strained as hard as possible, and placed a higher value perhaps on her several perfections than others would have done; but the balance still remained against her, and I was reduced to the necessary alternative of sacrificing that sum for ever, or of quitting my mistress. You may easily guess on which a prudent man would determine.—Indeed I had sufficient reason to be afterwards pleased with my prudence, as she proved to be a less valuable woman than I imagined; for, two years afterwards, having had a considerable loss in trade, by which the balance above was satisfied, I renewed my addresses, but the false-hearted creature (forsooth) refused to see me.

A second occasion which I had for my pen and ink, in this way, was when the situation of my affairs, after some losses, was such that I could clearly have put 1500*l.* in my pocket by breaking. The account then stood thus:—

	£. s. d.
Stephen Grub, debtor to cash . . .	1500 00 00
Per contra creditor.	
To danger to soul as per perjury . . .	105 00 00
To danger to body as per felony . . .	1000 00 00
To loss of reputation . . .	500 00 00
To conscience as per injuring others . . .	00 02 06
To incidental charges, trouble, &c. . .	100 00 00

I am convinced you are so good a master of figures, that I need not cast up the balance, which must so visibly have determined me to preserve the character of an honest man.

Not to trouble you with more instances of a life of which you may easily guess the whole by this specimen (for it hath been entirely transacted by my golden rule), I shall hasten to apply this rule, by which I suppose many other persons in this city conduct themselves, to the present times.

And here, sir, have we not reason to suppose that some good men, for want of duly considering the danger of their property, &c., from the present rebellion and low state of public credit, have been too tenacious of their money on the present occasion; for, if we admit that the whole is in danger, surely it is the office of prudence to be generous of the lesser part, in order to secure the greater.

Let us see how this stands on paper; for thus only we can argue with certainty.

Suppose, then, the given sum of your property be 20,000*l.*

The value of securing this will be more or less, in proportion to the danger; for the truth of which I need only appeal to the common practice of insurance.

If the chance then be twenty to one, it follows that the value of insurance is at an average with 1000*l.*, and proportionally more or less as the danger is greater or less.

There are, besides, two other articles, which I had like to have forgot, to which every man almost affixes some value. These are religion and liberty.

Suppose therefore we set down

	£. s. d.
Religion at . . .	00 15 00
And liberty at . . .	00 02 06

And I think none but a profligate fellow can value them at a lower rate; it follows, that to secure them from the same proportion of danger as above is worth 10*l.*

Now this last sum may be undoubtedly saved, as it would not be missed or called for, if men would only seriously consider the preservation of what is so infinitely more valuable, their property, and advance their money in its defence in due proportion to the degree of its danger. And as there is nothing so pleasant as clear gain, it must give some satisfaction to every thinking man that, while he risks his money for the preservation of his property, his religion and liberty are tossed him into the bargain.

You see, sir, I have fairly balanced between those hot-headed zealots who set these conveniences above the value of money, and those profligate wicked people who treat them as matters of no concern or moment.

I have therefore been a little surprised at the backwardness of some very prudent men on this occasion; for it would be really doing them an injury to suspect they do not set a just value on money, while every action of their lives demonstrates the contrary. I can therefore impute this conduct only to a firm persuasion that there will be foolish people enough found who from loyalty to their king, zeal for their country, or some other ridiculous principle, will subscribe sufficient sums for the defence of the public; and so they might save their own money, which will still increase in value in proportion to the distress and poverty of the nation.

This would be certainly a wise and right way of reasoning, and such a conduct must be highly commendable, if the fact supposed was true; for, as nothing is so truly great as to turn the penny while the world suspects your ruin, so to convert the misfortunes of a whole community to your own emolument must be a thing highly eligible by every good man, *i. e.* every Plumb. But I am afraid this rule will reach only private persons at most, and cannot extend to those whose examples, while they keep their own purses shut, lock up the purses of all their neighbours.

A fallacy of the same kind I am afraid we fall into when we refuse to lend our money to the government at a moderate interest, in hopes of extorting more from the public purse; with which thought a very good sort of man, a Plumb, seemed yesterday to hug himself, in a conversation which we had upon this subject; but upon the nearest computation I could make with my pen, which I handled the moment he left me, I find that this very person, who proposed to gain 1 per cent. in 20,000*l.*, would, by the consequential effect on the public credit, be a clear loser of 2½*l.*

In short, I am afraid certain persons may at this time run the hazard of a fate which too often attends very wise men, who have not on all occasions a recourse to figures, and may incur the censure of an old proverb, by being “penny wise and pound foolish.” And since I may be involved against my will in the calamity, I shall be obliged to you if you will publish these cautions from, sir, your humble servant,

STEPHEN GRUB.

N.B. As your paper supplies the place of three evening posts, I save 1½*d.* per week by it; for which pray accept my acknowledgment.

No. 13. TUESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1746.

Qui non rectè instituunt atque erudiunt liberòs, non solùm liberis sed et reipublicæ faciunt injuriam.—CICERO.

MR. ADAMS having favoured me with a second letter, I shall give it to the public without any apology. If anything in it should at first a little shock those readers who know the world better, I hope they will make allowances for the ignorance and simplicity of the writer.

TO THE TRUE PATRIOT.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,—I am concerned to find, by all our public accounts, that the rebels still continue in the land. In my last I evidently proved that their successes were owing to a judgment denounced against our sins, and concluded with some exhortations for averting the Divine anger by the only methods which suggested themselves to my mind. These exhortations, by the event, I perceive have not had that regard paid to them I had reason to expect. Indeed, I am the more confirmed in this conjecture, by a lad whom I lately met at a neighbouring baronet's, where I sojourned the two last days of the year, with my good friend Mr. Wilson.

This lad, whom I imagined to have been come from school to visit his friends for the holidays (for though he is perhaps of sufficient age, I found, on examination, he was not yet qualified for the university), is, it seems, a man *sui juris*; and is, as I gather from the young damsels, Sir John's daughters, a member of the society of *bowes*. I know not whether I spell the word right; for I am not ashamed to say I neither understand its etymology nor true import, as it hath never once occurred in any lexicon or dictionary which I have yet perused.

Whatever this society may be, either the lad with whom I communed is an unworthy member, or it would become the government to put it down by authority; for he uttered many things during our discourse for which I would have well scourged any of the youth under my care.

He had not long entered the chamber before he acquainted the damsels that he and his companions had carried the opera, in opposition to the puts; by which I afterwards learnt he meant all sober and discreet persons. "And fags!" says he (I am afraid, though, he made use of a worse word), "we expected the bishops would have interfered; but if they had we should have silenced them." I then thought to myself, Stripling, if I had you well horsed on the back of another lad, I would teach you more reverence to their lordships.

This opera, I am informed, is a diversion in which a prodigious sum of money, more than is to be collected out of twenty parishes, is lavished away on foreign eunuchs and papists, very scandalous to be suffered at any time, especially at a season when both war and famine hang over our heads.

During the whole time of our repast at dinner the young gentleman entertained us with an account of several drums and routs at which he had been present. These are, it seems, large congregations of men and women, who, instead of assembling together to hear something that is good, nay, or to divert themselves with gambols, which might be allowed now and then in holiday times, meet for no other purpose but that of gaming, for a whole guinea and much more at a stake. At this married women sit up all night, nay, sometimes till one or two in the morning, neglect their families, lose their money, and some, Mr. Wilson says, have been suspected of doing even worse than that. Yet this is suffered in a christian kingdom; nay (*quod prorsus incredibile*

est), the holy sabbath is, it seems, prostituted to these wicked revellings; and card-playing goes on as publicly then as on any other day; nor is this only among the young lads and damsels, who might be supposed to know no better, but men advanced in years, and grave matrons, are not ashamed of being caught at the same pastime. *O tempora! O mores!*

When grace was said after meat, and the damsels departed, the lad began to grow more wicked. Sir John, who is an honest Englishman, hath no other wine but that of Portugal. This our *bowe* could not drink; and when sir John very nobly declared he scorned to indulge his palate with rarities, for which he must furnish the foe with money to carry on a war with the nation, the stripling replied, "Rat the nation!" (God forgive me for repeating such words,) "I had rather live under French government than be debarred from French wine." Oho, my youth! if I had you horsed, thinks I again.—But, indeed, sir John well scourged him with his tongue for that expression, and I should have hoped he had made him ashamed, had not his subsequent behaviour shown him totally void of grace. For when sir John asked him for a toast, which you know is another word for drinking the health of one's friend or wife, or some person of public eminence, he named the health of a married woman, filled out a bumper of wine, swore he would drink her health in vinegar, and at last openly professed he would commit adultery with her if he could. *Proh pudor!* Nay, and if such a sin might admit of any aggravation, she is it seems a lady of very high degree, *et quidem*, the wife of a lord.

Et dies et charta deficerent so imnia vellem percurrere, multa quidem impura et impudica quæ memorare nefas, recitavit. Nor is this youth, it seems, a monster or prodigy in the age he lives; on the contrary, I am told he is an exemplar only of all the rest.

But I now proceed to what must surprise you. After he had spent an hour in rehearsing all the vices to which youth have been ever too much addicted, and shown us that he was possessed of them all—*Ut qui impudicus, adulter, ganeo, alea, manu, ventre pene, bona patria laceraverat*, he began to enter upon politics:

O proceres censore opus an haruspice nobis!

This stripling, this *bowe*, this rake, discovered likewise all the wickedness peculiar to age, and that he had not, with those vices which proceed from the warmth of youth, one of the virtues which we should naturally expect from the same sanguine disposition. He showed us that grey hairs could add nothing but hypocrisy to him; for he avowed public prostitution, laughed at all honour, public spirit, and patriotism; and gave convincing proofs that the most phlegmatic old miser upon earth could not be sooner tempted with gold to perpetrate the most horrid iniquities than himself.

Whether this youth be (*quod vix credo*) concerned himself in the public weal, or whether he have his information from others, I hope he greatly exceeded the truth in what he delivered on this subject; for was he to be believed, the conclusion we must draw would be, that the only concern of our great men, even at this time, was for places and pensions; that, instead of applying themselves to renovate and restore our sick and drooping commonweal, they were struggling to get closest to her heart, and, like leeches, to suck her last drop of vital blood.

I hope, however, better things, and that this lad deserves a good rod as well for lying as for all his other iniquity; and if his parents do not take care

to have it well laid out, I can assure them they have much to answer for.

Mr. Wilson now found me grow very uneasy, as, indeed, I had been from the beginning, nor could anything but respect to the company have prevented me from correcting the boy long before; he therefore endeavoured to turn the discourse, and asked our spark when he left London? To which he answered, the Wednesday before. "How, sir?" said I; "travel on Christmas-day?" "Was it so?" says he; "fags! that's more than I knew; but why not travel on Christmas-day as well as any other?" "Why not?" said I, lifting my voice, for I had lost all patience; "was you not brought up in the christian religion? Did you never learn your catechism?" He then burst out into an unmannerly laugh, and so provoked me, that I should certainly have smote him, had I not laid my crabstick down in the window, and had not Mr. Wilson been fortunately placed between us. "Odso! Mr. Parson," says he, "are you there? I wonder I had not smoked you before." "Smoke me!" answered I, and at the same time leaped from my chair, my wrath being highly kindled. At which instant a jackanapes, who sat on my left hand, whipped my peruke from my head, which I no sooner perceived than I porrected him a remembrance over the face, which laid him sprawling on the floor. I was afterwards concerned at the blow, though the consequence was only a bloody nose, and the lad, who was a companion of the other's, and had uttered many wicked things, which I pretermitted in my narrative, very well deserved correction.

A bustle now arose, not worth recounting, which ended in my departure with Mr. Wilson, though we had purposed to tarry there that night.

In our way home we both lamented the peculiar hardness of this country, which seems bent on its own destruction, nor will take warning by any visitation, till the utmost wrath of Divine vengeance overtakes it.

In discoursing upon this subject, we imputed much of the present profligacy to the notorious want of care in parents in the education of youth, who, as my friend informs me, with very little school-learning, and not at all instructed (*ne minimè quidem imbuti*) in any principles of religion, virtue, and morality, are brought to the great city, or sent to travel to other great cities abroad, before they are twenty years of age, where they become their own masters, and enervate both their bodies and minds with all sorts of diseases and vices before they are adult.

I shall conclude with a passage in Aristotle's Politics, lib. viii. cap 1. *Οτι μιν ουν τῇ νομοθετῇ μαλιστα πραγματευτῶν περὶ τὴν τῶν νέων παιδείαν, οὐδεὶς ἀν ἀμφισβήτησις· καὶ γὰρ ἐν ταῖς πόλεσιν οὐ γιγνομένην τοῦτο, βλαπτει τὰς πολιτείας.* Which, for the sake of women, and those few gentlemen who do not understand Greek, I have rendered somewhat paraphrastically in the vernacular:—"No man can doubt but that the education of youth ought to be the principal care of every legislator; by the neglect of which, great mischief accrues to the civil polity in every city."

I am, while you write like an honest man and a good christian, your hearty friend and well-wisher,
ABRAHAM ADAMS.

No. 23. TUESDAY, APRIL 8, 1746.

— Insanus paucis videatur eo quod
Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem.—HOR.

I HAVE heard of a man who believed there was no real existence in the world but himself; and that

whatever he saw without him was mere phantom and illusion.

This philosopher, I imagine, hath not had many followers in theory; and yet, if we were to derive the principles of mankind from their practice, we should be almost persuaded that somewhat like this madness had possessed not only particular men, but their several orders and professions. For though they do not absolutely deny all existence to other persons and things, yet it is certain they hold them of no consequence, and little worth their consideration, unless they trench somewhat towards their own order or calling.

As an instance of this, let us observe three or four members of any profession met together in a general company; though it be never so large, they make no scruple of engrossing the whole conversation, and turning it to their own profession, without the least consideration of all the other persons present.

Another example of the same temper may be seen in the monopolising particular words, and confining their meaning to their own purposes, as if the rest of the world had in reality no right to their application. A signal instance of which is in the adjective good. A word which of all others mankind would least wish to be debarred from the use of, or from appropriating to themselves and their friends.

Now, when the divine, the freethinker, the citizen, the whig, the tory, &c., pronounce such an individual to be a good man, it is plain that they have all so many different meanings; and he may be a very good man in the opinion of one in the company, who would be a very bad one in that of all the others.

I remember to have supped last winter at a surgeon's where were present some others of the faculty. The gentleman of the house declared he had a very good subject above in the garret. As the gentleman who said this was, I knew, himself as good a subject as any in the kingdom, I could not avoid surprise at his choosing to confine such a person in a cold night in such a place; but I soon found my mistake, and that this good subject had been hanged the day before for a most heinous felony.

An error of the same kind once happened to me amongst some gentlemen of the army, who all agreed that one Mr. Thunderson was the best man in England. I own I was somewhat staggered when I heard he was a corporal of grenadiers; but how much more was I astonished when I found that he had half a dozen wives, and was the wickedest fellow in the whole regiment!

I cannot quit this head without remarking that much inconvenience may arise from these mistakes; and one indeed happened in the last-mentioned instance; for a grave wealthy widow, of above forty, in the town where the regiment was quartered, having doubtless heard the same character of this man from his officers, and misunderstanding them, as I myself had done before their explanation, fell in love with his goodness, and married him. A third example may be drawn from the attention of the readers of books, or the spectators at plays. I have somewhere heard of a geographer who received no other pleasure from the *Æneid* of Virgil than by tracing out the Voyage of *Æneas* in the map. To which I may add a certain coachmaker, who, having sufficient Latin to read the story of *Phaëton* in the *Metamorphoses*, shook his head that so fine a genius for making chariots as *Ovid* had was thrown away on making poems.

This selfish attention (if I may so call it) in the spectators at our theatres must be evident to all who have ever frequented them. Every joke on a

courtier's not paying his debts is sure to receive a thundering applause from the pit and galleries. This debt is, however, paid by the boxes, on the first facetious allusion to horns, or any other symbol of cuckoldom. Indeed, the whole house are seldom unanimous in their claps, unless when the ridicule is against the ministry, the law, or the clergy; whence, I suppose, that as government, law, and religion are looked upon as the great grievances of the nation, the whole audience think themselves alike interested in their demolition.

I knew a gentleman, who had great delight in observing the humours of the vulgar, and for that purpose used frequently to mount into the upper gallery. Here, as he told me, he once seated himself between two persons, one of whom he soon discovered to be a broken tailor, and the other a servant in a country family just arrived in town. The play was Henry the Eighth, with that august representation of the coronation. The former of these, instead of admiring the great magnificence exhibited in that ceremony, observed with a sigh "That he believed very few of those clothes were paid for." And the latter, being asked how he liked the play (being the first he had ever seen), answered, "It was all very fine; but nothing came up, in his opinion, to the ingenuity of snuffing the candles."

I cannot omit the following story, which I think a very strong example of the temper I have above remarked. I remember to have been present at a certain religious assembly of the people called Methodists where the preacher named the following text: "It is reported that fornication is among you." The whole congregation, as well as myself, expected, I believe, a wholesome dissertation on all criminal converse between the sexes; and some, who laboured under suspicions of that kind, began to express much apprehension and uneasiness in their countenances; but, to our great surprise, the sermon was entirely confined to the former part of the text, and we were only instructed in the nature and various kinds of reports. This gave me some curiosity to inquire into the character of so extraordinary a preacher, and I found, to my perfect satisfaction, that he had got his living many years by collecting articles of news for one of the public papers.

If we reflect seriously on this disposition of mankind, so universally exerted in private life, it will lead us to account for the behaviour of men and parties in public; and we shall lose much of that surprise which might otherwise naturally enough affect us, from observing the rigid adherence which men of no dishonest characters preserve to their own party and their own schemes. Hence it is that men become more the subjects of our consideration than measures; and hence it hath sometimes happened that men (and those not the worst of men neither) have been more intent on advancing their own schemes than on advancing the good of the public, and would have risked the preservation of the latter, rather than have given up the pursuit of the former. I have said it—I have invented it—I have writ upon it—are as substantial arguments with some politicians as they are with the doctor in Gil Blas, who had writ on the virtues of hot water, and therefore refused to agree with those who prescribe cold. To say the truth, this partiality to ourselves, our own opinions, and our own party, hath introduced many dangerous evils into commonwealths. It is this humour which keeps up the name of jacobitism in this kingdom; and it is this humour only from which his present majesty or his administration can derive a single enemy within it. The OPPOSITION (if a handful of men, and those for

the most part totally insignificant, as well in fortune as abilities, are worthy that name) would, I believe, be puzzled to give any better reason for their conduct than the aforesaid doctor, or than parson Adams hath done for them, who says, that opposition is derived from the verb *oppono*, and that the English of the verb *oppono* is to oppose.

No. 24. TUESDAY, APRIL 15, 1746.

—Medici mediam pertundite venam.—Juv.

I HAVE heard it often objected to the friends of the government, when they have expressed their apprehensions of a jacobite party in this kingdom, that these fears were counterfeited, in order to form an argument for the support of a standing army, or to excuse some other ministerial schemes; for that, in reality, the very seeds of jacobitism were destroyed, and rooted out from the minds of every protestant British subject.

I am not ashamed to own myself to have been one of the many who were imposed on by these suggestions; I am much more concerned to see that this was an imposition, and that experience should at last have convinced every man that there are still some persons (an inconsiderable party indeed, when compared to the number of loyal subjects) who profess the protestant religion, while they wish well to the designs of a popish pretender.

The principal motive which induced me to hold my former opinion was the reasonableness of it. I disbelieved the existence of protestant jacobitism from the same principles which inspire me to deny my assent to many of these strange relations which certain voyage-writers recount to us. I looked upon such an animal as a greater monster than the most romantic of these writers have ever described, and was therefore easily persuaded to credit those who very solemnly assured us there was no such to be found in the land.

I have hitherto avoided any contest with these sort of gentlemen, not from the contempt of so poor a victory, for I should think my labours well bestowed in bringing the weakest of them over to the cause of truth, but, in plain fact, they are the last persons with whom I would willingly enter the lists of disputation, from absolute despair of success; for what is so difficult to answer as nothing, or what more impossible to be evinced than the light of the sun to him who hath not eyes to discern it? I have therefore greatly admired the patriotism of those heroes who have formerly wasted much of their time to prove that millions were not intended by an all-good Being for the use and wanton disposition of one man; that a protestant church was not absolutely secure under the protection of a prince who looks on himself as bound by his religion, and that on pain of damnation, to destroy it; that a magistrate, attempting to destroy those laws and constitutions which he was sworn and obliged to defend, forfeited that power which he so entirely perverted; with numberless other propositions equally plain and demonstrable, or rather indeed self-evident. So that, if the absurdity of their tenets was not of itself sufficiently apparent, and did not glare them in the face, it hath been so irrefragably proved by the labours of those good men who have undertaken the defence of the revolution, that the jacobites of this age have no other excuse left but that of not being able to read.

This is an excuse which I am sensible may be fairly pleaded by many, and those none of the least considerable pillars of the party. There have been, however, some who have not only read, but have endeavoured to answer these writers; and have very

modestly attempted to oppose the common sense of mankind in a point wherein their highest interest is concerned.

As such performances are seldom long-lived, few of them have reached our days; but the following letter, which I look upon as a very curious piece, and which was written in the reign of the late king William, contains, I believe, the sum of all those arguments which have been ever used on the behalf of jacobitism; I shall therefore give it the reader, after having premised that it was written by a non-juror to his son at Oxford.

"DEAR SON,—I received yours of the 4th past, and am so well satisfied with your conduct on the birthday of that old rump rogue with an orange, that I have sent you a draft on your tutor, according to your desire. As long as my son preserves his principles sound, I shall not be angry at any frolics of youth. Provided, therefore, you never get drunk but on holidays (as the government are pleased to call them), and in toasting the damnation of the rump, and confusion to the day, &c., you may confess yourself freely, without fear of incurring my displeasure. I approve the company you keep much. Be sure not to herd with the sons of courtiers; for there is no conscience nor honesty in them; nor will the nation ever thrive till the king enjoys his own again; a health which I never fail to drink every day of my life in a bumper, and I hope you do the like. I shall never think I can remind you often enough of these matters; for I had rather see you hanged for your true king than enjoying a place under this orange rascal, who has undone the nation. Our family have always, I thank God, been of the same kidney, and I hope will remain so to all posterity. It is the true old cause, and we will live and die by it, boy. Damn the rump! that is my motto. Old England will never see any good days till it is thoroughly roasted. Your godfather, sir John, dined with me yesterday: he asked kindly after you. We drank nine bottles apiece of stum, and talked over all matters. We scarce uttered a word for which the rascally whigs would not have hanged us; but I desire no better from fellows who would pull down the church if they had it in their power. I fear not, however, that it will be able to stand in spite of all their malice, and that I shall drink church and king as long as I live. You know what king I mean. God remove him from that side of the water on which he now is! Let every man have his own, I say, and I am sure that is the sentiment of an honest man, and of one who abhors these persecuting rascals, who make men pay for their consciences. But do thou, my boy, rather submit to their power

than court their favour; for right is right; and, though might may overcome it, it can never be abolished. If kings derive their power from heaven, men can have no just pretence to deprive them of it. Orange hath no such right. We know he was made by men, and consequently his title cannot be deduced from heaven. Your tutor informs me you have been in great apprehension for the church at Oxford, and we in the country agree it is in danger: but let her enemies do what they can, honest hearts will continue to drink to her preservation; and, while the whigs see the unalterable determination of our party, they will always be afraid of executing their wicked purposes. As to taxes, we must expect them, while the government is in such hands, and the true king in banishment. A whig justice of peace at the sessions the other day had the impudence to tell me they were imposed by parliament; but how can that be a parliament which wants one part in three of its constituents; nay, and that the head? Is not the head superior to the body? And, consequently, hath not the king a better right to impose taxes than lords and commons without a king? Let right take place, say I, and then we will pay without grumbling; but to be taxed by a rump, a set of whigs and presbyterians, and fellows with an orange in their mouths—I will drink confusion to them as long as I can stand. However, I hope soon to see better times, and that we may change our healths, and drink to our friends openly; for we are assured here by some Roman catholic priests, who are honest fellows than whigs, and may be brought over to go to church in time, that the French king will do his utmost to restore us again to our liberties and properties; for which reason we always drink his health and success immediately after church and king, and confusion to the rump. I hope you will do the same at your club at Oxford; for take it from me as I have it from others, that all the hopes this nation have of being preserved is from that quarter. Indeed, there wants no other reason for our drinking him than that the whigs are his enemies; for nothing can ever be good for this nation which those rascals wish well to. I am sure no one ever suspected me of wishing well to the pope, and yet I would drink his health sooner than I would that of a presbyterian. I hope you will never converse with any such, but, when you can't find true church of Englandmen, rather choose papists, for they are less enemies to our church; and that they would destroy it must be a lie, because the whigs say it: but confusion to them, and may the king enjoy his own again, will always be the toast of," &c.

THE JACOBITE'S JOURNAL.

BY JOHN TROTT-PLAID, ESQ.

No. 15, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1748.

TO THE WRITER OF THE JACOBITE JOURNAL.

SIR,—You have here a translation of a Latin poem, entitled, *De Arte Jacobitica*, in three books. I have sent you the English version of the first book, because I have been told that Jacobites are no scholars, and understand no Latin. If you like this, you may hereafter receive the translation of the second book. Meantime, I remain yours, &c.

M. O. A. J.

Horace wrote the Art of Poetry, Ovid the Art of

Love, and I write the Art of Jacobitism.—Come, Tisiphone, from hell, bring with thee ill-judging zeal and obstinate bigotry, and inspire me with all thy furies, while I teach the black art of jacobitism. 'Twas thou that didst instruct the holy inquisitors, and those miscreants that belied the sacred name of Jesus, to embrue their hands in christian blood. Nor hast thou been unmindful of the English nation: we too can boast our Lauds, our Sacheverels, our **ok**ippen*. [Here several proper names were doubtless in the original, but the rats or moths have devoured them.]

First of all, learn the art of lying and misrepresenting. Fling dirt enough, and some will certainly stick. You may venture to abuse the king himself; but do this with caution, for the sake of your ears and head. But spare not his ministers; give a wrong turn to their most plausible actions. If they prosecute the war with vigour, swear they are neglectful; if they desire a peace, call them cowards; if war, call them blood-thirsty, and seekers after the ruin of their country. 'Twas by such arts as these that the brave Marlborough and the just Godolphin fell a victim to the intrigues of Harley and ***. You may add perjury to your lies. Jupiter, 'tis said, laughs at the perjury of lovers; he has many a time forsworn himself to Juno. You have Jupiter for your example: what can a pagan like yourself desire more?

The next thing you are to remember is, to feign a love to your country and religion; the less you have of both the better you can feign both. O liberty! O virtue! O my country! Remember to have such expressions as these constantly in your mouth. Words do wonders with silly people; but don't too openly discover your design of ruining your country by changing the religion of it, and introducing arbitrary power and a popish king. Don't be caught in your own trap. Remember the end of Perillus, who was burnt in his own bull; and you may be ruined yourself before you bring about the ruin of your country. Keep therefore to general terms, and never descend to particulars. You may wish things went better. You can't tell, but surely 'twas better in good Queen Anna's days, or in the bacchanalian times of Charles, or in the holy martyr's reign. At the mentioning the martyr you may drop a tear; and if you are sure of your silly company you may swear the present ministry cut off his head. Anachronism in politics is no more faulty than anachronism in poetry. If you are among good and orthodox churchmen, you may swear the church of England is in danger under a church of England king, and cannot be secure unless the popish pretender is restored. Paradoxes in conversation are to be supported with confidence and sophistry. Remember likewise that you frequently inculcate the divine right of kings to do wrong; and that they are accountable to God only for being devils upon earth.

Various people are to be taken by various methods; and a wise Proteus will turn himself into all shapes. This Proteus, the fables say, was an Egyptian conjuror, and transformed himself into what monstrous appearance he pleased; he roared a lion, he grinned a wolf, he flashed a fire, he flowed a river. This Proteus be thou; roar, grin, flash, and flow. Spread thy nets, and catch the various fry with various baits. Consider a little the dispositions of mankind; the young are open and honest, the old are cautious and wary. Old birds are not to be caught with chaff; and the old hare will be sure to double.

But you will ask, perhaps, where the proper persons are to be found to make proselytes of to jacobitism? This is an inquiry worthy a sportsman; for he is a bad huntsman who would beat about the Royal Exchange for a hare or a fox; and not a much better gunner or fisherman who goes a shooting in Somerset-gardens, or attempts to angle in the magnificent basin there. As those all know the places where their game resort, so must you. You have no occasion to go with parson Whitefield to Georgia after a young jacobite; but you may go with parson Whitefield to Kennington-common, or Bagshot-heath, or Hounslow, in quest of one; for want has made many a man a jacobite, revenge more, and igno-

rance thousands. Want and penury bid you hope for change. Revenge works stronger in the human heart than even penury. Who can bear to see a rival prevail? Hence the affected patriotism of ***, and **, and *. [Here likewise are many proper names lost, never to be retrieved but by conjecture.] Ignorance is the mother of jacobitism. Hence the rural sportsmen and fox-hunters will fall an easy prey; and the country will afford sufficient plenty of younger brothers whose eyes their good mothers have kept betimes from poring on Greek and Latin authors; those Greek and Latin authors which have been the bane of the jacobite cause, and inspired men with the love of Athenian liberty and old Rome, and taught them to hate tyrants and arbitrary governments. London too has all sorts of game for the net. Whores and rogues abound there; many are ruined, and most in a fair way of being so. How many disappointed out-of-place poor rogues do we every day meet! And what universal ignorance, attended with complicated impudence! In short, the variety is so great that it will even distract your choice.

But above all, in times of public calamities, then remember your lesson; say, God himself is turned our enemy. And if by chance our monarch should meditate new triumphs, and resolve on the punishment of France, then, when William the avenger is abroad, do thou raise commotions and tumults at home; whilst he, all gold, shines in the Gallic plains, carrying in his hand his father's thunder, do thou, all lies, walk the dirty streets of London; and remember, I repeat it again, fling dirt enough; blacken, lie, and defame. Perhaps some Jack Cade may arise in the glorious cause of jacobitism, and shake the throne itself; while swarms of locusts and caterpillars come from the north, and devour the fruits of England.

Part of our undertaking still remains, and part is finished; here then let us cast anchor, and moor the ship.

No. 34. SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1748.

—Talem se læta ferebat

Per medios instans operi, regnisque futuris. VIRGIL.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE JACOBITE JOURNAL.

SIR,—The serious truths contained in this letter will, I hope, make an apology unnecessary. You are to know that I am of that high order of beings which the world calls a married man; that, to render my state of life happy as well as honourable, I have in everything submitted to the will of my wife; and this I can truly say, not more from a conviction of the great duty of obedience, than to avoid contention, and to promote family peace and good-humour in my house. It is now eleven years since the kindest and the loveliest of her sex honoured me with the possession of her sweetness; in all which time, till within a little more than a twelvemonth, she has condescended to make my servitude my delight, abridging me only where my wishes were strongest, and consequently leading to excess, and indulging me in everything indifferent in my own opinion or desirable in hers. This uniformity of conduct had rendered us the admiration and envy of all our acquaintance: there was hardly a married woman who visited us but proposed me as an example to her husband, and treasured up the maxims of my wife as so many lessons for her own conduct. We were, in short, a couple who left not happiness to chance; one planned what the other executed, and both enjoyed the fruits of our care. Alas! Mr. Trott-Plaid, I wish the business of this letter was only to tell you of my happiness; but that (however

well secured as you may think) has known its period, and I am at present the most miserable of all beings. It is now about a year since a grave clergyman from Oxford came to board with us. To this gentleman (though no seducer of what my wife calls her virtue) I owe all my misfortunes. He had not been a month in the family before I observed that my wife's head had taken a political turn; the affairs of her family began to be neglected; and, notwithstanding we owed our entire support to a genteel post I enjoyed under the government, I was compelled every day at table to hear that government abused. At every glass after dinner a laugh and a whispered toast between my wife and her friend gave me fresh cause of uneasiness. My eldest boy made his appearance in a plaid waistcoat, and my girl's petticoat and doll were of the same stuff. I was pleased, indeed, at first to hear the child checked by her mamma for drinking the king over the water, but was as much displeased at the reason of that check, which was, that James was a plain name, and would save the trouble of such unnecessary distinctions.

Upon this occasion it was that I took upon me, for the first time, to make a remonstrance in private to my wife; which, though I did with all the submission of a husband, I found to my cost that I had done wrong. Instead of the compliance I in some measure expected, I was upbraided by her as a mean-spirited wretch; one who was willing to subsist by shame, and to acknowledge favours from a set of men whose friendship was a disgrace to me; and that if I expected the continuance of her regard, I must think of some other means of supporting my family than by an infamous place given me by those who derived their power of bestowing it from one who wanted right to confer that power. You will judge of my concern, Mr. Trott-Plaid, at these words.—I was sorry to differ in opinion from my wife, and yet was almost apt to imagine that opinion a little unreasonable. To think of giving up my post was an impracticable thing, and to live under the displeasure of my wife an impossible one. I entreated her to proceed with the utmost caution in this affair; and, telling her I would ask her friend's advice in it, I left her to consult him.

I had the pleasure of finding this honest clergyman of a contrary opinion. He saw no objection, he said, to my holding a place under the worst of governments, provided I endeavoured as much as in me lay to act in opposition to those who had obliged me. That neither religion nor conscience required me to refuse favours from the hands of those whom it was my duty to detest. That an opposition of this kind was the more meritorious, as it was the more disinterested; and the hazard of property would be the best proof I could give of the sincerity of my zeal. That all men were under an obligation to provide for their families in the best manner they were able; but, though necessity compelled me to eat the bread of shame, yet conscience forbade me to live a life of it. It was no sin, he said, in war to plunder the enemy that we have first killed; and, by a similitude of reasoning, he conceived it was as innocent to plunder the friend we intended afterwards to kill. That measures, more than men, wanted a change; and that power was the surest means to ruin those who raised us to it. That, for his own part, he had hopes of preferment himself from the government, which he intended to accept of without scruple, as it might furnish him with the means of doing good, and of keeping weaker men from power, whose mistaken gratitude for obligations might tempt them to make unsuitable returns.

For these reasons, he said, he begged leave to differ from the good lady of the house, and advised me to continue in my post, as it served me in a double capacity, both for private support and national advantage.

I cannot conceal the satisfaction of my mind at the reasoning of this worthy gentleman. I submitted entirely to his opinion; my wife, who is the best of women, was easily brought over by her friend, and domestic harmony was again restored. The groans of our bleeding country indeed were too often in our ears, and somewhat disturbed the tranquillity of our minds; but the hope that every one would have his own at last, set all things right, and we lived in expectation of the happy change.

It was about this time that my wife, who had very much improved her spelling under the tuition of her friend, commenced writer in the cause. A pamphlet called *The State of the Nation, and Three Letters to the Whigs*, are the product of her invention. In these she so well succeeded, that many were of opinion they wanted nothing but truth to be finished performances. Indeed that noble and free spirit of scandal, which is the characteristic of those pamphlets, is sufficient evidence that their author could be no other than a woman.

We had the pleasure soon after this to learn from the clergyman that a friend of his in the administration had presented him to a considerable benefice in the country. The good man received our congratulations upon the occasion with tears; and taking a most affectionate leave he retired to his living. The satisfaction we received in our friend's promotion would hardly have made us amends for the pains of parting with him, if an unfortunate accident, and some information that followed it, had not opened our eyes to see that worthy gentleman in his proper character.

My wife was busied in her political studies one day, with her Bailey's dictionary before her, when I received a message from above that my employment was taken from me. I inquired into the meaning of such a procedure, and I was answered that I was an infamous, ungrateful fellow; one that deserved hanging; and, if I did not mend my manners and my wife, the government might possibly take a severer notice of me. With these words the messenger left me; and I retired to my wife's apartment for comfort and advice. That heroic woman, instead of calling my dissimulation a misfortune, gloried in the occasion. It was now, she said, she would apply to the people for that emolument the enemies of their country had dispossessed me of. That she had long been solicited by the proprietors of certain newspapers to lend her abilities. That she had desired time to consider of their proposals, but was now determined; that she had, indeed, for some weeks past, administered helps to Old England, and the London Evening Post, and had occasionally furnished a few papers upon naval affairs in the Fool; but that the writers of those papers were so incorrigibly dull, that her bare intervention was of little use; she therefore declared, as the ministry had provoked her to plan their utter ruin, she would hesitate no longer to undertake the sole direction of them. That the advantages arising from such papers would treble those of the post I had lost; and that I ought to look upon myself as the happiest of men in having a head to my family who knew how to secure the emoluments of a husband by the very means that must save her dearer country from destruction.

My heart was overflowing with comfort at these assurances, when the visit of a friend interrupted the discourse. He condoled with me in the kindest

manner for the loss of my place; but now, Mr. Trott-Plaid, shall I express my astonishment when he assured me, upon his own knowledge, that my friend the clergyman, that friend I so dearly loved, was the person to whom I was indebted for this obligation! He told me that the business of this viper, during the time of his stay with us, was to pay his court to the administration, in which he so well succeeded as to obtain a promise of preferment. That, to perfect this promise, and to remove any suspicions they might possibly entertain of his principles, he had made a voluntary sacrifice of my wife and me; concluding that I was an avowed jacobite, and my wife the writer of every scurrilous pamphlet that had infested the public. I own to you, Mr. Trott-Plaid, upon this discovery I began to be ashamed of the part I had acted. It occurred to me that the principles of this man might possibly be as false as his friendship; but my wife conceived a different opinion. Bad practices, she said, were no proof of bad principles; hers she knew were right; and, however ill her friend might have treated her, his name and memory deserved re-

spect, as by his means she was become a pillar of support to a falling nation.

I will not tire you, Mr. Trott-Plaid, with my wife's arguments, or my own submissions. The newspapers above mentioned have been ever since under her direction; but, whether from a want of taste in the public, or from a knowledge that they are the writings of a woman, the proposed advantages have fallen short, even of common subsistence. It is impossible to represent to you the distresses we have struggled with; but, what is the worst of all, I have the concern to see my children taught treason as soon as they can speak; and my little boy, just eight years old, the hopes of my family, is turned poet, and writes the verses, as he calls them, in the London Evening Post; he has just sent some lines on the eclipse* to the press. Dear sir, advise me what to do; for, though my wife hates you, and has often abused you in print, I am your affectionate friend and most humble servant, SIMON SUPPLE.

* These were printed in the London Evening Post of Saturday last, and are well enough for such a child.

THE COVENT-GARDEN JOURNAL.

BY

SIR ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, KNT.,

CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

No. 3. SATURDAY, January 11, 1752.

Majores nusquam rhonci; juvenesque, senesque,
Et pueri nasum rhinocerotis habent.

MART.

IN ENGLISH.

No town can such a gang of critics show;
Even boys turn up that nose they cannot blow.

By a record in the censor's office, and now in my custody, it appears that at a censorial inquisition, taken *Tricesimo qto. Eliz.* by one of my illustrious predecessors, no more than nineteen critics were enrolled in the cities of London and Westminster; whereas, at the last inquisition, taken by myself 25 *Geo. IIdi.* the number of persons claiming a right to that order appears to amount to 276,302.

This immense increase is I believe to be no otherwise accounted for than from the very blamable negligence of the late censors, who have indeed converted their office into a mere sinecure, no inquisition as I can find having been taken since the censorship of Isaac Bickerstaff, esq., in the latter end of the reign of Queen Anne.

To the same neglect are owing many encroachments on all the other orders of the society. That of gentlemen in particular I observe to have greatly increased, and that of sharpers to have decreased in the same proportion within these few years.

All these irregularities it is my firm purpose to endeavour at reforming, and to restore the high office with which I am invested to its ancient use and dignity. This, however, must be attempted with prudence and by slow degrees; for habitual and inveterate evils are to be cured by slow alteratives, and not by violent remedies. Of this the good emperor Pertinax will be a lasting example. "This worthy man," says Dion Cassius, "perished by endeavouring too hastily to reform all the evils which infested his country. He knew not, it seems, though otherwise a man of very great knowledge, that it is not safe, nor indeed possible, to effect a re-

formation in too many matters at once: a rule which, if it holds true in private life, is much more so when it is applied to those evils that affect the public."

I thought it, therefore, not prudent in the hurry of my above inquisition to make any exceptions, but admitted all who offered to be enrolled. This is a method which I shall not pursue hereafter, being fully resolved to inquire into the qualifications of every pretender.

And that all persons may come prepared to prove their right to the order of critics, I shall here set down those several qualifications which will be insisted on before any will be admitted to that high honour. In doing this, however, I shall strictly pursue the excellent rule I have cited, and shall act with most perfect moderation: for I am willing to throw open the door as wide as I can, so that as few as possible may be rejected.

It is, I think, the sentiment of Quintilian, that no man is capable of becoming a good critic on a great poet, but he who is himself a great poet. This would, indeed, confine the critics on poetry, at least, to a very small number; and would, indeed, strike all the ancients, except only Horace and Longinus, off the roll; of the latter of whom, though he was no poet, Mr. Pope finely says,

Thee, great Longinus, all the Nine inspire,
And bless their critic with a poet's fire.

But with respect to so great a name as that of Quintilian, this rule appears to me much too rigid. It seems, indeed, to be little less severe than an injunction that no man should criticise on cookery but he who was himself a cook.

To require what is generally called learning in a critic is altogether as absurd as to require genius. Why should a man in this case, any more than in all others, be bound by any opinions but his own? Or why should he read by rule any more than eat

by it? If I delight in a slice of bullock's liver, or of Oldmixon, why shall I be confined to turtle or to Swift?

The only learning therefore that I insist upon is, that my critic *be able to read*; and this is surely very reasonable; for I do not see how he can otherwise be called a reader; and if I include every reader in the name of critic, it is surely very just to confine every critic within the number of readers.

Nor do I only require the capacity of reading, but the actual exercise of that capacity; I do here strictly forbid any persons whatever to pass a definitive sentence on a book *before they have read at least ten pages in it*, under the penalty of being for ever rendered incapable of admission to the order of critics.

Thirdly, all critics who, from and after the first day of February next, shall condemn any book, shall be ready to give some reason for their judgment; nor shall it be sufficient for such critic to drivel out, "I don't know, not I; but all that I know is, I don't like it." Provided, nevertheless, that any reason, how foolish or frivolous soever, shall be allowed a good and full justification; except only the words *poor stuff, wretched stuff, bad stuff, sad stuff, low stuff, paltry stuff*. All which *stuffs* I do for ever banish from the mouths of all critics.

Provided also, that the last-mentioned clause do extend only to such critics as openly proclaim their censures; for it is our intention that all persons shall be at liberty to dislike privately whatever book they please, without understanding or reading one word of it, anything therein or herein contained to the contrary notwithstanding.

But, as it is reasonable to extend this power of judging for themselves no farther in this case of criticism than it is allowed to men in some others, I do here declare that I shall not for the future admit any males to the office of criticism till they be of the full age of eighteen, that being the age when the laws allow them to have a capacity of disposing personal chattels; for before that time they have only the power of disposing of themselves in the trifling article of marriage. Females, perhaps, I shall admit somewhat earlier, provided they be either witty or handsome, or have a fortune of five thousand pounds and upwards.

Together with childhood I exclude all other civil incapacities; and here I mean not only legal but real lunatics and idiots. In this number I include all persons who, from the whole tenor of their conduct, appear to be incapable of discerning good from bad, right from wrong, or wisdom from folly, in any instance whatever.

There are again some persons whom I shall admit only to a partial exercise of this office; as, for instance, rakes, beaux, sharpers, and fine ladies, are strictly forbidden, under penalty of perpetual exclusion, to presume to criticise on any works of religion or morality. All lawyers, physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries, are strictly forbidden to pass any judgment on those authors who attempt any reformation in law or physic. Officers of state, and would-be officers of state (honest men only excepted), with all their attendants and dependants, their placemen and would-be placemen, pimps, spies, parasites, informers, and agents, are forbidden, under the penalty aforesaid, to give their opinions of any work in which the good of the kingdom in general is designed to be advanced; but as for all pamphlets which anywise concern the great cause of Woodall Out and Takeall In, esqrs., full liberty is left to both parties; and the one may universally cry up and commend, and the other may universally censure and condemn,

as usual. All critics offending against this clause are to be deemed infamous, and their several criticisms are hereby declared to be entirely void and of none effect.

No author is to be admitted into the order of critics until he hath read over and understood Aristotle, Horace, and Longinus, in their original language; nor then without a testimonial that he hath spoken well of some living author besides himself.

Lastly, all persons are forbidden, under the penalty of our highest displeasure, to presume to criticise upon any of those works with which *we ourselves* shall think proper to oblige the public; and any person who shall presume to offend in this particular will not only be expunged from the roll of critics, but will be degraded from any other order to which he shall belong; and his name will be forthwith entered in the records of Grub-street.

ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR.

No. 4. TUESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1752.

—Nanum ejusdam Atlanta vocamus:
Æthiopem Cygnum: parvam extortamque puellam
Europen. Canibus pigris scabieque vetusta
Lævibus, et siccæ lambentibus ora lucernæ
Nomen erit Pardus, Tigris, Leo; si quid adhuc est
Quod fremat in terris violentius. JUV. SAT. VIII.

"ONE may observe," says Mr. Locke, "in all languages, certain words, that, if they be examined, will be found, in their first original, and their appropriated use, not to stand for any clear and distinct ideas." Mr. Locke gives us the instances of *wisdom, glory, grace*. "Words which are frequent enough," says he, "in every man's mouth; but if a great many of those who use them should be asked what they mean by them, they would be at a stand, and not know what to answer: a plain proof that, though they have learned those sounds, and have them ready at their tongue's end, yet there are no determined ideas laid up in their minds which are to be expressed to others by them."

Besides the several causes by him assigned of the abuse of words, there is one which, though the great philosopher hath omitted it, seems to have contributed not a little to the introduction of this enormous evil. This is that privilege which divines and moral writers have assumed to themselves of doing violence to certain words in favour of their own hypotheses, and of using them in a sense often directly contrary to that which custom (the absolute lord and master, according to Horace, of all the modes of speech) hath allotted them.

Perhaps, indeed, this fault may be seen in somewhat a milder light (and I would always see the blemishes of such writers in the mildest). It may not, perhaps, be so justly owing to any designed opposition to custom as a total ignorance of it: an ignorance which is almost inseparably annexed to a collegiate life, and which any man, indeed, may venture to own without blushing.

But, whatever may be the cause of this abuse of words, the consequence is certainly very bad; for, whilst the author and the world receive different ideas from the same words, it will be pretty difficult for them to comprehend each other's meaning; and hence, perhaps, it is that so many gentlemen and ladies have contracted a general odium to all works of religion or morality; and that many others have been readers in this way all their lives without understanding what they read—consequently without drawing from it any practical use.

It would, perhaps, be an office very worthy the labour of a great commentator to explain certain hard words which frequently occur in the works of Barrow, Tillotson, Clark, and others of this kind.

Such are *heaven, hell, judgment, righteousness, sin, &c.* All which, it is reasonable to believe, are at present very little understood.

Instead, however, of undertaking this task myself, at least at present, I shall apply the residue of this paper to the use of such writers only. I shall here give a short glossary of such terms as are at present greatly in use, and shall endeavour to fix to each those exact ideas which are annexed to every of them in the world; for, while the learned in colleges do, as I apprehend, consider them all in a very different light, their labours are not likely to do much service to the polite part of mankind.

A MODERN GLOSSARY.

Angel—The name of a woman, commonly of a very bad one.
Author—A laughing-stock. It means likewise a poor fellow, and in general an object of contempt.
Bear—A country gentleman; or, indeed, any animal upon two legs that doth not make a handsome bow.
Beauty—The qualification with which women generally go into keeping.
Beau—With the article *A* before it, means a great favourite of all women.
Brute—A word implying plain-dealing and sincerity; but more especially applied to a philosopher.
Captain } Any stick of wood with a head to it, and
Colonel } a piece of black riband upon that head.
Creature—A quality expression of low contempt, properly confined only to the mouths of ladies who are right honourable.
Critic—Like *homo*, a name common to all the human race.
Coxcomb—A word of reproach, and yet, at the same time, signifying all that is most commendable.
Damnation—A term appropriated to the theatre; though sometimes more largely applied to all works of invention.
Death—The final end of man; as well of the thinking part of the body as of all the other parts.
Dress—The principal accomplishment of men and women.
Dulness—A word applied by all writers to the wit and humour of others.
Eating—A science.
Fine—An adjective of a very peculiar kind, destroying, or at least lessening, the force of the substantive to which it is joined; as fine gentleman, fine lady, fine house, fine clothes, fine taste—in all which *fine* is to be understood in a sense somewhat synonymous with useless.
Fool—A complex idea, compounded of poverty, honesty, piety, and simplicity.
Gallantry—Fornication and adultery.
Great—Applied to a thing, signifies bigness; when to a man, often littleness or meanness.
Good—A word of as many different senses as the Greek word *ἔχω*, or as the Latin *ago*; for which reason it is but little used by the polite.
Happiness—Grandeur.
Honour—Duelling.
Humour—Scandalous lies, tumbling and dancing on the rope.
Judge } An old woman.
Justice }
Knave—The name of four cards in every pack.
Knowledge—In general, means knowledge of the town; as this is, indeed, the only kind of knowledge ever spoken of in the polite world.
Learning—Pedantry.
Love—A word properly applied to our delight in particular kinds of food; sometimes metaphorically spoken of the favourite objects of all our appetites.

Marriage—A kind of traffic carried on between the two sexes, in which both are constantly endeavouring to cheat each other, and both are commonly losers in the end.

Mischief—Fun, sport, or pastime.

Modesty—Awkwardness, rusticity.

Nobody—All the people in Great Britain, except about 1200.

Nonsense—Philosophy; especially the philosophical writings of the ancients, and more especially of Aristotle.

Opportunity—The season of cuckoldom.

Patriot—A candidate for a place at court.

Politics—The art of getting such a place.

Promise—Nothing.

Religion—A word of no meaning, but which serves as a bugbear to frighten children with.

Riches—The only thing upon earth that is really valuable or desirable.

Rogue } A man of a different party from yourself.
Rascal }

Sermon—A sleeping-dose.

Sunday—The best time for playing at cards.

Shocking—An epithet which fine ladies apply to almost everything. It is, indeed, an interjection (if I may so call it) of delicacy.

Temperance—Want of spirit.

Taste—The present whim of the town, whatever it be.

Teasing—Advice; chiefly that of a husband.

Virtue } Subjects of discourse.
Vice }

Wit—Profaneness, indecency, immorality, scurrility, mimicry, buffoonery; abuse of all good men, and especially of the clergy.

Worth—Power, rank, wealth.

Wisdom—The art of acquiring all three.

World—Your own acquaintance.

No. 8. TUESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1752.

Ambubaiarum collegia, pharmacopolæ,

Mendici, mimi, balatrones; hoc genus omne.—HOR.

A motley mixture! in long wigs in bags,

In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags.—DUNCIAD.

THE following is a literal copy of the fragment mentioned in my sixth paper. In what language it was originally writ is impossible to determine. To determine this would be, indeed, to ascertain who these Robinhoodians were; a point, as we shall show in our comment, of the utmost difficulty. From the apparent difference in the style and spelling of the translation, it seems to have been done into English by several hands, and probably in distant ages. I have placed my conjectures concerning some doubtful words at the bottom of the page, without venturing to disturb the text.

IMPURTINENT * QUESTIONS CUNSNARNING RELIDGIN AND GUBERMINT, HANDYLED BY THE ROBINHOODIANS. March 8, 1751.

THIS evenin the questin at the Robinhood was, Whether relidgin was of any youse to a sosyaty; baken † bifer mee To'mmas Whytebred, baker.

James Skotchum, barber, spak as floweth: Sir, I ham of upinion, that relidgin can be of no youse to any mortal sole; because as why, relidgin is no youse to trayd, and if relidgin be of no youse to trayd, how ist it yousefool to sosyaty? Now no body can deny but that a man maye kary on his trayd very wel without relidgin; nay, and better two, for then he maye wurk won day in a wik mor than at present; whereof no body can saye but that seven is more than six: besides, if we haf no relidgin we

* Perhaps impertinent.

† I think this should be read *taken*, and the baker's being intent on his trade occasioned the corruption.

shall have no pairsuns,* and that will be a grate savin to the sosyaty; and it is a † maksum in trayd, that a peny sav'd is a peny got. Whereof—The end of this speech seems to be wanting, as doth the beginning of the next.

—different opinion from the learned gentleman who spoke first to the question: First, I deny that trade can be carried on without religion; for how often is the sanction of an oath necessary in contracts, and how can we have oaths without religion? As to the gaining one day in seven, which the gentleman seems to lay much stress upon, I do admit it to be an argument of great force; but I question, as the people have been long used to idleness on that day, whether it would be easy to make them work upon it; and, consequently, if they had no churches to go to, whether they would not resort to some worse place. As to the expense of parsons, I cannot think it is prejudicial to the society in general; for the parsons are members of this society; and whether they who do but little, or others who do nothing at all for their livelihood, possess their revenues, is a matter of no manner of concern to the public. Indeed, what the gentleman says concerning the Dutch, I shall own is highly to the honour of those industrious people; and I question not but if religion was to interfere with any branch of our trade, there is still so much good sense left in the nation, that we should presently sacrifice the shadow to the substance. But though some instances should occur in which religion may be prejudicial, it cannot be fairly argued from thence, that religion is therefore of no use to the society; and till that can be proved, I shall not give my vote for its abolition. But at present—*hammer down.*

Mr. MacFlourish, student. I shall with grete reediness undertake that tosk upon my seel.—Sir, the queestion, as I tak it, is, whether religion be of any use to society? And, sir, this is a queestion of that degnity, that grete emportance, that, when I conseder the matter of wheech I am to speke, the degnity of the odience before whom I am to speke, wen I refleect on the smallness of my own abeelities, weel may I be struck with the greetest awe and reverence; for, sir, neither Demosthenes, nor Eschines, nor Cecero, nor Hortensius, ever handled a more emportant queestion; and, sir, should anything misbecoming drop from me on this grete occasion, though your candour, your beneevolence, might encline you to extend an unmeerited attention, yet, sir, these walls, these stones, these boards, these very bracks, withute ears, withute a tongue, would tacitly express their endee gnation. Sir, it is a queestion, that whoever hath rede history, or deeved at all into the oxceelent mystery of politics, must confees, that all the grete pheelosophers, poets, oraters, historians—*hammer down.*

Mr. Ocurry, solicitor. Upon my shoul I am very sorry now that the rules of this grate society forced the last very learned gentleman to sit down before he told us his opinion; but, whatever it be, I am after being of the saame. It is very true, upon my shoul, what he said, that it is a very grate question, and I do not well know fether I understand it as yet or no; but this I think, that, if religion be a great hurt to the nation, I cannot for my shoul see where the good of it is. This I know very well, that there is a very good religion in Ireland, and they do call it the Roman catholic religion, and I am of it myself, though I don't very well know what it is. There is something about beads and masses, and patty-nosters, and ivy-marys, and I will fight for it as long as I am alive, and longer. And, upon

* Read parsons.

† Read maxim.

my shoul, I will tell you a good thing; if you are afraid of your own religion, you may send for ours, for I know it will come; for father Patrick Ocain did tell me he would bring it along with him. Nay, he tould me that he had brought it hither before he did come himself. [At which there was a laugh.]

Mr. Giles Shuttle, weaver. I hope no gentleman will treat this thing as a jest, whereof I thinks it to be a very great matter of earnest. Whereof I don't much understand your speech-making sort of work, but this I thinks, that I am as good a judge of these sort of matters, for I am worth a hundred pounds, and owes no man a farthing. Whereof I thinks I am as good a man as another; for why should not any other man have as much sense as a gentleman? I thinks I knows something of trade; that to be sure is the main article in every trading nation, whereby—Here the first paper was broke off. The second is as follows:—

Question.—Whether infinite power could make the world out of nothing?

The speakers to this question were, Mr. Thomas Tinderbox, the chandler; Mr. George White, boat-swain's mate; Mr. Edward Peacock, victualler; Mr. Buge, the shoemaker; Mr. Goose, the tailor; Mr. Halt, the maker of pattens; and one great scholar, whose name I do not know.

It was urged, on the behalf of infinite power, that we have no very adequate idea of it. That there are many things which we see are, and yet we cannot with any great certainty tell how they came to be. That, so far from our reason being able to comprehend everything, some wise men have doubted whether we do with certainty comprehend anything. That, whatever we may think we know, we do not know how we think. That either everything was made by something out of nothing, or else nothing made everything either out of something or nothing. And, lastly, that infinite power might more reasonably be supposed to create everything out of nothing, than no power at all could be supposed to make everything out of anything.

On the contrary it was well argued that nothing can be made out of nothing, for, *ex nihil*, O nothing is fit. That every day's experience must convince us of this; that by infinite power we only meant a very great degree of power, but that, if the thing to be done be not the subject of power, the smallest degree would be equal to the greatest. And it was urged with great force of wit and eloquence, by Mr. Goose, that the best tailor and the worst were alike unable to make a coat without materials. That in this case a tailor with infinite power would be in the same condition with a tailor who had no power at all. And if so small a thing as a coat could not be made out of nothing, how could so large a thing as the world be cut out of the same no materials? The scholar gave a very good answer to what had been offered concerning our ignorance of infinite power, and said, if he had no adequate idea of it, it was a good cause of disbelieving it; for, as reason was to be judge of all things, what was not the object of reason ought to be rejected by it. He admitted that there were some things which did exist, and that we did not as yet know the manner in which they came to exist; but it did not follow that such causes were above the reach of human reason, because she had not yet discovered them; for he made no doubt but that this society, by means of their free inquiry after truth, would in the end discover the whole; and that the manner in which a man was made would be no more a mystery to posterity than it is to the present age how they make a pudding. He concluded with saying that some

very wise and learned men, who lived near three thousand years ago, had asserted that the world had existed from all eternity, which opinion seemed to solve all difficulties, and was, as it appeared, highly agreeable to the sentiments of the whole society.

Question.—Whether, in the opinion of this society the government did right in —

Here ends this valuable fragment, on which I shall give my comment in my next paper.

No. 9. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1752.

Dic quibus in terris, et eris mihi magnus Apollo.—VIRG.

Tell in what clime these people did appear,
And you shall be the laureat of next year.

It will be a very difficult matter to fix with any certainty at what place, and amongst what people, the Robinhood society was held, as we have not the least light to guess from what language the fragment which now remains to us was originally translated. Two things may be averred—that this society was held in some country where the people were extremely free; and, secondly, that it was in a country where that part of the community which the French call *la canaille* was at the head of public affairs.

From the latter of these circumstances it appears that these Robinhoodians cannot be placed among the Egyptians; for Diodorus Siculus, speaking of these people, tells us that, “Whereas in all democracies great injury is done to the state by the populace interfering in the public councils, the Egyptians very severely punished these artificers who presumed to meddle with matters of government.”*

Nor can I ever believe that the question—Whether religion was of any use to society?—would ever have been supported amongst a people so highly devoted to superstition, that religion was indeed the foundation of their civil society.

The same objection will recur against placing this society in Athens; for though Pericles, in his speech to the Athenians, recorded in Thucydides, compliments his countrymen with being all politicians,—“Among us,” says he, “even the mechanics are not inferior to their fellow-citizens in political knowledge,”†—yet, in a country where Socrates was put to death for attempting an innovation in religious matters, it is hard to believe that the dregs of the people would have been permitted to have questioned the very first principles of all religion with impunity.

And this objection will, I apprehend, hold likewise against all other states, not only those which we call civilised, but even the Tartars, Goths, Vandals, and Picts, &c., from the time they are recorded in history; none of these having been found without their deities, and without a very strong persuasion of the truth of some religion or other. And so far were they all from doubting whether religion was of any use, or, as the fragment hath it, youse, to the society, that they carried the images of their gods with them to war, and relied upon their favour and assistance for success in all affairs.

To say the truth, the only people now upon earth among whose ancestors I can suppose such an assembly to have been held are the inhabitants of a certain tract of land in Africa, bordering on the Cape of Good Hope, commonly known unto us by the name of the Hottentots.

I am, however, well aware that there are many objections to this opinion. First, that these Hot-

* Diod. Sic. fol. 68. Edit. Rhod. Hannov. Πλειστοι δὲ ταῖς δημοκρατουμέναις πόλεσιν, κ. τ. λ.

† Thucyd. lib. ii. c. 40. Καὶ ἑτέροις πρὸς ἔργα τετραμμένοις, κ. τ. λ.

tentots are supposed not to have any knowledge of religion at all, nor ever to have heard the name of the Divinity; whereas it appears manifestly that the Robinhoodians had some kind of religion even established in their country, and that the name of G— was at least known among them.

It is unnecessary to observe, likewise, that the members of this society had more of the use of letters, and were better skilled in the rules of oratory, than the Hottentots can be conceived to have been; for as to the speech of Mr. MacFlourish, as well for the matter as for the eloquence of it, it might be spoken with great applause in many of our politest assemblies.

Upon the whole, therefore, I must confess myself entirely at a loss in forming any probable conjecture as to what part of the earth these Robinhoodians inhabited; not being able to trace the least footsteps of them in any history I have ever seen.

As to the time in which they flourished, the fragment itself will lend us some little assistance. It is dated 151; which figures I make no doubt should be all joined together, and then the only doubt will be from what era this reckoning began.

And here I think there can be no doubt but that the era intended was that of the general flood in the time of Noah, and that the Robinhoodians were some party of those people who are said, after the dispersion at Babel, to have been scattered over the face of the earth.

Those imperfect notions of religion which they appear to have entertained admirably well agree with this opinion; for it is very reasonable to suppose that such immediate interpositions of Providence, or, to speak more adequately, such denunciations of Divine vengeance, as were exemplified in the deluge and the dispersion at Babel, could scarce be so immediately eradicated as not to leave some little impression, some small sparks of religious veneration, in the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of those who had been spectators of such dreadful scenes; as, on the other hand, both sacred and profane history assures us that these sparks were very faint, and not sufficient to kindle any true devotion among them.

Again, as the fragment very plainly appears to have been translated by several hands, so may we very reasonably infer that it was translated out of as many various languages: another reason to fix the date of this assembly soon after the above-mentioned dispersion.

Lastly, the name of Robinhood puts the matter beyond all doubt or question; this word being, as a learned etymologist observed to me, clearly derived from the Tower of Babel; for the first, *Robin* and *Bobin* are allowed to be the same word: the first syllable then is *Bob*; change *o* into *a*, which is only a metathesis of one vowel for another, and you have *Bab*; then supply the termination *el* instead of *in* (for both are only terminations), and you have clearly the word *Babel*.

As for *h* in *hood*, it is known to be no letter at all, and therefore an etymologist may there place what letter he pleases, and why not a *t* as well as any other. Then change the final *d* into an *r*, and you have *toor*, which hath a better pretence than the known word *tor* to signify tower. Thus, by a few inconsiderable changes, the Robin-hood and Babel-tower, appear to be one and the same word.

Two objections have been made to the great antiquity of this fragment; the first is, that Ireland is mentioned in it, which, as Camden and others would make us believe, was not peopled till many ages after the era I have above mentioned; but these learned

men are certainly in a mistake; for I am well assured that several Irish beggars, whose ancestors were dispossessed in the wars of the last century, are having now in their possession the title-deeds of their said estates from long before the times of Noah.

The other objection is, that the Dutch are likewise mentioned in the fragment—a people, as they are generally supposed, of a much later rise in the world than the period of time which I have endeavoured to assign to this society.

To this I answer, that, though that body of people who threw off the Spanish yoke in the time of the duke of Alva are extremely modern, yet are the Dutch themselves of very great antiquity, as hath been well proved by the learned Goropius Becanus from the history of Herodotus.

That historian tells us that one of the Assyrian kings, being desirous to discover who were the most ancient people, confined two children, a boy and a girl, till they were at the age of maturity, without suffering either of them to hear one articulate sound; having determined, I know not for what reason, that whatever language could claim their first word, the people speaking that language should be deemed the most ancient.

The word which was first pronounced by one of them was *beker*, which in the Phœnician tongue signifies bread; the Phœnicians were therefore concluded to have been the first planters of mankind.

Under this mistake the world continued many ages, till at last the learned Goropius discovered that the word *beker*, which in the Phœnician tongue signifies bread, did in the Dutch language signify a baker; and that, before bread was, a baker was: *Ergo*, &c.

And here I cannot help observing that this quotation, as it proves the antiquity of the Dutch, so it proves the great antiquity of bakers, to whose honour we may likewise read in Diodorus that Isis the wife of Osiris was immortalised among the Egyptians for having taught them the art of baking.

Succeeding ages, being unwilling to ascribe so great an honour to a woman, transferred it from her to her husband, and called him Bacchus, or, as it is more commonly by modern authors writ, Bakkus, and Bakus, which, being literally done into English by the change of the Latin termination, is Baker.

Indeed, it is very reasonable to imagine that, before the invention of cookery, the bakers were held in the highest honours, as the people derived from their art the greatest dainty of which their simple taste gave them an idea. And the great esteem in which cookery is held now may very well account for the preference given to bakers in those early ages, when these were the only cooks.

But if none of these reasons should be thought satisfactory to fix, with any absolute certainty, the exact era of this assembly, the following conclusions must be, I think, allowed by every reader:—

First, that some religion had a kind of establishment amongst these people.

Secondly, that this religion, whatever it was, could not have the least sway over their morals or practice.

Thirdly, that this society, in which the first principles of religion and government were debated, was the chief assembly in this country, and Mr. Whitebread, the baker, the greatest man in it.

And, lastly, I think it can create no manner of surprise in any one that such a nation as this hath been long since swept away from the face of the earth, and the very name of such a people expunged out of the memory of man.

No. 10. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1752.

At nostri proavi Plautinos et numeros, et
Laudavere sales; nimium patienter utrumque,
Ne dicam stultè, mirati.

MODERNISED.

In former times this tasteless, silly town
Too fondly prais'd Tom D'Urfey and Tom Brown.

THE present age seems pretty well agreed in an opinion, that the utmost scope and end of reading is amusement only; and such, indeed, are now the fashionable books, that a reader can propose no more than mere entertainment, and it is sometimes very well for him if he finds even this, in his studies.

Letters, however, were sure intended for a much more noble and profitable purpose than this. Writers are not, I presume, to be considered as mere jack-puddings, whose business it is only to excite laughter: this, indeed, may sometimes be intermixed and served up with graver matters, in order to titillate the palate, and to recommend wholesome food to the mind; and for this purpose it hath been used by many excellent authors: "for why," as Horace says, "should not any one promulgate truth with a smile on his countenance?" Ridicule indeed, as he again intimates, is commonly a stronger and better method of attacking vice than the severer kind of satire.

When wit and humour are introduced for such good purposes, when the agreeable is blended with the useful, then is the writer said to have succeeded in every point. Pleasantry (as the ingenious author of *Clarissa* says of a story) should be made only the vehicle of instruction; and thus romances themselves, as well as epic poems, may become worthy the perusal of the greatest of men: but when no moral, no lesson, no instruction, is conveyed to the reader, where the whole design of the composition is no more than to make us laugh, the writer comes very near to the character of a buffoon; and his admirers, if an old Latin proverb be true, deserve no great compliments to be paid to their wisdom.

After what I have here advanced I cannot fairly, I think, be represented as an enemy to laughter, or to all those kinds of writing that are apt to promote it. On the contrary, few men, I believe, do more admire the works of those great masters who have sent their satire (if I may use the expression) laughing into the world. Such are the great triumvirate, Lucian, Cervantes, and Swift. These authors I shall ever hold in the highest degree of esteem; not indeed for that wit and humour alone which they all so eminently possessed, but because they all endeavoured, with the utmost force of their wit and humour, to expose and extirpate those follies and vices which chiefly prevailed in their several countries.

I would not be thought to confine wit and humour to these writers. Shakspeare, Molière, and some other authors, have been blessed with the same talents, and have employed them to the same purposes. There are some, however, who, though not void of these talents, have made so wretched a use of them, that, had the consecration of their labours been committed to the hands of the hangman, no good man would have regretted their loss; nor am I afraid to mention Rabelais, and Aristophanes himself, in this number. For, if I may speak my opinion freely of these two last writers, and of their works, their design appears to me very plainly to have been to ridicule all sobriety, modesty, decency, virtue, and religion, out of the world. Now, whoever reads over the five great writers first mentioned must either have a very bad head or a very bad heart if he doth not become both a wiser and a better man.

In the exercise of the mind, as well as in the exercise of the body, diversion is a secondary consideration, and designed only to make that agreeable which is at the same time useful, to such noble purposes as health and wisdom. But what should we say to a man who mounted his chamber-hobby, or fought with his own shadow, for his amusement only? how much more absurd and weak would he appear who swallowed poison because it was sweet?

How differently did Horace think of study from our modern readers!

*Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum :
Condo et compono, quæ mox depromere possim.*

"Truth and decency are my whole care and inquiry. In this study I am entirely occupied; these I am always laying up, and so disposing that I can at any time draw forth my stores for my immediate use." The whole epistle, indeed, from which I have paraphrased this passage, is a comment upon it, and affords many useful lessons of philosophy.

When we are employed in reading a great and good author, we ought to consider ourselves as searching after treasures, which, if well and regularly laid up in the mind, will be of use to us on sundry occasions in our lives. If a man, for instance, should be overloaded with prosperity or adversity (both of which cases are liable to happen to us), who is there so very wise, or so very foolish, that, if he was a master of Seneca and Plutarch, could not find great matter of comfort and utility from their doctrines? I mention these rather than Plato and Aristotle, as the works of the latter are not, I think, yet completely made English, and, consequently, are less within the reach of most of my countrymen.

But perhaps it may be asked, will Seneca or Plutarch make us laugh? perhaps not; but if you are not a fool, my worthy friend, which I can hardly with civility suspect, they will both (the latter especially) please you more than if they did. For my own part, I declare, I have not read even Lucian himself with more delight than I have Plutarch; but surely it is astonishing that such scribblers as Tom Brown, Tom D'Urfey, and the wits of our age, should find readers, while the writings of so excellent, so entertaining, and so voluminous an author as Plutarch remain in the world, and, as I apprehend, are very little known.

The truth I am afraid is, that real taste is a quality with which human nature is very slenderly gifted. It is indeed so very rare, and so little known, that scarce two authors have agreed in their notions of it; and those who have endeavoured to explain it to others seem to have succeeded only in showing us that they know it not themselves. If I might be allowed to give my own sentiments, I should derive it from a nice harmony between the imagination and the judgment; and hence perhaps it is that so few have ever possessed this talent in any eminent degree. Neither of these will alone bestow it; nothing is indeed more common than to see men of very bright imaginations, and of very accurate learning (which can hardly be acquired without judgment), who are entirely devoid of taste; and Longinus, who of all men seems most exquisitely to have possessed it, will puzzle his reader very much if he should attempt to decide whether imagination or judgment shine the brighter in that inimitable critic.

But as for the bulk of mankind, they are clearly void of any degree of taste. It is a quality in which they advance very little beyond a state of infancy. The first thing a child is fond of in a book is a picture, the second is a story, and the third a jest.

Here then is the true Pons Asinorum, which very few readers ever get over.

From what I have said it may perhaps be thought to appear that true taste is the real gift of nature only; and if so, some may ask to what purpose have I endeavoured to show men that they are without a blessing which it is impossible for them to attain?

Now, though it is certain that to the highest consummation of taste, as well as of every other excellence, nature must lend much assistance, yet great is the power of art, almost of itself, or at best with only slender aids from nature; and, to say the truth, there are very few who have not in their minds some small seeds of taste. "All men," says Cicero, "have a sort of tacit sense of what is right or wrong in arts and sciences, even without the help of arts." This surely it is in the power of art very greatly to improve. That most men, therefore, proceed no farther than as I have above declared, is owing either to the want of any, or (which is perhaps yet worse) to an improper education.

I shall probably, therefore, in a future paper, endeavour to lay down some rules by which all men may acquire at least some degree of taste. In the mean while, I shall (according to the method observed in inoculation) recommend to my readers, as a preparative for their receiving my instructions, a total abstinence from all bad books. I do therefore most earnestly entreat all my young readers that they would cautiously avoid the perusal of any modern book till it hath first had the sanction of some wise and learned man; and the same caution I propose to all fathers, mothers, and guardians.

"Evil communications corrupt good manners," is a quotation of St. Paul from Menander. *Evil books corrupt at once both our manners and our taste.*

No. 17, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1752.

Credite, posterì.

HOR.

Let posterity take my word for it.

It is a common expression with historians "That such and such facts will hardly be believed by posterity;" and yet these facts are delivered by them as undoubted truths, and very often affirmed upon their own knowledge.

But, what is much more astonishing, many of those very instances which are represented as difficult articles of truth by future ages did most probably pass as common occurrences at the time when they happened, and might seem scarce worthy of any notice to the generality of people who were eye-witnesses to the transactions.

The Cardinal de Retz, after relating the almost incredible distress of the then queen of England, who was likewise the daughter of France, and had not credit at Paris for a fagot to warm herself in the month of January, proceeds thus: "Nous avons horreur, en lisant les histoires, de lâchetés moins monstreuses que celle-là; et le peu de sentiment que je trouvais dans la plupart des esprits sur ce fait m'a obligé de faire, je crois, plus de mille fois cette reflexion: Que les exemples du passé touchent sans comparaison plus les hommes que ceux de leurs siècles. Nous nous accoutumons à tout ce que nous voyons; et je vous ai dit quelquefois, que je ne sais si le consulat du cheval de Caligula nous aurait autant surpris que nous nous l'imaginons."—"We are shocked, in reading history, at many less scandalous instances than this; and the little impression which I observed this made in the generality of men's minds at that time hath caused this reflection to recur to me a thousand times: That the examples

of former ages do beyond all comparison more sensibly affect us than those of our own times. Custom blinds us with a kind of glare to those objects before our eyes, and I have often doubted whether we should have been as much surprised at Caligula, when he made his horse a consul, as we are apt to imagine we should have been."

I can with truth declare that I have a thousand times reflected on the judicious discernment of this uncommon observation; the justice and excellence of which I will endeavour to illustrate to my reader, by taking once more a survey of that opinion which posterity may be reasonably supposed to entertain of the present times; and as I have formerly shown that they will probably, in some instances, believe much more than ourselves, so in others it is altogether as probable that they will believe less.

Without farther preface, then, let us suppose some great and profound critic, in the fortieth century, undertaking to comment on those historical materials relating to this kingdom with which that age may possibly furnish them; and in what manner may we conceive him more likely to write than in the following?—

ABSTRACT FROM HUMPHREY NEWMIXON'S OBSERVATIONS ON THE HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

* * * * *

Desunt multa.

THOUGH it is impossible to deliver anything with great certainty of those fabulous ages which a little preceded the time when universal ignorance began to overspread the face of the earth, and more especially prevailed in this island, till the restoration of learning, which first began in the thirty-sixth century; some few monuments of antiquity have however triumphed over the rage of barbarism, which may serve us to confute the horrid forgeries of that legendary Geoffry Bechard, who wrote about the year 3000.

This Geoffry, writing of the year 1751, hath the following words: "The Inglis hat set temps ware soe dicted to gamein, soe that severl off the grate menn yous'd to mak yt thee soal bisens off thayr lifs; hand knot unli thee messirs, but also theyre ems, yous'd to spind a hole dais hand knitts hatt thayr cartes. Les ems aussi bien ass messirs cheept thayre l'assemble forr thatt propos, hat whitche les fems hat perdu mundoy quelle thayres messirs rop koontri for get."

So far this bishop, who was reputed to be one of the most learned men of his age, *quia legere et scribere potebat*, says a contemporary author; but those who contend the most for his learning will be able, I am afraid, to say but little for his honesty; since all must allow that he was either deceived himself or hath endeavoured to deceive his readers; for I have now by me a record of undoubted antiquity, by which it appears that all kinds of gaming were, within a very few years before this period, of which this Geoffry writes, absolutely prohibited under the severest penalties. This law might indeed be infringed by some of the lowest of the people: and there is some reason to think it was so; for in a speech of George the Good, delivered from the throne in that very year 1751, a severe execution of the laws in this respect is recommended to the magistrate.

But that the great men, as the bishop says, should fly thus in the face, not only of those laws which they themselves made, but of their sovereign too, is too incredible to be imposed even on children.

Again, here is a reflection not only on the great men, but on the great ladies of those times, who

are represented in a light, which I shall not affront the present virtuous and prudent matrons, their great grand-daughters in the seventieth descent, by mentioning. But how inconsistent is this character with what we find in the writings of sir Alexander Drawcansir, the only annalist of whose works any part hath descended to us, who, in one of his annals or journals, acquaints us that there was not a single lady in his time married who was not possessed of every qualification to make the marriage state happy!

The same authority is sufficient to contradict the absurd account which this Geoffry gives in another place of the ladies of those days; where he says that women of the first quality used to make nightly riots in their own houses. One passage is so ridiculous that I cannot omit it. The ladies of St. James's parish, says he, used to treat their company with drums; and this was thought one of their most elegant entertainments: some copies, I know, read drams, but the former is the true reading, nor would the letter much cure the absurdity.

A learned critic indeed of my acquaintance suspects that the above passage is corrupt, and proposes, instead of St. James's to read St. Giles's, and instead of drum to read dram; and then he says the above account will agree with a record of that age, by which it appears that the women of St. Giles's parish were notoriously addicted to dram-drinking at that time. And as for the word lady, he urges that it did not then, as it doth now, signify a woman of great rank and distinction, but was applied promiscuously to the whole female sex; to support which he produces a passage from sir Alexander Drawcansir, where the wife of a low mechanic is called a lady of great merit.

Another legend, recorded by our Geoffry, is sufficient of itself to destroy his credit. He tells us that a *herd of bucks* used to frequent all the public places; nay, he says that two or three such animals would sometimes venture among several thousands of gentlemen and ladies, and put them all into confusion and disorder. This is a very scandalous reflection on the gentlemen of those days; but it is at the same time so incredible that it needs no refutation.

The truth I believe is, that the bishop was a weak and credulous man, and very easily imposed upon, especially in those matters with which his function prevented him from being well acquainted. What he writes of their theatrical entertainments is beyond all measure ridiculous:—"De vurst a nite of le play," says he, "d'author was a put a de stake sur on de theatre stage, dare des criticats dey palt at him, hyess him, catadecall him, off, off him, vor too dree heures. Dis be dam playe. Des criticats be de a perentice, klarque, boo, buccuk, and gamambler."

Now I will refer it to any one whether the historian can be conceived here to write of a civilised people, and such the Britons are allowed on all hands to have been at that time.

Monsieur de Belle Lettre, in his *Mélange Critique*, which he published in the year 3892, treats the whole history of this Geoffry as a romance; and, indeed, what is recorded in it concerning dogs seems sufficiently to favour this opinion. At this time, says Bechard, the chief learning among those people was among the dogs. Learning was then a common epithet to several of the canine speeches, and a great dispute was for a long time carried on between a French and English individual of this species. We know not in whose favour it was determined; but it is agreed on all hands that the question was, which was the most learned of the two. The historian adds that several of the most eminent writers

were of the canine kind, and were universally called sad dogs.*

The bishop concludes his history with these words: "Monstr. incred ten tousand pip. siffi nit. up got zee oostryche tap tonnobus, is pregados. dat zocurn hypor hoperad abun, idelonycus quinto pur zin inmus fi fadon addili."

Which is so ridiculous a supposition, that I shall leave it with the reader without any remark.

NO. 21. SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1752.

Est miserorum, ut malevolentes sint atque invidiant bonis.

PLAUTUS.

It is a miserable state to be malevolent, and to envy good men.

I SHALL publish the following letter with the same design that the Spartans exposed drunken men to the view of their children. Examples may perhaps have more advantage over precepts in teaching us to avoid what is odious than in impelling us to pursue what is amiable. If the reader will peruse it with attention, he will, I conceive, discover in it a very useful moral; of which I shall give no farther hint than by desiring the reader not to be offended at the contradictions that occur in it.

MR. CENSOR,—When I first read the name of Axylus to a letter in your paper, though I easily perceived the writer to be a silly fellow, I little guessed who was the individual person; but in his second performance he hath been pleased to acquaint me who he is.

This fellow, sir, you are to know, I have employed every means in my power to persecute ever since I was acquainted with him; not because he is a fool (for I have no fixed quarrel with so numerous a body), but because he is in reality a good man.

You will, perhaps, think this a very strange confession; and so it would be if there was any possibility of your guessing from whom it came; but I have the satisfaction to be assured that, though I am actually known both to you and to your friend Axylus, I shall be the last person in the world to whom either of you will impute the character I shall here lay open. I well know that I pass upon you both, and a thousand other such wise people, for one of the best and worthiest men alive; for, as a late orator at the Robinhood said, "he had the honour to be an atheist," so I, sir, have the honour to be a most profound hypocrite. By which means I have universally obtained a good character, and perhaps a much better than what the silly Axylus hath acquired by really deserving it; for, as Plato remarks in the second book of his Republic, the just man and the unjust man are often reciprocally mistaken by mankind, and do frequently pass in the world the one for the other. The reason of which, as I take it, and as he in Plato indeed intimates, is, that the former are for the most part fools, and the latter are men of sense.

If I could so far prevail, however, as to deprive this Axylus of all the praise which he receives from his actions, and to show him in an opprobrious light to the world, I might perhaps be contented, and wish him ill no longer. And yet I am not positive that this would be the case; for what amends can it make to a man who sees his mistress in his rival's arms that the world in general are persuaded that he himself alone enjoys her? or could all the flattery of his courtiers, and all the Te Deums of his priests, satisfy Lewis the Fourteenth, and prevent his envying the duke of Marlborough? I am well apprised that the reputation of goodness is all which I aim

* "Sad is synonymous with grave, wise. The judges were formerly called sad men of the law."

at, and is all which a wise man would desire; notwithstanding which, I am convinced that praise sounds most harmonious to that ear where it finds an echo from within; nay, who knows the secret comforts which a good heart may dictate from within, even when all without are silent? I perceive symptoms of such inward satisfaction in Axylus, and for that reason I envy and hate him from the bottom of my soul.

You will perhaps say, why then do you not imitate him? Your servant, sir; shall I imitate a fool because I see him happy in his folly? for folly I am convinced it is to interest yourself in the happiness or in the concerns of others. Horace, who was a sensible writer, and knew the world, advises every man to roll himself up in himself, as a polished bowl, which admits of no rubs from without; and the old Greek, like a wise rogue, exclaims, "When I am dead, let the earth be consumed by fire. It is no concern of mine; all my affairs are well settled."

Here again it may be objected, why do you envy one whom you condemn as a fool? To this I own it is not easy to give an answer. In fact, nature hath moulded up with the wisest clay of man some very simple ingredients. Hence we covet those commendations which we know are seldom bestowed without a sneer, and which are annexed to characters that we despise. The truth I am afraid is, that I would willingly be this very man. That I have sometimes such a fear I confess to you, as I think it impossible you should ever guess from whence the confession comes; for I would not for ten thousand pounds that any man should know I had ever such a wish; nay, I would not for an equal sum know myself that I had it.

And from this fear, this suspicion (for I once more assure you and myself that it is no more than a suspicion), I heartily detest this Axylus. For this reason I have hitherto pursued him with the most inveterate hatred; have industriously taken every occasion to plague him, and have let slip no opportunity of ruining his reputation.

I am aware I may have let drop something which may lead you into an opinion that I really esteem this character, which I would endeavour to persuade you I despise; but, before I finish this letter, I flatter myself I shall place this fellow in so contemptible a light that I shall have no reason to apprehend your drawing any such conclusion.

First, notwithstanding all the secret comforts which Axylus pretends to receive from the energies of benevolence, as he calls them, I cannot persuade myself that there is really any pleasure in a good action. I must own to you I do not speak this absolutely on my own knowledge, for I do not remember to have done one truly good, benevolent action in my whole life. Indeed I should heartily despise myself if I had any such recollection.

And if there be no pleasure in goodness, I am sure there is no profit in it. This Axylus himself will, I doubt not, be ready to confess. No man hath ever made or improved, though many have injured, and some have destroyed, their fortunes this way.

In the last place, as to the motives which arise from our vanity, and which, as that very wise writer Mr. Mandevil observes, are much the strongest supports of what is generally called benevolence, I think to make the folly of doing good from such motives very plainly appear. I am far from being an enemy to praise, or from expressing that contempt for a good character which some have affected. But, surely, it becomes a man to purchase everything as cheap as he can. Now, why should he be at the pains and expense of being good in reality, when

he may so certainly obtain all the applause he aims at merely by pretending to be so.

An instance of this I give you in myself, who, without having ever done a single good action, have universally a good character; and this I have acquired by only taking upon me the trouble of supporting one constant series of hypocrisy all my days.

Axylus, on the contrary, for want of undergoing this trouble, hath missed the praises he deserves. While he carelessly doth a hundred good actions, without being at the pains of displaying them, they are all overlooked by the world; nay, often by my means (for I am always watchful on such occasions) his most disinterested benevolence is seen in a disadvantageous light; and his goodness, instead of being commended, turns to his dishonour.

An example of this I saw the other day, when you published his last letter, where all that is said of an unhappy woman, drawn in to be guilty of the highest degree of wickedness by the most wicked and profligate of men, I am convinced flowed immediately from that compassion which is the constant energy of these good hearts. Now, sir, even this I turned against him. I represented it as a barbarous attempt to revile the character of a man before he had undergone his trial; and, can you believe it? such is the nature of man, I found some persons who could not, or would not, see the difference between concluding a person guilty who is in custody, and who is to undergo a legal disquisition into his crimes, and concluding one to be guilty of a fact for which he hath fled from justice, and who, even by the evidence given on oath in the solemn trial of another, appears to all the world to be guilty.

But perhaps it may be said, though the world in general do not commend your actions, still you are repaid for them sufficiently by having the esteem, the love, the gratitude, of those to whom they are done. To this purpose I will tell you a short story; the fact is true, and happened to Mr. Axylus himself.

That silly good man had done many great services to a private family. Indeed, the very bread they eat was for a long time owing to his foolish generosity, and at length, by his advice and assistance, this family was brought from a state of poverty and distress to what might be called affluence in their condition. I was acquainted with the whole scene, and often present at it, and indeed it was one of the pleasantest I ever saw; for, while the good man was rejoicing in his own goodness, and feeding his foolish vanity with fond conceits of the grateful returns which were made to him in the bosoms of the obliged, they, on the other side, were continually laughing at his folly amongst themselves, and flattering their own ingenuity with their constant impositions on his good-nature, and ascribing everything which they obtained of him to their own superior cunning and power of overreaching him.

When I had enjoyed this scene till I was weary of it, I was resolved to work myself another satisfaction out of it, by tormenting the man I hate. I accordingly communicated the secret to Axylus, and gave him almost demonstration of the truth of what I told him. He answered, with a smile, he hoped I was mistaken, but if not, he was answerable for the means only, and not for the end, and the very same day did a new favour to one of the family.

I will conclude by telling you that it was I who sent him the trial of Miss Blandy to vex him, and I hope you will print this letter, that he may have the plague of guessing at me, for I am sure he will guess wrong, and perhaps may fix on one of his best friends; which will be doing him a very great injury, and will, consequently, give great pleasure to, sir, yours. IAGO.

I cannot dismiss this letter without observing that, if there be really such a person as this writer describes himself, the possession of his own bad mind is a worse curse to him than he himself will ever be able to inflict on the happy Axylus.

No. 23. SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1752.

Οὐκ ἀγαθὸν πολυκοιρανίῃ· εἰς κοίρανος ἔστω,
Εἰς Βασιλεὺς, ᾧ ἴδωκε Κόρον πᾶσι ἀγκυλομήτει
Σκηπτρόν τ' ἠδὲ Δέμιστας, ἵνα σφίσιν ἱμβασιλεύῃ.

HOMER.

Here is not allow'd
That worst of tyrants, an usurping crowd.
To one sole monarch Jove commits the sway;
His are the laws, and him let all obey.—POPE.

THOUGH of the three forms of government acknowledged in the schools, all have been very warmly opposed and as warmly defended, yet, in this point, the different advocates will, I believe, very readily agree, that there is not one of the three which is not greatly to be preferred to total anarchy; a state in which there is no subordination, no lawful power, and no settled government, but where every man is at liberty to act in whatever manner it pleaseth him best.

As this is in reality a most deplorable state, I have long lamented, with great anguish of heart, that it is at present the case of a very large body of people in this kingdom. An assertion which, as it may surprise most of my readers, I will make haste to explain, by declaring that I mean the fraternity of the quill, that body of men to whom the public assign the name of authors.

However absurd politicians may have been pleased to represent the *imperium in imperio*, it will here, I doubt not, be found on a strict examination to be extremely necessary; the commonwealth of literature being indeed totally distinct from the greater commonwealth, and no more dependent upon it than the kingdom of England is on that of France. Of this our legislature seems to have been at all times sensible, as they have never attempted any provision for the regulation or correction of this body. In one instance, it is true, there are (I should rather, I believe, say there were) some laws to restrain them; for writers, if I am not mistaken, have been formerly punished for blasphemy against God, and libels against the government; nay, I have been told that to slander the reputation of private persons was once thought unlawful here as well as among the Romans, who, as Horace tells us, had a severe law for this purpose.

In promulging these laws (whatever may be the reason of suffering them to grow obsolete) the state seems to have acted very wisely, as such kind of writings are really of most mischievous consequence to the public; but, alas! there are many abuses, many horrid evils, daily springing up in the commonwealth of literature, which appear to affect only that commonwealth, at least immediately, of which none of the political legislators have ever taken any notice; nor hath any civil court of judicature ever pretended to any cognisance of them. Nonsense and dulness are no crimes in *foro civili*: no man can be questioned for bad verses in Westminster-hall; and, amongst the many indictments for battery, not one can be produced for breaking poor Priscian's head, though it is done almost every day.

But though immediately, as I have said, these evils do not affect the greater commonwealth, yet, as they tend to the utter ruin of the lesser, so they have a remote evil consequence, even on the state itself; which seems, by having left them unprovided for, to have remitted them, for the sake of convenience, to the government of laws and to the superintendence of magistrates of this lesser com-

monwealth; and never to have foreseen or suspected that dreadful state of anarchy which at present prevails in this lesser empire; an empire which hath formerly made so great a figure in this kingdom, and that, indeed, almost within our own memories.

It may appear strange that none of our English historians have spoken clearly and distinctly of this lesser empire; but this may be well accounted for when we consider that all these histories have been written by two sorts of persons; that is to say, either politicians or lawyers. Now, the former of these have had their imaginations so entirely filled with the affairs of the greater empire, that it is no wonder the business of the lesser should have totally escaped their observation. And as to the lawyers, they are well known to have been very little acquainted with the commonwealth of literature, and to have always acted and written in defiance to its laws.

From these reasons it is very difficult to fix, with certainty, the exact period when this commonwealth first began among us. Indeed, if the originals of all the greater empires upon earth, and even of our own, be wrapped in such obscurity that they elude the inquiries of the most diligent sifters of antiquity, we cannot be surprised that this fate should attend our little empire, opposed as it hath been by the pen of the lawyer, overlooked by the eye of the historian, and never once smelt after by the nose of the antiquary.

In the earliest ages, the literary state seems to have been an ecclesiastical democracy; for the clergy are then said to have had all the learning among them; and the great reverence paid at that time to it by the laity appears from hence, that whoever could prove in a court of justice that he belonged to this state, by only reading a single verse in the Testament, was vested with the highest privileges, and might do almost what he pleased; even commit murder with impunity. And this privilege was called the benefit of the clergy.

This commonwealth, however, can scarce be said to have been in any flourishing state of old time even among the clergy themselves; inasmuch as we are told that a rector of a parish, going to law with his parishioners about paying the church, quoted this authority from St. Peter, *Paveant illi, non paveam ego*. Which he construed thus: "They are to pave the church, and not I." And this by a judge, who was likewise an ecclesiastic, was allowed to be very good law.

The nobility had clearly no ancient connexion with this commonwealth, nor would submit to be bound by any of its laws: witness that provision in an old act of parliament, "That a nobleman shall be entitled to the benefit of his clergy (the privilege above mentioned) even though he cannot read." Nay, the whole body of the laity, though they gave such honours to this commonwealth, appear to have been very few of them under its jurisdiction; as appears by a law cited by judge Rolls in his Abridgment, with the reason which he gives for it: "The command of the sheriff," says this writer, "to his officer, by word of mouth and without writing, is good; for it may be that neither the sheriff nor his officer can write or read."

But not to dwell on these obscure times, when so very little authentic can be found concerning this commonwealth, let us come at once to the days of Henry the Eighth, when no less a revolution happened in the lesser than in the greater empire; for the literary government became absolute, together with the political, in the hands of one and the same monarch; who was himself a writer, and dictated, not only law, but common sense too, to all his peo-

ple; suffering no one to write or speak but according to his own will and pleasure.

After this king's demise, the literary commonwealth was again separated from the political; for I do not find that his successor on the greater throne succeeded him likewise in the lesser. Nor did either of the two queens, as I can learn, pretend to any authority in this empire, in which the Salique law hath universally prevailed; for though there have been some considerable subjects of the female sex in the literary commonwealth, I never remember to have read of a queen.

It is not easy to say with any great exactness what form of government was preserved in this commonwealth during the reigns of Edward VI., queen Mary, and queen Elizabeth; for though there were some great men in those times, none of them seem to have affected the throne of wit: nay, Shakspeare, who flourished in the latter end of the last reign, and who seemed so justly qualified to enjoy this crown, never thought of challenging it.

In the reign of James I. the literary government was an aristocracy, for I do not choose to give it the evil name of oligarchy, though it consisted only of four, namely, Master William Shakspeare, Master Benjamin Jonson, Master John Fletcher, and Master Francis Beaumont. This quadrumvirate, as they introduced a new form of government, thought proper, according to Machiavel's advice, to introduce new names; they therefore called themselves *The Wits*, a name which hath been affected since by the reigning monarchs in this empire.

The last of this quadrumvirate enjoyed the government alone during his life; after which the troubles that shortly after ensued involved this lesser commonwealth in all the confusion and ruin of the greater, nor can anything be found of it with sufficient certainty till the *Wits*, in the reign of Charles II., after many struggles among themselves for superiority, at last agreed to elect John Dryden to be their king.

This king John had a very long reign, though a very unquiet one; for there were several pretenders to the throne of wit in his time, who formed very considerable parties against him, and gave him great uneasiness, of which his successor hath made mention in the following lines:

Pride, folly, malice, against Dryden rose,
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux.

Besides which, his finances were in such disorder, that it is affirmed his treasury was more than once entirely empty.

He died, nevertheless, in a good old age, possessed of the kingdom of Wit, and was succeeded by king Alexander, surnamed Pope.

This prince enjoyed the crown many years, and is thought to have stretched the prerogative much farther than his predecessor: he is said to have been extremely jealous of the affections of his subjects, and to have employed various spies, by whom if he was informed of the least suggestion against his title, he never failed of branding the accused person with the word *dunce* on his forehead in broad letters; after which the unhappy culprit was obliged to lay by his pen for ever, for no bookseller would venture to print a word that he wrote.

He did indeed put a total restraint on the liberty of the press; for no person durst read anything which was writ without his licence and approbation; and this licence he granted only to four during his reign, namely, to the celebrated Dr. Swift, to the ingenious Dr. Young, to Dr. Arbuthnot, and to one Mr. Gay, four of his principal courtiers and favourites.

But without diving any deeper into his character, we must allow that king Alexander had great merit as a writer, and his title to the kingdom of Wit was better founded at least than his enemies have pretended.

After the demise of king Alexander, the literary state relapsed again into democracy, or rather, indeed, into downright anarchy; of which, as well as of the consequences, I shall treat in a future paper.

NO. 24. TUESDAY, MARCH 24, 1752.

Nimirum sapere est abjectis utile nugis,
Et tempestivum pueris concedere ludum.—HOR.

Trifling pursuits true wisdom casts away,
And leaves to children all their childish play.

THE mind of man is compared by Montaigne to a fertile field, which, though it be left entirely uncultivated, still retains all its genial powers, but, instead of producing anything lovely or profitable, sends forth only weeds and wild herbs of various kinds, which serve to no use or emolument whatsoever.

The human mind is, indeed, of too active a nature to content itself with a state of perfect rest or sloth. There are few men such arrant stocks or stones as to be always satisfied with idleness, or to come up to that description in Lucretius:—

Mortua cui vita est prope jam vivo, atque videnti,
Qui somno partem majorem conterit ævi,
Et vigilans stertit.

St. Paul describes these men better when, writing to the Thessalonians, he says, some of them are *μηδὲν ἔργαζόμενοι, ἀλλὰ περιεργαζόμενοι*: "Doing no work, but busying themselves in impertinence." Or, as the Latin author expresses the same sentiment, *Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens*: "Puffing and sweating to no purpose; employed about many things, and doing nothing."

The original of diversions is certainly owing to this active temper; for to what purpose were they calculated, but, as the very word in our language implies, to cast off idleness? than which, to the generality of mankind, there is not I believe a much heavier burthen.

But, if we look a little deeper into this matter, we shall find that there is implanted in our nature a great love of business, and an equal abhorrence of idleness. This discovers itself very early in children, most of whom, as I have observed, are never better pleased than when they are employed by their elders.

The same disposition we may perceive in men, in those particularly to whom fortune hath made business unnecessary, and whom nature very plainly appears never to have designed for any. And yet how common is it to see these men playing at business, if I may use the expression, and pleasing themselves all their lives with the imagination that they are not idle!

From this busy temper may be derived almost all the works with which great men have obliged the world. Hence it was that the great artifex Nero arrived at so great skill, as he himself tells us he did, in music; to which he applied with such unwearied industry on the stage, that several persons counterfeited death, in order to be carried out of the theatre from hearing him; for it would have been very unsafe for the town of Rome to damn his performances.

If Domitian had not been of a busy, as well as a cruel temper, he would never have employed so many hours in the ingenious employment of fly-spitting, which he is supposed to have brought to the highest degree of perfection of which the art is capable. Hence it is, so many industrious critics have spent their lives in all such reading as was never

read, as Mr. Pope hath it; witness the laborious and all-read Dr. Zachary Grey, who, to compile those wonderful notes to his Hudibras, must have ransacked not only all the stalls, but all the trunks and bandboxes, in the world.

Didymus, the grammarian, was another labourer of this kind. Seneca tells us "that he writ four thousand books; in some of which he inquires into the country of Homer; in others, who was the true mother of Æneas; whether Anacreon loved wenching or drinking most; whether Sappho was a common prostitute;" with other such learning, with which if you had already stuffed your head, your study ought to be how to get it out again.

Tiberius, wise as he was in policy, had a great inclination to this kind of knowledge. "He pursued it," says Suetonius, "*usque ad ineptias et derisum, &c.*"—to a degree of folly and ridicule; for he used to ask the grammarians, of whose company he was very fond, such kind of questions as these:—Who was the mother of Hecuba? By what name Achilles passed among the daughters of Lycomedes? What songs the Syrens used to sing?" &c.

Cardinal Chigi, who was afterwards pope Alexander VII., was a genius of this kind. He proclaimed a public prize for that learned man who could find a Latin word for the word chaise. He likewise spent seven or eight days in searching whether Musca, a fly, came from Mosco, or Mosco from Musca. De Retz, from whose memoirs I have taken this story, says that he had formerly discovered that the cardinal was *Homme de minutis*; for that the said cardinal, in a discourse on the studies of his youth, had told De Retz that he had writ two years with the same pen.

I cannot omit the excellent remark of my author, though not to my present purpose. "It is true," says he, "this is but a trifle; but I have often observed that little things afford us truer symptoms of the dispositions of men than great ones."

What but the utmost impatience of idleness could prompt men to employ great pains and trouble, and expense too, in making large collections of butterflies, pebbles, and such other wonderful productions; while others from the same impatience have been no less busy in hunting after monsters of every kind, as if they were at enmity with Nature and desirous of exposing all her errors.

The Greeks have a word for this industry. They call it *Κανόσπουδια*: and oftener *Πολυπραγμοσύνη*. Neither of which words I can translate without a periphrasis. By both is meant a vain curiosity and diligence in trifles.

I make no doubt but that the same industry would often make a man of a moderate capacity a very competent master of some notable science, which hath made him a proficient in some contemptible art or rather knack. The dexterous juggler might have made a complete mechanic. The same labour, and perhaps the same genius, which brings a man to a perfection at the game of chess, would make a great proficiency in the mathematics. Many a beau might have been a scholar if he had consulted books with the same attention with which he hath consulted a looking-glass; and many a fox-hunter might, to his great honour, have pursued the enemies of his country with less labour and with less danger than he hath encountered in the pursuit of foxes.

I am almost inclined to think that, if a complete history could be compiled of the eminent works of the *Κανόσπουδοι*, the triflers, it would manifestly appear, that more labour and pains, more time (I had almost said more genius), have been employed in

the service of folly than have been employed by the greatest men in inventing and perfecting the most erudite and consummate works of art or wisdom.

I will conclude this paper with a passage from the excellent and truly learned doctor Barrow, which gives a very serious but very just turn to this subject.

“Aliud agere, to be impertinently busy, doing that which conduceth to no good purpose, is in some respect worse than to do nothing, or to forbear all action; for it is a positive abuse of our faculties and trifling with God's gifts: it is throwing away labour and care, things valuable in themselves; it is often a running out of the way, which is worse than standing still; it is a debasing our reason, and declining from our manhood; nothing being more foolish or childish than to be solicitous and serious about trifles; for who are more busy and active than children? Who are fuller of thoughts and designs, or more eager in prosecution of them, than they? But all is about ridiculous toys, the shadows of business, suggested to them by apish curiosity and imitation. Of such industry we may understand that of the preacher, ‘The labour of the foolish wearieth every one of them;’ for that a man soon will be weary of that labour which yieldeth no profit or beneficial return.”

No. 33. SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1752.

Odi profanum vulgus. HOR.

I hate profane rascals.

SIR,—In this very learned and enlightened age, in which authors are almost as numerous as booksellers, I doubt not but your correspondents furnish you with a sufficient quantity of waste paper. I perhaps may add to the heap; for, as men do not always know the motive of their own actions, I may possibly be induced, by the same sort of vanity as other puny authors have been, to desire to be in print. But I am very well satisfied with you for my judge, and if you should not think proper to take any notice of the hint I have here sent you, I shall conclude that I am an impertinent correspondent, but that you are a judicious and impartial critic. In my own defence, however, I must say that I am never better pleased than when I see extraordinary abilities employed in the support of His honour and religion, who has so bountifully bestowed them. It is for this reason that I wish you would take some notice of the character, or rather story, here sent you. In my travels westward last summer I lay at an inn in Somersetshire, remarkable for its pleasant situation and the obliging behaviour of the landlord, who, though a downright rustic, had an awkward sort of politeness arising from his good-nature that was very pleasing, and, if I may be allowed the expression, was a sort of good-breeding undressed. As I intended to make a pretty long journey the next day, I rose time enough to behold that glorious luminary the sun set out on his course, which, by-the-by, is one of the finest sights the eye can behold; and, as it is a thing seldom seen by people of fashion, unless it be at the theatre at Covent-garden, I could not help laying some stress upon it here. The kitchen in this inn was a very pleasant room; I therefore called for some tea, sat me in the window that I might enjoy the prospect which the country afforded, and a more beautiful one is not in the power of imagination to frame. This house was situated on the top of a hill; and for two miles below its meadows, enlivened with variety of cattle, and adorned with a greater variety of flowers, first caught my sight. At the bottom of this vale ran a river which seemed to promise coolness and refreshment to the thirsty cattle. The eye was

next presented with fields of corn that made a kind of an ascent which was terminated by a wood, at the top of which appeared a verdant hill situate as it were in the clouds where the sun was just arrived, and, peeping o'er the summit, which was at this time covered with dew, glided it over with his rays and terminated my view in the most agreeable manner in the world. In a word, the elegant simplicity of every object round me filled my heart with such gratitude, and furnished my mind with such pleasing meditations, as made me thank Heaven I was born. But this state of joyous tranquillity was not of long duration: I had scarce begun my breakfast when my ears were saluted with a genteel whistle, and the noise of a pair of slippers descending the staircase; and soon after I beheld a contrast to my former prospect, being a very beauish gentleman, with a huge laced hat on, as big as Pistol's in the play; a wig somewhat dishevelled, and a face which at once gave you a perfect idea of emptiness, assurance, and intemperance. His eyes, which before were scarce open, he fixed on me with a stare which testified surprise, and his coat was immediately thrown open to display a very handsome second-hand gold-laced waistcoat. In one hand he had a pair of saddlebags, and in the other a hanger of mighty size, both of which, with a graceful G—d d—n you, he placed upon a chair. Then, advancing towards the landlord, who was standing by me, he said, “By G—d, landlord, your wine is damnable strong.” “I don't know,” replied the landlord; “it is generally reckoned pretty good, for I have it all from London.” —“Pray, who is your wine-merchant?” says the man of importance. “A very great man,” says the landlord, “in his way; perhaps you may know him, sir; his name is Kirby.” “Ah! what honest Tom? he and I have cracked many a bottle of claret together; he is one of the most considerable merchants in the city; the dog is hellish poor, damnable poor, for I don't suppose he is worth a farthing more than a hundred thousand pound; only a plum, that's all; he is to be our lord-mayor next year.” “I ask pardon, sir, that is not the man, for our Mr. Kirby's name is not Thomas but Richard.” “Ay!” says the gentleman, “that's his brother; they are partners together.” “I believe,” says the landlord, “you are out, sir, for that gentleman has no brother.” “D—n your nonsense, with you and your outs!” says the beau; “as if I should not know better than you country puts; I who have lived in London all my lifetime.” “I ask a thousand pardons,” says the landlord; “I hope no offence, sir.” “No, no,” cries the other; “we gentlemen know how to make allowance for your country breeding.” Then stepping to the kitchen-door, with an audible voice he called the ostler, and in a very graceful accent said, “D—n your blood, you cock-eyed son of a bitch, bring me my boots! did not you hear me call?” Then turning to the landlord said, “Faith! that Mr. What-de-callum, the exciseman, is a damned jolly fellow.” “Yes, sir,” says the landlord, “he is a merryish sort of a man.” “But,” says the gentleman, “as for that schoolmaster, he is the queerest bitch I ever saw; he looks as if he could not say boh to a goose.” “I don't know, sir,” says the landlord; “he is reckoned to be a desperate good schollard about us, and the gentry likes him vastly, for he understands the measurement of land and timber, knows how to make dials and such things; and for ciphering, few can outdo 'em.” “Ay!” says the gentleman, “he does look like a cipher indeed, for he did not speak three words all last night.” The ostler now produced the boots, which the gentleman taking in his hand, and having placed

himself in the chair, addressed in the following speech: "My good friends, Mr. Boots, I tell you plainly that, if you plague me so damnably as you did yesterday morning, by G— I'll commit you to the flames; stap my vituals! as my lord Huntingdon says in the play." He then looked full in my face, and asked the landlord if he had ever been at Drury-lane playhouse; which he answered in the negative. "What!" says he, "did you never hear talk of Mr. Garrick and king Richard?" "No, sir," says the landlord. "By G—," says the gentleman, "he is the cleverest fellow in England." He then spouted a speech out of King Richard, which begins, "Give me a horse," &c. "There," says he, "that, that is just like Mr. Garrick." Having pleased himself vastly with this performance, he shook the landlord by the hand with great good-humour, and said, "By G— you seem to be an honest fellow, and good blood; if you'll come and see me in London, I'll give you your skinful of wine, and treat you with a play and a whore every night you stay. I'll show you how it is to live, my boy. But here, bring us some paper, my girl; come, let us have one of your love-letters to air my boots." Upon which the landlord presented him with a piece of an old newspaper. "D—n you!" says the gent., "this is not half enough; have you never a Bible or Common Prayer-book in the house? Half a dozen chapters of Genesis, with a few prayers, make an excellent fire in a pair of boots." "Oh! Lord forgive you!" says the landlord; "sure you would not burn such books as those?" "No!" cries the spark; "where was you born? Go into a shop of London and buy some butter or a quartern of tea, and then you'll see what use is made of these books." "Ay!" says the landlord, "we have a saying here in our country that 'tis as sure as the devil is in London, and if he was not there they could not be so wicked as they be." Here a country fellow who had been standing up in one corner of the kitchen eating of cold bacon and beans, and who, I observed, trembled at every oath this spark swore, took his dish and pot, and marched out of the kitchen, fearing, as I afterwards learned, that the house would fall down about his ears, for he was sure, he said, "That man in the gold-laced hat was the devil." The young spark, having now displayed all his wit and humour, and exerted his talents to the utmost, thought he had sufficiently recommended himself to my favour and convinced me he was a gentleman. He therefore with an air addressed himself to me, and asked me which way I was travelling? To which I gave him no answer. He then exalted his voice; but, at my continuing silent, he asked the landlord if I was deaf. Upon which the landlord told him he did not believe the gentleman was dunch, for that he talked very well just now. The man of wit whispered in the landlord's ear, and said, "I suppose he is either a parson or a fool." He then drank a dram, observing that a man should not cool too fast; paid sixpence more than his reckoning, called for his horse, gave the ostler a shilling, and galloped out of the inn, thoroughly satisfied that we all agreed with him in thinking him a clever fellow and a man of great importance. The landlord, smiling, took up his money, and said he was a comical gentleman, but that it was a thousand pities he swore so much; if it was not for that he was a very good customer, and as generous as a prince, for that the night before he had treated everybody in the house. I then asked him if he knew that comical gentleman, as he called him? "No, really, sir," said the landlord, "though a gentleman was saying last night that he

was a sort of rider or rideout to a linendraper at London." This, Mr. Censor, I have since found to be true; for, having occasion to buy some cloth, I went last week into a linendraper's shop, in which I found a young fellow whose decent behaviour and plain dress showed he was a tradesman. Upon looking full in his face I thought I had seen it before; nor was it long before I recollected where it was, and that this was the same beau I had met with in Somersetshire. The difference in the same man in London, where he was known, and in the country, where he was a stranger, was beyond expression; and, was it not impertinent to make observations to you, I could enlarge upon this sort of behaviour; for I am firmly of opinion that there is neither spirit nor good sense in oaths, nor any wit or humour in blasphemy. But as vulgar errors require an abler pen than mine to correct them, I shall leave that task to you, and am, sir, your humble servant,
R. S.

No. 34. TUESDAY, APRIL 28, 1752.

Natio comœda est.—JUVENAL.

We are a nation of players.

It is the advice of Solomon, to train up a child in the way he shall go; and this, in the opinion of Quintilian, can never be undertaken too early. He, indeed, begins his institution even with the very nurse.

The wise man here very plainly supposes a previous determination in the parent in what way he intends his child shall go; for without having fixed this with certainty it will be impossible for any man to fulfil the precept.

Now all the ways of life in which, in this country, men walk themselves, and in which they so manifestly intend to train their children, seem to me to be reducible to two; viz. the way of spending an estate, and the way of getting one. These may indeed, in this sense, be called the two great high roads in this kingdom.

As to the former, it is much the less beaten and frequented track, as it requires a certain viaticum obvious to the reader, which is not in the possession of every one: in this way, therefore, the eldest sons of great families, and heirs of great estates, can only be trained. The methods of training here are no more than two-fold, both very easy and apposite; it is therefore no wonder that they are both pursued with very little deviation by almost every parent. The one, which is universally practised in the country, contains very few rules, and these extremely simple; such as drinking, racing, cockfighting, hunting, with other rural exercises. The other, which is proper to the town, and indeed to the higher people, is somewhat more complex. This includes dancing, fencing, whoring, gaming, travelling, dressing, French connoisseurship, and perhaps two or three other less material articles.

But the great and difficult point is that of training youth in the other great road, namely in the way to get an estate. Here, as in our journey over vast and wide plains, the many different tracts are apt to beget uncertainty and confusion, and we are often extremely puzzled which of these to choose for ourselves, and which to recommend to our children.

The most beaten tracks in this road are those of the professions, such as the church, the law, the army, &c. In some one of these the younger children of the nobility and gentry have usually been trained, often with very ill success; arising sometimes from a partial opinion of the talents of

the child, and more often from flattering ourselves with hopes of more interest with the great than we have really had.

To all these professions many things may be objected, as we shall presently see, when we compare them with a path in life which I am about to recommend to my reader, and which we shall find clear from most of the objections that may be raised against any other.

Without farther preface, the way of life which I mean to recommend is that of the stage, in which I shall hope for the future to see several of our young nobility and gentry trained up, and particularly those of the most promising parts.

In the first place then, the stage at present promises a much better provision than any of the professions; for though perhaps it is true that there are in the church, the law, the state, the army, &c., some few posts which yield the professors greater profit than is to be acquired on the stage, yet these bear no proportion to the infinite numbers who are trained in the several professions, and who almost literally starve. The income of an actor of any rank is from six to twelve hundred a-year; whereas, that of two-thirds of the gentlemen of the army is considerably under one hundred; the income of nine-tenths of the clergy is less than fifty pounds a-year; and the profits in the law, to ninety-nine in a hundred, amount not to a single shilling.

And as for those few posts of great emolument, upon which we all cast our eyes, as the adventurers in a lottery do on the few great prizes, if we impartially examine our own abilities, how few of us shall dare to aspire so high! whereas on the stage scarce any abilities are required, and we see men whom nobody allows to deserve the name of actors enjoying salaries of three, four, and five hundred a-year.

Again, if we consider the great pains and time, the head-achs and the heart-achs, which lead up to the top of either the army or the law—

*Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit, fecitque puer—*

this consideration will sufficiently discourage our attempts, especially when, on the other hand, we may on the stage leap all at once into eminence; and, if we expect no more than four or five hundred pounds for the first year of our acting, our demands will be thought modest.

And farther, in any of the professions all our abilities will be thrown away, and all our time and labour lost, unless we have other ingredients to recommend us. Unless we have some powerful friend or relation, or some beautiful wife or sister, we shall never procure an opportunity of showing the world what we are; whereas to the stage no interest is necessary to introduce you. The publishing the name of a gentleman who never acted before in the playbills will fill the house as surely as if he proposed to get into a bottle, and no manager is ashamed of putting you at first into any of his principal parts.

And if we view this in the light of ambition, the stage will have no less advantage over the professions. To personate a great character three hours in the twenty-four is a matter of more consequence than it is generally esteemed. The world itself is commonly called a stage; and in the eye of the greatest philosophers the actions in both appear to be equally real and of equal consequence. Where then is the mighty difference between personating a great man on the great theatre, or on the less? In both cases we often assume that character when it doth not really belong to us, and a very indifferent player acts it

sometimes better than his right honourable brother, and with ten thousand times the applause.

It was not therefore without reason that our worthy laureat, in the excellent apology for his life, gave thanks to Providence that he did not in his youth betake himself either to the gown or the sword. Wise, indeed, as well as happy, was his choice, as many of his contemporaries, whose ill stars led them to the way of those professions, had the question been put to them on their death-bed, must have acknowledged. How many of these his contemporaries who have professed the laws or religion of their country; how many others who have fought its battles, after an obscure and wretched life of want and misery, have bequeathed their families to the stalls and the streets!

That the reverse hath been the fate of this gentleman I need not mention, and am pleased to think. And yet in the days of his acting, nothing like to the present encouragement was given on the stage. Mrs. Oldfield herself (as I have been informed) had not half the theatrical income of our present principal actresses. To what greater height it may rise I know not; but, from the present flourishing condition of the stage, and from the proportionable decline of the learned professions, I think it may be prophesied that it will be as common hereafter to say that such a particular estate was got by the stage as it was formerly to see great houses rise by the law.

No. 35. SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1752.

Ἀπόλοιτο πρῶτος αὐτὸς
Ὁ τὸν ἄργυρον φιλήσας,
Διὰ τοῦτον οὐκ ἀδελφὸς
Διὰ τοῦτον οὐ τοκῆς
Πόλεμοι, φένοι δὲ αὐτόν.—ANACREON.

[See the translation afterwards.]

TO SIR ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR.

Bedlam, April 1, 1752.

SIR,—I make no question but before you have read half through my letter you will be surprised at its being dated as above; and may perhaps agree with the conclusion which I have made long ago, that this place is set apart by the English for the confinement of all those who have more sense than the rest of their countrymen.

However that be, I shall begin by telling you very bluntly that, if you really intend to bring about any reformation in this kingdom, you will certainly miss your end, and for this simple reason, because you are absolutely mistaken in the means.

Physicians affirm that, before any vicious habits can be repaired in the natural constitution, it is necessary to know and to remove their cause. The same holds true in the political. Without this, in both instances we may possibly patch up and palliate, but never can effectually cure.

Now, sir, give me leave to say, you do not appear to me to have in the least guessed at the true source of all our political evils, neither do you seem to be in any likelihood of ever acquiring even a glimpse of any such knowledge. It is no wonder, therefore, that, instead of pursuing the true method of cure, you should more than once, in the course of your lucubrations, have thrown out hints which would actually tend to heighten the disease.

Know then, sir, that it is I alone who have penetrated to the very bottom of all the evil. With infinite pains and study I have discovered the certain cause of all that national corruption, luxury, and immorality, which have polluted our morals; and

of consequence it is I alone who am capable of prescribing the cure.

But, when I lay this sole claim to such discovery, I would be understood to have respect only to the moderns. To the philosophers among the ancients, and to some of their poets, I am well apprised that this invaluable secret was well known, as I could prove by numberless quotations. It occurs, indeed, so very often in their works, that I am not a little surprised how it came to escape the observation of a gentleman who seems to have been so conversant with those illustrious lamps of real knowledge and learning.

Without farther preface then, what is the true fountain of that complication of political diseases which infests this nation, but money? Money! which, as the Greek poet says in my motto, "May he perish that first invented; for this it is which destroys the relation of brother and of parent, and which introduces wars and every kind of bloodshed into the world."

If this be granted, as it surely must, where is the remedy? Is it not to remove the fatal cause, by extirpating this poisonous metal, this Pandora's box, out of the nation?

But though the advantages arising from this abolition are, in my opinion, extremely self-evident, yet, as they may possibly not strike with equal force upon the minds of others, since no man hath in my memory given the least obscure hint of such a project, I shall mention some few of the greatest; and, to avoid a commonplace of those authors I have above mentioned, I shall confine myself to such instances as particularly affect this country.

First, then, it would effectually put an end to all that corruption which every man almost complains of, and of which every man almost partakes; for by these means those contentions which have begun and continued this corruption, and which always will continue it, will immediately subside. The struggle will be then, not who shall serve their country in great and difficult posts and employments, but who shall be excused from serving it; and the people, being left to themselves, will always fix upon the most capable, who, by the fundamental laws of our constitution, will be compelled to enter into their service. Thus a certain method called election, which is of very singular use in a nation of freedom, will be again revived; otherwise it may possibly sink only to a name.

For though I admit it possible that bare ambition may incite some persons to attempt employments for which they are utterly unfit, yet the very powers of bribery would be thus taken away, or would be rendered so public that it would then be easily within the power of the law to suppress it; for no man could distribute a herd of cattle or a flock of sheep in private.

Secondly, this method would effectually put a stop to luxury, or would reduce it to that which was the luxury of our ancestors, and which may more properly be called hospitality.

Thirdly, it would be of the highest advantage to trade, for it would prevent our dealing any longer with those blood-sucking nations who take not our own commodities in barter for theirs. This kind of traffic I might perhaps be expected to speak more favourably of, as it so plainly tends to remove the evil of which I complain, and in process of time would possibly effect that excellent purpose. But I must observe that, however advantageous the end may be, the means are not so advisable; nay, if we suffer any money to remain among us, I think there may be good reasons showed why we should retain

as much as we can. It is often, indeed, mischievous to do that by halves, which it would be highly useful to do effectually; for this must certainly be allowed, that, while money is permitted to be the representative of all things, as it is at present, none but a nation of idiots would constantly put it into the hands of their enemies.

Fourthly, it would restore certain excellent things, such as piety, virtue, honour, goodness, learning, &c., all which are totally abolished by money, or so counterfeited by it that no one can tell the true from the false; the word rich, indeed, is at present considered to signify them all; but of this enough may be found in the old philosophers and poets whom I have before mentioned.

Again, how desirous would the lawyers be to put a speedy end to a suit, or the physical people to a disease, if once my scheme should take place! It may be said, indeed, that they would then carry away men's goods and chattels, as they do now from those who have no money; but I answer that this is done in order to convert them into money; for otherwise they would hardly admit the ragged and lousy bed of a poor wretch into their houses.

For the same reason my scheme would effectually put an end to all robberies; a matter which seems so much to puzzle the legislature; for, though our goods are sometimes stolen as well as our money, yet the former are only taken in order to convert them into the latter. It is not the use but the value of a watch, snuff-box, or ring, that is considered by the robber, who always thinks with Hudibras,—

What is the worth of anything
But so much money as 'twill bring?

I shall add but one particular more—which is, that my scheme would most certainly provide for the poor, and that by an infallible (perhaps the only infallible) method, by removing the rich. Where there are no rich there will of consequence be found no poor; for Providence hath in a wonderful manner provided in every country a plentiful subsistence for all its inhabitants; and where none abound none can want.

Having long meditated on this excellent scheme—so long that, if you will believe some people, I have cracked my brain—I was resolved to acquit myself, and to show, by way of example, how fully I was convinced of the truth of my principles. I therefore converted an estate of three hundred pounds a-year into money; of this I put a competent sum in my pocket, and took my next heir with me upon the Thames, where I began to unload my pockets into the water. But I had scarce discharged three handfuls before my heir seized me, and, with the assistance of the waterman, conveyed me back to shore. I was, for a day, secured in an apartment of my own house; and thence the next morning, by a conspiracy among my relations, brought hither, where I am like to remain till the rest of mankind return to their senses.—I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

MISARGURUS.

No. 37. SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1752.

Scilicet in vulgus manent exempla regentum.

CLAUDIAN.

The creatures will endeavour to ape their betters.

THERE are many phrases that custom renders familiar to our ears, which, when looked into and closely examined, will appear extremely strange, and of which it must greatly puzzle a very learned etymologist to account for the original.

Of this sort is the term *people of fashion*: an expression of such very common use, and so universally understood, that it is entirely needless to set

down here what is meant by it; but how it first acquired its present meaning, and became a title of honour and distinction, is a point, I apprehend, of no small difficulty to determine.

I have on this occasion consulted several of my friends who are well skilled in etymology. One of these traces the word fashion through the French language up to the Latin. He brings it from the verb *facio*, which, among other things, signifies *to do*. Hence he supposes *people of fashion*, according to the old derivation of *lucus à non lucendo*, to be spoken of those who do nothing. But this is too general, and would include all the beggars in the nation.

Another carries the original no farther than the French word *façon*, which is often used to signify affectation. This likewise will extend too far, and will comprehend attorneys' clerks, apprentices, milliners, mantua-makers, and an infinite number of the lower people.

A third will bring fashion from *φάσις*. This, in the genitive plural, makes *φάσεων*, which, in English, is the very word. According to him, by people of fashion are meant people whose essence consisteth in appearances, and who, while they seem to be something, are really nothing.

But, though I am well apprised that much may be said to support this derivation, there is a fourth opinion, which, to speak in the proper language, hath yet a more smiling aspect. This supposes the word fashion to be a corruption from fascination, and that these people were formerly believed by the vulgar to be a kind of conjurors, and to possess a species of the black art.

In support of this opinion my friend urges the use which these people have always made of the word circle, and the pretence to be enclosed in a certain circle, like so many conjurors, and by such means to keep the vulgar at a distance from them.

To this purpose likewise he quotes the phrases, "a polite circle," "the circle of one's acquaintance," "people that live within a certain circle," and many others. From all which he infers that, in those dark and ignorant ages when conjurors were held in more estimation than they are at present, the credulous vulgar believed these people to be of the number, and consequently called them *people of fascination*, which hath been since corrupted into *people of fashion*.

However whimsical this opinion may seem, or however far-fetched the derivation may sound, to those who have not much considered the barbarous corruption of language, I must observe in its favour how difficult it is, by any other account, to account not only for that odd phrase, people of fashion, but likewise for that circle within which those people have always affected to live.

Even now, when conjurors have been long laughed out of the world, the pretence to the circle is nevertheless maintained, and within the circle the people of fascination do actually insist upon living at this day.

It is moreover extremely pleasant to observe what wonderful care these people take to preserve their circle safe and inviolate, and with how jealous an eye they guard against any intrusion of those whom they are pleased to call the vulgar; who are on the other hand as vigilant to watch, and as active to improve, every opportunity of invading this circle, and breaking into it.

Within the memory of many now living, the circle of the people of fascination included the whole parish of Covent-garden and great part of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields; but here the enemy broke in, and the circle was presently contracted to Leicester-fields

and Golden-square. Hence the people of fashion again retreated before the foe to Hanover-square, whence they were once more driven to Grosvenor-square, and even beyond it, and that with such precipitation, that, had they not been stopped by the walls of Hyde Park, it is more than probable they would by this time have arrived at Kensington.

In many other instances we may remark the same flight of these people, and the same pursuit of their enemies. They first contrived a certain vehicle called a hackney-coach, to avoid the approach of the foe in the open streets. Hence they were soon routed, and obliged to take shelter in coaches of their own. Nor did this protect them long. The enemy likewise in great numbers mounted into the same armed vehicles.* The people of fascination then betook themselves to chairs; in which their exempt privileges being again invaded, I am informed that several ladies of quality have bespoke a kind of couch somewhat like the lectica of the Romans, in which they are next winter to be carried through the streets upon men's shoulders.

The reader will be pleased to observe that, besides the local circle which I have described above, there is an imaginary or figurative one, which is invaded by every imitation of the vulgar.

Thus those people of fascination, or, if they like it better, of fashion, who found it convenient to remain still in coaches, observing that several of the enemy had lately exhibited arms on their vehicles, by which means those ornaments became vulgar and common, immediately ordered their own arms to be blotted out, and a cipher substituted in their room; perhaps cunningly contrived to represent themselves instead of their ancestors.

Numberless are the devices made use of by the people of fashion of both sexes to avoid the pursuit of the vulgar, and to preserve the purity of the circle. Sometimes the periwig covers the whole beau, and he peeps forth from the midst like an owl in an ivy-bush; at other times his ears stand up behind half a dozen hairs, and give you the idea of a different animal. Sometimes a large black bag, with wings spread as broad as a raven's, adorns his back; at other times a little lank silk appears like a dead blackbird in his neck. To-day he borrows the tail of a rat, and to-morrow that of a monkey; for he will transform himself into the likeness of the vilest animal to avoid the resemblance of his own species.

Nor are the ladies less watchful of the enemy's motions, or less anxious to avoid them. What hoods and hats, and caps and coifs, have fallen a sacrifice in this pursuit! Within my memory the ladies of the circle covered their lovely necks with a cloak; this, being routed by the enemy, was exchanged for the manteel; this again was succeeded by the pelorine, the pelorine by the neckatee, the neckatee by the capuchine, which hath now stood its ground a long time, but not without various changes of colour, shape, ornaments, &c.

And here I must not pass by the many admirable arts made use of by these ladies to deceive and dodge their imitators; when they are hunted out in any favourite mode the method is to lay it by for a time, and then to resume it again all at once, when the enemy least expect it. Thus patches appear and disappear several times in a season. I have myself seen the enemy in the pit with faces all over spotted like the leopard, when the circle in the boxes have with a conscious triumph displayed their native alabaster without a simple blemish, though they had a few evenings before worn a thousand; within a month afterwards the leopards

* Rather coat of arms.

have appeared in the boxes, to the great mortification of the fair faces in the pit.

In the same manner the ruff, after a long discontinuance, some time since began to revive in the circle, and advanced downwards till it almost met the tucker. But no sooner did the enemy pursue than it vanished all at once, and the boxes became a collection of little hills of snow, extremely delightful to the eyes of every beholder.

Of all the articles of distinction the hoop hath stood the longest, and with the most obstinate resistance. Instead of giving way, this, the more it hath been pushed, hath increased the more; till the enemy hath been compelled to give over the pursuit from mere necessity; it being found impossible to convey seven yards of hoop into a hackney-coach, or to slide with it behind a counter.

But as I have mentioned some of the arts of the circle, it would not be fair to be silent as to those of the enemy, among whom a certain citizen's wife distinguished herself very remarkably, and appeared long in the very top of the mode. It was at last, however, discovered that she used a very unfair practice, and kept a private correspondence with one of those milliners who were intrusted with all the secrets of the circle.

No. 42. TUESDAY, MAY 26, 1752.

— Me literulas stulti docuere parentes.—MART.

My father was a fool
When he sent me to school.

MR. CENSOR,—It hath been a common observation, "That great scholars know nothing of the world." The reason of this is not, as generally it is imagined, that the Greek and Latin languages have a natural tendency to vitiate the human understanding; but, in solemn truth, gentlemen who obtain an early acquaintance with the manners and customs of the ancients, are too apt to form their ideas of their own times on the patterns of ages which bear not the least resemblance to them. Hence they have fallen into the greatest errors and absurdities; and hence, I suppose, was derived the observation above mentioned.

Numberless are the instances which may be produced of these errors of the literati, so many indeed that I have often thought there is no less difference between those notions of the world which are drawn from letters and those which are drawn from men than there is between the ideas of the human complexion which are conceived by one in perfect health and one in the jaundice.

Let us suppose a man possessed of this jaundice of literature, conveyed into the levees of the great. What notion will he be likely to entertain of the several persons who compose that illustrious assembly, from their behaviour? How will he be puzzled when he is told that he hath before his eyes a number of freemen! How much more will he be amazed when he hears that all the servility he there beholds arises only from an eager desire of being permitted to serve the public!

Again, convey the same gentleman to a hunting-match, a horse-race, or any other meeting of patriots; will he not immediately conclude, from all the roaring and ranting, the hollaing and huzzaing, the gaming and drinking, which he will there observe, that he is actually present at the orgia of Bacchus, or the celebration of some such festival? How then will he be astonished to find that he is in the company of a set of honest fellows who are the guardians of liberty, and are actually getting drunk in the service of their country!

Introduce him next to a drum or a rout, and, if

the blaze of beauty doth not blind him to any other contemplation, how greatly superior will he think the British ladies to all those of Greece and Rome—at their needles! When he views all the exquisite decorations of art which set off the persons of his fair countrywomen, how will he despise all the compliments paid heretofore to the personages of the Greek and Roman ladies of quality, who claimed a preference over each other from their superior skill in handling their needles! But what must be his amazement when he is assured that not one of these ladies ever handled any such instrument; that all the ornaments of the best-dressed woman there are owing to the handiwork of others, and that the whole business of the lives of all present is only to toss about from the one to the other certain pieces of painted paper, being a pastime common to grown persons and children; with this difference only, that the former play for the higher wagers!

What idea can we suppose such a person could conceive of the word beau? and if he could have no adequate notion of the word, much less would he be able to obtain any such notion of the thing! Should he behold a little dapper effeminate spark, carried through the sunshine in a soft machine by two labourers; his body dressed in all the tinsel which serves to trick up a harlot, and his hair appearing to have been decked by the same tire-woman with hers; would such a sight as this recal to the mind of our learned friend any image of a Greek and Roman soldier? or could he be easily persuaded, that the insect before his eyes was a military commander; in rank a centurion or perhaps a tribune?

In one particular, and in one alone, it is possible he might form a true judgment. The many eulogiums on the chastity of the ancient Spartan and Roman dames, and on the extraordinary modesty of their young females of rank, must give him a perfect idea of our present ladies of fashion.

With this single exception, I think I may aver that a scholar, when he first comes to this town from the university, comes among a set of people as entirely unknown to him, and of whom he hath no more heard or read, than if he was to be at once translated into one of the planets; the world in the town and that in the moon being equally strange to him and equally unintelligible.

How wise therefore is the conduct of the present age in laying aside that foolish custom of our ancestors, who used to throw away many of the most precious years of their sons' lives by confining them to schools and universities, where what they learnt was so far from being of any use to them upon their coming into the world as it is called, that it served only to puzzle and mislead them! They were indeed obliged to unlearn all that had been taught them before they could acquire that useful knowledge mentioned in the beginning of my paper.

Whereas, by the present method of bringing youth to town about the age of fifteen or sixteen and entering them immediately in those several schools where the knowledge of the world is taught, such as the playhouses, gaming-houses, and bawdy-houses, a young gentleman of any tolerable docility becomes at the age of eighteen a perfect master of all the knowledge of the world at home; and it is then a proper time for him to set out on his travels into foreign parts, and to make himself acquainted with the world abroad. This completes his education, and he returns at one-and-twenty a most accomplished fine gentleman, having visited all the principal courts of Europe, and become versed in all their fashions, at a season of life when our dull forefathers knew nothing of those foreign people but

from history, nor even of their countries but from geography.

It was my misfortune, however, to have a father of the antique way of thinking, by which means I lost the best part of my youth in turning over those books in which I have said there is little useful to be learned. I remember a passage out of Horace, who is the best of them, and who seems to be very particularly a favourite of yours. His words are these:

Vitæ summa brevis
Spem nos vetat inchoare longam.

Which may be thus rendered after your paraphratical manner: "The shortness of life affords no time for a tedious education." How many indeed of my own acquaintance have I known to die of old age at twenty-five! so that, by the ancient method of educating our sons at schools and universities, a great part of them will be in danger of going out of the world before they know anything of it.

Life (says Mr. Pope) can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die.

Is it not therefore the duty of a father to give his son an opportunity of looking about him as soon as he can?—I am, sir, your most humble servant,

TOM TELLTRUTH.

No. 44. TUESDAY, JUNE 2, 1752.

— O bone, ne te
Frustrare, insanis et tu.—HORACE.

My good friend, do not deceive thyself, for, with all thy charity, thou art also a silly fellow.

I HAVE in a former paper endeavoured to show that a rich man without charity is a rogue; and perhaps it would be no difficult matter to prove that he is also a fool. If a man who doth not know his true interest may be thought to deserve that appellation, in what light shall we behold a christian, who neglects the cultivation of a virtue which is in scripture said to *wash away his sins*, and without which all his other good deeds cannot render him acceptable in the sight of his Creator and Redeemer?

Even in this world, it is surely much too narrow a view to confine a man's interest merely to that which loads his coffers. To pursue that which is most capable of giving him happiness is indeed the interest of every man; and there are many who find great pleasure in emptying their purses with this view to one who hath no other satisfaction than in filling his. Now, what can give greater happiness to a good mind than the reflection on having relieved the misery or contributed to the well-being of his fellow-creature? It was a noble sentiment of the worthy Mr. Thomas Firmin, "That to relieve the poor, and to provide work and subsistence for them, gave to him the same pleasure as magnificent buildings, pleasant walks, well-cultivated orchards and gardens, the jollity of music and wine, or the charms of love and study gave to others." This is recorded in the life of a plain citizen of London, and it as well deserves to be quoted as any one apophthegm that is to be found in all the works of Plutarch.

A christian therefore, or a good man, though no christian, who is void of charity, is ignorant of his own interest, and may with great propriety be called a silly fellow. Nay, if we will believe all the great writers whom I cited in my former paper, to which I might add Plato and many more, a mere human being who places all his happiness in selfish considerations, without any relative virtues, any regard to the good of others, is, in plain truth, a downright fool.

I have been encouraged to treat the want of charity with the more freedom, as I am certain of giving little offence to any of my readers by so doing.

Charity is, in fact, the very characteristic of this nation at this time. I believe we may challenge the whole world to parallel the examples which we have of late given to this sensible, this noble, this christian virtue.

We cannot therefore surely be arraigned of folly from the want of charity; but is our wisdom altogether as apparent in the manner of exerting it? I am afraid the true answer here would not be so much to our advantage. Are our private donations generally directed by our judgment to those who are the properest objects? Do not vanity, whim, and weakness, too often draw our purse-strings? Do we not sometimes give because it is the fashion, and sometimes because we cannot long resist importunity? May not our charity be often termed extravagance or folly? nay, is it not often vicious and apparently tending to the increase and encouragement of idle and dissolute persons?

It would be almost endless to attempt to be particular on this head. I shall mention therefore only one instance, namely, the giving our money to common beggars. This kind of bounty is a crime against the public. It is assisting in the continuance and promotion of a nuisance. Our wise ancestors prohibited it by a law which would probably have remained in force and use to this day, had not the legislature conceived that, after the severe penalties which have been since inflicted on beggars, none would have the boldness to become such; and that, after the sufficient legal provision which hath been made for the poor, no persons would have so little regard either to common sense or to the public as to relieve them.

But, instead of staying to argue with such people, I shall hasten to the other branch of charity, which is of a public nature; of which there are many species in this kingdom.

The origin of this kind of charity was no better than priestcraft and superstition. When men began to perceive the near approach of that great enemy of human nature who was to deprive them of all their ill-gotten possessions, and not only so, but might, as they apprehended, deliver them into the hands of an Almighty Justice, to punish them for all those knavish arts by which these possessions were acquired; the priest stepped in, took advantage of the terrors of their consciences, and persuaded them that, by consigning over a great part (sometimes the whole) of their acquisitions to the use of the church, a pardon for all kind of villany was sure to be obtained.

In this attempt the priest found but little difficulty when he had to do with a mind tainted with superstition and weakened with disease; especially when he could back all his other arguments with one truth at least, namely,—Give us that *which you can by no possible means keep any longer yourself*.

Thus the unwilling will, as Dr. Barrow pleasantly calls it, was at last signed. The fruits of fraud and rapine were trusted to the use of the church, and the greatest rascals died very good saints, and their memories were consecrated to honour and good example.

How notably these attempts succeeded is well known to all who are versed either in our law or our history. So common was it for men to expiate their crimes in this manner, and to finish all their other robberies by robbing their heirs, that had not the legislature often and stoutly interfered in crushing these superstitious (or as they were called charitable) uses, they seemed to have bid fair for swallowing up the whole property of the nation.

In process of time, however, the lawyer came to

the assistance of the priest (for, like the devil, he is always ready at hand when called for), and formed a distinction between the superstitious and charitable use. Henceforward, instead of robbing their relations for the use of the church, a method was devised of robbing them for the use of the poor. Hence poorhouses, almshouses, colleges, and hospitals, began to present themselves to the view of all travellers, being always situated in the most public places, and bearing the name and title of the generous founder in vast capital letters; a kind of KTHMA EZ AEI, a monument of his glory to all generations.

Thus we see the foundation of this kind of charity, and a very strong one it is, being indeed no other than fear and vanity, the two strongest passions which are to be found in human nature.

It may be thought, perhaps, that I have omitted a third, which some may imagine to be the strongest and greatest of all, and this is benevolence, or the love of doing good; but that these charitable legacies have no such motive appears to me from the following considerations:—

First, if a man was possessed of real benevolence, and had (as he must then have) a delight in doing good, he would no more defer the enjoyment of this satisfaction to his death-bed, than the ambitious, the luxurious, or the vain, would wait till that period for the gratification of their several passions.

Secondly, if the legacy be, as it often is, the first charitable donation of any consequence, I can never allow it possible to arise from benevolence; for he who hath no compassion for the distresses of his neighbours whom he hath seen, how should he have any pity for the wants of posterity which he will never see?

Thirdly, if the legacy be, as is likewise very common, to the injury of his family, or to the disappointment of his own friends in want, this is a certain proof that his motive is not benevolence; for he who loves not his own friends and relations most certainly loves no other person.

Lastly, if a man hath lived any time in the world, he must have observed such horrid and notorious abuses of all public charities, that he must be convinced (with a very few exceptions) that he will do no manner of good by contributing to them. Some, indeed, are so very wretchedly contrived in their institution, that they seem not to have had the public utility in their view, but to have been mere jobs *ab initio*. Such are all hospitals whatever, where it is a matter of favour to get a patient admitted, and where the forms of admission are so troublesome and tedious, that the properest objects (those I mean who are most wretched and friendless) may as well aspire at a place at court as at a place in the hospital.

From what I have here advanced I know I have rendered myself liable to be represented by malice and ignorance as an enemy to all public charity: I hope to obviate this opinion effectually in a future paper, in which I shall endeavour to point out who are really the objects of our benevolence, as well as to propose some expedients by which the obstructions which attend some of our best-calculated charities of the public kind may be removed. I cannot, however, conclude this without paying a compliment to the present age for two glorious benefactions, I mean that to the use of the foundling infants, and that for the accommodation of poor women in their lying-in.

No. 47. SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1752

—Heu plebes scelerata!—SIL. ITAL.

—O ye wicked rascallions!

It may seem strange that none of our political

writers, in their learned treatises on the English constitution, should take notice of any more than three estates, namely, kings, lords, and commons, all entirely passing by in silence that very large and powerful body which form the fourth estate in this community, and have been long dignified and distinguished by the name of *the mob*.

And this will seem still the more strange when we consider that many of the great writers above mentioned have most incontestably belonged to this very body.

To say precisely at what time this fourth estate began first to figure in this commonwealth, or when the footsteps of that power which it enjoys at this day were first laid, must appear to be a matter of the highest difficulty, perhaps utterly impossible, from that deplorable silence which I have just mentioned. Certain however it is, that at the time of the Norman conquest, and long afterwards, the condition of this estate was very low and mean, those who composed it being in general called villains; a word which did not then bear any very honourable idea, though not so bad a one perhaps as it hath since acquired.

The part which this fourth estate seems anciently to have claimed was to watch over and control the other three. This, indeed, they have seldom asserted in plain words, which is possibly the principal reason why our historians have never explicitly assigned them their share of power in the constitution, though this estate have so often exercised it, and so clearly asserted their right to it by force of arms; to wit, by fists, staves, knives, clubs, scythes, and other such offensive weapons.

The first instance which I remember of this was in the reign of Richard I., when they espoused the cause of religion, of which they have been always stout defenders, and destroyed a great number of Jews.

In the same reign we have another example in William Fitz-Osborne, *alias* Longbeard, a stout asserter of the rights of the fourth estate. These rights he defended in the city of London, at the head of a large party, and by force of the arms above mentioned, but was overpowered, and lost his life by means of a wooden machine called the gallows, which hath been very fatal to the chief champions of this estate; as it was in the reign of Henry III. to one Constantine, who having, at the head of a London mob, pulled down the house of the high-steward of Westminster, and committed some other little disorders of the like kind, maintained to the chief justiciary's face "that he had done nothing punishable by law," *i.e.* "contrary to the rights of the fourth estate." He shared however the same fate with Mr. Fitz-Osborne.

We find in this reign of Henry III. the power of the fourth estate grown to a very great height indeed; for, whilst a treaty was on foot between that king and his barons, the mob of London thought proper not only to insult the queen with all manner of foul language, but likewise to throw stones and dirt at her. Of which assertion of their privilege we hear of no other consequence than that the king was highly displeased; and indeed it seems to be allowed by most writers that the mob in this instance went a little too far.

In the time of Edward II. there is another fact upon record of a more bloody kind, though perhaps not more indecent; for the bishop of Exeter being a little too busy in endeavouring to preserve the city of London for the king his master, the mob were pleased to cut his head off.

I omit many lesser instances to come to that

glorious assertion of the privileges of the mob under the great and mighty Wat Tyler, when they not only laid their claim to a share in the government, but in truth to exclude all the other estates; for this purpose one John Staw, or Straw, or Ball, a great orator, who was let out of Maidstone gaol by the mob, in his harangues told them, that as all men were sons of Adam there ought to be no distinction, and that it was their duty to reduce all men to perfect equality. This they immediately set about; and, to do it in the most effectual manner, they cut off the heads of all the nobility, gentry, clergy, &c., who fell into their hands.

With these designs they encamped in a large body at Blackheath, whence they sent a message to king Richard II. to come and talk with them, in order to settle the government; and when this was not complied with they marched to London, and, the gates being opened by their friends, entered the city, burnt and plundered the duke of Lancaster's palace, that of the archbishop, and many other great houses, and put to death all of the other three estates with whom they met, among whom was the archbishop of Canterbury and the lord treasurer.

The unhappy end of this noble enterprise is so well known that it need not to be mentioned. The leader being taken off by the gallantry of the lord-mayor, the whole army, like a body when the head is severed, fell instantly to the ground, whence many were afterwards lifted to that fatal machine which is above taken notice of.

I shall pass by the exploits of Cade and Ket, and others. I think I have clearly demonstrated that there is such a fourth estate as the mob actually existing in our constitution; which, though, perhaps, for very politic reasons, they keep themselves generally like the army of Mr. Bayes, in disguise, have often issued from their lurking-places, and very stoutly maintained their power and their privileges in this community.

Nor hath this estate or their claims been unknown to the other three; on the contrary, we find in our statute-books numberless attempts to prevent their growing power, and to restrain them at least within some bounds; witness the many laws made against ribauds, roberdsmen, drawlatches, wasters, rogues, vagrants, vagabonds; by all which and many other names this fourth estate hath been from time to time dignified and distinguished.

Under all these appellations they are frequently named in our law-books; but I do not perfectly remember to have seen them mentioned under the term of fourth estate in all my reading; nor do I recollect that any legislative or judicial power is expressly allowed to belong to them. And yet certain it is that they have from time immemorial been used to exercise a judicial capacity in certain instances wherein the ordinary courts have been deficient for want of evidence; this being no let or hindrance to the administration of justice before the gentlemen who compose this fourth estate, who often proceed to judgment without any evidence at all. Nor must I omit the laudable expedition which is used on such occasions, their proceedings being entirely free from all those delays which are so much complained of in other courts. I have indeed known a pick-pocket arrested, tried, convicted, and ducked almost to death, in less time than would have been consumed in reading his indictment at the Old Bailey. These delays they avoid chiefly by hearing only one side of the question, concluding, as judge Gripus did of old, that the contrary method serves only to introduce uncertainty and confusion.

I do not however pretend to affirm anything of

the legal original of this jurisdiction. I know the learned are greatly divided in their opinions concerning this matter, or rather perhaps in their inclinations; some being unwilling to allow any power at all to this estate, and others as stoutly contending that it would be for the public good to deliver the sword of justice entirely into their hands.

So prevalent hath this latter opinion grown to be of modern days, that the fourth estate hath been permitted to encroach in a most prodigious manner. What these encroachments have been, and the particular causes which have contributed to them, shall be the subject of my next Saturday's paper.

No. 48. TUESDAY, JUNE 16, 1752.

Ὁ μέγιστη τῶν θεῶν

Νῦν οὖς Ἀναΐδεια—MENANDER.

O thou greatest of all the deities,
Modern Impudence!

THERE is a certain quality which, though universal consent hath not enrolled it among the cardinal virtues, is often found sufficient of itself, not only to carry its possessor through the world, but even to carry him to the top of it. It is almost perhaps unnecessary to inform my reader that the quality I mean is impudence; so dear is this to one female at least, that it effectually recommends a man to fortune without the assistance of any other qualification. She seems indeed to think, with the poet, that

— He who hath but impudence,
To all things hath a fair pretence;

and accordingly provides that those who want modesty shall want nothing else.

What are the particular ingredients of which this quality is composed, or what temper of mind is best fitted to produce it, is perhaps difficult to ascertain; so far I think experience may convince us, that, like some vegetables, it will flourish best in the most barren soil. To say truth, I am almost inclined to an opinion that it never arrives at any great degree of perfection unless in a mind totally unencumbered with any virtue, or with any great or good quality whatever. It would indeed seem that nature had agreed with fortune in setting a high value on impudence, and had accordingly decreed that those of her children who had received this rich gift at her hands were amply provided for without any farther portion.

And surely it is not without reason that I call this the gift of nature; indeed, genius itself is not more so. We may here apply a phrase which the French use on an occasion not so proper to be mentioned, and affirm "That it is not in the power of every man to be impudent who would be so." A man born without any genius may as reasonably hope to become such a poet as Homer, or such a critic as Longinus, as one born without impudence can pretend, without any merit, to aspire to these characters.

Though nature however must give the seeds, art may cultivate them. To improve or to depress their growth is greatly within the power of education. To lay down the proper precept for this purpose would require a large treatise, and such I may possibly publish hereafter. In the mean time it shall suffice to mention only two rules, which may be partly collected from what I have above asserted, and which are of universal use. This is with the utmost care to suppress and eradicate every seed or principle of what is anywise praiseworthy out of the mind; and, secondly, to preserve this in the purest state of ignorance, than which nothing more contributes to the highest perfection and consummation of impudence: the more a man knows the more in-

clined is he to be modest; it is indeed within the province only of the highest human knowledge to survey its own narrow compass.

It may, I think, be predicated in favour of impudence, that it is the quality which, of all others, we are capable of carrying to the greatest height; so far, indeed, that, did not the strongest force of evidence convince us of the truth of some examples, we should be apt to doubt the possibility of their existence. What but the concurrent testimony of historians, and the indubitable veracity of records, could impel us to believe that there have been men in the world of such astonishing impudence as, in opposition to the certain knowledge of many thousands, to take upon themselves to personate kings and princes as well in their lifetime as after their death? and yet our own, as well as foreign annals, afford us such instances.

But the greatest hero in impudence whom perhaps the world ever produced appeared in France at the end of the last century. His name was Peter Mege, and he was a common soldier in the marines. This fellow had the assistance only of one who had been a footman to a certain man of quality, called Scipion le Brun de Castelane, Seigneur de Caille et de Rougon, a nobleman who had fled from France to Switzerland to avoid a religious persecution. With this confederate alone, Peter Mege had the amazing impudence to personate the young Seigneur de Caille, who was at that time dead; and this in the lifetime of the father, in defiance of all his noble relations then in possession of his forfeited estate, upon the spot where the young gentleman had lived to the age of twenty-one; and all this without the least resemblance of features, shape, or stature—without being acquainted with any part of the history of him whom he was to represent, or being able to give the least account of any of his family—indeed, without being able to write and read.

But how much more will the reader be surprised to hear that this most impudent of all attempts succeeded so far as to obtain a sentence in the parliament of Provence in favour of the soldier! And this success would have been final had not the canton of Berne interposed, and obtained an appeal to the parliament of Paris, where at last the impostor was defeated.

To account for all this, and to assuage his reader's astonishment, the very ingenious author of the trial, when he informs us that this impostor was confronted with twenty witnesses, who swore to the identity of Peter Mege, and as many more who had been fellow-students with the young nobleman, and who, on their oaths, declared that this Peter was not the person, goes on thus: "But what was most strange was the steady countenance of the soldier, which never once betrayed him, nor gave the least symptom of any doubt of his success. It is in vain to form a project of usurping the name of another, to lay your plan ever so regularly and systematically, if you do not provide yourself with a stock of impudence to support every attack to which you may be exposed. In such an attempt the forehead must be furnished as well without as within; more indeed will depend on the outside, for it is the steadiness of the front, hardiness, or downright audacity, which impose on mankind the most, and make amends for all defects in the understanding. The soldier had made many blunders; but his invincible assurance repaid all, and brought over even his enemies to his side." And, to say truth, I know scarce anything to which such a degree of assurance is not equal.

This attempt, indeed, of personating *who* you are not, seems to be attended with too great difficulties;

and to succeed in it is perhaps beyond the power of impudence; we are not therefore to wonder that all the heroes in this way have been unsuccessful. In fact, we ought to fix our whole attention on the undaunted impudence of engaging in such a design, and not to suffer the defeat to lessen our admiration; but to say of such a hero, with Ovid,

— Si non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit ausis.

But if, in personating the *who*, impudence is found unequal to the task, in personating *what* we are not it is almost sure to come off triumphant. Here I believe the undertaker seldom fails, but through his own fault; that is, by not being impudent enough.

My lord Bacon advises a modest man to shelter his vices under those virtues to which they are the nearest allied. The avaricious man he would have to affect frugality; the extravagant, liberality; and so of the rest. Now the reverse of this should be the rule of our impudent man. If you are a block-head, my friend, be sure to commence writer; and if entirely illiterate, be sure to pretend to learning. If you are a coward, be a bully, and always talk of feats of bravery; if again you are a beggar, boast of your riches. In short, whatever vice or defect you have, set up for its opposite virtue or endowment. And if you are possessed of every ill quality, you may assert your title to every good one.

The last species of impudence which I shall mention is to assert openly and boldly what you really are, let this be ever so bad. Own your vices, and be proud of them; and in time perhaps you may laugh virtue out of countenance, and bring your vices into fashion. This, however, is a little unsafe to attempt, unless you are very sure of yourself, and of the degree of impudence which you possess. A modest woman may be a w—e; but to behave with indecency in public, indeed to throw off all that would recommend a woman to a vicious man of sense and taste; to show, as De Roty says of a court lady, not the least sense of virtue in the practice of every vice; this requires the highest degree of impudence; that degree, indeed, which is inconsistent with every great or good quality whatever.

No. 49. SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1752.

Odi profanum vulgus.—HOR.

I hate the mob.

IN a former paper I have endeavoured to trace the rise and progress of the power of the fourth estate in this constitution. I shall now examine that share of power which they actually enjoy at this day, and then proceed to consider the several means by which they have attained it.

First, though this estate have not *as yet* claimed that right which was insisted on by the people or mob in old Rome of giving a negative voice in the enacting laws, they have clearly exercised this power in controlling their execution. Of this it is easy to give many instances, particularly in the case of the gin-act some years ago; and in those of several turn-pikes which have been erected against the good-will and pleasure of the mob, and have by them been demolished.

In opposing the execution of such laws they do not always rely on force, but have frequent recourse to the most refined policy; for sometimes, without openly expressing their disapprobation, they take the most effectual means to prevent the carrying a law into execution; those are by discountenancing all those who endeavour to prosecute the offences committed against it.

They well know that the courts of justice cannot proceed without informations; if they can stifle these, the law of course becomes dead and useless.

The informers therefore in such cases they declare to be infamous, and guilty of the crime *læsæ mobilitatis*. Of this whoever is suspected (which is with them a synonymous term with convicted) is immediately punished by buffeting, kicking, stoning, ducking, bemudding, &c.; in short, by all those means of putting (sometimes quite, sometimes almost) to death, which are called by that general phrase of mobbing.

It may, perhaps, be said that the mob do, even at this day, connive at the execution of some laws, which they can by no means be supposed to approve.

Such are the laws against robbery, burglary, and theft. This is, I confess, true; and I have often wondered that it is so. The reason perhaps is, the great love which the mob have for a holiday, and the great pleasure they take in seeing men hanged; so great, that, while they are enjoying it, they are all apt to forget that this is hereafter, in all probability, to be their own fate.

In all these matters, however, the power of this estate is rather felt than seen. It seems, indeed, to be like that power of the crown of France which cardinal de Retz compares to those religious mysteries that are performed in the *sanctum sanctorum*; and which, though it be often exercised, is never expressly claimed.

In other instances the fourth estate is much more explicit in their pretensions, and much more constant in asserting and maintaining them; of which I shall mention some of the principal.

First, they assert an exclusive right to the river of Thames. It is true, the other estates do sometimes venture themselves upon the river; but this is only upon sufferance; for which they pay whatever that branch of the fourth estate called watermen are pleased to exact of them. Nor are the mob contented with all these exactions. They grumble whenever they meet any persons in a boat whose dress declares them to be of a different order from themselves. Sometimes they carry their resentment so far as to endeavour to run against the boat, and over-set it; but if they are too good-natured to attempt this, they never fail to attack the passengers with all kind of scurrilous, abusive, and indecent terms, which indeed they claim as their own, and call mob language.

The second exclusive right which they insist on is to those parts of the streets which are set apart for the foot-passengers. In asserting this privilege they are extremely rigorous; insomuch that none of the others can walk through the streets by day without being insulted, nor by night without being knocked down. And, the better to secure those foot-paths to themselves, they take effectual care to keep the said paths always well blocked up with chairs, wheelbarrows, and every other kind of obstruction, in order to break the legs of all those who shall presume to encroach upon their privileges by walking the streets.

Here it was hoped their pretensions would have stopped; but it is difficult to set any bounds to ambition; for, having sufficiently established this right, they now begin to assert their right to the whole street, and to have lately made such a disposition with their waggons, carts, and drays, that no coach can pass along without the utmost difficulty and danger. With this view we every day see them driving side by side, and sometimes in the broader streets three abreast; again, we see them leaving a cart or waggon in the middle of the street, and often set across it, while the driver repairs to a neighbouring alehouse, from the window of which he diverts himself while he is drinking with the mischief or inconvenience which his vehicle occasions.

The same pretensions which they make to the

possession of the streets they make likewise to the possession of the highways. I doubt not I shall be told they claim only an equal right; for I know it is very usual, when a carter, or a drayman is civilly desired to make a little room, by moving out of the middle of the road either to the right or left, to hear the following answer:—"D—n your eyes! who are you? Is not the road, and be d—d to you, as free for me as you?" Hence it will, I suppose, be inferred that they do not absolutely exclude the other estates from the use of the common highways. But, notwithstanding this generous concession in words, I do aver this practice is different, and that a gentleman may go a voyage at sea with little more hazard than he can travel ten miles from the metropolis.

I shall mention only one claim more, and that a very new and a very extraordinary one. It is the right of excluding all women of fashion out of St. James's park on a Sunday evening. This they have lately asserted with great vehemence, and have inflicted the punishment of mobbing on several ladies who had transgressed without design, not having been apprised of the good pleasure of the mob in this point. And this I the rather publish to prevent any such transgressions for the future, since it hath already appeared that no degree of either dignity or beauty can secure the offender.*

Many things have contributed to raise this fourth estate to that exorbitant degree of power which they at present enjoy, and which seems to threaten to shake the balance of our constitution. I shall name only three, as these appear to me to have had much the greatest share in bringing it about.

The first is, that act of parliament which was made at the latter end of queen Elizabeth's reign, and which I cannot help considering as a kind of compromise between the other three estates and this. By this act it was stipulated that the fourth estate should annually receive out of the possessions of the others a certain large proportion yearly, upon an implied condition (for no such was expressed) that they should suffer the other estates to enjoy the rest of their property without loss or molestation.

This law gave a new turn to the minds of the mobility. They found themselves no longer obliged to depend on the charity of their neighbours, nor on their own industry, for a maintenance. They now looked upon themselves as joint proprietors in the land, and celebrated their independency in songs of triumph; witness the old ballad which was in all their mouths—

Hang sorrow, cast away care;
The parish is bound to find us, &c.

A second cause of their present elevation has been the private quarrels between particular members of the other estates, who, on such occasions, have done all they could on both sides to raise the power of the mob, in order to avail themselves of it, and to employ it against their enemies.

The third, and the last which I shall mention, is the mistaken idea which some particular persons have always entertained of the word liberty; but this will open too copious a subject, and shall be therefore treated in a future paper.

But before I dismiss this I must observe that there are two sorts of persons of whom this fourth estate do yet stand in some awe, and whom, consequently, they have in great abhorrence: these are a justice of peace and a soldier. To these two it is entirely owing that they have not long since rooted all the other orders out of the commonwealth.

* A lady of great quality and admirable beauty was mobbed in the park at this time.

No. 51. SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1752.

Hæ tibi erunt artes ——— VIRG.

These must be your golden rules.

OF all our manufactures there is none at present in a more flourishing condition, or which hath received more considerable improvement of late years, than the manufacture of paper. To such perfection is this brought at present, that it almost promises to rival the great staple commodity of this kingdom.

The two principal branches of this manufacture are carried on by painting and printing. To what a degree of excellence the artists are arrived in the former I need not mention. Our painted paper is scarcely distinguishable from the finest silk; and there is scarce a modern house which hath not one or more rooms lined with this furniture.

But, however valuable this branch may be, it is by no means equal to that which is carried on by printing. Of such consequence indeed to the public may this part of the paper manufacture be made, that I doubt not but that, with proper care, it would be capable of finding an ample provision for the poor. To which purpose it seems better adapted than any other, for a reason which I shall presently assign.

Of printing likewise there are two kinds; that of the rolling, and that of the letter-press,—or perhaps I shall be better understood by most of my readers by the terms prints and books.

The former (though of infinitely the less consequence) hath been of late much improved; and, though it doth not consume a great quantity of paper, doth however employ a great number of hands. This was formerly an inconsiderable business, and very few got their bread by it: but some ingenious persons have of late so greatly extended it that there are at present almost as many print-shops as there are bakers in this metropolis.

This improvement hath been owing to a deep penetration into human nature, by which it hath been discovered that there are two sights which the generality of mankind do hunger after with little less avidity than after their daily bread. The one is, to behold certain parts which are severally common to one-half of the species exhibited to view in the most amiable and inviting manner; the other is, to see certain faces, which belong to individuals, exposed in a ridiculous and contemptible light. By feeding both which appetites the print-makers have very plentifully fed themselves.

I come now to the second branch of printing,—namely, to that which is performed at the letter-press, and which consists of books, pamphlets, papers, &c. The flourishing state of this manufacture needs no kind of proof. It is indeed certain that more paper is now consumed this way in a week than was formerly the consumption of a year.

To this notable increase nothing perhaps hath more contributed than the new invention of writing without the qualifications of any genius or learning. The first printers, possibly misled by an old precept in one Horace, seem to have imagined that both those ingredients were necessary in the writer, and accordingly we find they employed themselves on such samples only as were produced by men in whom genius and learning concurred; but modern times have discovered that the trade is very well to be carried on without either; and this by introducing several new kind of wares, the manufacture of which is extremely easy, as well as extremely lucrative. The principal of these are blasphemy, treason, bawdry, and scandal. For in the making up of all these the qualifications above mentioned, together with that modesty which is inseparable from them, would rather be an encumbrance than of any real use.

No sooner were these new-fashioned wares brought to market than the paper-merchants, commonly called booksellers, found so immense a demand for them, that their business was to find hands sufficient to supply the wants of the public. In this, however, they had no great difficulty, as the work was so extremely easy that no talents whatever (except that of being able to write), not even the capacity of spelling, were requisite.

The methods, however, which have been used by the paper-merchants to make these new-fashioned wares universally known are very ingenious, and worthy our notice.

The first of these methods was for the merchant himself to mount in the most public part of the town into a wooden machine called the pillory, where he stood for the space of an hour, proclaiming his goods to all that passed that way. This was practised with much success by the late Mr. Curll, Mr. Mist, and others, who never failed of selling several large bales of goods in this manner.

Notwithstanding, however, the profits arising from this method of publication, it was not without objections; for several wanton persons among the mob were used on such occasions to divert themselves by pelting the merchant, while he stood exposed on the *publishing stool*, with rotten eggs and other mischievous implements, by which means he often came off much bedaubed, and sometimes not without bodily hurt.

Some of the more cunning, therefore, among the merchants began to decline this practice themselves, and employed their understrappers, that is to say, their writers, for such purposes; for it was conceived a piece of blasphemy, bawdry, &c., would be as well sold by exhibiting the author as by exhibiting the bookseller.

Of this, probably, they received the first hint from the case of one Mr. Richard Savage, an author whose manufactures had long lain uncalled for in the warehouse, till he happened, very fortunately for his bookseller, to be found guilty of a capital crime at the Old Bailey. The merchant instantly took the hint, and the very next day advertised the works of Mr. Savage, now under sentence of death for murder. This device succeeded, and immediately (to use their phrase) carried off the whole impression.

Encouraged by this success, the merchant, not doubting the execution of his author, bad very high for his dying speech, which was accordingly penned and delivered. Savage, however, was, contrary to all expectation, pardoned, and would have returned the money; but the merchant insisted on his bargain, and published the dying speech which Mr. Savage should have made at Tyburn, of which it is probable as many were sold as there were people in town who could read.

The gallows being thus found to be a great friend to the press, the merchants, for the future, made it their chief care to provide themselves with such writers as were most likely to call in this assistance; in other words, who were in the fairest way of being hanged: and, though they have not always succeeded to their wish, yet whoever is well read in the productions of the last twenty years will be more inclined perhaps to blame the law than the sagacity of the booksellers.

The whipping-post hath been likewise of eminent use to the same purposes; and though, perhaps, this may raise less curiosity than the gallows, in one instance at least it hath visibly the advantage; for an author, though he may deserve it often, can be hanged but once, but he may be whipped several times indeed six times by one sentence, of which

we have lately seen an instance in the person of Stroud,* who is a strong proof of the great profits which the paper-merchants derive from the whipping one of their manufacturers.

Mr. Stroud, in imitation of several eminent persons, thought proper to publish an apology for his life. The public, however, were less kind to him than they have been to other great apologists, and treated his performance with contempt. But no sooner was he tied to the cart's tail than the work began to sell in great numbers; and this sale revived with every monthly whipping; so that, if he had been whipped, as some imagined he was to have been, once a-month during life, the merchant possibly might have sold as many bales of his work as have been sold of those of Swift himself.

I shall conclude with hoping that, as the merchants seem at present to have their eye chiefly on the whipping-post for the advancement of their manufactures, it is to be hoped courts of justice will do all that in them lies to encourage a trade of such wonderful benefit to the kingdom, and which seems more likely than any other to provide a maintenance for our poor; as no qualification is required to the production of these wares besides that of being able to write, nor any tools or stock to set up a manufacture besides pen and ink and a small quantity of paper; so that an author may indeed be equipped at a cheaper rate than a blacker of shoes.

No. 53. SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1752.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?—HOR.

What will this gascoon be able to perform after this puff?

TO THE CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

SIR,—Your predecessors in the censorship were used to celebrate the several extraordinary personages who appeared in their time. As I doubt not to find in yourself the same good disposition, I here send you an advertisement printed in the Daily Advertiser of Monday last; the author of which must, I think, be esteemed the most extraordinary person whom any age hath produced.

“UN François, homme de lettres, est arrivé de Paris à Londres, pour y enseigner le François, la Fable, la Poésie, la Blason, la Philosophie Française, le Latin, sans exiger aucune étude de son disciple; l'étude étant un obstacle à sa méthode. S'il y a des tempéramens trop foibles pour les contraindre, des caractères trop vifs pour les fixer, des personnes trop agées pour s'appliquer à l'étude, et qu'ils veuillent apprendre quelqu'une de ces sciences sur une méthode si simple, plus courte, et plus solide que tout ce qui a précédé; they are desired to inquire at Mr. Bezançon's Snuff-shop in Little-Earl-street, the Black Boy, by the Seven-dials.”

As it is possible that some of your readers may not have yet conversed with this surprising master, I shall, for his and their sakes, endeavour to render it in English.

Thus then it runs :

“A Frenchman, a man of learning, is arrived at London from Paris, in order to teach the French language, Fables, Poetry, Heraldry, *French Philosophy*, and the Latin tongue, without exacting any study from his scholars, *all study being an obstacle to his method*. If there be any constitutions too weak to bear contradiction, any characters too lively to be capable of attention, any persons too far advanced in life to apply themselves to study, and who are willing to learn any of the above sciences by a simple method, and one shorter as well as more

solid than any which hath been hitherto practised, they are desired to inquire,” &c., as above.

I must confess myself so ignorant, that till I read this wonderful performance I did not know there was a philosophy which was peculiar to France, and that went under the name of French philosophy! Perhaps this is what is meant by the French marquis de St. Evremont, when he says, “*Premièrement, j'aime la guerre, après la guerre madame de —, après madame de — la religion, après la religion la philosophie.*—Voilà ce que j'aime, morbleu!” “My first passion is *the war*, my second is *madame de —*, my third is *religion*, and my fourth passion is *philosophy*. Now I have told you what my passions are, d—n me!” In which passage it seems pretty plain that *la philosophie* is no other than what the French likewise called *la danse*; and then it will be plain that the artist above mentioned is no other than a dancing-master, to whose method of teaching I do readily agree that study is often a very deplorable obstacle.

But this will by no means solve all the difficulties; for, though dancing will possibly make a man a great adept in the French philosophy, how he will be able to dance into any English science, or into the Latin tongue, is somewhat hard to conceive. Perhaps, by French philosophy the author means what is also called *l'industrie, ou l'art de voler bien les poches*, which I must beg to be excused from translating into our coarser language; in barbarous French it may be called the art of *peka de poka*. But if this be his meaning, I fancy he will be greatly deceived in his views, since I believe it is impossible to find more able masters than some of his countrymen have already shown themselves here in that art. Nor do I believe that study or intense application can be an enemy to this art, since I know several of the English who have plodded on all their lives on this very science, and have at last, by mere dint of study, become very great proficient in it.

To say the truth, I am inclined to think that by *à la philosophie Française* is meant no other than *la bonne assurance*; that assurance which the French alone call good, and which, it is very probable, they alone may call philosophy.

And this I the rather conclude to be the undertaker's meaning, as it is certain that to the making any considerable progress in this French philosophy study is of all things the greatest obstacle. I have, indeed, observed in a late paper that no man of learning was ever a proficient in this art. I must farther observe that the disciples which our master seems to have principally chosen, such, I mean, as can bear no contradiction, such as are incapable of any attention, and such aged persons who are willing all at once, without any labour, to leap, as it were, into science, are all excellently adapted to receive the strongest and most immediate impressions of this philosophy.

Nor can I help observing, which is a farther confirmation of my opinion, how nobly our artist hath contrived to convince the world of his fitness for the task he hath undertaken. I defy the ingenuity of man to invent a better method of conveying to the public, in so few lines, an idea of a capacity for any undertaking whatever than this astonishing Frenchman hath made use of to show this nation how well qualified he is to teach them the French philosophy, or the good assurance. I will not venture to prophesy what success may attend so new and so extraordinary a proposal. This, however, I cannot avoid remarking, that it seems to indicate what opinion of the understandings of the good people of this island at present prevails among the French

* A noted swindler, who was ordered to be whipped several times through the streets.—C.

philosophers abroad. I am well convinced it would be extremely difficult to persuade the greatest adept in the good assurance which this kingdom ever produced to expect any success from such a proposal even among the Hottentots, if he could make himself enough understood to publish his scheme among them. I am, sir, your most humble servant,

ANTIGALLICUS.

No. 54. SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1752.

—His juvenus orta parentibus
Infecit æquor sanguine Punico.

HOR.

Such were the heroes of that glorious reign
That humbled to the dust the pride of Spain.

MR. CENSOR,—You have formerly entertained the public by representing to them the opinions which posterity will be supposed to conceive of the present age; you will possibly furnish no less amusement to your readers by casting your eyes backwards into our annals, as the manners of their ancestors will, I apprehend, appear no less strange to the present age than the history of these our times can be thought hereafter.

After this short introduction, I shall present you with a curious dialogue which seems to have been written towards the end of the reign of queen Elizabeth. I have taken the liberty to modernise the language without doing the least violence to the sentiments of the original.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MR. ENGLISH, MADAM ENGLISH, MISS BIDDY ENGLISH, AND MISTRESS PLUMTREE, THE MISTRESS OF THE HOUSE.

Mrs. P. I hope your ladyship is very well this morning after the fatigue of your journey.

Mad. E. Indeed, Mistress Plumtree, I never was more fatigued in my life. Four days together upon a hard trotting horse are enough to tire any one; besides my pillion was horridly uneasy, and I rode behind the footboy, who was hardly able to support my leaning against him; but here's Biddy not in the least the worse for her journey.

Miss B. Upon my word, mamma, I never was in better spirits in my life. My ride hath given me an appetite; I have ate above half-a-pound of beef-steaks this morning for breakfast.

Mrs. E. I could have gone through anything at your age, my dear, though I was never many miles from home before I was married. The young ladies have more liberty in these days than they had formerly. Indeed it was entirely owing to your father's goodness that you came to London now.

Mrs. P. O! madam, I am sure your ladyship would not have left miss in the country. It would have been barbarous not to have let her see the tower, and the abbey, and bedlam, and two or three plays.

Mrs. E. Fie! Mrs. Plumtree; with what are you filling the child's head? one play she is to see and no more. The terms are all settled. One play, one new gown, and one ruff. But now I mention these things, pray, Mrs. Plumtree, what is become of the mantua-maker I employed last parliament when I was here?

Mrs. P. Alas! poor woman, she is dead; but I can recommend your ladyship to another, one of the best in all London; she makes gowns for the lady mayoress herself.

Mrs. E. I shall be obliged to you, good Mrs. Plumtree, to send for her to-day, for I have three visits to make in London, and I shall like to do it in my new clothes. O! sir John, are you come at last? Dinner hath stayed for you till I suppose it is spoiled. It is almost two o'clock.

Eng. The house is but just up, my dear. We sat very late to-day. I assure you I was invited very much to dine with one of our knights of the shire at his lodgings; he had a haunch of venison, a fat goose, and an apple-pie for dinner, and all this I left for your company.

Mrs. E. Well, sir John, I do not blame you; but parliament hours are very dreadful things.

Eng. We must suffer some inconveniences for the good of our country, and we are employed upon a scheme now that is of the utmost consequence to the nation. We are going to make such a provision for the poor, that there will never be another beggar in the kingdom.*

Mrs. P. I am heartily glad of that; and I am sure it is high time, for it was no longer ago than last summer that I saw two poor wretches in one day, actually begging in the open street.

Eng. Well, dame, and how doth my good friend master Plumtree hold it? We shall have another game at lantry-loo.

Mrs. P. Indeed, sir John, you are too hard for my husband. You won above ten shillings of him last parliament.

Mrs. E. Your family is not hurt by it; for, I believe, you are as much in my debt on the same account; but I beg you will not encourage this girl to play, for she is too much inclined to idleness.

Miss B. Nay, mamma, I am sure I never desire to play but in the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. P. O! madam, miss will have something else to think on. Here is a young squire that lodges in our neighbourhood. A fine hardy young spark. There are but few, they tell me, that can either run or wrestle with him, and heir to a noble estate he is.

(At these words Miss Biddy blushed extremely.)

Eng. Well, let him look to it. Biddy won't turn her back to him. But, my dear, I have a show for you. The queen goes to the parliament-house to-morrow, and there will be all the fine lords and ladies of the court. I have hired a balcony, and my little Biddy shall go too.

Mrs. E. You see, Biddy, how good your papa is; and now I hope you will be satisfied, and not desire to go out any more, except to one play and to church, whilst you stay in London. I am sure he is so liberal he will be forced to send up for the other twenty pound.

Eng. Never mind that, my dear; your prudence in the country will soon make it up. But now I talk of court ladies, I have a piece of news for you. Indeed I can hardly believe it myself, and yet I was told it by a very great person.

Mrs. E. What can it be, my dear, that you introduce with all this preface?

Mrs. P. I hope there are no more Spanish armadas coming.

Eng. No, no! nothing of that kind. In short it is so strange a thing I scarce know how to mention it. But can you think it? they say there is a court lady that hath made a cuckold of her husband. A woman of very great quality, I assure you.

Mrs. E. This is strange news, indeed, and impossible to be true.

Eng. Hardly impossible, my dear; such things have been in nature.

Mrs. E. And what is become of the lady, pray?

Eng. Why she is at court still.

Mrs. E. Then it is impossible to be true; for, if

* By this passage it is supposed this dialogue happened in the forty-third year of queen Elizabeth, when the famous statute was made for providing for the poor, and which is the corner-stone of all our excellent poor-laws.

I could believe there was one such woman of quality, I am well convinced there are no other that would own her.

Eng. I only tell you what I hear. But come, dame Plumtree, is not your dinner ready? Upon my word I have been half starved. My constituents shall find out some other to serve them in the next parliament. It is a hard duty, Mrs. Plumtree, and a very expensive one too. I never come up myself under twenty pound; and if my wife comes with me the expense is almost double.

Mrs. P. Well, sir, but you know all men must serve their country.

Eng. Yes, madam, and if all would the burthen would be less severe. But I have discovered a most wicked corruption in the borough I serve for. There are three gentlemen in the neighbourhood who have as good estates as I have, and yet, because they entertain the mayor and aldermen with more strong drink than I do, they have never once attempted to choose them. The moment there is but a discourse of an election, to toping they go; so that they are sure always of escaping, and I am likely to serve my country as long as I live.

Mrs. P. It is very hard I must confess, squire, but then you will consider you have all the honour. However, sir, dinner is upon the table at present.

Eng. Lead on then, my dame, and I will show you what a stomach I have got in the service of my country.

No. 55. SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1752.

— Juvat integros accedere fontes,
Atque haurire— LUCRETIVS.

— It is pleasant to handle
An untouched subject.

It hath been observed that characters of humour do abound more in this our island than in any other country; and this hath been commonly supposed to arise from that pure and perfect state of liberty which we enjoy in a degree greatly superior to every foreign nation.

This opinion, I know, hath great sanction, and yet I am inclined to suspect the truth of it, unless we will extend the meaning of the word liberty farther than I think it hath been yet carried, and will include in it not only an exemption from all restraint of municipal laws, but likewise from all restraint of those rules of behaviour which are expressed in the general term of good-breeding. Laws which, though not written, are perhaps better understood, and, though established by no coercive power, much better obeyed within the circle where they are received, than any of those laws which are recorded in books or enforced by public authority.

A perfect freedom from these laws, if I am not greatly mistaken, is absolutely necessary to form the true character of humour; a character which is therefore not to be met with among those people who conduct themselves by the rules of good-breeding.

For, indeed, good-breeding is little more than the art of rooting out all those seeds of humour which nature had originally implanted in our minds.

To make this evident, it seems necessary only to explain the terms, a matter in which I do not see the great difficulty which hath appeared to other writers. Some of these have spoken of the word humour as if it contained in it some mystery impossible to be revealed, and no one, as I know of, hath undertaken to show us expressly what it is, though I scarce doubt but it was amply done by Aristotle in his treatise on comedy, which is unhappily lost.

But what is more surprising is, that we find it

pretty well explained in authors who at the same time tell us they know not what it is. Mr. Congreve, in a letter to Mr. Dennis, hath these words: "We cannot certainly tell what wit is, or what humour is;" and within a few lines afterwards he says, "There is a great difference between a comedy wherein there are many things humorously, as they call it, which is pleasantly spoken, and one where there are several characters of humour distinguished by the particular and different humours appropriated to the several persons represented, and which naturally arise from the different constitutions, complexions, and dispositions of men. And again, I take humour to be a singular and unavoidable manner of saying or doing anything peculiar and natural to one man only; by which his speech and actions are distinguished from those of other men. Our humour hath relation to us, and to what proceeds from us, as the accidents have to a substance: it is a colour, taste, and smell diffused through all: though our actions are ever so many, and different in form, they are all splinters of the same wood, and have naturally one complexion," &c.

If my reader hath any doubt whether this is a just description of humour, let him compare it with those examples of humorous characters which the greatest masters have given us, and which have been universally acknowledged as such, and he will be perhaps convinced.

Ben Jonson, after complaining of the abuse of the word, proceeds thus:—

Why humour (as 'tis ens) we thus define it,
To be a quality of air or water,
And in itself holds these two properties,
Moisture and fluxure; as for demonstration,
Pour water on this floor; 'twill wet and run:
Likewise the air forc'd thro' a horn or trumpet,
Flows instantly away, and leaves behind
A kind of dew; and hence we do conclude,
That whatsoe'er hath fluxure and humidity,
As wanting power to contain itself,
Is humour. So in every human body,
The choler, melancholy, phlegm, and blood,
By reason that they flow continually
In some one part, and are not continent,
Receive the name of humours. Now thus far,
"It may, by metaphor, apply itself
Unto the general disposition;
As when some one peculiar quality
Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw
All his effects, his spirits, and his powers,
In their confluxions all to run one way,"
This may be truly said to be a humour.
But that a rook, by wearing a pied feather,
The cable hatband, or the three-piled ruff,
A yard of shoe-tie, or the Switzer's knot
On his French garters, should affect a humour!
O! it is more than most ridiculous.

This passage is in the first act of *Every Man out of his Humour*; and I question not but to some readers the author will appear to have been out of his wits when he wrote it; but others, I am positive, will discern much excellent ore shining among the rubbish. In truth, his sentiment, when let loose from that stiff boddice in which it is laced, will amount to this—that, as the term humour contains in it the ideas of moisture and fluxure, it was applied to certain moist and flux habits of the body, and afterwards metaphorically to peculiar qualities of the mind, which, when they are extremely prevalent, do, like the predominant humours of the body, flow all to one part, and, as the latter are known to absorb and drain off all the corporeal juices and strength to themselves, so the former are no less certain of engaging the affections, spirits, and powers of the mind, and of enlisting them, as it were, into their own service, and under their own absolute command.

Here then we have another pretty adequate notion of humour, which is indeed nothing more than a violent bent or disposition of the mind to some par-

ticular point. To enumerate, indeed, these several dispositions would be, as Mr. Congreve observes, as endless as to sum up the several opinions of men; nay, as he well says, the *quot homines tot sententiae* may be more properly interpreted of their humours than their opinions.

Hitherto there is no mention of the ridiculous, the idea of which, though not essential to humour, is always included in our notions of it. The ridiculous is annexed to it these two ways, either by the manner or the degree in which it is exerted.

By either of these the very best and worthiest disposition of the human mind may become ridiculous. Excess, says Horace, even in the pursuit of virtue, will lead a wise and good man into folly and vice—so will it subject him to ridicule; for into this, says the judicious abbé Bellegarde, a man may tumble headlong with an excellent understanding and with the most laudable qualities. Piety, patriotism, loyalty, parental affection, &c., have all afforded characters of humour for the stage.

By the manner of exerting itself, likewise, a humour becomes ridiculous. By this means chiefly the tragic humour differs from the comic; it is the same ambition which raises our horror in *Macbeth*, and our laughter at the drunken sailors in the *Tempest*; the same avarice which causes the dreadful incidents in the *Fatal Curiosity of Lillo*, and in the *Miser of Molière*; the same jealousy which forms an *Othello*, or a suspicious husband. No passion or humour of the mind is absolutely either tragic or comic in itself. Nero had the art of making vanity the object of horror; and Domitian, in one instance at least, made cruelty ridiculous.

As these tragic modes however never enter into our notion of humour, I will venture to make a small addition to the sentiments of the two great masters I have mentioned, by which I apprehend my description of humour will pretty well coincide with the general opinion. By humour then, I suppose, is generally intended a violent impulse of the mind, determining it to some one particular point, by which a man becomes ridiculously distinguished from all other men.

If there be any truth in what I have now said, nothing can more clearly follow than the manifest repugnancy between humour and good-breeding. The latter being the art of conducting yourself by certain common and general rules, by which means, if they were universally observed, the whole world would appear (as all courtiers actually do) to be, in their external behaviour at least, but one and the same person.

I have not room at present if I were able to enumerate the rules of good-breeding: I shall only mention one, which is a summary of them all. This is the most golden of all rules, no less than that of *doing to all men as you would they should do unto you*.

In the deviation from this law, as I hope to evince in my next, all that we call humour principally consists. I shall at the same time I think be able to show that it is to this deviation we owe the general character mentioned in the beginning of this paper, as well as to assign the reasons why we of this nation have been capable of attracting to ourselves such merit in preference to others.

No. 56. SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1752.

Hoc fonte derivata.—HOR.

These are the sources.

At the conclusion of my last paper I asserted that the summary of good-breeding was no other than that comprehensive and exalted rule which the

greatest authority hath told us is the sum total of all religion and all morality.

Here, however, my readers will be pleased to observe that the subject-matter of good-breeding being only what is called behaviour, it is this only to which we are to apply it on the present occasion. Perhaps, therefore, we shall be better understood if we vary the word and read it thus: *Behave unto all men as you would they should behave unto you*.

This will most certainly oblige us to treat all mankind with the utmost civility and respect, there being nothing which we desire more than to be treated so by them. This will most effectually restrain the indulgence of all those violent and inordinate desires, which, as we have endeavoured to show, are the true seeds of humour in the human mind; the growth of which good-breeding will be sure to obstruct, or will at least so overtop and shadow, that they shall not appear. The ambitious, the covetous, the proud, the vain, the angry, the debauchee, the glutton, are all lost in the character of the well-bred man; or, if Nature should now and then venture to peep forth, she withdraws in an instant, and doth not show enough of herself to become ridiculous.

Now humour arises from the very opposite behaviour, from throwing the reins on the neck of our favourite passion, and giving it a full scope and indulgence. The ingenious abbé whom I quoted in my former paper paints this admirably in the characters of ill-breeding, which he mentions as the very first scene of the ridiculous. "Ill-breeding (*l'impolitesse*)," says he, "is not a single defect—it is the result of many. It is sometimes a gross ignorance of decorum, or a stupid indolence, which prevents us from giving to others what is due to them. It is a peevish malignity which inclines us to oppose the inclinations of those with whom we converse. It is the consequence of a foolish vanity which hath no complaisance for any other person; the effect of a proud and whimsical humour which soars above all the rules of civility; or, lastly, it is produced by a melancholy turn of mind which pampers itself (*qui trouve du ragoût*) with a rude and disobliging behaviour."

Having thus shown, I think very clearly, that good-breeding is and must be the very bane of the ridiculous, that is to say, of all humorous characters, it will perhaps be no difficult task to discover why this character hath been in a singular manner attributed to this nation.

For this I shall assign two reasons only, as these seem to me abundantly satisfactory and adequate to the purpose.

The first is, that method so general in this kingdom of giving no education to the youth of both sexes; I say general only, for it is not without some few exceptions.

Much the greater part of our lads of fashion return from school at fifteen or sixteen, very little wiser and not at all the better for having been sent thither. Part of these return to the place from whence they came, their fathers' country seats; where racing, cock-fighting, hunting, and other rural sports, with smoking, drinking, and party, become their pursuit, and form the whole business and amusement of their future lives. The other part escape to town, in the diversions, fashion, follies, and vices of which they are immediately initiated. In this academy some finish their studies, while others by their wiser parents are sent abroad, to add the knowledge of the diversions, fashions, follies, and vices of all Europe to that of those of their country.

Hence, then, we are to derive two great general characters of humour, which are the clown and the

coxcomb, and both of these will be almost infinitely diversified according to the different passions and natural dispositions of each individual, and according to their different walks in life. Great will be the difference, for instance, whether the country gentleman be a whig or a tory; whether he prefers women, drink, or dogs: so will it be, whether the town spark be allotted to serve his country as a politician, a courtier, a soldier, a sailor, or possibly a churchman (for by draughts from this academy all these offices are supplied); or, lastly, whether his ambition shall be contented with no other appellation than merely that of a beau.

Some of our lads, however, are destined to a farther progress in learning; these are not only confined longer to the labours of a school, but are sent thence to the university. Here, if they please, they may read on; and if they please they may (as most of them do) let it alone, and betake themselves, as their fancy leads, to the imitation of their elder brothers either in town or country.

This is a matter which I shall handle very tenderly, as I am clearly of an opinion that an university education is much the best we have; for here at least there is some restraint laid on the inclinations of our youth. The sportsman, the gamester, and the sot, cannot give such a loose to their extravagance as if they were at home and under no manner of government; nor can our spark who is disposed to the town pleasures find either gaming-houses or playhouses, nor half the taverns or bawdy-houses which are ready to receive him in Covent-garden.

So far, however, I hope, I may say without offence, that, among all the schools at the universities, there is none where the science of good-breeding is taught; no lectures like the excellent lessons on the ridiculous which I have quoted above, and which I do most earnestly recommend to all my young readers. Hence the learned professions produce such excellent characters of humour; and the rudeness of physicians, lawyers, and parsons—however dignified or distinguished—affords such pleasant stories to divert private companies, and sometimes the public.

I come now to the beautiful part of the creation, who, in the sense I here use the word, I am assured can hardly (for the most part) be said to have any education.

As to the counterpart of my country squire, the country gentlewoman, I apprehend that, except in the article of the dancing-master, and perhaps in that of being barely able to read and write, there is very little difference between the education of many a squire's daughter and that of his dairy-maid, who is most likely her principal companion; nay, the little difference which there is, I am afraid, is not in the favour of the former; who, by being constantly flattered with her beauty and her wealth, is made the vainest and most self-conceited thing alive, at the same time that such care is taken to instil into her the principles of bashfulness and timidity, that she becomes ashamed and afraid of she knows not what.

If by any chance this poor creature drops afterwards, as it were, into the world, how absurd must be her behaviour! If a man looks at her she is confounded; and if he speaks to her, she is frightened out of her wits. She acts, in short, as if she thought the whole sex was engaged in a conspiracy to possess themselves of her person and fortune.

This poor girl, it is true, however she may appear to her own sex, especially if she is handsome, is rather an object of compassion than of just ridicule; but what shall we say when time or marriage have carried off all this bashfulness and fear, and when ig-

norance, awkwardness, and rusticity are embellished with the same degree, though perhaps not the same kind, of affectation which are to be found in a court? Here sure is a plentiful source of all that various humour which we find in the character of a country gentlewoman.

All this, I apprehend, will be readily allowed; but to deny good-breeding to the town lady may be the more dangerous attempt. Here, besides the professors of reading, writing, and dancing, the French and Italian masters, the music-master, and, of modern times, the whist-master, all concur in forming this character. The manners-master alone, I am afraid, is omitted. And what is the consequence? Not only bashfulness and fear are entirely subdued, but modesty and discretion are taken off at the same time. So far from running away from, she runs after, the men; and, instead of blushing when a modest man looks at her or speaks to her, she can bear, without any such emotion, to stare an impudent fellow in the face, and sometimes to utter what, if he be not very impudent indeed, may put him to the blush. Hence all those agreeable ingredients which form the humour of a rampant woman of—the town.

I cannot quit this part of my subject, in which I have been obliged to deal a little more freely than I am inclined with the loveliest part of the creation, without preserving my own character of good-breeding, by saying that this last excess is by much the most rare, and that every individual among my female readers either is already, or may be when she pleases, an example of a contrary behaviour.

The second general reason why humour so much abounds in this nation seems to me to arise from the great number of people who are daily raised by trade to the rank of gentry, without having had any education at all; or, to use no improper phrase, without having served any apprenticeship to this calling. But I have dwelt so long on the other branch, that I have no room at present to animadvert on this; nor is it indeed necessary I should, since most readers, with the hints I have already given them, will easily suggest to themselves a great number of humorous characters with which the public have been furnished this way. I shall conclude by wishing that this excellent source of humour may still continue to flow among us—since, though it may make us a little laughed at, it will be sure to make us the envy of all the nations of Europe.

No. 59. SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1752.

— Ille rymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longâ

Nocte, carent quia vato sacro.—HOR.

Without a tear they fall, without a name,
Unless some sacred bard records their fame.

THERE is a certain affection of the mind, for which, though it be common enough in the people of this country, we have not, I think, any adequate term in our language. The Greeks, though they likewise want a name for the abstract, called a man so affected *ῥηεφρων*, a word which I shall not attempt to translate otherwise than by a paraphrase. I understand by it a man so intoxicated with his own great qualities, that he despises and overlooks all other men. In this sense the participle passive of the verb *ῥηεφρονίζω* is used in Thucydides, *ῥηεφρονισθέντων ὑπερφρονέμενος*. The sentiment is in the mouth of Alcibiades, and it is a very fine one. "As no man," says he, "will even speak to us when we are unfortunate, so must they bear in their turn to be despised by us when we are intoxicated with our successes."

This disdainful temper, notwithstanding its haughty aspect, proceeds, if I am not much mistaken, from no higher principle than rank timidity. We endeavour to elevate ourselves and to depress others, lest they should be brought into some competition with ourselves. We are not sufficiently assured of our own footing in the ascent to greatness, and are afraid of suffering any to come too near us, lest they should pull us down and advance into our place.

Of this pitiful temper of mind there are no persons so susceptible as the brethren of the quill. Not only such authors as have been a little singular in their opinions concerning their own merit, and in whom it seems more excusable to bear a jealous eye towards others; but even those who have far outstripped their fellow-couriers in the race of glory stretch their scornful eyes behind them to express their disdain of the poor wretches who are limping and crawling on at however great a distance.

Many are the methods by which this passion is exerted. I shall mention only one, as it is much the most common, and perhaps the most invidious. This is a contemptuous silence—a treatment not much unlike to that which the Buccaneers formerly used to treat their conquered enemies, when they sunk, or as they phrased it, hid them in the sea.

How many names of great writers may we suppose to have been sunk by this base disposition! Homer, as I remember, hath not perpetuated the memory of a single writer, unless that of Thersites, who was, I make no doubt, from the character given of him in the Iliad, an author of no small estimation. And yet there were probably as many of the function in those days as there are in this; nay, Homer himself, in his Odyssey, mentions the great honours which poets then received in the courts of all princes, whence we may very reasonably conclude that they swarmed in those courts, and yet the names of three only of his contemporaries have triumphed over the injuries of time, and the malice of their brethren, so as to reach our age.

The learned Vossius, who seems to have employed no little pains in the matter, hath not been able to preserve to us many more than two hundred down to the death of Cleopatra, and yet we are assured that the famous Alexandrian library contained no less than six hundred thousand volumes, of which, as the humour of those ages ran, we may conceive a sixth part at least to have consisted of poetry.

Among the Latins, how many great names may we suppose to have been hid by the affected taciturnity of Virgil, who appears to have mentioned only those writers of quality to whom he made his court! Of his friend Horace, he had not the gratitude to take any notice; much less to repay those praises which this latter poet had so liberally bestowed on him.

Horace again, though so full of compliments to Virgil, of poor Ovid is altogether as cruelly and invidiously silent.

Ovid, who was, I am confident, one of the best-natured of human kind, was of all men most profuse in the praises of his contemporaries; and yet even he hath been guilty of sinking. Numberless were the poets in his time whose names are nowhere to be found in his works; nay, he hath played the Buccaneer with two, one of whom is celebrated by Horace, and both of them by Virgil. The learned reader well knows I mean the illustrious names of Bavius and Mævius, whose merits were so prevalent with Virgil, that, though they were both his bitter revilers, he could not refrain from transmitting them to posterity. I wish he had dealt as generously by all his censurers, and I make no

doubt but we should have been furnished with some hundreds of names, *quæ nunc premit nox*.

Among our own writers, too many have been guilty of this vice. Had Dryden communicated all those who drew their pens against him, he would have preserved as many names from oblivion as a land-tax act; but he was, I am afraid, so intoxicated with his own merit, that he overlooked and despised all the great satirists who constantly abused, I had almost said libelled, his works, unless they were some other way eminent besides by their writings, such as Shadwell, who was poet-laureat, and Buckingham, who was a duke.

Of all the chief favourites and prime ministers of the muses, the late ingenious Mr. Pope was most free from this scornful silence. He employed a whole work for the purpose of recording such writers as no one without his pains, except he had lived at the same time and in the same street, would ever have heard of. He may indeed be said to have raked many out of the kennels to immortality, which, though in somewhat a stinking condition, is to an ambitious mind preferable to utter obscurity and oblivion; many, I presume, having, with the wretch who burnt the Temple of Ephesus, such a love for fame, that they are willing even to creep into her common sewer.

In humble imitation of this great man, in the only instance of which I am capable of imitating him, I intend shortly to attempt a work of the same kind, in prose I mean, and to endeavour to do justice to a great number of my contemporaries, whose names, for far the greater part, are much less known than they deserve to be. And, that I may be the better enabled to execute this generous purpose, I have employed several proper persons to find out these authors. To this end, I have ordered my bookseller to send me in the names of all these apprentices and journeymen of booksellers and printers who at present entertain and instruct the town with their productions. I have besides a very able and industrious person who hath promised me a complete list of all the hands now confined in the several bridewells in and about the city, which carry on the trade of writing in any of the branches of religion, morality, and government; in all which every day produces us some curious essay, treatise, remarks, &c., from those quarters.

I shall conclude this paper with some very fine lines from the third book of the Dunciad, which gave indeed the first hint to my charitable design; for what a melancholy consideration is it that all those armies there spoken of should perish in the jaws of utter darkness, and that the names of such worthies should be as short-lived as their works! The verses are part of a speech of Settle to his son Cibber:

And see, my son! the hour is on its way
That lifts our goddess to imperial sway;
This favourite isle, long sever'd from her reign,
Dove-like she gathers to her wings again.
Now look thro' fate! behold the scene she draws!
What aids, what armies, to assert her cause!
See all her progeny, illustrious sight!
Behold, and count them as they rise to light.
As Berecynthia, while her offspring vie
In homage to the mother of the sky,
Surveys around her, in the bless'd abode,
An hundred sons, and every son a god;
Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd
Shall take thro' Grub-street her triumphant round;
And, her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
Behold an hundred sons, and each a dunce.

No. 60. SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1752.

Ἦτις σαυτὸν μὴ φέροντος ἐγκόμισα

Be not the trumpeter of your own praise.

A FRENCH author a great favourite of mine, and

whom I have often quoted in my lucubrations, observes, "That it is very common for men to talk of themselves, and their children, and their family, and always in the terms of commendation. But," says he, "if those who accustom themselves to such narratives could conceive how troublesome and tiresome they are to the rest of the world, they would possibly learn to contain themselves a little better, and to show more complaisance to the patience of their hearers. It is moreover matter of great astonishment to me, that men who are perpetually praising themselves scarce ever mention the name of another person but in order to abuse it. Perhaps they intend to avail themselves of the contrast, and to recommend their own conduct to general approbation by the censure of their neighbours."

The motive to the former of these vices is clearly vanity; which, as the ingenious doctor Young says,

Makes dear self on well-bred tongues prevail,
And I the little hero of each tale.

The motive to the latter is malice; and, to say a plain truth, I firmly believe there is no bosom where vanity is to be found in any great degree which is not at the same time pretty considerably tainted with malice. Praise is a mistress in the pursuit of which every vain man must have many rivals, and what temper of mind men preserve to a rival need not to be here repeated.

To both these impulses of mind there is no man, I am afraid, so liable as the writer. Fame is sometimes his only pursuit; but this is always blended with his other views, even in the most mercenary—and for this simple reason, that it leads directly to pudding. He must at least respect fame, as the cit in the play doth his reputation, because the loss of it may tend to loss of money. But, in fact, his views are commonly more noble; vanity, not avarice, is the passion he would feed; and there is scarce an inhabitant of Parnassus, even among the poor of that parish, who will not be more pleased with one who commends his works than with one who gives him a dinner; which being the case, it follows of course that they must be all rivals for the aforesaid mistress, and may consequently be all suspected of bearing malice to each other.

Again, there is no writer who can so easily indulge both these inclinations as the writer of miscellaneous essays. It required the genius of Cicero or Bolingbroke to introduce their own praises into every political oration or pamphlet; or the wit of Lucian or South to drag the philosophers and dissenters into almost every subject. But such essayist, having a full liberty to write not only what, but on what he pleases, may fill up every page with his own commendations, and with the abuse of all other writers.

When I meditate on these matters I can scarce refrain from taking some praise to myself; I am even vain enough to think the public have some little obligation to me, for that silence which I have hitherto so inviolably maintained with regard to my own perfections; and perhaps the more candid among my readers would allow some applause to this forbearance if they knew what a sacrifice I make of my own inclinations by thus consulting their ease and pleasure; for surely nothing can equal the satisfaction which a man feels in writing encomiums on himself, unless it be the disgust which every other person is as sure to conceive at reading them.

In this mood of thinking, likewise, I am apt to challenge to myself some degree of merit towards my contemporary writers, especially those who write in my own way. As these gentlemen are, I doubt not, well assured of that immoderate envy which I

must bear to their great genius and learning, they will certainly acknowledge, that to confine all this to myself, to smother these scorching flames within my own breast, without suffering even a spark to escape, seems a little to deserve their commendation.

But, to deal ingenuously on this occasion, I must acknowledge there are some prudential as well as generous motives to this silence. Two considerations may perhaps be suspected of having some little weight in dissuading a man, even for his own sake, from exhibiting his own praise. First, that he will be sure of being very little read, and in the next place of being much less believed. The fear of this latter fate may likewise have some share in prevailing on a man to stifle his envy, notwithstanding all the pleasure which is to be found in giving it vent. However sweet it was to those great men whose names are recorded in the preface to the *Dunciad*, and in the *Dunciad* itself, to accuse the characters of Pope and Swift, and to assert, as they did, that the one wanted humour and the other was no poet, I much doubt whether they would not have bought their pleasure too dear at the price of public scorn, even though the former had treated them with the same silent contempt with which they were treated by the latter. For this reason I shall carefully avoid any satire against the Popes and Swifts of the present age. Though envy of these great men should boil in my own bosom, I will never suffer it to boil over so as to run abroad into the public.

To suppress two such powerful passions as vanity and envy is by no means an easy task. It requires indeed little less resolution than what animated the Spartan youth who concealed a fox under his garment, and rather than he would produce him openly suffered the vermin to gnaw his very bowels. To say the truth, I am afraid I should not have been able to persevere so long, had I not contrived a certain cunning method of discharging myself in private; and which, as it is a most curious secret, I shall now communicate for the use of others, who, if they pursue the same method, will, I doubt not, meet with the same success.

I will give it by way of receipt; and can truly say it hath every quality with which remedies are usually recommended; being extremely cheap, easy, safe, and practicable.

A RECEIPT TO PREVENT THE ILL EFFECTS OF A RAGING VANITY IN AN AUTHOR.

When the fit is at the highest, take a pen, ink, and paper, Q. S. make a panegyric on yourself; stuff it well with all the cardinal virtues; season to your taste with wit, humour, and learning. You may likewise add, as you see occasion, birth, politeness, and such like.

In the choice of your ingredients be sure to have a particular regard to your sore part. If your ears be sore with any fresh pulling, or your br—ch with any fresh kicking, infuse a double portion of courage. If you have lately betrayed your ignorance so grossly as to make Ovid guilty of two false quantities in one line, dash plentifully with learning.

If you are publicly known to be an infamous liar, season very high with honour; if you are notoriously sprung from the *dunghill*, take of ancestors from the English history at the least half a dozen. *Et sic de cæteris.*

When you have writ your panegyric you may read it as often as you please; but take care that nobody hears you, and then be sure to—burn your panegyric.

This last operation I own will cause some pain,

but when it is considered that if you do but burn it yourself other people will—nay, perhaps, will treat it yet worse, and bring it to a much more dishonourable and stinking end—a wise man will soon force himself to the resolution of putting his panegyric beyond the reach of malice.

As to the cure of envy, I need not give the receipt for it at length; it is sufficient to direct the choice of the very contrary ingredients; that is to say, instead of all the good, make use of all the bad qualities both of the head and heart.

And here likewise you are to examine your own sore part; if any man hath ridiculed you with wit and humour, take of blockhead, dunce, and fool, of each three penfuls. If another hath kicked and cuffed you lustily, be sure to becoward him well; and, if the assault was in public, before the eyes of many gentlemen, the word coward can never be too often repeated.

But with regard to this last great caution must be had, first, that the person so to be becowarded be first under a prosecution at law for the assault; and secondly, that he be then out of the kingdom. These precautions are however useless, if you apply your satire as you are above advised to apply your panegyric, I mean to the flames; otherwise they will be abundantly necessary to prevent your ears from being pulled, till they resemble those of the ass lately exposed at the Bedford coffee-house.

I shall conclude this paper with two quotations; the first is from the mouth of Socrates:—"Never speak of yourself; for he who commends himself is vain; and he who abuses himself is absurd." The other is from the witty Dr. South. He advises an abusive writer "to be of all others most circumspect as to his own actions, seeing he is so sure of meeting with no quarter." A man must indeed be most furiously mad who sets up for a satirist, when it is scarce possible for him to discharge a single vice at any other that will not recoil on himself. In a word, with my friend Horace, *melius non tangere clamo*. A hint which those of my contemporary writers who understand Latin will for the future I hope observe.

No. 61. SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1752.

Τὸν ἰλάττω μὴ ἀποσκυβαλίσσης.—CLEOBUL.

Do not despise your inferiors.

THERE is not in human nature a more odious disposition than a proneness to contempt. Nor is there any which more certainly denotes a bad mind; for in a good and benign temper there can be no room for this sensation. That which constitutes an object of contempt to the malevolent, becomes the object of other passions to a worthy and good-natured man; for in such a person wickedness and vice must raise hatred and abhorrence; and weakness and folly will be sure to excite compassion; so that he will find no object of his contempt in all the actions of men.

And however detestable this quality, which is a mixture of pride and ill-nature, may appear when considered in the serious school of Heraclitus, it will present no less absurd and ridiculous an idea to the laughing sect of Democritus, especially as we may observe that the meanest and basest of all human beings are generally the most forward to despise others. So that the most contemptible are generally the most contemptuous.

I have often wished that some of those curious persons who have employed their time in inquiring into the nature and actions of several insects, such as bees and ants, had taken some pains to examine whether they are not apt to express any contemptu-

ous behaviour one towards another; the plain symptoms of which might possibly be discovered by the help of microscopes. It is scarce conceivable that the queen bee, amongst the hundred gallants which she keeps for her own recreation, should not have some especial favourites, and it is full as likely that these favourites will so carry themselves towards their brethren as to display sufficient marks of their contempt to the eye of an accurate discoverer in the manners of the reptile world. For my own part, I have remarked many instances of contempt amongst animals which I have farther observed to increase in proportion to the decrease of such species in the rank and order of the animal creation. Mr. Ellis informs me that he never could discover any the least indication of contempt in the lions under his care; the horse, I am sorry to say it, gives us some, the ass many more, the turkey-cock more still, and the toad is supposed to burst itself frequently with the violence of this passion. To pursue it gradually downwards would be too tedious. It may be reasonably supposed to arrive at a prodigious height before it descends to the louse. With what a degree of contempt may we conceive that a substantial freeholder of this kind, who is well established in the head of a beggar-wench, considers a poor vagabond louse who hath strayed into the head of a woman of quality; where it is in hourly danger of being arrested by the merciless hands of her woman!

This may perhaps seem to some a very ridiculous image, and as ridiculous as I apprehend to a being of a superior order will appear a contemptuous man; one puffed up with some trifling, perhaps fancied superiority, and looking round him with disdain on those who are perhaps so nearly his equals, that to such a being as I have just mentioned the difference may be as inconsiderable and imperceptible between the despiser and the despised as the difference between two of the meanest insects may seem to us.

And as a very good mind, as I have before observed, will give no entertainment to any such affection, so neither will a sensible mind, I am persuaded, find more opportunity to exert it. If men would but make a moderate use of that self-examination which philosophers and divines have recommended to them, it would tend greatly to the cure of this disposition. Their contempt would then perhaps, as their charity is said to do, begin at home. To say truth, a man hath this better chance of despising himself than he hath of despising others, as he is likely to know himself best.

But I am sliding into a more serious vein than I intended. In the residue of this paper, therefore, I will confine myself to one particular consideration only, one which will give as ridiculous an idea of contempt, and afford as strong dissuasives against it as any other which at present suggests itself.

The consideration I mean is, that contempt is, generally at least, mutual, and that there is scarce any one man who despises another without being at the same time despised by him, of which I shall endeavour to produce some few instances.

As the right honourable the lord Squanderfield, at the head of a vast retinue, passes by Mr. Moses Buckram, citizen and tailor, in his chaise and one, "See there," says my lord, with an air of the highest contempt, "that rascal Buckram, with his fat wife; I suppose he is going to his country-house, for such fellows must have their country-house as well as their vehicle. These are the rascals that complain of want of trade." Buckram, on the other side, is no sooner recovered from the fear of being run over before he could get out of the way, than, turning to his wife, he cries, "Very fine, faith; an

honest citizen is to be run over by such fellows as these, who drive about their coaches and six with other people's money. See, my dear, what an equipage he hath! and yet he cannot find money to pay an honest tradesman! He is above fifteen hundred pounds deep in my books; how I despise such lords!"

Lady Fanny Rantun, from the side-box, casting her eyes on an honest pawnbroker's wife below her, bids lady Betty, her companion, take notice of that creature in the pit: "Did you ever see, lady Betty," says she, "such a strange wretch? how the awkward monster is dressed!" The good woman, at the same time surveying lady Fanny, and offended, perhaps, at a scornful smile which she sees in her countenance, whispers her friend, "Observe lady Fanny Rantun; as great airs as that fine lady gives herself, my husband hath all her jewels under lock and key; what a contemptible thing is poor quality!"

Is there on earth a greater object of contempt than a poor scholar to a splendid beau; unless, perhaps, the splendid beau to the poor scholar? the philosopher and the world, the man of business and the man of pleasure, the beauty and the wit, the hypocrite and the profligate, the covetous and the squanderer, are all alike instances of this reciprocal contempt.

Take the same observations into the lowest life, and we shall find the same proneness to despise each other. The common soldier, who hires himself out to be shot at for five-pence a-day, who is the only slave in a free country, and is liable to be sent to any part of the world without his consent, and whilst at home subject to the severest punishments for offences which are not to be found in our law-books; yet this noble personage looks with a contemptuous air on all his brethren of that order in

the commonwealth, whether of mechanics or husbandmen, from whence he was himself taken. On the other hand, however adorned with his brick-dust-coloured cloth, and bedaubed with worsted lace of a penny a-yard, the very gentleman soldier is as much despised in his turn by the whistling carter, who comforts himself that he is a free Englishman, and will live with no master any longer than he likes him; nay, and, though he never was worth twenty shillings in his life, is ready to answer a captain if he offends him, "D—n you, sir! who are you? is it not WE that pays you?"

This contemptuous disposition is, in reality, the sure attendant on a mean and bad mind in every station; on the contrary, a great and good man will be free from it, whether he be placed at the top or bottom of life. I was therefore not a little pleased with a rebuke given by a black-shoe boy to another, who had expressed his contempt of one of the modern town-smarts. "Why should you despise him, Jack?" said the honest lad; "we are all what the Lord pleased to make us."

I will conclude this paper with a story which a gentleman of honour averred to me to be truth. His coach being stopped in Piccadilly by two or three carts, which, according to custom, were placed directly across the way, he observed a very dirty fellow, who appeared to belong to a mud-cart, give another fellow several lashes with his whip, and at the same time heard him repeat more than once, "D—n you, I will teach you manners to your betters." My friend could not easily, from these words, divine what might possibly be the station of the unhappy sufferer, till at length, to the great satisfaction of his curiosity, he discovered that he was the driver of a dust-cart drawn by asses.

AN ESSAY ON NOTHING.

THE INTRODUCTION.

It is surprising that, while such trifling matters employ the masterly pens of the present age, the great and noble subject of this essay should have passed totally neglected; and the rather, as it is a subject to which the genius of many of those writers who have unsuccessfully applied themselves to politics, religion, &c., is most peculiarly adapted.

Perhaps their unwillingness to handle what is of such importance may not improperly be ascribed to their modesty; though they may not be remarkably addicted to this vice on every occasion. Indeed I have heard it predicated of some, whose assurance in treating other subjects hath been sufficiently notable, that they have blushed at this. For such is the awe with which this Nothing inspires mankind, that I believe it is generally apprehended of many persons of very high character among us, that were title, power, or riches to allure them, they would stick at it.

But, whatever be the reason, certain it is, that, except a hardy wit in the reign of Charles II., none ever hath dared to write on this subject: I mean openly and avowedly; for it must be confessed that most of our modern authors, however foreign the matter which they endeavour to treat may seem at their first setting out, they generally bring the work to this in the end.

I hope, however, this attempt will not be imputed to me as an act of immodesty; since I am convinced

there are many persons in this kingdom who are persuaded of my fitness for what I have undertaken. But as talking of a man's self is generally suspected to arise from vanity, I shall, without any more excuse or preface, proceed to my Essay.

SECTION I.

Of the antiquity of Nothing.

THERE is nothing falser than that old proverb which (like many other falsehoods) is in every one's mouth:

Ex nihilo nihil fit.

Thus translated by Shakspeare, in *Lear*:

Nothing can come of nothing.

Whereas, in fact, from Nothing proceeds everything. And this is a truth confessed by the philosophers of all sects: the only point in controversy between them being, whether Something made the world out of Nothing, or Nothing out of Something. A matter not much worth debating at present, since either will equally serve our turn. Indeed the wits of all ages seem to have ranged themselves on each side of this question, as their genius tended more or less to the spiritual or material substance. For those of the more spiritual species have inclined to the former, and those whose genius hath partaken more of the chief properties of matter, such as solidity, thickness, &c., have embraced the latter.

But, whether Nothing was the *artifex* or *materies* only, it is plain in either case it will have a right to claim to itself the origination of all things.

And farther, the great antiquity of Nothing is apparent from its being so visible in the accounts we have of the beginning of every nation. This is very plainly to be discovered in the first pages, and sometimes books, of all general historians; and, indeed, the study of this important subject fills up the whole life of an antiquary, it being always at the bottom of his inquiry, and is commonly at last discovered by him with infinite labour and pains.

SECTION II.

Of the nature of Nothing.

ANOTHER falsehood which we must detect in the pursuit of this essay is an assertion "That no one can have an idea of Nothing:" but men who thus confidently deny us this idea either grossly deceive themselves, or would impose a downright cheat on the world; for, so far from having none, I believe there are few who have not many ideas of it; though perhaps they may mistake them for the idea of Something.

For instance, is there any one who hath not an idea of immaterial substance? Now what is immaterial substance more than Nothing? But here we are artfully deceived by the use of words: for, were we to ask another what idea he had of immaterial matter or unsubstantial substance, the absurdity of affirming it to be Something would shock him, and he would immediately reply it was Nothing.

Some persons perhaps will say, "Then we have no idea of it;" but, as I can support the contrary by such undoubted authority, I shall, instead of trying to confute such idle opinions proceed to show, first, what Nothing is; secondly, I shall disclose the various kinds of Nothing; and, lastly, shall prove its great dignity, and that it is the end of everything.

As it is extremely hard to define Nothing in positive terms, I shall therefore do it in negative. Nothing then is not Something. And here I must object to a third error concerning it, which is, that it is in no place; which is an indirect way of depriving it of its existence; whereas indeed it possesses the greatest and noblest place on this earth, viz. the human brain. But indeed this mistake hath been sufficiently refuted by many very wise men; who, having spent their whole lives in the contemplation and pursuit of Nothing, have at last gravely concluded—that *there is Nothing in this world*.

Farther, as Nothing is not Something, so everything which is not Something is Nothing; and wherever Something is not Nothing is: a very large allowance in its favour, as must appear to persons well skilled in human affairs.

For instance, when a bladder is full of wind, it is full of something; but when that is let out we aptly say there is nothing in it.

The same may be as justly asserted of a man as of a bladder. However well he may be bedaubed with lace or with title, yet, if have not something in him, we may predicate the same of him as of an empty bladder.

But if we cannot reach an adequate knowledge of the true essence of Nothing, no more than we can of matter, let us, in imitation of the experimental philosophers, examine some of its properties or accidents.

And here we shall see the infinite advantages which Nothing hath over Something; for, while the

* The author would not be here understood to speak against the doctrine of immateriality, to which he is a hearty well-wisher; but to point at the stupidity of those who, instead of immaterial *essence*, which would convey a rational meaning, have substituted immaterial *substance*, which is a contradiction in terms.

latter is confined to one sense, or two perhaps at the most, Nothing is the object of them all.

For, first, Nothing may be seen, as is plain from the relation of persons who have recovered from high fevers, and perhaps may be suspected from some at least of those who have seen apparitions, both on earth and in the clouds. Nay, I have often heard it confessed by men, when asked what they saw at such a place and time, that they saw Nothing. Admitting then that there are two sights, viz. a first and second sight, according to the firm belief of some, Nothing must be allowed to have a very large share of the first, and as to the second, it hath it all entirely to itself.

Secondly, Nothing may be heard, of which the same proofs may be given as of the foregoing. The Argive mentioned by Horace is a strong instance of this:—

— Fuit haud ignobilis Argis
Qui se credebat miros acedire Tragædos
In vacuo lætos sessor, Plausorque Theatro.

That Nothing may be tasted and smelt is not only known to persons of delicate palates and nostrils. How commonly do we hear that such a thing smells or tastes of nothing! The latter I have heard asserted of a dish compounded of five or six savoury ingredients. And as to the former, I remember an elderly gentlewoman who had a great antipathy to the smell of apples, who, upon discovering that an idle boy had fastened some mellow apple to her tail, contracted a habit of smelling them whenever that boy came within her sight, though there were then none within a mile of her.

Lastly, feeling: and sure, if any sense seems more particularly the object of matter only, which must be allowed to be Something, this doth. Nay, I have heard it asserted, and with a colour of truth, of several persons, that they can feel nothing but a cudgel. Notwithstanding which, some have felt the motions of the spirit, and others have felt very bitterly the misfortunes of their friends, without endeavouring to relieve them. Now these seem two plain instances that Nothing is an object of this sense. Nay, I have heard a surgeon declare, while he was cutting off a patient's leg, that *he was sure he felt Nothing*.

Nothing is as well the object of our passions as our senses. Thus there are many who love Nothing, some who hate Nothing, and some who fear Nothing, &c.

We have already mentioned three of the properties of a noun to belong to Nothing; we shall find the fourth likewise to be as justly claimed by it, and that Nothing is as often the object of the understanding as of the senses.

Indeed some have imagined that knowledge, with the adjective *human* placed before it, is another word for Nothing. And one of the wisest men in the world declared he knew Nothing.

But, without carrying it so far, this I believe may be allowed, that it is at least possible for a man to know Nothing. And whoever hath read over many works of our ingenious moderns, with proper attention and emolument, will, I believe, confess that, if he understands them right, he understands Nothing.

This is a secret not known to all readers, and want of this knowledge hath occasioned much puzzling; for where a book or chapter or paragraph hath seemed to the reader to contain Nothing, his modesty hath sometimes persuaded him that the true meaning of the author hath escaped him, instead of concluding, as in reality the fact was, that the author in the said book, &c., did truly and *bonâ fide* mean Nothing. I remember once, at the table of a per-

son of great eminence, and one no less distinguished by superiority of wit than fortune, when a very dark passage was read out of a poet famous for being so sublime that he is often out of the sight of his reader, some persons present declared they did not understand the meaning. The gentleman himself, casting his eye over the performance, testified a surprise at the dulness of his company, seeing Nothing could, he said, possibly be plainer than the meaning of the passage which they stuck at. This set all of us to puzzling again, but with like success; we frankly owned we could not find it out, and desired he would explain it. "Explain it!" said the gentleman, why, "he means Nothing."

In fact, this mistake arises from a too vulgar error among persons unacquainted with the mystery of writing, who imagine it impossible that a man should sit down to write without any meaning at all! whereas, in reality, nothing is more common: for, not to instance in myself, who have confessedly set down to write this essay with Nothing in my head, or, which is much the same thing, to write about Nothing, it may be incontestably proved, *ab effectu*, that Nothing is commoner among the moderns. The inimitable author of a preface to the Posthumous Eclogues of a late ingenious young gentleman says, "There are men who sit down to write what they think, and others to think what they shall write. But indeed there is a third and much more numerous sort, who never think either before they sit down or afterwards, and who, when they produce on paper what was before in their heads, are sure to produce Nothing."

Thus we have endeavoured to demonstrate the nature of Nothing, by showing first, definitively, *what it is not*; and, secondly, by describing *what it is*. The next thing therefore proposed is to show its various kinds.

Now some imagine these several kinds differ in name only. But, without endeavouring to confute so absurd an opinion, especially as these different kinds of Nothing occur frequently in the best authors, I shall content myself with setting them down, and leave it to the determination of the distinguished reader, whether it is probable, or indeed possible, that they should all convey one and the same meaning.

These are, Nothing *per se* Nothing; Nothing at all; Nothing in the least; Nothing in nature; Nothing in the world; Nothing in the whole world; Nothing in the whole universal world. And perhaps many others of which we say—Nothing.

SECTION III.

Of the dignity of Nothing; and an endeavour to prove that it is the end as well as beginning of all things.

NOTHING contains so much dignity as Nothing. Ask an infamous worthless nobleman (if any such be) in what his dignity consists? It may not be perhaps consistent with his dignity to give you an answer: but suppose he should be willing to condescend so far, what could he in effect say? Should he say he had it from his ancestors, I apprehend a lawyer would oblige him to prove that the virtues to which this dignity was annexed descended to him. If he claims it as inherent in the title, might he not be told that a title originally implied dignity, as it implied the presence of those virtues to which dignity is inseparably annexed; but that no implication will fly in the face of downright positive proof to the contrary. In short, to examine no farther, since his endeavour to derive it from any other fountain would be equally impotent, his dignity arises from Nothing, and in reality is Nothing. Yet, that this dignity really exists, that it glares in the eyes

of men, and produces much good to the person who wears it, is, I believe, incontestable.

Perhaps this may appear in the following syllogism.

The respect paid to men on account of their titles is paid at least to the supposal of their superior virtues and abilities, or it is paid to Nothing.

But when a man is a notorious knave or fool it is impossible there should be any such supposal.

The conclusion is apparent.

Now, that no man is ashamed of either paying or receiving this respect I wonder not, since the great importance of Nothing seems I think to be pretty apparent: but that they should deny the Deity worshipped, and endeavour to represent Nothing as Something, is more worthy reprehension. This is a fallacy extremely common. I have seen a fellow, whom all the world knew to have Nothing in him, not only pretend to Something himself, but supported in that pretension by others who have been less liable to be deceived. Now, whence can this proceed but from their being ashamed of Nothing? A modesty very peculiar to this age.

But, notwithstanding all such disguises and deceit, a man must have very little discernment who can live long in courts or populous cities without being convinced of the great dignity of Nothing; and though he should, through corruption or necessity, comply with the vulgar worship and adulation, he will know to what it is paid; namely, to Nothing.

The most astonishing instance of this respect, so frequently paid to Nothing, is when it is paid (if I may so express myself) to something less than Nothing; when the person who receives it is not only void of the quality for which he is respected, but is in reality notoriously guilty of the vices directly opposite to the virtues whose applause he receives. This is, indeed, the highest degree of Nothing, or (if I may be allowed the word), the Nothingest of all Nothings.

Here it is to be known that respect may be aimed at Something and really light on Nothing. For instance, when mistaking certain things called gravity, canting, blustering, ostentation, pomp, and such like, for wisdom, piety, magnanimity, charity, true greatness, &c., we give to the former the honour and reverence due to the latter. Not that I would be understood so far to discredit my subject as to insinuate that gravity, canting, &c., are really Nothing; on the contrary, there is much more reason to suspect (if we judge from the practice of the world) that wisdom, piety, and other virtues, have a good title to that name. But we do not, in fact, pay our respect to the former but to the latter: in other words, we pay it to that which is not, and consequently pay it to Nothing.

So far then for the dignity of the subject on which I am treating. I am not to show that Nothing is the end as well as beginning of all things.

That everything is resolvable, and will be resolved into its first principles, will be, I believe, readily acknowledged by all philosophers. As, therefore, we have sufficiently proved the world came from Nothing, it follows that it will likewise end in the same: but, as I am writing to a nation of Christians, I have no need to be prolix on this head; since every one of my readers, by his faith, acknowledges that the world is to have an end, *i. e.* is to come to Nothing.

And, as Nothing is the end of the world, so is it of everything in the world. Ambition, the greatest, highest, noblest, finest, most heroic and godlike of all passions, what doth it end in?—Nothing. What

did Alexander, Cæsar, and all the rest of that heroic band who have plundered and massacred so many millions, obtain by all their care, labour, pain, fatigue, and danger?—Could they speak for themselves must they not own that the end of all their pursuit was Nothing? Nor is this the end of private ambition only. What is become of that proud mistress of the world—the *Caput triumphati orbis*—that Rome of which her own flatterers so liberally prophesied the immortality? In what hath all her glory ended? Surely in Nothing.

Again, what is the end of avarice? Not power, or pleasure, as some think; for the miser will part with a shilling for neither: not ease or happiness; for the more he attains of what he desires, the more uneasy and miserable he is. If every good in this world was put to him, he could not say he pursued one. Shall we say then he pursues misery only? That surely would be contradictory to the first principles of human nature. May we not therefore, nay, must we not confess, that he aims at Nothing? especially if he be himself unable to tell us what is the end of all this bustle and hurry, this watching and toiling, this self-denial and self-constraint?

It will not, I apprehend, be sufficient for him to plead that his design is to amass a large fortune, which he never can nor will use himself, nor would willingly quit to any other person: unless he can show us some substantial good which this fortune is to produce, we shall certainly be justified in concluding that his end is the same with that of ambition.

The great Mr. Hobbes so plainly saw this, that, as he was an enemy to that notable immaterial substance which we have here handled, and therefore unwilling to allow it the large province we have contended for, he advanced a very strange doctrine, and asserted truly,—That in all these grand pursuits

the means themselves were the end proposed, viz. to ambition—plotting, fighting, danger, difficulty, and such like: to avarice—cheating, starving, watching, and the numberless painful arts by which this passion proceeds.

However easy it may be to demonstrate the absurdity of this opinion, it will be needless to my purpose, since, if we are driven to confess that the means are the only end attained, I think we must likewise confess that the end proposed is absolutely Nothing.

As I have shown the end of our two greatest and noblest pursuits, one or other of which engages almost every individual of the busy part of mankind, I shall not tire the reader with carrying him through all the rest, since I believe the same conclusion may be easily drawn from them all.

I shall therefore finish this Essay with an inference, which aptly enough suggests itself from what hath been said: seeing that such is its dignity and importance, and that it is really the end of all those things which are supported with so much pomp and solemnity, and looked on with such respect and esteem, surely it becomes a wise man to regard Nothing with the utmost awe and adoration; to pursue it with all his parts and pains; and to sacrifice to it his ease, his innocence, and his present happiness. To which noble pursuit we have this great incitement, that we may assure ourselves of never being cheated or deceived in the end proposed. The virtuous, wise, and learned may then be unconcerned at all the changes of ministries and of government; since they may be well satisfied that, while ministers of state are rogues themselves, and have inferior knavish tools to bribe and reward, true virtue, wisdom, learning, wit, and integrity, will most certainly bring their possessors—Nothing.

A CHARGE DELIVERED TO THE GRAND JURY

AT THE

SESSIONS OF THE PEACE HELD FOR THE CITY AND LIBERTY OF WESTMINSTER, &c.,

ON THURSDAY THE 29th OF JUNE, 1719.

Gentlemen of the Grand Jury,

THERE is no part in all the excellent frame of our constitution which an Englishman can, I think, contemplate with such delight and admiration—nothing which must fill him with such gratitude to our earliest ancestors—as that branch of British liberty from which, gentlemen, you derive your authority of assembling here on this day.

The institution of juries, gentlemen, is a privilege which distinguishes the liberty of Englishmen from that of all other nations; for, as we find no traces of this in the antiquities of the Jews, or Greeks, or Romans, so it is an advantage which is at present solely confined to this country; not so much, I apprehend, from the reasons assigned by Fortescue, in his book *de Laudibus*, cap. 29, namely, “because there are more husbandmen and fewer freeholders in other countries,” as because other countries have less of freedom than this; and, being for the most part subjected to the absolute wills of their governors, hold their lives, liberties, and properties, at the discretion of those governors, and not under the protection of certain laws. In such countries it would be absurd to look for any share of power in the hands of the people.

And, if juries in general be so very signal a blessing to this nation, as Fortescue, in the book I have

just cited, thinks it—“A method,” says he, “much more available and effectual for the trial of truth than is the form of any other laws of the world, as it is farther from the danger of corruption and subornation;”—what, gentlemen, shall we say of the institution of grand juries, by which an Englishman, so far from being convicted, cannot be even tried, nor even put on his trial in any capital case, at the suit of the crown, unless, perhaps, in one or two very special instances, till twelve men at the least have said on their oaths that there is a probable cause for his accusation? Surely we may, in a kind of rapture, cry out with Fortescue, speaking of the second jury, “Who then can unjustly die in England for any criminal offence, seeing he may have so many helps for the favour of his life, and that none may condemn him but his neighbours, good and lawful men, against whom he hath no manner of exception?”

To trace the original of this great and singular privilege, or to say when and how it began, is not an easy task; so obscure indeed are the footsteps of it through the first ages of our history, that my lord Hale, and even my lord Coke, seem to have declined it. Nay, this latter, in his account of his second or petty jury, is very succinct; and contents himself with saying, *Co. Lit.* 155. b., that it is very ancient, and before the Conquest.

A CHARGE TO THE GRAND JURY, &c.

Spelman, in his *Life of Alfred*, lib. ii. page 71, will have that prince to have been the first founder of juries, but in truth they are much older, and very probably had some existence even among the Britons. The Normans likewise had anciently the benefit of juries, as appears in the *Customier de Normandie*; and something like grand juries too we find in that book under the title *Suit de Murdyr*.

Bracton, who wrote in the reign of Henry III., in his book *de Corona*, cap. 1, gives a plain account of this matter; and by him it appears that the grand juries before the justices in eyre differed very little at that time from what they now are before justices assigned to keep the peace, oyer and terminer, and gaol-delivery, unless in the manner of choosing them, and unless in one other respect; there being then a grand jury sworn for every hundred, whereas, at present, one serves for the whole county, liberty, &c.

But before this time our ancestors were sensible of the great importance of this privilege, and extremely jealous of it, as appears by the twenty-ninth chapter of the great charter, granted by king John, and confirmed by Henry III. For thus my lord Coke, 2 *Inst.* 46, expounds that chapter:—*Nullus liber homo capiatur*, &c. “No man shall be taken, that is,” says he, “restrained of liberty, by petition or suggestion to the king and his council, unless it be by indictment or presentment of good and lawful men, where such deeds be done.”

And so just a value have our ancestors always set on this great branch of our liberties, and so jealous have they been of any attempt to diminish it, that when a commission to punish rioters in a summary way was awarded, in the second year of Richard II., “it was,” says Mr. Lambard in his *Eirenarcha*, fol. 305, “even in the self-same year of the same king, resumed, as a thing over hard,” says that writer, “to be borne, that a freeman should be imprisoned without an indictment, or other trial, by his peers, as *Magna Charta* speaketh; until that the experience of greater evils had prepared and made the stomach of the commonwealth able and fit to digest it.”

And a hard morsel surely it must have been, when the commonwealth could not digest it in that turbulent reign, which, of all others in our history, seems to have afforded the most proper ingredients to make it palatable; in a reign, moreover, when the commonwealth seemed to have been capable of swallowing and digesting almost anything; when judges were so prostituted as to acknowledge the king to be above the law; and when a parliament, which even Echard censures, and for which Mr. Rapin, with a juster indignation, tells us he knows no name odious enough, made no scruple to sacrifice to the passions of the king and his ministers the lives of the most distinguished lords of the kingdom, as well as the liberties and privileges of the people. Even in that reign, gentlemen, our ancestors could not, as Mr. Lambard remarks, be brought by any necessity of the times to give up, in any single instance, this their invaluable privilege.

Another considerable attempt to deprive the subject of the benefit of grand juries was made in the eleventh year of Henry VII. The pretence of this act of parliament was the wilful concealment of grand jurors in their inquests; and by it “power was given to the justices of assize in their sessions, and to the justices of peace in every county, upon information for the king, to hear and determine all offences and contempts (saving treason, murder, or felony) by any person against the effect of any statute.”

My lord Coke, in his 4th *Institute*, fol. 40, sets forth this act at large, not as a law which in his time had any force, but *in terrorem*; and, as he himself

says, that the like should never be attempted in any future parliament.

“This act,” says lord Coke, “had a fair flattering preamble, but in the execution tended diametrically contrary; viz. to the high displeasure of Almighty God, and to the great let, nay, the utter subversion, of the common law; namely, by depriving the subject of that great privilege of being indicted and tried by a jury of their countrymen.”

By pretext of this law, says the great writer I have just cited, Empson and Dudley did commit upon the subject insufferable pressures and oppressions. And we read in history that, soon after the act took place, sir William Capel, alderman of London, who was made the first object of its tyranny, was fined two thousand seven hundred pounds, sixteen hundred of which he actually paid to the king, by way of composition. A vast sum, in those days, to be imposed for a crime so minute that scarce any notice is taken of it in history.

Our ancestors, however, bore not long this invasion on their liberties; for in the very first year of king Henry VIII. this flagitious act was repealed, and the advisers of all the extortions committed by it were deservedly sacrificed to the public resentment.

Gentlemen, I shall mention but two more attacks on this most valuable of all our liberties; the first of which was indeed the greatest of all—I mean that cursed court of star-chamber, which was erected under the same king.

I shall not before you, gentlemen, enter into a contest with my lord Coke whether this court had a much older existence, or whether it first began under the statute of 3 Henry VII. For my part, I clearly think the latter.

I. Because the statute which erects it mentions no such court as then existing, and most manifestly speaks the language of creation, not of confirmation.

II. Because it was expressly so understood by the judges within five years after the statute was made, as appears by the year-book of 8 Henry VII. *Pasch.* fol. 13, *Plac.* 7.

Lastly, because all our historians and law-writers before that time are silent concerning any such court; for as to the records and acts of parliament cited by my lord Coke, they are most evidently to be applied only to the king and council, to whom, in old time, complaints were, in very extraordinary cases, preferred.

This old court, my lord Coke himself confesses, sat very rarely; so rarely indeed, that there are no traces left of its proceedings, at least of any such as were afterwards had under the authority of the statute. Had this court had an original existence in the constitution, I do not see why the great lawyer is so severe against the beforementioned act of the eleventh of Henry VII. or how he can, with any propriety, call the liberty of being accused and tried only by juries the birthright of an English subject.

The other instance was that of the high commission court, instituted by parliament in the first year of queen Elizabeth.

This act likewise pretends to refer to an authority in being. The title of it is, “An act restoring to the crown the ancient jurisdiction,” &c. By which, saith lord Coke, 4 *Inst.* 325, the nature of the act doth appear, viz. that it is an act of restitution.

And hence the court of common pleas, in the reign of James I., well argued that, the act being meant to restore to the crown the ancient ecclesiastical jurisdiction, the commissioners could derive no other power from it than before belonged to that ecclesiastical jurisdiction.

But, however necessary, as my lord Coke says, 4 Inst. 326, this act might have been at its first creation, or however the intention of the legislature might have been to restrain it, either as to time or persons, certain it is, that the commissioners extended its jurisdiction in many cases to the great grievance of the subject, and to the depriving them of that privilege which I have just mentioned to be the birthright of an Englishman.

The uses made of these courts, and particularly under that unhappy prince Charles I., need not be mentioned. They are but too well known. Let it suffice, that the spirit of our ancestors at last prevailed over these invasions of their liberties, and these courts were for ever abolished.

And, gentlemen, if we have just reason to admire the great bravery and steadiness of those our ancestors, in defeating all the attempts of tyranny against this excellent branch of our constitution, we shall have no less reason, I apprehend, to extol that great wisdom which they have from time to time demonstrated in well ordering and regulating their juries, so as to preserve them as clear as possible from all danger of corruption. In this light, gentlemen, we ought to consider the several laws by which the morals, the character, the substance, and good demeanor of jurors are regulated. These jurors, gentlemen, must be good and lawful men, of reputation and substance in their country, chosen at the nomination of neither party, absolutely disinterested and indifferent in the cause which they are to try. Upon the whole, the excellence of our constitution, and the great wisdom of our laws, which Fortescue, my lord Coke, and many other great writers, have so highly extolled, is in no one instance so truly admirable as in this institution of our juries.

I hope, gentlemen, I shall not be thought impertinent in having taken up so much of your time to show you the great dignity and importance of that office which you are now assembled here to execute; the duties of which it is incumbent on me concisely to open to you; and this I shall endeavour in the best manner I am able.

The duty, gentlemen, of a grand juror, is to inquire of all crimes and misdemeanors whatsoever which have been committed in the county or liberty for which he serves as a grand juror, and which are anywise cognisable by the court in which he is sworn to inquire.

And this inquiry is in a twofold manner, by way of indictment and by way of presentment.

Which two words Mr. Lambard, fol. 461, thus explains:—

“A presentment,” says he, “I take to be a mere determination of the jurors themselves; and an indictment is the verdict of the jurors, grounded upon the accusation of a third person; so that a presentment is but a declaration of the jurors, without any bill offered before; and an indictment is their finding a bill of accusation to be true.”

The usual method of charge hath been to run over the several articles, or heads of crimes, which might possibly become subject to the inquiry of the grand jury.

This we find in Bracton, who writ so long ago as the reign of Henry III., was the practice of the justices in eyre, l. iii. c. 1. And my lord Coke says, 4 Inst. 183, that the charge to be given at the sessions of the peace consisteth of two parts—laws ecclesiastical for the peace of the church, and laws civil and temporal for the peace of the land. And Mr. Lambard, in his *Eirenarcha*, gives the whole form of the charge at length, in which he recapitulates every article which was at that time inquirable in the sessions.

But, gentlemen, I think I may be excused at present from taking up so much of your time; for though we are assembled to exercise the jurisdiction of a very ancient and honourable liberty, yet, as there is another sessions of justices within that county of which this liberty is a part, before whom indictments for all crimes of the deeper die are usually preferred, it seems rather to savour of ostentation than utility to run over those articles which in great probability will not come before you.

And, indeed, a perfect knowledge of the law in these matters is not necessary to a grand juror; for in all cases of indictments, whether for a greater or lesser, a public or private crime, the business of a grand jury is only to attend to the evidence for the king; and if on that evidence there shall appear a probable cause for the accusation, they are to find the bill true, without listening to any circumstances of defence, or to any matter of law.

And therefore, my lord Hale, vol. ii. fol. 158, puts this case: “If A. be killed by B., so that the person of the slayer and slain be certain, and a bill of murder be presented to the grand jury, regularly they ought to find the bill for murder, and not for manslaughter, or *se defendendo*; because otherwise offences may be smothered without due trial; and when the party comes on his trial the whole fact will be examined before the court and the petty jury; for if a man kills B. in his own defence, or *per infortunium*, or possibly in executing the process of law upon an assault made upon him, or in his own defence on the highway, or in defence of his house against those that come to rob him (in which three last cases it is neither felony nor forfeiture, but, upon not guilty pleaded, he ought to be acquitted); yet, if the grand inquest find an *ignoramus* upon the bill, or find the special matter, whereby the prisoner is dismissed and discharged, he may nevertheless be indicted for murder seven years after;” whereas, if upon a proper finding he had been acquitted, he could never afterwards be again arraigned without having the plea of *autrefois acquit*.

This doctrine of the learned chief justice you will apply to whatever case may come before you; for wherever you shall find probable cause, upon the oaths of the king’s witnesses, you will not discharge your office without finding the bill to be true, showing no regard to the nature of the crime or the degree of the guilt; which are matters proper for the cognisance and determination of the court only.

I must not, however, omit, on the authority of the last-mentioned judge, H. P. C. ii. 157, “that if, upon the hearing the king’s evidence, or upon your own knowledge of the incredibility of the witnesses, you shall be dissatisfied, you may then return the bill *ignoramus*.”

It is true my lord Hale confines this to indictments for capital offences; but I see no reason why it may not be extended to any indictment whatever.

One caution more occurs on this head of indictment; and it is the duty of secrecy. To have revealed the king’s counsel disclosed to the grand jurors was formerly taken to be felony; nay, justice Shard, in the 27th year of the book of assizes, Placit. 63, doubted whether it was not treason; and though at this day the law be not so severe, yet is this still a very great misdemeanor, and finable as such, and is moreover a manifest breach of your oath.

I come now, gentlemen, to the second branch of your duty, namely, that of presenting all offences which shall come to your knowledge.

And this is much more painful and of greater difficulty than the former; for here you are obliged,

without any direct accusation, to inform yourselves as well as is possible of the truth of the fact, and in some measure likewise to be conusant of those laws which subject offences to your presentment.

Upon this head, therefore, I shall beg leave to remind you of those articles which seem to be most worthy of your inquiry at this time; for indeed it would be useless and tedious to enumerate the whole catalogue of misdemeanors that are to be found in our statutes; many of which, though still in force, are, by the changes of times and fashions, become antiquated, and of little use. *Cessante ratione legis, cessat et ipsa lex*; and there are some accidental and temporary evils which at particular seasons have, like an epidemic distemper, affected society, but have afterwards disappeared, or at least made very faint efforts to corrupt the public morals. The laws made to suppress such, though very wholesome and necessary at the time of their creation, become obsolete with the evil which occasioned them, and which they were intended to cure. But, gentlemen, there are evils of a more durable kind, which rather resemble chronical than epidemic diseases; and which have so inveterated themselves in the blood of the body politic, that they are perhaps never to be totally eradicated. These it will be always the duty of the magistrate to palliate and keep down as much as possible. And these, gentlemen, are the misdemeanors of which you are to present as many as come to your knowledge.

And first, gentlemen, I will remind you of presenting all offences committed immediately against the Divine Being; for, though all crimes do include in them some degree of sin, and may therefore be considered as offences against the Almighty, yet there are some more directly levelled at his honour, and which the temporal laws do punish as such.

And 1. All blasphemous expressions against any one of the Sacred Persons in the Trinity are severely punishable by the common law; for, as my lord Hale says, in Taylor's case, 1 Vent. 293. 3 Keb. 607. 621. S.C., "Such kind of wicked blasphemous words are not only an offence against God and religion, but a crime against the laws, state, and government;" and in that case the defendant for blasphemy, too horrible indeed to be repeated, was sentenced to stand three times in the pillory, to pay a great fine, and to find security for his good behaviour during life.

In like manner, all scandalous and contemptuous words spoken against our holy religion are by the wisdom of the common law made liable to an indictment; for "christianity" (says that excellent chief-justice, in the case I have just cited) "is parcel of the laws of England; therefore to reproach the christian religion is to speak in subversion of the law." And to the same purpose is Atwood's case, in Cro. Jac. 421, where one was indicted before the justices of peace for saying that the religion now professed was a new religion within fifty years, &c. For as to the doubt concerning the high commissioners started in that case, and then, as it appears, overruled, that is now vanished.

Nor are our statutes silent concerning this dreadful offence; particularly by 1 Eliz. c. 2. sect. 9, a severe punishment is enacted for any person who shall, in any interludes, plays, songs, rhymes, or by other open words, declare or speak anything in derogation, depraving or despising the Book of Common Prayer, &c.

Mr. Lambard, I find, mentions this act in his charge, though the execution of it be in the counties confined to the justices of oyer and terminer, and of assize; but the 22d sect. of the statute seems to

give a clear jurisdiction to this court at two of our quarter-sessions.

The last offence of this kind which the wicked tongue of man can commit is by profane cursing and swearing. This is a sin expressly against the law delivered by God himself to the Jews, and which is as expressly prohibited by our blessed Saviour in his sermon on the mount.

Many statutes have been made against this offence; and by the last of these, which was enacted in the nineteenth year of the present king, every day-labourer, common soldier, common sailor, and common seaman, forfeits one shilling; every other person under the degree of a gentleman, two shillings; and every person of or above that degree, five shillings.

And in case any person shall, after such conviction, offend again, he forfeits double; and for every offence after a second conviction, treble.

Though the execution of this act be intrusted to one single magistrate, and no jurisdiction, unless by appeal, given to the sessions; yet I could not forbear mentioning it here, when I am speaking in the presence of many peace-officers, who are to forfeit forty shillings for neglecting to put the act in execution. And I mention it the rather to inform them that, whenever the offender is unknown to any constable, petty constable, tithingman, or other peace-officer, such constable, &c., is empowered by the act, without any warrant, to seize and detain any such person, and forthwith to carry him before the next magistrate.

And if these officers would faithfully discharge the duty thus enjoined them, and which religion as well as the law requires of them, our streets would soon cease to resound with this detestable crime, so injurious to the honour of God, so directly repugnant to his positive commands, so highly offensive to the ears of all good men, and so very scandalous to the nation in the ears of foreigners.

Having despatched those misdemeanors (the principal ones at least) which are immediately committed against God, I come now to speak of those which are committed against the person of the king, which person the law wisely holds to be sacred.

Besides those heinous offences against this sacred person which are punished *ultimo supplicio*, there are many articles, some of which involve the criminal in the guilt of *præmunire*, and others are considered in law as misprisions or contempts. The former of these is by Mr. Serjeant Hawkins, in his Pleas of the Crown, divided into two general heads, viz.—

Into offences against the crown;

And offences against the authority of the king and parliament.

Under the former head he enumerates nine several articles; but as these chiefly relate to such invasions of the royal prerogative as were either made in popish ages in favour of the bishops of Rome, or in those times which bordered on the reformation in favour of the church of Rome, and are not practised, at least not openly practised, in these days, I shall have no need to repeat them here.

Under the latter head he mentions only one, which was enacted in the reign of queen Anne, 6 Ann. c. 7: "If any person shall maliciously and directly, by preaching, teaching, or advised speaking, declare, maintain, and affirm, that the pretended prince of Wales hath any right or title to the crown of these realms; or that any other person or persons hath or have any right or title to the same, otherwise than according to the acts of settlement; or that the kings or queens of this realm, with the authority of parliament, are not able to make laws to limit the

crown and the descent, &c., thereof, shall incur a præmunire."

A most wholesome and necessary law. And yet so mild hath been our government, that I remember no one instance of putting it in execution.

Misprisions or contempts are against the king's prerogative, against his title, or against his sacred person or government.

Under these heads will fall any act of public and avowed disobedience; any denying his most just and lawful title to the crown; any overt act which directly tends to encourage or promote rebellion or sedition; all false rumours against his majesty or his councils; all contemptuous language concerning his sacred person, by cursing, reviling him, &c., or by uttering anything which manifests an intention of lessening that esteem, awe, and reverence, which subjects ought to bear to the best of princes.

These are offences, gentlemen, which I must earnestly recommend to your inquiry. This, gentlemen, is your duty as grand jurors; and it must be a most pleasing task to you as you are Englishmen; for, in proportion as you love and esteem your liberties, you will be fired with love and reverence toward a prince under whose administration you enjoy them in the fullest and amplest manner.

Believe me, gentlemen, notwithstanding all which the malice of the disappointed, the madness of republicans, or the folly of jacobites, may insinuate—there is but one method to maintain the liberties of this country; and that is, to maintain the crown on the heads of that family which now happily enjoys it.

If ever subjects had reason to admire the justice of that sentiment of the poet Claudian, "That liberty never flourishes so happily as under a good king," we have reason at present for that admiration.

I am afraid, gentlemen, this word liberty, though so much talked of, is but little understood. What other idea can we have of liberty than that it is the enjoyment of our lives, our persons, and our properties in security; to be free masters of ourselves and our possessions, as far as the known laws of our country will admit; to be liable to no punishment, no confinement, no loss, but what those laws subject us to? Is there any man ignorant enough to deny that this is the description of a free people? or base enough to accuse me of panegyric when I say this is our present happy condition?

But if the blessing of liberty, like that of health, be not to be perceived by those who enjoy it, or at least must be illustrated by its opposite, let us compare our own condition with that of other countries; of those whose polity some among us pretend so much to admire, and whose government they seem so ardently to affect. *Lettres de cachet*, bastilles, and inquisitions may, perhaps, give us a livelier sense of a just and mild administration than any of the blessings we enjoy under it.

Again, gentlemen, let us compare the present times with the past. And here I need not resort back to those distant ages when our unhappy forefathers petitioned their conqueror "that he would not make them so miserable, nor be so severe to them, as to judge them by a law they understood not." These are the very words, as we find them preserved in Daniel; in return to which, the historian informs us, nothing was obtained but fair promises. I shall not dwell here on the tyranny of his immediate successor, of whom the same historian records, that, "seeking to establish absolute power by force, he made both himself and his people miserable."

I need not, gentlemen, here remind you of the oppressions under which our ancestors have groaned in many other reigns, to shake off which the sword

of civil war was first drawn in the reign of king John, which was not entirely sheathed during many successive generations.

I might, perhaps, have a fairer title to your patience in laying open the tyrannical proceedings of latter times, while the crown was possessed by four successive princes of the house of Stuart. But this, gentlemen, would be to trespass on your patience indeed; for to mention all their acts of absolute power, all their attempts to subvert the liberties of this nation, would be to relate to you the history of their reigns.

In a word, gentlemen, all the struggles which our ancestors have so bravely maintained with ambitious princes, and particularly with the last-mentioned family, was to maintain and preserve to themselves and their posterity that very liberty which we now enjoy under a prince to whom I may truly apply what the philosopher long ago said of virtue,—*That all who truly know him must love him.*

The third general head of misdemeanors, gentlemen, is of those which are committed against the subject; and these may be divided into two branches:

Into such as are committed against individuals only; and into such as affect the public in general.

The former of these will probably come before you by way of indictment; for men are apt enough to revenge their own quarrels; but offences in *commune nocumentum* do not so certainly find an avenger; and thus those crimes, which it is the duty of every man to punish, do often escape with impunity.

Of these, gentlemen, it may be therefore proper to awaken your inquiry, and particularly of such as do in a more especial manner infest the public at this time.

The first of this kind is the offence of profligate lewdness; a crime of a very pernicious nature to society, as it tends to corrupt the morals of our youth, and is expressly prohibited by the law of God, under the denunciation of the severest judgment, in the New Testament. Nay, we read in the 25th chapter of Numbers the exceeding wrath of God against the children of Israel for their fornication with the daughters of Moab. Nor did the plague which on that occasion was sent among them, and which destroyed four-and-twenty thousand, cease, till Phineas, the son of Eleazer, and grandson of Aaron, had slain the Israelite, together with his harlot.

And this, gentlemen, though a spiritual offence, and of a very high nature too, as appears from what I have mentioned, is likewise a temporal crime, and, as Mr. Lambard (122) says, against the peace.

My lord Coke, in his third Institute, 206, tells us that in ancient times adultery and fornication were punished by fine and imprisonment, and were inquirable in turns and leets. And in the year-book of Hen. VII., 1 H. vii. fol. 6. plac. 3, we find the custom of London pleaded for a constable to seize a woman taken in the act of adultery, and to carry her to prison.

And though later times have given up this matter in general to ecclesiastical jurisdiction, yet there are two species which remain at this day cognisable by the common law.

The first is, any open act of lewdness and indecency in public, to the scandal of good manners.

And therefore, in Michaelmas term, 15 Car. II. B. R., sir Charles Sidley was indicted for having exposed himself naked in a balcony in Covent-garden to a great multitude of people, with many indecent words and actions; and this was laid to be contrary to the king's peace, and to the great scan-

dal of christianity. He confessed the indictment; and Siderfin, 1 Sid. 168, who reports the case, tells us that the court, in consideration of his embarrassed fortune, fined him only two thousand marks, with a short imprisonment, and to be bound three years to his good behaviour. An infamous punishment for a gentleman, but far less infamous than the offence. If any facts of this nature shall come to your knowledge, you will, I make no doubt, present them, without any respect to persons. Sex or quality may render the crime more atrocious, and the example more pernicious; but can give no sanction to such infamous offences, nor will, I hope, ever give impunity.

The second species which falls under this head is the crime of keeping a brothel or bawdy-house. This is a kind of common nuisance, and is punishable by the common law.

It is true that certain houses of this kind, under the name of public stews, have been sometimes tolerated in christian countries, to the great scandal of our religion, and in direct contradiction to its positive precepts; but in the thirty-seventh year of Henry VIII. they were all suppressed by proclamation. And those infamous women who inhabited them were not, says lord Coke, either buried in christian burial when they were dead, nor permitted to receive the rites of the church while they lived.

And, gentlemen, notwithstanding the favour which the law in many cases extends to married women, yet in this case the wife is equally indictable, and may be found guilty with her husband.

Nor is it necessary that the person be master or mistress of the whole house; for if he or she have only a single room, and will therewith accommodate lewd people to perpetrate acts of uncleanness, they may be indicted for keeping a bawdy-house. And this was the resolution of the whole court, in the Queen and Peirson. Salk. 332.

Nor is the guilt confined to those who keep such houses; those who frequent them are no less liable to the censure of the law. Accordingly we find, in the select cases printed at the end of lord chief-justice Popham's reports, that a man was indicted in the beginning of the reign of Charles I., at the sessions of the peace for the town of Northampton, for frequenting a suspected bawdy-house. And the indictment being removed into the King's Bench, several objections were taken to it, which were all overruled, judgment was given upon it, and the defendant fined.

If you shall know therefore, gentlemen, of any such crimes, it will be your duty to present them to the court.

For however lightly this offence may be thought or spoken of by idle and dissolute persons, it is a matter of serious and weighty consideration. It is the cause, says my lord Coke, of many mischiefs, the fairest end whereof is beggary; and tends directly to the overthrow of men's bodies, to the wasting of their livelihood, and to the endangering of their souls.

To eradicate this vice out of society, however it may be the wish of sober and good men, is perhaps an impossible attempt; but to check its progress, and to suppress the open and more profligate practice of it, is within the power of the magistrate, and it is his duty. And this is more immediately incumbent upon us, in an age when brothels are become in a manner the seminaries of education, and that especially of those youths whose birth makes their right institution of the utmost consequence to the future well-being of the public; for

whatever may be the education of these youths, however vitiated and enervated their minds and bodies may be with vices and diseases, they are born to be the governors of our posterity. If, therefore, through the egregious folly of their parents, this town is to be the school of such youths, it behoves us, gentlemen, to take as much care as possible to correct the morals of that school.

And, gentlemen, there are other houses, rather less scandalous, perhaps, but equally dangerous to the society; in which houses the manners of youth are greatly tainted and corrupted. These are those places of public rendezvous where idle persons of both sexes meet in a very disorderly manner, often at improper hours, and sometimes in disguised habits. These houses, which pretend to be the scenes of innocent diversion and amusement, are in reality the temples of iniquity. Such meetings are *contra bonos mores*; they are considered in law in the nature of a nuisance; and, as such, the keepers and maintainers of them may be presented and punished.

There is great difference, gentlemen, between a morose and over-sanctified spirit which excludes all kind of diversion, and a profligate disposition which hurries us into the most vicious excesses of this kind. "The common law," says Mr. Pulton in his excellent treatise *de Pace*, fol. 25 b, "allows many recreations, which be not with intent to break or disturb the peace, or to offer violence, force, or hurt to the person of any; but either to try activity, or to increase society, amity, and neighbourly friendship." He there enumerates many sorts of innocent diversions of the rural kind, and which for the most part belong to the lower sort of people. For the upper part of mankind, and in this town, there are many lawful amusements, abundantly sufficient for the recreation of any temperate and sober mind. But, gentlemen, so immoderate are the desires of many, so hungry is their appetite for pleasure, that they may be said to have a fury after it; and diversion is no longer the recreation or amusement, but the whole business, of their lives. They are not content with three theatres, they must have a fourth; where the exhibitions are not only contrary to law, but contrary to good manners, and where the stage is reduced back again to that degree of licentiousness which was too enormous for the corrupt state of Athens to tolerate; and which, as the Roman poet, rather, I think, in the spirit of a censor than a satirist, tells us, those Athenians, who were not themselves abused, took care to abolish, from their concern for the public.

Gentlemen, our newspapers, from the top of the page to the bottom, the corners of our streets up to the very eaves of our houses, present us with nothing but a view of masquerades, balls, and assemblies of various kinds, fairs, wells, gardens, &c., tending to promote idleness, extravagance, and immorality among all sorts of people.

This fury after licentious and luxurious pleasures is grown to so enormous a height, that it may be called the characteristic of the present age. And it is an evil, gentlemen, of which it is neither easy nor pleasant to foresee all the consequences. Many of them, however, are obvious; and these are so dreadful, that they will, I doubt not, induce you to use your best endeavours to check the farther increase of this growing mischief; for the rod of the law, gentlemen, must restrain those within the bounds of decency and sobriety who are deaf to the voice of reason, and superior to the fear of shame.

Gentlemen there are another sort of these tem-

ples of iniquity, and these are gaming-houses. This vice, gentlemen, is inseparable from a luxurious and idle age; for, while luxury produces want, idleness forbids honest labour to supply it. All such houses are nuisances in the eye of the common law; and severe punishments, as well on those who keep them as on those who frequent and play at them, are inflicted by many statutes. Of these houses, gentlemen, you will, I doubt not, inquire with great diligence; for though possibly there may be some offenders out of your reach, yet, if those within it be well and strictly prosecuted, it may perhaps, in time, have some effect on the others. Example in this case may, contrary to its general course, move upwards; and men may become ashamed of offending against those laws with impunity by which they see their inferiors brought to punishment. But if this effect should not be produced, yet, gentlemen, there is no reason why you should not exert your duty as far as you are able, because you cannot extend it as far as you desire. And, to say the truth, to prevent gaming among the lower sort of people is principally the business of society; and for this plain reason, because they are the most useful members of the society; which, by such means, will lose the benefit of their labour. As for the rich and great, the consequence is generally no other than the exchange of property from the hands of a fool into those of a sharper, who is, perhaps, the more worthy of the two to enjoy it.

I will mention only one article more, and that of a very high nature indeed. It is, gentlemen, the offence of libelling, which is punished by the common law, as it tends immediately to quarrels and breaches of the peace, and very often to bloodshed and murder itself.

The punishment of this offence, saith my lord Coke, is fine or imprisonment; and, if the case be exorbitant, by pillory and loss of ears.

And, gentlemen, even the last of these judgments will appear extremely mild, if we consider, in the first place, the atrocious temper of mind from which this proceeds.

Mr. Pulton, in the beginning of his treatise *de Pace*, says of a libeller, "that he is a secret canker, which concealeth his name, hideth himself in a corner, and privily stingeth his neighbour in his fame, reputation, and credit; who neither knows from whom nor from what cause he receiveth his blows, nor hath any means to defend himself:" And my lord Coke, in his 5th Report (125), compares him to a poisoner, who is the meanest, the vilest, and most dangerous of all murderers. Nor can I help repeating to you a most beautiful passage in the great orator Demosthenes, who compares this wretch to a viper, which men ought to crush wherever they find him, without staying till he bite them.

In the second place, if we consider the injury done by these libellers, it must raise the indignation of every honest and good man; for what is this but, as Mr. Pulton says, "a note of infamy, intended to defame the person at whom it is levelled, to tread his honour and estimation in the dust, to extirpate and root out his reputation from the face of the earth, to make him a scorn to his enemies, and to be derided and despised by his neighbours?"

If praise, and honour, and reputation, be so highly esteemed by the greatest and best of men, that they are often the only rewards which they propose to themselves from the noblest actions; if there be nothing too difficult, too dangerous, or too disagreeable for men to encounter, in order to acquire and preserve these rewards; what a degree of wickedness and barbarity must it be, unjustly and wantonly

to strip men of that on which they place so high a value?

Nor is reputation to be considered as a chimerical good, or as merely the food of vanity and ambition. Our worldly interests are closely connected with our fame by losing this; we are deprived of the chief comforts of society, particularly of that which is most dear to us, the friendship and love of all good and virtuous men. Nay, the common law indulged so great a privilege to men of good reputation in their neighbourhood, that in many actions the defendant's word was taken in his own cause, if he could bring a certain number of his neighbours to vouch that they believed him.

On the contrary, whoever robs us of our good name doth not only expose us to public contempt and avoidance, but even to punishment; for, by the statute 34 Edward III. c. 1. the justices of the peace are empowered and directed to bind all such as be not of good fame to their good behaviour, and if they cannot find sufficient sureties they may be committed to prison.

Seeing, therefore, the execrable mischiefs perpetrated by this secret canker, this viper, this poisoner, in society, we shall not wonder to hear him so severely condemned in Scripture; nor that Aristotle in his *Politics* should mention slander as one of those great evils which it is difficult for a legislator to guard against; that the Athenians punished it with a very severe and heavy fine, and the Romans with death.

But though the libeller of private persons be so detestable a vermin, yet is the offence still capable of aggravation when the poison is scattered upon public persons and magistrates. All such reflections are, as my lord Coke observes, a scandal on the government itself; and such scandal tends not only to the breach of the peace, but to raise seditions and insurrections among the whole body of the people.

And, gentlemen, the higher and greater the magistrates be against whom such slanders are propagated, the greater is the danger to the society; and such we find to have been the sense of the legislature in the second year of Richard II. For in the statute of that year, chap. 5 it is said, "that by such means discords may arise between the lords and commons, whereof great peril and mischief might come to all the realm, and quick subversion and destruction of the said realm." And of such consequence was this apprehended to be, that we find no less than four statutes to prohibit and punish it; viz. Westm. 1. c. 33; 2 R. II. c. 5; 12 R. II. 11; and 2 and 3 P. & M. c. 12. By this last statute a jurisdiction was given to the justices of peace to inquire of all such offences; and if it was by book, ballad, letter, or writing, the offender's right hand was to be stricken off for the first offence, and for the second he was to incur a præmunire.

This last statute was afterwards prolonged in the last year of queen Mary, and in the first of Elizabeth, during the life of that princess, and of the heirs of her body.

I have mentioned these laws to you, gentlemen, to show you the sense of our ancestors of a crime which, I believe, they never saw carried to so flagitious a height as it is at present when, to the shame of the age be it spoken, there are men who make a livelihood of scandal. Most of these are persons of the lowest rank and education, men who, lazily declining the labour to which they were born and bred, save the sweat of their brows at the expense of their consciences; and, in order to get a little better livelihood, are content to get it, perhaps, in a less

painful, but in a baser way than the meanest mechanic.

Of these, gentlemen, it is your business to inquire; of the devisers, of the writers, of the printers, and of the publishers of all such libels; and I do heartily recommend this inquiry to your care.

To conclude, gentlemen, you will consider yourselves as now summoned to the execution of an office of the utmost importance to the well-being of this community; nor will you, I am confident, suffer that establishment, so wisely and carefully regulated, and so stoutly and zealously maintained, by your wise and brave ancestors, to degenerate into mere form and shadow. Grand juries, gentlemen, are in reality the only censors of this nation. As such, the manners of the people are in your hands, and in yours only. You, therefore, are the only correctors of them. If you neglect your duty, the certain consequences to the public are too apparent; for, as in a garden, however well cultivated at first, if the

weeder's care be omitted, the whole must in time be overrun with weeds, and will resemble the wildness and rudeness of a desert; so, if those immoralities of the people, which will sprout up in the best constitution be not from time to time corrected by the hand of justice, they will at length grow up to the most enormous vices, will overspread the whole nation, and, in the end, must produce a downright state of wild and savage barbarism.

To this censorial office, gentlemen, you are called by our excellent constitution. To execute this duty with vigilance, you are obliged by the duty you owe both to God and to your country. You are invested with full power for the purpose. This you have promised to do, under the sacred sanction of an oath; and you are all met, I doubt not, with disposition and resolution to perform it, with that zeal which I have endeavoured to recommend, and which the peculiar licentiousness of the age so strongly requires.

THE JOURNAL

OF A

VOYAGE TO LISBON.

DEDICATION TO THE PUBLIC.

Your candour is desired on the perusal of the following sheets, as they are the product of a genius that has long been your delight and entertainment. It must be acknowledged that a lamp almost burnt out does not give so steady and uniform a light as when it blazes in its full vigour; but yet it is well known that by its wavering, as if struggling against its own dissolution, it sometimes darts a ray as bright as ever. In like manner a strong and lively genius will, in its last struggles, sometimes mount aloft, and throw forth the most striking marks of its original lustre.

Wherever these are to be found, do you, the genuine patrons of extraordinary capacities, be as liberal in your applauses of him who is now no more as you were of him whilst he was yet amongst you. And, on the other hand, if in this little work there should appear any traces of a weakened and decayed life, let your own imaginations place before your eyes a true picture in that of a hand trembling in almost its latest hour, of a body emaciated with pains, yet struggling for your entertainment; and let this affecting picture open each tender heart, and call forth a melting tear to blot out whatever failings may be found in a work begun in pain, and finished almost at the same period with life.

It was thought proper by the friends of the deceased that this little piece should come into your hands as it came from the hands of the author, it being judged that you would be better pleased to have an opportunity of observing the faintest traces of a genius you have long admired than have it patched by a different hand, by which means the marks of its true author might have been effaced.

That the success of the last written, though first published, volume of the author's posthumous pieces may be attended with some convenience to those innocents he hath left behind, will no doubt be a motive to encourage its circulation through the kingdom, which will engage every future genius to exert itself for your pleasure.

The principles and spirit which breathe in every line of the small fragment begun in answer to lord Bolingbroke will unquestionably be a sufficient apology for its publication, although vital strength was wanting to finish a work so happily begun and so well designed.

PREFACE.

THERE would not, perhaps, be a more pleasant or profitable study, among those which have their principal end in amusement, than that of travels or voyages, if they were writ, as they might be and ought to be, with a joint view to the entertainment and information of mankind. If the conversation of travellers be so eagerly sought after as it is, we may believe their books will be still more agreeable company, as they will in general be more instructive and more entertaining.

But when I say the conversation of travellers is usually so welcome, I must be understood to mean that only of such as have had good sense enough to apply their peregrinations to a proper use, so as to acquire from them a real and valuable

knowledge of men and things, both which are best known by comparison. If the customs and manners of men were everywhere the same, there would be no office so dull as that of a traveller, for the difference in hills, valleys, rivers, in short the various views of which we may see the face of the earth, would scarce afford him a pleasure worthy of his labour; and surely it would give him very little opportunity of communicating any kind of entertainment or improvement to others.

To make a traveller an agreeable companion to a man of sense, it is necessary, not only that he should have seen much, but that he should have overlooked much of what he hath seen. Nature is not, any more than a great genius, always admirable in her productions, and therefore the traveller, who may be called her commentator, should not expect to find everywhere subjects worthy of his notice.

It is certain, indeed, that one may be guilty of omission, as well as of the opposite extreme; but a fault on that side will be more easily pardoned, as it is better to be hungry than surfeited; and to miss your dessert at the table of a man whose gardens abound with the choicest fruits, than to have your taste affronted with every sort of trash that can be picked up at the green-stall or the wheelbarrow.

If we should carry on the analogy between the traveller and the commentator, it is impossible to keep one's eye a moment off from the laborious much-read doctor Zachary Gray, of whose redundant notes on Hudibras I shall only say that it is, I am confident, the single book extant in which above five hundred authors are quoted, not one of which could be found in the collection of the late doctor Mead.

As there are few things which a traveller is to record, there are fewer on which he is to offer his observations: this is the office of the reader; and it is so pleasant a one, that he seldom chooses to have it taken from him, under the pretence of lending him assistance. Some occasions, indeed, there are, when proper observations are pertinent, and others when they are necessary; but good sense alone must point them out. I shall lay down only one general rule; which I believe to be of universal truth between relater and hearer, as it is between author and reader; this is, that the latter never forgive any observation of the former which doth not convey some knowledge that they are sensible they could not possibly have attained of themselves.

But all his pains in collecting knowledge, all his judgment in selecting, and all his art in communicating it, will not suffice, unless he can make himself, in some degree, an agreeable as well as an instructive companion. The highest instruction we can derive from the tedious tale of a dull fellow scarce ever pays us for our attention. There is nothing, I think, half so valuable as knowledge, and yet there is nothing which men will give themselves so little trouble to attain; unless it be, perhaps, that lowest degree of it which is the object of curiosity, and which hath therefore that active passion constantly employed in its service. This, indeed, it is in the power of every traveller to gratify; but it is the leading principle in weak minds only.

To render his relation agreeable to the man of sense, it is therefore necessary that the voyager should possess several eminent and rare talents; so rare indeed, that it is almost wonderful to see them ever united in the same person.

And if all these talents must concur in the relator, they are certainly in a more eminent degree necessary to the writer; for here the narration admits of higher ornaments of style, and every fact and sentiment offers itself to the fullest and most deliberate examination.

It would appear, therefore, I think, somewhat strange if such writers as these should be found extremely common; since nature hath been a most parsimonious distributor of her richest talents, and hath seldom bestowed many on the same person. But, on the other hand, why there should scarce exist a single writer of this kind worthy our regard; and, whilst there is no other branch of history (for this is history) which hath not exercised the greatest pens, why this alone should be overlooked by all men of great genius and erudition, and delivered up to the Goths and Vandals as their lawful property, is altogether as difficult to determine.

And yet that this is the case, with some very few exceptions, is most manifest. Of these I shall willingly admit Burnet and Addison; if the former was not, perhaps, to be considered as a political essayist, and the latter as a commentator on the classics, rather than as a writer of travels; which last title, perhaps, they would both of them have been least ambitious to affect.

Indeed, if these two and two or three more should be removed from the mass, there would remain such a heap of dulness behind that the appellation of voyage-writer would not appear very desirable.

I am not here unapprised that old Homer himself is by some considered as a voyage-writer; and, indeed, the beginning of his *Odyssey* may be urged to countenance that opinion, which I shall not controvert. But, whatever species of writing the *Odyssey* is of, it is surely at the head of that species, as much as the *Iliad* is of another; and so far the excellent Longinus would allow, I believe, at this day.

But, in reality, the *Odyssey*, the *Telemachus*, and all of that kind, are to the voyage-writing I here intend what romance is to true history, the former being the confounder and corrupter of the latter. I am far from supposing that Homer, Hesiod, and the other ancient poets and mythologists, had any settled design to pervert and confuse the records of antiquity; but it is certain they have effected it; and for my part I must confess I should have honoured and loved Homer more had he written a true history of his own times in humble prose than those noble poems that have so justly collected the praise of all ages; for, though I read these with more admiration and astonishment, I still read Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon with more amusement and more satisfaction.

The original poets were not, however, without excuse. They found the limits of nature too strait for the immensity of their genius, which they had not room to exert without extending fact by fiction; and that especially at a time when the manners of men were too simple to afford that variety which they have since offered in vain to the choice of the meanest writers. In doing this they are again excusable for the manner in which they have done it.

Ut speciosa dehinc miracula promant.

They are not, indeed, so properly said to turn reality into fiction, as fiction into reality. Their paintings are so bold, their colours so strong, that everything they touch seems to exist in the very manner they represent it; their portraits are so just, and their landscapes so beautiful, that we acknowledge the strokes of nature in both, without inquiring whether Nature herself, or her journeyman the poet, formed the first pattern of the piece.

But other writers (I will put Pliny at their head) have no such pretensions to indulgence; they lie for lying sake, or in order insolently to impose the most monstrous improbabilities and absurdities upon their readers on their own authority; treating them as some fathers treat children, and as other fathers do laymen, exacting their belief of whatever they relate, on no other foundation than their own authority, without ever taking the pains of adapting their lies to human credulity, and of calculating them for the meridian of a common understanding; but, with as much weakness as wickedness, and with more impudence often than either, they assert facts contrary to the honour of God, to the visible order of the creation, to the known laws of nature, to the histories of former ages, and to the experience of our own, and which no man can at once understand and believe.

If it should be objected (and it can nowhere be objected better than where I now write,* as there is nowhere more pomp of bigotry) that whole nations have been firm believers in the most absurd suppositions, I reply, the fact is not true. They have known nothing of the matter, and have believed they knew not what. It is, indeed, with me no matter of doubt but that the pope and his clergy might teach any of those christian heterodoxies, the tenets of which are the most diametrically opposite to their own; nay, all the doctrines of

Zoroaster, Confucius, and Mahomet, not only with certain and immediate success, but without one Catholic in a thousand knowing he had changed his religion.

What motive a man can have to sit down, and to draw forth a list of stupid, senseless, incredible lies upon paper, would be difficult to determine, did not Vanity present herself so immediately as the adequate cause. The vanity of knowing more than other men is, perhaps, besides hunger, the only inducement to writing, at least to publishing, at all. Why then should not the voyage-writer be inflamed with the glory of having seen what no man ever did or will see but himself? This is the true source of the wonderful in the discourse and writings, and sometimes, I believe, in the actions of men. There is another fault, of a kind directly opposite to this, to which these writers are sometimes liable, when, instead of filling their pages with monsters which nobody hath ever seen, and with adventures which never have, nor could possibly have, happened to them, waste their time and paper with recording things and facts of so common a kind, that they challenge no other right of being remembered than as they had the honour of having happened to the author, to whom nothing seems trivial that in any manner happens to himself. Of such consequence do his own actions appear to one of this kind, that he would probably think himself guilty of infidelity should he omit the minutest thing in the detail of his journal. That the fact is true is sufficient to give it place there, without any consideration whether it is capable of pleasing or surprising, of diverting or informing, the reader.

I have seen a play (if I mistake not it is one of Mrs. Behn's or of Mrs. Centlivre's) where this vice in a voyage writer is finely ridiculed. An ignorant pedant, to whose government, for I know not what reason, the conduct of a young nobleman in his travels is committed, and who is sent abroad to show my lord the world, of which he knows nothing himself, before his departure from a town calls for his journal to record the goodness of the wine and tobacco, with other articles of the same importance, which are to furnish the materials of a voyage at his return home. The humour, it is true, is here carried very far; and yet, perhaps, very little beyond what is to be found in writers who profess no intention of dealing in humour at all.

Of one or other, or of both these kinds, are, I conceive, all that vast pile of books which pass under the names of voyages, travels, adventures, lives, memoirs, histories, &c., some of which a single traveller sends into the world in many volumes, and others are, by judicious booksellers, collected into vast bodies in folio, and inscribed with their own names, as if they were indeed their own travels; thus unjustly attributing to themselves the merit of others.

Now, from both these faults we have endeavoured to steer clear in the following narrative; which, however the contrary may be insinuated by ignorant, unlearned, and fresh-water critics, who have never travelled either in books or ships, I do solemnly declare doth, in my own impartial opinion, deviate less from truth than any other voyage extant; my lord Anson's alone being, perhaps, excepted.

Some few embellishments must be allowed to every historian; for we are not to conceive that the speeches in Livy, Sallust, or Thucydides, were literally spoken in the very words in which we now read them. It is sufficient that every fact hath its foundation in truth, as I do seriously aver is the case in the ensuing pages; and when it is so, a good critic will be so far from denying all kind of ornament of style or diction, or even of circumstance, to his author, that he would be rather sorry if he omitted it; for he could hence derive no other advantage than the loss of an additional pleasure in the perusal.

Again, if any merely common incident should appear in this journal, which will seldom I apprehend be the case, the candid reader will easily perceive it is not introduced for its own sake, but for some observations and reflections naturally resulting from it; and which, if but little to his amusement, tend directly to the instruction of the reader or to the information of the public; to whom if I choose to convey such instruction or information with an air of joke and laughter, none but the dullest of fellows will, I believe, censure it; but if they should, I have the authority of more than one passage in Horace to allege in my defence.

Having thus endeavoured to obviate some censures, to which a man without the gift of foresight, or any fear of the imputation of being a conjurer, might conceive this work would be liable, I might now undertake a more pleasing task, and fall at once to the direct and positive praises of the work itself; of which, indeed, I could say a thousand good things; but the task is so very pleasant that I shall leave it wholly to the reader, and it is all the task that I impose on him. A moderation for which he may think himself obliged to me when he compares it with the conduct of authors, who often fill a whole sheet with their own praises, to which they sometimes set their own real names, and sometimes a fictitious one. One hint, however, I must give the kind reader; which is, that if he should be able to find no sort of amusement in the book, he will be pleased to remember the public utility which will arise from it. If entertainment, as Mr. Richardson observes, be but a secondary consideration in a romance; with which Mr. Addison, I think,

* At Lisbon.

agrees, affirming the use of the pastry-cook to be the first; if this, I say, be true of a mere work of invention, sure it may well be so considered in a work founded, like this, on truth; and where the political reflections form so distinguishing a part.

But perhaps I may hear, from some critic of the most saturnine complexion, that my vanity must have made a horrid dupe of my judgment, if it hath flattered me with an expectation of having anything here seen in a grave light, or of conveying any useful instruction to the public, or to their guardians. I answer, with the great man whom I just now quoted, that my purpose is to convey instruction in the vehicle of entertainment; and so to bring about at once, like the revolution in the Rehearsal, a perfect reformation of the laws relating to our maritime affairs: an undertaking, I will not say more modest, but surely more feasible, than that of reforming a whole people, by making use of a vehicular story, to wheel in among them worse manners than their own.

INTRODUCTION.

IN the beginning of August, 1753, when I had taken the duke of Portland's medicine, as it is called, near a year, the effects of which had been the carrying off the symptoms of a lingering imperfect gout, I was persuaded by Mr. Ranby, the king's premier serjeant-surgeon, and the ablest advice, I believe, in all branches of the physical profession, to go immediately to Bath. I accordingly writ that very night to Mrs. Bowden, who, by the next post, informed me she had taken me a lodging for a month certain.

Within a few days after this, whilst I was preparing for my journey, and when I was almost fatigued to death with several long examinations, relating to five different murders, all committed within the space of a week, by different gangs of street-robbers, I received a message from his grace the duke of Newcastle, by Mr. Carrington, the king's messenger, to attend his grace the next morning, in Lincoln's-inn-fields, upon some business of importance; but I excused myself from complying with the message, as, besides being lame, I was very ill with the great fatigues I had lately undergone, added to my distemper.

His grace, however, sent Mr. Carrington, the very next morning, with another summons; with which, though in the utmost distress, I immediately complied; but the duke, happening, unfortunately for me, to be then particularly engaged, after I had waited some time, sent a gentleman to discourse with me on the best plan which could be invented for putting an immediate end to those murders and robberies which were every day committed in the streets; upon which I promised to transmit my opinion, in writing, to his grace, who, as the gentleman informed me, intended to lay it before the privy council.

Though this visit cost me a severe cold, I, notwithstanding, set myself down to work; and in about four days sent the duke as regular a plan as I could form, with all the reasons and arguments I could bring to support it, drawn out in several sheets of paper; and soon received a message from the duke by Mr. Carrington, acquainting me that my plan was highly approved of, and that all the terms of it would be complied with.

The principal and most material of those terms was the immediately depositing six hundred pounds in my hands; at which small charge I undertook to demolish the then reigning gangs, and to put the civil policy into such order, that no such gangs should ever be able, for the future, to form themselves into bodies, or at least to remain any time formidable to the public.

I had delayed my Bath journey for some time, contrary to the repeated advice of my physical acquaintance, and to the ardent desire of my warmest friends, though my distemper was now turned to a deep jaundice; in which case the Bath waters are

generally reputed to be almost infallible. But I had the most eager desire of demolishing this gang of villains and cut-throats, which I was sure of accomplishing the moment I was enabled to pay a fellow who had undertaken, for a small sum, to betray them into the hands of a set of thief-takers whom I had enlisted into the service, all men of known and approved fidelity and intrepidity.

After some weeks the money was paid at the treasury, and within a few days after two hundred pounds of it had come to my hands the whole gang of cut-throats was entirely dispersed, seven of them were in actual custody, and the rest driven, some out of the town, and others out of the kingdom.

Though my health was now reduced to the last extremity, I continued to act with the utmost vigour against these villains; in examining whom, and in taking the depositions against them, I have often spent whole days, nay, sometimes whole nights, especially when there was any difficulty in procuring sufficient evidence to convict them; which is a very common case in street-robberies, even when the guilt of the party is sufficiently apparent to satisfy the most tender conscience. But courts of justice know nothing of a cause more than what is told them on oath by a witness; and the most flagitious villain upon earth is tried in the same manner as a man of the best character who is accused of the same crime.

Meanwhile, amidst all my fatigues and distresses, I had the satisfaction to find my endeavours had been attended with such success that this hellish society were almost utterly extirpated, and that, instead of reading of murders and street-robberies in the news almost every morning, there was, in the remaining part of the month of November, and in all December, not only no such thing as a murder, but not even a street-robbery committed. Some such, indeed, were mentioned in the public papers; but they were all found, on the strictest inquiry, to be false.

In this entire freedom from street-robberies, during the dark months, no man will, I believe, scruple to acknowledge that the winter of 1753 stands unrivalled, during a course of many years; and this may possibly appear the more extraordinary to those who recollect the outrages with which it began.

Having thus fully accomplished my undertaking, I went into the country, in a very weak and deplorable condition, with no fewer or less diseases than a jaundice, a dropsy, and an asthma, altogether uniting their forces in the destruction of a body so entirely emaciated that it had lost all its muscular flesh.

Mine was now no longer what is called a Bath case; nor, if it had been so, had I strength remaining sufficient to go thither, a ride of six miles only being attended with an intolerable fatigue. I now discharged my lodgings at Bath, which I had hitherto kept. I began, in earnest, to look on my case as desperate, and I had vanity enough to rank myself with those heroes who, of old times, became voluntary sacrifices to the good of the public.

But, lest the reader should be too eager to catch at the word *vanity*, and should be unwilling to indulge me with so sublime a gratification, for I think he is not too apt to gratify me, I will take my key a pitch lower, and will frankly own that I had a stronger motive than the love of the public to push me on: I will therefore confess to him that my private affairs at the beginning of the winter had but a gloomy aspect; for I had not plundered the public or the poor of those sums which men, who are always ready to plunder both as much as they

can, have been pleased to suspect me of taking : on the contrary, by composing, instead of inflaming, the quarrels of porters and beggars (which I blush when I say hath not been universally practised), and by refusing to take a shilling from a man who most undoubtedly would not have had another left, I had reduced an income of about five hundred pounds * a-year of the dirtiest money upon earth to little more than three hundred pounds ; a considerable proportion of which remained with my clerk ; and, indeed, if the whole had done so, as it ought, he would be but ill paid for sitting almost sixteen hours in the twenty-four in the most unwholesome, as well as nauseous air in the universe, and which hath in his case corrupted a good constitution without contaminating his morals.

But, not to trouble the reader with anecdotes, contrary to my own rule laid down in my preface, I assure him I thought my family was very slenderly provided for ; and that my health began to decline so fast that I had very little more of life left to accomplish what I had thought of too late. I rejoiced therefore greatly in seeing an opportunity, as I apprehended, of gaining such merit in the eye of the public, that, if my life were the sacrifice to it, my friends might think they did a popular act in putting my family at least beyond the reach of necessity, which I myself began to despair of doing. And though I disclaim all pretence to that Spartan or Roman patriotism which loved the public so well that it was always ready to become a voluntary sacrifice to the public good, I do solemnly declare I have that love for my family.

After this confession therefore, that the public was not the principal deity to which my life was offered a sacrifice, and when it is farther considered what a poor sacrifice this was, being indeed no other than the giving up what I saw little likelihood of being able to hold much longer, and which, upon the terms I held it, nothing but the weakness of human nature could represent to me as worth holding at all ; the world may, I believe, without envy, allow me all the praise to which I have any title.

My aim, in fact, was not praise, which is the last gift they care to bestow ; at least, this was not my aim as an end, but rather as a means of purchasing some moderate provision for my family, which, though it should exceed my merit, must fall infinitely short of my service, if I succeeded in my attempt.

To say the truth, the public never act more wisely than when they act most liberally in the distribution

* A predecessor of mine used to boast that he made one thousand pounds a-year in his office ; but how he did this (if indeed he did it) is to me a secret. His clerk, now mine, told me I had more business than he had ever known there ; I am sure I had as much as any man could do. The truth is, the fees are so very low, when any are due, and so much is done for nothing, that, if a single justice of peace had business enough to employ twenty clerks, neither he nor they would get much by their labour. The public will not, therefore, I hope, think I betray a secret when I inform them that I received from the government a yearly pension out of the public service-money ; which, I believe, indeed, would have been larger, had my great patron been convinced of an error, which I have heard him utter more than once, that he could not indeed say that the acting as a principal justice of peace in Westminster was on all accounts very desirable, but that all the world knew it was a very lucrative office. Now to have shown him plainly that a man must be a rogue to make a very little this way, and that he could not make much by being as great a rogue as he could be, would have required more confidence than, I believe, he had in me, and more of his conversation than he chose to allow me ; I therefore resigned the office and the farther execution of my plan to my brother, who had long been my assistant. And now, lest the case between me and the reader should be the same in both instances as it was between me and the great man, I will not add another word on the subject.

of their rewards ; and here the good they receive is often more to be considered than the motive from which they receive it. Example alone is the end of all public punishments and rewards. Laws never inflict disgrace in resentment, nor confer honour from gratitude. "For it is very hard, my lord," said a convicted felon at the bar to the late excellent judge Burnet, "to hang a poor man for stealing a horse." "You are not to be hanged, sir," answered my ever-honoured and beloved friend, "for stealing a horse, but you are to be hanged that horses may not be stolen." In like manner it might have been said to the late duke of Marlborough, when the parliament was so deservedly liberal to him, after the battle of Blenheim, "You receive not these honours and bounties on account of a victory past, but that other victories may be obtained."

I was now, in the opinion of all men, dying of a complication of disorders ; and, were I desirous of playing the advocate, I have an occasion fair enough ; but I disdain such an attempt. I relate facts plainly and simply as they are ; and let the world draw from them what conclusions they please, taking with them the following facts for their instruction : the one is, that the proclamation offering one hundred pounds for the apprehending felons for certain felonies committed in certain places, which I prevented from being revived, had formerly cost the government several thousand pounds within a single year. Secondly, that all such proclamations, instead of curing the evil, had actually increased it ; had multiplied the number of robberies ; had propagated the worst and wickedest of perjuries ; had laid snares for youth and ignorance, which, by the temptation of these rewards had been sometimes drawn into guilt ; and sometimes, which cannot be thought on without the highest horror, had destroyed them without it. Thirdly, that my plan had not put the government to more than three hundred pounds expense, and had produced none of the ill consequences above mentioned ; but, lastly, had actually suppressed the evil for a time, and had plainly pointed out the means of suppressing it for ever. This I would myself have undertaken, had my health permitted, at the annual expense of the above-mentioned sum.

After having stood the terrible six weeks which succeeded last Christmas, and put a lucky end, if they had known their own interests, to such numbers of aged and infirm valetudinarians, who might have gasped through two or three mild winters more, I returned to town in February, in a condition less despaired of by myself than by any of my friends. I now became the patient of Dr. Ward, who wished I had taken his advice earlier.

By his advice I was tapped, and fourteen quarts of water drawn from my belly. The sudden relaxation which this caused, added to my enervate, emaciated habit of body, so weakened me that within two days I was thought to be falling into the agonies of death.

I was at the worst on that memorable day when the public lost Mr. Pelham. From that day I began slowly, as it were, to draw my feet out of the grave ; till in two months' time I had again acquired some little degree of strength, but was again full of water.

During this whole time I took Mr. Ward's medicines, which had seldom any perceptible operation. Those in particular of the diaphoretic kind, the working of which is thought to require a great strength of constitution to support, had so little effect on me, that Mr. Ward declared it was as vain to attempt sweating me as a deal board.

In this situation I was tapped a second time. I

had one quart of water less taken from me now than before; but I bore all the consequences of the operation much better. This I attributed greatly to a dose of laudanum prescribed by my surgeon. It first gave me the most delicious flow of spirits, and afterwards as comfortable a nap.

The month of May, which was now begun, it seemed reasonable to expect would introduce the spring, and drive off that winter which yet maintained its footing on the stage. I resolved therefore to visit a little house of mine in the country, which stands at Ealing, in the county of Middlesex, in the best air, I believe, in the whole kingdom, and far superior to that of Kensington Gravel-pits; for the gravel is here much wider and deeper, the place higher and more open towards the south, whilst it is guarded from the north wind by a ridge of hills, and from the smells and smoke of London by its distance; which last is not the fate of Kensington, when the wind blows from any corner of the east.

Obligations to Mr. Ward I shall always confess; for I am convinced that he omitted no care in endeavouring to serve me, without any expectation or desire of fee or reward.

The powers of Mr. Ward's remedies want indeed no unfair puffs of mine to give them credit; and though this distemper of the dropsy stands, I believe, first in the list of those over which he is always certain of triumphing, yet, possibly, there might be something particular in my case capable of eluding that radical force which had healed so many thousands. The same distemper, in different constitutions, may possibly be attended with such different symptoms, that to find an infallible nostrum for the curing any one distemper in every patient may be almost as difficult as to find a panacea for the cure of all.

But even such a panacea one of the greatest scholars and best of men did lately apprehend he had discovered. It is true, indeed, he was no physician; that is, he had not by the forms of his education acquired a right of applying his skill in the art of physic to his own private advantage; and yet, perhaps, it may be truly asserted that no other modern hath contributed so much to make his physical skill useful to the public; at least, that none hath undergone the pains of communicating this discovery in writing to the world. The reader, I think, will scarce need to be informed that the writer I mean is the late bishop of Cloyne, in Ireland, and the discovery that of the virtues of tar-water.

I then happened to recollect, upon a hint given me by the inimitable and shamefully-distressed author of the *Female Quixote*, that I had many years before, from curiosity only, taken a cursory view of bishop Berkeley's treatise on the virtues of tar-water, which I had formerly observed he strongly contends to be that real panacea which Sydenham supposes to have an existence in nature, though it yet remains undiscovered, and perhaps will always remain so.

Upon the reperusal of this book I found the bishop only asserting his opinion that tar-water might be useful in the dropsy, since he had known it to have a surprising success in the cure of a most stubborn anasarca, which is indeed no other than, as the word implies, the dropsy of the flesh; and this was, at that time, a large part of my complaint.

After a short trial, therefore, of a milk diet, which I presently found did not suit with my case, I betook myself to the bishop's prescription, and dosed myself every morning and evening with half a pint of tar-water.

It was no more than three weeks since my last

tapping, and my belly and limbs were distended with water. This did not give me the worse opinion of tar-water; for I never supposed there could be any such virtue in tar-water as immediately to carry off a quantity of water already collected. For my delivery from this I well knew I must be again obliged to the trochar; and that if the tar-water did me any good at all it must be only by the slowest degrees; and that if it should ever get the better of my distemper it must be by the tedious operation of undermining, and not by a sudden attack and storm.

Some visible effects, however, and far beyond what my most sanguine hopes could with any modesty expect, I very soon experienced; the tar-water having, from the very first, lessened my illness, increased my appetite, and added, though in a very slow proportion, to my bodily strength.

But if my strength had increased a little my water daily increased much more. So that, by the end of May, my belly became again ripe for the trochar, and I was a third time tapped; upon which, two very favourable symptoms appeared. I had three quarts of water taken from me less than had been taken the last time; and I bore the relaxation with much less (indeed with scarce any) faintness.

Those of my physical friends on whose judgment I chiefly depended seemed to think my only chance of life consisted in having the whole summer before me; in which I might hope to gather sufficient strength to encounter the inclemencies of the ensuing winter. But this change began daily to lessen. I saw the summer mouldering away, or rather, indeed, the year passing away without intending to bring on any summer at all. In the whole month of May the sun scarce appeared three times. So that the early fruits came to the fulness of their growth, and to some appearance of ripeness, without acquiring any real maturity; having wanted the heat of the sun to soften and meliorate their juices. I saw the dropsy gaining rather than losing ground; the distance growing still shorter between the tapplings. I saw the asthma likewise beginning again to become more troublesome. I saw the midsummer quarter drawing towards a close. So that I conceived, if the Michaelmas quarter should steal off in the same manner, as it was, in my opinion, very much to be apprehended it would, I should be delivered up to the attacks of winter before I recruited my forces, so as to be anywise able to withstand them.

I now began to recal an intention, which from the first dawns of my recovery I had conceived, of removing to a warmer climate; and, finding this to be approved of by a very eminent physician, I resolved to put it into immediate execution.

Aix in Provence was the place first thought on; but the difficulties of getting thither were insuperable. The journey by land, beside the expense of it, was infinitely too long and fatiguing; and I could hear of no ship that was likely to set out from London, within any reasonable time, for Marseilles, or any other port in that part of the Mediterranean.

Lisbon was presently fixed on in its room. The air here, as it was near four degrees to the south of Aix, must be more wild and warm, and the winter shorter and less piercing.

It was not difficult to find a ship bound to a place with which we carry on so immense a trade. Accordingly, my brother soon informed me of the excellent accommodations for passengers which were to be found on board a ship that was obliged to sail for Lisbon in three days.

I eagerly embraced the offer, notwithstanding the shortness of the time; and, having given my brother full power to contract for our passage, I began to

prepare my family for the voyage with the utmost expedition.

But our great haste was needless; for the captain having twice put off his sailing, I at length invited him to dinner with me at Fordhook, a full week after the time on which he had declared, and that with many asseverations, he must and would weigh anchor.

He dined with me according to his appointment; and when all matters were settled between us left me with positive orders to be on board the Wednesday following, when he declared he would fall down the river to Gravesend, and would not stay a moment for the greatest man in the world.

He advised me to go to Gravesend by land, and there wait the arrival of his ship, assigning many reasons for this, every one of which was, as I well remember, among those that had before determined me to go on board near the Tower.

THE VOYAGE.

Wednesday, June 26, 1754.—On this day the most melancholy sun I had ever beheld arose, and found me awake at my house at Fordhook. By the light of this sun I was, in my own opinion, last to behold and take leave of some of those creatures on whom I doted with a mother-like fondness, guided by nature and passion, and uncured and unhardened by all the doctrine of that philosophical school where I had learned to bear pains and to despise death.

In this situation, as I could not conquer Nature, I submitted entirely to her, and she made as great a fool of me as she had ever done of any woman whatsoever; under pretence of giving me leave to enjoy, she drew me in to suffer, the company of my little ones during eight hours; and I doubt not whether, in that time, I did not undergo more than in all my distemper.

At twelve precisely my coach was at the door, which was no sooner told me than I kissed my children round, and went into it with some little resolution. My wife, who behaved more like a heroine and philosopher, though at the same time the tenderest mother in the world, and my eldest daughter, followed me; some friends went with us, and others here took their leave; and I heard my behaviour applauded, with many murmurs and praises to which I well knew I had no title; as all other such philosophers may, if they have any modesty, confess on the like occasions.

In two hours we arrived in Rotherhithe, and immediately went on board, and were to have sailed the next morning; but, as this was the king's proclamation-day, and consequently a holiday at the custom-house, the captain could not clear his vessel till the Thursday; for these holidays are as strictly observed as those in the popish calendar, and are almost as numerous. I might add that both are opposite to the genius of trade, and consequently *contra bonum publicum*.

To go on board the ship it was necessary first to go into a boat; a matter of no small difficulty, as I had no use of my limbs, and was to be carried by men who, though sufficiently strong for their burthen, were, like Archimedes, puzzled to find a steady footing. Of this, as few of my readers have not gone into wherries on the Thames, they will easily be able to form to themselves an idea. However, by the assistance of my friend Mr. Welch, whom I never think or speak of but with love and esteem, I conquered this difficulty, as I did afterwards that of ascending the ship, into which I was hoisted with more ease by a chair lifted with pulleys. I was

soon seated in a great chair in the cabin, to refresh myself after a fatigue which had been more intolerable, in a quarter of a mile's passage from my coach to the ship, than I had before undergone in a land-journey of twelve miles, which I had travelled with the utmost expedition.

This latter fatigue was, perhaps, somewhat heightened by an indignation which I could not prevent arising in my mind. I think, upon my entrance into the boat, I presented a spectacle of the highest horror. The total loss of limbs was apparent to all who saw me, and my face contained marks of a most diseased state, if not of death itself. Indeed, so ghastly was my countenance, that timorous women with child had abstained from my house, for fear of the ill consequences of looking at me. In this condition I ran the gauntlet (so I think I may justly call it) through rows of sailors and watermen, few of whom failed of paying their compliments to me by all manner of insults and jests on my misery. No man who knew me will think I conceived any personal resentment at this behaviour; but it was a lively picture of that cruelty and inhumanity in the nature of men which I have often contemplated with concern, and which leads the mind into a train of very uncomfortable and melancholy thoughts. It may be said that this barbarous custom is peculiar to the English, and of them only to the lowest degree; that it is an excrescence of an uncontrolled licentiousness mistaken for liberty, and never shows itself in men who are polished and refined in such manner as human nature requires to produce that perfection of which it is susceptible, and to purge away that malevolence of disposition of which, at our birth, we partake in common with the savage creation.

This may be said, and this is all that can be said; and it is, I am afraid, but little satisfactory to account for the inhumanity of those who, while they boast of being made after God's own image, seem to bear in their minds a resemblance of the vilest species of brutes; or rather, indeed, of our idea of devils; for I don't know that any brutes can be taxed with such malevolence.

A sirloin of beef was now placed on the table, for which, though little better than carrion, as much was charged by the master of the little paltry ale-house who dressed it as would have been demanded for all the elegance of the King's Arms, or any other polite tavern or eating-house; for, indeed, the difference between the best house and the worst is, that at the former you pay largely for luxury, at the latter for nothing.

Thursday, June 27.—This morning the captain, who lay on shore at his own house, paid us a visit in the cabin, and behaved like an angry bashaw, declaring that, had he known we were not to be pleased, he would not have carried us for five hundred pounds. He added many asseverations that he was a gentleman, and despised money; not forgetting several hints of the presents which had been made him for his cabin, of twenty, thirty, and forty guineas, by several gentlemen, over and above the sum for which they had contracted. This behaviour greatly surprised me, as I knew not how to account for it, nothing having happened since we parted from the captain the evening before in perfect good-humour; and all this broke forth on the first moment of his arrival this morning. He did not, however, suffer my amazement to have any long continuance before he clearly showed me that all this was meant only as an apology to introduce another procrastination (being the fifth) of his weighing anchor, which was now postponed till Saturday, for such was his will and pleasure.

Besides the disagreeable situation in which we then lay, in the confines of Wapping and Rotherhithe, tasting a delicious mixture of the air of both these sweet places, and enjoying the concord of sweet sounds of seamen, watermen, fish-women, oyster-women, and of all the vociferous inhabitants of both shores, composing altogether a greater variety of harmony than Hogarth's imagination hath brought together in that print of his, which is enough to make a man deaf to look at—I had a more urgent cause to press our departure, which was, that the dropsy, for which I had undergone threeappings, seemed to threaten me with a fourth discharge before I should reach Lisbon, and when I should have nobody on board capable of performing the operation; but I was obliged to hearken to the voice of reason, if I may use the captain's own words, and to rest myself contented. Indeed, there was no alternative within my reach but what would have cost me much too dear.

There are many evils in society from which people of the highest rank are so entirely exempt, that they have not the least knowledge or idea of them; nor indeed of the characters which are formed by them. Such, for instance, is the conveyance of goods and passengers from one place to another. Now there is no such thing as any kind of knowledge contemptible in itself; and, as the particular knowledge I here mean is entirely necessary to the well understanding and well enjoying this journal; and, lastly, as in this case the most ignorant will be those very readers whose amusement we chiefly consult, and to whom we wish to be supposed principally to write, we will here enter somewhat largely into the discussion of this matter; the rather, for that no ancient or modern author (if we can trust the catalogue of doctor Mead's library) hath ever undertaken it, but that it seems (in the style of don Quixote) a task reserved for my pen alone.

When I first conceived this intention I began to entertain thoughts of inquiring into the antiquity of travelling; and, as many persons have performed in this way (I mean have travelled) at the expense of the public, I flattered myself that the spirit of improving arts and sciences, and of advancing useful and substantial learning, which so eminently distinguishes this age, and hath given rise to more speculative societies in Europe than I at present can recollect the names of—perhaps, indeed, than I or any other, besides their very near neighbours, ever heard mentioned—would assist in promoting so curious a work; a work begun with the same views, calculated for the same purposes, and fitted for the same uses, with the labours which those right honourable societies have so cheerfully undertaken themselves, and encouraged in others; sometimes with the highest honours, even with admission into their colleges, and with enrolment among their members.

From these societies I promised myself all assistance in their power, particularly the communication of such valuable manuscripts and records as they must be supposed to have collected from those obscure ages of antiquity when history yields us such imperfect accounts of the residence, and much more imperfect of the travels, of the human race; unless, perhaps, as a curious and learned member of the young Society of Antiquaries is said to have hinted his conjectures, that their residence and their travels were one and the same; and this discovery (for such it seems to be) he is said to have owed to the lighting by accident on a book, which we shall have occasion to mention presently, the contents of which were then little known to the society.

The king of Prussia, moreover, who, from a de-

gree of benevolence and taste which in either case is a rare production in so northern a climate, is the great encourager of art and science, I was well assured would promote so useful a design, and order his archives to be searched on my behalf.

But after well weighing all these advantages, and much meditation on the order of my work, my whole design was subverted in a moment by hearing of the discovery just mentioned to have been made by the young antiquary, who, from the most ancient record in the world (though I don't find the society are all agreed on this point), one long preceding the date of the earliest modern collections, either of books or butterflies, none of which pretend to go beyond the flood, shows us that the first man was a traveller, and that he and his family were scarce settled in Paradise before they disliked their own home, and became passengers to another place. Hence it appears that the humour of travelling is as old as the human race, and that it was their curse from the beginning.

By this discovery my plan became much shortened, and I found it only necessary to treat of the conveyance of goods and passengers from place to place; which, not being universally known, seemed proper to be explained before we examined into its original. There are indeed two different ways of tracing all things used by the historian and the antiquary; these are upwards and downwards. The former shows you how things are, and leaves to others to discover when they began to be so. The latter shows you how things were, and leaves their present existence to be examined by others. Hence the former is more useful, the latter more curious. The former receives the thanks of mankind; the latter of that valuable part, the virtuosi.

In explaining, therefore, this mystery of carrying goods and passengers from one place to another, hitherto so profound a secret to the very best of our readers, we shall pursue the historical method, and endeavour to show by what means it is at present performed, referring the more curious inquirer either to some other pen or to some other opportunity.

Now there are two general ways of performing (if God permit) this conveyance, *viz.* by land and water, both of which have much variety; that by land being performed in different vehicles, such as coaches, caravans, waggons, &c.; and that by water in ships, barges, and boats, of various sizes and denominations. But, as all these methods of conveyance are formed on the same principles, they agree so well together, that it is fully sufficient to comprehend them all in the general view, without descending to such minute particulars as would distinguish one method from another.

Common to all of these is one general principle, that, as the goods to be conveyed are usually the larger, so they are to be chiefly considered in the conveyance; the owner being indeed little more than an appendage to his trunk, or box, or bale, or at best a small part of his own baggage, very little care is to be taken in stowing or packing them up with convenience to himself; for the conveyance is not of passengers and goods, but of goods and passengers.

Secondly, from this conveyance arises a new kind of relation, or rather of subjection, in the society, by which the passenger becomes bound in allegiance to his conveyer. This allegiance is indeed only temporary and local, but the most absolute during its continuance of any known in Great Britain, and, to say truth, scarce consistent with the liberties of a free people, nor could it be reconciled with

them, did it not move downwards; a circumstance universally apprehended to be incompatible to all kinds of slavery; for Aristotle in his *Politics* hath proved abundantly to my satisfaction that no men are born to be slaves, except barbarians; and these only to such as are not themselves barbarians; and indeed Mr. Montesquieu hath carried it very little farther in the case of the Africans; the real truth being that no man is born to be a slave, unless to him who is able to make him so.

Thirdly, this subjection is absolute, and consists of a perfect resignation both of body and soul to the disposal of another; after which resignation, during a certain time, his subject retains no more power over his own will than an Asiatic slave, or an English wife, by the laws of both countries, and by the customs of one of them. If I should mention the instance of a stage-coachman, many of my readers would recognise the truth of what I have here observed; all, indeed, that ever have been under the dominion of that tyrant, who in this free country is as absolute as a Turkish bashaw. In two particulars only his power is defective; he cannot press you into his service, and if you enter yourself at one place, on condition of being discharged at a certain time at another, he is obliged to perform his agreement, if God permit, but all the intermediate time you are absolutely under his government; he carries you how he will, when he will, and whither he will, provided it be not much out of the road; you have nothing to eat or to drink, but what, and when, and where he pleases. Nay, you cannot sleep unless he pleases you should; for he will order you sometimes out of bed at midnight and hurry you away at a moment's warning: indeed, if you can sleep in his vehicle he cannot prevent it; nay, indeed, to give him his due, this he is ordinarily disposed to encourage: for the earlier he forces you to rise in the morning, the more time he will give you in the heat of the day, sometimes even six hours at an ale-house, or at their doors, where he always gives you the same indulgence which he allows himself; and for this he is generally very moderate in his demands. I have known a whole bundle of passengers charged no more than half-a-crown for being suffered to remain quiet at an ale-house door for above a whole hour, and that even in the hottest day in summer.

But as this kind of tyranny, though it hath escaped our political writers, hath been I think touched by our dramatic, and is more trite among the generality of readers; and as this and all other kinds of such subjection are alike unknown to my friends, I will quit the passengers by land, and treat of those who travel by water; for whatever is said on this subject is applicable to both alike, and we may bring them together as closely as they are brought in the liturgy, when they are recommended to the prayers of all christian congregations; and (which I have often thought very remarkable) where they are joined with other miserable wretches, such as women in labour, people in sickness, infants just born, prisoners and captives.

Goods and passengers are conveyed by water in divers vehicles, the principal of which being a ship, it shall suffice to mention that alone. Here the tyrant doth not derive his title, as the stage-coachman doth, from the vehicle itself in which he stows his goods and passengers, but he is called the captain—a word of such various use and uncertain signification, that it seems very difficult to fix any positive idea to it: if, indeed, there be any general meaning which may comprehend all its different uses, that of the head or chief of any body of men seems to be most capable of this comprehension; for whether

they be a company of soldiers, a crew of sailors, or a gang of rogues, he who is at the head of them is always styled the captain.

The particular tyrant whose fortune it was to stow us aboard laid a farther claim to this appellation than the bare command of a vehicle of conveyance. He had been the captain of a privateer, which he chose to call being in the king's service, and thence derived a right of hoisting the military ornament of a cockade over the button of his hat. He likewise wore a sword of no ordinary length by his side, with which he swaggered in his cabin, among the wretches his passengers, whom he had stowed in cupboards on each side. He was a person of a very singular character. He had taken it into his head that he was a gentleman, from those very reasons that proved he was not one; and to show himself a fine gentleman, by a behaviour which seemed to insinuate he had never seen one. He was, moreover, a man of gallantry; at the age of seventy he had the finicalness of sir Courtly Nice, with the roughness of Surly; and, while he was deaf himself, had a voice capable of deafening all others.

Now, as I saw myself in danger by the delays of the captain, who was, in reality, waiting for more freight, and as the wind had been long nested, as it were, in the south-west, where it constantly blew hurricanes, I began with great reason to apprehend that our voyage might be long, and that my belly, which began already to be much extended, would require the water to be let out at a time when no assistance was at hand; though, indeed, the captain comforted me with assurances that he had a pretty young fellow on board who acted as his surgeon, as I found he likewise did as steward, cook, butler, sailor. In short, he had as many offices as Scrub in the play, and went through them all with great dexterity; this of surgeon was, perhaps, the only one in which his skill was somewhat deficient, at least that branch of tapping for the dropsy; for he very ingenuously and modestly confessed he had never seen the operation performed, nor was possessed of that chirurgical instrument with which it is performed.

Friday, June 28.—By way of prevention, therefore, I this day sent for my friend Mr. Hunter, the great surgeon and anatomist of Covent-garden; and, though my belly was not yet very full and tight, let out ten quarts of water; the young sea-surgeon attended the operation, not as a performer, but as a student.

I was now eased of the greatest apprehension which I had from the length of the passage; and I told the captain I was become indifferent as to the time of his sailing. He expressed much satisfaction in this declaration, and at hearing from me that I found myself, since my tapping, much lighter and better. In this, I believe, he was sincere; for he was, as we shall have occasion to observe more than once, a very good-natured man; and, as he was a very brave one too, I found that the heroic constancy with which I had borne an operation that is attended with scarce any degree of pain had not a little raised me in his esteem. That he might adhere, therefore, in the most religious and rigorous manner to his word, when he had no longer any temptation from interest to break it, as he had no longer any hopes of more goods or passengers, he ordered his ship to fall down to Gravesend on Sunday morning, and there to wait his arrival.

Sunday, June 30.—Nothing worth notice passed till that morning, when my poor wife, after passing a night in the utmost torments of the toothache, re-

solved to have it drawn. I despatched therefore a servant into Wapping to bring in haste the best tooth-drawer he could find. He soon found out a female of great eminence in the art; but when he brought her to the boat, at the water-side, they were informed that the ship was gone; for indeed she had set out a few minutes after his quitting her; nor did the pilot, who well knew the errand on which I had sent my servant, think fit to wait a moment for his return, or to give me any notice of his setting out, though I had very patiently attended the delays of the captain four days, after many solemn promises of weighing anchor every one of the three last.

But of all the petty bashaws or turbulent tyrants I ever beheld, this sour-faced pilot was the worst tempered; for, during the time that he had the guidance of the ship, which was till we arrived in the Downs, he complied with no one's desires, nor did he give a civil word, or indeed a civil look, to any on board.

The tooth-drawer, who, as I said before, was one of great eminence among her neighbours, refused to follow the ship; so that my man made himself the best of his way, and with some difficulty came up with us before we were got under full sail; for after that, as we had both wind and tide with us, he would have found it impossible to overtake the ship till she was come to an anchor at Gravesend.

The morning was fair and bright, and we had a passage thither, I think, as pleasant as can be conceived: for, take it with all its advantages, particularly the number of fine ships you are always sure of seeing by the way, there is nothing to equal it in all the rivers of the world. The yards of Deptford and of Woolwich are noble sights, and give us a just idea of the great perfection to which we are arrived in building those floating castles, and the figure which we may always make in Europe among the other maritime powers. That of Woolwich, at least, very strongly imprinted this idea on my mind; for there was now on the stocks there the *Royal Anne*, supposed to be the largest ship ever built, and which contains ten carriage-guns more than had ever yet equipped a first-rate.

It is true, perhaps, that there is more of ostentation than of real utility in ships of this vast and unwieldy burden, which are rarely capable of acting against an enemy; but if the building such contributes to preserve, among other nations, the notion of the British superiority in naval affairs, the expense, though very great, is well incurred, and the ostentation is laudable and truly political. Indeed, I should be sorry to allow that Holland, France, or Spain, possessed a vessel larger and more beautiful than the largest and most beautiful of ours; for this honour I would always administer to the pride of our sailors, who should challenge it from all their neighbours with truth and success. And sure I am that not our honest tars alone, but every inhabitant of this island, may exult in the comparison, when he considers the king of Great Britain as a maritime prince, in opposition to any other prince in Europe; but I am not so certain that the same idea of superiority will result from comparing our land forces with those of many other crowned heads. In numbers they all far exceed us, and in the goodness and splendour of their troops many nations, particularly the Germans and French, and perhaps the Dutch, cast us at a distance; for, however we may flatter ourselves with the Edwards and Henrys of former ages, the change of the whole art of war since those days, by which the advantage of personal strength is in a manner entirely lost, hath produced a change in military affairs to the advantage of our enemies. As for our

successes in later days, if they were not entirely owing to the superior genius of our general, they were not a little due to the superior force of his money. Indeed, if we should arraign marshal Saxe of ostentation when he showed his army, drawn up, to our captive general, the day after the battle of La Val, we cannot say that the ostentation was entirely vain; since he certainly showed him an army which had not been often equalled, either in the number or goodness of the troops, and which, in those respects, so far exceeded ours, that none can ever cast any reflection on the brave young prince who could not reap the laurels of conquest in that day; but his retreat will be always mentioned as an addition to his glory.

In our marine the case is entirely the reverse, and it must be our own fault if it doth not continue so; for continue so it will as long as the flourishing state of our trade shall support it, and this support it can never want till our legislature shall cease to give sufficient attention to the protection of our trade, and our magistrates want sufficient power, ability, and honesty, to execute the laws: a circumstance not to be apprehended, as it cannot happen till our senates and our benches shall be filled with the blindest ignorance, or with the blackest corruption.

Besides the ships in the docks, we saw many on the water: the yachts are sights of great parade, and the king's body yacht is, I believe, unequalled in any country for convenience as well as magnificence; both which are consulted in building and equipping her with the most exquisite art and workmanship.

We saw likewise several Indiamen just returned from their voyage. These are, I believe, the largest and finest vessels which are anywhere employed in commercial affairs. The colliers, likewise, which are very numerous, and even assemble in fleets, are ships of great bulk; and if we descend to those used in the American, African, and European trades, and pass through those which visit our own coasts, to the small craft that lie between Chatham and the Tower, the whole forms a most pleasing object to the eye, as well as highly warming to the heart of an Englishman who has any degree of love for his country, or can recognise any effect of the patriot in his constitution.

Lastly, the Royal Hospital at Greenwich, which presents so delightful a front to the water, and doth such honour at once to its builder and the nation, to the great skill and ingenuity of the one, and to the no less sensible gratitude of the other, very properly closes the account of this scene; which may well appear romantic to those who have not themselves seen that, in this one instance, truth and reality are capable, perhaps, of exceeding the power of fiction.

When we had passed by Greenwich we saw only two or three gentlemen's houses, all of very moderate account, till we reached Gravesend: these are all on the Kentish shore, which affords a much drier, wholesomer, and pleasanter situation, than doth that of its opposite, Essex. This circumstance, I own, is somewhat surprising to me, when I reflect on the numerous villas that crowd the river from Chelsea upwards as far as Shepperton, where the narrower channel affords not half so noble a prospect, and where the continual succession of the small craft, like the frequent repetition of all things, which have nothing in them great, beautiful, or admirable, tire the eye, and give us distaste and aversion, instead of pleasure. With some of these situations, such as Barnes, Mortlake, &c., even the shore of Essex might contend, not upon very une-

qual terms; but on the Kentish borders there are many spots to be chosen by the builder which might justly claim the preference over almost the very finest of those in Middlesex and Surrey.

How shall we account for this depravity in taste? for surely there are none so very mean and contemptible as to bring the pleasure of seeing a number of little wherries, gliding along after one another, in competition with what we enjoy in viewing a succession of ships, with all their sails expanded to the winds, bounding over the waves before us.

And here I cannot pass by another observation on the deplorable want of taste in our enjoyments, which we show by almost totally neglecting the pursuit of what seems to me the highest degree of amusement; this is, the sailing ourselves in little vessels of our own, contrived only for our ease and accommodation, to which such situations of our villas as I have recommended would be so convenient, and even necessary.

This amusement, I confess, if enjoyed in any perfection, would be of the expensive kind; but such expense would not exceed the reach of a moderate fortune, and would fall very short of the prices which are daily paid for pleasures of a far inferior rate. The truth, I believe, is, that sailing in the manner I have just mentioned is a pleasure rather unknown, or unthought of, than rejected by those who have experienced it; unless, perhaps, the apprehension of danger or sea-sickness may be supposed, by the timorous and delicate, to make too large deductions—insisting that all their enjoyments shall come to them pure and unmixed, and being ever ready to cry out,

— Nocet empta dolore voluptas.

This, however, was my present case; for the ease and lightness which I felt from my tapping, the gaiety of the morning, the pleasant sailing with wind and tide, and the many agreeable objects with which I was constantly entertained during the whole way, were all suppressed and overcome by the single consideration of my wife's pain, which continued incessantly to torment her till we came to an anchor, when I despatched a messenger in great haste for the best reputed operator in Gravesend. A surgeon of some eminence now appeared, who did not decline tooth-drawing, though he certainly would have been offended with the appellation of tooth-drawer no less than his brethren, the members of that venerable body, would be with that of barber, since the late separation between those long-united companies, by which, if the surgeons have gained much, the barbers are supposed to have lost very little.

This able and careful person (for so I sincerely believe he is) after examining the guilty tooth, declared that it was such a rotten shell, and so placed at the very remotest end of the upper jaw, where it was in a manner covered and secured by a large fine firm tooth, that he despaired of his power of drawing it.

He said, indeed, more to my wife, and used more rhetoric to dissuade her from having it drawn, than is generally employed to persuade young ladies to prefer a pain of three moments to one of three month's continuance, especially if those young ladies happen to be past forty and fifty years of age, when, by submitting to support a racking torment, the only good circumstance attending which is, it is so short that scarce one in a thousand can cry out I feel it, they are to do a violence to their charms, and lose one of those beautiful holders with which alone sir Courtly Nice declares a lady can ever lay hold of his heart.

He said at last so much, and seemed to reason so

justly, that I came over to his side, and assisted him in prevailing on my wife (for it was no easy matter) to resolve on keeping her tooth a little longer, and to apply palliatives only for relief. These were opium applied to the tooth, and blisters behind the ears.

Whilst we were at dinner this day in the cabin, on a sudden the window on one side was beat into the room with a crash as if a twenty-pounder had been discharged among us. We were all alarmed at the suddenness of the accident, for which, however, we were soon able to account, for the sash, which was shivered all to pieces, was pursued into the middle of the cabin by the bowsprit of a little ship called a cod-smack, the master of which made us amends for running (carelessly at best) against us, and injuring the ship, in the sea-way; that is to say, by damning us all to hell, and uttering several pious wishes that it had done us much more mischief. All which were answered in their own kind and phrase by our men, between whom and the other crew a dialogue of oaths and scurrility was carried on as long as they continued in each other's hearing.

It is difficult, I think, to assign a satisfactory reason why sailors in general should, of all others, think themselves entirely discharged from the common bands of humanity, and should seem to glory in the language and behaviour of savages! They see more of the world, and have, most of them, a more erudite education than is the portion of landmen of their degree. Nor do I believe that in any country they visit (Holland itself not excepted) they can ever find a parallel to what daily passes on the river Thames. Is it that they think true courage (for they are the bravest fellows upon earth) inconsistent with all the gentleness of a humane carriage, and that the contempt of civil order springs up in minds but little cultivated at the same time and from the same principles with the contempt of danger and death? Is it —? in short, it is so; and how it comes to be so I leave to form a question in the Robin Hood Society, or to be propounded for solution among the enigmas in the Woman's Almanac for the next year.

Monday, July 1. This day Mr. Welch took his leave of me after dinner, as did a young lady of her sister, who was proceeding with my wife to Lisbon. They both set out together in a post-chaise for London.

Soon after their departure our cabin, where my wife and I were sitting together, was visited by two ruffians, whose appearance greatly corresponded with that of the sheriff's, or rather the knight-marshal's bailiffs. One of these especially, who seemed to affect a more than ordinary degree of rudeness and insolence, came in without any kind of ceremony, with a broad gold lace on his hat, which was cocked with much military fierceness on his head. An inkhorn at his button-hole and some papers in his hand sufficiently assured me what he was, and I asked him if he and his companion were not custom-house officers: he answered with sufficient dignity that they were, as an information which he seemed to conclude would strike the hearer with awe, and suppress all farther inquiry; but, on the contrary, I proceeded to ask of what rank he was in the custom-house, and, receiving an answer from his companion, as I remember, that the gentleman was a riding surveyor, I replied that he might be a riding surveyor, but could be no gentleman, for that none who had any title to that denomination would break into the presence of a lady without an apology or even moving his hat. He then took his covering from his head and laid it on the table,

saying, he asked pardon, and blamed the mate, who should, he said, have informed him if any persons of distinction were below. I told him he might guess by our appearance (which, perhaps, was rather more than could be said with the strictest adherence to truth) that he was before a gentleman and lady, which should teach him to be very civil in his behaviour, though we should not happen to be of that number whom the world calls people of fashion and distinction. However, I said, that as he seemed sensible of his error, and had asked pardon, the lady would permit him to put his hat on again if he chose it. This he refused with some degree of surliness, and failed not to convince me that, if I should condescend to become more gentle, he would soon grow more rude.

I now renewed a reflection, which I have often seen occasion to make, that there is nothing so incongruous in nature as any kind of power with lowness of mind and of ability, and that there is nothing more deplorable than the want of truth in the whimsical notion of Plato, who tells us that "Saturn, well knowing the state of human affairs, gave us kings and rulers, not of human but divine original; for, as we make not shepherds of sheep, nor oxherds of oxen, nor goatherds of goats, but place some of our own kind over all as being better and fitter to govern them; in the same manner were demons by the divine love set over us as a race of beings of a superior order to men, and who, with great ease to themselves, might regulate our affairs and establish peace, modesty, freedom, and justice, and, totally destroying all sedition, might complete the happiness of the human race. So far, at least, may even now be said with truth, that in all states which are under the government of mere man, without any divine assistance, there is nothing but labour and misery to be found. From what I have said, therefore, we may at least learn, with our utmost endeavours, to imitate the Saturnian institution; borrowing all assistance from our immortal part, while we pay to this the strictest obedience, we should form both our private economy and public policy from its dictates. By this dispensation of our immortal minds we are to establish a law and to call it by that name. But if any government be in the hands of a single person, of the few, or of the many, and such governor or governors shall abandon himself or themselves to the unbridled pursuit of the wildest pleasures or desires, unable to restrain any passion, but possessed with an insatiable bad disease; if such shall attempt to govern, and at the same time to trample on all laws, there can be no means of preservation left for the wretched people." Plato de Leg., lib. iv. p. 713, c. 714, edit. Serrani.

It is true that Plato is here treating of the highest of sovereign power in a state, but it is as true that his observations are general and may be applied to all inferior powers; and, indeed, every subordinate degree is immediately derived from the highest; and, as it is equally protected by the same force and sanctified by the same authority, is alike dangerous to the well-being of the subject.

Of all powers, perhaps, there is none so sanctified and protected as this which is under our present consideration. So numerous, indeed, and strong, are the sanctions given to it by many acts of parliament, that, having once established the laws of customs on merchandise, it seems to have been the sole view of the legislature to strengthen the hands and to protect the persons of the officers who became established by those laws, many of whom are so far from bearing any resemblance to the Saturnian institution, and to be chosen from a degree of

beings superior to the rest of the human race, that they sometimes seem industriously picked out of the lowest and vilest orders of mankind.

There is, indeed, nothing so useful to man in general, nor so beneficial to particular societies and individuals, as trade. This is that *alma mater* at whose plentiful breast all mankind are nourished. It is true, like other parents, she is not always equally indulgent to all her children, but, though she gives to her favourites a vast proportion of redundancy and superfluity, there are very few whom she refuses to supply with the conveniences, and none with the necessaries, of life.

Such a benefactress as this must naturally be beloved by mankind in general; it would be wonderful, therefore, if her interest was not considered by them and protected from the fraud and violence of some of her rebellious offspring, who, coveting more than their share or more than she thinks proper to allow them, are daily employed in meditating mischief against her, and in endeavouring to steal from their brethren those shares which this great *alma mater* had allowed them.

At length our governor came on board, and about six in the evening we weighed anchor, and fell down to the Nore, whither our passage was extremely pleasant, the evening being very delightful, the moon just past the full, and both wind and tide favourable to us.

Tuesday, July 2.—This morning we again set sail, under all the advantages we had enjoyed the evening before. This day we left the shore of Essex and coasted along Kent, passing by the pleasant island of Thanet, which is an island, and that of Sheppy, which is not an island, and about three o'clock, the wind being now full in our teeth, we came to an anchor in the Downs, within two miles of Deal.—My wife, having suffered intolerable pain from her tooth, again renewed her resolution of having it drawn, and another surgeon was sent for from Deal, but with no better success than the former. He likewise declined the operation, for the same reason which had been assigned by the former; however, such was her resolution, backed with pain, that he was obliged to make the attempt, which concluded more in honour of his judgment than of his operation; for, after having put my poor wife to inexpressible torment, he was obliged to leave her tooth in *statu quo*; and she had now the comfortable prospect of a long fit of pain, which might have lasted her whole voyage, without any possibility of relief.

In these pleasing sensations, of which I had my just share, nature, overcome with fatigue, about eight in the evening resigned her to rest—a circumstance which would have given me some happiness, could I have known how to employ those spirits who were raised by it; but, unfortunately for me, I was left in a disposition of enjoying an agreeable hour without the assistance of a companion, which has always appeared to me necessary to such enjoyment; my daughter and her companion were both retired sea-sick to bed; the other passengers were a rude school-boy of fourteen years old and an illiterate Portuguese friar, who understood no language but his own, in which I had not the least smattering. The captain was the only person left in whose conversation I might indulge myself; but unluckily, besides a total ignorance of everything in the world but a ship, he had the misfortune of being so deaf, that to make him hear, I will not say understand, my words, I must run the risk of conveying them to the ears of my wife, who, though in another room (called, I think, the state-room—being, indeed, a most stately apartment, capable of containing one

human body in length, if not very tall, and three bodies in breadth), lay asleep within a yard of me. In this situation necessity and choice were one and the same thing; the captain and I sat down together to a small bowl of punch, over which we both soon fell fast asleep, and so concluded the evening.

Wednesday, July 3.—This morning I awaked at four o'clock, for my distemper seldom suffered me to sleep later. I presently got up, and had the pleasure of enjoying the sight of a tempestuous sea for four hours before the captain was stirring; for he loved to indulge himself in morning slumbers, which were attended with a wind-music, much more agreeable to the performers than to the hearers, especially such as have, as I had, the privilege of sitting in the orchestra. At eight o'clock the captain rose, and sent his boat on shore. I ordered my man likewise to go in it, as my distemper was not of that kind which entirely deprives us of appetite. Now, though the captain had well victualled his ship with all manner of salt provisions for the voyage, and had added great quantities of fresh stores, particularly of vegetables, at Gravesend, such as beans and peas, which had been on board only two days, and had possibly not been gathered above two more, I apprehended I could provide better for myself at Deal than the ship's ordinary seemed to promise. I accordingly sent for fresh provisions of all kinds from the shore, in order to put off the evil day of starving as long as possible. My man returned with most of the articles I sent for, and now I thought myself in a condition of living a week on my own provisions. I therefore ordered my own dinner, which I wanted nothing but a cook to dress and a proper fire to dress it at; but those were not to be had, nor indeed any addition to my roast mutton, except the pleasure of the captain's company, with that of the other passengers; for my wife continued the whole day in a state of dozing, and my other females, whose sickness did not abate by the rolling of the ship at anchor, seemed more inclined to empty their stomachs than to fill them. Thus I passed the whole day (except about an hour at dinner) by myself, and the evening concluded with the captain as the preceding one had done; one comfortable piece of news he communicated to me, which was, that he had no doubt of a prosperous wind in the morning; but as he did not divulge the reasons of this confidence, and as I saw none myself besides the wind being directly opposite, my faith in this prophecy was not strong enough to build any great hopes upon.

Thursday, July 4.—This morning, however, the captain seemed resolved to fulfil his own predictions, whether the wind would or no; he accordingly weighed anchor, and, taking the advantage of the tide when the wind was not very boisterous, he hoisted his sails; and, as if his power had been no less absolute over Æolus than it was over Neptune, he forced the wind to blow him on in its own despite.

But as all men who have ever been at sea well know how weak such attempts are, and want no authorities of Scripture to prove that the most absolute power of a captain of a ship is very contemptible in the wind's eye, so did it befall our noble commander, who, having struggled with the wind three or four hours, was obliged to give over, and lost in a few minutes all that he had been so long gaining; in short, we returned to our former station, and once more cast anchor in the neighbourhood of Deal.

Here, though we lay near the shore, that we might promise ourselves all the emolument which could be derived from it, we found ourselves deceived; and that we might with as much conve-

niency be out of the sight of land; for, except when the captain launched forth his own boat, which he did always with great reluctance, we were incapable of procuring anything from Deal, but at a price too exorbitant, and beyond the reach even of modern luxury—the fare of a boat from Deal, which lay at two miles' distance, being at least three half-crowns, and, if we had been in any distress for it, as many half-guineas; for these good people consider the sea as a large common appendant to their manor, in which when they find any of their fellow-creatures impounded, they conclude that they have a full right of making them pay at their own discretion for their deliverance: to say the truth, whether it be that men who live on the sea-shore are of an amphibious kind, and do not entirely partake of human nature, or whatever else may be the reason, they are so far from taking any share in the distresses of mankind, or of being moved with any compassion for them, that they look upon them as blessings showered down from above, and which the more they improve to their own use, the greater is their gratitude and piety. Thus at Gravesend a sculler requires a shilling for going less way than he would row in London for threepence; and at Deal a boat often brings more profit in a day than it can produce in London in a week, or perhaps in a month; in both places the owner of the boat founds his demand on the necessity and distress of one who stands more or less in absolute want of his assistance, and with the urgency of these always rises in the exorbitancy of his demand, without ever considering that, from these very circumstances, the power or ease of gratifying such demand is in like proportion lessened. Now, as I am unwilling that some conclusions, which may be, I am aware, too justly drawn from these observations, should be imputed to human nature in general, I have endeavoured to account for them in a way more consistent with the goodness and dignity of that nature. However it be, it seems a little to reflect on the governors of such monsters that they do not take some means to restrain these impositions, and prevent them from triumphing any longer in the miseries of those who are, in many circumstances at least, their fellow-creatures, and considering the distresses of a wretched seaman, from his being wrecked to his being barely wind-bound, as a blessing sent among them from above, and calling it by that blasphemous name.

Friday, July 5.—This day I sent a servant on board a man-of-war that was stationed here, with my compliments to the captain, to represent to him the distress of the ladies, and to desire the favour of his long-boat to conduct us to Dover, at about seven miles' distance; and at the same time presumed to make use of a great lady's name, the wife of the first lord commissioner of the admiralty, who would, I told him, be pleased with any kindness shown by him towards us in our miserable condition. And this I am convinced was true, from the humanity of the lady, though she was entirely unknown to me.

The captain returned a verbal answer to a long letter, acquainting me that what I desired could not be complied with, it being a favour not in his power to grant. This might be, and I suppose was, true; but it is as true that, if he was able to write and had pen, ink, and paper on board, he might have sent a written answer, and that it was the part of a gentleman so to have done; but this is a character seldom maintained on the watery element, especially by those who exercise any power on it. Every commander of a vessel here seems to think himself entirely free from all those rules of decency

and civility which direct and restrain the conduct of the members of a society on shore; and each, claiming absolute dominion in his little wooden world, rules by his own laws and his own discretion. I do not, indeed, know so pregnant an instance of the dangerous consequences of absolute power, and its aptness to intoxicate the mind, as that of those petty tyrants, who become such in a moment, from very well-disposed and social members of that communion in which they affect no superiority, but live in an orderly state of legal subjection with their fellow-citizens.

Saturday, July 6.—This morning our commander, declaring he was sure the wind would change, took the advantage of an ebbing tide, and weighed his anchor. His assurance, however, had the same completion, and his endeavours the same success, with his former trial; and he was soon obliged to return once more to his old quarters. Just before we let go our anchor, a small sloop, rather than submit to yield us an inch of way, ran foul of our ship, and carried off her bowsprit. This obstinate frolic would have cost those aboard the sloop very dear, if our steersman had not been too generous to exert his superiority, the certain consequence of which would have been the immediate sinking of the other. This contention of the inferior with a might capable of crushing it in an instant may seem to argue no small share of folly or madness, as well as of impudence; but I am convinced there is very little danger in it: contempt is a port to which the pride of man submits to fly with reluctance, but those who are within it are always in a place of the most assured security; for whosoever throws away his sword prefers, indeed, a less honourable but much safer means of avoiding danger than he who defends himself with it. And here we shall offer another distinction, of the truth of which much reading and experience have well convinced us, that as in the most absolute governments there is a regular progression of slavery downwards, from the top to the bottom, the mischief of which is seldom felt with any great force and bitterness but by the next immediate degree; so in the most dissolute and anarchical states there is as regular an ascent of what is called rank or condition, which is always laying hold of the head of him who is advanced but one step higher on the ladder, who might, if he did not too much despise such efforts, kick his pursuer headlong to the bottom. We will conclude this digression with one general and short observation, which will, perhaps, set the whole matter in a clearer light than the longest and most laboured harangue. Whereas envy of all things most exposes us to danger from others, so contempt of all things best secures us from them. And thus, while the dung-cart and the sloop are always meditating mischief against the coach and the ship, and throwing themselves designedly in their way, the latter consider only their own security, and are not ashamed to break the road and let the other pass by them.

Monday, July 8.—Having passed our Sunday without anything remarkable, unless the catching a great number of whittings in the afternoon may be thought so, we now set sail on Monday at six o'clock, with a little variation of wind; but this was so very little, and the breeze itself so small, that the tide was our best and indeed almost our only friend. This conducted us along the short remainder of the Kentish shore. Here we passed that cliff of Dover which makes so tremendous a figure in Shakspeare, and which whoever reads without being giddy must, according to Mr. Addison's observation, have either a very good head or a very bad one; but

which, whoever contracts any such ideas from the sight of, must have at least a poetic if not a Shakspearian genius. In truth, mountains, rivers, heroes, and gods owe great part of their existence to the poets; and Greece and Italy do so plentifully abound in the former, because they furnish so glorious a number of the latter; who, while they bestowed immortality on every little hillock and blind stream, left the noblest rivers and mountains in the world to share the same obscurity with the eastern and western poets, in which they are celebrated.

This evening we beat the sea of Sussex in sight of Dungeness, with much more pleasure than progress; for the weather was almost a perfect calm, and the moon, which was almost at the full, scarce suffered a single cloud to veil her from our sight.

Tuesday, Wednesday, July 9, 10.—These two days we had much the same fine weather, and made much the same way; but in the evening of the latter day a pretty fresh gale sprung up at N. N. W., which brought us by the morning in sight of the Isle of Wight.

Thursday, July 11.—This gale continued till towards noon; when the east end of the island bore but a little ahead of us. The captain swaggered and declared he would keep the sea; but the wind got the better of him, so that about three he gave up the victory, and making a sudden tack stood in for the shore, passed by Spithead and Portsmouth, and came to an anchor at a place called Ryde on the island.

A most tragical incident fell out this day at sea. While the ship was under sail, but making as will appear no great way, a kitten, one of four of the feline inhabitants of the cabin, fell from the window into the water: an alarm was immediately given to the captain, who was then upon deck, and received it with the utmost concern and many bitter oaths. He immediately gave orders to the steersman in favour of the poor thing, as he called it; the sails were instantly slackened, and all hands, as the phrase is, employed to recover the poor animal. I was, I own, extremely surprised at all this; less indeed at the captain's extreme tenderness than at his conceiving any possibility of success; for if puss had had nine thousand instead of nine lives, I concluded they had been all lost. The boatswain, however, had more sanguine hopes, for, having stripped himself of his jacket, breeches, and shirt, he leaped boldly into the water, and to my great astonishment in a few minutes returned to the ship, bearing the motionless animal in his mouth. Nor was this, I observed, a matter of such great difficulty as it appeared to my ignorance, and possibly may seem to that of my fresh-water reader. The kitten was now exposed to air and sun on the deck, where its life, of which it retained no symptoms, was despaired of by all.

The captain's humanity, if I may so call it, did not so totally destroy his philosophy as to make him yield himself up to affliction on this melancholy occasion. Having felt his loss like a man, he resolved to show he could bear it like one; and, having declared he had rather have lost a cask of rum or brandy, betook himself to threshing at backgammon with the Portuguese friar, in which innocent amusement they had passed about two-thirds of their time.

But as I have, perhaps, a little too wantonly endeavoured to raise the tender passions of my readers in this narrative, I should think myself unpardonable if I concluded it without giving them the satisfaction of hearing that the kitten at last recovered, to the great joy of the good captain, but to the

great disappointment of some of the sailors, who asserted that the drowning a cat was the very surest way of raising a favourable wind; a supposition of which, though we have heard several plausible accounts, we will not presume to assign the true original reason.

Friday, July 12.—This day our ladies went ashore at Ryde, and drank their afternoon tea at an ale-house there with great satisfaction: here they were regaled with fresh cream, to which they had been strangers since they left the Downs.

Saturday, July 13.—The wind seeming likely to continue in the same corner where it had been almost constantly for two months together, I was persuaded by my wife to go ashore and stay at Ryde till we sailed. I approved the motion much; for, though I am a great lover of the sea, I now fancied there was more pleasure in breathing the fresh air of the land; but how to get thither was the question; for, being really that dead luggage which I considered all passengers to be in the beginning of this narrative, and incapable of any bodily motion without external impulse, it was in vain to leave the ship, or to determine to do it, without the assistance of others. In one instance, perhaps, the living luggage is more difficult to be moved or removed than an equal or much superior weight of dead matter; which, if of the brittle kind, may indeed be liable to be broken through negligence; but this, by proper care, may be almost certainly prevented; whereas the fractures to which the living lumps are exposed are sometimes by no caution avoidable, and often by no art to be amended.

I was deliberating on the means of conveyance, not so much out of the ship to the boat as out of a little tottering boat to the land; a matter which, as I had already experienced in the Thames, was not extremely easy, when to be performed by any other limbs than your own. Whilst I weighed all that could suggest itself on this head, without strictly examining the merit of the several schemes which were advanced by the captain and sailors, and, indeed, giving no very deep attention even to my wife, who, as well as her friend and my daughter, were exerting their tender concern for my ease and safety, Fortune, for I am convinced she had a hand in it, sent me a present of a buck; a present welcome enough of itself, but more welcome on account of the vessel in which it came, being a large hoy, which in some places would pass for a ship, and many people would go some miles to see the sight. I was pretty easily conveyed on board this hoy; but to get from hence to the shore was not so easy a task; for, however strange it may appear, the water itself did not extend so far; an instance which seems to explain those lines of Ovid,

Omnia pontus erant, de erant quoque littora ponto,
in a less tautological sense than hath generally been imputed to them.

In fact, between the sea and the shore there was, at low water, an impassable gulf, if I may so call it, of deep mud, which could neither be traversed by walking nor swimming; so that for near one half of the twenty-four hours Ryde was inaccessible by friend or foe. But as the magistrates of this place seemed more to desire the company of the former than to fear that of the latter, they had begun to make a small causeway to the low-water mark, so that foot passengers might land whenever they pleased; but as this work was of a public kind, and would have cost a large sum of money, at least ten pounds, and the magistrates, that is to say, the churchwardens, the overseers, constable, and tithing-man, and the principal inhabitants, had every one of

them some separate scheme of private interest to advance at the expense of the public, they fell out among themselves; and, after having thrown away one half of the requisite sum, resolved at least to save the other half, and rather be contented to sit down losers themselves than to enjoy any benefit which might bring in a greater profit to another. Thus that unanimity which is so necessary in all public affairs became wanting, and every man, from the fear of being a bubble to another, was, in reality, a bubble to himself.

However, as there is scarce any difficulty to which the strength of men, assisted with the cunning of art, is not equal, I was at last hoisted into a small boat, and, being rowed pretty near the shore, was taken up by two sailors, who waded with me through the mud, and placed me in a chair on the land, whence they afterwards conveyed me a quarter of a mile farther, and brought me to a house which seemed to bid the fairest for hospitality of any in Ryde.

We brought with us our provisions from the ship, so that we wanted nothing but a fire to dress our dinner, and a room in which we might eat it. In neither of these had we any reason to apprehend a disappointment, our dinner consisting only of beans and bacon; and the worst apartment in his majesty's dominions, either at home or abroad, being fully sufficient to answer our present ideas of delicacy.

Unluckily, however, we were disappointed in both; for when we arrived about four at our inn, exulting in the hopes of immediately seeing our beans smoking on the table, we had the mortification of seeing them on the table indeed, but without that circumstance which would have made the sight agreeable, being in the same state in which we had despatched them from our ship.

In excuse for this delay, though we had exceeded, almost purposely, the time appointed, and our provision had arrived three hours before, the mistress of the house acquainted us that it was not for want of time to dress them that they were not ready, but for fear of their being cold or over-done before we should come; which she assured us was much worse than waiting a few minutes for our dinner; an observation so very just, that it is impossible to find any objection in it; but, indeed, it was not altogether so proper at this time, for we had given the most absolute orders to have them ready at four, and had been ourselves, not without much care and difficulty, most exactly punctual in keeping to the very minute of our appointment. But tradesmen, inn-keepers, and servants, never care to indulge us in matters contrary to our true interest, which they always know better than ourselves; nor can any bribes corrupt them to go out of their way whilst they are consulting our good in our own despite.

Our disappointment in the other particular, in defiance of our humility, as it was more extraordinary, was more provoking. In short, Mrs. Francis (for that was the name of the good woman of the house) no sooner received the news of our intended arrival than she considered more the gentility than the humanity of her guests, and applied herself not to that which kindles but to that which extinguishes fires, and, forgetting to put on her pot, fell to washing her house.

As the messenger who had brought my venison was impatient to be despatched, I ordered it to be brought and laid on the table in the room where I was seated; and the table not being large enough, one side, and that a very bloody one, was laid on the brick floor. I then ordered Mrs. Francis to be called in, in order to give her instructions concern-

ing it; in particular, what I would have roasted and what baked; concluding that she would be highly pleased with the prospect of so much money being spent in her house as she might have now reason to expect, if the wind continued only a few days longer to blow from the same points whence it had blown for several weeks past.

I soon saw good cause, I must confess, to despise my own sagacity. Mrs. Francis, having received her orders, without making any answer, snatched the side from the floor, which remained stained with blood, and, bidding a servant to take up that on the table, left the room with no pleasant countenance, muttering to herself that, "had she known the litter which was to have been made, she would not have taken such pains to wash her house that morning. If this was gentility, much good may it do such gentlefolks; for her part she had no notion of it."

From these murmurs I received two hints. The one, that it was not from a mistake of our inclination that the good woman had starved us, but from wisely consulting her own dignity, or rather perhaps her vanity, to which our hunger was offered up as a sacrifice. The other, that I was now sitting in a damp room; a circumstance, though it had hitherto escaped my notice from the colour of the bricks, which was by no means to be neglected in a valetudinary state.

My wife, who, besides discharging excellently well her own and all the tender offices becoming the female character; who, besides being a faithful friend, an amiable companion, and a tender nurse, could likewise supply the wants of a decrepit husband, and occasionally perform his part, had, before this, discovered the immoderate attention to neatness in Mrs. Francis, and provided against its ill consequences. She had found, though not under the same roof, a very snug apartment belonging to Mr. Francis, and which had escaped the mop by his wife's being satisfied it could not possibly be visited by gentlefolks.

This was a dry, warm, oaken-floored barn, lined on both sides with wheaten straw, and opening at one end with a green field and a beautiful prospect. Here, without hesitation, she ordered the cloth to be laid, and came hastily to snatch me from worse perils by water than the common dangers of the sea.

Mrs. Francis, who could not trust her own ears, or could not believe a footman in so extraordinary a phenomenon, followed my wife, and asked her if she had indeed ordered the cloth to be laid in the barn? She answered in the affirmative; upon which Mrs. Francis declared she would not dispute her pleasure, but it was the first time she believed that quality had ever preferred a barn to a house. She showed at the same time the most pregnant marks of contempt, and again lamented the labour she had undergone, through her ignorance of the absurd taste of her guests.

At length, we were seated in one of the most pleasant spots I believe in the kingdom, and were regaled with our beans and bacon, in which there was nothing deficient but the quantity. This defect was however so deplorable that we had consumed our whole dish before we had visibly lessened our hunger. We now waited with impatience the arrival of our second course, which necessity, and not luxury, had dictated. This was a joint of mutton which Mrs. Francis had been ordered to provide; but when, being tired with expectation, we ordered our servants to see for something else, we were informed that there was nothing else; on which Mrs. Francis, being summoned, declared there was no such thing as mutton to be had at Ryde. When I

expressed some astonishment at their having no butcher in a village so situated, she answered they had a very good one, and one that killed all sorts of meat in season, beef two or three times a year, and mutton the whole year round; but that, it being then beans and peas time, he killed no meat, by reason he was not sure of selling it. This she had not thought worthy of communication, any more than that there lived a fisherman at next door, who was then provided with plenty of soles, and whittings, and lobsters, far superior to those which adorn a city feast. This discovery being made by accident, we completed the best, the pleasantest, and the merriest meal, with more appetite, more real solid luxury, and more festivity, than was ever seen in an entertainment at White's.

It may be wondered at, perhaps, that Mrs. Francis should be so negligent of providing for her guests, as she may seem to be thus inattentive to her own interest; but this was not the case; for, having clapped a poll-tax on our heads at our arrival, and determined at what price to discharge our bodies from her house, the less she suffered any other to share in the levy the clearer it came into her own pocket; and that it was better to get twelve pence in a shilling than ten pence, which latter would be the case if she afforded us fish at any rate.

Thus we passed a most agreeable day owing to good appetites and good humour; two hearty feeders which will devour with satisfaction whatever food you place before them; whereas, without these, the elegance of St. James's, the charde, the perigord-pie, or the ortolan, the venison, the turtle, or the custard, may titillate the throat, but will never convey happiness to the heart or cheerfulness to the countenance.

As the wind appeared still immovable, my wife proposed my lying on shore. I presently agreed, though in defiance of an act of parliament, by which persons wandering abroad and lodging in ale-houses are decreed to be rogues and vagabonds; and this too after having been very singularly officious in putting that law in execution.

My wife, having reconnoitred the house, reported that there was one room in which were two beds. It was concluded, therefore, that she and Harriot should occupy one and myself take possession of the other. She added likewise an ingenious recommendation of this room to one who had so long been in a cabin, which it exactly resembled, as it was sunk down with age on one side, and was in the form of a ship with gunwales to.

For my own part, I make little doubt but this apartment was an ancient temple, built with the materials of a wreck, and probably dedicated to Neptune in honour of THE BLESSING sent by him to the inhabitants; such blessings having in all ages been very common to them. The timber employed in it confirms this opinion, being such as is seldom used by any but ship-builders. I do not find indeed any mention of this matter in Hearn; but perhaps its antiquity was too modern to deserve his notice. Certain it is that this island of Wight was not an early convert to christianity; nay, there is some reason to doubt whether it was ever entirely converted. But I have only time to touch slightly on things of this kind, which, luckily for us, we have a society whose peculiar profession it is to discuss and develop.

Sunday, July 19. This morning early I summoned Mrs. Francis, in order to pay her the preceding day's account. As I could recollect only two or three articles I thought there was no necessity of pen and ink. In a single instance only we had exceeded

what the law allows gratis to a foot-soldier on his march, *viz.* vinegar, salt, &c., and dressing his meat. I found, however, I was mistaken in my calculation; for when the good woman attended with her bill it contained as follows:—

	£.	s.	d.
Bread and beer	0	2	4
Wind	0	2	0
Rum	0	2	0
Dressing dinner	0	3	0
Tea	0	1	6
Firing	0	1	0
Lodging	0	1	6
Servants' lodging	0	0	6
	£0 13 10		

Now that five people and two servants should live a day and night at a public-house for so small a sum will appear incredible to any person in London above the degree of a chimney-sweeper; but more astonishing will it seem that these people should remain so long at such a house without tasting any other delicacy than bread, small beer, a teacupfull of milk called cream, a glass of rum converted into punch by their own materials, and one bottle of *wind*, of which we only tasted a single glass, though possibly, indeed, our servants drank the remainder of the bottle.

This *wind* is a liquor of English manufacture, and its flavour is thought very delicious by the generality of the English, who drink it in great quantities. Every seventh year is thought to produce as much as the other six. It is then drunk so plentifully that the whole nation are in a manner intoxicated by it; and consequently very little business is carried on at that season.

It resembles in colour the red wine which is imported from Portugal, as it doth in its intoxicating quality; hence, and from this agreement in the orthography, the one is often confounded with the other, though both are seldom esteemed by the same person. It is to be had in every parish of the kingdom, and a pretty large quantity is consumed in the metropolis, where several taverns are set apart solely for the vendition of this liquor, the masters never dealing in any other.

The disagreement in our computation produced some small remonstrance to Mrs. Francis on my side; but this received an immediate answer: "She scorned to overcharge gentlemen; her house had been always frequented by the very best gentry of the island; and she had never had a bill found fault with in her life, though she had lived upwards of forty years in the house, and within that time the greatest gentry in Hampshire had been at it; and that lawyer Willis never went to any other when he came to those parts. That for her part she did not get her livelihood by travellers, who were gone and away, and she never expected to see them more, but that her neighbours might come again; wherefore, to be sure, they had the only right to complain."

She was proceeding thus, and from her volubility of tongue seemed likely to stretch the discourse to an immoderate length, when I suddenly cut all short by paying the bill.

This morning our ladies went to church, more, I fear, from curiosity than religion; they were attended by the captain in a most military attire, with his cockade in his hat and his sword by his side. So unusual an appearance in this little chapel drew the attention of all present, and probably disconcerted the women, who were in dishabille, and

wished themselves dressed, for the sake of the curate, who was the greatest of their beholders.

While I was left alone I received a visit from Mr. Francis himself, who was much more considerable as a farmer than as an inn-holder. Indeed, he left the latter entirely to the care of his wife, and he acted wisely, I believe, in so doing.

As nothing more remarkable passed on this day I will close it with the account of these two characters, as far as a few days' residence could inform me of them. If they should appear as new to the reader as they did to me, he will not be displeased at finding them here.

This amiable couple seemed to border hard on their grand climacteric; nor indeed were they shy of owning enough to fix their ages within a year or two of that time. They appeared to be rather proud of having employed their time well than ashamed of having lived so long; the only reason which I could ever assign why some fine ladies, and fine gentlemen too, should desire to be thought younger than they really are by the contemporaries of their grandchildren. Some, indeed, who too hastily credit appearances, might doubt whether they had made so good a use of their time as I would insinuate, since there was no appearance of anything but poverty, want, and wretchedness, about their house; nor could they produce anything to a customer in exchange for his money but a few bottles of *wind*, and spirituous liquors, and some very bad ale, to drink; with rusty bacon and worse cheese to eat. But then it should be considered, on the other side, that whatever they received was almost as entirely clear profit as the blessing of a wreck itself; such an inn being the very reverse of a coffee-house; for here you can neither sit for nothing nor have anything for your money.

Again, as many marks of want abounded everywhere, so were the marks of antiquity visible. Scarce anything was to be seen which had not some scar upon it, made by the hand of Time; not a utensil, it was manifest, had been purchased within a dozen years last past; so that whatever money had come into the house during that period at least must have remained in it, unless it had been sent abroad for food, or other perishable commodities; but these were supplied by a small portion of the fruits of the farm, in which the farmer allowed he had a very good bargain. In fact, it is inconceivable what sums may be collected by starving only, and how easy it is for a man to die rich if he will but be contented to live miserable.

Nor is there in this kind of starving anything so terrible as some apprehend. It neither wastes a man's flesh nor robs him of his cheerfulness. The famous Cornaro's case well proves the contrary; and so did farmer Francis, who was of a round stature, had a plump round face, with a kind of smile on it, and seemed to borrow an air of wretchedness rather from his coat's age than from his own.

The truth is, there is a certain diet which emaciates men more than any possible degree of abstinence; though I do not remember to have seen any caution against it, either in Cheney, Arbuthnot, or in any other modern writer on regimen. Nay, the very name is not, I believe, in the learned Dr. James's Dictionary; all which is the more extraordinary as it is a very common food in this kingdom, and the college themselves were not long since very liberally entertained with it by the present attorney and other eminent lawyers in Lincoln's-inn-hall, and were all made horribly sick by it.

But though it should not be found among our English physical writers, we may be assured of

meeting with it among the Greeks; for nothing considerable in nature escapes their notice, though many things considerable in them, it is to be feared, have escaped the notice of their readers. The Greeks then, to all such as feed too voraciously on this diet, give the name of *HEAUTOFAGI*, which our physicians will, I suppose, translate *men that eat themselves*.

As nothing is so destructive to the body as this kind of food, so nothing is so plentiful and cheap; but it was perhaps the only cheap thing the farmer disliked. Probably living much on fish might produce this disgust; for Diodorus Siculus attributes the same aversion in a people of *Æthiopia* to the same cause; he calls them the fish-eaters, and asserts that they cannot be brought to eat a single meal with the *Heautofagi* by any persuasion, threat, or violence whatever, not even though they should kill their children before their faces.

What hath puzzled our physicians, and prevented them from setting this matter in the clearest light, is possibly one simple mistake, arising from a very excusable ignorance; that the passions of men are capable of swallowing food as well as their appetites; that the former, in feeding, resemble the state of those animals who chew the cud; and therefore, such men, in some sense, may be said to prey on themselves, and as it were to devour their own entrails. And hence ensues a meagre aspect and thin habit of body, as surely as from what is called a consumption.

Our farmer was one of these. He had no more passion than an *Ichthuofagus* or *Æthiopian* fisher. He wished not for anything, thought not of anything; indeed, he scarce did anything or said anything. Here I cannot be understood strictly; for then I must describe a nonentity, whereas I would rob him of nothing but that free agency which is the cause of all the corruption and of all the misery of human nature. No man, indeed, ever did more than the farmer, for he was an absolute slave to labour all the week; but in truth, as my sagacious reader must have at first apprehended, when I said he resigned the care of the house to his wife, I meant more than I then expressed, even the house and all that belonged to it; for he was really a farmer only under the direction of his wife. In a word, so composed, so serene, so placid a countenance, I never saw; and he satisfied himself by answering to every question he was asked, "I don't know anything about it, sir; I leaves all that to my wife."

Now, as a couple of this kind would, like two vessels of oil, have made no composition in life, and for want of all savour must have palled every taste; nature or fortune, or both of them, took care to provide a proper quantity of acid in the materials that formed the wife, and to render her a perfect help-mate for so tranquil a husband. She abounded in whatsoever he was defective; that is to say, in almost everything. She was indeed as vinegar to oil, or a brisk wind to a standing-pool, and preserved all from stagnation and corruption.

Quin the player, on taking a nice and severe survey of a fellow-comedian, burst forth into this exclamation:—"If that fellow be not a rogue, God Almighty doth not write a legible hand." Whether he guessed right or no is not worth my while to examine; certain it is that the latter, having wrought his features into a proper harmony to become the characters of Iago, Shylock, and others of the same cast, gave us a semblance of truth to the observation that was sufficient to confirm the wit of it. Indeed, we may remark, in favour of the physiognomist, though the law has made him a rogue and vagabond,

that Nature is seldom curious in her works within, without employing some little pains on the outside; and this more particularly in mischievous characters, in forming which, as Mr. Derham observes, in venomous insects, as the sting or saw of a wasp, she is sometimes wonderfully industrious. Now, when she hath thus completely armed our hero to carry on a war with man, she never fails of furnishing that innocent lambkin with some means of knowing his enemy, and foreseeing his designs. Thus she hath been observed to act in the case of a rattlesnake, which never meditates human prey without giving warning of his approach.

This observation will, I am convinced, hold most true, if applied to the most venomous individuals of human insects. A tyrant, a trickster, and a bully, generally wear the marks of their several dispositions in their countenances; so do the vixen, the shrew, the scold, and all other females of the like kind. But, perhaps, nature hath never afforded a stronger example of all this than in the case of Mrs. Francis. She was a short, squat woman; her head was closely joined to her shoulders, where it was fixed somewhat awry; every feature of her countenance was sharp and pointed; her face was furrowed with the small-pox; and her complexion, which seemed to be able to turn milk to curds, not a little resembled in colour such milk as had already undergone that operation. She appeared, indeed, to have many symptoms of a deep jaundice in her look; but the strength and firmness of her voice overbalanced them all; the tone of this was a sharp treble at a distance, for I seldom heard it on the same floor, but was usually waked with it in the morning, and entertained with it almost continually through the whole day.

Though vocal be usually put in opposition to instrumental music, I question whether this might not be thought to partake of the nature of both; for she played on two instruments, which she seemed to keep for no other use from morning till night; these were two maids, or rather scolding-stocks, who, I suppose, by some means or other, earned their board, and she gave them their lodging *gratis*, or for no other service than to keep her lungs in constant exercise.

She differed, as I have said, in every particular from her husband; but very remarkably in this, that, as it was impossible to displease him, so it was as impossible to please her; and as no art could remove a smile from his countenance, so could no art carry it into hers. If her bills were remonstrated against she was offended with the tacit censure of her fair-dealing; if they were not, she seemed to regard it as a tacit sarcasm on her folly, which might have set down larger prices with the same success. On this latter hint she did indeed improve, for she daily raised some of her articles. A pennyworth of fire was to-day rated at a shilling, to-morrow at eighteenpence; and if she dressed us two dishes for two shillings on the Saturday, we paid half a crown for the cookery of one on the Sunday; and, whenever she was paid, she never left the room without lamenting the small amount of her bill, saying, "she knew not how it was that others got their money by gentlefolks, but for her part she had not the art of it." When she was asked why she complained, when she was paid all she demanded, she answered, "she could not deny that, nor did she know she had omitted anything; but that it was but a poor bill for gentlefolks to pay."

I accounted for all this by her having heard that it is a maxim with the principal inn-holders on the continent to levy considerable sums on their guests who travel with many horses and servants, though

such guests should eat little or nothing in their houses; the method being, I believe, in such cases, to lay a capitation on the horses, and not on their masters. But she did not consider that in most of these inns a very great degree of hunger, without any degree of delicacy, may be satisfied; and that in all such inns there is some appearance, at least, of provision, as well as of a man-cook to dress it, one of the hostlers being always furnished with a cook's cap, waistcoat, and apron, ready to attend gentlemen and ladies on their summons; that the case therefore of such inns differed from hers, where there was nothing to eat or to drink, and in reality no house to inhabit, no chair to sit upon, nor any bed to lie in; that one third or fourth part therefore of the levy imposed at inns was, in truth, a higher tax than the whole was when laid on in the other, where, in order to raise a small sum, a man is obliged to submit to pay as many various ways for the same thing as he doth to the government for the light which enters through his own window into his own house, from his own estate; such are the articles of bread and beer, firing, eating and dressing dinner.

The foregoing is a very imperfect sketch of this extraordinary couple; for everything is here lowered instead of being heightened. Those who would see them set forth in more lively colours, and with the proper ornaments, may read the descriptions of the Furies in some of the classical poets, or of the Stoic philosophers in the works of Lucian.

Monday, July 20.—This day nothing remarkable passed; Mrs. Francis levied a tax of fourteen shillings for the Sunday. We regaled ourselves at dinner with venison and good claret of our own; and, in the afternoon, the women, attended by the captain, walked to see a delightful scene two miles distant, with the beauties of which they declared themselves most highly charmed at their return, as well as with the goodness of the lady of the mansion, who had slipped out of the way, that my wife and her company might refresh themselves with the flowers and fruits with which her garden abounded.

Tuesday, July 21.—This day, having paid our taxes of yesterday, we were permitted to regale ourselves with more venison. Some of this we would willingly have exchanged for mutton; but no such flesh was to be had nearer than Portsmouth, from whence it would have cost more to convey a joint to us than the freight of a Portugal ham from Lisbon to London amounts to; for though the water-carriage be somewhat cheaper here than at Deal, yet can you find no waterman who will go on board his boat, unless by two or three hours' rowing he can get drunk for the residue of the week.

And here I have an opportunity, which possibly may not offer again, of publishing some observations on that political economy of this nation, which, as it concerns only the regulation of the mob, is below the notice of our great men; though on the due regulation of this order depend many emoluments, which the great men themselves, or at least many who tread close on their heels, may enjoy, as well as some dangers which may some time or other arise from introducing a pure state of anarchy among them. I will represent the case, as it appears to me, very fairly and impartially between the mob and their betters.

The whole mischief which infects this part of our economy arises from the vague and uncertain use of a word called liberty, of which, as scarce any two men with whom I have ever conversed seem to have one and the same idea, I am inclined to doubt whether there be any simple universal notion represented by this word, or whether it conveys any clearer or

more determinate idea than some of those old Punic compositions of syllables preserved in one of the comedies of Plautus, but at present, as I conceive, not supposed to be understood by any one.

By liberty, however, I apprehend, is commonly understood the power of doing what we please; not absolutely, for then it would be inconsistent with law, by whose control the liberty of the freest people, except only the Hottentots and wild Indians, must always be restrained.

But, indeed, however largely we extend, or however moderately we confine, the sense of the word, no politician will, I presume, contend that it is to pervade in an equal degree, and be, with the same extent, enjoyed by, every member of society; no such polity having been ever found, unless among those vile people just before commemorated. Among the Greeks and Romans the servile and free conditions were opposed to each other; and no man who had the misfortune to be enrolled under the former could lay any claim to liberty till the right was conveyed to him by that master whose slave he was, either by the means of conquest, of purchase, or of birth.

This was the state of all the free nations in the world; and this, till very lately, was understood to be the case of our own.

I will not indeed say this is the case at present, the lowest class of our people having shaken off all the shackles of their superiors, and become not only as free, but even freer, than most of their superiors. I believe it cannot be doubted, though perhaps we have no recent instance of it, that the personal attendance of every man who hath three hundred pounds per annum, in parliament, is indispensably his duty; and that, if the citizens and burgesses of any city or borough shall choose such a one, however reluctant he appear, he may be obliged to attend, and be forcibly brought to his duty by the serjeant-at-arms.

Again, there are numbers of subordinate offices, some of which are of burthen, and others of expense, in the civil government—all of which persons who are qualified are liable to have imposed on them, may be obliged to undertake and properly execute, notwithstanding any bodily labour, or even danger, to which they may subject themselves, under the penalty of fines and imprisonment; nay, and what may appear somewhat hard, may be compelled to satisfy the losses which are eventually incident, to that of sheriff in particular, out of their own private fortunes; and though this should prove the ruin of a family, yet the public, to whom the price is due, incurs no debt or obligation to preserve its officer harmless, let his innocence appear ever so clearly.

I purposely omit the mention of those military or military duties which our old constitution laid upon its greatest members. These might, indeed, supply their posts with some other able-bodied men; but if no such could have been found, the obligation nevertheless remained, and they were compellable to serve in their own proper persons.

The only one, therefore, who is possessed of absolute liberty is the lowest member of the society, who, if he prefers hunger, or the wild product of the fields, hedges, lanes, and rivers, with the indulgence of ease and laziness, to a food a little more delicate, but purchased at the expense of labour, may lay himself under a shade; nor can be forced to take the other alternative from that which he hath, I will not affirm whether wisely or foolishly, chosen.

Here I may, perhaps, be reminded of the last vagrant act, where all such persons are compellable to work for the usual and accustomed wages allowed in the place; but this is a clause little known to the

justices of the peace, and least likely to be executed by those who do know it, as they know likewise that it is formed on the ancient power of the justices to fix and settle these wages every year, making proper allowances for the scarcity and plenty of the times, the cheapness and dearness of the place; and that *the usual and accustomed wages* are words without any force or meaning, when there are no such; but every man sponges and raps whatever he can get; and will haggle as long and struggle as hard to cheat his employer of twopence in a day's labour as an honest tradesman will to cheat his customers of the same sum in a yard of cloth or silk.

It is a great pity then that this power, or rather this practice, was not revived; but, this having been so long omitted that it is become obsolete, will be best done by a new law, in which this power, as well as the consequent power of forcing the poor to labour at a moderate and reasonable rate, should be well considered and their execution facilitated; for gentlemen who give their time and labour *gratis*, and even voluntarily, to the public, have a right to expect that all their business be made as easy as possible; and to enact laws without doing this is to fill our statute-books, much too full already, still fuller with dead letter, of no use but to the printer of the acts of parliament.

That the evil which I have here pointed at is of itself worth redressing, is, I apprehend, no subject of dispute; for why should any persons in distress be deprived of the assistance of their fellow-subjects, when they are willing amply to reward them for their labour? or, why should the lowest of the people be permitted to exact ten times the value of their work? For those exactions increase with the degrees of necessity in their object, insomuch that on the former side many are horribly imposed upon, and that often in no trifling matters. I was very well assured that at Deal no less than ten guineas was required, and paid by the supercargo of an Indiaman, for carrying him on board two miles from the shore when she was just ready to sail; so that this necessity, as his pillager well understood, was absolute. Again, many others, whose indignation will not submit to such plunder, are forced to refuse the assistance, though they are often great sufferers by so doing. On the latter side, the lowest of the people are encouraged in laziness and idleness; while they live by a twentieth part of the labour that ought to maintain them, which is diametrically opposite to the interest of the public; for that requires a great deal to be done, not to be paid, for a little. And moreover, they are confirmed in habits of exaction, and are taught to consider the distresses of their superiors as their own fair emolument.

But enough of this matter, of which I at first intended only to convey a hint to those who are alone capable of applying the remedy, though they are the last to whom the notice of those evils would occur, without some such monitor as myself, who am forced to travel about the world in the form of a passenger. I cannot but say I heartily wish our governors would attentively consider this method of fixing the price of labour, and by that means of compelling the poor to work, since the due execution of such powers will, I apprehend, be found the true and only means of making them useful, and of advancing trade from its present visibly declining state to the height to which Sir William Petty, in his *Political Arithmetic*, thinks it capable of being carried.

In the afternoon the lady of the above-mentioned mansion called at our inn, and left her compliments to us with Mrs. Francis, with an assurance that while we continued wind-bound in that place, where

she feared we could be but indifferently accommodated, we were extremely welcome to the use of anything which her garden or her house afforded. So polite a message convinced us, in spite of some arguments to the contrary, that we were not on the coast of Africa, or on some island where the few savage inhabitants have little of human in them besides their form.

And here I mean nothing less than to derogate from the merit of this lady, who is not only extremely polite in her behaviour to strangers of her own rank, but so extremely good and charitable to all her poor neighbours who stand in need of her assistance, that she hath the universal love and praises of all who live near her. But, in reality, how little doth the acquisition of so valuable a character, and the full indulgence of so worthy a disposition, cost those who possess it! Both are accomplished by the very offals which fall from a table moderately plentiful. That they are enjoyed therefore by so few arises truly from there being so few who have any such disposition to gratify, or who aim at any such character.

Wednesday, July 22.—This morning, after having been mulcted as usual, we despatched a servant with proper acknowledgments of the lady's goodness; but confined our wants entirely to the productions of her garden. He soon returned, in company with the gardener, both richly laden with almost every particular which a garden at this most fruitful season of the year produces.

While we were regaling ourselves with these, towards the close of our dinner, we received orders from our commander, who had dined that day with some inferior officers on board a man of war, to return instantly to the ship; for that the wind was become favourable, and he should weigh that evening. These orders were soon followed by the captain himself, who was still in the utmost hurry though the occasion of it had long since ceased; for the wind had, indeed, a little shifted that afternoon, but was before this very quietly set down in its old quarters.

This last was a lucky hit for me; for, as the captain, to whose orders we resolved to pay no obedience, unless delivered by himself, did not return till past six, so much time seemed requisite to put up the furniture of our bed-chamber or dining-room, for almost every article, even to some of the chairs, were either our own or the captain's property; so much more in conveying it as well as myself, as dead a luggage as any, to the shore, and thence to the ship, that the night threatened first to overtake us. A terrible circumstance to me, in my decayed condition; especially as very heavy showers of rain, attended with a high wind, continued to fall incessantly; the being carried through which two miles in the dark, in a wet and open boat, seemed little less than certain death.

However, as my commander was absolute, his orders peremptory, and my obedience necessary, I resolved to avail myself of a philosophy which hath been of notable use to me in the latter part of my life, and which is contained in this hemistich of Virgil:—

— *Superanda omnis fortuna ferendo est.*

The meaning of which, if Virgil had any, I think I rightly understood, and rightly applied.

As I was therefore to be entirely passive in my motion, I resolved to abandon myself to the conduct of those who were to carry me into a cart when it returned from unloading the goods.

But before this, the captain, perceiving what had happened in the clouds, and that the wind remained

as much his enemy as ever, came up stairs to me with a reprieve till the morning. This was, I own, very agreeable news, and I little regretted the trouble of refurnishing my apartment, by sending back for the goods.

Mrs. Francis was not well pleased with this. As she understood the reprieve to be only till the morning, she saw nothing but lodging to be possibly added, out of which she was to deduct fire and candle, and the remainder, she thought, would scarce pay her for her trouble. She exerted therefore all the ill-humour of which she was mistress, and did all she could to thwart and perplex everything during the whole evening.

Thursday, July 23.—Early in the morning the captain, who had remained on shore all night, came to visit us, and to press us to make haste on board. "I am resolved," says he, "not to lose a moment now the wind is coming about fair: for my own part, I never was surer of a wind in all my life." I use his very words; nor will I presume to interpret or comment upon them farther than by observing that they were spoke in the utmost hurry.

We promised to be ready as soon as breakfast was over, but this was not so soon as was expected; for, in removing our goods the evening before, the tea-chest was unhappily lost.

Every place was immediately searched, and many where it was impossible for it to be; for this was a loss of much greater consequence than it may at first seem to many of my readers. Ladies and valetudiniarians do not easily dispense with the use of this sovereign cordial in a single instance; but to undertake a long voyage, without any probability of being supplied with it the whole way, was above the reach of patience. And yet, dreadful as this calamity was, it seemed unavoidable. The whole town of Ryde could not supply a single leaf; for, as to what Mrs. Francis and the shop called by that name, it was not of Chinese growth. It did not indeed in the least resemble tea, either in smell or taste, or in any particular, unless in being a leaf; for it was in truth no other than a tobacco of the *mundungus* species. And as for the hopes of relief in any other port, they were not to be depended upon, for the captain had positively declared he was sure of a wind, and would let go his anchor no more till he arrived in the *Tajo*.

When a good deal of time had been spent, most of it indeed wasted on this occasion, a thought occurred which every one wondered at its not having presented itself the first moment. This was to apply to the good lady, who could not fail of pitying and relieving such distress. A messenger was immediately despatched with an account of our misfortune, till whose return we employed ourselves in preparatives for our departure, that we might have nothing to do but to swallow our breakfast when it arrived. The tea-chest, though of no less consequence to us than the military-chest to a general, was given up as lost, or rather as stolen; for though I would not, for the world, mention any particular name, it is certain we had suspicions, and all, I am afraid, fell on the same person.

The man returned from the worthy lady with much expedition, and brought with him a canister of tea, despatched with so true a generosity, as well as politeness, that if our voyage had been as long again we should have incurred no danger of being brought to a short allowance in this most important article. At the very same instant likewise arrived William the footman with our own tea-chest. It had been, indeed, left in the hoy, when the other goods were re-landed, as William, when he first

heard it was missing, had suspected; and whence, had not the owner of the hoy been unluckily out of the way, he had retrieved it soon enough to have prevented our giving the lady an opportunity of displaying some part of her goodness.

To search the hoy was, indeed, too natural a suggestion to have escaped any one, nor did it escape being mentioned by many of us; but we were dissuaded from it by my wife's maid, who perfectly well remembered she had left the chest in the bed-chamber; for that she had never given it out of her hand in her way to or from the hoy; but William perhaps knew the maid better, and best understood how far she was to be believed; for otherwise he would hardly of his own accord, after hearing her declaration, have hunted out the hoy-man, with much pains and difficulty.

Thus ended this scene, which began with such appearance of distress, and ended with becoming the subject of mirth and laughter.

Nothing now remained but to pay our taxes, which were indeed laid with inconceivable severity. Lodging was raised six-pence, fire in the same proportion, and even candles, which had hitherto escaped, were charged with a wantonness of imposition, from the beginning, and placed under the style of oversight. We were raised a whole pound, whereas we had only burnt ten, in five nights, and the pound consisted of twenty-four.

Lastly, an attempt was made which almost as far exceeds human credulity to believe as it did human patience to submit to. This was to make us pay as much for existing an hour or two as for existing a whole day; and dressing dinner was introduced as an article, though we left the house before either pot or spit had approached the fire. Here I own my patience failed me, and I became an example of the truth of the observation, "That all tyranny and oppression may be carried too far, and that a yoke may be made too intolerable for the neck of the tamest slave." When I remonstrated, with some warmth, against this grievance, Mrs. Francis gave me a look, and left the room without making any answer. She returned in a minute, running to me with pen, ink, and paper, in her hand, and desired me to make my own bill; "for she hoped," she said, "I did not expect that her house was to be dirtied, and her goods spoiled and consumed, for nothing. The whole is but thirteen shillings. Can gentlefolks lie a whole night at a public-house for less? If they can I am sure it is time to give off being a landlady: but pay me what you please; I would have people know that I value money as little as other folks. But I was always a fool, as I says to my husband, and never knows which side my bread is buttered of. And yet, to be sure, your honour shall be my warning not to be bit so again. Some folks knows better than other somehow to make their bills. Candles! why yes, to be sure; why should not travellers pay for candles? I am sure I pays for my candles, and the chandler pays the king's majesty for them; and if he did not I must, so as it comes to the same thing in the end. To be sure I am out of sixteens at present, but these burn as white and as clear, though not quite so large. I expects my chandler here soon, or I would send to Portsmouth, if your honour was to stay any time longer. But when folks stays only for a wind, you knows there can be no dependence on such!" Here she put on a little slyness of aspect, and seemed willing to submit to interruption. I interrupted her accordingly by throwing down half a guinea, and declared I had no more English money, which was indeed true; and, as she could not

immediately change the thirty-six shilling pieces, it put a final end to the dispute. Mrs. Francis soon left the room, and we soon after left the house; nor would this good woman see us or wish us a good voyage.

I must not, however, quit this place, where we had been so ill treated, without doing it impartial justice, and recording what may, with the strictest truth, be said in its favour.

First, then, as to its situation, it is, I think, most delightful, and in the most pleasant spot in the whole island. It is true it wants the advantage of that beautiful river which leads from Newport to Cowes; but the prospect here extending to the sea, and taking in Portsmouth, Spithead, and St. Helen's, would be more than a recompence for the loss of the Thames itself, even in the most delightful part of Berkshire or Buckinghamshire, though another Denham, or another Pope, should unite in celebrating it. For my own part, I confess myself so entirely fond of a sea prospect, that I think nothing on the land can equal it; and if it be set off with shipping, I desire to borrow no ornament from the *terra firma*. A fleet of ships is, in my opinion, the noblest object which the art of man hath ever produced; and far beyond the power of those architects who deal in brick, in stone, or in marble.

When the late sir Robert Walpole, one of the best of men and of ministers, used to equip us a yearly fleet at Spithead, his enemies of taste must have allowed that he, at least, treated the nation with a fine sight for their money. A much finer, indeed, than the same expense in an encampment could have produced. For what indeed is the best idea which the prospect of a number of hats can furnish to the mind, but of a number of men forming themselves into a society before the art of building more substantial houses was known? This, perhaps, would be agreeable enough; but, in truth, there is a much worse idea ready to step in before it, and that is of a body of cutthroats, the supports of tyranny, the invaders of the just liberties and properties of mankind, the plunderers of the industrious, the ravishers of the chaste, the murderers of the innocent, and, in a word, the destroyers of the plenty, the peace, and the safety, of their fellow-creatures.

And what, it may be said, are these men of war which seem so delightful an object to our eyes? Are they not alike the support of tyranny and oppression of innocence, carrying with them desolation and ruin wherever their masters please to send them? This is indeed too true; and however the ship of war may, in its bulk and equipment, exceed the honest merchantman, I heartily wish there was no necessity for it; for, though I must own the superior beauty of the object on one side, I am more pleased with the superior excellence of the idea which I can raise in my mind on the other, while I reflect on the art and industry of mankind engaged in the daily improvements of commerce to the mutual benefit of all countries, and to the establishment and happiness of social life.

This pleasant village is situated on a gentle ascent from the water, whence it affords that charming prospect I have above described. Its soil is a gravel, which, assisted with its declivity, preserves it always so dry that immediately after the most violent rain a fine lady may walk without wetting her silken shoes. The fertility of the place is apparent from its extraordinary verdure, and it is so shaded with large and flourishing elms, that its narrow lanes are a natural grove or walk, which, in the regularity of its plantation, vies with the power of art, and in its wanton exuberancy greatly exceeds it.

In a field in the ascent of this hill, about a quarter of a mile from the sea, stands a neat little chapel. It is very small, but adequate to the number of inhabitants; for the parish doth not seem to contain above thirty houses.

At about two miles distant from this parish lives that polite and good lady to whose kindness we were so much obliged. It is placed on a hill whose bottom is washed by the sea, and which, from its eminence at top, commands a view of great part of the island as well as it does that of the opposite shore. This house was formerly built by one Boyce, who, from a blacksmith at Gosport, became possessed, by great success in smuggling, of forty thousand pounds. With part of this he purchased an estate here, and, by chance probably, fixed on this spot for building a large house. Perhaps the convenience of carrying on his business, to which it is so well adapted, might dictate the situation to him. We can hardly, at least, attribute it to the same taste with which he furnished his house, or at least his library, by sending an order to a bookseller in London to pack him up five hundred pounds' worth of his handsomest books. They tell here several almost incredible stories of the ignorance, the folly, and the pride, which this poor man and his wife discovered during the short continuance of his prosperity; for he did not long escape the sharp eyes of the revenue solicitors, and was, by extents from the court of Exchequer, soon reduced below his original state to that of confinement in the Fleet. All his effects were sold, and among the rest his books, by an auction at Portsmouth, for a very small price; for the bookseller was now discovered to have been perfectly a master of his trade, and, relying on Mr. Boyce's finding little time to read, had sent him not only the most lasting wares of his shop, but duplicates of the same, under different titles.

His estate and house were purchased by a gentleman of these parts, whose widow now enjoys them, and who hath improved them, particularly her gardens, with so elegant a taste, that the painter who would assist his imagination in the composition of a most exquisite landscape, or the poet who would describe an earthly paradise, could nowhere furnish themselves with a richer pattern.

We left this place about eleven in the morning, and were again conveyed, with more sunshine than wind, aboard our ship.

Whence our captain had acquired his power of prophecy, when he promised us and himself a prosperous wind, I will not determine; it is sufficient to observe that he was a false prophet, and that the weathercocks continued to point as before.

He would not, however, so easily give up his skill in prediction. He persevered in asserting that the wind was changed, and, having weighed his anchor, fell down that afternoon to St. Helen's, which was at about the distance of five miles; and whither his friend the tide, in defiance of the wind, which was most manifestly against him, softly wafted him in as many hours.

Here, about seven in the evening, before which time we could not procure it, we sat down to regale ourselves with some roasted venison, which was much better dressed than we imagined it would be, and an excellent cold pasty which my wife had made at Ryde, and which we had reserved uncut to eat on board our ship, whither we all cheerfully exulted in being returned from the presence of Mrs. Francis, who, by the exact resemblance she bore to a fury, seemed to have been with no great propriety settled in paradise.

Friday, July 24.—As we passed by Spithead on the preceding evening we saw the two regiments of soldiers who were just returned from Gibraltar and Minorca; and this day a lieutenant belonging to one of them, who was the captain's nephew, came to pay a visit to his uncle. He was what is called by some a very pretty fellow; indeed, much too pretty a fellow at his years; for he was turned of thirty-four, though his address and conversation would have become him more before he had reached twenty. In his conversation, it is true, there was something military enough, as it consisted chiefly of oaths, and of the great actions and wise sayings of Jack, and Will, and Tom of our regiment, a phrase eternally in his mouth; and he seemed to conclude that it conveyed to all the officers such a degree of public notoriety and importance that it entitled him, like the head of a profession, or a first minister, to be the subject of conversation among those who had not the least personal acquaintance with him. This did not much surprise me, as I have seen several examples of the same; but the defects of his address, especially to the women, were so great that they seemed absolutely inconsistent with the behaviour of a pretty fellow, much less of one in a red coat; and yet, besides having been eleven years in the army, he had had, as his uncle informed me, an education in France. This, I own, would have appeared to have been absolutely thrown away had not his animal spirits, which were likewise thrown away upon him in great abundance, borne the visible stamp of the growth of that country. The character to which he had an indisputable title was that of a merry fellow; so very merry was he that he laughed at everything he said, and always before he spoke. Possibly, indeed, he often laughed at what he did not utter, for every speech began with a laugh, though it did not always end with a jest. There was no great analogy between the characters of the uncle and the nephew, and yet they seemed entirely to agree in enjoying the honour which the red-coat did to his family. This the uncle expressed with great pleasure in his countenance, and seemed desirous of showing all present the honour which he had for his nephew, who, on his side, was at some pains to convince us of his concurring in this opinion, and at the same time of displaying the contempt he had for the parts, as well as the occupation, of his uncle, which he seemed to think reflected some disgrace on himself, who was a member of that profession which makes every man a gentleman. Not that I would be understood to insinuate that the nephew endeavoured to shake off or disown his uncle, or indeed to keep him at any distance. On the contrary, he treated him with the utmost familiarity, often calling him Dick, and dear Dick, and old Dick, and frequently beginning an oration with d—n me, Dick.

All this condescension on the part of the young man was received with suitable marks of complaisance and obligation by the old one; especially when it was attended with evidences of the same familiarity with general officers and other persons of rank; one of whom, in particular, I know to have the pride and insolence of the devil himself, and who, without some strong bias of interest, is no more liable to converse familiarly with a lieutenant than of being mistaken in his judgment of a fool; which was not, perhaps, so certainly the case of the worthy lieutenant, who, in declaring to us the qualifications which recommended men to his countenance and conversation, as well as what effectually set a bar to all hopes of that honour, exclaimed, "No, sir, by the d— I hate all fools—No, d—n me, ex-

cuse me for that. That's a little too much, old Dick. There are two or three officers of our regiment whom I know to be fools; but d—n me if I am ever seen in their company. If a man hath a fool of a relation, Dick, you know he can't help that, old boy."

Such jokes as these the old man not only took in good part, but glibly gulped down the whole narrative of his nephew; nor did he, I am convinced, in the least doubt of our as readily swallowing the same. This made him so charmed with the lieutenant, that it is probable we should have been pestered with him the whole evening, had not the north wind, dearer to our sea-captain even than this glory of his family, sprung suddenly up, and called aloud to him to weigh his anchor.

While this ceremony was performing, the sea-captain ordered out his boat to row the land-captain to shore; not indeed on an uninhabited island, but one which, in this part, looked but little better, not presenting us the view of a single house. Indeed, our old friend, when his boat returned on shore, perhaps being no longer able to stifle his envy of the superiority of his nephew, told us with a smile that the young man had a good five mile to walk before he could be accommodated with a passage to Portsmouth.

It appeared now that the captain had been only mistaken in the date of his prediction, by placing the event a day earlier than it happened; for the wind which now arose was not only favourable but brisk, and was no sooner in reach of our sails than it swept us away by the back of the Isle of Wight, and, having in the night carried us by Christchurch and Peveral-point, brought us the next noon, *Saturday, July 29*, off the island of Portland, so famous for the smallness and sweetness of its mutton, of which a leg seldom weighs four pounds. We would have bought a sheep, but our captain would not permit it; though he needed not have been in such a hurry, for presently the wind, I will not positively assert in resentment of his surliness, showed him a dog's trick, and silyly slipped back again to his summer-house in the south-west.

The captain now grew outrageous, and, declaring open war with the wind, took a resolution, rather more bold than wise, of sailing in defiance of it, and in its teeth. He swore he would let go his anchor no more, but would beat the sea while he had either yard or sail left. He accordingly stood from the shore, and made so large a tack that before night, though he seemed to advance but little on his way, he was got out of sight of land.

Towards the evening the wind began, in the captain's own language, and indeed it freshened so much, that before ten it blew a perfect hurricane.

The captain having got, as he supposed, to a safe distance, tacked again towards the English shore; and now the wind veered a point only in his favour, and continued to blow with such violence, that the ship ran above eight knots or miles an hour during this whole day and tempestuous night till bed-time. I was obliged to betake myself once more to my solitude, for my women were again all down in their sea-sickness, and the captain was busy on deck; for he began to grow uneasy, chiefly, I believe, because he did not well know where he was, and would, I am convinced, have been very glad to have been in Portland-road, eating some sheep's-head broth.

Having contracted no great degree of good-humour by living a whole day alone, without a single soul to converse with, I took but ill physic to purge

it off, by a bed-conversation with the captain, who, amongst many bitter lamentations of his fate, and protesting he had more patience than a Job, frequently intermixed summons to the commanding officer on the deck, who now happened to be one Morrison, a carpenter, the only fellow that had either common sense or common civility in the ship. Of Morrison he inquired every quarter of an hour concerning the state of affairs: the wind, the care of the ship, and other matters of navigation. The frequency of these summons, as well as the solicitude with which they were made, sufficiently testified the state of the captain's mind; he endeavoured to conceal it, and would have given no small alarm to a man who had either not learned what it is to die, or known what it is to be miserable. And my dear wife and child must pardon me, if what I did not conceive to be any great evil to myself I was not much terrified with the thoughts of happening to them; in truth, I have often thought they are both too good and too gentle to be trusted to the power of any man I know, to whom they could possibly be so trusted.

Can I say then I had no fear? indeed I cannot. Reader, I was afraid for thee, lest thou shouldst have been deprived of that pleasure thou art now enjoying; and that I should not live to draw out on paper that military character which thou didst peruse in the journal of yesterday.

From all these fears we were relieved, at six in the morning, by the arrival of Mr. Morrison, who acquainted us that he was sure he beheld land very near; for he could not see half a mile, by reason of the haziness of the weather. This land he said was, he believed, the Berry-head, which forms one side of Torbay: the captain declared that it was impossible, and swore, on condition he was right, he would give him his mother for a maid. A forfeit which became afterwards strictly due and payable; for the captain, whipping on his night-gown, ran up without his breeches, and within half an hour returning into the cabin, wished me joy of our lying safe at anchor in the bay.

Sunday, July 26.—Things now began to put on an aspect very different from what they had lately worn; the news that the ship had almost lost its mizen, and that we had procured very fine clouted cream and fresh bread and butter from the shore, restored health and spirits to our women, and we all sat down to a very cheerful breakfast.

But, however pleasant our stay promised to be here, we were all desirous it should be short: I resolved immediately to despatch my man into the country to purchase a present of cider for my friends of that which is called Southam, as well as to take with me a hogshead of it to Lisbon; for it is, in my opinion, much more delicious than that which is the growth of Herefordshire. I purchased three hogsheads for five pounds ten shillings, all which I should have scarce thought worth mentioning, had I not believed it might be of equal service to the honest farmer who sold it me, and who is by the neighbouring gentlemen reputed to deal in the very best; and to the reader, who, from ignorance of the means of providing better for himself, swallows at a dearer rate the juice of Middlesex turnip, instead of that *Vinum Pomonæ* which Mr. Giles Leverance of Cheeshurst, near Dartmouth in Devon, will, at the price of forty shillings per hogshead, send in double casks to any part of the world. Had the wind been very sudden in shifting, I had lost my cider by an attempt of a boatman to exact, according to custom. He required five shillings for conveying my man a mile and a half to the shore,

and four more if he staid to bring him back. This I thought to be such insufferable impudence that I ordered him to be immediately chased from the ship, without any answer. Indeed, there are few inconveniences that I would not rather encounter than encourage the insolent demands of these wretches, at the expense of my own indignation, of which I own they are not the only objects, but rather those who purchase a paltry convenience by encouraging them. But of this I have already spoken very largely. I shall conclude, therefore, with the leave which this fellow took of our ship; saying he should know it again, and would not put off from the shore to relieve it in any distress whatever.

It will, doubtless, surprise many of my readers to hear that, when we lay at anchor within a mile or two of a town several days together, and even in the most temperate weather, we should frequently want fresh provisions and herbage, and other emoluments of the shore, as much as if we had been a hundred leagues from land. And this too while numbers of boats were in our sight whose owners get their livelihood by rowing people up and down, and could be at any time summoned by a signal to our assistance, and while the captain had a little boat of his own, with men always ready to row it at his command.

This, however, hath been partly accounted for already by the imposing disposition of the people, who asked so much more than the proper price of their labour. And as to the usefulness of the captain's boat, it requires to be a little expatiated upon, as it will tend to lay open some of the grievances which demand the utmost regard of our legislature, as they affect the most valuable part of the king's subjects—those by whom the commerce of the nation is carried into execution.

Our captain then, who was a very good and experienced seaman, having been above thirty years the master of a vessel, part of which he had served, so he phrased it, as commander of a privateer, and had discharged himself with great courage and conduct, and with as great success, discovered the utmost aversion to the sending his boat ashore whenever we lay wind-bound in any of our harbours. This aversion did not arise from any fear of wearing out his boat by using it, but was, in truth, the result of experience, that it was easier to send his men on shore than to recal them. They acknowledged him to be their master while they remained on ship-board, but did not allow his power to extend to the shores, where they had no sooner set their foot than every man became *sui juris*, and thought himself at full liberty to return when he pleased. Now it is not any delight that these fellows have in the fresh air or verdant fields on the land. Every one of them would prefer his ship and his hammock to all the sweets of Arabia the Happy; but, unluckily for them, there are in every seaport in England certain houses whose chief livelihood depends on providing entertainment for the gentlemen of the jacket. For this purpose they are always well furnished with those cordial liquors which do immediately inspire the heart with gladness, banishing all careful thoughts, and indeed all others, from the mind, and opening the mouth with songs of cheerfulness and thanksgiving for the many wonderful blessings with which a seafaring life overflows.

For my own part, however whimsical it may appear, I confess I have thought the strange story of Circe in the *Odyssey* no other than an ingenious allegory, in which Homer intended to convey to his countrymen the same kind of instruction which we

intend to communicate to our own in this digression. As teaching the art of war to the Greeks was the plain design of the Iliad, so was teaching them the art of navigation the no less manifest intention of the Odyssey. For the improvement of this their situation was most excellently adapted; and accordingly we find Thucydides, in the beginning of his history, considers the Greeks as a set of privateers or privateers, plundering each other by sea. This being probably the first institution of commerce before the *Ars Cauponaria* was invented, and merchants, instead of robbing, began to cheat and outwit each other, and by degrees changed the Metablotic, the only kind of traffic allowed by Aristotle in his *Politics*, into the *Chrematistic*.

By this allegory then I suppose Ulysses to have been the captain of a merchant-ship, and Circe some good ale-wife, who made his crew drunk with the spirituous liquors of those days. With this the transformation into swine, as well as all other incidents of the fable, will notably agree; and thus a key will be found out for unlocking the whole mystery, and forging at least some meaning to a story which, at present, appears very strange and absurd.

Hence, moreover, will appear the very near resemblance between the sea-faring men of all ages and nations; and here perhaps may be established the truth and justice of that observation, which will occur oftener than once in this voyage, that all human flesh is not the same flesh, but that there is one kind of flesh of landmen and another of seamen.

Philosophers, divines, and others, who have treated the gratification of human appetites with contempt, have, among other instances, insisted very strongly on that satiety which is so apt to overtake them even in the very act of enjoyment. And here they more particularly deserve our attention, as most of them may be supposed to speak from their own experience, and very probably gave us their lessons with a full stomach. Thus hunger and thirst, whatever delight they may afford while we are eating and drinking, pass both away from us with the plate and the cup; and though we should imitate the Romans, if, indeed, they were such dull beasts, which I can scarce believe, to unload the belly like a dung-pot, in order to fill it again with another load, yet would the pleasure be so considerably lessened that it would scarce repay us the trouble of purchasing it with swallowing a bason of camomile-tea. A second haunch of venison, or a second dose of turtle, would hardly allure a city glutton with its smell. Even the celebrated Jew himself, when well filled with calipash and calipee, goes contentedly home to tell his money, and expects no more pleasure from his throat during the next twenty-four hours. Hence I suppose Dr. South took that elegant comparison of the joys of a speculative man to the solemn silence of an Archimedes over a problem, and those of a glutton to the stillness of a sow at her wash. A simile which, if it became the pulpit at all, could only become it in the afternoon.

Whereas in those potations which the mind seems to enjoy, rather than the bodily appetite, there is happily no such satiety; but the more a man drinks, the more he desires; as if, like Mark Anthony in Dryden, his appetite increased with feeding, and this to such an immoderate degree, *ut nullus sit desiderio aut pudor aut modus*. Hence, as with the gang of captain Ulysses, ensues so total a transformation, that the man no more continues what he was. Perhaps he ceases for a time to be at all; or, though he may retain the same outward form and figure he had before, yet is his nobler part, as we are taught to call

it, so changed, that, instead of being the same man, he scarce remembers what he was a few hours before. And this transformation, being once obtained, is so easily preserved by the same potations, which induced no satiety, that the captain in vain sends or goes in quest of his crew. They know him no longer; or, if they do, they acknowledge not his power, having indeed as entirely forgotten themselves as if they had taken a large draught of the river of Lethe.

Nor is the captain always sure of even finding out the place to which Circe hath conveyed them. There are many of those houses in every port-town. Nay, there are some where the sorceress doth not trust only to her drugs; but hath instruments of a different kind to execute her purposes, by whose means the tar is effectually secreted from the knowledge and pursuit of his captain. This would, indeed, be very fatal, was in not for one circumstance; that the sailor is seldom provided with the proper bait for these harpies. However, the contrary sometimes happens, as these harpies will bite at almost anything, and will snap at a pair of silver buttons, or buckles, as surely as at the specie itself. Nay, sometimes they are so voracious, that the very naked hook will go down, and the jolly young sailor is sacrificed for his own sake.

In vain, at such a season as this, would the vows of a pious heathen have prevailed over Neptune, Æolus, or any other marine deity. In vain would the prayers of a christian captain be attended with the like success. The wind may change how it pleases while all hands are on shore; the anchor would remain firm in the ground, and the ship would continue in durance, unless, like other forcible prison-breakers, it forcibly got loose for no good purpose.

Now, as the favour of winds and courts, and such like, is always to be laid hold on at the very first motion, for within twenty-four hours all may be changed again; so, in the former case, the loss of a day may be the loss of a voyage: for, though it may appear to persons not well skilled in navigation, who see ships meet and sail by each other, that the wind blows sometimes east and west, north and south, backwards and forwards, at the same instant; yet, certain it is that the land is so contrived, that even the same wind will not, like the same horse, always bring a man to the end of his journey; but, that the gale which the mariner prayed heartily for yesterday, he may as heartily deprecate to-morrow; while all use and benefit which would have arisen to him from the westerly wind of to-morrow may be totally lost and thrown away by neglecting the offer of the easterly blast which blows to-day.

Hence ensues grief and disreputation to the innocent captain, loss and disappointment to the worthy merchant, and not seldom great prejudice to the trade of a nation whose manufactures are thus liable to lie unsold in a foreign warehouse, the market being forestalled by some rival whose sailors are under a better discipline. To guard against these inconveniencies the prudent captain takes every precaution in his power; he makes the strongest contracts with his crew, and thereby binds them so firmly, that none but the greatest or least of men can break through them with impunity; but for one of these two reasons, which I will not determine, the sailor, like his brother fish the eel, is too slippery to be held, and plunges into his element with perfect impunity.

To speak a plain truth, there is no trusting to any contract with one whom the wise citizens of London call a bad man; for, with such a one, though your bond be ever so strong, it will prove in the end good for nothing.

A VOYAGE TO LISBON.

What then is to be done in this case? What, indeed, but to call in the assistance of that tremendous magistrate, the justice of peace, who can, and often doth, lay good and bad men in equal durance; and, though he seldom cares to stretch his bonds to what is great, never finds anything too minute for their detention, but will hold the smallest reptile alive so fast in his noose, that he can never get out till he is let drop through it.

Why, therefore, upon the breach of those contracts, should not an immediate application be made to the nearest magistrate of this order, who should be empowered to convey the delinquent either to ship or to prison, at the election of the captain, to be fettered by the leg in either place?

But, as the case now stands, the condition of this poor captain without any commission, and of this absolute commander without any power, is much worse than we have hitherto shown it to be; for, notwithstanding all the aforesaid contracts to sail in the good ship the *Elizabeth*, if the sailor should, for better wages, find it more his interest to go on board the better ship the *Mary*, either before their setting out or on their speedy meeting in some port, he may prefer the latter without any other danger than that of "doing what he ought not to have done," contrary to a rule which he is seldom christian enough to have much at heart, while the captain is generally too good a christian to punish a man out of revenge only, when he is to be at a considerable expense for so doing. There are many other deficiencies in our laws relating to maritime affairs, and which would probably have been long since corrected, had we any seamen in the house of commons. Not that I would insinuate that the legislature wants a supply of many gentlemen in the sea-service; but, as these gentlemen are by their attendance in the house unfortunately prevented from ever going to sea, and there learning what they might communicate to their landed brethren, these latter remain as ignorant in that branch of knowledge as they would be if none but courtiers and fox-hunters had been elected into parliament, without a single fish among them. The following seems to me to be an effect of this kind, and it strikes me the stronger as I remember the case to have happened, and remember it to have been dispunishable. A captain of a trading vessel, of which he was part owner, took in a large freight of oats at Liverpool, consigned to the market at Bear-key: this he carried to a port in Hampshire, and there sold it as his own, and, freighting his vessel with wheat for the port of Cadiz, in Spain, dropped it at Oporto in his way; and there, selling it for his own use, took in a lading of wine, with which he sailed again, and, having converted it in the same manner, together with a large sum of money with which he was intrusted, for the benefit of certain merchants, sold the ship and cargo in another port, and then wisely sat down contented with the fortune he had made, and returned to London to enjoy the remainder of his days, with the fruits of his former labours and a good conscience.

The sum he brought home with him consisted of near six thousand pounds, all in specie, and most of it in that coin which Portugal distributes so liberally over Europe.

He was not yet old enough to be past all sense of pleasure, nor so puffed up with the pride of his good fortune as to overlook his old acquaintances the journeymen tailors, from among whom he had been formerly pressed into the sea-service, and, having there laid the foundation of his future success by his shares in prizes, had afterwards become captain of a trading vessel, in which he purchased an interest,

and had soon begun to trade in the honourable manner above mentioned.

The captain now took up his residence at an ale-house in Drury-lane, where, having all his money by him in a trunk, he spent about five pounds a-day among his old friends the gentlemen and ladies of those parts.

The merchant of Liverpool, having luckily had notice from a friend during the blaze of his fortune, did, by the assistance of a justice of peace, without the assistance of the law, recover his whole loss. The captain, however, wisely chose to refund no more; but, perceiving with what hasty strides Envy was pursuing his fortune, he took speedy means to retire out of her reach, and to enjoy the rest of his wealth in an inglorious obscurity; nor could the same justice overtake him time enough to assist a second merchant as he had done the first.

This was a very extraordinary case, and the more so as the ingenious gentleman had steered entirely clear of all crimes in our law.

Now, how it comes about that a robbery so very easy to be committed, and to which there is such immediate temptation always before the eyes of these fellows, should receive the encouragement of impunity, is to be accounted for only from the oversight of the legislature, as that oversight can only be, I think, derived from the reasons I have assigned for it.

But I will dwell no longer on this subject. If what I have here said should seem of sufficient consequence to engage the attention of any man in power, and should thus be the means of applying any remedy to the most inveterate evils, at least, I have obtained my whole desire, and shall have lain so long wind-bound in the ports of this kingdom to some purpose. I would, indeed, have this work—which, if I should live to finish it, a matter of no great certainty, if indeed of any great hope to me, will be probably the last I shall ever undertake—to produce some better end than the mere diversion of the reader.

Monday.—This day our captain went ashore, to dine with a gentleman who lives in these parts, and who so exactly resembles the character given by Homer of Axylus, that the only difference I can trace between them is, the one, living by the highway, erected his hospitality chiefly in favour of land travellers; and the other, living by the water-side, gratified his humanity by accommodating the wants of the mariner.

In the evening our commander received a visit from a brother bashaw, who lay wind-bound in the same harbour. This latter captain was a Swiss. He was then master of a vessel bound to Guinea, and had formerly been a privateering, when our own hero was employed in the same laudable service. The honesty and freedom of the Switzer, his vivacity, in which he was in no respect inferior to his near neighbours the French, the awkward and affected politeness, which was likewise of French extraction, mixed with the brutal roughness of the English tar—for he had served under the colours of this nation and his crew had been of the same—made such an odd variety, such a hotchpotch of character, that I should have been much diverted with him had not his voice, which was as loud as a speaking-trumpet, unfortunately made my head ache. The noise which he conveyed into the deaf ears of his brother captain, who sat on one side of him, the soft addresses with which, mixed with awkward bows, he saluted the ladies on the other, were so agreeably contrasted that a man must not only have been void of all taste of humour, and insensible of

mirth, but duller than Cibber is represented in the *Dunciad*, who could be unentertained with him a little while; for, I confess, such entertainments should always be very short, as they are very liable to pall. But he suffered not this to happen at present; for, having given us his company a quarter of an hour only, he retired, after many apologies for the shortness of his visit.

Tuesday.—The wind being less boisterous than it had hitherto been since our arrival here, several fishing-boats, which the tempestuous weather yesterday had prevented from working, came on board us with fish. This was so fresh, so good in kind, and so very cheap, that we supplied ourselves in great numbers, among which were very large soles at four-pence a pair, and whittings of almost a preposterous size at nine-pence a score.

The only fish which bore any price was a john dory, as it is called. I bought one of at least four pounds weight for as many shillings. It resembles a turbot in shape, but exceeds it in firmness and flavour. The price had the appearance of being considerable when opposed to the extraordinary cheapness of others of value, but was, in truth, so very reasonable when estimated by its goodness, that it left me under no other surprise than how the gentlemen of this country, not greatly eminent for the delicacy of their taste, had discovered the preference of the dory to all other fish: but I was informed that Mr. Quin, whose distinguishing tooth hath been so justly celebrated, had lately visited Plymouth, and had done those honours to the dory which are so justly due to it from that sect of modern philosophers who, with sir Epicure Mammon, or sir Epicure Quin, their head, seem more to delight in a fish-pond than in a garden, as the old Epicureans are said to have done.

Unfortunately for the fishmongers of London, the dory resides only in those seas; for, could any of this company but convey one to the temple of luxury under the Piazza, where Macklin the high-priest daily serves up his rich offerings to that goddess, great would be the reward of that fishmonger, in blessings poured down upon him from the goddess, as great would his merit be towards the high-priest, who could never be thought to overrate such valuable incense.

And here, having mentioned the extreme cheapness of fish in the Devonshire seas, and given some little hint of the extreme dearness with which this commodity is dispensed by those who deal in it in London, I cannot pass on without throwing forth an observation or two, with the same view with which I have scattered my several remarks through this voyage, sufficiently satisfied in having finished my life, as I have probably lost it, in the service of my country, from the best of motives, though it should be attended with the worst of success. Means are always in our power; ends are very seldom so.

Of all the animal foods with which man is furnished, there are none so plenty as fish. A little rivulet, that glides almost unperceived through a vast tract of rich land, will support more hundreds with the flesh of its inhabitants than the meadow will nourish individuals. But if this be true of rivers, it is much truer of the sea-shores, which abound with such immense variety of fish that the curious fisherman, after he hath made his draught, often culls only the daintiest part and leaves the rest of his prey to perish on the shore.

If this be true it would appear, I think, that there is nothing which might be had in such abundance, and consequently so cheap, as fish, of which Nature

seems to have provided such inexhaustible stores with some peculiar design. In the production of terrestrial animals she proceeds with such slowness, that in the larger kind a single female seldom produces more than one a-year, and this again requires three, four, or five years more to bring it to perfection. And though the lesser quadrupeds, those of the wild kind particularly, with the birds, do multiply much faster, yet can none of these bear any proportion with the aquatic animals, of whom every female matrix is furnished with an annual offspring almost exceeding the power of numbers, and which, in many instances at least, a single year is capable of bringing to some degree of maturity.

What then ought in general to be so plentiful, what so cheap, as fish? What then so properly the food of the poor? So in many places they are, and so might they always be in great cities, which are always situated near the sea, or on the conflux of large rivers. How comes it then, to look no farther abroad for instances, that in our city of London the case is so far otherwise that, except that of sprats, there is not one poor palate in a hundred that knows the taste of fish?

It is true indeed that this taste is generally of such excellent flavour that it exceeds the power of French cookery to treat the palates of the rich with anything more exquisitely delicate; so that was fish the common food of the poor it might put them too much upon an equality with their betters in the great article of eating, in which, at present, in the opinion of some, the great difference in happiness between man and man consists. But this argument I shall treat with the utmost disdain: for if ortolans were as big as bustards, and at the same time as plenty as sparrows, I should hold it yet reasonable to indulge the poor with the dainty, and that for this cause especially, that the rich would soon find a sparrow, if as scarce as an ortolan, to be much the greater, as it would certainly be the rarer, dainty of the two.

Vanity or scarcity will be always the favourite of luxury; but honest hunger will be satisfied with plenty. Not to search deeper into the cause of the evil, I should think it abundantly sufficient to propose the remedies of it. And, first, I humbly submit the absolute necessity of immediately hanging all the fishmongers within the bills of mortality; and, however it might have been some time ago the opinion of mild and temporising men that the evil complained of might be removed by gentler methods, I suppose at this day there are none who do not see the impossibility of using such with any effect. *Cuncta prius tentanda* might have been formerly urged with some plausibility, but *cuncta prius tentata* may now be replied: for surely, if a few monopolising fishmongers could defeat that excellent scheme of the Westminster market, to the erecting which so many justices of peace, as well as other wise and learned men, did so vehemently apply themselves, that they might be truly said not only to have laid the whole strength of their heads, but of their shoulders too, to the business, it would be a vain endeavour for any other body of men to attempt to remove so stubborn a nuisance.

If it should be doubted whether we can bring this case within the letter of any capital law now subsisting, I am ashamed to own it cannot; for surely no crime better deserves such punishment; but the remedy may, nevertheless, be immediate; and if a law was made at the beginning of next session, to take place immediately, by which the starving thousands of poor was declared to be felony, without

benefit of clergy, the fishmongers would be hanged before the end of the session.

A second method of filling the mouths of the poor, if not with loaves at least with fishes, is to desire the magistrates to carry into execution one at least out of near a hundred acts of parliament, for preserving the small fry of the river of Thames, by which means as few fish would satisfy thousands as may now be devoured by a small number of individuals. But while a fisherman can break through the strongest meshes of an act of parliament, we may be assured he will learn so to contrive his own meshes that the smallest fry will not be able to swim through them.

Other methods may, we doubt not, be suggested by those who shall attentively consider the evil here hinted at; but we have dwelt too long on it already, and shall conclude with observing that it is difficult to affirm whether the atrocity of the evil itself, the facility of curing it, or the shameful neglect of the cure, be the more scandalous or more astonishing.

After having, however, gloriously regaled myself with this food, I was washing it down with some good claret with my wife and her friend, in the cabin, when the captain's valet-de-chambre, head cook, house and ship steward, footman in livery and out on't, secretary and fore-mast man, all burst into the cabin at once, being, indeed, all but one person, and, without saying by your leave, began to pack half a hogshead of small beer in bottles, the necessary consequence of which must have been either a total stop to conversation at that cheerful season when it is most agreeable, or the admitting that polyonymous officer aforesaid to the participation of it. I desired him therefore to delay his purpose a little longer, but he refused to grant my request; nor was he prevailed on to quit the room till he was threatened with having one bottle to pack more than his number, which then happened to stand empty within my reach.

With these menaces he retired at last, but not without muttering some menaces on his side, and which, to our great terror, he failed not to put into immediate execution.

Our captain was gone to dinner this day with his Swiss brother; and, though he was a very sober man, was a little elevated with some champagne, which, as it cost the Swiss little or nothing, he dispensed at his table more liberally than our hospitable English noblemen put about those bottles, which the ingenious Peter Taylor teaches a led captain to avoid by distinguishing by the name of that generous liquor which all humble companions are taught to postpone to the flavour of methuen, or honest port.

While our two captains were thus regaling themselves, and celebrating their own heroic exploits with all the inspiration which the liquor, at least, of wit could afford them, the polyonymous officer arrived, and, being saluted by the name of Honest Tom, was ordered to sit down and take his glass before he delivered his message; for every sailor is by turns his captain's mate over a can, except only that captain bashaw who presides in a man-of-war, and who upon earth has no other mate, unless it be another of the same bashaws.

Tom had no sooner swallowed his draught than he hastily began his narrative, and faithfully related what had happened on board our ship; we say faithfully, though from what happened it may be suspected that Tom chose to add perhaps only five or six immaterial circumstances, as is always I believe the case, and may possibly have been done by me in relating this very story, though it happened not many hours ago.

No sooner was the captain informed of the interruption which had been given to his officer, and indeed to his orders, for he thought no time so convenient as that of his absence for causing any confusion in the cabin, than he leaped with such haste from his chair that he had like to have broke his sword, with which he always begirt himself when he walked out of his ship, and sometimes when he walked about in it; at the same time, grasping eagerly that other implement called a cockade, which modern soldiers wear on their helmets with the same view as the ancients did their crests—to terrify the enemy, he muttered something, but so inarticulately that the word *damn* was only intelligible; he then hastily took leave of the Swiss captain, who was too well bred to press his stay on such an occasion, and leaped first from the ship to his boat, and then from his boat to his own ship, with as much fierceness in his looks as he had ever expressed on boarding his defenceless prey in the honourable calling of a privateer.

Having regained the middle-deck, he paused a moment while Tom and others loaded themselves with bottles, and then descending into the cabin exclaimed with a thundering voice, "D—n me, why arn't the bottles stowed in, according to my orders?"

I answered him very mildly that I had prevented his man from doing it, as it was at an inconvenient time to me, and as in his absence, at least, I esteemed the cabin to be my own. "Your cabin!" repeated he many times; "no, d—n me! tis my cabin. Your cabin! d—n me! I have brought my hogs to a fair market. I suppose indeed you think it your cabin, and your ship, by your commanding in it; but I will command in it, d—n me! I will show the world I am the commander, and nobody but I! Did you think I sold you the command of my ship for that pitiful thirty pounds? I wish I had not seen you nor your thirty pounds aboard of her." He then repeated the words thirty pounds often, with great disdain, and with a contempt which I own the sum did not seem to deserve in my eye, either in itself or on the present occasion; being, indeed, paid for the freight of — weight of human flesh, which is above fifty per cent. dearer than the freight of any other luggage, whilst in reality it takes up less room; in fact, no room at all.

In truth the sum was paid for nothing more than for a liberty to six persons (two of them servants) to stay on board a ship while she sails from one port to another, every shilling of which comes clear into the captain's pocket. Ignorant people may perhaps imagine, especially when they are told that the captain is obliged to sustain them, that their diet at least is worth something, which may probably be now and then so far the case as to deduct a tenth part from the neat profits on this account; but it was otherwise at present; for when I had contracted with the captain at a price which I by no means thought moderate, I had some content in thinking I should have no more to pay for my voyage; but I was whispered that it was expected the passengers should find themselves in several things; such as tea, wine, and such like; and particularly that gentlemen should stow of the latter a much larger quantity than they could use, in order to leave the remainder as a present to the captain at the end of the voyage; and it was expected likewise that gentlemen should put aboard some fresh stores, and the more of such things were put aboard the welcomer they would be to the captain.

I was prevailed with by these hints to follow the advice proposed; and accordingly, besides tea and a large hamper of wine, with several hams and

tongues, I caused a number of live chickens and sheep to be conveyed aboard; in truth, treble the quantity of provision which would have supported the persons I took with me, had the voyage continued three weeks, as it was supposed, with a bare possibility, it might.

Indeed it continued much longer; but as this was occasioned by our being wind-bound in our own ports, it was by no means of any ill consequence to the captain, as the additional stores of fish, fresh meat, butter, bread, &c., which I constantly laid in, greatly exceeded the consumption, and went some way in maintaining the ship's crew. It is true I was not obliged to do this; but it seemed to be expected; for the captain did not think himself obliged to do it, and I can truly say I soon ceased to expect it of him. He had, I confess, on board a number of fowls and ducks sufficient for a West India voyage; all of them, as he often said, "Very fine birds, and of the largest breed." This I believe was really the fact, and I can add that they were all arrived at the full perfection of their size. Nor was there, I am convinced, any want of provisions of a more substantial kind; such as dried beef, pork, and fish; so that the captain seemed ready to perform his contract, and amply to provide for his passengers. What I did then was not from necessity, but, perhaps, from a less excusable motive, and was by no means chargeable to the account of the captain.

But, let the motive have been what it would, the consequence was still the same; and this was such that I am firmly persuaded the whole pitiful thirty pounds came pure and neat into the captain's pocket, and not only so, but attended with the value of ten pounds more in sundries into the bargain. I must confess myself therefore at a loss how the epithet *pitiful* came to be annexed to the above sum; for, not being a pitiful price for what it was given, I cannot conceive it to be pitiful in itself; nor do I believe it is thought by the greatest men in the kingdom; none of whom would scruple to search for it in the dirtiest kennel, where they had only a reasonable hope of success.

How, therefore, such a sum should acquire the idea of pitiful in the eyes of the master of a ship seems not easy to be accounted for; since it appears more likely to produce in him ideas of a different kind. Some men, perhaps, are no more sincere in the contempt for it which they express than others in their contempt of money in general; and I am the rather inclined to this persuasion, as I have seldom heard of either who have refused or refunded this their despised object. Besides, it is sometimes impossible to believe these professions, as every action of the man's life is a contradiction to it. Who can believe a tradesman who says he would not tell his name for the profit he gets by the selling such a parcel of goods, when he hath told a thousand lies in order to get it?

Pitiful, indeed, is often applied to an object not absolutely, but comparatively with our expectations, or with a greater object: in which sense it is not easy to set any bounds to the use of the word. Thus, a handful of halfpence daily appear pitiful to a porter, and a handful of silver to a drawer. The latter, I am convinced, at a polite tavern, will not tell his name (for he will not give you any answer) under the price of gold. And in this sense thirty pounds may be accounted pitiful by the lowest mechanic.

One difficulty only seems to occur, and that is this: how comes it that, if the profits of the meanest arts

are so considerable, the professors of them are not richer than we generally see them? One answer to this shall suffice. Men do not become rich by what they get, but by what they keep. He who is worth no more than his annual wages or salary, spends the whole; he will be always a beggar let his income be what it will, and so will be his family when he dies. This we see daily to be the case of ecclesiastics, who, during their lives, are extremely well provided for, only because they desire to maintain the honour of the cloth by living like gentlemen, which would, perhaps, be better maintained by living unlike them.

But, to return from so long a digression, to which the use of so improper an epithet gave occasion, and to which the novelty of the subject allured, I will make the reader amends by concisely telling him that the captain poured forth such a torrent of abuse that I very hastily and very foolishly resolved to quit the ship. I gave immediate orders to summon a hoy to carry me that evening to Dartmouth, without considering any consequence. Those orders I gave in no very low voice, so that those above stairs might possibly conceive there was more than one master in the cabin. In the same tone I likewise threatened the captain with that which, he afterwards said, he feared more than any rock or quicksand. Nor can we wonder at this when we are told he had been twice obliged to bring to and cast anchor there before, and had neither time escaped without the loss of almost his whole cargo.

The most distant sound of law thus frightened a man who had often, I am convinced, heard numbers of cannon roar round him with intrepidity. Nor did he sooner see the hoy approaching the vessel than he ran down again into the cabin, and, his rage being perfectly subsided, he tumbled on his knees, and a little too abjectly implored for mercy.

I did not suffer a brave man and an old man to remain a moment in this posture, but I immediately forgave him.

And here, that I may not be thought the sly trumpeter of my own praises, I do utterly disclaim all praise on the occasion. Neither did the greatness of my mind dictate, nor the force of my christianity exact, this forgiveness. To speak truth, I forgave him from a motive which would make men much more forgiving if they were much wiser than they are, because it was convenient for me so to do.

Wednesday.—This morning the captain dressed himself in scarlet in order to pay a visit to a Devonshire squire, to whom a captain of a ship is a guest of no ordinary consequence, as he is a stranger and a gentleman, who hath seen a great deal of the world in foreign parts, and knows all the news of the times.

The squire, therefore, was to send his boat for the captain, but a most unfortunate accident happened; for, as the wind was extremely rough and against the hoy, while this was endeavouring to avail itself of great seamanship in hawling up against the wind, a sudden squall carried off sail and yard, or at least so disabled them that they were no longer of any use and unable to reach the ship; but the captain, from the deck, saw his hopes of venison disappointed, and was forced either to stay on board his ship, or to hoist forth his own long-boat, which he could not prevail with himself to think of, though the smell of the venison had had twenty times its attraction. He did, indeed, love his ship as his wife, and his boats as children, and never willingly trusted the latter, poor things! to the dangers of the seas.

To say truth, notwithstanding the strict rigour with which he preserved the dignity of his station, and the hasty impatience with which he resented any affront to his person or orders, disobedience to which he could in no instance brook in any person on board, he was one of the best-natured fellows alive. He acted the part of a father to his sailors; he expressed great tenderness for any of them when ill, and never suffered any the least work of superelevation to go unrewarded by a glass of gin. He even extended his humanity, if I may so call it, to animals, and even his cats and kittens had large shares in his affections. An instance of which we saw this evening, when the cat, which had shown it could not be drowned, was found suffocated under a feather-bed in the cabin. I will not endeavour to describe his lamentations with more prolixity than barely by saying they were grievous, and seemed to have some mixture of the Irish howl in them. Nay, he carried his fondness even to inanimate objects, of which we have above set down a pregnant example in his demonstration of love and tenderness towards his boats and ship. He spoke of a ship which he had commanded formerly, and which was long since no more, which he had called the Princess of Brazil, as a widower of a deceased wife. This ship, after having followed the honest business of carrying goods and passengers for hire many years, did at last take to evil courses and turn privateer, in which service, to use his own words, she received many dreadful wounds, which he himself had felt as if they had been his own.

Thursday.—As the wind did not yesterday discover any purpose of shifting, and the water in my belly grew troublesome and rendered me short-breathed, I began a second time to have apprehensions of wanting the assistance of a trochar when none was to be found; I therefore concluded to be tapped again by way of precaution, and accordingly I this morning summoned on board a surgeon from a neighbouring parish, one whom the captain greatly recommended, and who did indeed perform his office with much dexterity. He was, I believe, likewise a man of great judgment and knowledge in the profession; but of this I cannot speak with perfect certainty, for, when he was going to open on the dropsy at large and on the particular degree of the distemper under which I laboured, I was obliged to stop him short, for the wind was changed, and the captain in the utmost hurry to depart; and to desire him, instead of his opinion, to assist me with his execution.

I was now once more delivered from my burthen, which was not indeed so great as I had apprehended, wanting too quarts of what was let out at the last operation.

While the surgeon was drawing away my water the sailors were drawing up the anchor; both were finished at the same time; we unfurled our sails and soon passed the Berry-head which forms the mouth of the bay.

We had not however sailed far when the wind, which had, though with a slow pace, kept us company about six miles, suddenly turned about, and offered to conduct us back again; a favour which, though sorely against the grain, we were obliged to accept.

Nothing remarkable happened this day; for as to the firm persuasion of the captain that he was under the spell of witchcraft, I would not repeat it too often, though indeed he repeated it an hundred times every day; in truth, he talked of nothing else, and seemed not only to be satisfied in general of his being bewitched, but actually to have fixed

with good certainty on the person of the witch, whom, had he lived in the days of sir Matthew Hale, he would have infallibly indicted, and very possibly have hanged, for the detestable sin of witchcraft; but that law, and the whole doctrine that supported it, are now out of fashion; and witches, as a learned divine once chose to express himself, are put down by act of parliament. This witch, in the captain's opinion, was no other than Mrs. Francis of Ryde, who, as he insinuated, out of anger to me for not spending more money in her house than she could produce anything to exchange for, or any pretence to charge for, had laid this spell on his ship.

Though we were again got near our harbour by three in the afternoon, yet it seemed to require a full hour or more before we could come to our former place of anchoring, or berth, as the captain called it. On this occasion we exemplified one of the few advantages which the travellers by water have over the travellers by land. What would the latter often give for the sight of one of those hospitable mansions where he is assured *that there is good entertainment for man and horse*; and where both may consequently promise themselves to assuage that hunger which exercise is so sure to raise in a healthy constitution!

At their arrival at this mansion, how much happier is the state of the horse than that of the master! The former is immediately led to his repast, such as it is, and, whatever it is, he falls to it with appetite. But the latter is in a much worse situation. His hunger, however violent, is always in some degree delicate, and his food must have some kind of ornament, or, as the more usual phrase is, of dressing to recommend it. Now all dressing requires time, and therefore, though perhaps the sheep might be just killed before you came to the inn, yet in cutting him up, fetching the joint, which the landlord by mistake said he had in the house, from the butcher at two miles' distance, and afterwards warming it a little by the fire, two hours at least must be consumed, while hunger, for want of better food, preys all the time on the vitals of the man.

How different was the case with us! we carried our provision, our kitchen, and our cook with us, and we were at one and the same time travelling on our road and sitting down to a repast of fish with which the greatest table in London can scarce at any rate be supplied.

Friday.—As we were disappointed of our wind, and obliged to return back the preceding evening, we resolved to extract all the good we could out of our misfortune, and to add considerably to our fresh stores of meat and bread, with which we were very indifferently provided when we hurried away yesterday. By the captain's advice we likewise laid in some stores of butter, which we salted and potted ourselves, for our use at Lisbon, and we had great reason afterwards to thank him for his advice.

In the afternoon I persuaded my wife, whom it was no easy matter for me to force from my side, to take a walk on shore, whither the gallant captain declared he was ready to attend her. Accordingly the ladies set out, and left me to enjoy a sweet and comfortable nap after the operation of the preceding day.

Thus we enjoyed our separate pleasures full three hours, when we met again, and my wife gave the foregoing account of the gentleman whom I have before compared to Axylus, and of his habitation, to both which she had been introduced by the captain, in the style of an old friend and acquaintance, though this foundation of intimacy seemed to her to be no deeper laid than in an accidental dinner,

eaten many years before, at this temple of hospitality, when the captain lay wind-bound in the same bay.

Saturday.—Early this morning the wind seemed inclined to change in our favour. Our alert captain snatched its very first motion, and got under sail with so very gentle a breeze that, as the tide was against him, he recommended to a fishing hoy to bring after him a vast salmon and some other provisions which lay ready for him on shore.

Our anchor was up at six, and before nine in the morning we had doubled the Berry-head, and were arrived off Dartmouth, having gone full three miles in as many hours, in direct opposition to the tide, which only befriended us out of our harbour; and though the wind was perhaps our friend, it was so very silent, and exerted itself so little in our favour, that, like some cool partisans, it was difficult to say whether it was with us or against us. The captain, however, declared the former to be the case during the whole three hours; but at last he perceived his error, or rather, perhaps, this friend, which had hitherto wavered in choosing his side, became now more determined. The captain then suddenly tacked about, and, asserting that he was bewitched, submitted to return to the place from whence he came. Now, though I am as free from superstition as any man breathing, and never did believe in witches, notwithstanding all the excellent arguments of my lord chief-justice Hale in their favour, and long before they were put down by act of parliament, yet by what power a ship of burthen should sail three miles against both wind and tide, I cannot conceive, unless there was some supernatural interposition in the case; nay, could we admit that the wind stood neuter, the difficulty would still remain. So that we must of necessity conclude that the ship was either bewinded or bewitched.

The captain, perhaps, had another meaning. He imagined himself, I believe, bewitched, because the wind, instead of persevering in its change in his favour, for change it certainly did that morning, should suddenly return to its favourite station, and blow him back towards the bay. But, if this was his opinion, he soon saw cause to alter; for he had not measured half the way back when the wind again declared in his favour, and so loudly, that there was no possibility of being mistaken.

The orders for the second tack were given, and obeyed with much more alacrity than those had been for the first. We were all of us indeed in high spirits on the occasion; though some of us a little regretted the good things we were likely to leave behind us by the fisherman's neglect; I might give it a worse name, for he faithfully promised to execute the commission, which he had had abundant opportunity to do; but *nautica fides* deserves as much to be proverbial as ever *Punica fides* could formerly have done. Nay, when we consider that the Carthaginians came from the Phenicians, who are supposed to have produced the first mariners, we may probably see the true reason of the adage, and it may open a field of very curious discoveries to the antiquary.

We were, however, too eager to pursue our voyage to suffer anything we left behind us to interrupt our happiness, which, indeed, many agreeable circumstances conspired to advance. The weather was inexpressibly pleasant, and we were all seated on the deck, when our canvas began to swell with the wind. We had likewise in our view above thirty other sail around us, all in the same situation. Here an observation occurred to me, which, perhaps, though extremely obvious, did not offer itself to

every individual in our little fleet: when I perceived with what different success we proceeded under the influence of a superior power, which, while we lay almost idle ourselves, pushed us forward on our intended voyage, and compared this with the slow progress which we had made in the morning, of ourselves, and without any such assistance, I could not help reflecting how often the greatest abilities lie wind-bound as it were in life; or, if they venture out and attempt to beat the seas, they struggle in vain against wind and tide, and, if they have not sufficient prudence to put back, are most probably cast away on the rocks and quicksands which are every day ready to devour them.

It was now our fortune to set out *melioribus avibus*. The wind freshened so briskly in our poop that the shore appeared to move from us as fast as we did from the shore. The captain declared he was sure of a wind, meaning its continuance; but he had disappointed us so often that he had lost all credit. However, he kept his word a little better now, and we lost sight of our native land as joyfully, at least, as it is usual to regain it.

Sunday.—The next morning the captain told me he thought himself thirty miles to the westward of Plymouth, and before evening declared that the Lizard Point, which is the extremity of Cornwall, bore several leagues to leeward. Nothing remarkable passed this day, except the captain's devotion, who, in his own phrase, summoned all hands to prayers, which were read by a common sailor upon deck, with more devout force and address than they are commonly read by a country curate, and received with more decency and attention by the sailors than are usually preserved in city congregations. I am indeed assured, that if any such affected disregard of the solemn office in which they were engaged, as I have seen practised by fine gentlemen and ladies, expressing a kind of apprehension lest they should be suspected of being really in earnest in their devotion, had been shown here, they would have contracted the contempt of the whole audience. To say the truth, from what I observed in the behaviour of the sailors in this voyage, and on comparing it with what I have formerly seen of them at sea and on shore, I am convinced that on land there is nothing more idle and dissolute; in their own element there are no persons near the level of their degree who live in the constant practice of half so many good qualities. They are, for much the greater part, perfect masters of their business, and always extremely alert, and ready in executing it, without any regard to fatigue or hazard. The soldiers themselves are not better disciplined nor more obedient to orders than these whilst aboard; they submit to every difficulty which attends their calling with cheerfulness, and no less virtues than patience and fortitude are exercised by them every day of their lives.

All these good qualities, however, they always leave behind them on shipboard; the sailor out of water is, indeed, as wretched an animal as the fish out of water; for though the former hath, in common with amphibious animals, the bare power of existing on the land, yet if he be kept there any time he never fails to become a nuisance.

The ship having had a good deal of motion since she was last under sail, our women returned to their sickness, and I to my solitude; having, for twenty-four hours together, scarce opened my lips to a single person. This circumstance of being shut up within the circumference of a few yards, with a score of human creatures, with not one of whom it was possible to converse, was perhaps so rare as

scarce ever to have happened before, nor could it ever happen to one who disliked it more than myself, or to myself at a season when I wanted more food for my social disposition, or could converse less wholesomely and happily with my own thoughts. To this accident, which fortune opened to me in the Downs, was owing the first serious thought which I ever entertained of enrolling myself among the voyage-writers; some of the most amusing pages, if, indeed, there be any which deserve that name, were possibly the production of the most disagreeable hours which ever haunted the author.

Monday.—At noon the captain took an observation, by which it appeared that Ushant bore some leagues northward of us, and that we were just entering the bay of Biscay. We had advanced a very few miles in this bay before we were entirely becalmed: we furled our sails, as being of no use to us while we lay in this most disagreeable situation, more detested by the sailors than the most violent tempest: we were alarmed with the loss of a fine piece of salt beef, which had been hung in the sea to freshen it; this being, it seems, the strange property of salt-water. The thief was immediately suspected, and presently afterwards taken by the sailors. He was, indeed, no other than a huge shark, who, not knowing when he was well off, swallowed another piece of beef, together with a great iron crook on which it was hung, and by which he was dragged into the ship.

I should scarce have mentioned the catching this shark, though so exactly conformable to the rules and practice of voyage-writing, had it not been for a strange circumstance that attended it. This was the recovery of the stolen beef out of the shark's maw, where it lay unchewed and undigested, and whence, being conveyed into the pot, the flesh, and the thief that had stolen it, joined together in furnishing variety to the ship's crew.

During this calm we likewise found the mast of a large vessel, which the captain thought had lain at least three years in the sea. It was stuck all over with a little shell-fish or reptile, called a barnacle, and which probably are the prey of the rock-fish, as our captain calls it, asserting that it is the finest fish in the world; for which we are obliged to confide entirely to his taste; for, though he struck the fish with a kind of harping-iron, and wounded him, I am convinced, to death, yet he could not possess himself of his body; but the poor wretch escaped to linger out a few hours with probably great torments.

In the evening our wind returned, and so briskly, that we ran upwards of twenty leagues before the next day's [*Tuesday's*] observation, which brought us to lat. $47^{\circ} 42'$. The captain promised us a very speedy passage through the bay; but he deceived us, or the wind deceived him, for it so slackened at sunset, that it scarce carried us a mile in an hour during the whole succeeding night.

Wednesday.—A gale struck up a little after sun-rising, which carried us between three and four knots or miles an hour. We were this day at noon about the middle of the bay of Biscay, when the wind once more deserted us, and we were so entirely becalmed, that we did not advance a mile in many hours. My fresh-water reader will perhaps conceive no unpleasant idea from this calm; but it affected us much more than a storm could have done; for, as the irascible passions of men are apt to swell with indignation long after the injury which first raised them is over, so fared it with the sea. It rose mountains high, and lifted our poor ship up and down, backwards and forwards, with so violent an emotion, that there was scarce a man in the ship

better able to stand than myself. Every utensil in our cabin rolled up and down, as we should have rolled ourselves, had not our chairs been fast lashed to the floor. In this situation, with our tables likewise fastened by ropes, the captain and myself took our meal with some difficulty, and swallowed a little of our broth, for we spilt much the greater part. The remainder of our dinner being an old, lean, tame duck roasted, I regretted but little the loss of my teeth not being good enough to have chewed it.

Our women, who began to creep out of their holes in the morning, retired again within the cabin to their beds, and were no more heard of this day, in which my whole comfort was to find by the captain's relation that the swelling was sometimes much worse; he did, indeed, take this occasion to be more communicative than ever, and informed me of such misadventures that had befallen him within forty-six years at sea as might frighten a very bold spirit from undertaking even the shortest voyage. Were these, indeed, but universally known, our matrons of quality would possibly be deterred from venturing their tender offspring at sea; by which means our navy would lose the honour of many a young commodore, who at twenty-two is better versed in maritime affairs than real seamen are made by experience at sixty.

And this may, perhaps, appear the more extraordinary, as the education of both seems to be pretty much the same; neither of them having had their courage tried by Virgil's description of a storm, in which, inspired as he was, I doubt whether our captain doth not exceed him.

In the evening the wind, which continued in the N.W., again freshened, and that so briskly, that Cape Finisterre appeared by this day's observation to bear a few miles to the southward. We now indeed sailed, or rather flew, near ten knots an hour; and the captain, in the redundancy of his good-humour, declared he would go to church at Lisbon on Sunday next, for that he was sure of a wind; and, indeed, we all firmly believed him. But the event again contradicted him; for we were again visited by a calm in the evening.

But here, though our voyage was retarded, we were entertained with a scene, which as no one can behold without going to sea, so no one can form an idea of anything equal to it on shore. We were seated on the deck, women and all, in the serenest evening that can be imagined. Not a single cloud presented itself to our view, and the sun himself was the only object which engrossed our whole attention. He did indeed set with a majesty which is incapable of description, with which, while the horizon was yet blazing with glory, our eyes were called off to the opposite part to survey the moon, which was then at full, and which in rising presented us with the second object that this world hath offered to our vision. Compared to these the pageantry of theatres, or splendour of courts, are sights almost below the regard of children.

We did not return from the deck till late in the evening; the weather being inexpressibly pleasant, and so warm that even my old distemper perceived the alteration of the climate. There was indeed a swell, but nothing comparable to what we had felt before, and it affected us on the deck much less than in the cabin.

Friday.—The calm continued till sun-rising, when the wind likewise arose, but unluckily for us it came from a wrong quarter; it was S.S.E., which is that very wind which Juno would have solicited of Æolus, had Æneas been in our latitude bound for Lisbon.

The captain now put on his most melancholy aspect, and resumed his former opinion that he was bewitched. He declared with great solemnity that this was worse and worse, for that a wind directly in his teeth was worse than no wind at all. Had we pursued the course which the wind persuaded us to take we had gone directly for Newfoundland, if we had not fallen in with Ireland in our way. Two ways remained to avoid this; one was to put into a port of Galicia; the other, to beat to the westward with as little sail as possible: and this was our captain's election.

As for us, poor passengers, any port would have been welcome to us; especially, as not only our fresh provisions, except a great number of old ducks and fowls, but even our bread was come to an end, and nothing but sea-biscuit remained, which I could not chew. So that now for the first time in my life I saw what it was to want a bit of bread.

The wind however was not so unkind as we had apprehended; but, having declined with the sun, it changed at the approach of the moon, and became again favourable to us, though so gentle that the next day's observation carried us very little to the southward of Cape Finisterre. This evening at six the wind, which had been very quiet all day, rose very high, and continuing in our favour drove us seven knots an hour.

This day we saw a sail, the only one as I heard of, we had seen in our whole passage through the bay. I mention this on account of what appeared to me somewhat extraordinary. Though she was at such a distance that I could only perceive she was a ship, the sailors discovered that she was a snow, bound to a port in Galicia.

Sunday.—After prayers, which our good captain read on the deck with an audible voice, and with but one mistake, of a lion for Elias, in the second lesson for this day, we found ourselves far advanced in 42°, and the captain declared we should sup off *Porte*. We had not much wind this day; but, as this was directly in our favour, we made it up with sail, of which we crowded all we had. We went only at the rate of four miles an hour, but with so uneasy a motion, continually rolling from side to side, that I suffered more than I had done in our whole voyage; my bowels being almost twisted out of my belly. However, the day was very serene and bright, and the captain, who was in high spirits, affirmed he had never passed a pleasanter at sea.

The wind continued so brisk that we ran upward of six knots an hour the whole night.

Monday.—In the morning our captain concluded that he was got into lat. 40°, and was very little short of the Burlings, as they are called in the charts. We came up with them at five in the afternoon, being the first land we had distinctly seen since we left Devonshire. They consist of abundance of little rocky islands, a little distant from the shore, three of them only showing themselves above the water.

Here the Portuguese maintain a kind of garrison, if we may allow it that name. It consists of malefactors, who are banished hither for a term, for divers small offences—a policy which they may have copied from the Egyptians, as we may read in Diodorus Siculus. That wise people, to prevent the corruption of good manners by evil communication, built a town on the Red Sea, whither they transported a great number of their criminals, having first set an indelible mark on them, to prevent their returning and mixing with the sober part of their citizens.

These rocks lie about fifteen leagues north-west

of Cape Roxent, or, as it is commonly called, the Rock of Lisbon, which we passed early the next morning. The wind, indeed, would have carried us thither sooner; but the captain was not in a hurry, as he was to lose nothing by his delay.

Tuesday.—This is a very high mountain, situated on the northern side of the mouth of the river Tajo, which, rising about Madrid, in Spain, and soon becoming navigable for small craft, empties itself, after a long course, into the sea, about four leagues below Lisbon.

On the summit of the rock stands a hermitage, which is now in the possession of an Englishman, who was formerly master of a vessel trading to Lisbon; and, having changed his religion and his manners, the latter of which, at least, were none of the best, betook himself to this place, in order to do penance for his sins. He is now very old, and hath inhabited this hermitage for a great number of years, during which he hath received some countenance from the royal family, and particularly from the present queen dowager, whose piety refuses no trouble or expense by which she may make a proselyte, being used to say that the saving one soul would repay all the endeavours of her life.

Here we waited for the tide, and had the pleasure of surveying the face of the country, the soil of which, at this season, exactly resembles an old brick-kiln, or a field where the green sward is pared up and set a burning, or rather a smoking, in little heaps to manure the land. The sight will, perhaps, of all others, make an Englishman proud of, and pleased with, his own country, which in verdure excels, I believe, every other country. Another deficiency here is the want of large trees, nothing above a shrub being here to be discovered in the circumference of many miles.

At this place we took a pilot on board, who, being the first Portuguese we spoke to, gave us an instance of that religious observance which is paid by all nations to their laws; for, whereas it is here a capital offence to assist any person in going on shore from a foreign vessel before it hath been examined, and every person in it viewed by the magistrates of health, as they are called, this worthy pilot, for a very small reward, rowed the Portuguese priest to shore at this place, beyond which he did not dare to advance, and in venturing whither he had given sufficient testimony of love for his native country.

We did not enter the Tajo till noon, when, after passing several old castles and other buildings which had greatly the aspect of ruins, we came to the castle of Bellisle, where we had a full prospect of Lisbon, and were, indeed, within three miles of it.

Here we were saluted with a gun, which was a signal to pass no farther till we had complied with certain ceremonies which the laws of this country require to be observed by all ships which arrive in this port. We were obliged then to cast anchor, and expect the arrival of the officers of the customs, without whose passport no ship must proceed farther than this place.

Here likewise we received a visit from one of those magistrates of health before mentioned. He refused to come on board the ship till every person in her had been drawn up on deck and personally viewed by him. This occasioned some delay on my part, as it was not the work of a minute to lift me from the cabin to the deck. The captain thought my particular case might have been excused from this ceremony, and that it would be abundantly sufficient if the magistrate, who was obliged afterwards to visit the cabin, surveyed me there. But this did not satisfy the magistrate's strict regard to his duty.

When he was told of my lameness, he called out, with a voice of authority, "Let him be brought up," and his orders were presently complied with. He was, indeed, a person of great dignity, as well as of the most exact fidelity in the discharge of his trust. Both which are the more admirable as his salary is less than thirty pounds English per annum.

Before a ship hath been visited by one of those magistrates no person can lawfully go on board her, nor can any on board depart from her. This I saw exemplified in a remarkable instance. The young lad whom I have mentioned as one of our passengers was here met by his father, who, on the first news of the captain's arrival, came from Lisbon to Bellisle in a boat, being eager to embrace a son whom he had not seen for many years. But when he came alongside our ship neither did the father dare ascend nor the son descend, as the magistrate of health had not been yet on board.

Some of our readers will, perhaps, admire the great caution of this policy, so nicely calculated for the preservation of this country from all pestilential distempers. Others will as probably regard it as too exact and formal to be constantly persisted in, in seasons of the utmost safety, as well as in times of danger. I will not decide either way, but will content myself with observing that I never yet saw or heard of a place where a traveller had so much trouble given him at his landing as here. The only use of which, as all such matters begin and end in form only, is to put it into the power of low and mean fellows to be either rudely officious or grossly corrupt, as they shall see occasion to prefer the gratification of their pride or of their avarice.

Of this kind, likewise, is that power which is lodged with other officers here, of taking away every grain of snuff and every leaf of tobacco brought hither from other countries, though only for the temporary use of the person during his residence here. This is executed with great insolence, and, as it is in the hands of the dregs of the people, very scandalously; for, under pretence of searching for tobacco and snuff, they are sure to steal whatever they can find, insomuch that when they came on board our sailors addressed us in the Covent-garden language: "Pray, gentlemen and ladies, take care of your swords and watches." Indeed, I never yet saw anything equal to the contempt and hatred which our honest tars every moment expressed for these Portuguese officers.

At Bellisle lies buried Catharine of Arragon, widow of prince Arthur, eldest son of our Henry VII., afterwards married to, and divorced from, Henry VIII. Close by the church where her remains are deposited is a large convent of Geronymites, one of the most beautiful piles of building in all Portugal.

In the evening, at twelve, our ship, having received previous visits from all the necessary parties, took the advantage of the tide, and having sailed up to Lisbon cast anchor there, in a calm and a moon-shiny night, which made the passage incredibly pleasant to the women, who remained three hours enjoying it, whilst I was left to the cooler transports of enjoying their pleasures at second-hand; and yet, cooler as they may be, whoever is totally ignorant of such sensation is, at the same time, void of all ideas of friendship.

Wednesday.—Lisbon, before which we now lay at anchor, is said to be built on the same number of hills with old Rome; but these do not all appear to the water; on the contrary, one sees from thence

one vast high hill and rock, with buildings arising above one another, and that in so steep and almost perpendicular a manner, that they all seem to have but one foundation.

As the houses, convents, churches, &c., are large, and all built with white stone, they look very beautiful at a distance; but as you approach nearer, and find them to want every kind of ornament, all idea of beauty vanishes at once. While I was surveying the prospect of this city, which bears so little resemblance to any other that I have ever seen, a reflection occurred to me that, if a man was suddenly to be removed from Palmyra hither, and should take a view of no other city, in how glorious a light would the ancient architecture appear to him! and what desolation and destruction of arts and sciences would he conclude had happened between the several æras of these cities!

I had now waited full three hours upon deck for the return of my man, whom I had sent to bespeak a good dinner (a thing which had been long unknown to me) on shore, and then to bring a Lisbon chaise with him to the sea-shore; but it seems the impertinence of the providore was not yet brought to a conclusion. At three o'clock, when I was, from emptiness, rather faint than hungry, my man returned, and told me there was a new law lately made that no passenger should set his foot on shore without a special order from the providore, and that he himself would have been sent to prison for disobeying it, had he not been protected as the servant of the captain. He informed me likewise that the captain had been very industrious to get this order, but that it was then the providore's hour of sleep, a time when no man, except the king himself, durst disturb him.

To avoid prolixity, though in a part of my narrative which may be more agreeable to my reader than it was to me, the providore, having at last finished his nap, despatched this absurd matter of form, and gave me leave to come, or rather to be carried, on shore.

What it was that gave the first hint of this strange law is not easy to guess. Possibly, in the infancy of their defection, and before their government could be well established, they were willing to guard against the bare possibility of surprise, of the success of which bare possibility the Trojan horse will remain for ever on record, as a great and memorable example. Now the Portuguese have no walls to secure them, and a vessel of two or three hundred tons will contain a much larger body of troops than could be concealed in that famous machine, though Virgil tells us (somewhat hyperbolically, I believe) that it was as big as a mountain.

About seven in the evening I got into a chaise on shore, and was driven through the nastiest city in the world, though at the same time one of the most populous, to a kind of coffee-house, which is very pleasantly situated on the brow of a hill, about a mile from the city, and hath a very fine prospect of the river Tajo from Lisbon to the sea.

Here we regaled ourselves with a good supper, for which we were as well charged as if the bill had been made on the Bath-road, between Newbury and London.

And now we could joyfully say,

Egressi optata Troes potiuntur arena.

Therefore, in the words of Horace,

—hic Fidis chartæque viæque.

A FRAGMENT OF A COMMENT

ON

LORD BOLINGBROKE'S ESSAYS.

I MUST confess myself to be one of those who brought with me to the perusal of the late published volumes of lord Bolingbroke a very high prejudice to the doctrines said to have been established in them; but, at the same time, can as truly assert that I had the highest and strongest prepossession in favour of the abilities of the author. Such, indeed, was this prepossession, that it might, I think, be a sufficient warrant of a man's candour against any prejudice whatever; and it is in the true spirit of this candour that I declare, upon the perusal, I have found my prepossessions greatly abated, and my prejudices not in the least removed.

Could it therefore be supposed that all mankind were alike able to try the cause of truth, and to form their judgment on the weight of argument and evidence only, I think there could be no danger in leaving the decision of this matter upon his lordship's own reasoning, without any attempt to answer him. But when we consider how very weak the abilities of mankind in general are in disquisitions of this nature; how much weaker they are rendered for this purpose by want of due attention; and, lastly, how apt they are to carry any little partiality which they have preconceived before the examination of a cause up to the final decision of it in their minds; it may possibly be very dangerous to the society to suffer such pernicious doctrines to stand unobjected to with so great a name at their head. Many, I am convinced, will think the authority of this name alone sufficient to establish their own belief upon, without any farther inquiry at all. Many others will imagine very little inquiry necessary, and, though they did not entirely acquiesce in taking his word, will be easily cajoled with his reasons, which, however little they may have of substance, have much of the specious ornaments of wit and language, with all the allurements of novelty both of style and manner; and, finally, with an appearance, at least, of reading very singular and extensive.

From which last particular may arise a third sort, very worthy of receiving some assistance on this occasion; such, I mean, as have not the least inclination to his lordship's doctrines, nor would, indeed, assent to them on the authority of any man breathing, who may yet have wanted leisure or opportunity sufficient to provide themselves with a proper fund of knowledge to give a ready answer to various assertions which will occur in the works now under consideration, and which, though they have the worst of tendencies, have in reality themselves no better support (and not always so good a one) than some very weak and slender hypotheses, and are at other times built on the revival of old chimerical principles which have been confuted and exploded long ago.

Now to all these different constitutions we shall endeavour to apply our several antidotes. And here, luckily for us, we are provided with an argument which must most effectually silence those who are the most difficult of all others to be usually dealt with in the way of reasoning; such are the persons I mentioned in the first class, who believe from authority only, and who have not yet, with the schools, given up the irresistible argument of "He himself said it."

The force of this argument, however, even in the days when it flourished most, drew all its strength from a supposition that, if he himself said it, he himself believed it: for, if it could have been proved of Aristotle that he had asserted *pro* and *con*, and had, with the same clearness, affirmed in one part of his works the same thing to be, and in another the same thing not to be, none of his scholars would have known which he believed, and all others would, perhaps, have thought that he had no belief at all in, nor indeed any knowledge of, the matter.

If, therefore, his lordship shall appear to have made use of this duplicity of assertion, and that not in one or two but in many instances, may we not draw the like conclusions? Luckily, perhaps, for his lordship, we may not be driven to the same absolute degree of uncertainty as must have resulted from the case of Aristotle, as I have put it above; since our noble author himself seems to have left us a kind of clue, which will sufficiently lead to the discovery of his meaning, and will show us as often as he is pleased to assert both sides of a contradiction on which side we are to believe him.

And here I shall premise two cautions: one of which I shall borrow from the rules established among writers; the reasonableness of the other I shall endeavour to evince from a rule given us by one of the greatest lawyers whom this kingdom ever bred.

The first is, that of interpreting the sense of an author with the utmost candour, so as not to charge him with any gross and invidious meaning when his words are susceptible of a much more benign and favourable sense.

The second is, the observation formed upon the works of judge Littleton by lord chief-justice Coke; that is, that whenever that great lawyer is pleased to put down two opinions directly contradicting each other, that the latter opinion is always the best, and always his own.

To apply these to the present purpose, I first of all recommend to the candour of the reader, that whenever he shall find two assertions directly contrary to each other (and many such we do promise to produce to him), one of which directly tends to take away all religion whatever, and the other as directly to establish natural religion at least, that he will be so kind, since it is impossible that my lord should have believed both, to imagine that he rather believed the latter; especially as this latter, from its contradicting the apparent purpose of the author, appears to have been last set down, and, consequently, will have my lord Coke's sanction in favour of the superior authority.

Lastly, if it should ever happen that his lordship's sentiments should be more clearly expressed in favour of the worse than of the better doctrine, we will endeavour all that in us lies to explain and illustrate those hints by which we trust he will always assist a careful and accurate examiner in rescuing the esoteric purity of his doctrines from that less amiable appearance in which their exoteric garb represents them.

In short, we doubt not but to make it appear as a fact beyond all contest that his lordship was in jest through the whole work which we have undertaken

to examine. If an inflamed zealot should in his warmth compare such jesting to his in the Psalmist, or if a cooler disposition should ask how it was possible to jest with matters of such importance, I confess I have no defence against the accusation, nor can give any satisfactory answer to the question. To this, indeed, I could say, and it is all that I could say, that my lord Bolingbroke was a great genius, sent into the world for great and astonishing purposes. That the ends, as well as means, of action in such personages are above the comprehension of the vulgar. That his life was one scene of the wonderful throughout. That, as the temporal happiness, the civil liberties and properties, of Europe, were the game of his earliest youth, there could be no sport so adequate to the entertainment of his advanced age as the eternal and final happiness of all mankind. That this is the noblest conservation of character, and might, if perceived in himself, possibly lead our great genius to see the Supreme Being in the light of a dramatic poet, and that part of his works which we inhabit as a drama. "The sensitive inhabitants of our globe," says lord Bolingbroke,* "like the *dramatis personæ*, have different characters, and are applied to different purposes of action in every scene. The several parts of the material world, like the machines of a theatre, were contrived not for the actors but for the action; and the whole order and system of the drama would be disordered and spoiled if any alteration was made in either. The nature of every creature, his manner of being, is adapted to his state here, to the place he is to inhabit, and, as we may say, to the part he is to act." It hath been, I think, too common with poets to aggrandise their profession with such kind of similes, and I have, somewhere in an English dramatic writer, met with one so nearly resembling the above, that his lordship might be almost suspected to have read it likewise; but such conceits are inconsistent with any (even the least) pretence to philosophy. I recollect, indeed, a single instance, in the writings of Jordano Bruno, who was burnt at Rome for heresy, or, if we believe Scioppius, for most horrid blasphemy, the latter end of the fifteenth century; and who, from a want of a due correspondence between the passive powers of matter and the active power of God, compares the Supreme Being to a fiddler who hath skill to play, but cannot for want of a fiddle. This, it must be confessed, is going somewhat farther; as much farther, in reality, as to descend from the stage to the orchestra. This ludicrous treatment of the Being so universally (for half a dozen madmen must not be allowed to strip any opinion of universality) acknowledged to be the cause of all things, whilst it sounds so ill in the grave voice of reason, very well becomes the lips of a droll: for novelty, boldness, and even absurdity, as they all tend to surprise, do often give a poignancy to wit, and serve to enhance a jest. This affords a second reason why we may suspect his lordship was not over-serious in the work before us.

Thirdly, that his lordship never thought proper to revise this performance is a very strong argument that he could not be in earnest either in believing himself in his own doctrines, or in endeavouring to imprint such a belief on others. That he did not in fact revise his works is manifest, from the numerous contradictions that occur in them, and these often in the same page; so that, for the most part, they could not escape the dullest and bluntest degree of penetration. Surely we cannot impute such repeated oversights to one who hath so explicitly asserted,† That to be liable to contradict yourself is to be

liable to one of the greatest of human imperfections! An author, in the first hurry of setting down his thoughts on a subject which warms him may possibly, indeed, assert two opinions not perfectly reconcilable with each other; nay, there are some writers from whom we can reasonably expect no less, since, as archbishop Tillotson observes, it is hard to contradict truth and nature without contradicting oneself. But to expunge such mistakes is the office of revisal and correction; and therefore a work in which these mistakes abound is very justly called an incorrect performance. As this work therefore doth, more than any which I ever saw, afford us instances of what his lordship calls the greatest human imperfection, charity shows me no more candid way of accounting for them than this which I have mentioned.

Lastly, the very form and title under which the noble lord hath thought proper to introduce his philosophy into the world is a very strong evidence of the justice of all the foregoing observations. We may form, I think, one general precept from the trite story of Archimedes; this is, not to undertake any great work without preconcerting such means as may be adequate to the execution. Now, to turn the material world topsy-turvy is a project scarce more difficult in appearance than to perform the same notable exploit in the intellectual. And yet Archimedes might as judiciously have fixed his machine *in vacuo* as his lordship hath chosen to argue against the best-established systems in the intellectual world in fragments of essays. This method, not to mention the indignity it offers to the subject in dispute, is treating the whole body of the learned with more supercilious disrespect than nature seems yet to have qualified any member of that body to express towards the rest of his brethren; and which must appear to be wonderful, if serious, in one who expresses so modest an opinion of his own critical talents; though, as to his modesty, it must indeed be confessed to be somewhat seasoned with a due mixture of contempt.

But, whatever may lessen the idea of his lordship's modesty, there is only one way to lessen that of his absurdity; this is, to conclude that he was in jest: nay, there is one way to see this absurdity in an amiable light; for in such a light will he appear if we suppose that he puts on the jack-pudding's coat with the noble view of exposing and ridiculing those pernicious tenets which have lately been propagated with a zeal more difficult to be accounted for than its success.

That such an attempt of exposing any popular error would always prove victorious is, I think, extremely probable. My lord Shaftesbury hath been blamed for saying, "That ridicule is one of those principal lights or natural mediums by which things are to be viewed, in order to a thorough recognition: for that truth, it is supposed, may bear all lights."* Perhaps there may be some justice in this censure, as truth may by such a trial be subjected to misrepresentation, and become a more easy prey to the malice of its enemies; a flagrant instance of which we have in the case of Socrates.

But whatever objection there may be against trying truth by ridicule, there can be none, I apprehend, of making use of its assistance in expelling and banishing all falsehood and imposture, when once fairly convicted, out of society? and, as this method is for this purpose very unexceptionable, so is it generally the most efficacious that can be invented; as will appear by some examples which will occur in the course of our comment on his lordship's essays,

* Vol. v. p. 377.

† Essays, p. 181.

* Essay on the freedom of wit and humour, part i. sect. 1.

or fragments of essays, on which we shall now enter without farther preface or apology.

SECTION I.—And here, as a proof that we are as liable to be corrupted by our books as by our companions, I am in danger of setting out with a contradiction. Nay, I must yet venture to do this in some degree with my eyes open, and must lay my defence on a distinction rather too nice, and which relies too much on the candour of my reader.

The truth is, our noble author's chief strength lies in that very circumstance which I have before asserted to be of itself alone a sufficient argument of his weakness; whereas, on the contrary, his manner affords such a protection to his matter, that, if he had designed to reserve to himself the sole privilege of answering his own doctrine, he could not have invented a more ingenious or effectual contrivance. It hath been alleged, as a good reason for not answering certain books, that one must be obliged first to read them; but surely we shall find few men so very charitable, or so much our friends, to give them order and method with a view only of complimenting them with an answer.

This, however, I attempted, though I own with no great success; and that not so much, I apprehend, from want of sufficient matter to make out such colourable systems as may be expected in such a writer, as from a certain dark, cautious, and loose manner of expressing his sentiments, which must arise either from a writer's desire of not being very easily explained, or from an incapacity of making himself very clearly understood. The difficulties arising to the commentator on these fragments will appear to be assignable only to the former cause: for a very indifferent reader will be seldom at a loss in comprehending his lordship in his own works; but to transfer his doctrines with their authority (i. e. the *ipse dixit* of the author) into another work is often very difficult, and, without long quotations, too apt to tire the reader, impossible. In this light a very fine thought of Mr. Pope's occurs to my memory:—

"Tho' index-learning turns no student pale,
It holds the eel of science by the tail."

The best way then of proceeding with so slippery a reasoner—the only way, indeed, in which I see any possibility of proceeding with him—is first to lay down some general rules, all of which will hereafter be proved out of his writings, and then, pursuing him chapter by chapter, to extract the several proofs, however scattered and dispersed, which tend to establish both parts of the contradictions which I shall now set down.

Our noble author sets out in his first section with a sly insinuation that it is possible for the gravest of philosophers on the gravest of subjects to advance propositions in jest. "It is more probable," says lord B—, "and it is more candid to believe, that this philosopher (Descartes) was in earnest, than that he was in jest, when he advanced this proposition,"* *concerning the immutability and eternity of certain mathematical truths*. I will add, that I believe that an idea of such jesting had never any footing in the human head, till it first found admission into that of this noble lord.

In the same section his lordship proceeds thus:—"The ancients thought matter eternal, and assumed that the Demiurgus, or Divine Architect, composed the frame of the world with materials which were ready prepared, and independently on him, in a confused chaos. Much in the same manner such metaphysicians as the learned Cudworth have

imagined a sort of intellectual chaos, a chaos of eternal ideas, of incorporeal essences, independent on God, self-existent, and therefore coeval with the Supreme Being, and therefore anterior to all other natures. In this intellectual chaos God sees, and man must endeavour to see, the natures, the real essences of things; and thus the foundations of morality are laid higher than the existence of any moral agents, before there was any system of being from which the obligations to it could result, or to which they could be applied; just as the same philosophers suppose the incorporeal essences of white and black to have existed when there was no such thing as colour, and those of a square and circle when there was neither form nor figure."*

Here I am afraid the learned peer hath gone no farther for his erudition than the first or second pages of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*; for, could he be recalled from the dead, contrary to his own doctrine, as he hath recalled Descartes, and were asked whom he meant by the ancients, he could not certainly answer, in general, the ancient philosophers, for then the whole tribe of atheists would be ready to testify against him. If he should answer that he meant the ancient theists only, and less he cannot be supposed to mean by those who are well-bred enough to suppose he meant anything, he will be far from finding even among these an universal concurrence with his opinion. Thales, the chief of the Grecian sages, and who is said to have first turned his thoughts to physiological inquiries, affirmed the independent pre-existence of God from all eternity. The words of Laertius are remarkable, and I will render them with the most literal exactness in my power. "He asserted," says Laertius, "that God was the oldest of all beings, for he existed *without a previous cause* EVEN IN THE WAY OF GENERATION; that the world was the most beautiful of all things for *it was CREATED BY GOD, &c.*"† This notion of the creation, Aristotle tells us, was agreeable to the concurrent voice of all antiquity: "All," says he, "assert the creation of the world; but they differ in this, that some will have the world susceptible of dissolution, which others deny."‡ On this occasion Aristotle names Empedocles and Heraclitus, but, which is somewhat remarkable, never mentions Thales. The opinion itself is opposed by the Stagyrte; and this opposition he was forced to maintain, or he must have given up the eternity of the world, which he very justly asserts to be inconsistent with any idea of its creation. But we will dismiss the ancients from the bar, and see how his lordship will support his arraignment of the moderns. The charge against them is, that they have holden certain ideas, or incorporeal essences, to be self-existent. Concerning these doctrines his lordship thus harangues in the very same page:§—"Mr. Locke observes, how impossible it is for us to conceive certain relations, habitudes, and connexions, visibly included in some of our ideas, to be separable from them even by infinite power. Let us observe, on this occasion, how impossible, or, at least, how extremely difficult, it is for us to separate the idea of eternity from certain moral and mathematical truths, as well as from such as are called necessary, and are self-evident on one hand; and, on the other, how impossible it is to conceive that truths should exist before the things to which they are relative, or par-

* Essays, p. 6.

† Diog. Laert. lib. i. sec. 35, where I submit to the learned reader the construction he will observe I have given to the different import of those terms ἀγίνεσθαι and ποιεῖν; the first of which may be considered as a qualified, the latter as an absolute cause.

‡ Aristot. de Cælo, lib. i. cap. 10.

§ Essay, p. 5.

* Essays, p. 4.

ticular natures and essences, before the system of universal nature, and when there was no being but the super-essential Being."*

If I had any inclination to cavil I might, with truth, assert that no such passage is to be found in Mr. Locke. His words are—"In some of our ideas there are certain relations, habitudes, and connections, so visibly included in the nature of the ideas themselves, that we cannot conceive them separable from them by any power whatsoever." It may be answered, perhaps, that the violence is done rather to the expression than to the meaning of this truly great man; but if I should candidly admit that he seems, from the immediate context, to mean no less (I say seems to mean; for whoever will carefully compare what is said, in another part of the same book,† of the powers of the mind in forming the archetypes of its complex ideas of mixed modes, may possibly think he sees sufficient reason for resolving what is here affirmed of arbitrary, not infinite power into the human mind only), I may yet reply that such a violence, even to the expression of such a writer on such a subject, is by no means void of blame, nor even of suspicion, when it is left without a reference to conceal itself in a large folio, where it will not be easily detected by any but those who are pretty familiarly acquainted with the original.

But it is time to close this article, which, I think, seems to establish contradiction the first; for under what other term shall we range the arguing *pro* and *con* in the same breath? for where is the force of the accusation, or, as a lawyer would call it, the gist of the indictment, against poor Cudworth? is it not (to

use my lord's own phrase) "the laying the foundations of morality higher than the existence of any moral agents?" And what says my lord to enforce the charge? Why, truly, he alleges, in defence of the accused, that it was impossible for him to have done otherwise, and produces the authority of Mr. Locke to confirm this impossibility.

The generosity of this sudden transition from accuser to advocate would convince all men on which side his lordship had here delivered his real sentiments, was it not somewhat controlled by his having concealed from his readers that the philosopher, a little afterwards, in the same book,* hath endeavoured to prove, and, I think, actually hath proved, that there is no absurdity in what my lord Bolingbroke objects, provided the doctrine be rightly understood, so as not to establish innate principles; that the actual existence of the subjects of mathematical or moral ideas is not in the least necessary to give us a sufficient evidence of the necessity of those ideas; and that, in the disputes of the mathematician, as well as of the moralist, the existence of the subject-matter is rarely called in question, nor is it more necessary to their demonstrations and conclusions than it would be to prove the truth of Tully's Offices, to show that there was some man who lived up to that idea of perfect goodness, of which Tully hath given us a pattern. There is somewhat very mysterious in all this; but we have not promised to explain contradictions farther than by showing to which side his lordship's authority seems to incline. And surely it is better to decide in favour of possibility, and to lay the foundations of morality too high, than to give it no foundation at all.

Desunt cætera.

* Essay on Human Understanding, l. iv. cap. 3. § 29.

† Locke's Essay, l. ii. cap. 31.

* Locke's Essays, lib. iv. cap. 9.

AN INQUIRY

INTO THE CAUSES OF

THE LATE INCREASE OF ROBBERS, &c.

WITH SOME PROPOSALS FOR REMEDYING THE GROWING EVIL.

IN WHICH THE PRESENT REIGNING VICES ARE IMPARTIALLY EXPOSED; AND THE LAWS THAT RELATE TO THE PROVISION FOR THE POOR, AND TO THE PUNISHMENT OF FELONS ARE LARGELY AND FREELY EXAMINED.

Non jam sunt mediocres hominum libidines, non humanæ audaciæ ac tolera
Nihil cogitant nisi cædem, nisi incendia, nisi rapinas. —Cic. in Catil. 2da.

TO THE RIGHT HON. PHILIP LORD HARDWICKE, LORD
HIGH CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

MY LORD,

As the reformation of any part of our civil polity requires as much the knowledge of the statesman as of the lawyer, the following sheets are, with the strictest propriety, addressed to a person of the highest eminence in both these capacities.

The subject of this treatise cannot be thought unworthy of such a protection because it touches only those evils which have arisen in the lower branches of our constitution. This consideration will account for their having hitherto escaped your lordship's notice, and that alone will account for their having so long prevailed; but your lordship will not, for this reason, think it below your regard; since, however ignoble the parts may be in which the disease is first engendered, it will in time be sure to affect the whole body.

The subject, indeed, is of such importance, that we may truly apply to it those words of Cicero, in his first book of laws:—
"Ad reipublicæ formandas et stabiliendas vires, et ad sanan-

dos populos omnis pergit oratio." How far I have been able to succeed in the execution must be submitted to your lordship's candour. I hope I have no immodest opinion of my own abilities; but, in truth, I have much less confidence in my authority. Indeed, the highest authority is necessary to any degree of success in an attempt of this kind. Permit me, therefore, my lord, to fly to the protection of the highest which doth now exist, or which perhaps ever did exist, in this kingdom.

This great sanction is, I am convinced, always ready to support what really tends to the public utility: if I fail, therefore, of obtaining the honour of it, I shall be fully satisfied that I do not deserve it, and shall sit down contented with the merit of a good intent; for surely there is some praise due to the bare design of doing a service to the public. Nor can my enemies, I think, deny that I am entirely disinterested in my endeavour, unless they should discover the gratification which my ambition finds in the opportunity of this address. I am, with the most profound respect, my lord, your lordship's most obedient, most devoted, humble servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

PREFACE.

THERE is nothing so much talked of and so little understood in this country as the *constitution*. It is a word in the mouth of every man: and yet, when we come to discourse of the matter, there is no subject on which our ideas are more confused and perplexed. Some, when they speak of the constitution, confine their notions to the law; others to the legislature; others, again, to the governing or executive part; and many there are who jumble all these together in one idea. One error, however, is common to them all; for all seem to have the conception of something uniform and permanent, as if the constitution of England partook rather of the nature of the soil than of the climate, and was as fixed and constant as the former, not as changing and variable as the latter.

Now in this word, *the constitution*, are included the original and fundamental law of the kingdom, from whence all powers are derived, and by which they are circumscribed; all legislative and executive authority; all those municipal provisions which are commonly called *the laws*; and, lastly, the customs, manners, and habits of the people. These, joined together, do, I apprehend, from the political, as the several members of the body, the animal economy, with the humours and habit, compose that which is called the natural constitution.

The Greek philosophy will, perhaps, help us to a better idea; for neither will the several constituent parts, nor the contexture of the whole, give an adequate notion of the word. By the *constitution* is, indeed, rather meant something which results from the order and disposition of the whole; something resembling that harmony for which the Theban in Plato's *Phædo* contends; which he calls ἀσώματον τι καὶ ἀσώματον, *something invincible and incorporeal*. For many of the Greeks imagined the soul to result from the *κρᾶσις*, or composition of the parts of the body, when these were properly tempered together; as harmony doth from the proper composition of the several parts in a well-tuned musical instrument: In the same manner, from the disposition of the several parts in a state arises that which we call the *constitution*.

In this disposition the laws have so considerable a share, that, as no man can perfectly understand the whole, without knowing the parts of which it is composed, it follows that, to have a just notion of our constitution, without a competent knowledge of the laws, is impossible. Without this, the reading over our historians may afford amusement, but will very little instruct us in the true essentials of our constitution. Nor will this knowledge alone serve our purpose. The mere lawyer, however skilful in his profession, who is not versed in the genius, manners, and habits of the people, makes but a wretched politician. Hence the historian, who is ignorant of our law, and the lawyer, who is ignorant of our history, have agreed in that common error, remarked above, of considering our constitution as something fixed and permanent; for the exterior form of government (however the people are changed) still, in a great degree, remains what it was; and the same, notwithstanding all its alterations, may be said of the law.

To explain this a little farther: From the original of the lower house of parliament to this day, the supreme power hath been vested in the king and the two houses of parliament. These two houses have, each at different times, carried very different weights in the balance, and yet the form of government remained still one and the same: so hath it happened to the law; the same courts of justice, the same form

of trials, &c., have preserved the notion of identity, though, in real truth, the present governing powers, and the present legal provisions, bear so little resemblance to those of our ancestors in the reign of king John, or indeed in later times, that, could any lawyer or statesman of those days be recalled to life, he would make, I believe, a very indifferent figure in Westminster-hall, or in any of the parts there adjacent.

To perceive the alterations in our constitution doth, in fact, require a pretty just knowledge both of the people and of the laws; for either of these may be greatly changed without producing any immediate effect on the other. The alterations in the great wheels of state above mentioned, which are so visible in our historians, are not noticed in our laws, as very few of the great changes in the law have fallen under the eye of our historians.

Many of both kinds have appeared in our constitution; but I shall at present confine myself to one only, as being that which principally relates to the subject of the following treatise.

If the constitution, as I have above asserted, be the result of the disposition of the several parts before mentioned, it follows that this disposition can never be altered without producing a proportional change to the constitution. "If the soul," says Simmias, in Plato, "be a harmony resulting from the disposition of the corporeal parts, it follows that, when this disposition is confounded, and the body is torn by diseases or other evils, the soul immediately (whatever be her divinity) must perish." This will be apparent if we cast our eyes a moment towards the animal economy; and it is no less true in the political.

The customs, manners, and habits of the people, do, as I have said, form one part of the political constitution: if these are altered, therefore, this must be changed likewise; and here, as in the natural body, the disorder of any part will, in its consequence, affect the whole.

One known division of the people in this nation is into the nobility, the gentry, and the commonalty. What alterations have happened among the two former of these I shall not at present inquire; but that the last, in their customs, manners, and habits, are greatly changed from what they were, I think to make appear.

If we look into the earliest ages we shall find the condition of this third part to have been very low and mean. The highest order of this rank, before the Conquest, were those tenants in socage who held their lands by the service of the plough; who, as Lyttleton tells us, "were to come with their plough for certain days in the year, to plough and sow the demesne of the lords;" as the villans, saith the same author, "were to carry and recarry the dung of their lord, spread it upon his land, and to perform such-like services."

This latter was rightly accounted a slavish tenure. The villans were indeed considered in law as a kind of chattel belonging to their masters; for, though these had not the power of life and death over them, nor even of maiming them with impunity, yet these villans had not even the capacity of purchasing lands or goods; but the lord, on such purchase, might enter into the one, and seize the other for his own use. And as for the land which they held in villenage, though lord Coke says it was not only held at the will of the lord, but according to the custom of the manor; yet, in ancient times, if the lord ejected them, they were manifestly without remedy.

And as to the former, though they were accounted freemen, yet were they obliged to swear fealty to

their lord; and though Mr. Rapin be mistaken when he says they could not alienate the land (for before the statute of *Magna Charta*, chap. 32, they could have given or sold the whole, but without any alteration of the tenure), yet was the estate of these but very mean. "Though they are called freemen," says lord Coke, "yet they ploughed, harrowed, reaped, and mowed, &c., for the lord;" and Bracton, "*Dicuntur socmanni eo quod deputati sunt tantummodo ad culturam.*"

Besides such as were bound by their tenures to the service of agriculture, the number of freemen below the degree of gentry, and who got their livelihood in the mercantile or mechanical way, was very inconsiderable. As to the servants, they were chiefly bound by tenure, and those of the lower sort differed very little from slaves.

That this estate of the commonalty is greatly changed is apparent; and to this alteration many causes in subsequent ages have contributed.

First, The oath of fealty, or fidelity, which of old time was administered with great ceremony, became afterwards to be omitted; and though this fealty still remained incident to every socage tenure, yet the omission of the form was not without its consequences; for, as lord Coke says, speaking of homage, "Prudent antiquity did, for the more solemnity and better memory and observation of that which is to be done, express substances under ceremonies."

Secondly, Whereas in the ancient tenures the principal reservation was of personal services from the inferior tenants, the rent being generally trifling, such as hens, capons, roses, spurs, hawks, &c., afterwards the avarice or necessity of the lords incited them to convert these for the most part into money, which tended greatly to weaken the power of the lord, and to raise the freedom and independency of the tenant.

Thirdly, The dismembering manors by leases for years, as it flowed from the same sources, so it produced the same effects. These were probably very rare before the reign of Edward I., at which time the statute of Gloucester secured the estate of this tenant.

Fourthly, The estate of the villain or copyhold seems clearly, as I have said, to have originally been holden only at the will of the lord; but the law was afterwards altered, and in the reign of Edward IV. some of the best judges were of opinion that, if the copyholder was unlawfully ejected by his lord, he should have an action of trespass against him at the common law.

From this time the estate of the copyholder (which, as Britton tells us, was formerly a base tenure) began to grow into repute, and, though still distinguished in some privileges from a freehold, became the possession of many opulent and powerful persons.

By these and such like means the commonalty, by degrees, shook off their vassalage, and became more and more independent on their superiors. Even servants, in process of time, acquired a state of freedom and independency unknown to this rank in any other nation; and which, as the law now stands, is inconsistent with a servile condition.

But nothing hath wrought such an alteration in this order of people as the introduction of trade. This hath indeed given a new face to the whole nation, hath in a great measure subverted the former state of affairs, and hath almost totally changed the manners, customs, and habits of the people, more especially of the lower sort. The narrowness of their fortune is changed into wealth, the simplicity of their manners into craft, their frugality

into luxury, their humility into pride, and their subjection into equality.

The philosopher, perhaps, will think this a bad exchange, and may be inclined to cry out with the poet,

———Sævior armis
Luxuria incubuit.———
Nullum crimen abest, facinusque libidinis, ex quo
Paupertas Romana perit.

Again,

Prima peregrinos obscena pecunia mores
Intulit, et turpi fregerunt sæcula luxu
Divitiæ molles.———

But the politician finds many emoluments to compensate all the moral evils introduced by trade, by which the grandeur and power of the nation is carried to a pitch that it could never otherwise have reached; arts and sciences are improved, and human life is embellished with every ornament, and furnished with every comfort, which it is capable of tasting.

In all these assertions he is right; but surely he forgets himself a little when he joins the philosopher in lamenting the introduction of luxury as a casual evil; for, as riches are the *certain* consequence of trade, so is luxury the no less *certain* consequence of riches; nay, trade and luxury do indeed support each other; and this latter, in its turn, becomes as useful to trade as trade had been before to the support of luxury.

To prevent this consequence therefore of a flourishing commerce is totally to change the nature of things, and to separate the effect from the cause. A matter as impossible in the political body as in the natural. Vices and diseases, with like physical necessity, arise from certain habits in both; and to restrain and palliate the evil consequences is all that lies within the reach of art. How far it is the business of the politician to interfere in the case of luxury, we have attempted to show in the following treatise.

Now, to conceive that so great a change as this in the people should produce no change in the constitution, is to discover, I think, as great ignorance as would appear in the physician who should assert that the whole state of the blood may be entirely altered from poor to rich, from cool to inflamed, without producing any alteration in the constitution of the man.

To put this in the clearest light: there appear to me to be four sorts of political power; that of bodily strength, that of the mind, the power of the purse, and the power of the sword. Under the second of these divisions may be ranged all the art of the legislator and politician, all the power of laws and government. These do constitute the civil power; and a state may then be said to be in good order when all the other powers are subservient to this; when they own its superior excellence and energy, pay it a ready obedience, and all unite in support of its rule.

But so far are these powers from paying such voluntary submission, that they are all extremely apt to rebel, and to assert their own superiority; but none is more rebellious in its nature, or more difficult to be governed, than that of the purse or money. Self-opinion, arrogance, insolence, and impatience of rule, are its almost inseparable companions.

Now, if these assertions are true, what an immense accession of this power hath accrued to the commonalty by the increase of trade; for though the other orders have acquired an addition by the same means, yet this is not in the same proportion, as every reader, who will revolve the proposition but a moment in his own mind, must be satisfied.

And what may we hence conclude? Is that civil power, which was adapted to the government of this order of people in that state in which they were at the conquest, capable of ruling them in their present situation? Hath this civil power kept equal pace with them in the increase of its force, or hath it not rather, by the remissness of the magistrate, lost much of its ancient energy? Where is now that power of the sheriff which could formerly awaken and arm a whole county in an instant? where is that *posse comitatus* which attended at his beck? What is become of the constitutions of Alfred, which the reader will find set forth at large in the following treatise? what of the ancient conservators of the peace? Have the justices, on whom this whole power devolves, an authority sufficient for the purpose? In some counties, perhaps, you may find an overgrown tyrant, who lords it over his neighbours and tenants with despotic sway, and who is as regardless of the law as he is ignorant of it; but as to the magistrate of a less fortune and more knowledge, every riotous independent butcher or baker, with two or three thousand pounds in his pocket, laughs at his power, and every pettifogger makes him tremble.

It is a common and popular complaint that the justices of peace have already too much power. Indeed, a very little is too much if it be abused; but, in truth, this complaint proceeds from a mistake of business for power: the business of the justice is indeed multiplied by a great number of statutes; but I know not of any (the riot-act perhaps excepted) which hath at all enlarged his power. And what the force of that act is, and how able the magistrate is by means of the civil power alone to execute it in any popular commotion, I have myself experienced. But when a mob of chairmen or servants, or a gang of thieves and sharpers, are almost too big for the civil authority to suppress, what must be the case in a seditious tumult, or general riot of the people?

From what hath been said I may, I think, conclude that the constitution of this country is altered from its ancient state.

2dly. That the power of the commonalty hath received an immense addition; and that the civil power, having not increased, but decreased, in the same proportion, is not able to govern them.

What may and must be the consequences of this, as well as what remedy can be applied to it, I leave to the consideration of others: I have proceeded far enough already on the subject to draw sufficient ill-will on myself from unmeaning or ill-meaning people, who either do not foresee the mischievous tendency of a total relaxation of government, or who have some private wicked purpose to effect from public confusion.

In plain truth, the principal design of this whole work is to rouse the CIVIL power from its present lethargic state. A design which alike opposes those wild notions of liberty that are inconsistent with all government, and those pernicious schemes of government which are destructive of true liberty. However contrary indeed these principles may seem to each other, they have both the same common interest; or, rather, the former are the wretched tools of the latter; for anarchy is almost sure to end in some kind of tyranny.

Dr. Middleton, in his *Life of Cicero*, hath a fine observation to my present purpose, with which I will conclude this preface.

"From the raileries of the Romans," says he, "on the barbarity and misery of our island, one cannot help reflecting on the surprising fate and revolutions of kingdoms; how Rome, once the mistress of

the world, the seat of arts, empire, and glory, now lies sunk in sloth, ignorance, and poverty; enslaved to the most cruel, as well as to the most contemptible, of tyrants, *superstition*, and *religious imposture*: while this remote country, anciently the jest and contempt of the *polite Romans*, is become the happy seat of liberty, plenty, and letters, flourishing in all the arts and refinements of civil life, yet running, perhaps, the same course which Rome itself had run before it; from virtuous industry to wealth; from wealth to luxury; from luxury to an impatience of discipline and corruption of morals; till, by a total degeneracy and loss of virtue, being grown ripe for destruction, it falls a prey at last to some hardy oppressor, and, with the loss of liberty, losing everything else that is valuable, sinks gradually again into its original barbarism."

INTRODUCTION.

THE great increase of robberies within these few years is an evil which to me appears to deserve some attention; and the rather as it seems (though already become so flagrant) not yet to have arrived to that height of which it is capable, and which it is likely to attain; for diseases in the political, as in the natural body, seldom fail going on to their crisis, especially when nourished and encouraged by faults in the constitution. In fact, I make no doubt but that the streets of this town, and the roads leading to it, will shortly be impassable without the utmost hazard; nor are we threatened with seeing less dangerous gangs of rogues among us than those which the Italians call the *banditti*.

Should this ever happen to be the case, we shall have sufficient reason to lament that remissness by which this evil was suffered to grow to so great a height. All distempers, if I may once more resume the allusion, the sooner they are opposed, admit of the easier and the safer cure. The great difficulty of extirpating desperate gangs of robbers, when once collected into a body, appears from our own history in former times. France hath given us a later example in the long reign of Cartouche and his *banditti*; and this under an absolute monarchy, which affords much more speedy and efficacious remedies against these political disorders than can be administered in a free state, whose forms of correction are extremely slow and uncertain, and whose punishments are the mildest and the most void of terror of any other in the known world.

For my own part, I cannot help regarding these depredations in a most serious light; nor can I help wondering that a nation so jealous of her liberties, that from the slightest cause, and often without any cause at all, we are always murmuring at our superiors, should tamely and quietly support the invasion of her properties by a few of the lowest and vilest among us: doth not this situation in reality level us with the most enslaved countries? If I am to be assaulted, and pillaged, and plundered; if I can neither sleep in my own house, nor walk the streets, nor travel in safety; is not my condition almost equally bad whether a licensed or unlicensed rogue, a dragoon or a robber, be the person who assaults and plunders me? The only difference which I can perceive is, that the latter evil appears to be more easy to remove.

If this be, as I clearly think it is, the case, surely there are few matters of more general concern than to put an immediate end to these outrages, which are already become so notorious, and which, as I have observed, seem to threaten us with such a dangerous increase. What indeed may not the public apprehend, when they are informed, as an unquestionable

fact, that there are at this time a great gang of rogues, whose number falls little short of a hundred, who are incorporated in one body, have officers and a treasury, and have reduced theft and robbery into a regular system? There are of this society men who appear in all disguises and mix in most companies. Nor are they better versed in every art of cheating, thieving, and robbing, than they are armed with every method of evading the law, if they should ever be discovered, and an attempt made to bring them to justice. Here, if they fail in rescuing the prisoner, or (which seldom happens) in bribing or deterring the prosecutor, they have for their last resource some rotten members of the law to forge a defence for them, and a great number of false witnesses ready to support it.

Having seen the most convincing proofs of all this, I cannot help thinking it high time to put some stop to the farther progress of such impudent and audacious insults, not only on the properties of the subject, but on the national justice, and on the laws themselves. The means of accomplishing this (the best which suggest themselves to me) I shall submit to the public consideration, after having first inquired into the causes of the present growth of this evil, and whence we have great reason to apprehend its farther increase. Some of these I am too well versed in the affairs of this world to expect to see removed; but there are others which, without being over sanguine, we may hope to remedy; and thus perhaps one ill consequence, at least, of the more stubborn political diseases may cease.

SECTION I.

Of too frequent and expensive diversions among the lower kind of people.

FIRST, then, I think that the vast torrent of luxury which of late years hath poured itself into this nation hath greatly contributed to produce, among many others, the mischief I here complain of. I am not here to satirise the great, among whom luxury is probably rather a moral than a political evil. But vices no more than diseases will stop with them; for bad habits are as infectious by example as the plague itself by contact. In free countries, at least, it is a branch of liberty claimed by the people to be as wicked and as profligate as their superiors. Thus, while the nobleman will emulate the grandeur of a prince, and the gentleman will aspire to the proper state of the nobleman, the tradesman steps from behind his counter into the vacant place of the gentleman. Nor doth the confusion end here; it reaches the very dregs of the people, who, aspiring still to a degree beyond that which belongs to them, and not being able by the fruits of honest labour to support the state which they affect, they disdain the wages to which their industry would entitle them; and, abandoning themselves to idleness, the more simple and poor-spirited betake themselves to a state of starving and beggary, while those of more art and courage become thieves, sharpers, and robbers.

Could luxury be confined to the palaces of the great, the society would not, perhaps, be much affected with it; at least the mischiefs which I am now intending to obviate can never be the consequence. For though, perhaps, there is not more of real virtue in the higher state, yet the sense of honour is there more general and prevalent. But there is a much stronger reason. The means bear no probable proportion to the end; for the loss of thousands, or of a great estate, is not to be relieved or supplied by any means of common theft or robbery. With regard to such evils, therefore, the legislature might be justified in leaving the punishment, as well as the pernicious consequence, to end in the misery,

distress, and sometimes utter ruin, of a private family. But when this vice descends downward to the tradesman, the mechanic, and the labourer, it is certain to engender many political mischiefs, and among the rest it is most evidently the parent of theft and robbery, to which not only the motive of want but of shame conduces; for there is no greater degree of shame than the tradesman generally feels at the first inability to make his regular payments; nor is there any difficulty which he would not undergo to avoid it. Here then the highway promises, and hath, I doubt not, often given, relief. Nay, I remember very lately a highwayman who confessed several robberies before me, his motive to which, he assured me (and so it appeared), was to pay a bill that was shortly to become due. In this case, therefore, the public becomes interested, and consequently the legislature is obliged to interpose.

To give a final blow to luxury by any general prohibition, if it would be advisable, is by no means possible. To say the truth, bad habits in the body politic, especially if of any duration, are seldom to be wholly eradicated. Palliatives alone are to be applied; and these too in a free constitution must be of the gentlest kind, and as much as possible adapted to the taste and genius of the people.

The gentlest method which I know, and at the same time perhaps one of the most effectual, of stopping the progress of vice, is by removing the temptation. Now, the two great motives to luxury in the mind of men are vanity and voluptuousness. The former of these operates but little in this regard with the lower order of people. I do not mean that they have less of this passion than their betters; but the apparent impossibility of gratifying it this way deters them, and diverts at least this passion into another channel; for we find it puts them rather on vying with each other in the reputation of wealth than in the outward appearance of show and grandeur. Voluptuousness, or the love of pleasure, is that alone which leads them into luxury. Here, then, the temptation is with all possible care to be withdrawn from them.

Now, what greater temptation can there be to voluptuousness than a place where every sense and appetite of which it is compounded are fed and delighted; where the eyes are feasted with show, and the ears with music, and where gluttony and drunkenness are allured by every kind of daintiness; nay, where the finest women are exposed to view, and where the meanest person who can dress himself clean may in some degree mix with his betters, and thus perhaps satisfy his vanity as well as his love of pleasure?

It may possibly be said that these diversions are cheap: I answer that is one objection I have to them; was the price as high as that of a ridotto or an opera, it would, like these diversions, be confined to the higher people only; besides, the cheapness is really a delusion. Unthinking men are often deceived into expense, as I once knew an honest gentleman, who carried his wife and two daughters to a masquerade, being told that he could have four tickets for four guineas; but found afterwards that, in dresses, masques, chairs, &c., the night's entertainment cost him almost twelve. I am convinced that many thousands of honest tradesmen have found their expenses exceed their computation in a much greater proportion. And the sum of seven or eight shillings (which is a very moderate allowance for the entertainment of the smallest family) repeated, once or twice a-week through a summer, will make too large a deduction from the reasonable profits of any low mechanic.

Besides the actual expense in attending these places

of pleasure, the loss of time and neglect of business are consequences which the inferior tradesman can by no means support. To be born for no other purpose than to consume the fruits of the earth is the privilege (if it may be really called a privilege) of very few. The greater part of mankind must sweat hard to produce them, or society will no longer answer the purposes for which it was ordained. *Six days shalt thou labour* was the positive command of God in his own republic. A severity, however, which the divine wisdom was pleased somewhat to relax, and appointed certain times of rest and recreation for his people. Such were the feast of the unleavened bread, the feast of the weeks, and the feast of the tabernacles. On which occasions it is written, *Thou shalt rejoice before the Lord thy God, thou, and thy son, and thy daughter, and thy servant, and thy maid, and the Levite that is within thy gates, and the stranger, and the fatherless, and the widow.**

All other nations have imitated this divine institution. It is true, among the Greeks, arising from the nature of their superstition, there were many festivals; yet scarce any of these were universal, and few attended with any other than religious ceremonies.† The Roman calender is thinner strewed with these seasons of idleness. Indeed there seems to have been one only kind of universal sport and revelling amongst them, which they called the *Saturnalia*, when much too great indulgence was given to all kinds of licentiousness. Public scenes of rendezvous they had none. As to the Grecian women, it is well known they were almost entirely confined to their own houses; where the very entertainment of their finest ladies was only works of the finer sort. And the Romans by the Orchian law, which was made among many others for the suppression of luxury, and was published in the third year from Cato's censorship, thought proper to limit the number of persons who were to assemble even at any private feast.‡ Nay, the exhibitions of the theatre were suffered only at particular seasons, and on holidays.

Nor are our own laws silent on this head, with regard at least to the lowest sort of people, whose diversions have been confined to certain stated times. Mr. Pulton,§ speaking of those games and assemblies of the people which are lawful, says that they are lawful at certain places and seasons of the year, allowed by old and ancient customs. The statute of Henry VIII.|| goes farther, and expressly enacts that no manner of artificer or craftsman, of any handicraft or occupation, husbandman, apprentice, &c., shall play at the tables, tennis, dice, cards, bowls, &c., out of Christmas, under the penalty of 20s.

Thus we find that by divine as well as human institution, as well by our own laws as those of other countries, the diversions of the people have been limited and restrained to certain seasons; under which limitations, Seneca calls these diversions the necessary temperament of labour. "Some remission," says he, "must be given to our minds, which will spring up the better and more brisk from rest. It is with the mind as with a fruitful field, whose fertility will be exhausted if we give it no intermission. The same will accrue to the mind by incessant labours, whereas both from gentle remission

will acquire strength. From constant labour arises a certain dulness and languor of the spirits; nor would men with such eagerness affect them if sport or merriment had not a certain natural sweetness inherent in themselves; the frequent use of which however will destroy all gravity and force in our minds. Sleep is necessary to our refreshment, but if this be continued night and day it will become death. There is a great difference between the remission of anything and its dissolution. Lawgivers, therefore, instituted certain holidays, that the people might be compelled by law to merriment, interposing this as a necessary temperament to their labours."*

Thus the Greek and Latin philosophers, though they derive the institution differently, the one alleging a divine and the other a human original, both agree that a necessary relaxation from labour was the only end for which diversion was invented and allowed to the people. This institution, as the former of these great writers tells us, was grossly perverted even in his time: but surely neither then, nor in any age or nation until now, was this perversion carried to so scandalous an excess as it is at present in this kingdom, and especially in and near the metropolis, where the places of pleasure are almost become numberless; for, besides those great scenes of rendezvous, where the nobleman and his tailor, the lady of quality and her tirewoman, meet together and form one common assembly, what an immense variety of places have this town and its neighbourhood set apart for the amusement of the lowest order of the people; and where the master of the house, or wells, or garden, may be said to angle only in the kennels, where, baiting with the vilest materials, he catches only the thoughtless and tasteless rabble! These are carried on, not on a single day, or in a single week, but all of them during half, and some during the whole year.

If the computation was made of the money expended in these temples of idleness by the artificer, the handicraft, the apprentice, and even the common labourer, the sum would appear excessive; but, without putting myself to that trouble, I believe the reader will permit me to conclude that it is much greater than such persons can or ought to afford; especially as idleness, its necessary attendant, adds greatly to the debtor's side in the account, and that the necessary consequence must be ruin to many, who, from being useful members of the society, will become a heavy burden or absolute nuisance to the public. It being indeed a certain method to fill the streets with beggars, and the gaols with debtors and thieves.

That this branch of luxury hath grown to its present height is owing partly to a defect in the laws; and this defect may, with great decency and respect to the legislature, be very truly imputed to the recency of the evil; for, as our ancestors knew it not, they may be well excused for not having foreseen and guarded against it. If therefore it should seem now necessary to be retrenched, a new law will, I apprehend, be necessary for that purpose; the powers of the magistrate being scarce extensive enough, under any provision extant, to destroy a hydra now become so pregnant and dangerous. And it would be too dangerous, as well as too invidious a task, to oppose the mad humours of the populace by the force of any doubtful obsolete law, which, as I have hinted before, could not have been directly levelled at a vice which did not exist at the time when the law was made.

But while I am recommending some restraint of

* Exod. chap. xxxiv.; Deut. chap. xvi.

† The gods, says Plato, pitying the laborious condition to which men were born, appointed holy rites to themselves, as seasons of rest to men; and gave them the Muses, with Apollo their leader, and Bacchus, to assist in the celebrations, &c. De Leg. l. ii. p. 787, edit. Ficini.

‡ Macrob. Saturnal., lib. ii. c. xiii. Note.—This Riot Act passed in one of the freest ages of the Roman republic.

§ De Pace, fol. 25.

|| 33 Hen. VIII. c. ix.

* Sen. De Tranquill. Animi, p. 167, edit. Lips.

this branch of luxury, which surely appears to be necessary, I would be understood to aim at the retrenchment only, not at the extirpation, of diversion; nay, and in this restraint I confine myself entirely to the lower order of people. Pleasure always hath been, and always will be, the principal business of persons of fashion and fortune, and more especially of the ladies, for whom I have infinitely too great an honour and respect to rob them of any their least amusement. Let them have their plays, operas, and oratorios; their masquerades and riddottos; their assemblies, drums, routs, riots, and hurricanes; their Ranelagh and Vauxhall; their Bath, Tunbridge, Bristol, Scarborough, and Cheltenham; and let them have their beaux and dangles to attend them at all these; it is the only use for which such beaux are fit; and I have seen, in the course of my life, that it is the only one to which, by sensible women, they are applied.

In diversions, as in many other particulars, the upper part of life is distinguished from the lower. Let the great therefore answer for the employment of their time to themselves, or to their spiritual governors. The society will receive some temporal advantage from their luxury. The more toys which children of all ages consume, the brisker will be the circulation of money, and the greater the increase of trade.

The business of the politician is only to prevent the contagion from spreading to the useful part of mankind, the ΕΠΙΠΟΝΟΝ ΠΕΡΥΤΚΟΣ ΓΕΝΟΣ;* and this is the business of persons of fashion and fortune too, in order that the labour and industry of the rest may administer to their pleasures, and furnish them with the means of luxury. To the upper part of mankind time is an enemy, and (as they themselves often confess) their chief labour is to kill it; whereas, with the others, time and money are almost synonymous; and, as they have very little of each to spare, it becomes the legislature, as much as possible, to suppress all temptations whereby they may be induced too profusely to squander either the one or the other, since all such profusion must be repaired at the cost of the public.

Such places of pleasure, therefore, as are totally set apart for the use of the great world, I meddle not with. And though Ranelagh and Vauxhall, by reason of their price, are not entirely appropriated to the people of fashion, yet they are seldom frequented by any below the middle rank; and a strict regard to decency is preserved in them both. But surely two such places are sufficient to contain all those who have any title to spend their time in this idle, though otherwise innocent, way. Nor should such a fashion be allowed to spread into every village round London, and by degrees all over the kingdom; by which means not only idleness, but all kinds of immorality, will be encouraged.

I cannot dismiss this head without mentioning a notorious nuisance which hath lately arisen in this town: I mean those balls where men and women of loose reputation meet in disguised habits. As to the masquerade in the Haymarket, I have nothing to say; I really think it a silly rather than a vicious entertainment; but the case is very different with these inferior masquerades, for these are indeed no other than the temples of drunkenness, lewdness, and all kind of debauchery.

SECTION II.

Of drunkenness, a second consequence of luxury among the vulgar.

But the expense of money and loss of time, with their certain consequences, are not the only evils

* Plato.

which attend the luxury of the vulgar; drunkenness is almost inseparably annexed to the pleasures of such people: a vice by no means to be construed as a spiritual offence alone, since so many temporal mischiefs arise from it; amongst which are very frequently robbery and murder itself.

I do not know a more excellent institution than that of Pittacus, mentioned by Aristotle in his Politics;* by which a blow given by a drunken man was more severely punished than if it had been given by one that was sober; "for Pittacus," says Aristotle, "considered the utility of the public (as drunken men are more apt to strike), and not the excuse which might otherwise be allowed to their drunkenness." And so far both the civil law and our own have followed this institution, that neither have admitted drunkenness to be an excuse for any crime.

This odious vice (indeed the parent of all others), as history informs us, was first introduced into this kingdom by the Danes, and with very mischievous effects. Wherefore that excellent prince, Edgar the Peaceable, when he set about reforming the manners of his people, applied himself very particularly to the remedy of this great evil, and ordered silver or gold pins to be fixed to the sides of their pots and cups, beyond which it was not lawful for any person to drink.†

What penalty was affixed to the breach of this institution I know not; nor do I find any punishment in our books for the crime of drunkenness, till the time of Jac. I., in the fourth year of whose reign it was enacted, "That every person lawfully convicted of drunkenness shall, for every such offence, forfeit the sum of five shillings, to be paid within a week next after his, her, or their conviction, to the hands of the churchwardens of the parish where, &c., to the use of the poor. In default of payment the sum to be levied by distress, and, in default of distress, the offender is to be committed to the stocks, there to remain for the space of six hours."‡

For the second offence they are to be bound to their good behaviour, with two sureties in a recognisance of ten pounds.§

Nor is only that degree of drunkenness forbidden which Mr. Dalton describes, "so as to stagger and reel to and fro, and where the same legs which carry him into a house cannot carry him out again;"|| for, by the same act of parliament, all persons who continue drinking or tippling in any inn, victualling-house, or alehouse, in their own city, town, or parish (unless such as, being invited by a traveller, shall accompany him during his necessary abode there; or except labouring and handicraftsmen in cities and corporate and market towns, upon a working day, for an hour at dinner-time, in alehouses, where they take their diet; and except labourers and workmen, who, during their continuance in any work, shall lodge or victual at any inn, &c.; or except for some urgent and necessary occasion, to be allowed by two justices of the peace), shall forfeit the sum of three shillings and sixpence, for the use of the poor; to be levied as before, and for want of distress to be put in the stocks for four hours.¶

This act hath been still farther enforced by another in the same reign.** By the latter act the tippler is liable, whether his habitation be within the same or any other parish. Secondly, The proof by one witness is made sufficient; and, thirdly, a very extraordinary clause is added, by which the oath of the

* L. ii. c. x. † Eachard, p. 88. ‡ Jac. I. chap. v.

§ Jac. I. chap. v. sect. 6. || Dalt., chap. vii. sect. 5.

¶ Jac. I. chap. iv. sect. 4; and 1 Jac. I. chap. ix.

** 21 Jac. I. chap. vii.

party offending, after having confessed his own crime, is made evidence against any other offender, though at the same time.

Thus we see the legislature have taken the utmost care not only to punish, but even to prevent this vice of drunkenness, which the preamble of one of the foregoing statutes calls a *loathsome and odious sin*, and the root and foundation of many other enormous sins, as murder, &c. Nor doth the wisdom of our law stop here. Our cautious ancestors have endeavoured to remove the temptation, and, in a great measure, to take away from the people their very power of offending this way. And this by going to the fountain-head, and endeavouring to regulate and restrain the scenes of these disorders, and to confine them to those uses for which they were at first designed, namely, for the rest, refreshment, and convenience of travellers.

A cursory view of the statutes on this head will demonstrate of what consequence to society the suppression of this vice was in the opinion of our ancestors.

By the common law inns and alehouses might be kept *ad libitum*; but, if any disorders were suffered in them, they were indictable as a common nuisance.

The first reform which I find to have been made by parliament was in the reign of Henry VII.,* when two justices were empowered to suppress an alehouse.

The statute of Edward VI.† is the first which requires a precedent licence. By this act no man can keep an alehouse without being licensed by the sessions or by two justices; but now, by a late statute, all licences granted by justices out of their sessions are void.‡

By the statute of Charles I.,§ which alters the penalties of that of Edward VI., the punishment for keeping an alehouse, or common selling ale, beer, cider, and perry, without a licence, is to pay twenty shillings to the use of the poor, to be levied by distress; which, if satisfaction be not made within three days, is to be sold. And if there be no goods whereon to restrain, and the money be not paid within six days after conviction, the offender is to be delivered to the constable, or some inferior officer, to be whipped. For the second offence, he is to be committed to the house of correction for a month; and for the third he is to be committed to the said house till by order of the justices, at their general sessions, he be discharged.

The conviction is to be on the view of the justice, confession of the party, or by the oath of two witnesses.

And by this statute, if the constable or officer to whom the party is committed to be whipped, &c., do not execute his warrant, the justice shall commit him to prison, there to remain till he shall procure some one to execute the said warrant, or until he shall pay forty shillings to the use of the poor.

The justices, at the time of granting the licence, shall take a recognisance from the party, not to suffer any unlawful games, nor other disorders, in his house, which is to be certified to the sessions, and the justices there have a power to proceed for the forfeiture.||

By the statute of Jac. I.,¶ alehouse-keepers who suffer townsmen to sit tippling, unless in the cases above mentioned,** forfeit ten shillings to the poor; the distress to be sold within six days; and, if no

distress can be had, the party is to be committed till the forfeiture is paid.

Vintners who keep inns or victualling-houses are within this act.*

And by two several statutes,† alehouse-keepers convicted of this offence are prohibited from keeping an alehouse for the space of three years.

Justices of peace likewise, for any disorders committed in alehouses contrary to the condition of the recognisance, may suppress such houses;‡ but then the proceeding must be on the recognisance, and the breach of the condition proved.§

Now, on the concise view of these several laws, it appears that the legislature have been abundantly careful on this head; and that the only blame lies on the remissness with which these wholesome provisions have been executed.

But though I will not undertake to defend the magistrates of former times, who have surely been guilty of some neglect of their duty, yet on behalf of the present commissioners of the peace I must observe their case is very different. What physicians tell us of the animal functions will hold true when applied to laws: both by long disuse lose all their elasticity and force. Froward habits grow on men, as they do on children, by long indulgence; nor will either submit easily to correction in matters where they have been accustomed to act at their pleasure. They are very different offices to execute a new or a well-known law and to revive one which is obsolete. In the case of a known law, custom brings men to submission; and in all new provisions the ill-will, if any, is levelled at the legislature, who are much more able to support it than a few or a single magistrate. If therefore it be thought proper to suppress this vice, the legislature must once more take the matter into their hands; and to this perhaps they will be the more inclined when it comes to their knowledge that a new kind of drunkenness, unknown to our ancestors, is lately sprung up amongst us, and which, if not put a stop to, will infallibly destroy a great part of the inferior people.

The drunkenness I here intend is that acquired by the strongest intoxicating liquors, and particularly by that poison called *gin*; which I have great reason to think is the principal sustenance (if it may be so called) of more than an hundred thousand people in this metropolis. Many of these wretches there are who swallow pints of this poison within the twenty-four hours; the dreadful effects of which I have the misfortune every day to see, and to smell too. But I have no need to insist on my own credit, or on that of my informers; the great revenue arising from the tax on this liquor (the consumption of which is almost wholly confined to the lowest order of people) will prove the quantity consumed better than any other evidence.

Now, besides the moral ill consequences occasioned by this drunkenness, with which in this treatise I profess not to deal, how greatly must this be supposed to contribute to those political mischiefs which this essay proposes to remedy! this will appear from considering that, however cheap this vile potion may be, the poorer sort will not easily be able to supply themselves with the quantities they desire; for the intoxicating draught itself disqualifies them from using any honest means to acquire it, at the same time that it removes all sense of fear and shame, and emboldens them to commit every wicked and desperate enterprise. Many instances of this I see daily; wretches are often brought before me, charged with theft and robbery, whom I am forced to confine

* 11 Hen. VII.

† 5 Edw. VI. c. xxv.

‡ 2 G. II. c. xxviii. sect. 11. § 3 Car. I. cap. iv.

§ 5 E. VI. ubi sup. ¶ Cap. ix. ubi sup.

** Supra, p. 14, in the case of tipplers.

* 1 Car. I. cap. iv.

† 7 Jac. I. cap. x.; 21 Jac. I. cap. vii.

‡ 5 E. VI. ubi sup.

§ Salk. 45.

before they are in a condition to be examined; and when they have afterwards become sober, I have plainly perceived, from the state of the case, that the *gin* alone was the cause of the transgression, and have been sometimes sorry that I was obliged to commit them to prison.

But beyond all this there is a political ill consequence of this drunkenness, which, though it doth not strictly fall within my present purpose, I shall be excused for mentioning, it being indeed the greatest evil of all, and which must, I think, awaken our legislature to put a final period to so destructive a practice. And this is that dreadful consequence which must attend the poisonous quality of this pernicious liquor to the health, the strength, and the very being of numbers of his majesty's most useful subjects. I have not enough of physical knowledge to display the ill effects which such poisonous liquors produce in the constitution; for these I shall refer the reader to "The Physical Account of the Nature of all Distilled Spirituous Liquors, and the Effect they have on Human Bodies."* And though, perhaps, the consequence of this poison, as it operates slowly, may not so visibly appear in the diminution of the strength, health, and lives of the present generation, yet, let a man cast his eyes but a moment towards our posterity, and there the dreadful consequences must strike on the meanest capacity, and must alarm, I think, the most sluggish degree of public spirit. What must become of the infant who is conceived in *gin*? with the poisonous distillations of which it is nourished both in the womb and at the breast. Are these wretched infants (if such can be supposed capable of arriving at the age of maturity) to become our future sailors and our future grenadiers? Is it by the labour of such as these that all the emoluments of peace are to be procured us, and all the dangers of war averted from us? What could an Edward or an Henry, a Marlborough or a Cumberland, effect with an army of such wretches? Doth not this polluted source, instead of producing servants for the husbandman or artificer, instead of providing recruits for the sea or the field, promise only to fill alms-houses and hospitals, and to infect the streets with stench and diseases?

In solemn truth, there is nothing of more serious consideration, nor which more loudly calls for a remedy, than the evil now complained against. For what can be more worthy the care of the legislature than to preserve the morals, the innocence, the health, strength, and lives, of a great part (I will repeat, the most useful part) of the people? So far am I, in my own opinion, from representing this in too serious or too strong a light, that I can find no words or metaphor adequate to my ideas on this subject. The first inventor of this diabolical liquor may be compared to the poisoner of a fountain whence a large city was to derive its waters, the highest crime, as it hath been thought, of which human nature is capable. A degree of villany, indeed, of which I cannot recollect any example; but surely, if such was ever practised, the governors of that city could not be thought blameless, did they not endeavour, to the utmost, to withhold the citizens from drinking the poisonous draught; and, if such a general thirst after it prevailed as we are told possessed the people of Athens at the time of the plague,† what could justify the not effectually cutting off all aqueducts by which the poison was dispersed among the people?

* This was composed by a very learned divine, with the assistance of several physicians, and published in the year 1736. The title is, *Distilled Spirituous Liquors the Bane of the Nation.*

† Ἐδρασαν ἐς φρέατα ἀπαύστω τῇ δίψῃ ἐκνεχόμενοι. They ran into the wells, being constantly possessed by an exhausted thirst. Thucydid., p. 112., edit. Hudsoni.

Nor will anything less than absolute deletion serve on the present occasion. It is not making men pay 50*l.* or 500*l.* for a licence to poison; nor enlarging the quantity from two gallons to ten, which will extirpate so stubborn an evil. Here may, perhaps, be no little difficulty. To lay the axe to the still-head, and prohibit all distillery in general, would destroy the chemist. If distilling this or that spirit was forbidden, we know how easily all partial prohibitions are evaded; nay, the chemist (was the matter confined to him) would soon probably become a common distiller, and his shop no better than a gin-shop; since what is more common than for men to adopt the morals of a thief at a fire, and to work their own private emolument out of a public mischief? Suppose all spirituous liquors were, together with other poison, to be locked up in the chemists' or apothecaries' shops, thence never to be drawn till some excellent physicians call them forth for the cure of nervous distempers; or suppose the price was to be raised so high, by a severe impost, that gin would be placed entirely beyond the reach of the vulgar! or perhaps the wisdom of the legislature may devise a better and more effectual way.

But if the difficulty be really insuperable, or if there be any political reason against the total demolition of this poison, so strong as to countervail the preservation of the morals, health, and beings, of such numbers of his majesty's subjects, let us, however, in some measure, palliate the evil, and lessen its immediate ill consequences, by a more effectual provision against drunkenness than any we have at present, in which the method of conviction is too tedious and dilatory. Some little care on this head is surely necessary; for, though the increase of thieves and the destruction of morality, though the loss of our labourers, our sailors, and our soldiers, should not be sufficient reasons, there is one which seems to be unanswerable, and that is, the loss of our gin-drinkers; since, should the drinking this poison be continued in its present height during the next twenty years, there will, by that time, be very few of the common people left to drink it.

SECTION III.

Of gaming among the vulgar; a third consequence of their luxury.

I COME now to the last great evil which arises from the luxury of the vulgar; and this is gaming; a school in which most highwaymen of great eminence have been bred. This vice is the more dangerous as it is deceitful, and, contrary to every other species of luxury, flatters its votaries with the hopes of increasing their wealth; so that avarice itself is so far from securing us against its temptations, that it often betrays the more thoughtless and giddy part of mankind into them; promising riches without bounds, and those to be acquired by the most sudden as well as easy and indeed pleasant means.

And here I must again remind the reader that I have only the inferior part of mankind under my consideration. I am not so ill-bred as to disturb the company at a polite assembly; nor so ignorant of our constitution as to imagine that there is a sufficient energy in the executive part to control the economy of the great, who are beyond the reach of any, unless capital laws. Fashion, under whose guidance they are, and which created the evil, can alone cure it. With patience therefore must we wait, till this notable mistress of the few shall, in her good time, accomplish so desirable a change; in fact, till great men become wiser or better; till the prevalence of some laudable taste shall teach them a worthier manner of employing their time; till they

have sense enough to be reasoned, modesty enough to be laughed, or conscience enough to be frightened out of a silly, a shameful, and a sinful profligacy, attended with horrid waste of time, and the cruel destruction of the families of others, or of their own.

In the mean time we may, I think, reasonably desire of these great personages that they would keep their favourite vice to themselves, and not suffer others, whose birth or fortune gives them no title to be above the terror of the laws or the censure of their betters, to share with them in this privilege. Surely we may give great men the same advice which Archer, in the play, gives to the officers of the army; *To kick out all—in red but their own*. What temptations can gamesters of fashion have to admit *inferior* sharpers into their society? common sense surely will not suffer a man to risk a fortune against one who hath none of his own to stake against it.

I am well apprised that this is not much the case with persons of the first figure; but to gentlemen (and especially the younger sort) of the second degree these fellows have found much too easy an access. Particularly at the several public places (I might have said gaming-places) in this kingdom, too little care is taken to prevent the promiscuous union of company; and sharpers of the lowest kind have frequently there found admission to their superiors, upon no other pretence or merit than that of a laced coat, and with no other stock than that of assurance.

Some few of these fellows, by luckily falling in with an egregious bubble, some thoughtless young heir, or more commonly heiress, have succeeded in a manner which, if it may give some encouragement to others to imitate them, should, at the same time, as strongly admonish all gentlemen and ladies to be cautious with whom they mix in public places, and to avoid the sharper as they would a pest. But much the greater part of such adventurers have met with a more probable and more deserved fate; and, having exhausted their little fund in their attempts, have been reduced to a dilemma, in which it required more judgment and resolution than are the property of many men, and more true sense of honour than belongs to any debauched mind, to extricate themselves by honest means. The only means, indeed, of this kind, are to quit their assumed station, and to return to that calling, however mean and laborious, to which they were born and bred.

But, besides that the way to this is often obstructed with almost insuperable difficulties, and false shame, at its very entrance, dashes them in the face, how easily are they dissuaded from such disagreeable thoughts by the temptations with which fortune allures them of a possibility, at least, of still supporting their false appearances, and of retrieving all their former hopes! how greedily may we imagine this enchanting alternative will be embraced by every bold mind in such circumstances! for what but the danger of the undertaking can deter one who hath nothing of a gentleman but his dress, to attain which he hath already divested himself of all sense of honesty? how easy is the transition from fraud to force! from a gamester to a rogue! perhaps, indeed, it is civil to suppose it any transition at all.

From this source, therefore, several of our most notable highwaymen have proceeded; and this hath likewise been the source of many other depredations on the honest part of mankind. So mischievous have been this kind of sharpers in society, that they have fallen under the particular notice of the legislature; for a statute in the reign of queen Anne,

reciting, "That divers lewd and dissolute persons live at great expenses, having no visible estate, profession, or calling to maintain themselves, but support those expenses by gaming only;" enacts, "That any two justices of the peace may cause to be brought before them all persons within their respective limits, whom they shall have just cause to suspect to have no visible estate, profession, or calling, to maintain themselves by, but do, for the most part, support themselves by gaming; and if such persons shall not make the contrary appear to such justices, they are to be bound to their good behaviour for a twelvemonth; and, in default of sufficient security, to be committed till they can find such security; which security (in case they give it) is to be forfeited on their playing or betting at any one time for more than the value of 20s.*

As to gaming in the lower classes of life, so plainly tending to the ruin of tradesmen, the destruction of youth, and to the multiplication of every kind of fraud and violence, the legislature hath provided very wholesome laws.†

By the 33d of Henry VIII., "Every artificer, craftsman of any handicraft or occupation, husbandman, labourer, servant at husbandry, journeyman or servant of artificer, mariners, fishermen, watermen, or any serving men, are prohibited from playing at tables, dice, cards, &c., out of Christmas, and in Christmas are permitted to play only in their masters' houses or in their presence, under the penalty of 20s. And all manner of persons are prohibited from playing at any bowl or bowls, in any open place out of their garden or orchard, under the penalty of 6s. 8d.

"The conviction to be by action, information, bill, or otherwise, in any of the king's courts; one half of the penalty to the informer.

"Provided that servants may play at any times with their masters or by their licence, and all persons who have 100*l. per annum*, freehold, may give their servants, or others resorting to their houses, a licence to play within the precinct of their houses, gardens, or orchard."

By this statute likewise, "No person whatever, by himself, factor, deputy, servant, or other person, shall, for gain, keep, &c., any common house, alley, or place of bowling, coytting, clash-coyls, half-bowl, tennis, dicing-table, or carding, or any other manner of game prohibited by any statute heretofore made, or any unlawful game invented or made, or any other new unlawful game hereafter to be invented or made: the penalty is 40*s. per day* for keeping the house, &c., and 6*s. 8d.* for every person haunting and playing at such house. These penalties to be recovered, &c., as above.

* 9 Annæ, chap. xiv. sect. 6, 7. It would be of great service to the public to extend this statute to idle persons and sharpers in general; for many support themselves by frauds, by cheating practices, even worse than gaming, and have the impudence to appear in the dress of gentlemen, and at public places, without having any pretensions of birth or fortune, or without any honest or visible means of livelihood whatever. Such a law would not be without a precedent; for such is the excellent institution mentioned by Herodotus, in his *Euterpe*.—"Amasis," says that historian, "established a law in Egypt, that every Egyptian should annually declare before the governor of the province by what means he maintained himself; and all those who did not appear, or who could not prove that they had some lawful livelihood, were punished by death. This law Solon introduced into Athens, where it was long inviolably preserved as a most just and equitable provision." Herod., edit. Hudsoni, p. 158. This punishment is surely too severe; but the law, under a milder penalty, is well worthy to be adopted.

† By a statute made in the reign of Edward IV. now repealed, playing at several games therein mentioned was punished by two years' imprisonment, and the forfeiture of 10*l.*, and the master of the house was to be imprisoned for three years and to forfeit 20*l.* A great sum in those days!

"And all leases of gaming-houses, alleys, &c., are made void at the election of the lessee."

Farther, by the said statute, "Power is given to all justices of peace, mayors, or other head-officers, in every city, &c., to enter suspected houses and places, and to commit the keepers of the said houses, and the persons there haunting, resorting, and playing, to prison; and to keep them in prison till the keepers have found sureties to enter into a recognisance to the king's use, no longer to keep such house, &c., and the persons there found to be bound by themselves or with sureties, &c., at the discretion of the justice, &c., no more to haunt the said places, or play at any of the said games."

And now by the statute of George II. this last clause is enforced, by giving the justice the same power on the information of two persons as he had before on view; and, by a more explicit power, to take sureties or not of the party at his discretion.

Lastly, the statute of Henry VIII. enjoins the justices, &c., to make due search weekly or once *per* month at the farthest, under the penalty of forfeiting 40s. for every month during their neglect.

Thus stands the law; by which it may appear that the magistrate is armed with sufficient authority to destroy all gaming among the inferior people, and that, without his neglect or connivance, no such nuisance can possibly exist.

And yet, perhaps, the fault may not so totally lie at his door; for the recognisance is a mere bugbear, unless the party who breaks it should be sued thereon, which, as it is attended with great expense, is never done; so that, though many have forfeited it, not a single example of an estreat hath been made within my remembrance.

Again, it were to be wished that the statute of George II. had required no more than one witness to the information; for even one witness, as I have found by experience, is very difficult to be procured.

However, as the law now is, seeing that the general bent of the people opposes itself to this vice, it is certainly in a great measure within the magistrate's power to suppress it, and so to harass such as propose to find their account in it, that these would soon be discouraged from the undertaking; nor can I conclude without observing that this hath been lately executed with great vigour within the liberty of Westminster.

There are, besides, several other provisions in our statute-books against this destructive vice. By the statute of queen Anne * whoever cheats at play forfeits five times the sum won by such cheating, shall be deemed infamous, and suffer such corporal punishment as in case of perjury. And whoever wins above 10*l.* at any one sitting shall likewise forfeit five times the sum won. Going shares with the winner, and betting on his side, are, in both instances, within the act.

By the same act all securities for money won at play are made void; and if a mortgage be made on such account, the mortgagee doth not only lose all benefit of it, but the mortgage immediately enures to the use of the next heir.†

By this law persons who have lost above 10*l.* and have actually paid it may recover the same by action within three months; and if they do not sue for it within that time any other person may.‡ And the defendant shall be liable to answer a bill for discovering such sum lost upon oath.

By 18 George II.§ whoever wins or loses 10*l.* at play, or by betting at any one time, or 20*l.* within

twenty-four hours, is liable to be indicted, and shall be fined five times the value of the money lost.

By 12 George II.* the games of faro, the ace of hearts, basset, and hazard, are declared to be lotteries; and all persons who set up, maintain, and keep them, forfeit 200*l.*, and all who play at them forfeit 50*l.* The conviction to be before one justice of peace, by the oath of one witness, or confession of the party. And the justice neglecting his duty forfeits 10*l.* *Note.*—The prosecution against the keeper, &c., may be for a lottery on the 8 George I., where the penalty is 500*l.*

The act of 18 George II. includes the game of roly poly, or other prohibited game at cards or dice, within the penalties of the above mentioned.

I have given this short sketch of these several acts, partly for the use and encouragement of informers, and partly to insinuate to certain persons with what decency they can openly offend against such plain, such solemn laws, the severest of which many of themselves have, perhaps, been the makers of. How can they seriously answer, either to their honour or conscience, giving the pernicious example of a vice from which, as the legislature justly says in the preamble to the 16 Charles II., "Many mischiefs and inconveniences do arise, and are daily found, in the encouraging of sundry idle and disorderly persons in their dishonest, lewd, and dissolute course of life; and to the circumventing, deceiving, cozening, and debauching of many of the younger sort, both of the nobility and gentry and others, to the loss of their precious time, and the utter ruin of their estates and fortunes, and withdrawing them from noble and laudable employments and exercises?" Will a nobleman, I ask, confess that he can employ his time in no better amusement; or will he frankly own that he plays with any other view than that of amusement? Lastly, what can a man who sins in open defiance of the laws of his country answer to the *vir bonus est quis*? Can he say,

Qui consulta patrum, qui leges juraque servat!

Or can he apply that celebrated line,

Oderunt peccare boni virtutis honore,

to himself, who owes to his greatness, and not to his innocence, that he is not deterred from such vices—*Formidine pœnæ*?

SECTION IV.

Of the laws that relate to the provision for the poor.

HAVING now run through the several immediate consequences of a general luxury among the lower people, all which, as they tend to promote their distresses, may be reasonably supposed to put many of them, of the bolder kind, upon unlawful and violent means of relieving the mischief which such vices have brought upon them, I come now to a second cause of the evil, in the improper regulation of what is called the poor in this kingdom, arising, I think, partly from the abuse of some laws, and partly from the total neglect of others; and (if I may presume to say it) somewhat perhaps from a defect in the laws themselves.

It must be matter of astonishment to any man to reflect that in a country where the poor are, beyond all comparison, more liberally provided for than in any other part of the habitable globe, there should be found more beggars, more distressed and miserable objects, than are to be seen throughout all the states of Europe.

And yet, undoubted as this fact is, I am far from agreeing with Mr. Shaw,† who says, "There are few,

* 9 Annæ, chap. xiv, by which the statute of 16 C. II. is enlarged and made more severe.

† Ibid. sect. 1.

‡ Annæ, chap. xiv. sect. 2.

§ Chap. xxxv.

* Chap. xxviii.

† Vol. ii. p. 1.

if any, nations or countries where the poor are more neglected, or are in a more scandalous nasty condition, than in England. Whether," says he, "this is owing to that natural in-bred cruelty for which Englishmen are so much noted among foreigners, or to that medley of religions which are so plentifully sown, and so carefully cherished among us; who think it enough to take care of themselves, and take a secret pride and pleasure in the poverty and distresses of those of another persuasion," &c.

That the poor are in a very nasty and scandalous condition is, perhaps, too true; but sure the general charge against the people of England, as well as the invidious aspersion on particular bodies of them, is highly unjust and groundless. Nor do I know that any nation hath ventured to fix this character of cruelty on us. Indeed, our inhospitality to foreigners hath been sometimes remarked; but that we are cruel to one another is not, I believe, the common, I am sure it is not the true, opinion. Can a general neglect of the poor be justly charged on a nation in which the poor are provided for by a tax, frequently equal to what is called the land-tax, and where there are such numerous instances of private donations, such numbers of hospitals, almshouses, and charitable provisions of all kinds?

Nor can any such neglect be charged on the legislature, under whose inspection this branch of polity hath been almost continually, from the days of queen Elizabeth to the present time. Insomuch that Mr. Shaw himself enumerates no less than thirteen acts of parliament relating to the indigent and helpless poor.

If therefore there be still any deficiency in this respect, it must, I think, arise from one of the three causes above mentioned; that is, from some defect in the laws themselves, or from the perversion of these laws; or, lastly, from the neglect in their execution.

I will consider all these with some attention.

The 43d of Eliz.* enacts —

First, that the churchwardens of every parish, and two substantial householders at least, shall be yearly appointed to be overseers of the poor.

Secondly, that these overseers shall, with the consent of two justices of the peace, put out apprentices the children of poor people. And all married or unmarried persons who have no means or trade to maintain themselves shall be put to work.

Thirdly, that they shall raise by a parochial tax a convenient stock of flax, hemp, wool, thread, iron, and other ware and stuff, to set the poor to work.

Fourthly, that they shall, from the same tax, provide towards the necessary relief of the lame, impotent, old, blind, and others, being poor and not able to work.

Fifthly, that they shall, out of the same tax, put the children of poor persons apprentices.

That these provisions may all be executed, that act vested the overseers with the following powers, and enforced the executing them by the following penalties:—

I. The overseers are appointed to meet once at least every month in the church after divine service; there, says the act, to consider of some good course to be taken, and some meet order to be set down *in the premises*. And to do this they are enjoined by a penalty; for every one absenting himself from such meeting, without a just excuse to be allowed by two justices of the peace, or being negligent in his office, or in the execution of the orders aforesaid, forfeits 20s.

And after the end of their year, and after other

* Chap. iii.

overseers nominated, they are, within four days to make and yield up to two justices of the peace a true and perfect account of all sums of money by them received or assessed, and of such stores as shall be in their hands, or in the hands of the poor, to work, and of all other things concerning their office, &c. And if the churchwardens and overseers refuse to account, they are to be committed by two justices till they shall have made a true account.

II. The overseers and churchwardens, both present and subsequent, are empowered by warrant from two justices to levy all the moneys assessed, and all arrearages of those who refuse to pay, by distress and sale of the refuser's goods; and the subsequent overseers may, in the same manner, levy the money and stock in the hands of the precedent; and for want of distress the party is to be committed by two justices, without bail, till the same be paid.

III. They have a power to compel the poor to work; and such as refuse or neglect, the justice may commit to the house of correction or common gaol.

IV. The overseers may compel children to be apprentices, and may bind them where they shall see convenient; till the man-child shall attain the age of twenty-four, and the woman-child the age of twenty-one, or till the time of her marriage; the indenture to be as effectual to all purposes as the covenant of one of full age.

V. They have a power to contract with the lord of the manor,* and, on any parcel of ground on the waste, to erect, at the general charge of the parish, convenient houses of dwelling for the impotent poor; and to place several inmates in the same cottage, notwithstanding the statute† of cottages.

VI. They can compel the father and grandfather, mother and grandmother, and children of every poor, old, blind, and impotent person, or of any other person not being able to work (provided such father, &c., be of sufficient ability), at their own charges, to relieve and maintain such poor person, in such manner and after such rate as shall be assessed by the sessions, under the penalty of 20s. for every month's omission.

VII. If no overseers be named, every justice within the division forfeits 5*l*.

So far this statute of Elizabeth, by which the legislature may seem very fully to have provided; *First*, For the absolute relief of such poor as are by age or infirmity rendered unable to work; and, *Secondly*, For the employment of such as are able.

"The former of these," says lord Hale in his discourse on this subject, "seems to be a charity of more immediate exigence; but the latter (*viz.* the employment of the poor) is a charity of greater extent, and of very great and important consequence to the public wealth and peace of the kingdom, as also to the benefit and advantage of the poor." And this, as Mr. Shaw observes, "would prevent the children of our poor being brought up in laziness and beggary, whereby beggary is entailed from generation to generation. This is certainly the greatest charity; for, though he who gives to any in want does well, yet he who employs and educates the poor, so as to render them useful to the public, does better; for that would be many hundred thousand pounds per annum benefit to this kingdom."

Now the former of these provisions hath, perhaps, though in a very slovenly and inadequate manner, been partly carried into execution; but the latter, I am afraid I may too boldly assert, hath been utterly

* This must be done by consent and order of sessions.

† These cottages are never after to be applied to any other use.

neglected and disregarded. Surely this is a most scandalous perversion of the design of the legislature, which through the whole statute seems to have had the employment of the able poor chiefly under their consideration; for to this purpose only almost every power in it is established, and every clause very manifestly directed. To say the truth, as this law hath been perverted in the execution, it were perhaps to be wished it had never been made. Not because it is not our duty to relieve real objects of distress, but because it is so much the duty of every man, and I may add so much the inclination of most Englishmen, that it might have been safely left to private charity; or a public provision might surely have been made for it in a much cheaper and more effectual manner.

To prove the abuse of this law, my lord Hale appeals to all the populous parishes in England (he might, I believe, have included some which are not over populous). "Indeed," says he, "there are rates made for the relief of the impotent poor; and, it may be, the same relief is also given in a narrow measure unto some others that have great families; and upon this they live miserably, and at best from hand to mouth; and if they cannot get work to make out their livelihood, they and their children set up a trade of begging at best; but it is rare to see any provision of a stock in any parish for the relief of the poor; and the reasons are principally these: 1. The generality of people that are able are yet unwilling to exceed the present necessary charge; they do choose to live for an hour rather than project for the future; and, although possibly trebling their exhibition in one gross sum at the beginning of the year, to raise a stock, might in all probability render their future yearly payments, for seven years together, less by half or two-thirds than what must be without it; yet they had rather continue on their yearly payments, year after year, though it exhaust them in time, and make the poor nothing the better at the year's end. 2. Because those places where there are most poor consist for the most part of tradesmen, whose estates lie principally in their stocks, which they will not endure to be searched into, to make them contributory to raise any considerable stock for the poor, nor indeed so much as to the ordinary contributions; but they lay all the rates to the poor upon the rents of lands and houses, which alone, without the help of the stocks, are not able to raise a stock for the poor, although it is very plain that stocks are as well by law ratable as lands, both to the relief and raising a stock for the poor. 3. Because the churchwardens and overseers, to whom this power is given, are inhabitants of the same parish, and are either unwilling to charge themselves, or to displease their neighbours in charging more than they needs must towards the poor; and although it were to be wished and hoped that the justices of the peace would be forward to enforce them if they might, though it may concern them also in point of present profit, yet, if they would do anything herein, they are not empowered to compel the churchwardens and overseers to do it, who, most certainly, will never go about it to burden, as they think, themselves, and displease their neighbours, unless some compulsory power were not only lodged by law, but also executed by some that may have a power over them to enforce it; or to do it, if they do it, either partially or too sparingly. 4. Because people do not consider the inconvenience that will in time grow to themselves by this neglect, and the benefit that would in a little time accrue to them by putting it in practice, if they would have but a little patience."

To these I will add a fifth reason; because the churchwardens and overseers are too apt to consider their office as a matter of private emolument, to waste part of the money raised for the use of the poor in feasting and riot, and too often to pervert the power given them by the statute to foreign, and sometimes to the very worst of purposes.

The above considerations bring my lord Hale to complain of several defects in the law itself; "in which," says he, "there is no power from the justices of the peace, nor any superintendent power, to compel the raising of a stock where the churchwardens and overseers neglect it."

"The act chargeth every parish apart, where it may be they are liable to do little towards it; neither would it be so effectual as if three, four, five, or more contiguous parishes did contribute towards the raising of a stock proportionably to their poor respectively."

"There is no power for hiring or erecting a common house or place for their common workhouse; which may be, in some respects and upon some occasions, useful and necessary."

As to the first of these, I do not find any alteration hath been made, nor if there was, might it possibly produce any desired effect. The consequence, as it appears, would be only making churchwardens of the justices of peace, which many of them are already, not highly to the satisfaction of their parishes; too much power vested in one man being too apt perhaps to beget envy.

The second and third do pretty near amount to one and the same defect; and this, I think, is at present totally removed. Indeed, in my lord Hale's own time, though probably after he had written this treatise, a workhouse was erected in London under the powers given by the statute made in the 13 and 14 Charles II.,* and I believe with very good success.

Since that time other corporations have followed the example, as the city of Bristol in the reign of King William,† and that of Worcester in the reign of Queen Anne,‡ and in other places.

And now by a late statute, made in the reign of King George I.,§ the power of erecting workhouses is made general over the kingdom.

Now, either this method proposed by lord Hale is inadequate to the purpose, or this act of parliament hath been grossly perverted; for certain it is that the evil is not removed, if indeed it be lessened, by the erection of workhouses. Perhaps, indeed, one objection which my lord Hale makes to the statute of Eliz. may here recur, seeing that there is nothing compulsory, but all left to the will and direction of the inhabitants.

But in truth the method itself will never produce the desired effect, as the excellent sir Josiah Child well observes.¶—"It may be objected," says he, "that this work (the provision for the poor) may as well be done in distinct parishes, if all parishes were obliged to build workhouses and employ their poor therein, as Dorchester and some others have done with good success." I answer, "That such attempts have been made in many places, to my knowledge, with very good intents and strenuous endeavours; but all that I ever heard of proved vain and ineffectual." For the truth of which, I believe, we may appeal to common experience.

And, perhaps, no less ineffectual would be the scheme proposed by this worthy gentleman, though it seems to promise fairer than that of the learned chief justice; yet neither of them seem to strike at

* Chap. xii. † 8 and 9 W. III. c. xxx. ‡ 2 Annæ, c. viii.

§ 9 George I. c. i.

¶ Essay on Trade, c. ii.

the root of the evil. Before I deliver any sentiments of my own I shall briefly take a view of the many subsequent provisions with which the legislature have, from time to time, enforced and strengthened the foregoing statute of Elizabeth.

The power of putting out children* apprentices is enforced by the 3 Charles I.,† which enacts, "That all persons to whom the overseers shall bind children by virtue of the statute of Eliz. may receive and keep them as apprentices." But there yet wanted, as lord Hale says, a *sufficient compulsory for persons to take them*; wherefore it is enacted, by 8 and 9 Will. III.,‡ "That all persons to whom apprentices are appointed to be bound by the overseers, with the consent of the justices, shall receive them and execute the other part of the indenture, under the penalty of 10*l.* for refusing, to be recovered before two justices, on the oath of one of the churchwardens or overseers."

The power of setting the poor to work is enlarged by 3 Charles I.§ This act gives the churchwardens and overseers of the poor a power, with the consent of two justices or of one, if no more justices shall be within their limits, to set up and occupy any trade for the setting the poor to work.

The power of relieving the impotent poor (*i. e.* of distributing the public money), the only one which hath much exercised the mind of the parish officers, the legislature seems to think rather wanted restraining than enlarging; accordingly, in the reign of king William|| they made an act to limit the power of the officers in this respect. As the act contains the sense of parliament of the horrid abuse of the statute of Elizabeth, I will transcribe part of a paragraph from it *verbatim*.

"And whereas many inconveniencies do daily arise in cities, towns corporate, and parishes, where the inhabitants are very numerous, by reason of the unlimited power of the churchwardens and overseers of the poor, who do frequently upon frivolous pretences (but chiefly for their own private ends) give relief to what persons and number they think fit, and such persons, being entered into the collection bill, do become after that a great charge to the parish, notwithstanding the occasion or pretence of their collection oftentimes ceases, by which means the rates for the poor are daily increased, contrary to the true intent of a statute made in the 43d year of the reign of her majesty queen Elizabeth, intituled *An Act for the relief of the poor*; for remedying of which, the statute enacts that for the future a book shall be provided and kept in every parish (at the charge of the same parish) wherein the names of all persons receiving collection, &c., shall be registered, with the day and year of their first receiving it. This book to be yearly, or oftener, viewed by the parishioners, and the names of the persons who receive collection shall be called over, and the reason of the receiving it examined, and a new list made; and no other person is allowed to receive collection but by order of a justice of peace, &c., except in case of pestilential diseases or small-pox."¶

The 8th and 9th of the same king, reciting the fear of the legislature, *That the money raised only for the relief of such as are as well impotent as poor should be misapplied and consumed by the idle, sturdy,*

and disorderly beggars, "Enacts, that every person, his wife, children, &c., who shall receive relief from the parish, shall wear a badge marked with the letter *P.*, &c., in default of which, a justice of peace may order the relief of such persons to be abridged, suspended, or withdrawn, or may commit them for twenty-one days to the house of correction, there to be kept to hard labour. And every churchwarden or overseer who relieves any one without a badge, being convicted before one justice, forfeits 20*s.*"

Whether the justices made an ill use of the power given them by the statute of the 3d and 4th of king William, I will not determine; but the parliament thought proper afterwards to abridge it; for, by the 9 George I.,* the justices are forbidden "To make any order for the relief of a poor person till oath is first made of a reasonable cause, and that application hath been made to the parishioners at the vestry, or to two officers, and that relief hath been refused. Nor can the justice then give his order till he hath summoned the overseers to show cause why relief should not be given."

By the same statute, "Those persons to whom the justices order relief are to be registered in the parish books as long only as the cause of the relief continues. Nor shall any parish officer be allowed any money given to the unregistered poor unless on the most urgent occasion. The penalty for charging such money to the parish account is 5*l.* The conviction is to be before two justices."

Lastly, That the parish may in all possible cases be relieved from the burden of the poor, whereas the statute of Elizabeth obliges the father, mother, &c., and children, if able, to relieve their poor children and parents; so, by the 5 George I.,† it is provided, "That where any wife or child shall be left by the husband or parents a charge to any parish, the churchwardens or overseers may, by the order of two justices, seize so much of the goods and chattels, and receive so much of the annual rents and profits of the lands and tenements of such husband or parent, as the justices shall order, towards the discharge of the parish; and the sessions may empower the churchwardens and overseers to dispose thereof, for the providing for the wife and bringing up the children, &c."

Such is the law that relates immediately to the maintenance of the impotent poor; a law so very ample in its provision, so strongly fortified with enforcing powers, and so cautiously limited with all proper restraints, that, at first sight, it appears sufficiently adequate to every purpose for which it was intended; but experience hath convinced us of the contrary.

And here I am well aware of the delicate dilemma to which I may seem reduced; since how shall I presume to suppose any defects in a law which the legislature seems to have laboured with such incessant diligence? But I am not absolutely driven to this disagreeable necessity, as the fault may so fairly be imputed to the non-execution of the law; and, indeed, to the ill-execution of the statute of Elizabeth my lord chief-justice Hale chiefly imputes the imperfect provision for the poor in his time.

Sir Josiah Child, it is true, speaks more boldly, and charges the defects on the laws themselves. One general position, however, which he lays down, "That there never was a good law made that was not well executed," is surely very questionable. So therefore must be his opinion if founded on that maxim; and this opinion perhaps he would have changed had he lived to see the latter constitutions on this head.

* Chap. xxx. sect. 2.

† Chap. viii.

* See 7 Jac. I. c. iii., which directs the manner of putting out apprentices, in pursuance of any gifts made to corporations, &c., for that purpose.

† Chap. iv. sect. 22, p. 8; the same clause is in 21 Jac. c. xxviii. par. 33.

‡ Chap. xxx. sect. 6.

§ Chap. iv. sect. 22, *ubi supra*.

|| 3 & 4 W. & M. c. xi. sect. 11.

¶ The same statute in another part charges the overseers, &c., with applying the poor's money to their own use.

But whatever defects there may be in the laws, or in the execution of them, I much doubt whether either of these great men hath found the means of curing them. And this I am the more forward to say, as the legislature, by a total neglect of *both* their schemes, seems to give sufficient countenance to my assertion.

In a matter then of so much difficulty, as well as so great importance, how shall I venture to deliver my own opinion? Such indeed is the difficulty and importance of this question that sir Josiah Child thinks, "If a whole session of parliament were employed on this single concern, it would be time spent as much to the glory of God and good of this nation as in anything that noble and worthy patriots of their country can be engaged in."

However, under the protection of the candid, and with deference to the learned reader, I will enter on this subject, in which, I think, I may with modesty say I have had some experience, and in which I can with truth declare I have employed no little time. If any gentleman who hath had more experience hath more duly considered the matter, or whose superior abilities enable him to form a better judgment, shall think proper to improve my endeavours, he hath my ready consent. Provided the end be effected, I shall be contented with the honour of my share (however inconsiderable) in the means. Nay, should my labours be attended only with neglect and contempt, I think I have learned (for I am a pretty good historian) to bear such misfortunes without much repining.

By THE POOR, then, I understand such persons as have no estate of their own to support them without industry; nor any profession or trade by which, with industry, they may be capable of gaining a comfortable subsistence.

This class of the people may be considered under these three divisions:—

First, Such poor as are unable to work.

Secondly, Such as are able and willing to work.

Thirdly, Such as are able to work, but not willing.

As to the first of these, they are but few. An utter incapacity to work must arise from some defect, occasioned either by nature or accident. Natural incapacities are greatly the most (perhaps the only) considerable ones; for as to accidental maims, how very rarely do they happen, and, I must add, how very nobly are they provided for when they do happen! Again, as to natural incapacities, they are but few, unless those two general circumstances, one of which must, and the other may, befall all men; I mean the extremes of youth and age; for besides these, the number of persons who really labour under an utter incapacity of work will, on a just inspection, be found so trifling, that two of the London hospitals might contain them all. The reader will be pleased to observe, I say of those who *really labour*, &c., for he is much deceived who computes the number of objects in the nation from the great number which he daily sees in the streets of London; among whom I myself have discovered some notorious cheats, and my good friend, Mr. Welch, the worthy high constable of Holborn division, many more. Nothing, as I have been well informed, is more common among these wretches than for the lame, when provoked, to use their crutches as weapons instead of supporters; and for the blind, if they should hear the beadle at their heels, to outrun the dogs which guided them before. As to diseases, to which human nature is universally liable, they sometimes (though very rarely, for health is the happy portion of poverty) befall the poor; and at all such times they are certainly ob-

jects of charity, and entitled, by the law of God, to relief from the rich.

Upon the whole, this first class of the poor is so truly inconsiderable in number, and to provide for them in the most ample and liberal manner would be so very easy to the public; to support and cherish them, and to relieve their wants, is a duty so positively commanded by our Saviour, and is withal so agreeable and delightful in itself, affording the most desirable object to the strong passion of pity; nay, and in the opinion of some, to pride and vanity also; that I am firmly persuaded it might be safely left to voluntary charity, unenforced by any compulsive law. And if any man will profess so little knowledge of human nature, and so mean and unjust an opinion of the christianity, I might say, the humanity, of his country, as to affect a contrary opinion, notwithstanding all I have said, let him answer the following instance, which may be called an argument *a posteriori*, for the truth of my assertion. Such, I think, is the present bounty to beggars; for at a time when every man knows the vast tax which is raised for the support of the poor, and when all men of property must feel their contributions to this tax, mankind are so forward to relieve the appearance of distress in their fellow-creatures, that every beggar who can but moderately well personate misery is sure to find relief and encouragement; and this though the giver must have great reason to doubt the reality of the distress, and when he can scarce be ignorant that his bounty is illegal,* and that he is encouraging a nuisance. What then must be the case when there should be no such tax, nor any such contribution; and when, by relieving a known and certain object of charity, every good man must be assured that he is not only doing an act which the law allows, but which christianity and humanity too exact of him?

However, if there be any person who is yet unwilling to trust the poor to voluntary charity, or if it should be objected that there is no reason to lay the whole burden on the worthier part of mankind, and to excuse the covetous rich; and that a tax is therefore necessary to force open the purses of these latter; let there be a tax then, and a very inconsiderable one would effectually supply the purpose.†

I come now to consider the second class. These are in reason, though not in fact, equally objects of the regard of the compassionate man, and much more worthy the care of the politician; and yet, without his care, they will be in a much worse condition than the others; for they have none of those incitements of pity which fill the pockets of the artful beggar, and procure relief for the blind, the lame, and other visible objects of compassion; such therefore, without a law, and without an honest and sensible execution of that law, must languish under, and often perish with, want. A melancholy and dreadful reflection! and the more so as they are capable of being made not only happy in themselves, but highly useful to the service of the community.

To provide for these seems, as I have said, to have been the chief design of the statute of Elizabeth, as well as of several laws enacted since; and that this design hath hitherto failed may possibly have arisen from one single mistake, but a mistake which must be fatal, as it is an error in the first con-

* This was forbidden by many statutes; and by the act of 27 Henry VIII. every person giving any money in alms but to the common boxes and common gatherings in every parish forfeits twelve times as much as he gives.

† The reader is desired to consider the author here as speaking only of the impotent poor, and as hoping that some effectual means may be found out of procuring work, and consequently maintenance, for the able and industrious.

coction. The mistake I point at is, that the legislature have left the whole work to the overseers. They have rather told them what they are to do, (viz. to employ the industrious poor) than how they shall do it. It is true, the original act directs them, by a parochial tax, to raise a convenient stock of flax, hemp, wool, thread, iron, and other ware and stuff to set the poor to work. A direction so general and imperfect that it can be no wonder, considering what sort of men the overseers of the poor have been, that it should never have been carried into execution.

To say the truth, this affair of finding a universal employment for the industrious poor is of great difficulty, and requires talents not very bountifully scattered by Nature among the whole human species. And yet, difficult as it is, it is not, I hope, impracticable, seeing that it is of such infinite concern to the good of the community. Hands for the work are already supposed, and surely trade and manufactures are not come to so low an ebb that we should not be able to find work for the hands. The method of adapting only seems to be wanting. And though this may not be easy to discover, it is a task surely not above the reach of the British parliament, when they shall think proper to apply themselves to it.

Nor will it, I hope, be construed presumption in me to say that I have myself thought of a plan for this purpose, which I am ready to produce when I shall have any reason to see the least glimpse of hope that my labour in drawing it out at length would not be absolutely and certainly thrown away.

The last and much the most numerous class of poor are those who are able to work and not willing. This likewise hath fallen under the eye of the legislature, and provisions have been made concerning it, which, if in themselves efficacious, have at least failed of producing any good effect from a total neglect in the execution.

By the 43 Eliz. the churchwardens and overseers, or greater part of them, with the consent of two justices, shall take order for the setting to work the children of all such parents as they shall think not able to maintain them; as also all such married or unmarried persons as shall have no means to maintain themselves, nor any ordinary trade or calling whereby to get their living.

Besides this power of compelling the poor to work, the legislature hath likewise compelled them to become, 1. Apprentices; and 2. Servants. We have already seen the power of the overseers, with the assistance of the justices, to put poor children apprentices, and likewise to oblige their masters to receive them. And long before a compulsion was enacted* on poor persons to become apprentices; so that any householder, having and using half a plough-land in tillage, may compel any poor person under twenty-one, and unmarried, to serve as an apprentice in husbandry, or in any other kind of art, mystery, or science (before expressed in the act);† and if such person, being so required, refuse to become an apprentice, one justice of peace may compel him, or commit him to prison, there to remain till he will be bound.

2dly, The poor are obliged to become servants.

By the 5th of Eliz.‡ it is enacted, "That every person being unmarried, and every other person under the age of thirty, who hath been brought up in any of the sciences, &c., of clothiers, woollen cloth weavers, tuckers, fullers, clothworkers, shearmen, dyers, hosiers, tailors, shoemakers, tanners, pewterers, bakers, brewers, glovers, cutlers, smiths, far-

riers, curriers, saddlers, spurriers, tanners, tappers, hatmakers or feltmakers, butchers, cooks, or millers, or who hath exercised any of these trades by the space of three years or more, and not having in lands, rents, &c., an estate of 40s. clear yearly value, freehold, nor being worth in goods 10l., and so allowed by two justices of the county where he hath most commonly inhabited, or by the mayor, &c., nor being retained with any person in husbandry, nor retained in any of the above sciences, or in any other art or science; nor lawfully retained in household, or in any office, with any nobleman, gentleman, or others; nor having a convenient farm or other holding in tillage, whereupon he may lawfully employ his labour, during the time that he shall continue unmarried, or under the age of thirty, upon request made by any person using the art or mystery wherein the person so required hath been exercised as aforesaid, shall be retained.

"And every person between the age of twelve and sixty, not being lawfully retained in the several services mentioned in the statute,* nor being a gentleman born, or a scholar in either university or in any school, nor having an estate of freehold of 40s. per annum value, nor being worth in goods 10l., nor being heir to 10l. per annum or 40l. in goods, nor being a necessary or convenient servant lawfully retained, nor having a convenient farm or holding, nor otherwise lawfully retained, shall be compelled to be retained to serve in husbandry, by the year, with any person using husbandry within the same shire.

"Every such person refusing to serve upon request, or covenanting to serve and not serving, or departing from his service before the end of his term, unless for some reasonable cause to be allowed before a justice of the peace, mayor, &c., or departing at the end of his term without a quarter's warning given before two witnesses, may be committed by two justices of the peace to prison, there to remain without bail or mainprize till he shall become bound to his master, &c., to serve, &c.†

"Nor shall any master in any of the arts and sciences aforesaid retain a servant for less than a year;‡ nor shall any master put away a servant retained by this act within his term, nor at the end of the term without a quarter's warning, under the penalty of 40s.§

"Artificers, &c., are compellable by a justice of the peace, or the constable or other head officer of a township, to serve in the time of hay or corn harvest. The penalty of disobedience is imprisonment in the stocks by the space of two days and one night.||

"Women between the age of twelve and forty may be obliged, by two justices, to enter into service by the year, week, or day; or may be committed *quousque*."¶

The legislature, having thus appointed what persons shall serve, have gone farther, and have directed a method of ascertaining how they shall serve; for which use principally is that excellent constitution of 5 Elizabeth,** "That the justices of the peace, with the sheriff of the county if he conveniently may, the mayor, &c., in towns corporate, shall yearly, within six weeks of Easter, assemble together, and with the assistance of such discreet persons as they shall think proper to call to them, and respecting the plenty or scarcity of the time, and other circumstances, shall, within the limits of their commission, rate and appoint the wages of artificers, labourers, &c. by the year, month, week, or day, with or with-

* 5 Eliz. c. iv. sect. 35. † Viz. every trade then used.
‡ Chap. iv. sect. 4.

* Ib. sect. 7. † Ib. sect. 5, 6, 9. ‡ Ib. sect. 3.
§ Ib. sect. 5, 6, 8. || Ib. sect. 28. ¶ Ib. sect. 24.
** Ib. sect. 15.

out meat and drink." Then the statute enumerates several particulars in the most explicit manner, and concludes with these general words: "And for any other kind of reasonable labour and service."

"These rates are appointed to be engrossed in parchment, and certified into chancery, before the 12th day of July; and before the first day of September several printed proclamations, containing the rates and a command to all persons to observe them, are to be sent to the sheriff and justices, and to the mayor, &c. These proclamations are to be entered on record with the clerk of the peace, to be fixed up in the market-towns, and to be publicly proclaimed in all the markets till Michaelmas.*

"And if any person, after the said proclamations shall be so sent down and published, shall, by any secret ways or means, directly or indirectly retain or keep any servant, workman, or labourer, or shall give any greater wages or other commodity, contrary to the true intent of the statute, or contrary to the rates assessed, he shall forfeit 5*l.* and be imprisoned by the space of ten days.†

"And every person who is retained or takes any wages contrary to the statute shall be imprisoned twenty-one days.‡ And every such retainer, promise, gift, and payment, or writing and bond for that purpose, are made absolutely void.

"Every justice of peace, or chief officer, who shall be absent at the rating of wages, unless the justices shall allow the reasonable cause of his absence, forfeits 10*l.*"§

That this statute may, from time to time, be carefully and diligently put in execution, "The justices are appointed to meet twice a-year, to make a special and diligent inquiry of the branches and articles of this statute, and of the good execution of the same, and severely to correct and punish any defaults; for which service they are allowed 5*s.* per day."|| No inconsiderable allowance at that time!

But all this care of the legislature proved, it seems, ineffectual; for forty years after the making this statute we find the parliament complaining "That the said act had not, according to the true meaning thereof, been duly put in execution; and that the rates of wages for poor artificers, labourers, and other persons, had not been rated and proportioned according to the politic intention of the said act."¶ A neglect which seems to have been occasioned by some doubts raised in Westminster-hall concerning the persons who were the subjects of this law. For the clearing, therefore, any such doubt, this subsequent statute gives the justices an express power "to rate the wages of any labourers, weavers, spinners, and workmen or workwomen whatsoever, either working by the day, week, month, year, or taking any work at any person's hands whatsoever, to be done by the great, or otherwise."**

And to render the execution of this law the more easy, the statute of James I. enacts, 1. "That in all counties where general sessions are kept in several divisions, the rating wages at such respective general sessions shall be as effectual within the division as if they had been rated at the grand general session."††

2. The method of certifying the rates in chancery appearing, I apprehend, too troublesome and tedious, "such certificate is made no longer necessary, but the rates being assessed and engrossed in parchment, under the hands and seals of the justices, the sheriff or chief officer of towns corporate may immediately proclaim the same."‡‡

* Chap. iv. sect. 16. † Ib. sect. 18. ‡ Ib. sect. 19, 20.

§ Ib. sect. 17. || Ib. sect. 37, 38.

¶ Preamble to 1 Jac. c. vi. ** Ib. sect. 3.

†† Ib. sect. 5. ‡‡ Ib. sect. 6.

And whereas wool is the great staple commodity of this kingdom, and the woollen trade its principal manufacture, the parliament have given particular attention to the wages of artificers in this trade.

For, 1. By the statute of James I.,* "No clothier, being a justice of peace in any precinct or liberty, shall be a rater of wages for any artisan depending upon the making of cloth."

2. "Clothiers not paying so much wages to their workmen or workwomen as are rated by the justices forfeit 10*s.* for every offence."†

3. By a late statute,‡ "All persons anywise concerned in employing any labourers in the woollen manufactory are required to pay the full wages or price agreed on, in money, and not in goods, truck, or otherwise; nor shall they make any deduction from such wages or price on account of any goods sold or delivered previous to such agreement. And all such wages are to be levied, on conviction, before two justices, by distress; and for want of distress the party is to be committed for six months, or until full satisfaction is made to the party complaining. Besides which the clothier forfeits the sum of 100*l.*"§

4. By the same statute, "All contracts, by-laws, &c., made in unlawful clubs, by persons brought up in, or exercising the art of, a wool-comber or weaver, for regulating the said trade, settling the prices of goods, advancing wages, or lessening the hours of work, are declared to be illegal and void; and any person concerned in the woollen manufactures who shall knowingly be concerned in such contract, by-law, &c., or shall attempt to put it in execution, shall, upon conviction before two justices, suffer three months' imprisonment."||

But long before this act a general law was made¶ to punish all conspiracies for raising wages, limiting hours of work, &c., among artificers, workmen, and labourers; and if such conspiracy was to extend to a general advance of wages all over the kingdom, any insurrection of a number of persons, in consequence of it, would be an overt act of high treason.

From this cursory view it appears, I think, that no blame lies at the door of the legislature, which hath not only given the magistrate, but even private persons with his assistance, a power of compelling the poor to work; and, Secondly, hath allotted the fullest powers, and prescribed the most effectual means, for ascertaining and limiting the price of their labour.

But so very faulty and remiss hath been the execution of these laws, that an incredulous reader may almost doubt whether there are really any such existing. Particularly as to that which relates to the rating the wages of labourers; a law which at first, it seems, was too carelessly executed, and which hath since grown into utter neglect and disuse.

Hath this total disuse arisen, in common with the neglect of other wholesome provisions, for want of due attention to the public good? or is the execution of this law attended with any extraordinary difficulty? or, lastly, are we really grown, as sir Josiah Child says, wiser than our forefathers, and have discovered any fault in the constitution itself; and that to retrench the price of labour by a law is an error in policy?

This last seems to me, I own, to be very strange doctrine, and somewhat of a paradox in politics: however, as it is the sentiment of a truly wise and great man, it deserves a fair discussion. Such I will endeavour to give it; since no man is more inclined to respect the opinions of such persons, and

* Ib. sect 7. † Ib. sect. 7. ‡ 12 Geo. I. c. xxxiv. sect. 3.

§ Ib. sect. 4. || Ib. sect. 1. ¶ 2 & 3 E. VI. c. xv.

as the revival of the law which he opposes is, I think, absolutely necessary to the purpose I am contending for.

I will give the passage from sir Josiah at length. It is in answer to this position, *That the dearness of wages spoils the English trade.* "Here," says he, "the author propounds the making a law to retrench the hire of poor men's labour (an honest charitable project, and well becoming an usurer!). The answer to this is easy. First, I affirm and can prove he is mistaken in fact; for the Dutch, with whom we principally contend in trade, give generally more wages to all their manufacturers, by at least two-pence in the shilling, than the English. Secondly, Wherever wages are high, universally throughout the whole world, it is an infallible evidence of the riches of that country; and wherever wages for labour run low, it is a proof of the poverty of that place. Thirdly, it is multitudes of people, and good laws, such as cause an increase of people, which principally enrich any country; and if we retrench by law the labour of our people, we drive them from us to other countries that give better rates; and so the Dutch have drained us of our seamen and woollen-manufacturers, and we the French of their artificers and silk-manufacturers; and many more we should, if our laws otherwise gave them fitting encouragement; of which more in due place. Fourthly, If any particular trades exact more here than in Holland, they are only such as do it by virtue of incorporations, privileges, and charters, of which the cure is easy, by an act of naturalization, and without compulsory laws. It is true our great-grandfathers did exercise such policy of endeavouring to retrench the price of labour by a law (although they could never effect it); but that was before trade was introduced into this kingdom: we are since, with the rest of the trading world, grown wiser in this matter, and I hope shall so continue."*

To this I reply, 1. That the making such a law is not only an honest, but a charitable project; as it proposes, by retrenching the price of poor men's labour, to provide labour, and consequently hire, for all the poor who are capable of labour. In all manufactures whatever, the lower the price of labour is, the cheaper will be the price to the consumer; and the cheaper this price is, the greater will be the consumption, and consequently the more hands employed. This is likewise a very charitable law to the poor farmer, and never more necessary than at this day, when the rents of lands are rated to the highest degree. The great hopes which the farmer hath (indeed his common relief from ruin) is of an exportation of corn. This exportation cannot be by law, unless where the corn is under such a particular price. How necessary then is it to him that the price of labour should be confined within moderate bounds, that the exportation of corn, which is of such general advantage to the kingdom, should turn, in any considerable manner, to his private profit! and what reason is there to imagine that this power of limiting wages should be executed in any dishonest or uncharitable manner? Is it not a power intrusted to all the justices of the county or division, and to the sheriff, with the assistance of grave, sober, and substantial persons, who must be sufficient judges of the matter, and who are directed to have regard to the plenty and scarcity of the times? Is it to be suspected that many persons of this kind should unite in a cruel and flagitious act, by which they would be liable to the condemnation of their own consciences, to the curses of the poor, and to be reproached by the example of all their

* Preface to his Discourse on Trade.

neighbouring counties? Are not much grosser exorbitances to be feared on the other side, when the lowest artificers, husbandmen, and labourers, are made judges in their own cause; and when it is left to their own discretion to exact what price they please for their labour of the poor farmer or clothier; of whom if they cannot exact an extravagant price, they will fly to that alternative, which idleness often prefers, of begging or stealing? Lastly, such a restraint is very wholesome to the poor labourers themselves; of whom sir Josiah observes,* "That they live better in the dearest countries for provisions than in the cheapest, and better in a dear year than in a cheap, especially in relation to the public good; for in a cheap year they will not work above two days in a week; their humour being such that they will not provide for a hard time, but just work so much, and no more, as may maintain them in that mean condition to which they have been accustomed." Is it not therefore, upon this concession, demonstrable, that the poor man himself will live much better (his family certainly will) by these means? Again, many of the poor, and those the more honest and industrious, will probably gain by such a law; for, at the same time that the impudent and idle, if left to themselves, will certainly exact on their masters, the modest, the humble, and truly laborious, may often (and so I doubt not but the case is) be oppressed by them, and forced to accept a lower price for their labour than the liberality of gentlemen would allow them.

2ndly, The two assertions contained in the next paragraph both seem to me suspicious. First, that the Dutch and other nations have done all that in them lies to draw from us our seamen, and some of our manufacturers, is certainly true; and this they would do at any price; but that the Dutch do in general give more wages to their manufacturers than the English is, I believe, not the fact. Of the manufactures of Holland, the only considerable article which we ourselves take of them, except linen, are toys; and to this we are induced, not because the Dutch are superior to our workmen in genius and dexterity (points in which they are not greatly celebrated), but because they work much cheaper. Nor is, Secondly, the immediate transition from trade to manufacture altogether so fair. The Dutch, it is true, are principally our rivals in trade in general, and chiefly as carriers; but not so in manufacture, particularly in the woollen manufacture. Here our chief rivals are the French, amongst whom the price of labour is known to be considerably lower than with us. To this, among other causes (for I know there are others, and some very scandalous ones), they owe their success over us in the Levant. It is, indeed, a truth which needs no comment nor proof, that where goods are of equal value the man who sells cheapest will have the most custom; and it is as certainly true that he who makes up his goods in the cheapest manner can sell them so.

3rdly, Sir Josiah asserts, "That wherever wages are high, universally throughout the world, 'tis an infallible evidence of the riches of that country; and wherever wages for labour run low, it is a proof of the poverty of that place." If this be true, the concession will do him no service; for it will not prove that to give high wages is the way to grow rich; since it is much more probable that riches should cause the advance of wages than that high wages should produce riches. This latter, I am sure, would appear a high solecism in private life, and I believe it is no less so in public.

4thly, His next assertion, *That to retrench by law*

* Discourse on Trade.

the labour of our people is to drive them from us, hath partly received an answer already. To give this argument any force, our wages must be reduced at least below the standard of other countries; which is, I think, very little to be apprehended; but, on the contrary, if the labourer should carry his demands ever so little higher, as may be reasonably expected, the consumption of many manufactures will not only be confined to our own people, but to a very few of those people.

Thus, I hope I have given a full answer to this great man, whom I cannot dismiss without observing a manifest mistake of the question which runs through all his arguments; all that he advances concluding, indeed, only to the *quantum* of wages which shall be given for labour. He seems rather to argue against giving too little than against regulating what is to be given; so that his arguments are more proper for the consideration of the justices at their meeting for settling the rates of wages than for the consideration of the legislature in a debate concerning the expediency of the above law. To evince the expediency of which, I appeal to the concurrent sense of parliament in so many different ages; for this is not only testified expressly in the above statute of Elizabeth and James, but may be fairly implied from those of Edward VI. and George I. above recited.

I have moreover, I think, demonstrated, 1. The equity of this law; and that it is as much for the service of the labourer as of his master. 2. The utility of it to trade: I shall only add the necessity of it, in order to execute the intention of the legislature in compelling the idle to work; for is it not the same thing to have the liberty of working or not at your own pleasure, and to have the absolute nomination of the price at which you will work? The idleness of the common people in this town is, indeed, greatly to be attributed to this liberty; most of these, if they cannot exact an exorbitant price for their labour, will remain idle. The habit of exacting on their superiors is grown universal, and the very porters expect to receive more for their work than the salaries of above half the officers of the army amount to.

I conclude then that this law is necessary to be revived (perhaps with some enlargements), and that still upon one account more; which is to enable the magistrate clearly to distinguish the corrigible from the incorrigible in idleness; for when the price of labour is once established, all those poor who shall refuse to labour at that price, even at the command of a magistrate, may properly be deemed incorrigibly idle.

For these the legislature have, by several acts of parliament, provided a punishment, by commitment to bridewell either for more or less time; and a very severe punishment this is, if being confirmed in habits of idleness, and in every other vicious habit, may be esteemed so.

These houses are commonly called houses of correction, and the legislature intended them certainly for places of correction of idleness at least; for in many acts, where persons are ordered to be committed to bridewell, it is added, *there to be kept to hard labour*; nay, in the statute of Jac. I.* these houses of correction are directed "to be built with a convenient backside adjoining, together with mills, turns, cards, and such like necessary implements, to set rogues and other idle people on work." Again,

* Chap. iv. These houses were first begun to be erected ann. 13 Eliz., the prison for idleness being, before that time, the stocks. In the 11th year of Henry VII. vagabonds, beggars, &c., are ordered to be set three days and three nights in the stocks.

in the same statute, authority is given to the master or governor "to set to work such rogues, vagabonds, idle and disorderly persons, as shall be brought or sent unto the said house (being able) while they shall continue in the said house, and to punish them, by putting fetters on them, and by whipping; nor are the said rogues, &c., to have any other provision than what they shall earn by their labour."

The erection of these houses, as is usual with new institutions, did at first greatly answer the good purposes for which they were designed, insomuch that my lord Coke observes, "That upon the making of the statute 39 Eliz. for the erection of houses of correction, and a good space after, whilst justices of peace and other officers were diligent and industrious, there was not a rogue to be seen in any part of England." And again he prophesies, that "from the erection of these houses we shall have neither beggar nor idle person in the commonwealth."*

But this great man was a much better lawyer than he was a prophet; for, whatever these houses were designed to be, or whatever they at first were, the fact is, that they are at present, in general, no other than schools of vice, seminaries of idleness, and common-sewers of nastiness and disease. As to the power of whipping, which the act of James I. vests in the governor, that, I believe, is very seldom used, and perhaps, when it is, not properly applied. And the justice in very few instances (in none of idleness) hath any power of ordering such punishment.†

And with regard to work, the intention of the law is, I apprehend, as totally frustrated. Insomuch that they must be very lazy persons indeed who can esteem the labour imposed in any of these houses as a punishment. In some, I am told, there is not any provision made for work. In that of Middlesex in particular the governor hath confessed to me that he hath had no work to employ his prisoners, and hath urged as a reason, that having generally great numbers of most desperate felons under his charge, who, notwithstanding his utmost care, will sometimes get access to his other prisoners, he dares not trust those who are committed to hard labour with any heavy or sharp instruments of work, lest they should be converted into weapons by the felons.

What good consequence, then, can arise from sending idle and disorderly persons to a place where they are neither to be corrected nor employed; and where, with the conversation of many as bad, and sometimes worse than themselves, they are sure to be improved in the knowledge and confirmed in the practice of iniquity? Can it be conceived that such persons will not come out of these houses much more idle and disorderly than they went in? The truth of this I have often experienced in the behaviour of the wretches brought before me; the most impudent and flagitious of whom have always been such as have been before acquainted with the discipline of bridewell; a commitment to which place, though it often causes great horror and lamentation in the novice, is usually treated with ridicule and contempt by those who have already been there.

For this reason, I believe, many of the worthiest magistrates have, to the utmost of their power, declined a rigorous execution of the laws for the punishment of idleness, thinking that a severe reprimand might more probably work the conversion of such persons than the committing them to bridewell. This I am sure may with great certainty be concluded, that the milder method is less liable to render

* 2 Inst. 729.

† By the last vagabond act, which repeals all the former, rogues and vagabonds are to be whipped, or sent to the house of correction.

what is bad worse, and to complete the destruction of the offender.

But this is a way of acting, however worthy be the motive, which is sometimes more justifiable to a man's own conscience than it would be in the court of king's bench, which requires the magistrate to execute the laws intrusted to his care, and in the manner which those laws prescribe. And, besides the indecency of showing a disregard to the laws in being, nothing surely can be more improper than to suffer the idleness of the poor, the cause of so much evil to society, to go entirely unpunished.

And yet, should the magistrate do his duty as he is required, will the intent and purpose of the legislature be answered? The parliament was, indeed, too wise to punish idleness barely by confinement. Labour is the true and proper punishment of idleness, for the same reason which the excellent Dr. Swift gives why death is the proper punishment of cowardice. Where then is the remedy? Is it to enforce the execution of the law as it now stands, and to reform the present conduct of the several bridewells? This would, I believe, be as difficult a work as the cleansing the Augean stables of old; and would require as extraordinary a degree of political as that did of natural strength to accomplish it. In truth, the case here is the same as with the overseers before; the trust is too great for the persons on whom it devolves; and, though these houses are in some measure under the inspection of the justices of peace, yet this in the statute is recommended in too general a manner to their care to expect any good fruits from it. As "to the true and faithful account which they are to yield to the justices, at the sessions, of the persons in their custody," this is at present little more than matter of form; nor can it be expected to be any other in the hurry of a public sessions, and when the stench arising from the prisoners is so intolerable that it is difficult to get any gentlemen to attend the court at that time. In the last vagrant act indeed two justices are appointed twice, or oftener, every year to examine into the state and nature of houses of correction, &c.; yet, as it gives them no power but of reporting to the sessions, I believe it hath not produced any good effect; for the business of the sessions is so complicated and various that it happens, as in all cases where men have too much to do, that they do little or nothing effectually. Perhaps, indeed, if two or more justices of the peace were appointed to meet once every month at some convenient place, as near as possible to the bridewell, there to summon the governor before them, to examine the accounts of his stock and implements for work, and to make such orders (under what restrictions the parliament shall think proper) as to such justices shall seem requisite, this might afford a palliative at least. In short, the great cure for idleness is labour; and this is its only proper punishment; nor should it ever be in the power of the idle person to commute this punishment for any other.

In the reign of Edward VI.* a most severe law indeed was made for the punishment of idleness.—"If any person," says the statute, "shall bring to two justices of peace any runagate servant, or any other which liveth idly and loiteringly by the space of three days, the said justices shall cause the said idle and loitering servant or vagabond to be marked with an hot iron on the breast with the letter V, and adjudge him to be slave to the same person that brought and presented him, to have to him, his executors and assigns, for two years, who shall take the said slave, and give him bread, water, or small drink, and refuse meat, and cause him to work, by

* 1 Edward VI. 13 Rep.

beating, chaining, or otherwise, in such work and labour as he shall put him, be it never so vile. And if such slave absent himself from his master within the term by the space of fourteen days, he shall be adjudged by two justices of the peace to be marked on the forehead or the ball of the cheek with a hot iron with the sign of an S, and shall be adjudged to be slave to his said master for ever; and if the said slave shall run away a second time he shall be adjudged a felon."

This statute lived no longer than two years; indeed it deserved no longer a date; for it was cruel, unconstitutional, and rather resembling the cruel temper of a Draco than the mild spirit of the English law. But, *est modus*; there is a difference between making men slaves and felons, and compelling them to be subjects; in short, between throwing the reins on the neck of idleness, and riding it with spurs of iron.

Thus have I endeavoured to give the reader a general idea of the laws which relate to this single point of employing the poor; and, as well as I am able to discern, of their defects, and the reasons of those defects. I have likewise given some hints for the cure, and have presumed to offer a plan which, in my humble opinion, would effectually answer every purpose desired.

But till this plan shall be produced; or (which is more to be expected) till some man of greater abilities, as well as of greater authority, shall offer some new regulation for this purpose, something at least ought to be done to strengthen the laws already made, and to enforce their execution. The matter is of the highest concern, and imports us not only as we are good men and good christians, but as we are good Englishmen; since not only preserving the poor from the highest degrees of wretchedness, but the making them useful subjects, is the thing proposed; "a work," says sir Josiah Child,* "which would redound some hundred of thousands per annum to the public advantage." Lastly, it is of the utmost importance to that point which is the subject-matter of this treatise, for which reason I have thought myself obliged to give it a full consideration. "The want of a due provision," says lord Hale,† "for education and relief of the poor in a way of industry, is that which fills the gaols with malefactors, and fills the kingdom with idle and unprofitable persons, that consume the stock of the kingdom without improving it, and that will daily increase, even to a desolation in time. And this error in the first concoction is never remediable but by gibbets and whipping."

In serious truth, if proper care should be taken to provide for the present poor, and to prevent their increase by laying some effectual restraints on the extravagance of the lower sort of people, the remaining part of this treatise would be rendered of little consequence; since few persons, I believe, have made their exit at Tyburn who have not owed their fate to some of the causes before mentioned. But as I am not too sanguine in my expectations on this head, I shall now proceed to consider of some methods to obviate the frequency of robberies, which, if less efficacious, are perhaps much easier than those already proposed. And if we will not remove the temptation, at least we ought to take away all encouragement to robbery.

SECTION V.

Of the punishment of receivers of stolen goods. Now one great encouragement to theft of all kinds

* Page 88.

† At the end of his discourse touching the relief of the poor.

is the ease and safety with which stolen goods may be disposed of. It is a very old and vulgar, but a very true saying, "that if there were no receivers there would be no thieves." Indeed could not the thief find a market for his goods, there would be an absolute end of several kinds of theft; such as shop-lifting, burglary, &c., the objects of which are generally goods and not money. Nay, robberies on the highway would so seldom answer the purpose of the adventurer, that very few would think it worth their while to risk so much with such small expectations.

But at present, instead of meeting with any such discouragement, the thief disposes of his goods with almost as much safety as the honestest tradesman; for first, if he hath made a booty of any value, he is almost sure of seeing it advertised within a day or two, directing him "to bring the goods to a certain place where he is to receive a reward (sometimes the full value of the booty), and no questions asked." This method of recovering stolen goods by the owner, a very learned judge formerly declared to have been, in his opinion, a composition of felony. And surely if this be proved to be carried into execution, I think it must amount to a full conviction of that crime. But, indeed, such advertisements are in themselves so very scandalous, and of such pernicious consequence, that if men are not ashamed to own they prefer an old watch or a diamond ring to the good of the society, it is pity some effectual law was not contrived to prevent their giving this public countenance to robbery for the future.

But if the person robbed should prove either too honest or too obstinate to take this method of recovering his goods, the thief is under no difficulty in turning them into money. Among the great number of brokers and pawnbrokers several are to be found who are always ready to receive a gold watch at an easy rate, and where no questions are asked, or, at least, where no answer is expected but such as the thief can very readily make.

Besides the clandestine dealers this way, who satisfy their consciences with telling a ragged fellow, or wench, that *they hope* they came honestly by silver, and gold, and diamonds, there are others who scorn such pitiful subterfuges, who engage openly with the thieves, and who have warehouses filled with stolen goods only. Among the jews, who live in a certain place in the city, there have been, and perhaps still are, some notable dealers this way, who, in an almost public manner, have carried on a trade for many years with Rotterdam, where they have their warehouses and factors, and whither they export their goods with prodigious profit, and as prodigious impunity. And all this appeared very plainly last winter in the examination of one Cadosa, a jew, in the presence of the late excellent duke of Richmond and many other noblemen and magistrates.

What then shall we say? Is not this mischief worthy of some remedy, or is it not capable of it? The noble duke (one of the worthiest of magistrates, as well as of the best of men) thought otherwise, as would have appeared had his valuable life, for the good of mankind, been prolonged.

Certain it is that the law as it now stands is ineffectual to cure the evil. Let us see therefore, if possible, where the defect lies.

At the common law, any one might lawfully (says lord Hale) have received his own goods from the felon who stole them.* But, if he had received them upon agreement not to prosecute, or to prosecute faintly, this would have been theftbote, punishable by imprisonment and ransom.

* Hist. P. C., vol. i. p. 546, 619, ib.

But in neither of the foregoing cases would the receiver of the goods have become an accessory to the felon. So if one man had bought another's goods of the thief, though he had known them to be stolen, if he had given the just value for them, he would not have become an accessory.* But, if he had bought them at an undervalue, this, sir Richard Hyde held, would have made him an accessory. My lord Hale differs from his opinion, and his reason to some readers may seem a pleasant one; *For if there be any odds (says he), he that gives more benefits the felon more than he that gives less than value.* However this, his lordship thinks, may be a misdemeanor punishable by fine and imprisonment; but that the bare receiving of goods, knowing them to be stolen, makes not an accessory.

So says the great lord Hale, and so indeed was the law; though the judges seem not to have been unanimous in their opinion. In the book of *Assizes*,† Scrope is said to have held otherwise; and though Shard there quashed an appeal of felony for receiving stolen goods only, yet I cannot help observing that the reporter of the case hath left a note of astonishment at the judgment of the court. This, says he, was wonderful! and wonderful surely it is, if he who receives, relieves, comforts, or assists a felon, shall be an accessory, that he shall not be so who knowingly buys the goods of the felon; which is generally, I believe, the strongest relief, comfort, and assistance which can be given him, and without the hope and expectation of which he would never have committed the theft or robbery.

It is unnecessary, however, to enter farther into this controversy; since it is now expressly declared by statute,‡ "That the receivers of stolen goods, knowing them to be stolen, shall be deemed accessories after the fact."

But this statute, though it removed the former absurdity of the law, was not sufficient to remedy the evil; there yet remaining many difficulties in bringing these pernicious miscreants to justice consistent with legal rules:—For,

1. As the offence of the accessory is dependent on that of the principal, he could not be tried or outlawed till after the conviction or attainder of the principal; so that, however strong evidence there might be against the receiver, he was still safe unless the thief could be apprehended.

2. If the thief on his trial should be acquitted, as often happens through some defect of evidence in the most notorious cases, the receiver, being only an accessory, though he hath confessed his crime, or though the most undeniable evidence could be brought against him, must be acquitted likewise.

3. In petit larceny there can be no such accessory:§ for though the statute says that a receiver of stolen goods, knowing, &c., shall be an accessory after the fact, that is legally understood to mean only in cases where such accessory may be by law; and that is confined to such felonies as are to receive judgment of death, or to have the benefit of clergy. Now, for petit larceny, which is the stealing goods of less value than a shilling, the punishment at common law is whipping; and this was properly enough considered as too trifling an offence to extend the guilt to criminals in a second degree. But since juries have taken upon them to consider the value of goods as immaterial, and to find upon their oaths that what is proved to be worth several shillings, and sometimes several pounds, is of the value of tenpence, this is become a matter of more consequence.

* Hist. P. C., ubi supra.

† 27 Assis. 69.

‡ 3 and 4 W. and M. c. ix.

§ Cro. Eliz. 750, Hale, Hist., vol. i. p. 530, 618.

For instance, if a pickpocket steal several handkerchiefs or other things to the value of twenty shillings, and the receiver of these, knowing them to be stolen, is discovered, and both are indicted, the one as principal, the other as accessory, as they must be; if the jury convict the principal, and find the goods to be of as high value as a shilling, he must receive judgment of death; whereas, by finding the goods (which they do upon their oaths) to be of the value of ten-pence, the thief is ordinarily sentenced to be whipped, and returns immediately to his trade of picking pockets, and the accessory is of course discharged, and of course returns to his trade of receiving the booty. Thus the jury are perjured, the public highly injured, and two excellent acts of parliament defeated, that two miscreants may laugh at their prosecutors and at the law.

The two former of these defects are indeed remedied by a later statute,* which enacts, "That the buyers and receivers of stolen goods, knowing them to be stolen, may be prosecuted for a misdemeanor, and punished by fine and imprisonment, though the principal felon be not before convicted of felony."

This last statute is again repeated in the 5th of queen Anne;† and there the power of the court to punish in the case of the misdemeanor is farther increased to any other corporal punishment which the court shall think fit to inflict, instead of fine and imprisonment; and, in the case of the felony, the accessory is to receive judgment of death; but the benefit of clergy is not taken away. Lastly, by the statute of George II.‡ the receivers of stolen goods, knowing, &c., are to be transported for fourteen years. And by the same statute, every person taking money or reward, directly or indirectly, under pretence or upon account of helping any to stolen goods, unless such person apprehend and bring to his trial the felon and give evidence against him, is made guilty of felony without benefit of clergy.

And thus stands the law at this day; which, notwithstanding the repeated endeavours of the legislature, experience shows us is incapable of removing this deplorable evil from the society.

The principal defect seems to me to lie in the extreme difficulty of convicting the offender; for,

1. Where the thief can be taken you are not at liberty to prosecute for the misdemeanor.

2. The thief himself, who must be convicted before the accessory is to be tried, cannot be a witness.

3. Without such evidence it is very difficult to convict of the knowledge that the goods were stolen; which in this case can appear from circumstances only. Such are principally, 1st, Buying goods of value of persons very unlikely to be the lawful proprietors. 2dly, Buying them for much less than their real value. 3dly, Buying them, or selling them again, in a clandestine manner, concealing them, &c. None of these are commonly liable to be proved; and I have known a man acquitted where most of these circumstances have appeared against him.

What then is to be done to extirpate this stubborn mischief? To prove the pernicious consequence of which I need, I think, only appeal to the sense of parliament, testified in so many repeated acts, and very strongly expressed in their preambles.

First, Might it not be proper to put an effectual stop to the present scandalous method of compounding felony by public advertisements in the newspapers? Might not the inserting such advertisements be rendered highly criminal in the authors of them, and in the printers themselves unless they discover such authors?

* 3 and 4 W. & M. c. ix. † Chap. xxxi. ‡ Chap. xi.

2dly, Is it impossible to find any means of regulating brokers and pawnbrokers? If so, what arguments are there against extirpating entirely a set of miscreants which, like other vermin, harbour only about the poor, and grow fat by sucking their blood?

3dly, Why should not the receiving stolen goods, knowing them to be stolen, be made an original offence? by which means the thief, who is often a paltry offender in comparison of the receiver, and sometimes his pupil, might, in little felonies, be made a witness against him; for thus the trial of the receiver would in no case depend on the trial or conviction of the thief.

4thly, Why may not the bare buying or taking to pawn stolen goods, above a certain value, be made evidence of receiving with knowledge, &c., unless the goods were bought in market overt (no broker's or pawnbroker's shop to be reputed such market overt), or unless the defendant could prove, by a credible witness to the transaction, that he had good cause to regard the seller or pawner of the goods to be the real owner? If 20s. was the value limited, it would answer all the purposes contended for; and would in nowise interfere with the honest trade (if indeed it ever be so) between the pawnbroker and the poor.

If none of these methods be thought possible or proper, I hope better will be found out. Something ought to be done to put an end to the present practice, of which I daily see the most pernicious consequences; many of the younger thieves appearing plainly to be taught, encouraged, and employed by the receivers.

SECTION VI.

Of laws relating to vagabonds.

THE other great encouragement to robbery, beside the certain means of finding a market for the booty, is the probability of escaping punishment.

First, then, the robber hath great hopes of being undiscovered; and this is one principal reason why robberies are more frequent in this town, and in its neighbourhood, than in the remoter parts of this kingdom.

Whoever indeed considers the cities of London and Westminster, with the late vast addition of their suburbs, the great irregularity of their buildings, the immense number of lanes, alleys, courts, and by-places, must think that, had they been intended for the very purpose of concealment, they could scarce have been better contrived. Upon such a view the whole appears as a vast wood or forest, in which a thief may harbour with as great security as wild beasts do in the deserts of Africa or Arabia; for, by *wandering* from one part to another, and often shifting his quarters, he may almost avoid the possibility of being discovered.

Here, according to the method I have hitherto pursued, I will consider what remedy our laws have applied to this evil, namely, the *wandering* of the poor, and whether and wherein these remedies appear defective.

There is no part of our ancient constitution more admirable than that which was calculated to prevent the concealment of thieves and robbers. The original of this institution is given to Alfred at the end of his wars with the Danes, when the English were very much debauched by the example of those barbarians, and betook themselves to all manner of licentiousness and rapine. These evils were encouraged, as the historians say, by the vagabond state of the offenders, who, having no settled place of abode, upon committing any offence shifted their quarters and went where it was difficult to dis-

cover them. To remedy this mischief, therefore, Alfred, having limited the shires or counties in a better manner than before, divided them into hundreds, and these again into tithings, decennaries, or ten families.*

Over every one of these tithings or decennaries there was a chief, called the tithingman or burghholder, who had a power to call a court and to try small offences; the greater being referred to that court which was in like manner established over every hundred.

Every one of these heads of families were pledges to each other for the behaviour of all their family; and were likewise reciprocally pledges for each other to the hundred.

If any person was suspected of a crime he was obliged to find security for his good behaviour out of the same hundred and tithing. This if he could not find he had reason to apprehend being treated with great severity; and if any accused person, either before or after his finding bail, had fled from justice, the whole tithing and hundred should pay a fine to the king.

In case of the default of appearance in a decenner, his nine pledges had one-and-thirty days to bring the delinquent forth to justice. If this failed then the chief of those decenners, by the vote of that and the neighbour decennaries, was to purge himself both of the guilt of the fact and of being parties to the flight of the delinquent. And if they could not do this, then they were by their own oaths to acquit themselves and to bind themselves to bring the delinquent to justice as soon as they could; and in the mean time to pay the damage out of the estate of the delinquent; and, if that were not sufficient, then out of their own estate.†

Every subject in the kingdom was registered in some tithing; only persons of the first rank had the privilege (says Mr. Rapin‡) that their single family should make a tithing for which they were responsible. "All archbishops, bishops, earls, barons, and all (says Bracton) who have sok and sac, tol and team, and these kind of liberties, ought to have under their FRIDBURGH all their knights, servants, esquires; and, if any of them prove delinquent, the lord shall bring him to justice or pay his fine."§

The master of the family was answerable for all who fed at his board and were of his livery, and for all his servants of every kind, even for those who served him for their food only without wages. These were said to be of his manupast; so were his guests; and if a man abode at any house but two nights, the master of that house was answerable for him.||

In a word, says Bracton, every man, as well free-men as others, ought to belong to some frankpledge (*i. e.* to some decenna), unless he be a traveller, or belong to the manupast of some other; or unless he give some countervailing security to the public, as dignity (*viz.* nobility), order (knighthood, or of the clergy), or estate (*viz.* either freehold in land, or personal effects, *res immobiles*), if he be a citizen.

* "By these ten families (says the annotator to Rapin) we are not to understand ten housekeepers, but ten lords of manors, with all their vassals, tenants, labourers, and slaves; who, though they did not all live under their lord's roof, were all counted part of his family. As there were no little freeholders in those times, nor for long after, ten such families must occupy a large space of ground, and might well constitute a rural tithing." But this rural tithing would be larger than the hundred itself; and the very name and office of a tithingman, continued in parishes to this day, shows that lords of manors could not be here meant.

† Bacon's Hist. Disc., p. 43.

‡ Dissertation on the Government of the Anglo-Saxons.

§ Bract., l. iii., De Corona, cap. x.

|| Bract., ubi sup., Brit. 19. b.

By the laws of Edward the Confessor, every person of the age of twelve years ought to be sworn in a view of frankpledge, *That he will neither become a thief himself nor be anywise accessory to theft.*

This court, Britton tells us,* was to be holden twice a-year, which was afterwards reduced to once a-year by *Magna Charta*; and no man, says the Mirror, was, by an ancient ordinance, suffered to remain in the kingdom, who was not enrolled in *decenna*, and had freemen for his pledges.†

Such was this excellent constitution, which even in Alfred's time, when it was in its infancy, wrought so admirable an effect that Ingulphus says a traveller might have openly left a sum of money safely in the fields and highways, and have found it safe and untouched a month afterwards.‡ Nay, William of Malmesbury tells us the king ordered bracelets of gold to be hung up in the cross-ways, as a proof of the honesty of his people, none ever offering to meddle with them.§

But this constitution would have been deficient, if it had only provided for the incorporating the subjects, unless it had confined them to the places where they were thus incorporated.

And therefore, by the laws of Alured or Canute, it was rendered unlawful for any of the decenners to depart from their dwelling without the consent of their fellow-pledges; nor were they at liberty to leave the country without the licence of the sheriff or governor of the same.||

And if a person who fled from one tithing was received in another, the tithing receiving him should answer for his deed (*i. e.* by amercement) if he was there found.¶

"Before this order was established," says Rapin, "the meaner sort of people might shift their quarters by reason of their obscurity, which prevented them from being taken notice of. But it was impossible for them to change their habitation after they were obliged to bring a testimonial from their tithing to enable them to settle and be registered in another."**

"Whilst this ancient constitution remained entire, such peace," says lord Coke, "was preserved within the realm, as no injuries, homicides, robberies, thefts, riots, tumults, or other offences, were committed; so as a man with a white wand might safely have ridden before the Conquest, with much money about him, without any weapon, through England."†† Nay, even in the tumultuous times of William the Conqueror, the historians tell us there was scarce a robber to be found in the kingdom.

This view of frankpledge remained long after the Conquest; for we find it twice repeated in one chapter of *Magna Charta*;‡‡ and there particularly it is said, *Fiat autem visus de frankpleg' sic videlicet QUOD PAX NOSTRA TENEATUR.* Nay, Bracton, who wrote after that time, and Fleta after him, speak of frankpledge as then subsisting.

The statute of Marlborough likewise, which was made the 52d of Henry III., mentions the same court; as doth Britton, who wrote still later, in many places. And in the 17th of Edward II. an act was made called *The statute for the view of Frankpledge.*§§

Nay, in the reign of Henry IV. we find an amercement for not coming to a view of frankpledge; and there the whole court of king's bench were of opinion that every man, as well masters as servants, were obliged to repair to this court;||| and though

* Brit. 36 b. † Mirr. chap. i. sect. 17, and chap. v. sect. 1.

‡ Script. post. Bedam, p. 870. § Ib., p. 44. || Bacon, p. 44.

¶ Brit., ubi supra. ** Rapin, ubi sup. †† 2 Instit. 73.

‡‡ Chap. xxxiii.

§§ But this matter was before that transferred from the decennary court to the leets and sheriff's tourn.

||| Hill., 3 H. IV., Pl 19.

then possibly it was degenerated and become little more than form.

But in process of time this institution dwindled to nothing; so that lord Coke might truly say, *Quod vera institutio illius curiæ evanuit, et velut umbra ejusdem adhuc remanet*; and a little after, speaking of the frankpledge, the *Decennarii*, and the *Decenna*, he says, "They are names continued only as shadows of antiquity." * Nay, this great man himself (if after a most careful and painful perusal of all he hath writ, as well here as in his 4th Institute and other places, on the subject, I may be allowed to say so) seems to have no very clear idea concerning them; and might have fairly owned of the original of the leet of frankpledge what one of the sages doth of an hundred in the book of Henry VII., "That a hundred had existed above a hundred years; and therefore, as to the true definition of a hundred, and whether it was composed of a hundred towns or a hundred lordships, and whether it had anciently more or less jurisdiction, he frankly owned that he knew nothing of the matter." †

The statute of Marlborough ‡ had perhaps given a fatal blow to the true and ancient use of the view of frankpledge; of which, as lord Coke says, § the sheriffs had made an ill use; for, in the 3d year of the succeeding king, || we find the legislature providing against notorious felons, and such as be openly of evil fame, that they shall not be admitted to bail; and, in the 13th, the statute of Winchester entirely altered the law, and gave us a new constitution on this head.

1. By this act the whole hundred is made answerable in case of robberies.

2. In order to prevent the concealment of robbers in towns, it is enacted, 1. That the gates of all walled towns shall be shut from sun-setting to sun-rising. 2. A watch is appointed, who are to arrest all strangers. 3. No person is to lodge in the suburbs, nor in any place out of the town, unless his host will answer for him. 4. The bailiffs of towns shall make inquiry once within fifteen days at the farthest of all persons lodged in the suburbs, &c., and of those who have received any suspicious persons.

3. To prevent the concealment of robbers without the towns, it is enacted that the highways leading from one market-town to another shall be enlarged, and no bushes, woods, or dykes, in which felons may be concealed, shall be suffered therein.

4. Felons are to be pursued by hue and cry.

This statute, says lord Coke, was made against a gang of rogues, then called Roberdsmen, that took their denomination of one Robin Hood, who lived in Yorkshire in the reign of Richard I., and who, with his companions, harbouring in woods and deserts, committed a great number of robberies and other outrages on the subject. From this arch-thief a great number of idle and dissolute fellows, who were called Drawlatches, Ribauds, and Roberdsmen, took their rise, and infested this kingdom for above a century, notwithstanding the many endeavours of the legislature from time to time to suppress them.

In all these laws the principal aim visibly was, to prevent idle persons wandering from place to place, which, as we have before seen, was one great point of the decennary constitution.

Thus by a law made in the 34th year of Edward III. a labourer departing from his service into another

* 2 Inst. 71, 73.

† 8 H. VIII. 3 b.

‡ Chap. xxiv. By which justices in eyre are forbidden to amerce townships, because all of twelve years old were not sworn.

§ 2 Inst. 147.

|| Westminster, 1, chap. xv.

county was to be burned in the forehead with the letter F. And, by the same statute, if a labourer or servant do fly into a city or borough, the chief officer, on request, was to deliver him up.

Again, in the 7th year of Richard II., the justices of peace are ordered to examine vagabonds; and, if they have no sureties for their good behaviour, to commit them to prison.

In the 11th year of Henry VII. it was enacted that vagabonds and idle persons should be set on the stocks three days and three nights, and have no other sustenance but bread and water, and then shall be put out of the town, and whosoever gave such idle persons relief forfeited 12*d*.

By 22 Henry VIII. persons calling themselves Egyptians shall not come into the realm, under penalty of forfeiting their goods; and, if they do not depart within fifteen days after they are commanded, shall be imprisoned.

By the 1 and 2 Philip and Mary,* Egyptians coming into the kingdom, and remaining here a month, are made guilty of felony without benefit of clergy.

And those who bring them into the realm forfeit 40*l*.

By the 5 Eliz. the crime of felony without clergy is extended to all who are found in the company of Egyptians, or who shall counterfeit, transform, or disguise themselves as such.

By 22 Henry VIII. a vagabond taken begging shall be whipped, and then sworn to return to the place of his birth, or last abode for three years, there to put himself to labour.

By 27 Henry VIII. a valiant beggar or sturdy vagabond shall be whipped for the first offence, and sent to the place of his birth, &c.; for the second, the upper part of the gristle of his right ear cut off; and if after that he be taken wandering in idleness, &c., he shall be adjudged and executed as a felon.

I shall mention no more acts (for several were made) between this and the 39 Elizabeth, when the former acts concerning vagabonds were all repealed, and the several provisions against them were reduced to one law.

This act, which contained many wholesome provisions, remained in force a long time, but at length was totally repealed by the 12 Queen Anne; as this was again by the 13th George II., which last-mentioned statute stands now repealed by another, made about six years ago.†

I have taken this short view of these repealed laws, in order to enforce two considerations. First, that the removal of an evil which the legislature have so often endeavoured to redress is of great importance to society. Secondly, That an evil which so many subsequent laws have failed of removing is of a very stubborn nature and extremely difficult to be cured.

Here I hope to be forgiven when I suggest that the law hath probably failed in this instance from want of sufficient direction to a single point. As on a former head the disease seems to be no other than *idleness*, so here *wandering* is the cause of the mischief, and that alone to which the remedy should be applied. This, one would imagine, should be the chief, if not sole intent, of all laws against vagabonds, which might, in a synonymous phrase, be called laws against wanderers. But as the word itself hath obtained by vulgar use a more complex signification, so have the laws on this head had a more general view than to extirpate this mischief; and by that means, perhaps, have failed of producing such an effect.

I will therefore confine myself, as I have hitherto

* Chap. iv.

† 17 George II. c. 5.

done on this head, to the single point of preventing the poor from wandering—one principal cause of the increase of robbers, as it is the chief means of preserving them from the pursuit of justice; it being impossible for any thief to carry on his trade long with impunity among his neighbours, and where not only his person, but his way of life, must be well known.

Now to obviate this evil the law, as it now stands, hath provided in a twofold manner. 1. By way of prevention; and, 2. By way of remedy.

As to the first, the statute of Elizabeth declares* that no person retained in husbandry, or in any art or science in the act mentioned,† after the time of his retainer is expired, shall depart out of any city, parish, &c., nor out of the county, &c., to serve in any other, unless he have a testimonial under the seal of the city or town corporate, or of the constable or other head officer, and two other honest householders of the city, town, or parish, where he last served, declaring his lawful departure, and the name of the shire and place where he served last. This certificate is to be delivered to the servant, and registered by the parson for 2*d.*, and the form of it is given in the act.

And no person is to be retained in any other service without showing such testimonial to the chief officer of the town corporate, and in every other place to the constable, curate, &c., on pain of imprisonment till he procure a testimonial; and, if he cannot procure such testimonial within twenty-one days, he shall be whipped and treated like a vagabond; so shall he be if found with a forged testimonial. And those who receive him without showing such testimonial as aforesaid forfeit 5*l.*

As to the second, the law hath been extremely liberal in its provisions. These are of two sorts—1. Simply compulsory; and, 2. Compulsory with punishment. Under the former head may be ranged the several acts of parliament relating to the settlement or rather removal of the poor.

As these statutes, though very imperfectly executed, are pretty generally known (the nation having paid some millions to Westminster-hall for the knowledge of them), I shall mention them very slightly in this place.

The statute of Elizabeth, together with the wise execution of it, having made the poor an intolerable burden to the public, disputes began to arise between parishes to whose lot it fell to provide for certain individuals; for the laws for confining the poor to their own homes being totally disregarded, these used to ramble wherever whim or convenience invited them. The overseers of one parish were perhaps more liberal of the parochial fund than in another; or sometimes, probably, the overseer of the parish A was a friend or relation of a poor person of the parish of B, who did not choose to work. From some such reason the poor of one parish began to bring a charge on another.

To remedy such inconveniences, immediately after the restoration‡ a statute was made by which, if any poor man likely to be chargeable came to inhabit in a foreign parish, unless in a tenement of 10*l.* a-year, the overseer might complain to one justice within forty days, and then two justices were to remove the poor person to the place of his last legal settlement.

By a second act,§ the forty days are to be reckoned after notice given in writing to the churchwarden or overseer by the poor person, containing the place of his abode, number of his family, &c.

But by the same statute the executing a public annual office during a year, or being charged with and paying to the public taxes, &c., or (if unmarried and not having a child) being lawfully hired into any parish, and serving for one year, or being bound apprentice by indenture, and inhabiting, &c., are all made good settlements without notice.

By a third statute,* persons bringing a certificate signed by the overseers, &c., and allowed by two justices, cannot be removed till they become chargeable.

By a fourth,† no such certificate person shall gain a settlement by any other act than by *bonâ fide* taking a lease of a tenement of 10*l.* per annum, or by executing an annual office.

By a fifth,‡ no apprentice or hired servant of certificate person shall, by such service or apprenticeship, gain any settlement.

By a sixth,§ no person by any purchase of which the consideration doth not *bonâ fide* amount to 30*l.* shall gain any settlement longer than while he dwells on such purchase.

So much for these laws of removal, concerning which there are several other acts of parliament, and law-cases innumerable.

And yet the law itself is, as I have said, very imperfectly executed at this day, and that for several reasons.

1. It is attended with great trouble; for, as the act of Charles II. *very wisely* requires two justices, and the court of king's bench requires them both to be present together (though they seldom are so), the order of removal is sometimes difficult to be obtained, and more difficult to be executed; for the parish to which the party is to be removed (perhaps with a family) is often in a distant county; nay, sometimes they are to be carried from one end of the kingdom to another.

2. It is often attended with great expense, as well for the reason aforesaid as because the parish removing is liable to an appeal from the parish to which the poor is removed. This appeal is sometimes brought by a wealthy and litigious parish against a poor one, without any colour of right whatever.

3. The removal is often ineffectual; for as the appeal is almost certain to be brought if an attorney lives in the neighbourhood, so is it almost as sure to succeed if a justice lives in the parish. And as for relief in the king's bench, if the justices of peace will allow you to go thither (for that they will not always do), the delay, as well as the cost, is such that the remedy is often worse than the disease.

For these reasons it can be no wonder that parishes are not very forward to put this law in execution. Indeed, in all cases of removal, the good of the parish, and not of the public, is consulted; nay, sometimes the good of an individual only; and therefore the poor man who is capable of getting his livelihood by his dexterity at any handicraft, and likely to do it by his industry, is sure to be removed with his family; especially if the overseer, or any of his relations, should be of the same occupation; but the idle poor, who threaten to rival no man in his business, are never taken any notice of till they become actually chargeable; and if by begging or robbing they avoid this, as it is no man's interest, so no man thinks it his duty, to apprehend them.

It cannot therefore be expected that any good of the kind I am contending for should be effected by this branch of the law; let us, therefore, in the second place, take a view of that which is expressly

* 5 Eliz. c. iv. sect. 10, in force, though not in use.

† *i. e.* in almost every trade. ‡ 13 and 14 Car. II. c. xii.

§ 3 and 4 W. and M. c. xi. See 1 Jac. II. c. xvii.

* 8 and 9 W. III. c. xxx.

† 12 Anne, c. xviii.

‡ 9 and 10 W. III. c. xi.

§ Geo. I. c. vii.

levelled at vagrants, and calculated, as it appears, for the very purpose of suppressing wanderers.

To survey this branch will be easy, as all the laws concerning vagrants are now reduced into one act of parliament; and it is the easier still as this act is very clearly penned, and (which is not always the case) reduced to a regular and intelligible method.

By this act then three degrees of offences are constituted.

First, persons become idle and disorderly within the act by, 1. Threatening to run away and to leave their wives or children to the parish. 2. Unlawfully returning to the place from whence they have been legally removed by the order of two justices, without bringing a certificate, &c. 3. Living idle without employment, and refusing to work for usual and common wages. 4. By begging in their own parishes.

Secondly, persons by, 1. Going about as patent-gatherers, or gatherers of alms under pretence of loss by fire or other casualty; or, 2. Going about as collectors for prisons, gaols, or hospitals. 3. Being fencers and bearwards. 4. Or common players of interludes, &c. 5. Or minstrels, jugglers. 6. Pretending to be gipsies, or wandering in such habit. 7. Pretending to physiognomy, or like crafty science, &c. 8. Using any subtle craft to deceive and impose on any of his majesty's subjects. 9. Playing or sitting at unlawful games. 10. Running away, and leaving wives or children, whereby they become chargeable to any parish. 11. Wandering abroad as petty chapmen or pedlars, not authorised by law. 12. Wandering abroad and lodging in alehouses, barns, outhouses, or in the open air, not giving a good account of themselves. 13. Wandering abroad and begging, pretending to be soldiers, mariners, seafaring men, or pretending to go to work at harvest. 14. Wandering abroad and begging are to be deemed rogues and vagabonds.

Thirdly, 1. End-gatherers offending against the 13 George I. entitled "An Act for the better Regulation of the Woollen Manufactures," &c., being convicted of such offence; 2. Persons apprehended as rogues and vagabonds escaping; or, 3. Refusing to go before a justice; or, 4. Refusing to be examined on oath; or, 5. Refusing to be conveyed by a pass; or, 6. On examination giving a false account of themselves, after warning of the punishment. 7. Rogues and vagabonds escaping out of the house of correction, &c.; or, 8. Those who, having been punished as rogues and vagabonds, shall offend again as such, are made incorrigible rogues.

Now, as to the first of these three divisions, it were to be wished that persons who are found in alehouses, nighthouses, &c., after a certain hour at night, had been included; for many such, though of very suspicious characters, taken up at privy searches, fall not under any of the above descriptions. Some of these I have known discharged against whom capital complaints have appeared when it hath been too late. Why might not the justice be intrusted with a power of detaining any suspicious person who could produce no known housekeeper, or one of credit, to his character, for three days, within which time he might, by means of an advertisement, be viewed by numbers who have been lately robbed? Some such have been, I know, confined upon an old statute as persons of evil fame, with great emolument to the public.

But I come to the second head, namely, of vagabonds; and here I must observe that *wandering* is of itself made no offence; so that, unless such wanderer be either a petty chapman, or a beggar or lodger in alehouses, &c., he is not within the act of parliament.

Now, however useful this excellent law may be in the country, it will by no means serve the purpose in this town; for, though most of the rogues who infest the public roads and streets, indeed almost all the thieves in general, are vagabonds in the true sense of the word, being wanderers from their lawful place of abode, very few of them will be proved vagabonds within the words of this act of parliament. These vagabonds do, indeed, get their livelihood by thieving, and not as petty beggars or petty chapmen; and have their lodging not in alehouses, &c., but in private houses, where many of them resort together, and unite in gangs, paying each two-pence per night for their beds.

The following account I have had from Mr. Welch, the high-constable of Holborn; and none who know that gentleman will want any confirmation of the truth of it.

"That in the parish of St. Giles's there are great numbers of houses set apart for the reception of idle persons and vagabonds, who have their lodgings there for two-pence a-night; that in the above parish, and in St. George, Bloomsbury, one woman alone occupies seven of these houses, all properly accommodated with miserable beds from the cellar to the garret, for such two-penny lodgers: that in these beds, several of which are in the same room, men and women, often strangers to each other, lie promiscuously; the price of a double bed being no more than threepence, as an encouragement to them to lie together; but as these places are thus adapted to whoredom, so are they no less provided for drunkenness, gin being sold in them all at a penny a quartern; so that the smallest sum of money serves for intoxication; that in the execution of search-warrants Mr. Welch rarely finds less than twenty of these houses open for the receipt of all comers at the latest hours; that in one of these houses, and that not a large one, he hath numbered fifty-eight persons of both sexes, the stench of whom was so intolerable that it compelled him in a short time to quit the place." Nay, I can add what I myself once saw in the parish of Shoreditch, where two little houses were emptied of near seventy men and women; amongst whom was one of the prettiest girls I had ever seen, who had been carried off by an Irishman to consummate her marriage on her wedding-night in a room where several others were in bed at the same time.

If one considers the destruction of all morality, decency, and modesty; the swearing, whoredom, and drunkenness which is eternally carrying on in these houses, on the one hand, and the excessive poverty and misery of most of the inhabitants on the other, it seems doubtful whether they are more the objects of detestation or compassion; for such is the poverty of these wretches, that, upon searching all the above number, the money found upon all of them (except the bride, who, as I afterward heard, had robbed her mistress) did not amount to one shilling; and I have been credibly informed that a single loaf hath supplied a whole family with their provisions for a week. Lastly, if any of these miserable creatures fall sick (and it is almost a miracle that stench, vermin, and want, should ever suffer them to be well) they are turned out in the streets by their merciless host or hostess, where, unless some parish officer of extraordinary charity relieves them, they are sure miserably to perish, with the addition of hunger and cold to their disease.

This picture, which is taken from the life, will appear strange to many; for the evil here described is, I am confident, very little known, especially to those of the better sort. Indeed this is the only

excuse, and I believe the only reason, that it hath been so long tolerated; for when we consider the number of these wretches, which, in the outskirts of the town, amounts to a great many thousands,* it is a nuisance which will appear to be big with every moral and political mischief. Of these the excessive misery of the wretches themselves, oppressed with want and sunk in every species of debauchery, and the loss of so many lives to the public, are obvious and immediate consequences. There are some more remote, which, however, need not be mentioned to the discerning.

Among other mischiefs attending this wretched nuisance, the great increase of thieves must necessarily be one. The wonder in fact is that we have not a thousand more robbers than we have; indeed, that all these wretches are not thieves must give us either a very high idea of their honesty, or a very mean one of their capacity and courage.

Where then is the redress? Is it not to *hinder the poor from wandering*, and this by compelling the parish and peace officers to apprehend such wanderers or vagabonds, and by empowering the magistrate effectually to punish and send them to their habitations? Thus if we cannot discover, or will not encourage, any cure for idleness, we shall at least compel the poor to starve or beg at home; for there it will be impossible for them to steal or rob without being presently hanged or transported out of the way.

SECTION VII.

Of apprehending the persons of felons.

I COME now to a third encouragement which the thief flatters himself with, *viz.* in his hopes of escaping from being apprehended.

Nor is this hope without foundation; how long have we known highwaymen reign in this kingdom after they have been publicly known for such? Have not some of these committed robberies in open daylight, in the sight of many people, and have afterward rode solemnly and triumphantly through the neighbouring towns without any danger or molestation? This happens to every rogue who is become eminent for his audaciousness, and is thought to be desperate; and is, in a more particular manner, the case of great and numerous gangs, many of which have for a long time committed the most open outrages in defiance of the law. Officers of justice have owned to me that they have passed by such with warrants in their pockets against them, without daring to apprehend them; and, indeed, they could not be blamed for not exposing themselves to sure destruction; for it is a melancholy truth that, at this very day, a rogue no sooner gives the alarm within certain purlieus than twenty or thirty armed villains are found ready to come to his assistance.

On this head the law may seem not to have been very defective in its cautions; First, by vesting not only the officers of justice, but every private man, with authority for securing these miscreants, of which authority it may be of service to the officers, as well as to the public in general, to be more particularly informed.

First, by Westminster I.,† persons of evil fame are to be imprisoned without bail. By the statute of Winchester ‡ suspicious night-walkers are to be arrested and detained by the watch. A statute made in 5 Edw. III.,§ reciting that many manslaughters,

* Most of these are Irish, against the importation of whom a severe law was made in the reign of Henry VI., and many of the repealed vagrant acts contained a clause for the same purpose.

† Westm. I. chap. xv.

‡ Winton, chap. iv.

§ 5 Edw. III. chap. xiv.

felonies, and robberies, had been done in times past, enacts, that if any person have an evil suspicion of such offenders, they shall be incontinently arrested by the constable, and shall be delivered to the bailiff of the franchise, or to the sheriff, to be kept in prison till the coming of the justices. The 34 Edw. III.* gives power to the justices of peace, *inter alia*, to inquire of wanderers and such as will not labour, and to arrest and imprison suspicious persons, and to take sureties of the good behaviour of persons of evil fame, "to the intent," says the statute, "that the people be not by such rioters, &c., troubled nor endamaged, nor the peace blemished, nor merchants nor others passing by the highways of the realm disturbed nor put in peril by such offenders."

Secondly, by the common law every person who hath committed a felony may be arrested and secured by any private man present at the said fact, though he hath no general nor particular authority, *i. e.* though he be no officer of justice, nor have any writ or warrant for so doing; and such private man may either deliver the felon to the constable, secure him in a gaol, or carry him before a magistrate.† And if he refuses to yield, those who arrest may justify beating him;‡ or, in case of absolute necessity, killing him.§

Nor is this arrest merely allowed; it is enjoined by law, and the omission, without some good excuse, is a misdemeanor punishable by amercement or fine and imprisonment.||

Again, every private man may arrest another on suspicion of felony, though he was not present at the fact.¶ But then, if the party arrested should prove innocent, two circumstances are necessary to justify the arrest. 1st. A felony must be actually committed; and, 2ndly, there must be a reasonable cause of suspicion;*** and common fame hath been adjudged to be such cause.††

But in this latter case my lord Hale advises the private person, if possible, to have recourse to the magistrate, and obtain his warrant and the assistance of the constable;‡‡ for this arrest is not required by law, nor is the party punishable for neglecting it; and should the person arrested, or endeavoured to be arrested, prove innocent, the party arresting him, &c., will, in a great measure, be answerable for the ill consequence; which, if it be the death of the innocent person occasioned by force or resistance, this will, at least, be manslaughter; and if the other should be killed in the attempt, this likewise will amount to manslaughter only.§§

Again, any private person may justify arresting a felon pursued by hue and cry. This, as the word imports, is a public alarm raised all over the country, in which the constable is first to search his own vill or division, and then to raise all the neighbouring vills about, who are to pursue the felon with horse and foot.¶¶ And this hue and cry may either be after a person certain, or on a robbery committed where the person is not known; and in the latter case those who pursue it may take such persons as they have probable cause to suspect,¶¶ vagrants, &c.

This method of pursuit lies at the common law, and is mentioned by Bracton;*** and it is enforced by many statutes, as by Westm. 1.††† "All are to be

* 34 Edw. III., c. i.

† Hale's Hist. P. C., vol. i. 587, vol. ii. 77. ‡ Plut. 10 a.

§ Hale's Hist., vol. i. 588. || Ib., vol. i. 588, vol. ii. 76, 77.

¶ Lamb. 1. ii. c. 3; Dalt. 403; Hale's Hist., vol. i. 588, 3 Hen. VII. c. i. ** Hale's Hist., vol. ii. 80. †† Dalt. 407; 5 Hen. VII. 4. 5. ‡‡ Hale's Hist. vol. ii. 76.

§§ Hale's Hist. vol. ii. 82, 3, 4.

¶¶ Ib. vol. ii. 101.

¶¶ Ib. vol. ii. 102.

††† Cap. ix.

*** Lib. iii. c. i.

ready at the summons of the sheriff, and at the cry of the county, to arrest felons, as well within franchises as without." By 4 Edw. I., "Hue and cry is ordered to be levied for all murders, burglaries, men slain, or in peril to be slain, and all are to follow it." And, lastly, the statute of Winton enacts as we have seen before.

And this pursuit may be raised—1. By a private person. 2. By the country without an officer. 3. By an officer without a warrant. 4. By the warrant of a magistrate. And this last, if it can be obtained, is the safest way; for then all who assist are enabled by the statutes 7 and 21 Jac. to plead the general issue.*

The common law so strictly enjoined this pursuit, that if any defect in raising it lay in the lord of the franchise, the franchise should be seized into the king's hands; and if the neglect lay in the bailiff, he should have a heavy fine and a year's imprisonment, or suffer two years' imprisonment without a fine.† And now, by a very late statute,‡ "if any constable, headborough, &c., of the hundred where any robberies shall happen, shall refuse or neglect to make hue and cry after the felons with the utmost expedition, as soon as he shall receive notice thereof, he shall, for every such refusal and neglect, forfeit 5*l.*; half to the king and half to the informer."

Now hue and cry is of three different kinds:—1. Against a person certain by name. 2. Against a person certain by description. 3. On a robbery, burglary, &c., where the person is neither known nor capable of being described.

When a hue and cry is raised, every private man is not only justified in pursuing, but may be obliged, by command of the constable, to pursue the felon, and is punishable, if he disobey, by fine and imprisonment.§ And in this case, whether a felon was committed or not, or whether the person arrested (provided he be the person named or described by the hue and cry) be guilty or innocent, or of evil or good fame, the arrest is lawful and justifiable, and he who raised the hue and cry is alone to answer for the justice of it.||

In this pursuit likewise the constable may search suspected houses if the doors be open; but breaking the door will not be justifiable, unless the felon be actually in the house; nor even then, unless admittance hath been first demanded and denied.¶ And what the constable may do himself will be justifiable by any other in his assistance, at least by his command.** Indeed a private person may justify the arrest of an offender by the command of a peace-officer; for he is bound to be aiding and assisting to such officer, is punishable for his refusal, and is consequently under the protection of the law.††

Lastly, a private person may arrest a felon by virtue of a warrant directed to him; for though he is not bound to execute such warrant, yet, if he doth, it is good and justifiable.‡‡

Thirdly, officers of public justice may justify the arrest of a felon by virtue of their office, without any warrant. Whatever therefore a private person may do as above will certainly be justifiable in them.

And, as the arresting felons, &c., is more particularly their duty, and their fine will be heavier for the neglect, so will their protection by the law be the greater; for if, in arresting those that are *probably suspected*, the constable should be killed, it is murder;

on the other hand, if persons pursued by these officers for felony, or *justifiable suspicion* thereof, shall resist or fly from them, or being apprehended shall rescue themselves, resist, or fly; so that they cannot *otherwise* be apprehended or re-apprehended, and are of *necessity* slain, it is no felony in the officers, or in their assistants, though possibly the parties killed are innocent; for, by resisting the king's authority in his officers, they draw their own blood on themselves.*

Again, to take a felon or suspected felon, the constable without any warrant may break open the door. But to justify this he must show—1. That the felon, &c., was in the house. 2. That his entry was denied. 3. That it was denied after demand and notice that he was constable.†

Lastly, a felon may be apprehended by virtue of a warrant issuing from a magistrate lawfully authorised; in the execution of which the officer hath the same power and will at least have the same protection by law as in the arrest *virtute officii*. And this warrant, if it be specially directed to him, the constable may execute in any part within the jurisdiction of the magistrate; but he is only obliged to execute it within the division for which he is constable, &c.

In the execution of a warrant for felony the officer may break open the doors of the felon, or of any person where he is concealed; and the breaking the doors of the felon is lawful at all events, but in breaking those of a stranger the officer acts at his peril; for he will be a trespasser if the felon should not be there.‡

Such are the powers which the law gives for the apprehending felons (for, as to the particular power of sheriffs and coroners, and the process of superior courts, they may well be passed by in this place). Again, these powers we see are enforced with penalties; so that not only every officer of justice but every private person is obliged to arrest a known felon, and may be punished for the omission.

Nor doth the law stop here. The apprehending such felons is not only authorised and enjoined, but even encouraged with impunity to persons guilty themselves of felony, and with regard to others.

By 3 and 4 of William and Mary,§ persons guilty of robbery in the highway, fields, &c., who, being out of prison, shall discover any two offenders to be convicted of such robbery, are entitled to his majesty's pardon of such robberies, &c., as they shall have then committed.

By 10 and 11 of William III.|| this is extended to burglary and such felonies as are mentioned in the act.

By the same act all persons who shall apprehend a felon for privately stealing goods to the value of 5*s.* out of shop, warehouse, coach-house, or stable, by night or by day (provided the felon be convicted thereof), shall be entitled to a certificate, which may be assigned once, discharging such apprehender or his assignee from all parochial offices in the parish or ward where such felony was committed. This certificate is to be enrolled by the clerk of the peace, and cannot be assigned after it hath been used.

If any man be killed by such housebreaker, &c., in the attempt to apprehend him, his executors or administrators shall be entitled to such certificate.

By the 3 and 4 of William and Mary,¶ whoever shall apprehend and prosecute to conviction any robber on the highway shall receive of the sheriff 40*l.*

* Dalt. 409. 13 Edw. IV. 4 & 9, 5 to 92. Hale's Hist., vol. ii. 86, 90, 91. † Ib. vol. i. 581; vol. ii. 110.

‡ Ib., vol. i. 582; vol. i. 117; 5 Co. 91 b.

§ Chap. viii.

¶ Chap. viii., *ubi supra*.

|| Chap. xxiii.

* Hale's Hist., vol. i. 405; vol. ii. 99, 100.

† Fleta, l. i. c. 24; ad Init.

‡ 8 Geo. II. c. 16.

§ Hale's Hist., vol. i. 58; vol. ii. 104.

|| 29 Ed. III. 39; 35 Hen. IV. Pl. 24. Hale's Hist., vol. ii. 101, 2.

¶ Ib. 102, 103.

** Ib., vol. ii. 104.

†† Pult. 6. 15.

Hale's Hist.

vol. ii. 86

‡‡ Dalt., 408. Hale's Hist., vol. ii. 86.

within a month after the conviction for every offender; and in case of the death or removal of the sheriff, the money to be paid by the succeeding sheriff within a month after the demand and certificate brought. The sheriff on default forfeits double his sum, to be recovered of him by the party, his executors, &c.

And if the person be killed in this attempt by any such robber, the executors of such person, &c., are entitled to the reward under the like penalty.

Again, by the same act, the horse, furniture, arms, money, or other goods, taken with such highwaymen, are given to the apprehender who shall prosecute to conviction, notwithstanding the right or title of his majesty, any body politic or lord of franchise, or of those who lent or let the same to hire to such robber, with a saving only of the right of such persons from whom such horses, &c. were feloniously taken.

By a statute of queen Anne the 40*l.* reward is extended to burglary and housebreaking.

But though the law seems to have been sufficiently provident on this head, there is still great difficulty in carrying its purpose into execution, arising from the following causes.

1st, With regard to private persons, there is no country I believe in the world where that vulgar maxim so generally prevails, that what is the business of every man is the business of no man; and for this plain reason, that there is no country in which less honour is gained by serving the public. He therefore who commits no crime against the public is very well satisfied with his own virtue; far from thinking himself obliged to undergo and labour, expend any money, or encounter any danger, on such account.

2dly. The people are not entirely without excuse from their ignorance of the law; for so far is the power of apprehending felons, which I have above set forth, from being universally known, that many of the peace-officers themselves do not know that they have any such power, and often from ignorance refuse to arrest a known felon till they are authorised by a warrant from a justice of peace. Much less then can the compulsory part to the private persons carry any terror of a penalty of which the generality of mankind are totally ignorant; and of inflicting which they see no example.

3dly, So far are men from being animated with the hopes of public praise to apprehend a felon, that they are even discouraged by the fear of shame. The person of the informer is in fact more odious than that of the felon himself; and the thief-catcher is in danger of worse treatment from the populace than the thief.

Lastly, as to the reward, I am afraid that the intention of the legislature is very little answered. For, not to mention that the prosecutor's title to it is too often defeated by the foolish lenity of juries, who, by acquitting the prisoner of the burglary, and finding him guilty of the simple felony only, or by finding the goods to be less than the value of 5*s.*, both often directly contrary to evidence, take the case entirely out of the act of parliament; and sometimes even when the felon is properly convicted, I have been told that the money does not come so easily and fully to the pockets of those who are entitled to it as it ought.

With regard to the first and fourth of these objections I choose to be silent: to prescribe any cure for the former I must enter into disquisitions very foreign to my present purpose; and, for the cure of the latter, when I consider in whose power it is to remedy it, a bare hint will I doubt not suffice.

The second objection, namely, the excuse of ignorance, I have here endeavoured to remove by setting forth the law at large.

The third therefore only remains, and to that I shall speak more fully, as the opinion on which it is founded is of the most pernicious consequence to society; for what avail the best of laws if it be a matter of infamy to contribute towards their execution? The force of this opinion may be seen in the following instance: We have a law by which every person who drives more than six horses in a waggon forfeits as many horses as are found to exceed that number. This law is broken every day, and generally with impunity; for, though many men yearly venture and lose their lives by stealing horses, yet there are very few who dare seize a horse where the law allows and encourages it, when by such seizure he is to acquire the name of an informer; so much worse is this appellation in the opinion of the vulgar than that of thief, and so much more prevalent is the fear of popular shame than of death.

This absurd opinion seems to have first arisen from the statute of 18 Eliz.,* entitled "An Act to redress Disorders in common Informers." By this statute it appears that very wicked uses had been made of penal statutes by these informers, who my lord Coke calls *turbidum hominum genus*;† and says, "That they converted many penal laws which were obsolete, and in time grown impossible or inconvenient to be performed, into snares to vex and entangle the subject."

By the statute itself it appears that it was usual at that time among these persons to extort money of ignorant and fearful people by the terror of some penal law, for the breach of which the informer either instituted a process, or pretended to institute a process, and then brought the timorous party to a composition.

This offence therefore was by this act made a high misdemeanor, and punished with the pillory.

Now who that knows anything of the nature or history of mankind doth not easily perceive here a sufficient foundation for that odium to all informers which hath since become so general; for what is more common than from the abuse of anything to argue against the use of it, or to extend the obloquy from particulars to universals?

For this the common aptitude of men to scandal will sufficiently account; but there is still another and stronger motive in this case, and that is the interest of all those who have broken or who intend to break the laws. Thus the general cry being once raised against prosecutors on penal laws, the thieves themselves have had the art and impudence to join it, and have put their prosecutors on the footing of all others; nay, I must question whether, in the acceptation of the vulgar, a thief-catcher be not a more odious and contemptible name than even that of informer.

Nothing, I am sensible, is more vain than to encounter popular opinion with reason, nor more liable to ridicule than to oppose general contempt; and yet I will venture to say that, if to do good to society be laudable, so is the office of a thief-catcher; and if to do this good at the extreme hazard of your life be honourable then is this office honourable. True, it may be said, but he doth this with a view to a reward. And doth not the soldier and the sailor venture his life with the same view? for who, as a great man lately said, serves the public for nothing?

I know what is to be my fate in this place, or

* Chap. v.

† 3 Inst. c. lxxxvii.

what would happen to one who should endeavour to prove that the hangman was a great and an honourable employment. And yet I have read, in Tournefort, of an island in the Archipelago where the hangman is the first and highest officer in the state. Nay, in this kingdom the sheriff himself (who was one of the most considerable persons in his county) is in law the hangman, and Mr. Ketch is only his deputy.

If to bring thieves to justice be a scandalous office, what becomes of all those who are concerned in this business, some of whom are rightly thought to be among the most honourable officers in government? If, on the contrary, this be, as it surely is, very truly honourable, why should the post of danger in this warfare alone be excluded from all share of honour?

To conclude a matter in which, though serious, I will not be too tedious, what was the great Pompey in the piratic war? what were Hercules, Theseus, and the other heroes of old, *Deorum in templa recepti*? Were they not the most eminent of thief-catchers?

SECTION VIII.

Of the difficulties which attend prosecutions.

I now come to a fourth encouragement which greatly holds up the spirits of robbers, and which they often find to afford no deceitful consolation; and this is drawn from the remissness of prosecutors, who are often,

1. Fearful, and to be intimidated by the threats of the gang; or,
2. Delicate, and cannot appear in a public court; or,
3. Indolent, and will not give themselves the trouble of a prosecution; or,
4. Avaricious, and will not undergo the expense of it; nay, perhaps find their account in compounding the matter; or,
5. Tender-hearted, and cannot take away the life of a man; or,

Lastly, Necessitous, and cannot really afford the cost, however small, together with the loss of time which attends it.

The first and second of these are too absurd, and the third and fourth too infamous, to be reasoned with. But the two last deserve more particular notice, as the fifth is an error springing originally out of a good principle in the mind, and the sixth is a fault in the constitution very easily to be remedied.

With regard to the former of these it is certain that a tender-hearted and compassionate disposition, which inclines men to pity and feel the misfortunes of others, and which is, even for its own sake, incapable of involving any man in ruin and misery, is of all tempers of mind the most amiable, and, though it seldom receives much honour, is worthy of the highest. The natural energies of this temper are indeed the very virtues principally inculcated in our excellent religion; and those who, because they are natural, have denied them the name of virtues, seem not, I think, to be aware of the direct and impious tendency of a doctrine that denies all merit to a mind which is naturally, I may say necessarily, good.

Indeed the passion of love or benevolence, whence this admirable disposition arises, seems to be the only human passion that is in itself simply and absolutely good; and in Plato's commonwealth, or (which is more) in a society acting up to the rules of christianity, no danger could arise from the high-

est excess of this virtue; nay, the more liberally it was indulged, and the more extensively it was expanded, the more would it contribute to the honour of the individual and to the happiness of the whole.

But as it hath pleased God to permit human societies to be constituted in a different manner, and knaves to form a part (a very considerable one I am afraid) of every community, who are ever laying in wait to destroy and ensnare the honest part of mankind, and to betray them by means of their own goodness, it becomes the good-natured and tender-hearted man to be watchful over his own temper, to restrain the impetuosity of his benevolence, carefully to select the objects of this passion, and not by too unbounded and indiscriminate an indulgence to give the reins to a courser which will infallibly carry him into the ambuscade of the enemy.

Our Saviour himself inculcates this prudence among his disciples, telling them that he sent them forth like sheep among wolves: "Be ye therefore," says he, "wise as serpents, but innocent as doves."

For want of this wisdom a benevolent and tender-hearted temper very often betrays men into errors not only hurtful to themselves, but highly prejudicial to the society. Hence men of invincible courage and incorruptible integrity have sometimes falsified their trust; and those whom no other temptation could sway have paid too little regard to the sanction of an oath from this inducement alone. Hence likewise the mischief which I here endeavour to obviate hath often arisen; and notorious robbers have lived to perpetrate future acts of violence through the ill-judging tenderness and compassion of those who could and ought to have prosecuted them.

To such a person I would suggest these considerations:—

First, As he is a good man, he should consider that the principal duty which every man owes is to his country, for the safety and good of which all laws are established, and therefore his country requires of him to contribute all that in him lies to the due execution of those laws. Robbery is an offence not only against the party robbed but against the public, who are therefore entitled to prosecution; and he who prevents or stifles such the prosecution is no longer an innocent man, but guilty of a high offence against the public good.

Secondly, As he is a good-natured man, he will behold all injuries done by one man to another with indignation. What Cicero says of a pirate is as true of a robber, that he is *hostis humani generis*; and if so I am sure every good-natured man must be an enemy to him. To desire to save these wolves in society may arise from benevolence, but it must be the benevolence of a child or a fool, who, from want of sufficient reason, mistakes the true objects of his passion, as a child doth when a bugbear appears to him to be the object of fear. Such tender-heartedness is indeed barbarity, and resembles the meek spirit of him who would not assist in blowing up his neighbour's house to save a whole city from the flames. "It is true," said a learned chief-justice,* in a trial for treason, "here is the life of a man in the case, but then you (speaking to the jury) must consider likewise the misery and desolation, the blood and confusion, that must have happened had this taken effect; and, put one against the other, I believe that consideration which is on behalf of the king will be much the stronger." Here likewise is the life of a man concerned; but of what man? Why, of one who, being too lazy to get his bread

* Lord chief-justice Pratt.

* Cicero, in his Oration *pro Lege Maniliâ*, calls this, if I remember rightly, *Bellum Turpe*; but speaks of the extirpation of these robbers as of the greatest of all Pompey's exploits.

by labour, or too voluptuous to content himself with the produce of that labour, declares war against the properties, and often against the persons, of his fellow-subjects; who deprives his countrymen of the pleasure of travelling with safety, and of the liberty of carrying their money or their ordinary conveniences with them; by whom the innocent are put in terror, affronted and alarmed with threats and execrations, endangered with loaded pistols, beat with bludgeons, and hacked with cutlasses, of which the loss of health, of limbs, and often of life, is the consequence; and all this without any respect to age, or dignity, or sex. Let the good-natured man, who hath any understanding, place this picture before his eyes, and then see what figure in it will be the object of his compassion.

I come now to the last difficulty which obstructs the prosecution of offenders; namely, the extreme poverty of the prosecutor. This I have known to be so absolutely the case, that the poor wretch who hath been bound to prosecute was under more concern than the prisoner himself. It is true that the necessary cost on these occasions is extremely small; two shillings, which are appointed by act of parliament for drawing the indictment being, I think, the whole which the law requires; but when the expense of attendance, generally with several witnesses, sometimes during several days together, and often at a great distance from the prosecutor's home; I say, when these articles are summed up, and the loss of time added to the account, the whole amounts to an expense which a very poor person, already plundered by the thief, must look on with such horror (if he should not be absolutely incapable of the expense) that he must be a miracle of public spirit if he doth not rather choose to conceal the felony, and sit down satisfied with his present loss; but what shall we say when (as is very common in this town) he may not only receive his own again, but be farther rewarded, if he will agree to compound it?

Now, how very inconsiderable would be the whole cost of this suit, either to the country or the nation, if the public, to whom the justice of peace gives his whole labour on this head *gratis*, was to defray the cost of such trial! (by a kind of *forma pauperis* admission:) the sum would be so trivial that nothing would be felt but the good consequences arising from such a regulation.

I shall conclude this head with the words of my lord Hale: "It is," says he, "a great defect in the law to give courts of justice no power to allow witnesses against criminals their charges; whereby," says he, "many poor persons grow weary of their attendance, or bear their own charges therein, to their great hindrance and loss."

SECTION IX.

Of the trial and conviction of felons.

BUT if, notwithstanding all the rubs which we have seen to lie in the way, the indictment is found, and the thief brought to his trial, still he hath sufficient hopes of escaping, either from the caution of the prosecutor's evidence or from the hardness of his own.

In street-robberies the difficulty of convicting a criminal is extremely great. The method of discovering these is generally by means of one of the gang, who, being taken up perhaps for some other offence, and thinking himself in danger of punishment, chooses to make his peace at the expense of his companions.

But when, by means of this information, you are

made acquainted with the whole gang, and have, with great trouble, and often with great danger, apprehended them, how are you to bring them to justice? for though the evidence of the accomplice be ever so positive and explicit, nay, even so connected and probable, still, unless it be corroborated by some other evidence, it is not sufficient.

Now how is this corroborating evidence to be obtained in this case? Street-robberies are generally committed in the dark, the persons on whom they are committed are often in chairs and coaches, and if on foot the attack is usually begun by knocking the party down, and for the time depriving him of his senses. But if the thief should be less barbarous he is seldom so incautious as to omit taking every method to prevent his being known, by flapping the party's hat over his face, and by every other method which he can invent to avoid discovery.

But indeed any such methods are hardly necessary; for when we consider the circumstance of darkness mentioned before, the extreme hurry of the action, and the terror and consternation which most persons are in at such a time, how shall we imagine it possible that they should afterwards be able, with any (the least) degree of certainty, to swear to the identity of the thief, whose countenance is, perhaps, not a little altered by his subsequent situation, and who takes care as much as possible he can, by every alteration of dress, and otherwise, to disguise himself?

And if the evidence of the accomplice be so unlikely to be confirmed by the oath of the prosecutor, what other means of confirmation can be found? for as to his character, if he himself doth not call witnesses to support it (which in this instance is not incumbent on him to do), you are not at liberty to impeach it; the greatest and most known villain in England standing at the bar equally *rectus in curia* with the man of highest estimation, if they should be both accused of the same crime.

Unless therefore the robbers should be so unfortunate as to be apprehended in the fact (a circumstance which their numbers, arms, &c., renders ordinarily impossible), no such corroboration can possibly be had; but the evidence of the accomplice standing alone and unsupported, the villain, contrary to the opinion and almost direct knowledge of all present, is triumphantly acquitted, laughs at the court, scorns the law, vows revenge against his prosecutors, and returns to his trade with a great increase of confidence and commonly of cruelty.

In a matter therefore of so much concern to the public I shall be forgiven if I venture to offer my sentiments.

The words of my lord Hale are these: "Though a *particeps criminis* be admissible as a witness in law, yet the credibility of his testimony is to be left to the jury; and truly it would be hard to take away the life of any person upon such a witness that swears to save his own, and yet confesseth himself guilty of so great a crime, unless there be also very considerable circumstances which may give the greater credit to what he swears." *

Here I must observe that this great man seems rather to complain of the hardship of the law in taking away the life of a criminal on the testimony of an accomplice than to deny that the law was so. This indeed he could not well do; for not only the case of an approver, as he himself seems to acknowledge, but many later resolutions, would have contradicted that opinion.

2dly, He allows that the credibility of his testi-

* Hale's Hist., vol. i. 305.

mony is to be left to the jury; and so is the credibility of all other testimonies. They are absolute judges of the fact; and God forbid that they should in all cases be tied down by positive evidence against a prisoner, though it was not delivered by an accomplice.

But surely, if the evidence of an accomplice be not sufficient to put the prisoner on his defence, but the jury are directed to acquit him, though he can produce no evidence on his behalf, either to prove an *alibi* or to his character, the credibility of such testimony cannot well be said to be left to a jury. This is virtually to reject the competency of the witness; for to say the law allows him to be sworn, and yet gives no weight to his evidence, is, I apprehend, a mere play of words, and conveys no idea.

In the third place, this great man asserts the hardship of such conviction. Now if the evidence of a supposed accomplice should convict a man of fair and honest character, it would, I confess, be hard; and it is a hardship of which, I believe, no experience can produce any instance. But if, on the other hand, the testimony of an accomplice with every circumstance of probability attending it against a vagabond of the vilest character, and who can produce no single person to his reputation, is to be absolutely rejected, because there is no positive proof to support it; this, I think, is in the highest degree hard (I think I have proved how hard) to society.

I shall not enter here into a disquisition concerning the nature of evidence in general; this being much too large a field; nor shall I examine the utility of those rules which our law prescribes on this head. Some of these rules might perhaps be opened a little wider than they are without either mischief or inconvenience; and I am the bolder in the assertion as I know a very learned judge who concurs with this opinion. There is no branch of the law more bulky, more full of confusion and contradiction, I had almost said of absurdity, than the law of evidence as it now stands.

One rule of this law is, that no man interested shall be sworn as a witness. By this is meant pecuniary interest; but are mankind governed by no other passion than avarice? Is not revenge the sweetest morsel, as a divine calls it, which the devil ever dropped into the mouth of a sinner? Are not pride, hatred, and the other passions, as powerful tyrants in the mind of man; and is not the interest which these passions propose to themselves by the enjoyment of their object as prevalent a motive to evil as the hope of any pecuniary interest whatever?

But, to keep more closely to the point—Why shall not any credit be given to the evidence of an accomplice? My lord Hale tells us that he hath been guilty of a great crime; and yet, if he had been convicted and burnt in the hand, all the authorities tell us that his credit had been restored: a more miraculous power of fire than any which the *Royal Society* can produce. The same happens if he be pardoned.

Again, says lord Hale, he swears to save his own life. This is not altogether so; for when once a felon hath impeached his companions, and is admitted an evidence against them, whatever be the fate of his evidence, the impeacher always goes free. To this, it is true, he hath no positive title; no more hath he if a single felon be convicted on his oath. But the practice is as I mention, and I do not remember any instance to the contrary.

But what inducement hath the accomplice to perjure himself, or what reason can be assigned why he should be suspected of it? That he himself was one of the robbers appears to a demonstration; that he

had accomplices in the robbery is as certain. Why then should he be induced to impeach A and B, who are innocent, and not C and D, who are guilty? Must he not think that he hath a better chance of convicting the guilty than the innocent? Is he not liable if he gives a false information to be detected in it? One of his companions may be discovered and give a true information—what will then become of him and his evidence? And why should he do this? From a motive of friendship? Do the worst of men carry this passion so much higher than is common with best? But he must not only run the risk of his life but of his soul too. The very mention of this latter risk may appear ridiculous when it is considered of what sort of persons I am talking. But even these persons can scarce be thought so very void of understanding as to lose their souls for nothing, and to commit the horrid sins of perjury and murder without any temptation or prospect of interest—nay, even against their interest. Such characters are not to be found in history, nor do they exist anywhere but in distempered brains, and are always rejected as monsters when they are produced in works of fiction; for surely we spoil the verse rather than the sense by saying, *nemo gratis fuit turpissimus*. Under such circumstances, and under the caution of a good judge, and the tenderness of an English jury, it will be the highest improbability that any man should be wrongfully convicted, and utterly impossible to convict an honest man: for I intend no more than that such evidence shall put the prisoner on his defence, and oblige him either to controvert the fact by proving an *alibi*, or by some other circumstance; or to produce some reputable person to his character. And this brings me to consider the second fortress of the criminal in the hardness of his own evidence.

The usual defence of a thief, especially at the Old Bailey, is an *alibi*:* to prove this by perjury is a common act of Newgate friendship; and there seldom is any difficulty in procuring such witnesses. I remember a felon within this twelvemonth to have been proved to be in Ireland at the time when the robbery was sworn to have been done in London, and acquitted; but he was scarce gone from the bar when the witness was himself arrested for a robbery committed in London at that very time when he swore both he and his friend were in Dublin; for which robbery, I think, he was tried and executed. This kind of defence was in a great measure defeated by the late baron Thompson, when he was recorder of London, whose memory deserves great honour for the services he did the public in that post. These witnesses should always be examined with the utmost care and strictness, by which means the truth (especially if there be more witnesses than one to the pretended fact) will generally be found out. And as to character, though I allow it to have great weight if opposed to the single evidence of an accomplice, it should surely have but little where there is good and strong proof of the fact; and none at all unless it comes from the mouths of persons who have themselves some reputation and credit.

SECTION X.

Of the encouragement given to robbers by frequent pardons.

I COME now to the sixth encouragement to felons, from the hopes of a pardon, at least with the condition of transportation.

This I am aware is too tender a subject to speak to. To pardon all crimes where the prosecution is in his name is an undoubted prerogative of the king.

* i. e. That he was at another place at the time.

I may add it is his most amiable prerogative, and that which, as Livy observes,* renders kingly government most dear to the people: for in a republic there is no such power. I may add farther that it seems to our excellent sovereign to be the most favourite part of his prerogative, as it is the only one which hath been carried to its utmost extent in the present reign.

Here, therefore, I beg to direct myself only to those persons who are within the reach of his majesty's sacred ear. Such persons will, I hope, weigh well what I have said already on the subject of false compassion, all which is applicable on the present occasion: and since our king (as was with less truth said of another†) "is of all men the truest image of his Maker in mercy," I hope too much good-nature will transport no nobleman so far as it once did a clergyman in Scotland, who in the fervour of his benevolence prayed to God that he would graciously be pleased to pardon the poor devil.

To speak out fairly and honestly,‡ though mercy may appear more amiable in a magistrate, severity is a more wholesome virtue; nay, severity to an individual may, perhaps, be in the end the greatest mercy, not only to the public in general, for the reason given above, but to many individuals, for the reasons to be presently assigned.

To consider a human being in the dread of a sudden and violent death; to consider that his life or death depend on your will; to reject the arguments which a good mind will officiously advance to itself; that violent temptations, necessity, youth, inadvertency, have hurried him to the commission of a crime which hath been attended with no inhumanity; to resist the importunities, cries, and tears of a tender wife and affectionate children, who, though innocent, are to be reduced to misery and ruin by a strict adherence to justice:—these altogether form an object which whoever can look upon without emotion must have a very bad mind; and whoever, by the force of reason, can conquer that emotion must have a very strong one.

And what can reason suggest on this occasion? First, that by saving this individual I shall bring many others into the same dreadful situation. That the passions of the man are to give way to the principles of the magistrate. Those may lament the criminal, but these must condemn him. It was nobly said by Bias to one who admired at his shedding tears while he passed sentence of death, "Nature exacts my tenderness, but the law my rigour." The elder Brutus§ is a worthy pattern of this maxim; an example, says Machiavel, most worthy of being transmitted to posterity. And Dionysius Halicarnassus|| calls it a "great and wonderful action, of which the Romans were proud in the most extraordinary degree." Whoever derives it therefore from the want of humane and paternal affections is unjust; no instances of his inhumanity are recorded. "But the severity," says Machiavel, "was not only profitable but necessary." And why? because a single pardon granted *ex merâ gratiâ et favore* is a link broken in the chain of justice, and takes away the concatenation and strength of the whole. The

* Dec. 1. l. ii. cap. 3. *Esse gratiæ locum, esse beneficio; et irasci et ignoscere posse (Regem scilicet); inter amicum atque inimicum discrimen nosse: leges, rem surdam, inexorabilem esse, &c.*

† By Dryden of Charles I.

‡ Disc. l. iii. c. 3.

§ He put his two sons to death for conspiring with Tarquin. Neither Livy nor Dionysius give any character of cruelty to Brutus; indeed the latter tells us "that he was superior to all those passions which disturb human reason." *Τὸν ἐπιταράττοντων τοὺς λογισμοὺς παθὼν καρτεροῦς.*

|| Page 272, edit. Hudson.

danger and certainty of destruction are very different objects, and strike the mind with different degrees of force. It is of the very nature of hope to be sanguine, and it will derive more encouragement from one pardon than diffidence from twenty executions.

It is finely observed by Thucydides* "That though civil societies have allotted the punishment of death to many crimes, and to some of the inferior sort, yet hope inspires men to face the danger; and no man ever came to a dreadful end who had not a lively expectation of surviving his wicked machinations."—Nothing certainly can more contribute to the raising of this hope than repeated examples of ill-grounded clemency; for, as Seneca says, "*ex clementia omnes idem sperant.*"†

Now what is the principal end of all punishment? is it not, as lord Hale‡ expresses it, "To deter men from the breach of laws, so that they may not offend, and so not suffer at all? And is not the inflicting of punishment more for example, and to prevent evil, than to punish?" "And therefore," says he, presently afterwards, "death itself is necessary to be annexed to laws in many cases by the prudence of lawgivers, though possibly beyond the single merit of the offence simply considered." No man indeed of common humanity or common sense can think the life of a man and a few shillings to be of an equal consideration, or that the law in punishing theft with death proceeds (as perhaps a private person sometimes may) with any view to vengeance. The terror of the example is the only thing proposed, and one man is sacrificed to the preservation of thousands.

If therefore the terror of this example is removed (as it certainly is by frequent pardons) the design of the law is rendered totally ineffectual; the lives of the persons executed are thrown away and sacrificed rather to the vengeance than to the good of the public, which receives no other advantage than by getting rid of a thief, whose place will immediately be supplied by another. Here then we may cry out with the poet§—

— Sævior ense
Parcendi rabies.

This I am confident may be asserted, that pardons have brought many more men to the gallows than they have saved from it. So true is that sentiment of Machiavel, that examples of justice are more merciful than the unbounded exercise of pity.||

SECTION XI.

Of the manner of execution.

BUT if every hope which I have mentioned fails the thief—if he should be discovered, apprehended, prosecuted, convicted, and refused a pardon—what is his situation then? Surely most gloomy and dreadful, without any hope and without any comfort. This is, perhaps, the case with the less practised, less spirited, and less dangerous rogues; but with those of a different constitution it is far otherwise. No hero sees death as the alternative which may attend his undertaking with less terror, nor meets it in the field with more imaginary glory. Pride, which is commonly the uppermost passion in both, is in both treated with equal satisfaction. The day appointed by law for the thief's shame is the day of glory in his own opinion. His procession to Tyburn, and his last moments there, are all triumphant; attended with the compassion of the meek and tender-hearted, and with the applause, admiration, and envy of all the bold and hardened. His behaviour in his present condition, not the crimes, how atrocious soever,

* P. 174, edit. Hudson.

† De Clementia, lib. i. c. 1.

‡ Hale's Hist., vol. i. p. 13.

§ Claudian. || In his prince.

which brought him to it, are the subject of contemplation. And if he hath sense enough to temper his boldness with any degree of decency, his death is spoken of by many with honour, by most with pity, and by all with approbation.

How far such an example is from being an object of terror, especially to those for whose use it is principally intended, I leave to the consideration of every rational man: whether such examples as I have described are proper to be exhibited must be submitted to our superiors.

The great cause of this evil is the frequency of executions: the knowledge of human nature will prove this from reason; and the different effects which executions produce in the minds of the spectators in the country, where they are rare, and in London, where they are common, will convince us by experience. The thief who is hanged to-day hath learned his intrepidity from the example of his hanged predecessors, as others are now taught to despise death, and to bear it hereafter with boldness, from what they see to-day.

One way of preventing the frequency of executions is by removing the evil I am complaining of: for this effect in time becomes a cause; and greatly increases that very evil from which it first arose. The design of those who first appointed executions to be public was to add the punishment of shame to that of death, in order to make the example an object of greater terror. But experience has shown us that the event is directly contrary to this intention. Indeed, a competent knowledge of human nature might have foreseen the consequence. To unite the ideas of death and shame is not so easy as may be imagined; all ideas of the latter being absorbed by the former. To prove this, I will appeal to any man who hath seen an execution, or a procession to an execution; let him tell me, when he hath beheld a poor wretch, bound in a cart, just on the verge of eternity, all pale and trembling with his approaching fate, whether the idea of shame hath ever intruded on his mind? Much less will the bold daring rogue, who glories in his present condition, inspire the beholder with any such sensation.

The difficulty here will be easily explained if we have recourse to the poets (for the good poet and the good politician do not differ so much as some who know nothing of either art affirm, nor would Homer or Milton have made the worst legislators of their times): the great business is to raise terror; and the poet will tell you that admiration, or pity, or both, are very apt to attend whatever is the object of terror in the human mind. That is very useful to the poet, but very hurtful on the present occasion to the politician, whose art is to be here employed to raise an object of terror, and at the same time, as much as possible, to strip it of all pity and all admiration.

To effect this, it seems that the execution should be as soon as possible after the commission and conviction of the crime; for if this be of an atrocious kind, the resentment of mankind being warm would pursue the criminal to his last end, and all pity for the offender would be lost in detestation of the offence. Whereas, when executions are delayed so long as they sometimes are, the punishment and not the crime is considered; and no good mind can avoid compassionating a set of wretches who are put to death we know not why, unless, as it almost appears, to make a holiday for, and to entertain, the mob.

Secondly, it should be in some degree private. And here the poets will again assist us. Foreigners have found fault with the cruelty of the English drama, in representing frequent murders upon the stage. In fact, this is not only cruel but highly

injudicious: a murder behind the scenes, if the poet knows how to manage it, will affect the audience with greater terror than if it was acted before their eyes. Of this we have an instance in the murder of the king in *Macbeth*, at which, when Garrick acts the part, it is scarce an hyperbole to say I have seen the hair of an audience stand an end. Terror hath I believe been carried higher by this single instance than by all the blood which hath been spilt on the stage.—To the poets I may add the priests, whose politics have never been doubted. Those of Egypt in particular, where the sacred mysteries were first devised, well knew the use of hiding from the eyes of the vulgar what they intended should inspire them with the greatest awe and dread. The mind of man is so much more capable of magnifying than his eye, that I question whether every object is not lessened by being looked upon: and this more especially when the passions are concerned: for these are ever apt to fancy much more satisfaction in those objects which they affect, and much more of mischief in those which they abhor, than are really to be found in either.

If executions, therefore, were so contrived that few could be present at them, they would be much more shocking and terrible to the crowd without doors than at present, as well as much more dreadful to the criminals themselves, who would thus die in the presence only of their enemies; and where the boldest of them would find no cordial to keep up his spirits, nor any breath to flatter his ambition.

3dly, The execution should be in the highest degree solemn. It is not the essence of the thing itself, but the dress and apparatus of it, which make an impression on the mind, especially on the minds of the multitude, to whom beauty in rags is never desirable, nor deformity in embroidery a disagreeable object.

Montaigne, who of all men, except only Aristotle, seems best to have understood human nature, inquiring into the causes why death appears more terrible to the better sort of people than to the meaner, expresses himself thus: "I do verily believe that it is those terrible ceremonies and preparations wherewith we set it out that more terrify us than the thing itself; a new and contrary way of living, the cries of mothers, wives, and children, the visits of astonished and afflicted friends, the attendance of pale and blubbered servants, a dark room set round with burning tapers, our beds environed with physicians and divines—in fine, nothing but ghastliness and horror round about us, render it so formidable that a man almost fancies himself dead and buried already."*

"If the image of death," says the same author, "was to appear thus dreadful to an army, they would be an army of whining milksops; and where is the difference but in the apparatus? Thus in the field (I may add at the gallows) what is encountered with gaiety and unconcern, in a sick bed becomes the most dreadful of all objects."

In Holland the executions (which are very rare) are incredibly solemn. They are performed in the area before the stadthouse, and attended by all the magistrates. The effect of this solemnity is inconceivable to those who have not observed it in others or felt it in themselves; and to this perhaps, more than to any other cause, the rareness of executions in that country is owing.

Now the following method which I shall venture to prescribe, as it would include all the three particulars of celerity, privacy, and solemnity, so would it, I think, effectually remove all the evils complained

* Montaigne, Essay 19.

of, and which at present attend the manner of inflicting capital punishment.

Suppose then that the court at the Old Bailey was, at the end of the trials, to be adjourned during four days; that against the adjournment day a gallows was erected in the area before the court; that the criminals were all brought down on that day to receive sentence; and that this was executed the very moment after it was pronounced, in the sight and presence of the judges.

Nothing can, I think, be imagined (not even torture, which I am an enemy to the very thought of admitting) more terrible than such an execution; and I leave it to any man to resolve himself upon reflection whether such a day at the Old Bailey or a holiday at Tyburn would make the strongest impression on the minds of every one.

Thus I have, as well as I am able, finished the task which I proposed; have endeavoured to trace the evil from the very fountain-head, and to show whence it originally springs, as well as all the supplies it receives, till it becomes a torrent, which at present threatens to bear down all before it.

And here I must again observe, that if the former part of this treatise should raise any attention in the legislature, so as effectually to put a stop to the luxury of the lower people, to force the poor to industry, and to provide for them when industrious, the latter part of my labour would be of very little use; and indeed all the pains which can be taken in this latter part, and all the remedies which can be devised, without applying a cure to the former, will be only of the palliative kind, which may patch up the disease and lessen the bad effects, but never can totally remove it.

Nor, in plain truth, will the utmost severity to

offenders be justifiable unless we take every possible method of preventing the offence. *Nemo ad supplicia exigenda provenit, nisi qui remedia consumpsit*, says Seneca,* where he represents the governors of kingdoms in the amiable light of parents. The subject as well as the child should be left without excuse before he is punished; for in that case alone the rod becomes the hand either of the parent or the magistrate.

All temptations, therefore, are to be carefully moved out of the way; much less is the plea of necessity to be left in the mouth of any. This plea of necessity is never admitted in our law; "but the reason of that is," says lord Hale, "because it is so difficult to discover the truth." Indeed, that it is not always certainly false is a sufficient scandal to our polity; for what can be more shocking than to see an industrious poor creature, who is able and willing to labour, forced by mere want into dishonesty, and that in a nation of such trade and opulence?

Upon the whole, something should be, nay, must be done, or much worse consequences than have hitherto happened are very soon to be apprehended. Nay, as the matter now stands, not only care for the public safety, but common humanity, exacts our concern on this occasion; for that many cart-loads of our fellow-creatures are once in six weeks carried to slaughter is a dreadful consideration; and this is greatly heightened by reflecting that, with proper care and proper regulations, much the greater part of these wretches might have been made not only happy in themselves, but very useful members of the society which they now so greatly dishonour in the sight of all Christendom.

* De Clementia, lib. ii. Fragm.

PLAYS,

&c.

&c.

LOVE IN SEVERAL MASQUES:

A COMEDY, FIRST ACTED IN 1727.

*Nec Veneris Pharetris macer est, nec Lampade fervet;
Inde faces ardent; veniunt a dote sagittae.*—JUV. Sat. 6.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

MADAM—Your Ladyship's known goodness gives my presumption the hopes of a pardon, for prefixing to this slight work the name of a lady whose accurate judgment has long been the glory of her own sex, and the wonder of ours: especially, since it arose from a vanity to which your indulgence, on the first perusal of it, gave birth.

I would not insinuate to the world, that this play passed free from your censure; since I know it not free from faults, not one of which escaped your immediate penetration. Immediate indeed! for your judgment keeps pace with your eye, and you comprehend almost faster than others overlook.

This is a perfection very visible to all who are admitted to the honour of your conversation: since, from those short intervals you can be supposed to have had to yourself, amid the importunities of all the polite admirers and professors of wit and learning, you are capable of instructing the pedant, and are at once a living confutation of those morose schoolmen who would confine knowledge to the male part of the species; and a shining instance of all those perfections and softer graces, which Nature has confined to the female.

But I offend your Ladyship, whilst I please myself and the reader; therefore I shall only beg your leave to give a sanction to this Comedy, by informing the world, that its representation was twice honoured with your Ladyship's presence; and am, with the greatest respect, Madam, your Ladyship's most obedient, most humble servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

PREFACE.

I BELIEVE few plays have ever adventured into the world under greater disadvantages than this. First, as it succeeded a comedy which, for the continued space of twenty-eight nights, received as great (and as just) applauses as ever were bestowed on the English Theatre; and, secondly, as it is co-temporary with an entertainment which engrosses the whole talk and admiration of the town.

These were difficulties which seemed rather to require the superior force of a Wycherly or a Congreve, than of a raw and unexperienced pen (for I believe I may boast that none ever appeared so early on the stage). However, such was the candour of the audience, the play was received with greater satisfaction than I should have promised myself from its merit, had it even preceded the Provoked Husband.

But after having returned thanks to the spectators, I cannot rest till I have been in some measure grateful to the performers. As for Mr. Wilks and Mr. Cibber, I cannot sufficiently acknowledge their civil and kind behaviour previous to its representation. How advantageously both they and the other personages set off their respective parts at that time, has been spoken of by much politer and better judges than myself.

Lastly, I can never express my grateful sense of the good nature of Mrs. Oldfield; who, though she had contracted a slight indisposition by her violent fatigue in the part of Lady Townley, was prevailed on to grace that of Lady Matchless; which placed her in a light so far inferior to that which she had in the other. Nor do I owe less to her excellent judgment shown in some corrections, which I shall for my own sake conceal. But the ravishing perfections of this lady are so much the admiration of every eye, and every ear, that they will remain fixed in the memory of many, when these light scenes shall be forgotten.

PROLOGUE, OCCASIONED BY THIS COMEDY'S SUCCEEDING THAT OF THE PROVOKED HUSBAND.—SPOKEN BY MR. MILLS.

As when a Raphael's master-piece has been,
By the astonish'd judge, with rapture seen;
Should some young artist next his picture show,
He speaks his colours faint, his fancy low;
Though it some beauties has, it still must fall,
Compar'd to that, which has excell'd in all.

So when, by an admiring ravish'd age,
A finish'd piece is 'plauded on the stage,
What fate, alas! must a young author share,
Who, deaf to all entreaties, ventures there?
Yet, too, too certain of his weaker cause,
He claims nor equal merit nor applause.
Compare 'em not; should favour do its most,
He owns, by the comparison, he's lost.

Light, airy scenes, his comic muse displays,
Far from the buskin's higher vein he strays,
By humour only catching at the bays:
Humour, still free from an indecent flame,
Which, should it raise your mirth, must raise your shame.
Indecency's the bane to ridicule
And only charms the libertine or fool;

Nought shall offend the fair one's ears to-day,
Which they might blush to hear, or blush to say.
No private character these scenes expose,
Our bard at vice, not at the vicious, throws.
If any by his pointed arrows smart,
Why did he bear the mark within his heart?
Since innocently, thus, to please he aims,
Some merit, surely, the intention claims;
With candour, critics, to his cause attend;
Let pity to his lighter errors bend,
Forgive, at least; but if you can, commend.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Wisemore*, MR. MILLS; *Merital*, MR. WILKS; *Malvil*, MR. BRIDGEWATER; *Lord Formal*, MR. GRIFFIN; *Rattle*, MR. CIBBER; *Sir Positive Trap*, MR. HARPER; *Sir Apish Simple*, MR. MILLER; *Lady Matchless*, MRS. OLDFIELD; *Vermilia*, MRS. PORTER; *Helena*, MRS. BOOTH; *Lady Trap*, MRS. MOOR; *Catchit*, MRS. MILLS.—SCENE, LONDON.

ACT I. SCENE I.—*The Piazza*—MERITAL, MALVIL.

Mer. Mr. Malvil, good morrow; I thought the spirit of champagne would have lengthen'd your repose this morning.

Malv. No, sir, the spirit of something else disturbs my mind too much; an unfortunate lover and repose are as opposite as any lover and sense.

Mer. Malapert simile! What is there in life? what joys, what transports, which flow not from the spring of love? The birth of love is the birth of happiness, nay even of life; to breathe without it is to drag on a dull phlegmatic insipid being, and struggle imperfect in the womb of nature.

Malv. What in the name of fustian's here?

Mer. Did you not see the Lady Matchless last night? what ecstasies did she impart, even at a distance, to her beholders!

Malv. A beautiful, rich, young widow in a front box, makes as much noise as a blazing star in the sky; draws as many eyes on her, and is as much criticised on in the polite world, as the other in the learned. With what envious glances was she attacked by the whole circle of belles! and what amorous ones by the gentlemen proprietors of the toupet, snuff-box, and sword-knot!

Mer. Nor could all this elevate her to the least pride or haughtiness; but she carried it with an air not conscious of the envy and adoration she contracted. That becoming modesty in her eyes! that lovely, easy sweetness in her smile! that gracefulness in her mien! that nobleness, without affectation, in her looks! in short, that one complete charm in her person!—Such a woman as this does as much mischief amongst the men of sense—

Malv. As some beaux do amongst the women of none. But, by your speaking so feelingly, I should suspect some mischief here. [*Claps Merital's breast.*]

Mer. Why that fort is not impregnable to the batteries of a fair eye; but there is a certain beautiful, rich, young virgin who keeps guard there.

Malv. Ha! she is a blazing star indeed; where does she live? or rather, where is she worshipped? and in what street is her temple?

Mer. I have described her, and sure my picture is not so bad as to require its name under it.

Malv. But it is so good, that I am afraid you hardly took nature for a pattern.

Mer. Thou art always endeavouring to be satirical on the ladies: pr'ythee desist; for the name of an ill-natured wit will slightly balance the loss of their favour. Who would not prefer a dear smile from a pretty face—

Malv. To a frown from an ugly one.—But have I never seen this inestimable?

Mer. No, sir, the sun has never seen her but by peeping through a window; she is kept as close as a jealous Spaniard keeps his wife, or a city usurer his treasure; and is now brought to town to be married to that gay knight, Sir Apish Simple. [culty.

Malv. You have a rival then, there's one difficulty.

Mer. Ay, and many difficulties, which, in love, are so many charms. In the first place, the young lady's guardian, Sir Positive Trap by name, is an old precise knight, made up of avarice, folly, an ill-bred surliness of temper, and an odd fantastic pride, built on the antiquity of his family, into which he enrols most of the great men he ever heard of. The next is his lady, who is his absolute empress; for though he be monstrously morose to the rest of the world, he is as foolishly easy and credulous to his wife.

Malv. And she, I suppose, is as easy to the rest of the world, as imperious to him.

Mer. Then my mistress is made up of natural spirit, wit, and fire; all these she has improved by an intimate conversation with plays, poems, romances, and such gay studies, by which she has acquired a perfect knowledge of the polite world without ever seeing it, and turned the confinement of her person into the enlargement of her mind. Lastly, my rival,—but his character you know already. And these are my obstacles.

Malv. But what objection does the old knight make to your pretensions?

Mer. Several. My estate is too small, my father was no baronet, and I am—no fool.

Malv. Those are weighty objections, I must confess: to evade the first you must bribe his lawyer, to conquer the second, purchase a title—and utterly to remove the last, plead lover.

Mer. Kindly advised. But what success are you like to reap from that plea with Vermilia?

Malv. Why faith! our affair is grown dull as a chancery suit; but if it be much more prolix, my stock of love will be so far exhausted, that I shall be like a contested heir, who spends his estate in the pursuit of it, and, when his litigious adversary is overthrown, finds his possessions reduced to a long lawyer's bill for more than he is able to pay.

Mer. But then your fates will be different, the one condemned to starve in a prison, the other to surfeit in matrimony. Though, by what I see, you are in little danger of bringing matters to that issue.

Malv. Hast thou seen? Come, perhaps you have discovered what, indeed, her late coldness gives me reason to fear.

Mer. What?

Malv. A rival.

Mer. Ha, ha, ha! you certainly are the most unfortunate in your temper, and most an enemy to yourself, of any man in the world. Be assured, Jack, that if after what has passed between you, so long a service, and so many apparent signs of the sincerest passion on your side, and such a manifest reception of it on hers, she jilts you; yet she has rid you of the greatest pest in nature.

Malv. 'Sdeath! could I reason thus with myself, I might think so, but I love her above my reason. I see my folly and despise it, and yet cannot shun it.

Mer. Well, you are the first in the class of romantic lovers. But, for my part, I would as soon turn chymist, and search for the philosopher's stone, as a lover to run headlong before an ignis fatuus, that flies the faster the more it is pursued.

Malv. These are the known sentiments of you light, gay, fluttering fellows; who, like the weathercock, never fix long to a point, till you are good for nothing.

Mer. And you platonic lovers, like the compass, are ever pointing to the same pole, but never touch it.

Malv. You are a sort of sportsmen who are always hunting in a park of coquets, where your sport is so plenty, that you start fresh game before you have run down the old.

Mer. And you are a sort of anglers ever fishing for prudes, who cautiously steal and pamper up their vanity with your baits, but never swallow the hook.

Malv. But hast thou then discovered anything in Vermilia's conduct, that—

Mer. That makes me confident you will never gain her, so I advise you to raise the siege; for you must carry that garrison by storm, and, I know, you have not so much bravery in love—Ha, amazement! is not that Wisemore?

SCENE II.—WISEMORE, MERITAL, MALVIL.

Wisem. Mr. Merital, Mr. Malvil, your humble servant; I am fortunate, indeed, at my first arrival, to embrace my friends.

Malv. Dear Wisemore, a thousand welcomes; what propitious wind has drove thee to town?

Wisem. No wind propitious to my inclination, I assure ye, gentlemen; I had taken leave of this place long ago, its vanities, hurries, and superficial, empty, ill-digested pleasures.

Mer. But you have seen your error, and, like a relenting nun, who had too rashly taken leave of the world, are returned to enjoy thy pleasures again.

Wisem. No, 'tis business, business, gentlemen, that drags me hither; my pleasures lie another way, a way little known to you gentlemen of the town.

Malv. Not so little known as you imagine, Ned, nor have you been supposed alone these three years in the country. 'Tis no secret that you have had the conversation of—

Wisem. —The wise, the learned, the virtuous. Books, sir, have been mostly my companions, a society preferable to that of this age. Who would converse with fools and fops, whilst they might enjoy a Cicero or an Epictetus, a Plato or an Aristotle? Who would waste his afternoon in a coffee-house, or at a tea-table, to be entertained with scandal, lies, balls, operas, intrigues, fashions, flattery, nonsense, and that swarm of impertinences which compose the common-place chat of the world? Who would bear all this, did he know the sweets of retirement?

Mer. Let me survey thee a little that I may be certain you are my old friend metamorphosed, and no apparition.

Wisem. Look ye, sirs, of all places in the world my spirit would never haunt this. London is to me what the country is to a gay giddy girl, pampered up with the love of admiration; or a young heir just leaped into his estate and chariot. It is a mistress, whose imperfections I have discovered, and cast off. I know it; I have been a spectator of all its scenes. I have seen hypocrisy pass for religion, madness for sense, noise and scurrility for wit, and riches for the whole train of virtues. Then I have seen folly beloved for its youth and beauty, and revered for its age. I have discovered knavery in more forms than ever Proteus had, and traced him through them all, till I have lodged him behind a counter, with the statute of bankruptcy in his hand, and a pair of gilded horns in his pocket.

Mer. and Malv. Ha, ha, ha!

Wisem. I know the folly, foppery, and childishness of your diversions—I know your vices too.

Malv. And hast practised them to my knowledge.

Wisem. So much the more have they contracted

my hate. Oons! If I do not get out of this vile town in three days, I shall get out of the world in four.

Mer. But what earnest business has drove thee hither now, so much against thy will?

Malv. He is married, his wife has drawn him hither, and he is jealous.

Mer. Or are you in law, and have been rid down this morning by a fat serjeant or solicitor?

Malv. He has been writing philosophy, and is come to town to publish it.

Wisem. I have been studying folly, and am come to town to publish it. I know that title will sell any productions, or some of your modern poets who hardly merit that name by their works, would merit it by starving.

Mer. But they deal not so openly with the world, for they promise much tho' they perform little. Nay, I've sometimes seen treatises where the author has put all his wit in the title-page.

Wisem. Why, faith, and politic enough; for few readers now look farther than the title-page.

Mer. But pr'ythee what is this errand of folly, as you are pleased to term it?

Wisem. O beyond conception; I shudder with the apprehension of its being known. But why do I fear it? folly or vice must be of a prodigious height to overtop the crowd; but if it did, the tall, overgrown monster would be admired, and, like other monsters, enrich the possessor. I see your women have gone through with the transformation and dress like us, nay, they frequent coffee-houses too; I was frightened from one just now by two girls in paduasuy coats and breeches.

Malv. Ha, ha, ha! these were two beaux, Ned.

Wisem. So much the greater transformation, for they had apparently more of the woman than the man about them. But, perhaps, by them this amphibious dress may be a significant calculation; for I have known a beau with everything of a woman but the sex, and nothing of a man besides it.

Malv. They will esteem you for that assertion.

Wisem. Why, ay, it may recommend them to the tea-tables. For the natural perfections of our sex, and the unnatural acquisitions of her own, must be a rare compound to make a woman's idol.

Mer. Sure, never was a man so altered! Do not affect singularity this way; for in town we look on none to be so great a fool as a philosopher, and there is no fool so out of fashion.

Wisem. A certain sign fools are in fashion. Philosophy is a true glass, which shows the imperfections of the mind as plain as the other of the body; and no more than a true glass can be agreeable to a town constitution.

Mer. So, here comes one who will hit your taste—

SCENE III.—*To them, RATTLE.*

Rattle. Merital, Malvil, a buss, dear boys. Ha! hum! what figure is that? [more.]

Mer. Mr. Rattle, pray know my friend Mr. Wise-

Rattle. That I will gladly. Sir, I am your most obedient, humble servant, sir.

Wisem. Sir, I am very much yours.

Rattle. Well, I know you will be witty upon me, but since the town will blab, I will put on the armour of assurance, and declare boldly, that I am very, very deeply in love.

Malv. A bold declaration, indeed! and what may require some assurance to maintain, since it is ten to four thou hast never spoke to this new mistress, nay, perhaps, never seen more of her than her picture.

Rattle. Her picture! ha, ha, ha! who can draw the sun in its meridian glories? Neither painting, poetry, nor imagination can form her image. She

is young and blooming as the spring, gay and teeming as the summer, ripe and rich as the autumn.

Malv. Thy chymistry has from that one virtue extracted all the rest, I very modestly suppose.

Mer. You know, Harry, Malvil allows the sex no virtues.

Rattle. That's because they allow him no favours. But to express my mistress's worth, in a word, and prove it too—She is the lady Matchless.

Wisem. Ha!

[*Aside.*

Mer. But what hopes can you have of succeeding against the multitudes which swarm in her drawing-room?

Rattle. Pugh! Tom, you know I have succeeded against greater multitudes before now—and she is a woman of excellent sense.

Wisem. You fix your hopes on a very sound foundation, sir; for a woman of sense will, undoubtedly, set a just value on a laced coat, which qualification is undeniably yours.

Rattle. Sir, as I take it, there are other qualifications appertaining to—

Wisem. But none preferable in the eyes of some women, and the persons of some men, sir.

Rattle. I believe she will find some preferable in the person of your humble servant, sir.

Wisem. Say you so! then know, sir, I am your rival there. [me, sir?

Rattle. Rival, sir! and do you think to supplant

Wisem. I think to maintain my ground, sir.

Mer. And is this the folly you are come to town to publish? For a philosopher to go a widow-hunting, is a folly with a vengeance.

Wisem. [*Aside.*] Am I become a jest? I deserve it. Why did I come hither, but to be laughed at by all the world? my friends will deride me out of love, my enemies out of revenge; wise men from their scorn, and fools from their triumph to see me become as great a fool as themselves. [*To them.*] I see, by your mirth, gentlemen, my company grows tedious, so I'm your humble servant.

SCENE IV.—MERITAL, MALVIL, RATTLE.

Mer. Nay, dear Ned.

Rattle. What queer bundle of rusticity is that?

Mer. A man of admirable sense, I assure you. Your hopes in the widow now are not worth much.

Rattle. Pugh! there's a rival indeed! besides, I am sensible that I am the happy he whom she has chosen out of our whole sex. She is stark mad in love, poor soul! and let me alone when I have made an impression. I tell ye, sirs, I have had opportunities, I have had encouragements, I have had kisses and embraces, lads; but, mum. Now, if you tell one word, devil take me if ever I trust you with a secret again.

Malv. You will pardon me, Harry; but if I believe one word of it, may I never know a secret again.

Rattle. I am glad of that; my joy makes me blab, but it may be for the lady's honour not to have it believed. [too.]

Malv. Ay, faith, and for the honour of her sense

Rattle. I pumped Sir Apish, as you desired; it seems, all matters are agreed on with the old folks; he has nothing now but to get his mistress's own consent.

Malv. That's only a form; Miss says yes now after her father, as readily as after the parson.

Rattle. Well, well, I thank fate my mistress is at her own disposal.

Mer. And did you not tell Sir Apish I was his rival? you can keep a secret.

Rattle. O inviolably to serve a friend, and provided there be an intrigue in the case. I love

intrigues so well, I almost think myself the son of one.

Malv. And to publish them so well, that had you been so and known it, your supposed father would have known his blessing, and the world his title.

Rattle. But why should you think I can't keep a secret? Now, upon my honour, I never publish any one's intrigues but my own.

Malv. And your character is so public, that you hurt nobody's name but your own.

Rattle. Nay, curse take me, if I am ashamed of being publicly known to have an affair with a lady, at all.

Malv. No? but you should be ashamed of boasting of affairs with ladies, whom it is known you never spoke to. [has affairs.]

Mer. There you are too hard on him, for Rattle

Rattle. And with women of rank.

Malv. Of very high rank, if their quality be as high as their lodgings are.

Rattle. Pr'ythee, Malvil, leave this satirical, ill-natur'd way, or, upon my word, we pretty fellows shall not care to be seen in your company.

Mer. You must excuse him, he is only envious of your success; and as the smiles of a mistress raise your gaiety, so the frowns of a mistress cause his spleen.

Rattle. Do they? But you and I, Tom, know better: for, curse me, if it be in the power of the frowns of the whole sex to give me an uneasy moment. Neither do I value their smiles at a pinch of snuff. And yet, I believe, I have as few of the first, and as many of the last, as—

Mer. How! how! not value the widow's smiles?

Rattle. Humph! they are golden ones.

Malv. Here's a rogue would persuade us he is in love, and all the charms he can find in his mistress are in her pocket.

Rattle. Agad, and that opinion is not singular. I have known a fine gentleman marry a rich heiress with a vast deal of passion, and bury her at the month's end with a perfect resignation.

Malv. Then his resignation seems to me much more apparent than his passion.

Rattle. You fix his passion on the wrong object; it was her fortune he was so violently enamoured with, and had that been demanded of him, agad, he would have had no more resignation than a lawyer to refund his fee.

Mer. I am of Rattle's opinion; for if this was not the general notion, how would some celebrated toasts maintain their éclat, who, considered out of the light of their fortune, have no more charms than beau Grin out of his embroidery?

Rattle. Or my lady Wrinkle out of her paint.

Mer. And again, others be neglected who have every charm but wealth. In short, beauty is now considered as a qualification only for a mistress, and fortune for a wife.

Malv. The ladies are pretty even with us, for they have learnt to value good qualities only in a gallant, and to look for nothing but an estate in a husband.

Rattle. These are rare sentiments in a platonic lover.

Mer. Well put. How can a man love, who has so ill an opinion of the sex?

Malv. Merital, you are always touching the wounds of your friends, which are too tender to endure it. [morning?]

Mer. Well, gentlemen, are you for the Mall this

Rattle. With all my heart.

Malv. I have business, but will meet you there.

Rattle. Gad, that's well thought on, I must call on some ladies, but they lie in our way.

Malv. Ay, your ladies commonly lie in everybody's way. [James's.]

Mer. You will find me in the Mall, or at St.

SCENE V.—MERITAL, LORD FORMAL.

Mer. Ha! here's a fool coming, and he is unavoidable. My lord, your humble servant; to see you at this end of the town is a miracle, at so early an hour.

Form. Why, positively, Mr. Merital, this is an hour wherein I seldom make any excursions farther than my drawing-room. But, being a day of business, I have rid down two brace of chairmen this morning. I have been, sir, at three milliners', two perfumers', my bookseller's, and a fan-shop.

Mer. Ha, ha, ha! a very tiresome circuit.

Form. It has exagitated my complexion to that exorbitancy of vermeille, that I shall hardly reduce it to any tolerable consistency under a fortnight's course of acids.

Mer. I think, my lord, it is hardly worth while to be concerned about natural colours, now we are arrived at such a perfection in artificial.

Form. Pardon me. We have, indeed, made some progress in red, but for your pale colours, they must be acquired naturally; your white washes will not subdue cherry cheeks.

Mer. O, if that be the malady, I would prescribe to the gentlemen a course of rakery, and to the ladies a course of vapours.

Form. Well, positively, going into a bookseller's shop is to me the last of fatigues, and yet it is a necessary one: for since the ladies have divided their time between cards and reading, a man, to be agreeable to them, must understand something of books, as well as quadrille.

Mer. I am afraid, if this humour continue, it will be as necessary in the education of a pretty gentleman to learn to read, as to learn to dance.

Form. Why, I'll tell you how I do. By going to a bookseller's shop once a month, I know the titles and authors of all the new books: so when I name one in company, it is, you know, of consequence supposed I have read it: immediately some lady pronounces sentence either favourable or not, according as the fame of the author, and her ladyship's cards, run high or low,—then good manners enrols me in her opinion.

Mer. A very equitable court of justice truly.

Form. Reading, sir, is the worst thing in the world for the eyes; I once gave into it, and had in a very few months gone through almost a dozen pages in Cassandra. But I found it vastly impaired the lustre of my eyes. I had, sir, in that short time perfectly lost the direct ogle—But I lose time—for I am going to make a visit just by—a—I presume, you hear that I intend shortly to quarter my coat of arms?

Mer. The world, my lord, is rather amazed how my lord Formal has so long withstood such temptations.

Form. Why truly I have had as many temptations as any man. But I have ever laid it down as a maxim, that a wife should be very rich. Men who do not know the world will talk of virtue and beauty. Now, in my opinion, virtue is so scarce, it is not worth the looking after; and beauty so common, it is not worth the keeping.

Mer. Do you think a fine woman so trifling a possession, my lord?

Form. Why a fine woman—is a very fine thing—and so—is a fine house, I mean to entertain your friends with: for they, commonly, enjoy both, with the additional pleasure of novelty, whilst they pall on your own taste.

Mer. This from you, my lord, is surprising. Sure, you will allow some women to be virtuous.

Form. O yes. I will allow an ugly woman to be as virtuous as she pleases, just as I will a poor

man to be covetous. But beauty in the hands of a virtuous woman, like gold in those of a miser, prevents the circulation of trade.

Mer. It is rather like riches in the possession of the prudent. A virtuous woman bestows her favours on the deserving, and makes them a real blessing to the man who enjoys her; whilst the vicious one, like a squandering prodigal, scatters them away; and, like a prodigal, is often most despised by those to whom she has been most kind.

Form. This from the gay Mr. Merital is really very surprising.

Mer. Yes, my lord, the gay Mr. Merital now stands candidate for a husband. So you cannot wonder that I would persuade the ladies of my good principles, which may engage some or other to chuse me.

Form. It will as soon engage a country borough to chuse you parliament-man. But I must take an abrupt leave. For the sweetness of your conversation has perfumed my senses to the forgetfulness of an affair which, being of consequential essence, obliges me to assure you that I am your humble servant.

SCENE VI.—MERITAL *alone*.

Prince of coxcombs! 'sdeath! 'tis in the mouths of such fellows as these, that the reputations of women suffer; for women are like books. Malice and envy will easily lead you to the detection of their faults; but their beauties good judgment only can discover, and good nature relish. And woman, that noble volume of our greatest happiness,

Which to the wise affords a rich repast,
Fools only censure from their want of taste.

ACT II. SCENE I.—LADY MATCHLESS'S *House*. —LADY MATCHLESS, VERMILIA.

Match. Upon my word, Vermilia, you wrong me, if you think noise, equipage, or flattery give me any real pleasure; it is, indeed, a pleasing triumph for a prisoner eloped, to reflect on her past confinement and present freedom; freed from that torment, an injurious husband: one who—but he is gone, and, I hope, to heaven.

Verm. That's a generous wish, my dear; and yet I believe it is the wish of many whose husbands deserve a worse place.

Match. You mean, during the life of a bad husband; but those prayers then flow more from self-interest than generosity; for who would not wish her spouse in heaven, when it was the only way to deliver herself out of a hell?

Verm. True, indeed. But yours are the efforts of pure good nature; you pray for the happiness of your tyrant, now you are delivered out of his power.

Match. Ah! poor man! since I can say nothing to his advantage, let him sleep in peace; my revenge shall not be on his memory, but his sex; that part of it which I know would follow his example, were they but in his place.

Verm. You have opportunities enough of revenge, and objects enough to execute it upon; for, I think, you have as many slaves in your assemblies as the French king in his galleys.

Match. Why, really, I sometimes look on my drawing-room as a little parliament of fools, to which every different body sends its representatives. Beaux of all sorts. The courtly lord, who addresses me with a formal, well-bred dissimulation. The airy Sir Plume, who always walks in the minuet-step, and converses in recitativo. [beauty.

Verm. And is a Narcissus in everything but

Match. Then the robust warrior, who proceeds by way of storm or siege. The lawyer, who attacks me as he would a jury, with a cringe, and a lie at the tip of his tongue. The cit, who would cheat me by way of bargain and sale. And—your settling country squire, who would put my life into half his estate, provided I would put his whole family's into all mine.

Verm. There is a more dangerous, though a more ridiculous fool than any of these, and that is a fine gentleman, who becomes the disguise of a lover worse than any you have named.

Match. O, ay; a man of sense acts a lover just as a Dutchman would a harlequin. He stumbles at every straw we throw in his way, which a fop would skip over with ease.

Ver. But pray, my dear, what design have you in view from all these lovers?

Match. The very design Nature had when she formed them—to make fools of them.

Verm. But you will not be surprised, if I admire that you give the least encouragement to the finest gentlemen.

Match. Indeed, I approve your remark. Why, it proceeds from this reason,—that of love, like other fevers, is only dangerous to a rich constitution, and therefore I am cautious of giving a distemper which I do not intend to cure—for I have no absolute intention ever to marry again. [swear.

Verm. Nor absolute resolution against it, I dare

Match. To say the truth, I cannot positively affirm I have; nor, if I had, am I confident I should be able to keep it. For, when Sir William died, I made a secret resolution never to run a second hazard: but—a—at the year's end I don't know how—a—I had like to have fallen into the snare again.

Verm. Well, and by what lucky chance delivered?

Match. The very night before our intended marriage I flew away to London, and left my poor disappointed swain to vent his passion to the wind.

Verm. O what a profusion was there of sighs, vows, prayers, oaths, tears, and curses!—And so you are fled to London as a place of security against love-debts? I know not why it is, but certainly a woman is the least liable to play the fool here; perhaps the hurry of diversions and company keep the mind in too perpetual a motion to let it fix on one object. Whereas in the country, our ideas are more fixed and more romantic. Courts and cities have few heroes or heroines in love.

Match. Ah! Vermilia, let the jealous husband learn from me; there is more danger in woods and purling streams than in an assembly or a playhouse. When a beauteous grove is your theatre, a murmuring cascade your music, nature's flowery landscapes your scene, heaven only the spectator, and a pretty fellow the actor—the Lord knows what the play will be.

Verm. But I hope this five months' absence has restored you to a perfect *statu quo*.

Match. Had he pursued his conquest then, I am afraid I should have fallen before him; but he has given resolution time to rally, and I am now so fortified against him, that all his attacks would prove in vain.

Verm. Be not too confident, for I have heard military men say, that a garrison, to be secure, should have its works well manned as well as strong.

SCENE II.—*To them* CATCHIT.

Catch. Madam, your ladyship's coach is at the door.

Match. Come, my dear, by this, I believe, the park begins to fill.

Verm. I am ready to wait on you, my dear.

Catchit, if Mr. Malvil comes, you may tell him where I'm gone.

Catch. Yes, madam.

SCENE III.—CATCHIT *alone*.

Catch. Well, sure nature has not a more ridiculous creature than a jealous lover. Never did a lady in my profession get more by forging smiles and favourable expressions from a mistress, than I, by making Mr. Malvil believe mine values him less than she does. He has promised me a diamond ring to discover his rival. Ay, but how shall I discover his rival, when he has none? Hum! suppose I make him one! Ay, but that may make mischief; well, but that must make for me. Well then. But who shall this rival be? Ha! Mr. Merital is a favourite of my lady, and is often here. There is an appointment too between him and Helena to meet here at five—my lady will be at home too. Now if I could but persuade Malvil that that assignation was meant with him! [*Stands considering.*]

SCENE IV.—MALVIL, CATCHIT.

Malv. Your servant, pretty Mrs. Catchit. What is that pretty head of yours meditating on?

Catch. Whatever it be, sir, it is for your service; you will be the death of me, you will. I am always contriving, and plotting, and studying, and lying, and swearing, for you.

Malv. And you shall see no end of my gratitude.

Catch. Nor no beginning either, I am afraid: you are in my debt at least five hundred pound at the rate of a guinea a perjury: if I had carried them to Westminster-hall I had made a better bargain.

Malv. Let me enjoy that dear cold mistress of thine, and thou shalt be paid.

Catch. I fear that 's an uncertain condition.

Malv. Ha! what say you?

Catch. Why, sir, I say that—I say, sir, that you have the prettiest ring on your finger there.

Malv. 'Sdeath! do not torture me.

Catch. It sparkles so sweetly.

Malv. Come, you have discovered something. I have a rival then. Vermilia is a jilt.

Catch. Yes, marry, have you.

Malv. Be quick, dear tormentor.

Catch. Well, it is the prettiest ring I ever saw.

Malv. Here, take it, take anything, tell me but all thou knowest.

Catch. O your servant, sir; well, you are a charming man, and one can deny you nothing. I have made such a discovery.

Malv. O dear, dear rogue!

Catch. This very morning, has my lady been praising a certain gentleman with such raptures; running him over from head to foot with so much admiration and fondness! then every now and then, Catchit, (says she) don't you think him an angel? Hum! a very dark one (says I). Did you ever see such eyes, such teeth, such a mouth? (says she). In my opinion, they are all very poor (says I). Then such a shape! such an air (says she)! Why, ay, the man would do for a dancing-master (says I). Lud! Madam, (says I) would you would think of poor Mr. Malvil. (And, to be sure, the tears stood in my eyes when I said it.) O no (says she), I will think of none but Merital. Then (says I)—

Malv. Torments and furies! Merital!

Catch. My mistress doats on him, and has appointed to meet him.

Malv. How? where? when?

Catch. Here, at five.

Malv. 'Sdeath! 'tis impossible.

Catch. It may be impossible, perhaps; but it is true.

Malv. Merital a villain! Vermilia a jilt?—Then the whole world's an illusion.

[*Walks and speaks disorderly.*]

D'ye hear; do not disclose a word of this to any one.

Catch. You may depend on me, sir.

Malv. But where's Vermilia?

Catch. Gone to the park with Lady Matchless.

Malv. Be secret, and be diligent, and you shall not repent your pains.

Catch. Not whilst you have jealousy in your head, and money in your pocket, signior. Well, how this affair will end I know not; but I am sure the beginning has been good. [*Kisses the ring.*]

SCENE V.—SIR POSITIVE TRAP'S *House*.—LADY TRAP, HELENA.

Hel. To be sold! to be put up at auction! to be disposed of, as a piece of goods, by way of bargain and sale!

Trap. Niece, niece, you are dealt with, as a piece of rich goods; you are to be disposed of at a high price; Sir Positive understands the world, and will make good conditions for you. You will have a young gentleman, and a pretty gentleman.

Hel. Yes; if a good estate can make a pretty gentleman.

Trap. Sooner than a pretty gentleman can make a good estate. The pretty gentlemen of our age know better how to spend, than to get one.

Hel. Well, well, madam, my own fortune is sufficient to make the man I love happy. And he shall be one whose merit is his only riches, not whose riches are his only merit.

Trap. The man you love! O impudence! I would be ashamed, was I a young woman, to be even thought to have an indecent passion for a particular young fellow.

Hel. I would, indeed, be ashamed, was I an old woman, to be known to have an indecent passion for all fellows in general.

Trap. Audacious! dare you reflect on me? on me for fellows! who am notorious for my abhorrence of that beastly sex. The young women of our age, are enough to put one out of countenance.

Hel. Youth, madam, always will put age out of countenance in beauty, as age will youth in wisdom; therefore pray, aunt, don't you pretend to the one, and I'll resign all pretensions to the other.

Trap. Do you think you have so much beauty then, miss?

Hel. I think I have enough to do so small an execution; and, I am sure, I have enough to please myself, and him I desire to please; let the rest of the world think what they will, 'tis not worth my care; I have no ambition to be toasted in every company of men, and roasted in every assembly of women: for the envy of the women is a necessary consequence of the admiration of the men.

SCENE VI.—*To them*, SIR POSITIVE TRAP.

Sir Pos. What lie are you telling? ha!

Trap. Justify me, deary, justify me; your niece says I have an indecent passion for your whole sex.

Sir Pos. That I will, by the family of the Traps. So far from that, hussy, she hates our whole sex; she has hardly a decent passion for her own husband, because he's a man. [*uncle.*]

Hel. You have hit the nail on the head, my dear

Sir Pos. Hussy, hussy, you are a disgrace to the family of the Traps. I can hardly believe Sir Nicodemus Trap to have been your grandfather, Sir Gregory your father, and Sir Positive your uncle.

Hel. Surfeiting genealogy! ha, ha, ha!

Sir Pos. Do you ridicule your ancestors, the illustrious race of Traps?

Hel. No, Sir: I honour them so far, that I am resolved not to take a fool into the family.

Sir Pos. Do you mean Sir Apish, minx? Do you call a baronet a fool, and one of so ancient a house? Hussy, the Simples and the Traps are the two ancientest houses in England. Don't provoke me, don't provoke me, I say; I'll send for Sir Apish immediately; and you shall be wedded, bedded, and executed in half an hour.

Hel. Indeed! executed? O barbarous!

Sir Pos. These girls love plain-dealing. She wants it *in puris naturalibus*. [*Half aside.*]

Trap. Had you heard her just now, you would have thought her ripe for anything; I protest she made me blush.

Sir Pos. O monstrous! make my lady wife blush!

Hel. She who did that, I am sure, was ripe for anything.

Sir Pos. Hussy, you are no Trap; you have nothing of the Traps in you. The midwife put a cheat on Sir Gregory.

Trap. I have wondered how a creature of such principles could spring up in a family so noted for the purity of its women.

Sir Pos. She shall change her name to-morrow; prepare to receive Sir Apish, for this is the last day of your virginity.

Hel. Do you look on my consent as unnecessary, then? for he has never made any addresses to me.

Sir Pos. Addresses to you! Why I never saw my lady there 'till an hour before our marriage. I made my addresses to her father, her father to his lawyer, the lawyer to my estate, which being found a Smithfield equivalent—the bargain was struck. Addressing quotha! What need have young people of addressing, or anything, till they come to undressing?

Trap. Ay, this courtship is an abominable, diabolical practice, and the parent of nothing but lies and flattery. The first who used it was the Serpent to beguile Eve.

Sir Pos. Oons! and it hath beguiled above half the women since. I hope to see the time, when a man may carry his daughter to market with the same lawful authority as any other of his cattle. But for you, madam, to-morrow's your wedding-day; I have said it, and I am positive.

Hel. Yes. But know, uncle of mine, that I am a woman, and may be as positive as you; and so your servant. [*in this rage.*]

Trap. After her, honey; don't leave her to herself

Sir Pos. I'll bring her to herself, by the right hand of the Traps.

SCENE VII.—LADY TRAP alone.

If Helena be Sir Simple's to-morrow, I have but this day for my design on Merital. Some way he must know my love: But should he reject it and betray me! why, if he does, 'tis but denying it bravely, and my reserv'd behaviour has raised me such a reputation of virtue that he would not be believed. Yet how to let him know! Should I write! that were too sure a testimony against me; and yet that's the only way. My niece goes to Lady Matchless's this evening. I'll make him an assignation, in her name, to meet by dark, in the dining-room. But how to make it in her name.—*(Pauses.)*—Ha! I have thought of a way, and will about it instantly.

SCENE VIII.—HELENA and SIR POSITIVE TRAP.

Hel. Don't tease me so, dear uncle. I can never like a fool, I abhor a fop.

Sir Pos. But there are three thousand pounds a-year, and a title. Do you abhor those, hussy?

Hel. His estate I don't want, and his title I despise.

Sir Pos. Very fine! very fine! despise a title! hussy, you are no Trap; Oons! I believe you are no woman either. What, would you take a scandalous, sneaking Mister, one who can't make you a lady?

Hel. Since nothing else will do, I am engaged by all the strength of vows and honour.

Sir Pos. Engaged! why was not the widow Jilt engaged to Mr. Goodland, and left him immediately on the arrival of Sir Harry Rich, whom she left again for my lord Richmore? Never tell me of engagements, contracts, and I don't know what. Mere bugbears to frighten children with; all women of sense laugh at them. You are no more obliged to stand to your word when you have promised a man, than when you have refused him. The law dissolves all contracts without a valuable consideration; or, if it did not, a valuable consideration would dissolve the law.

Hel. Perhaps, sir, I'll never marry at all.

Sir Pos. Hussy, hussy, you have a sanguine constitution. You will either marry, or do worse.

Hel. In my opinion, I can't do worse than to marry a fool.

Sir Pos. A very fine notion indeed!—I must sell her soon, or she will go off but as a piece of second-hand goods. [*Aside.*]

SCENE IX.—To them, LADY TRAP with a letter.

Trap. O my dear, see what good luck has presented us with. A letter from your niece to Merital.

SIR POSITIVE reads.

"Dear Sir,—This afternoon my uncle will be abroad, to-morrow I am intended for Sir Apish. I need say no more than at six this evening you will find in the dining-room, yours—HELENA.

"P.S. I shall be alone, and in the dark; ask no questions, but come up directly."

But, deary, this is not her hand.

Trap. Do you think, child, she would not disguise it as much as possible?

Sir Pos. I smell it. I see it. I read it. 'Tis her hand with a witness. See here, thou vile daughter of Sir Gregory. An assignation to a man.

Hel. Insupportable! to confront me with a forgery.

Sir Pos. Your own forgery, hussy. [*hand.*]

Trap. But, really, it does not look very like her

Sir Pos. Let me see, hum! 'tis not exactly, very, very like. Methinks 'tis not like at all.

[*Looking through spectacles.*]

Trap. This may be some counterfeit. I would engage my honour she is innocent. Copy it over before your uncle, my dear, that will be a conviction.

Sir Pos. Copy it over before Sir Positive, hussy.

Hel. Bring pen, ink, and paper there. You shall not have the least pretence to accuse me.

Sir Pos. I would not have thee guilty for the world. I would not have such a disgrace fall on our noble and ancient family. It might render us ridiculous to every upstart.

[*Here a servant brings pen, &c.* HELENA writes.

Trap. O horrible! write to a man! Had I held a pen, at her age, with that design, my hand would have shook so that I should have spilt my ink with the bare apprehension.

Hel. Now, sir, be convinced, and justify me.

[*Giving the letter with the copy to Sir Pos.*]

Sir Pos. There is, indeed, no resemblance.

Trap. Are you blind? They are both alike to a tittle. [*Taking them.*]

Sir Pos. To a dot. Her hand to a dot. I'll send for Sir Apish immediately. I smell it; a rank plot! I smell it.

Hel. You have out-faced me bravely before Sir Positive. You may not, perhaps, do so before an impartial judge.

SCENE X.—LADY TRAP *alone*.

It is strange that women should contend for wit in a husband when they may enjoy such an advantage from having a fool.

SCENE XI.—ST. JAMES'S Park.—LADY MATCHLESS, VERMILIA, MERITAL, RATTLE.

Mer. Indeed, Vermilia, it is very barbarous in you to torment poor Malvil so. Don't you think, if you should drive him to any desperate extremity, you would have a great deal to answer for? And I assure you, by words he has lately dropped, I fear he has some such design.

Rattle. Don't you imagine, widow, that an humble servant of yours is in as much danger?

Match. If he be, I wish him a safe deliverance.

Verm. Would he have me believe him mad enough to run his neck into one noose, because I am not mad enough to run mine into a worse? No, no. You all use those words—ropes, daggers, swords, and pistols—only as embellishments of speech; or, if you have any design by them, it is to frighten us, not injure yourselves.

Match. But I am resolved not to be alarmed with threats. Let me see a gallant fairly swinging—and then—I'll say, poor Strephon, alas! he did love. [reason.

Mer. You might justly say, he had more love than

Verm. Why do you attempt then to persuade us into so despicable an opinion of your reason?

Mer. Malvil says, that's the surest way to your love: and that the lower we are in your opinion of our sense the higher we are in your favour. He compares those to two scales, of which as the one rises the other falls.

Match. And, upon my word, he is in the right; for who expects wit in a lover, any more than good music in an English opera, or common sense in an Italian one?—They are all three absolute farces. Not but I would have the creature be a little rational and able to divert one in the sullenness of a monkey or a paroquet; so as to sing half a favourite song, or read a new play, or fill up a party at quadrille.

Mer. As a chair does at a country dance, or a country justice a chair at a quarter-sessions.

Match. Right. A lover, when he is admitted to cards, ought to be solemnly silent, and observe the motions of his mistress. He must laugh when she laughs, sigh when she sighs. In short, he should be the shadow of her mind. A lady, in the presence of her lover, should never want a looking-glass; as a beau, in the presence of his looking-glass, never wants a mistress.

Mer. Since a lover is such a ridiculous thing, madam, e'en turn one into a husband.

Match. Ah! the very name throws me into the vapours—

Rattle. It is a receipt which has cured many a vapoured lady of my acquaintance.

Mer. But, Lady Matchless, what would you say to a lover who should address himself to your reason, and try to convince you of the principal end in the formation of woman, and the benefits of matrimony; from the lights of nature and religion, disclose to you the system of platonic love, and draw his pretensions from his wisdom, and his arguments from his philosophy?

Match. If he had more philosophy than love I should advise him to seek his cure from that. But if he had more love than philosophy—mercy upon him!

Mer. Then you have just such a lover arrived.

Match. Bless us! 'Tis not Seneca's ghost, I hope.

Mer. No, 'tis the ghost of a departed beau, in the habit of a country squire, with the sentiments of an Athenian philosopher, and the passion of an Arcadian swain.

Match. This must be Wisemore. [Aside.

Verm. A motley piece, indeed. I fancy, my dear, there is as ridiculous a variety in this one, as in all the rest of your admirers.

Rattle. Variety enough: for by his dress you would imagine he came from North Friezland, and his manners seem piping hot from the Cape of Good

Match. Fie! you rally. [Hope.

Mer. Why, positively, the poor man is an apter object of pity than of raillery, and would better become an elegy than a lampoon. He look'd as melancholy, as ill-natur'd, and as absurd, as I've seen a young poet who could not outlive the third night. [liv'd the third night.

Rattle. —Or an old bridegroom who has out-

Verm. Dear Matchless, let us turn; for I see one coming whom I would avoid.

Mer. You won't be so cruel! I'll discover you.

Verm. Do: and I will revenge myself on you to Helena.

SCENE XII.—MALVIL, MERITAL.

Malv. Who are those fine ladies you parted from?

Mer. Some of Rattle's acquaintance.

Malv. Was not Vermilia there?

Mer. She was.

Malv. Do you act friendly, Merital?

Mer. Ay, faith! and very friendly; for I have been pleading your cause with the same earnestness as if I had been your counsel in the affair. I have been a sort of proxy to you.

Malv. Confusion! [Aside.

Mer. Why, thou art jealous, I believe. Come, do we dine together?

Malv. I am engaged, but will meet at five.

Mer. Nay, then I am engaged, and to meet a

Malv. A mistress at five! [mistress.

Mer. Ay, sir, and such a mistress!—But I see something has put you out of humour: so I will not expatiate on my happiness: for I know lovers are, of all creatures, the most subject to envy. So your servant.

SCENE XIII.—MALVIL *alone*.

Malv. And thou shalt find they are subject to rage too. Do you laugh at your successful villany? Yet his open carriage would persuade me he has no ill design. This morning too he told me of another mistress. But that may be false, and only intended to blind my suspicions. It must be so. Vermilia's fond expressions, her appointment, his denying her. O they are glaring proofs! and I am now convinced. Yet all these appearances may be delusions. Well, I will once more see her. If I find her innocent, I am happy; if not, the knowing her guilt may cure my love. But anxiety is the greatest of torments.

In doubt, as in the dark, things sad appear,
More dismal and more horrid than they are.

ACT III. SCENE I.—LADY MATCHLESS'S House.
—MALVIL, VERMILIA.

Malv. How have I deserved this usage, madam? By what behaviour of mine have I provoked you to make me that despicable thing, the dangler after a woman who is carrying on an affair with another man?

Verm. An affair, sir?

Malv. You know too well the justice of my accusation, nor am I a stranger to your soft, languish-

ing fondness, your wanton praises of my rival, of Merital, your walking in the Park, your appointment with him.

Verm. O jealousy, thou child and bane of love! rash, dreaming madman, could you awake from your errors, and see how grossly you abuse me, if you had the least spark of humanity left, it would raise a flame of horror in your soul.

Malv. O, it were worse than ten thousand deaths to find I have wrong'd you, and I would undergo them all to prove you innocent.

Verm. To think you innocent, I must think you mad. Invention cannot counterfeit any other excuse.

Malv. A reflection on your own conduct, madam, will justify every part of mine, but my love.

Verm. Name not that noble passion. A savage is as capable of it as thou art. And do you tax me with my love to Merital? He has as many virtues as thou hast blemishes. The proudest of our sex might glory in his addresses, the meanest might be ashamed of thine. Go, curse thy fate, and nature, which has made thee an object of our scorn: but thank thy jealousy, which has discovered to thee that thou art the derision of a successful rival, and my aversion.

SCENE II.—MALVIL, CATCHIT. [*Malvil stands as in amaze.*]

Catch. O gemini! sir, what's the matter? I met my mistress in the greatest rage.

Malv. You know enough not to have asked that. Here, take this letter, and, when Merital comes to his appointment, you will find an opportunity to deliver it him. Be sure to do it before he sees your mistress; for I have contrived a scheme in it that will ruin him for ever with her.—You will deliver it carefully?

Catch. Yes, indeed, sir.

Malv. And learn what you can, and come to my lodgings to-morrow morning—take this kiss as an earnest of what I'll do for you.

SCENE III.—CATCHIT *alone.*

Catch. Methinks I long to know what this scheme is. I must know, and I will know. 'Tis but wafer-sealed. I'll open it and read it. But here are the ladies.

SCENE IV.—LADY MATCHLESS, VERMILIA.

Match. Ha, ha, ha! and so the creature has taken a fit of jealousy into his head, and has been raving most tragically! Don't look so dull, dear; what, because he gives himself airs, will you give yourself the vapours?

Verm. I am concerned only that I should ever have favoured him in my opinion.

Match. Indeed, you have no cause: for you have revenge in your own hand, since nothing but matrimony will cure his phrenzy.

Verm. Which cure when I afford him, may I—

Match. O no oaths, no imprecations. But, if any, let it be this. When next you are inclined to forgive him, may he be so stubborn not to ask it; that, I am sure, is curse enough.

Verm. Nay, but dear Matchless, do not rally me on that subject.

Match. Is there any subject fitter for raillery? the wise, you know, have always made a jest of love.

Verm. Yes, and love has made a jest of the wise, who seem to have no other quarrel to it, but that they are the least successful in it.

Match. Nay, if you are an advocate for love, I shall think—

Verm. What?

Match. That you are in love. [*teasing—*]
Verm. Well, you are a censorious, ill-natured,
Match. Don't be out of humour, child. I tell you the fellow's your own.

SCENE V.—*To them*, RATTLE.

Rattle. Ladies, your humble servant.

Match. O, you are most opportunely come, for poor Vermilia is horridly in the vapours, and you are, we know, a skilful physician.

Rattle. But what signifies skill in the physician, when the patient will not take his advice?

Verm. When he mistakes the disease, his advice is not like to be safe. And, I assure you, I never was less in the vapours than now.

Match. That's a dangerous symptom; for, when a sick lady thinks herself well, her fever must be very high.

Rattle. Pox take her! would she was dead! for she's always in my way. [*Aside.*]

Verm. This is acting physicians, indeed, to persuade me into a distemper.

Rattle. I believe, madam, you are in very little danger. But, widow, the whole town wonders you are not surfeited with so much courtship.

Verm. Courtship, Mr. Rattle, is a dish adapted to the palate of our sex.

Rattle. But there is a second course more agreeable, and better adapted to a lady's palate. Courtship is but a long, dull grace to a rich entertainment, both equally banes to sharp-set appetite, and equally out of fashion; the beau-monde say only *Benedicite*, and then fall on.

Match. No; courtship is to marriage, like a fine avenue to an old falling mansion beautified with a painted front; but no sooner is the door shut on us, than we discover an old, shabby, out-of-fashioned hall, whose only ornaments are a set of branching stag's horns—lamentable emblems of matrimony.

SCENE VI.—LADY MATCHLESS, LORD FORMAL, VERMILIA, RATTLE.

Form. Ladies, I am your most obedient, and obsequious humble servant. Mr. Rattle, I am your devoted.

Rattle. That's an overstrained compliment, my lord: we all know you are entirely devoted to the ladies.

Match. That's an overstrained compliment to us; for we must be all proud of so elegant a devoté!

Form. Your ladyship has infused more pride into the ingredients of my nature by that one word, than ever was in them since their first mingling into man. And if my title, or the opinion which the world has (I will not say justly) conceived of me, can render me agreeable to the fountain of beauty, I would, with pleasure, throw off all other canals, and let the pure current of my joys flow from her alone.

Match. That were to draw the envy of the whole world on me; and would be as unreasonable as a desire to monopolise the light of the sun.

Form. As your ladyship says, I have been compared to the sun. But the comparison will break, if pursued; for the sun shines on all alike; whereas my influence would be strictly confined to one centre.

Rattle. Methinks, my lord, you who profess good-breeding should be less particular before ladies.

Verm. O, we may excuse particularity in a lover; besides, Lord Formal is so perfect a master of good-breeding, that if he launched a little out of the common road, the world would esteem it a precedent, and not an error.

Match. O, we shall never out-shine the court of France, till Lord Formal is at the head of *les affaires de beau monde*.

Form. Your ladyship's compliments are such an inundation, that they hurry the weak return of mine down their stream. But, really, I have been at some pains to inculcate principles of good-breeding, and laid down some rules concerning distance, submission, ceremonies, laughing, sighing, ogling, visits, affronts, respect, pride, love.

Verm. Has your lordship published this book? It must be mightily read, for it promises much—And then the name of the author—

Rattle. [*Aside.*] Promises nothing.

Form. Why, I am not determined to print it at all: for there are an ill-bred set of people called critics, whom I have no great notion of encountering.

SCENE VII.—*To them, SIR POSITIVE TRAP, SIR APISH SIMPLE, HELENA.*

Sir Pos. Ladies, your humble servant; your servant, gentlemen.

Match. You are a great stranger, Sir Positive.

Sir Pos. Ay, cousin, you must not take our not visiting you oftener amiss, for I am full of business, and she there, poor girl, is never easy but when she is at home. The Traps are no gadding family, our women stay at home and do business. [*lieve.*]

Rattle. [*Aside.*] Their husbands' business, I be-

Sir Pos. They are none of our fidgeting, flirting, flaunting lasses, that sleep all the morning, dress all the afternoon, and card it all night. Our daughters rise before the sun, and go to bed with him: The Traps are housewives, cousin. We teach our daughters to make a pie instead of a curtsy, and that good old English art of clear-starching, instead of that heathenish gambol called dancing.

Form. Sir, give me leave to presume to ask your pardon.

Sir Apish. Why, sir father of mine, you will not speak against dancing before the ladies. Clear-starching, indeed! you will pardon him, madam, Sir Positive is a little *à la campagne*.

Sir Pos. Dancing begets warmth, which is the parent of wantonness. It is, sir, the great-grandfather of cuckoldom.

Form. O inhuman! it is the most glorious invention that has been conceived by the imagination of mankind, and the most perfect mark that distinguishes us from the brutes.

Sir Pos. Ay, sir, it may serve some, perhaps; but the Traps have always had reason to distinguish them.

Form. You seem to have misunderstood me, sir; I mean the polite world from the savage.

Match. Have you seen the new opera, cousin Helena?

Hel. I never saw an opera, cousin; and, indeed, I have a great curiosity— [*on you?*]

Form. May I presume on the honour of waiting

Sir Pos. Sir, sir, my niece has an antipathy to music, it always makes her head ache. [*ache!*]

Sir Apish. Ha, ha, ha! music make a lady's head

Sir Pos. Ay, and her husband's heart ache too, by the right hand of the Traps.

Form. Pray, sir, who are the Traps?

Sir Pos. Why, sir, the Traps are a venerable family. We have had, at least, fifty knights of the shire, deputy lieutenants, and colonels of the militia in it. Perhaps the Grand Mogul has not a nobler coat of arms. It is, sir, a lion rampant, with a wolf couchant, and a cat courant, in a field gules.

Form. It wants nothing but supporters to be very noble, truly.

Sir Pos. Supporters, sir! it has six thousand a year to support its nobility, and six thousand years to support its antiquity.

Form. You will give me leave to presume, sir, with all the deference imaginable to your superiority of judgment, to doubt whether it be practicable to confer the title of noble on any coat of arms that labours under the deplorable deficiency of a coronet.

Sir Pos. How, sir! do you detract from the nobility of my coat of arms? If you do, Sir, I must tell you, you labour under a deficiency of common sense. [*his lordship.*]

Match. O fie, Sir Positive! you are too severe on

Sir Pos. Here is a lord then! and what of that? an old English baronet is above a lord. A title of yesterday! an innovation! who were lords, I wonder, in the time of Sir Julius Cæsar? And it is plain he was a baronet, by his being called by his Christian name.

Verm. Christen'd name! I apprehended, sir, that Cæsar lived before the time of Christianity.

Sir Pos. And what then, madam? he might be a baronet without being a Christian, I hope. But I don't suppose our antiquity will recommend us to you: for women love upstarts, by the right hand of the Traps.

SCENE VIII.—*To them, WISEMORE.*

Wisem. Ha! grant me patience, Heaven. Madam, if five months' absence has not effaced the remembrance of what has passed between us, you will recollect me with blushing cheeks. Not to blush now were to forsake your sex.

Match. You have forsaken your humanity, sir, to affront me thus publicly.

Wisem. How was I deceived by my opinion of your good sense! but London would seduce a saint. A widow no sooner comes to this vile town, than she keeps open house for all guests. All, all are welcome. Your hatchments were at first intended to repel visitants; but they are now hung out for the same hospitable ends as the bills, "Lodgings to let;" with this difference only, that the one invites to a mercenary, the other to a free tenement. [*here.*]

Rattle. This behaviour, sir, will not be suffered

Sir Apish. No, sir, this behaviour, sir, will not be suffered here, sir.

Form. Upon my title, it is not altogether consonant to the rules of consummate good breeding.

Match. Pray, gentlemen, take no notice.

Wisem. Madam, I may have been too rude; I hope you'll pardon me. The sudden surprise of such a sight hurried away my senses, as if I sympathised with the objects I beheld. But I have recovered them. My reason cools, and I can now paint out your errors. Start not at that word, nor be offended that I do it before so many of your admirers; for tho' my colours be never so lively, the weak eye of their understanding is too dim to distinguish them. They will take them for beauties: they will adore you for them. You may have a coronet, doubtless. A large jointure is as good a title to a lord, as a coronet is to a fair lady.

Match. Ha, ha, ha! witty, I protest, and true; for, in my opinion, a lord is the prettiest thing in the world.

Form. And your ladyship may make him the happiest thing in the world.

Wisem. O nature, nature, why didst thou form woman, in beauty, the master-piece of the creation, and give her a soul capable of being caught with the tinsel outside of such a fop as this? this empty, gaudy, nameless thing!

Form. Let me presume to tell you, that nameless thing will be agreeable to the ladies, in spite of your envy.

Wisem. Madam by all that's heavenly, I love

you more than life; would I might not say, than wisdom. If it be not in my power to merit a return, let me obtain this grant, that you would banish from you these knaves, these vultures; wolves are more merciful than they. What is their desire, but to riot in your plenty? to sacrifice your boundless stores to their licentious appetites? to pay their desponding creditors with your gold? to ravage you, ruin you; nay to make you curse that auspicious day which gave you birth!

Form. This is the rudest gentleman that ever offended my ears since they first enjoyed the faculty of hearing. [*Aside.*]

Verm. This is very unaccountable, methinks.

Match. Lord, my dear, don't you know he has been formerly a beau? and was, indeed, very well received in his time; 'till going down into the country, and shutting himself up in a study among a set of paper-philosophers, he, who went in a butterfly, came out a book-worm. Ha, ha, ha!

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Wisem. When once a lady's raillery is set a running, it very seldom stops till it has exhausted all her wit.

Rattle. Agad, I would advise you to wade off before the stream's too high; for your philosophy will be sure to sink you.

Sir Pos. Ay, ay, sink sure enough: for, by the right hand of the Traps, a lady's wit is seldom anything but froth.

Rattle. I have seen it make many a wise esquire froth at the mouth before now. [*indeed.*]

Verm. That must be a very likely sign of a lover,

Wisem. O very, very likely; for it is a certain sign of a madman.

Form. If those are synonymous terms, I have long since entered into a state of distraction.

Wisem. If I stay, I shall be mad, indeed. Madam, farewell; may Heaven open your eyes before you are shut into perdition!

SCENE IX.—LADY MATCHLESS, VERMILIA, HELENA, LORD FORMAL, SIR POSITIVE, SIR APISH, AND RATTLE.

Match. Ha, ha, ha! rustic! Did you ever, ever see such a creature?

Form. No, upon my title; nor am I perfectly determinate what species of animals to assign him to, unless he be one of those barbarous insects the polite call country 'squires.

Sir Pos. Barbarous! Sir, I'd have you to know there are not better-natured people alive.

Hel. [*Aside.*] I am uneasy at this disappointment of Merital.—Sir, my aunt will be at home before us.

Sir Pos. So she will, chucky. Lookee, cousin, you see the Traps don't love gadding.

Form. May I presume to lead you to your coach?

Sir Pos. Sir, I always lead my niece myself: it's the custom of the Traps. [*humble servant.*]

Form. Sir, your most obedient and obsequious

SCENE X.—LADY MATCHLESS, VERMILIA, LORD FORMAL, SIR APISH, AND RATTLE.

Form. If they are all like you, the Traps are the worst bred family in Europe. [*Aside.*]—I presume that gentleman has some heiress with him.

Sir Apish. Why, she is to be my wife to-morrow morning.

Match. How, Sir Apish! this is surprising.

Sir Apish. Why, indeed, I do not like country education; but then I consider that the town air will produce town-breeding: for there was Lady Rig, who, when first she came to town, nothing was ever so awkward. But now she swims a minuet, and sits you eight and forty hours at quadrille.

Form. Her ladyship is indebted to my instruc-

tions; for it is well known, before I had the honour of her acquaintance, she has publicly spoke against that divine collection of polite learning written by Mr. Gulliver: but now, the very moment it is named, she breaks out into the prettiest exclamation, and cries, O the dear, sweet, pretty little creatures! Oh, gemini! would I had been born a Lilliputian!

Match. But methinks, Sir Apish, a lady who has seen the world should be more agreeable to one of your refined taste: besides, I have heard you say you like a widow.

Sir Apish. Ah! l'amour! a perfect declaration! she is in love with me, mardie!—[*Aside.*] Ah! madam, if I durst declare it, there is a certain person in the world, who, in a certain person's eye, is a more agreeable person than any person, amongst all the persons, whom persons think agreeable persons.

Match. Whoever that person is, she, certainly, is a very happy person.

Sir Apish. Ah! madam, my eyes sufficiently and evidently declare, that that person is no other person than your ladyship's own person.

Match. Nay, all this I have drawn on myself.

Form. Your ladyship's eyes are two load-stones that attract the admiration of our whole sex: their virtues are more refined than the loadstone's; for you, madam, attract the golden part.

Rattle. Come, gentlemen, are you for the opera?

Form. Oh! by all means. Ladies, your most humble servant.

Sir Apish. Your ladyship's everlasting creature.

SCENE XI.—LADY MATCHLESS, VERMILIA.

Verm. And pray, my dear, what do you mean by an additional lover?

Match. To deliver my cousin Helena from so detestable a match. She entreated it of me; and I believe I have now done her business, and am a successful rival.

SCENE XII.—To them, CATCHIT.

Catch. Oh, madam, I have been waiting this half-hour for an opportunity! There's a terrible scene of mischief going forwards. Mr. Malvil has been taxing me about Mr. Merital; and so I let drop a few words, and so he has taken a fit of jealousy, and so see the consequence. [*Gives an open letter.*]

Verm. Ha! it is a challenge! How came you by it?

Catch. Why, madam, he had heard that Mr. Merital had an appointment here, and so he desired me to give him this letter, and so, and so—

Verm. And so you had the curiosity to open it?

Match. Since it has given us an opportunity to prevent mischief, you must pardon her.

Verm. Prevent! No, I'll further it rather.

Match. But, my dear, consider here is the life of the innocent as well as guilty at stake.

Catch. O, dear, madam, don't let poor Mr. Merital suffer for my fault.

Verm. Your fault?

Catch. If you will pardon me, madam, I'll discover the whole mistake.

Match. On that condition, I'll assure your pardon.

Catch. Why, madam, I had heard that Mrs. Helena was to be here at five, and so I sent word to Mr. Merital; and Mr. Malvil coming in at that time (which was when your ladyship went to the Park this morning), I dropped a word or two about meeting a mistress here; and so, I suppose, he thought it was your ladyship: and so, this afternoon he gave me a letter, which, I must own, my curiosity—

Verm. Very fine, indeed!

Match. I have a thought just risen, which may

turn this accident into a very lucky scene of diversion. Mistress Catchit, can you not change the name of Merital on the superscription into that of Wisemore?

Catch. O, madam, I am dextrous at those things.

Match. Come in, then, and I'll tell you farther. Give me your hand, Vermilia: take my word for it, child, the men are very silly creatures; therefore let us laugh at mankind,

And teach them that, in spite of all their scorn,

Our slaves they are, and for our service born.

SCENE XIII.—SIR POSITIVE TRAP'S House.—
LADY TRAP discovered, and then MERITAL.

Trap. Everything is prepared; now is the happy hour. I hear some steps; 'tis surely he. Who's there? my love?

Mer. My life! my soul! my joy!

Trap. Soft, my aunt will hear us.

Mer. Oh, name her not. She is a perfect antidote to love. Let these blessed moments be spent in nothing but soft caresses. Oh! let me breathe out my fond soul on thy lips, and let thine own inform thee what I'd say. It will, I know, be tender as my thoughts.

Trap. [*Aside.*] What fools men are to make bustle about particular women, when they know not one from another in the dark!

Mer. But say, my life, what method shall I contrive for your escape? Consider you are in the jaws of wretches, who would, for a little profit, see you miserable for ever.

Trap. I must blame my ill-advised boldness, in trusting myself alone, even with you. I fear the frailty of my own sex, and the strength of yours.

Mer. Not infant babes can love their tender mothers with more innocence. Sure my Helena has observed nothing in my conduct to ground such a suspicion on. But let us not trifle: go with me now; do not trust your aunt; she has cunning enough to deceive a thousand Arguses.

Trap. Nay, you have no reason to asperse my aunt; she always speaks well of you, and I hate ingratitude. [*Here HELENA, entering with a candle, overhearing LADY TRAP, blows it out, retires to the corner of the scene, and listens.*]

Mer. 'Tis the aunt herself. What a nose have I, to mistake a bunch of hemlock for a nosegay of violets! I don't know the meaning of this; but I'll try how far she will carry it; perhaps I may blind her suspicions for the future. [*Aside.*—Come, come, madam, contrive some way for an escape, or I shall make use of the present opportunity. My passion must be cooled.

Trap. [*In a low voice.*] I'll call my aunt, if you dare attempt.

Mer. She is here already, madam. Ha, ha, ha! did you think I did not know a fine woman from a green girl? Could not my warm vigorous kisses inform you that I knew on whom they were bestowed? You must long since have discovered my passion for your niece to have been a counterfeit, a covering on my flame for you. Be assured, madam, she has nothing agreeable to me but her fortune. Would you manage wisely, you might secure yourself a gallant, and your gallant an estate.

Trap. Could I believe you, sir, it were an affront to my virtue.

Mer. Ah! madam, whom did you expect just now, when, with a languishing sigh, you cried, Who's there? my love? that's not a name for a husband.

Trap. Since I am discovered, I will own—

Mer. Let me kiss away the dear word.—Brandy and assafœtida, by Jupiter! [*Aside.*

Trap. But will you be a man of honour?

Mer. [*Aloud.*] For ever, madam, for ever, whilst those bright eyes conquer all they behold. The devil's in it if this does not alarm somebody. [*Aside.*

Trap. Softly, sir, you will raise the house.

Mer. [*Aside.*] I am sure I never wanted relief more—

Trap. Ha! I am alone, in the dark, a bed-chamber by: if you should attempt my honour, who knows what the frailty of my sex may consent to? Or, if you should force me, am I, poor weak woman, able to resist? Ay, but then there is law and justice: yet you may depend too fatally on my good nature.

Mer. Consider, madam, you are in my power; remember your declaration. I had your love from your own dear lips. Consider well the temptation of so much beauty, the height of my offered joys, the time, the place, and the violence of my passion. Think on this, madam, and you can expect no other than that I should this moment seize on all my transports.

Trap. If you should—Heav'n forgive you.

Mer. [*louder still.*] Yet, to convince you of my generosity, you are at your liberty. I will do nothing without your consent.

Trap. Then to show you what a confidence I repose in your virtue, I vow to grant whate'er you ask.

Mer. [*very loud.*] And to show you how well I deserve that confidence, I vow never to tempt your virtuous ears with love again; but try, by your example, to reduce licentious passion to pure platonic love.

SCENE XIV.—HELENA behind, with SIR POSITIVE with a broad-sword.

Sir Pos. I hear 'em, I hear 'em.

Trap. Ha! Sir Positive's voice! Avaunt, nor think all thy entreaties shall avail against my virtue, or that it is in the power of all mankind to make me wrong the best, the kindest of husbands. I swear I never will, even in thought, more than at this moment.

Sir Pos. O! incomparable virtue! what an excellent lady have I! Lights there, lights.

[*Servants bring lights.*]

Trap. O! my dear, you are most seasonably come; for I was hardly able to resist him.

Sir Pos. What's your business here, sir?

Mer. My usual business, sir, cuckoldom. My design is against your worship's head and your lady's heart.

Sir Pos. A very pretty gentleman! And so, sir, you are beginning with my wife first?

Mer. Yes, sir, the easiest way to the husband is through the wife.

Sir Pos. Come away, lady wife; come away, niece. Sir, there's the door: the next time I catch you here, I may, perhaps, teach you what it is to make a cuckold of Sir Positive Trap.

Hel. Assure yourself I'll speak to you no more.

Trap. Augh! the monster!

Mer. Your monster is gone before, madam.—So, whilst I am trying to blind the aunt with a pretended passion for her, the niece overhears, and she'll speak to me no more!—There never comes any good of making love to an old woman.

SCENE XV.—WISEMORE'S lodgings.—WIS. alone.

How vain is human reason, when philosophy cannot overcome our passions! when we can see our errors, and yet pursue them. But if to love be an error, why should great minds be the most subject to it? No, the first pair enjoyed it in their state of innocence, whilst error was unborn.

SCENE XVI.—*To him, servant with a letter.*

Serv. A letter, sir. (*Wisem. reads.*)

"SIR,—You who are conscious of being secretly my rival in the midst of an intimate friendship, will not be surprised when I desire that word may be cancelled between us, and that you would not fail me to-morrow at seven in Hyde-park."

"Your injured MALVIL."

What can this mean? Ha! here's a postscript.

"P.S. Your poor colourings of love for another woman, which you put on this morning, has confirmed, not baffled, my suspicion. I am certain you had no mistress to meet at Lady Matchless's but Vermilia."

Who brought this letter?

Serv. A porter, sir, who said it required no answer.

Wisem. What am I to think? am I in a dream? or was this writ in one? Sure madness has possessed the world, and men, like the limbs of a tainted body, universally share the infection. What shall I do? to go, is to encounter a madman, and yet I will. Some strange circumstances may have wrought this delusion, which my presence may dissipate. And, since love and jealousy are his diseases, I ought to pity him, who know by dreadful experience,

When love in an impetuous torrent flows,
How vainly reason would its force oppose;
Hurl'd down the stream, like flowers before the
wind,
She leaves to love the empire of the mind.

ACT IV. SCENE I.—*Hyde Park.*—LADY MATCHLESS, VERMILIA, *masqued.*

Match. I am sure I saw some one hereabouts, who, by his posture, actions, and dress, must be my swain. Well, Vermilia, this sure is the maddest prank—what will the world say?

Verm. The world is a censorious, ill-natur'd critic, and I despise its cavillings. Besides, I am now grown careless of everything. O! my dear! it is the most valuable privilege of friendship to disburthen our secrets into one another's bosoms—If you knew those of mine—I am sure you would pity me.

SCENE II.—*To them, WISEMORE.*

Match. I do pity you, indeed, for sure to be in love—

Wisem. Is to be foolish, mad, miserable—To be in love is to be in hell. [*Advancing from behind.*]

Match. Do you speak from experience, sir?

Wisem. From sad experience.—I have been in love—so monstrously in love, that, like a bow over bent, I am now relaxed into an opposite extreme—and heartily hate your whole sex.

Match. Poor Cardenio! ha, ha, ha! be not so disconsolate, you may yet find your Lucinda. [*ness?*]

Wisem. No, she has lost herself—and in a wilder-

Match. How, in a wilderness?

Wisem. Ay, in that town! that worst of wildernesses! where follies spread like thorns; where men act the part of tigers, and women of crocodiles; where vice lords it like a lion, and virtue, that phoenix, is so rarely seen, that she is believed a fable—But these sentiments do not please you, so, pray leave me.

Verm. Our company, sir, was your own choice.

Match. And now you have raised our curiosity, you shall lay it.

Wisem. I would have raised the devil sooner, and sooner would I have laid him.—Your curiosity, madam, is a sort of a hydra, which not even Hercules can tame; so, dear ladies, leave me, or I shall pull off your sham-faces—

Match. You would repent it, heartily, if you did.

Wisem. Perhaps so.—I believe, indeed, you show the best part of you.

Match. You would give half your soul to see the best part of me.

Wisem. Half-a-crown I will. The best sight to me is your back, turn it, and away; you lose your time, indeed you do. What can such as you with a plain honest man like me? Go, seek your game: the beaux will begin to yawn presently, and sots return home from their debauches; strike in there, and you make your fortune, at least, get a dinner, which you may want by staying here.

Match. Do not be angry, dear rustic—for we are both enamour'd as well as you—nay, perhaps, I am so with yourself. Hang constancy, you know too much of the world to be constant, sure.

Wisem. 'Tis from a knowledge of the world, madam, that I am constant—For I know it has nothing which can pay me for the exchange.

Match. Come, come, you would have more modern notions, if you knew that a certain woman of fortune has some kind of thoughts of you; and I assure you I am not what I seem.

Wisem. Faith, madam, I should not. Grandeur is to me nauseous as a gilded pill; and fortune, as it can never raise my esteem for the possessor, can never raise my love. My heart is no place of mercenary entertainment, nor owns more than one mistress. Its spacious rooms are all, all hers who slights and despises it. Yes, she has abandon'd me, and I will abandon myself to despair; so, pray, leave me to it, for such as you can have no business with the unhappy.

Match. Generous, worthy man! [*Aside.* Romantic nonsense! I tell you, I am a woman of family and fortune, perhaps beauty too, and so violently enamour'd of your humour, that I am afraid my life is in your power.

Wisem. Would your tongue was in my power, tho' I question, even then, the possibility of stopping it. I wonder the anatomy of a woman's tongue does not enable our modern philosophers to discover a perpetual motion. To me, the Turkish yawl at an onset, the Irish howl at a funeral, or the Indian exclamation at an eclipse, are all soft music to that single noise.—It has no likeness in nature but a rattle-snake: the noise as odious, and the venom as dangerous.

Match. But, like a rattle-snake, it gives you warning, and, if you will front the danger, you must blame your own prowess if you smart for it.

Wisem. The serpent practises not half your wiles. He covers not his poison with the cloak of love. Like lawyers, you gild your deceit, and lead us to misery, whilst we imagine ourselves pursuing happiness.

Match. Ha, ha, ha! Piqued malice! you have lost an estate for want of money, and a mistress for want of wit.

Wisem. Methinks, either of those possessions should be maintained by juster titles.—In my opinion, the only title to the first should be right, and to the latter, merit, love, and constancy.

Match. Ha, ha, ha! then know, thou romantic hero, that right is a sort of knight-errant, whom we have long since laughed out of the world. Merit is demerit, constancy dulness, and love an out-of-fashion Saxon word, which no polite person understands—Looke, sir, pull out your purse to a lawyer, and your snuff-box to a lady, and I warrant you carry your point with both.

Wisem. The purse may, indeed, win the lawyer, but for the other, you must depend on chance. You may as well teach us a certain method to gain that fickle, airy, imaginary mistress, Fortune, whose emblems you are. For your favours are as blindly bestowed, as fickle in their duration—and, like Fortune, you often curse him most to whom you seem most kind.

SCENE III. — *To them, MALVIL.*

Malv. Wisemore and women! my philosopher turned rake! Good-morrow, Ned; I see a country gentleman must have his morning walk.

Wisem. What does he mean? this coldness ill suits his letter. [*Aside.*]—Ay, sir, and you are very seasonably come to my assistance, or I had been devoured by two she-wolves, more ravenous than any in the deserts of America.

Malv. Nay, ladies, it was barbarous to attack with odds, when even singly you might have vanquished. [*Talks apart with VERMILIA.*]

Wisem. Will you take away your companion, and leave us? for that gentleman and I have business.

Match. Not till you agree to an assignation. Promise to meet me barefaced at ten, and I am your servant.

Wisem. I'll promise anything to be rid of you.

Match. Step aside then, and I'll give you the signals.

MALVIL and VERMILIA advance.

Verm. Indeed! so gallant!

Malv. O madam, a lady is never more agreeable to me than at first sight; for, to my temper, a woman palls as much by frequent conversation, as enjoyment.

Verm. But how are you sure that first sight will be agreeable?

Malv. Why, faith! as no woman has charms enough to engage my constancy to the last, so neither does any want enough to fire my desires at first. But, if thy face be potently ugly, keep it to thyself, and discover only thy beauties. You are young, I am sure, and well-shaped, have a vast share of wit, and a very little share of modesty.

Verm. Impudence! In what, pray, have I discovered my want of it?

Malv. In your pretension to it, child; and, faith! that's better than the real possession. What is modesty, but a flaming sword to keep mankind out of Paradise? It is a Jack-with-a-lantern, that misleads poor women in their roads to happiness. It is the contempt of all society; lawyers call it the sign of a bad cause, soldiers of cowardice, courtiers of ill-breeding, and women—the worst sign of a fool. Indeed, it has, sometimes, made a good cloak for the beauteous, tawdry outside of a lady's reputation. But, like other cloaks, it is now out of fashion, and worn nowhere but in the country.

Verm. Then, to silence your impertinence at once, know, sir, that I'm a woman of fashion, rigidly virtuous, and severely modest.

Malv. A blank verse, faith! and may make a figure in a fustian tragedy. Four fine-sounding words, and mean just nothing at all.

Verm. I suppose these are the sentiments of you modern fine gentlemen. The beaux of this age, like the critics, will not see perfections in others which they are strangers to themselves. You confine the masterly hand of nature to the narrow bands of your own conceptions.

Malv. Why, what have we here? Seneca's morals under a masque! [*perusal.*]

Verm. I hope that title will prevent your farther

Malv. I'll tell you a way to do it.

Verm. O name it.

Malv. Unmasque, then. If I like your face no better than your principles, madam. I will immediately take my leave of both.

Verm. That's an uncertainty, I'm afraid, considering the sentiments you just now professed.—Was you, indeed, that hero in love which your friend is there? [*enough.*]

Malv. No, faith! I have been hero in love long

Verm. What woman was blessed with so faithful an admirer? Pray what was your mistress's name?

Malv. Her name was nothing. I was violently enamoured with a constellation of virtues in a fine lady, who had not one in her whole composition.

Verm. And pray, sir, how was you cured of your love?

Malv. As children are of their fear, when they discover the bugbear.

Match. [*Advancing with WISEMORE.*] Well, you will be punctual?

Verm. O, my dear, I have met with a discarded lover too, full as romantic as yours.

Match. Say you so? then I believe these are the very two famed heroes in Don Quixotte.

Wisem. Shall we never lose your prating?

Match. Promise not to dodge us.

Wisem. Not even to look after you.

Match. Adieu, then.

Verm. Bie, constancy; ha, ha, ha!

SCENE IV.—WISEMORE, MALVIL.

Wisem. Well, sir, you see I am come. [*ha, ha!*]

Malv. And am very sorry to see it too, Ned—ha,

Wisem. This reception, sir, ill agrees with your letter. But 'twere absurd to expect coherences in a madman's behaviour.

Malv. What's this?

Wisem. Was it, sir, from my expressed abhorrence of this civil butchery, you pitched on me as one who would give you the reputation of a duellist, without the danger? perhaps you had rather met with another.

Malv. That I had, indeed.

Wisem. Death and the devil! did you invite me here to laugh at me?

Malv. Are you mad, or in a dream?

Wisem. He who denies to-day what he writ yesterday, either dreams, or worse. Your monstrous jealousy, your challenge, and your present behaviour, look like a feverish dream.

Malv. Invite! jealousy! challenge! what do you mean? [*my meaning.*]

Wisem. [*Shows a letter.*] Read there, then ask

Malv. [*Reads.*] Ha! my letter to Merital! villainous jade! she has alter'd the name, too, on the superscription. I am abused, indeed!

Wisem. Well, sir!

Malv. Wisemore, be assured my surprise is equal to yours. This letter, I did, indeed, write, but not

Wisem. How! [*to you.*]

Malv. Believe me, on my honour, I did not send it you. His name to whom I designed it is erased, and yours superscribed, I suppose, by the person to whom I intrusted the delivery. And, be assured, you was not the enemy I wished to meet here.

Wisem. What novel's this?

Malv. Faith! it may be a pleasant one to you, and no less useful to me. But the morning is late; you shall go home, and breakfast at my lodgings, and, in the way, I will let you into the whole story.

Wisem. Whatever it be which clears my friend from the imputation of so wild a delusion, must be agreeable to me.

Malv. And now we will have our swing at satire against the sex. [*on the age.*]

Wisem. I shall be as severe as a damned poet is

Malv. And, perhaps, for the same reason—at least the world will always give satire on women the names of malice and revenge—whoever aims at it will succeed,

Like a detracting courtier in disgrace:

The wise will say, He only wants a place.

SCENE V.—SIR POSITIVE TRAP's house. HELENA alone.

Hel. Of three deplorable evils, which shall I choose?

to endure the tyranny of an imperious aunt? to venture on a man whose inconstancy I have been an ocular witness of? or support the company of a fool for life? Certainly the last is the least terrible. I do now think our parents are wiser than we are, and have reason to curb our inclinations: since it is a happier lot to marry a fool with a good estate, than a knave without one.

SCENE VI.—SIR POSITIVE, HELENA.

Sir Pos. Are you ready? Are you prepared? Hey?

Hel. I am sensible, sir, how unworthily I had fixed my heart; and I think neither wisdom nor honour oblige me to be undutiful to you longer.

Sir Pos. You are a wise girl! a very wise girl! and have considered, doubtless, the vast difference between a Baronet and a Mister. Ha, ha! and here he comes.

SCENE VII.—To them, SIR APISH.

Sir Pos. Sir Apish Simple, your humble servant. You are early. What, you have not slept a wink. I did not sleep for a week before I was married to my lady.

Sir Apish. You had a very strong constitution then, Sir Positive.

Sir Pos. Ay, sir, we are a strong family, an Herculean race! Hercules was a Trap by his mother's side. Well, well, my niece there has given her consent, and everything is ready. So take her by the hand—and——

Sir Apish. Upon my word, Sir Positive, I cannot dance a step.

Sir Pos. How! when I was as young as you, I could have danced over the moon, and into the moon too, without a fiddle. But come, I hate trifling. The lawyer is without with the deeds, and the parson is dressed in his pontificalibus.

Sir Apish. The parson! I suppose he is a Welsh one, and plays on the violin, ha, ha, ha!

Hel. I see my cousin has been as good as her word. [Aside.]

Sir Pos. Sir Apish, jesting with matrimony is playing with edged tools.

Sir Apish. Matrimony! ha, ha, ha! Sir Positive is merry this morning. [presently.]

Sir Pos. Sir, you will put me out of humour

Sir Apish. Sir, I have more reason to be out of humour; for you have invited me to breakfast, without preparing any.

Sir Pos. Is not my niece prepared, sir?

Sir Apish. Sir, I am no cannibal.

Sir Pos. Did not you come to marry my niece, sir?

Sir Apish. Sir, I never had such a thought since I was begotten.

Sir Pos. The man is mad. [Staring.]

Sir Apish. Poor Sir Positive! Is it his first fit, madam? [of service.]

Sir Pos. A dark room and clean straw would be

Sir Apish. Nay, nay, I have no time to reason with a madman; but I hope when you hear I am married to one of the finest ladies about town, it will cure your phrenzy; and so, sir, your humble servant.

Hel. Bless me, sir! what's the meaning of this?

Sir Pos. Why the meaning is that he is mad, and this news will make my lady mad, and that will make me mad; and you may be mad for a husband, by what I can see, by the right hand of the Traps.

Hel. So! I had yesterday two lovers; but now I have forsaken the one, and the other has forsaken me. Well, these men are jewels; so far I am sure they are jewels, that the richest lady has always the most in her equipage.

SCENE VIII.—The Piazza.—MALVIL, WISEMORE.

Malv. How! an assignation from Vermilia?

Wisem. That's the name, the place this, the hour

Malv. Impudent harlot! [ten.]

Wisem. She made me pass my word to keep it secret from you; but when I perceived it the same name with that in your letter, I thought myself obliged by friendship to discover it. The other signals were a red cloak and a masque.

Malv. Thou dearest, best of friends. Ten, you say? it is now within an hour of the time. Since you do not intend to keep your assignation, I will take it off your hands. But you may heap another obligation on me by your presence; for I am resolved to expose her.

Wisem. I am to meet a serjeant at law hard by—but will return with all possible expedition, and then—if I can be of service—

Malv. If you return before the hour, you will find me at Tom's, if not here.

Wisem. Till then, farewell.—How am I involving myself in other men's affairs, when my own require my utmost diligence! What course shall I take? I cannot resolve to leave her; and I am sure she has given me no hopes of gaining her. Yet she has not shown any real dislike; nor will I ever imagine her inclination's leaning to any of those fops she is surrounded with.

SCENE IX.—MERITAL, WISEMORE.

Mer. So thoughtful, Wisemore? What point of philosophy are you discussing?

Wisem. One that has puzzled all who ever attempted it—Woman, sir, was the subject of my contemplation.

Mer. Ha! hey! what point of the compass does the widow turn to now?

Wisem. A very frozen one—Foppery.

Mer. Let me advise thee, Ned, to give over your attack, or change your method. For, be assured, widows are a study you will never be any proficient in, till you are initiated into that modern science which the French call *le bon assurance*.

Wisem. Ay, ay, we may allow you gentlemen of professed gaiety those known turns of raillery, since they were the estate of your forefathers: there is an hereditary fund of little pleasantries which the beaux of every age enjoy, in a continual succession.

Mer. Well, and I hope you will do those of this age the justice to confess they do not attempt any innovation in the province of wit.

Wisem. Art thou so converted, then, as to despise the fops? [Ned.]

Mer. As much as thou dost the women, I believe,

Wisem. You mistake me. It is their follies only I despise. But there certainly are women whose beauty to their minds, like dress to their beauty, is rather a covering than an ornament.

Mer. These are high flights, indeed. But, tell me, on what do you build your hopes of the widow?

Wisem. On an opinion I have of her good sense and good nature. The first will prevent her favouring a fop—the latter may favour me.

Mer. And pray what foundation is your opinion of her good sense built on? If, as you just now seemed to think, the beaux are its supporters—it is a very rotten one.

Wisem. No; when I said she inclined to foppery, I meant only for her diversion.

Mer. Hum! I believe women very seldom take matrimony for a penance.

Wisem. You draw too direct inferences from her conduct towards coxcombs. Depend on it, they are

mirrors, in which you can hardly discover the mind of a woman of sense, because she seldom shows it them unmasked. If she be not a woman of sense, I have indeed built a castle in the air, which every breeze of perfumes can overturn.

Mer. Why, really, it seems to me very little else, by what I know of her ladyship. But you are one of those reasonable lovers who can live a day on a kind look, a week on a smile, and a soft word would victual you for an East India voyage.

Wisem. I find the conversation of a friend effaces the remembrance of business.

Mer. Anything to the island of love?

Wisem. No, no, to that of law.

Mer. Success attend you—why, I have been forgetful too. But fortune, I see, is so kind as to remind me.

SCENE X.—SIR APISH, MERITAL.

Mer. Sir Apish, your humble servant.

Sir Apish. Dear Tom, I kiss your button.

Mer. That's a pretty suit of yours, Sir Apish, perfectly gay, new, and à-la-mode.

Sir Apish. He, he, he! the ladies tell me I refine upon them. I think I have studied dress long enough to know a little, and I have the good fortune to have every suit liked better than the former.

Mer. Why, indeed, I have remarked that, as your dull pretenders to wisdom grow wiser with their years, so your men of gaiety, the older they grow, the finer they grow. But come, your looks confess there is more in this. The town says it too.

Sir Apish. What, dear Tom?

Mer. That you are to be married, and to a Yorkshire great fortune.

Sir Apish. He, he, he! I'll make you my confidant in that affair. 'Tis true, I had such a treaty on foot, for the girl has ten thousand pounds, which would have patched up some breaches in my estate; but a finer lady has vouchsafed to throw a hundred into my lap, and so I have e'en dropped the other.

Mer. What, are you in actual possession?

Sir Apish. Of her heart, sir, and shall be, perhaps, of everything else in a day or two. Ah! she's a fine creature, Tom; she is the greatest beauty, and the greatest wit—Pshaw, can't you guess whom I mean?

Mer. No—for I know no orange-wench of such a fortune. *[Aside.]*

Sir Apish. Why, who can be all this but Lady Matchless?

Mer. Upon my word, I commend your exchange. Sir Apish, it lies in your power to do me an exquisite favour—and I know you will do anything to serve your friend.

Sir Apish. I would as much as another, indeed—why, what a pox, does he intend to borrow money of me? *[Aside.]*—Yes, yes, as I was saying, Tom, I would do anything to serve a friend in necessity; but badness of tenants, two or three supernumerary suits of laced clothes, and a bad run of dice, have reduced me, really, to such an extremity of cash—

Mer. You misapprehend me. You were this morning, I hear, to be married to Helena?

Sir Apish. And, ha, ha, ha! I must tell it you: I have been just now with Sir Positive Trap, her uncle; and when he expected the performance of articles, I persuaded him he was mad, laughed at him, and, with a brave front, faced him down that I knew nothing of the matter.

Mer. You shall go back then immediately, turn your former visit into raillery—though it be a little absurd it will pass on the knight—dissemble a willingness to go through affairs; I will be your chap-

lain, and may, perhaps, go through affairs in your place.

Sir Apish. Is she an acquaintance of yours, then?

Mer. O, ay.

Sir Apish. Dear Tom, I am very glad I can oblige you by a resignation, and will do to the utmost of my power; and to show you, sir, that I love to serve a friend, sir, I'll but step to the next street, and be here, sir, at your commands, sir, in a moment, sir.

Mer. *[solus.]* My rencounter with the old lady, last night, surprised me: there must have been some mystery in that affair, which my disguise may help me to unravel. Men of capricious tempers would raise a hundred jealousies on this occasion; but it shall be ever my sentiments of a mistress, in all doubtful cases—

That if she's true, time will her truth discover;

But if she's false, I'll be as false a lover.

SCENE XI.—LADY MATCHLESS'S House.—LADY MATCHLESS, VERMILIA.

Match. Ha, ha, ha! love and scandal are the best sweeteners of tea.

Verm. The best embitterers, you mean; but, in my opinion, scandal is the sweetest of the two, and least dangerous.

Match. Love is not so dangerous to our sex as you imagine. It is a warfare wherein we always get the better, if we manage prudently; men are perfect empty bullies in it; and, as a certain poet says—

“Swift to attack, and swift to run away.”

Verm. Well, but what do you intend by your assignation?

Match. Only to get an excuse for discarding a troublesome lover. Lookee, Vermilia, you shall attack him for me; I am afraid of a discovery myself. If you can but bring him to terms, that is, if you can procure his consent to a second treaty, I shall be very handsomely disengaged of mine.

Verm. You banter, sure. But, if you are in earnest, I must advise you to get another proxy; for I heartily hate mankind, and will forswear any conversation with them.

Match. Nay, but you shall force your inclinations to serve your friend.

Verm. And, pray, what has caused this sudden revolution in your temper, since, if I am not mistaken, you, but yesterday, expressed some favour for him.

Match. But I have found him such an out-of-fashion creature, that I am heartily ashamed of him; besides, I have this morning received proposals from that prince of pretty fellows—Lord Formal.

Verm. O constancy! thou art a virtue.

Match. It is indeed. For virtues, like saints, are never canonised till after they are dead—which poor Constancy has been long ago.

Verm. I am afraid it proved abortive, and died before it was born. But if it ever had being, it was most certainly feminine; and, indeed, the men have been so modest to allow all the virtues to be of our sex.

Match. O! we are extremely obliged to them; they have found out housewifery to belong to us too. In short, they throw their families and their honour into our care, because they are unwilling to have the trouble of preserving them themselves.

Verm. But you rally, sure, in what you say concerning Lord Formal.

Match. Fie! my dear, is a title so ludicrous a thing? But, come, you shall undertake my assignation with Wisemore.

Verm. Were I sure it would give an uneasy mo-

ment, to Malvil, I would; for there is nothing I would stick at to be revenged on him.

Match. When we resolve revenge against our lovers, that little rogue Love sits on his throne, and laughs till he almost bursts.

Tho' ne'er so high our rage, the rogue will find,
Some little, ticklish corner in the mind,
Work himself in, and make the virgin kind. }
When next before her feet her lover lies,
All her resentment, in a moment, dies.
Then with a sigh the tender maid forgives,
And love's the only passion that survives.

ACT V. SCENE I.—SIR POSITIVE'S House.—
SIR POSITIVE, HELENA.

Sir Pos. I say, it was your own plot, your own contrivance, your own stratagem. You threatened him to—Hey! and he was fool enough to believe you!

Hel. He was wise enough to believe me; for I threatened no impossibilities. But don't put on that severe aspect, dear uncle; for I protest it makes you look so like one of the Cæsars' heads in our long gallery.

Sir Pos. Very likely, there may be a resemblance, indeed; for Julius Cæsar, by his great grandfather's wife's great grandmother, was a Trap.

Hel. Ha, ha, ha! I am afraid we can hardly call him cousin. But pray, did he leave any legacy to us?

Sir Pos. A swinging legacy! abundance of honour!

Hel. And pray, what will all that honour sell for?

Sir Pos. Your right honour is not to be bought nor obtained: it is what a man brings into the world with him. He is as much an upstart who gets his own honour as he who gets his own estate. Take it for a maxim, child, no one can be a great man unless his father has been so before him. Your true old English honour, like your English oak, will not come to any maturity under a hundred years. It must be planted by one generation for the good of another.

Hel. But if I were to choose a husband I should be more forward to inquire into his own merits than those of his ancestors.

Sir Pos. Ay, ay, to be sure. You would prefer one who is likely to leave a long retinue behind him, to one who has had never so many glorious ancestors before him; and be sooner enamoured of a fine coat than a fine coat of arms. Harkee, hussy, most of these fine fellows are but mere snails; they carry their all upon their backs; and yet it is as difficult to keep our wives and daughters from the one as our fruit from the other.

Hel. Do you think so, sir? I have heard there is not a more dangerous place than a china-shop: take care my aunt does not bring one home in a jar, and then you may chance to see it pop forth its horns on the top of your cabinet.

Sir Pos. [*Aside.*] Ha! I must own I do not like these morning rambles.

Hel. Lookee, sir, I can make discoveries to you; and since my aunt has falsely accused me with being the occasion of Sir Apish's behaviour to-day, I will tell you out of revenge what I would never have told you out of love. In short, my aunt has—

Sir Pos. How? what?

Hel. Planted something that will branch to maturity in less than a hundred years, ha, ha, ha! She has set a modern front upon your old tabernacle, ha, ha, ha!—I hear the coach stop this moment. Step but into that closet, and you shall hear her convict herself.—I'll bring her to confession.

Sir Pos. [*Aside.*] Hum! methinks I grow suspicious. [I shall proclaim you dare not.

Hel. Nay, nay, nay, if you don't accept the trial,

Sir Pos. Lookee, hussy, if you wrong my lady, by the right hand of the Traps— [here.

Hel. Any, any punishment. But fly, she's just

SCENE II.—LADY TRAP, HELENA.

Trap. I am fatigued to death.—Oh! your servant, miss; but, perhaps, I ought to say, mistress; your husband may have changed your title since I saw you.

Hel. And your ladyship may have changed your husband's title.—But that change has been made long ago.

Trap. What do you mean, madam?

Hel. Ha, ha, ha! dear aunt, the world knows the use of china-shops, tho' Sir Positive does not.

Trap. You seem to know, madam, I think, more than is consistent with your years.

Hel. And you seem to practise, madam, more than is consistent with yours. The theory becomes my age much better than the practice does yours.

Trap. Your age! marry come up; you are always boasting of that youth and beauty which you have.

Hel. That's more excusable than to boast of that youth and beauty which we have not.

Trap. I know whom you reflect on. I thank my stars, indeed, I am no girl; and as for beauty, if my glass be allowed a judge—

Hel. A very corrupt judge: for a glass is so well-bred a thing, that it tells every woman she is a beauty. O! it is the greatest flatterer in the world to our faces; but the reverse in one thing, for it never disparages us behind our backs.

Trap. Malapert creature! A girl is now-a-days no sooner out of her leading strings than she sets up for a toast. And as the girls are women before their time, so the men are children all their lives; for they will be devouring the green fruit.

Hel. And sure the green is preferable to the withered, aunt. Come, come, madam, you had better make me your friend and confident: for, if you declare war, I shall be able to enlist more soldiers than you. But here's my hand; and, if you will let me into your secrets, I'll give you the honour of a woman never to disclose them.

SCENE III.—To them, SIR APISH, MERITAL disguised as a Parson.

Sir Apish. Lady Trap, I am your most obedient; sweet mistress Helena, I am everlastingly yours.

Trap. Sir Apish, your behaviour this morning staggered us; but I am glad to find you are relapsed.

Sir Apish. He, he, he! it was all a jest, upon my word; as I question not but my future behaviour will explain to that lady.

Hel. It has already explained you, sir, to me, to be the greatest jest in nature.

Trap. Sir Apish, you know too much of the world to regard a young lady's coyness: and I assure you, sir, it is all affected; for she is ever repeating your name, even in her sleep. Don't blush, child. But you'll excuse the faults of youth: she will learn more sense.

Hel. I don't know whether you move my anger or my pity most. But for that thing there, I'd have him know, I scorn and detest him.

Sir Apish. I would not have your ladyship chagrin at my bride's expression; for I'll engage we shall hate one another with as much good-breeding as any couple under the sun.

Mer. Give me the permission to lead you, madam.

Sir Apish. [*Apart to Lady Trap.*] If you'd leave miss a few minutes with Mr. Parson here, I would engage for his success.—He is a noted match-maker.

Trap. Niece, pray be attentive to that reverend gentleman; he will convince you of your errors.—

Come, sir Apish, we'll take a turn in the dining-room; sir Positive will not be long. [*Apart to Sir*
[These two speeches spoke together.] [Apish
Hel. [Aside.] Sir Positive is safe, I'm sure, till I give him an opportunity to sneak off; so I have a reprieve at least.

SCENE IV.—HELENA, MERITAL.

Hel. What, gone?—Ha!

Mer. Be not frightened, dear madam; for I have nothing of sanctity but the masque, I assure you. [*Discovering himself.*

Hel. I believe it, nor of any other virtue.

Mer. Very prettily frowned.—I know some ladies who have practised a smile twenty years, without becoming it so well.—But, come, we have no time to lose.

Hel. No, to upbraid you were loss of time, indeed; for the remonstrances of an injured woman have but little weight with such hardened sinners.

Mer. Hum! the sight of a gown has not inspired you, I hope: you don't intend to preach; but if you do, the wedding, you know, is always before the sermon,—which is one of the chief things wherein hanging and matrimony disagree. [*Aside.*

Hel. Mr. Merital, I liked your raillery well enough whilst I believed you innocent. But as that gaiety in dress, which gives a bloom to beauty, shows deformity in its worst light; so that mirth and humour, which are vastly amiable in the innocent, look horrid in the guilty.

Mer. Are you really in earnest, child?

Hel. That question surprises me, when you know I was witness to your last night's adventure.

Mer. Faith, my dear, I might have been more justly surprised that you should make me an assignation, and send your aunt to keep it. [*you more.*

Hel. I make you an assignation! I'll never see

Mer. Turn, mighty conqueress, turn your eyes this way,

And hear at once your priest and lover pray.

In vain, by frowns, you would the world subdue,
 For when, with all your might, you've knit your brow,

Your grandmother more wrinkles has than you.

Ha, ha, ha! don't put on those severe looks, dear Helena; good humour sets off a lady's face more than jewels.

Hel. I wish my looks had power to blast you.

Mer. No, no, madam, I have a sort of armour called common-sense that's frown-proof, I assure you. Your smiles may melt, but your frowns will never pierce it. What, to make me an assignation with your own hand, then send your aunt for a proxy? My good-nature, indeed, gave it the turn of a trial,—tho' she was a fitter object to try my vigour than my constancy. [*Half aside.*

Hel. I write to you yesterday!

Mer. Why, I cannot positively say it was you; for I begin to think myself in Don Quixotte's case, and that some wicked enchanters have transmogrified my Dulcinea. I leave it to your own judgment whether you are not a little altered since you writ this. [*Shows a letter.*

Hel. Ha! the letter I copied before my aunt! then I've wronged him, indeed. Unheard of baseness!—Mr. Merital, perhaps my suspicions have been too ill grounded; but for your reproaches, sir—

Mer. Nay, if there be a mystery in it, and I am guilty of undeserved reproaches, your justice cannot, shall not pardon me, till I have atoned for it with a ten years' service. Yet impute what I have said to the sincerity of my love; my passions sympathise with yours; and if one wild delusion has

possessed us, let us partake the equal joy of its discovery.

Hel. That discovery is too long to be made now: but there is a riddle in that letter which will surprise you.

Mer. Let then those lovely eyes re-assume their sweetness, and, like pure gold, rise brighter from the flames. [*years' siege, and then—*

Hel. Well, well, you know your own terms, a ten

Mer. Ah! but will not the garrison be starved in that long time? and I shall shut it up with a very close blockade—So you had best surrender now on honourable conditions.

Hel. Well, but you'll allow the garrison to make a sally first.—Sir Positive, uncle, ha, ha, ha! come and help me to laugh.—The same worthy gentleman who came after your wife last night is now come after your niece.

SCENE V.—*To them, SIR POSITIVE from the closet.*

Sir Pos. A brave girl, a very brave girl! Why, why, why, what a pox do you want here, sir?

Hel. Bless me, how he stares! I wonder he is not confined: I'm afraid he will take away somebody's life.

Sir Pos. I believe his intention is to give somebody life: such as he oftener increase families than diminish them.

Hel. Or perhaps the poor gentleman is an itinerant preacher. Did you come to preach to us, sir?

Mer. Do you take me for the ordinary of Bedlam, madam? Was I to reason with you, it should be by the doctrine of fire and fagot.

Hel. Say you so? Nay then, I believe, uncle, he is a popish inquisitor.

Sir Pos. An inquisitor after fortunes, I suppose. Ah! sir, is not that your pious errand? You are one of the royal society of fortune-hunters? eh

Hel. I'll secure his masquerading garb among the trophies of our family.

SCENE VI.—SIR POSITIVE, MERITAL.

Sir Pos. Well, sir, and pray have you any pretensions to my niece? Where's your estate, sir? what's your title, sir? what's your coat of arms? Does your estate lie in *terra firma*, or in the stocks?

Mer. In a stock of assurance, sir. My cash is all brass, and I carry it in my forehead, for fear of pick-pockets.

Sir Pos. Are there no guardians to be cheated, no cuckolds to be made, but Sir Positive Trap? I'd have you know, sir, there has not been a cuckold amongst the Traps since they were a family.

Mer. That is, sir, I suppose, a tacit insinuation that you are the first of your family.

Sir Pos. You are ignorant as well as impudent. The first of my family! The whole world knows, that neither I, nor my father before me, have added one foot of land to our estate; and my grandfather smoked his pipe in the same easy chair that I do.

Mer. Very likely.—And what then?

Sir Pos. What then! Why, then there's the door, and then I desire you'd go out. Upstart, quotha! Sir Positive Trap an upstart! I had rather be called knave. I had rather be the first rogue of a good family, than the first honest man of a bad one.

Mer. Indeed!

Sir Pos. Ay, indeed; for do not we upbraid the son whose father was hanged? whereas many a man who deserves to be hanged was never upbraided in his whole life.

Mer. Oons! how am I jilted! [*Aside.*—Lookee, Sir Positive; to be plain, I did come hither with a design of inveigling your niece; but she shall now die a maid for me. I imposed on Sir Apish, as I

would have done on you ; but you see I have failed : so you may smoke on in your easy chair, Sir Trap.

Sir Pos. So, so : I began to suspect Sir Apish was in the plot ; but I am glad to find my mistake.

SCENE VII.—SIR POSITIVE, LADY TRAP.

Sir Pos. O, my dear lady, are you come ? I have such a discovery ! such a rare discovery ! you will so hug me—

Trap. Not so close as you do your discovery, my dear. But where's Helena ?

Sir Pos. He, he, he, rogue ! conjuror ! My lady's a conjuror ! why, 'tis about her I am going to discover. But where's the baronet ?

Trap. He waits below with his chaplain.

Sir Pos. His chaplain ! ha, ha, ha ! 'tis a rogue in the chaplain's habit ; the wild young spark that has haunted my niece so long.

Trap. How ?

Sir Pos. Ay ; and he is stole off without his disguise, which the girl has secured as a trophy of her

Trap. Cheated ! ruined ! undone ! [victory.

Sir Pos. Ha ! what ?

Trap. She is gone, she is lost !—without there—she's gone, I say, and we are cheated.

Sir Pos. How ? by the right hand of the Traps !

Trap. By the wrong head of the Traps. I thought what your discovery would be. Where's Sir Apish ?
[To a servant entering.

Serv. Gone out with his chaplain and another gentleman, madam.

Trap. Pursue them, pursue them.

Sir Pos. Get down my broad-sword and bandoliers, and Sir Gregory's blunderbuss. Fly, fly.

SCENE VIII.—*The Piazza.*—MALVIL meeting CATCHIT masked.

Malv. So, I find she's exact to her assignation.—Well encountered, madam : what, I suppose I am not the game you look for. O thou perfidious, false, dissembling woman ! Nay, do not offer to stir, for you are betrayed, and, by all the powers of love you've wronged, I will expose you. Come, unmask, unmask this instant, or—

Catch. [unmasking.] I protest you are very rude, Mr. Malvil ; I would not be seen here for the world.

Malv. Ha ! Now I thank my stars indeed. Thou vile intriguer, forge some lie to excuse thyself in an instant, or it shall be thy last.

Catch. O lud ! you will frighten me into fits.

Malv. Come, confess how you came here ? By what means did Wisemore get my letter ? Confess all ; and, if I find you faltering in one syllable, I'll cram it down your throat with my sword.

Catch. O lud ! I—I—I—

Malv. What, you belied Vermilia in all you said ? Speak ; you belied her, I say ?

Catch. O ! O ! but will you pardon me then ?

Malv. Speak the truth, I will pardon you ; but if I ever discover the least falsehood in what you now tell me, if you had a thousand lives you should forfeit them.

Catch. Why then, indeed, it was all false : she never said a kind thing of Mr. Merital in her life—and—and so, when you gave me the letter, I suspected what it was, and so I carried it to my mistress ; and lady Matchless being by, she took it, and sealed, and sent it to Mr. — ; and so, my lady and she went into the park this morning ; and lady Matchless made an appointment in her name, and would have had her kept it, and she would not—and so I was sent. [to belie her to me ?

Malv. And how !—how did the devil tempt you

Catch. O lud, sir ! it was not the devil, indeed. You had often teased and promised me, if I would discover your rival ; and, Heaven knows, you have none in the world.

Malv. But on what embassy was you sent hither ?

Catch. Here's a letter which, I believe, will tell you. But pray don't keep me, for we are all very busy ; my lady Matchless is to be married in a day or two to my lord Formal.

Malv. How ! to my lord Formal ?

Catch. Yes, sir.

Malv. Well, tell her you delivered the letter as you was ordered. Don't mention a word of me. Be trusty, now, and I'll forgive the past.

Catch. I will, indeed, sir. O lud ! I shall not recover it this week.

SCENE IX.—MALVIL, WISEMORE.

Malv. Wisemore, most opportunely arrived. I find you are more concerned in this assignation than I imagined, as this will explain to you.

WISEMORE takes the letter and reads.

"SIR,—You will be surprised at the news of so sudden a conquest ; but I hope that surprise will be an agreeable one, when you know it is over a woman of a considerable fortune ; and if seven thousand a-year can make me acceptable to Mr. Wisemore as his virtue renders him lovely to me, I shall meet with a favourable answer ; for which the messenger who brings you this will attend an hour after the delivery.

"Yours till then, INCOGNITA.

"P. S. I am glad I can inform you that my rival is this day to be married to another."

How received you this letter ? [mine.

Malv. From the very person who conveyed you

Wisem. O Malvil, I find myself concerned, indeed, and, I fear, fatally.

Malv. I am sorry to be the messenger of ill news ; but I just now heard your mistress is carrying on a treaty with one of the greatest coxcombs in town.

Wisem. There is but one way, and I must beg your immediate assistance. I have contrived a stratagem to convince her of the mercenary views of her pretended admirers.

Malv. But do you draw any of your fears from that letter ? For I have very good reason to believe it came from lady Matchless.

Wisem. Impossible !

Malv. I am confident it did. [hope.

Wisem. By Heaven, thou hast revived a spark of

Malv. And lovers must nurse up feeble, infant hopes, till they grow big and ripen into certain joys.

Wisem. I will do so ; for I have always looked on love as on a sea, whose latitude no one ever discovered ; and therefore—

Like mariners, without the compass toss'd,

We may be near our port when we esteem it lost.

SCENE X.—LADY MATCHLESS's house.—LADY MATCHLESS, LORD FORMAL, SIR APISH, VERMILIA, and RATTLE.

Match. I hope the sincerity which I have discovered in your lordship's passion, and the glorious character you bear in the world, will excuse my easy consent.

Form. I would not be so ill-bred as to blush ; but your ladyship's compliments have really raised an inordinate flushing in my cheeks. [the town, indeed !

Verm. Why, my dear, this will be a surprise to

Rattle. I'm sure it is no agreeable one to me.—[Aside.]—Why, widow, do you intend to leave me in the lurch ?

Sir Apish. And me in the lurch too, madam ? I assure you I have refused a great fortune on your account. Has your ladyship forgot your declaration yesterday ?

Match. Yesterday! O unpolite! are you so conversant in the *beau monde* and don't know that women, like quicksilver, are never fixed till they are dead?

Rattle. Agad, they are more like gold, I think; for they are never fixed but by dross. [*Aside.*]

SCENE XI.—*To them, MERITAL, HELENA.*

Hel. Dear cousin Matchless!

Match. My dear, this is very kind; being earlier with me than my expectation is a double favour.

Mer. It may be called a double favour, madam, for you are partly obliged for it to your humble servant.

Malv. How's this, Helena?

Hel. I don't know, cousin; I was weary of my old guardian, I think, and so I chose a new one.

Mer. Yes, madam, and we preferred the church to the chancery, to save expenses.

Match. O, it was a most commendable prudence. So you are married. Well, give you joy, good people. But, methinks, you should not have made your guardian your heir. [*To HELENA.*]—No wise person ever suffered an heir to be trustee to his own estate.

Mer. Not till at years of discretion, madam; and, I am sure the men should be that when they marry.

Match. And the women too, or they never will.

Hel. Why so, cousin?

Match. Because it is probable they may soon after run mad. You see, my lord, I have not the highest notions of a married state; therefore you may be sensible how high an opinion I must entertain of your merit, which can persuade me to it.

Mer. Do you intend to follow our example, lady Matchless?

Rattle. I can bear no longer. Lookee, my lord, if matrimony be your play fighting must be your prologue. [*Apart to LORD FORMAL.*]

Form. He, he, he! Mr. Rattle, fighting is more commonly the epilogue to that play.

Rattle. Damn your jokes, sir; either walk out with me, or I shall use you ill. [*Apart.*]

Form. Then you will show your ill-breeding, and give me an opportunity of displaying my gallantry, by sacrificing the affront to the presence of the ladies.

Mer. Fie, fie, gentlemen, let us have no quarrels, pray. [*sign my mistress, sir.*]

Rattle. 'Sdeath! sir, but we will: I shall not re-

Sir Apish. Nor I neither; and so, madam, if you don't stand to your promise, I hope you'll give me leave to sue you for it.

Match. I have told you already that a lady's promise is an insect which naturally dies almost as soon as it is born.

SCENE XII.—*To them, WISEMORE in a serjeant's gown, his hat over his ears.*

Wisem. Pray, which is the lady Matchless?

Match. Have you any business with me, sir?

Form. This must be a very ill-bred gentleman, or he would not come before so much good company with his hat on. [*Aside.*]

Wisem. It concerns an affair, madam, which will be soon so public, that I may declare it openly. There is one Mr. John Matchless, who, being heir-at-law to your ladyship's late husband, intends to prosecute his right, which, as his council, out of a particular regard to your ladyship, I shall further let you know, I am persuaded we shall make good—and, I'm afraid, it will touch you very sensibly.

Match. My cousin John Matchless heir-at-law to Sir William! I would not have you be under any apprehension on my account, good sir; I am afraid he has a better right to Bedlam than my estate.

Mer. Be not concerned, madam; a declaration of a title is not always a proof.

Verm. and Hel. We condole you heartily, my dear, on this bad news.

Match. Ladies, I thank you for your kind concern; but do assure you, it gives me none.

Wisem. I am sensible you will find your error; my clerk will be here immediately with the ejectment.

Form. I perceive the reason of her ladyship's haste to be married. [*Aside.*]

Match. What can this mean? I know my title to be secure; it must be some trumped up cheat; and I'll try to divert the chagrin of my friends by a trial of my lovers, whom, I already know, I shall find guilty. [*Aside.*]—Well, as most misfortunes bring their allay with them, so this dispute of my estate will give me an opportunity to distinguish the sincerity of a lover. [*Looks on FORMAL.*]

Form. He, he, he! it has always been my good fortune to conduce to the entertainment of the ladies, and I find your ladyship has a most inexhaustible vein of raillery.

Match. Raillery, my lord!

Form. Ah! madam, it were an unpardonable vanity in me to esteem it otherwise. It would be contrary to all the rules of good manners for me to offer myself up at the shrine of your beauty. Ah! 'tis a sacrifice worthy a higher title than mine. Indeed, I have some thoughts of purchasing, which when I do, I shall throw myself at your feet in raptures; but till then, I am, with the greatest distance, madam, your ladyship's most obsequious humble servant.

Rattle. Why, indeed, I think all raillery is unseasonable on so serious an occasion; therefore, to drop the jest, dear widow, I do assure you, all that has passed between us has been mere gallantry; for I have been long since engaged to a widow lady in the city.

Sir Apish. And to show you, madam, that no slights from you can lessen my affection, I do entirely relinquish all pretensions to any promise whatsoever.

SCENE XIII.—*To them, MALVIL.*

Malv. Where's, where's my injured mistress? where's Vermilia? O, see at your feet the most miserable of mankind!

Verm. What mean you, sir?

Malv. Think not I would extenuate; no, I come to blazon out my crimes, to paint them in the utmost cast of horror; to court, not fly, the severity of justice; for death's to me a blessing. Ah! my friend's blood cries out for vengeance on me; and jealousy, rage, madness, and false honour, stand ready witnesses against me.—[*To Vermil.*] Of you, madam, I am to beg a pardon for your wronged innocence.—[*To Lady Match.*] But to you I have a harder task; to implore it, for having deprived you of the best of lovers, whose dying sighs were loaded with your name.—Yes, the last words your Wisemore uttered were to implore eternal blessings on you; your Wisemore, whom this rash, this fatal hand has slain. [*La. M. sinks into the arms of VER.*]

Mer. Help, help! she faints!

Hel. A glass of water, the hartshorn immediately.

Rattle. Rustic's dead then, hey? poor Rustic!

Verm. How do you, dear?

Match. O! I shall rave, my frantic brain will burst: and did he bless me with his latest breath? he should have cursed me rather, for I alone am guilty! Oh! I have wildly played away his life. Then, take my fortune all, since he is gone, to reward whose merit I only valued riches. But now farewell content, greatness, happiness, and all the sweets of life. I'll study to be miserable.

Wisem. O never, never; be blessed as love, and life, and happiness can make you—be blessed as I am now. [*Discovering himself, and running to her.*]

Match. And art thou then my Wisemore?

[*After a long pause.*]

Wisem. And do I live to hear you call me yours? O my heart's joy! my everlasting bliss!

Match. And can you generously forgive?

Wisem. O name it not, but swear you never will revoke what you have said.

Match. O, would I had worlds to give thee! for all the happiness I can bestow is nothing to the merit of your love.

Wisem. My heart o'erflows with raptures. Oh! my tender love, now do I live indeed—

Mer. Why, after these high flights, Ned, I am afraid wishing you joy will be too low a phrase.

Wisem. Dear Merital, I thank you.—But here am I eternally indebted; for I shall always attribute my happiness (next to this lady) to your friendship.

[*To MALVIL.*]

Malv. Be assured it gives me an equal satisfaction as if I had procured my own.

Mer. I have known too friends embrace just before cutting of throats; but I believe you are the first who ever embraced after it.

Rattle. Formal.

[*Sheepishly.*]

Form. By my title, I am perfectly amazed.

Sir Apish. We are all bit, agad! [*Aside.*]

Mer. Come, Harry, put the best face you can on the matter; tho' I know you have a little chagrin in your heart.—As for his lordship, the lady may be a widow again before he gets his title.—And my friend Sir Apish has refused a very fine lady this morning before.

Sir Apish. Yes, I had two strings to my bow; both golden ones, egad! and both cracked.

Verm. Dear Matchless, this sudden revolution of your fortune has so amazed me, that I can hardly recover myself to congratulate you on it.

Match. Well, but I hope you will not see your friend embarked on a second voyage, and hesitate at undertaking the first.

Verm. If I was sure my voyage would be as short as yours has been; but matrimony is too turbulent a sea to be ventured on in so light a vessel as every little blast can overset.

Malv. Madam, when Mrs. Catchit has discovered the whole affair to you, as she has done to me, I doubt not but your good-nature will seal my pardon, since excess of love caused the offence.

Match. Nay, we must all sue.

Mer. and *Hel.* All, all.

Verm. Well, to avoid so much importunity, and to show you the power of a prevalent example—In hopes of future amendment, Mr. Malvil, here—take my hand.

Malv. O my fairest, softest! I have no words to express my gratitude, or my love.

Verm. Pray let them be both understood then; for we have had so many raptures already, they must be but a dull repetition.

Form. When it is in vain to strive against the stream, all well-bred men sail with it. [*Aside.*] Ladies, I beg leave to presume to advance with my compliments of congratulation on this glorious occasion. I must own your ladyship's choice has something novel in it; but, by the sanction of so great an authority, I don't question but it may be reconciled with the rules of consummate good-breeding.

Sir Apish. I am always his lordship's second. Ladies, I heartily wish you joy upon my word.

Rattle. And so do I, widow.—This fellow will be poisoned before the honey-moon's out. [*Aside.*]

SCENE the last.—SIR POSITIVE TRAP, LADY TRAP, LADY MATCHLESS, LORD FORMAL, VERMILIA, HELENA, WISEMORE, MALVIL, MERITAL, RATTLE, SIR APISH SIMPLE.

Sir Pos. O cousin, I am undone and ruined! The Traps are abused, disgraced, dishonoured!

Match. What's the matter, Sir Positive? [ruined.]

Sir Pos. I am undone; my niece is lost and

Hel. I had been so, sir, but for the interposition of a worthy gentleman here.

Mer. It is, indeed, my happy fate to be——

Sir Pos. Is it so? is it so? and I believe this will be your happy fate. [*Pointing to his neck.*] She is an heiress, and you are guilty of felony, and shall be hanged, with the whole company your abettors. [barous education. [*Aside.*]

Form. This gentleman must have had a bar-

Mer. Lookee, madam, as you expect that what has passed between us shall be kept secret—

[*To Lady TRAP.*]

Trap. [*To MER.*] I understand you.—Sir Positive, be appeased, and leave this matter to me.

Sir Pos. I am calm.

Match. My cousin, sir, is married to a gentleman of honour, and one who, I doubt not, loves her.—By your resentment, you will call your conduct, not hers, into question. [suppose.]

Sir Pos. Then you have been her adviser, I

Match. If I have, cousin, you cannot be angry, since it is an advice I am like to follow myself.

Sir Pos. Why, what, are you going to be married again? [relation.]

Wisem. Sir Positive, I hope shortly to be your

Sir Pos. That's more than I do, sir, till I know your name and family. [more.]

Wisem. You shall both, sir. My name is Wise-

Sir Pos. Wisemore! Wisemore! why, it is a good name—but I thought that family had been extinct.—Well, cousin, I am glad to see you have not married a snuff-box.

Match. To perfect the good-humour of the company, and since dinner is not yet ready, I'll entertain you with a song, which was sent me by an unknown hand. Is Mr. Hemhem there? Sir, if you will oblige us; gentlemen and ladies, please to sit.

Ye nymphs of Britain, to whose eyes
The world submits the glorious prize
Of beauty to be due:
Ah! guard it with assiduous care,
Let neither flattery ensnare,
Nor wealth your hearts subdue.

Old Bromio's rank'd among the beaux;
Young Cynthia solitary goes,
Unheeded by the fair!
Ask you then what this preference gives?
Six Flanders mares the former drives,
The latter but a pair.

Let meaner things be bought and sold,
But beauty never truck'd for gold;
Ye fair, your value prove;
And since the world's a price too low,
Like heaven, your ecstasies bestow
On constancy and love.

But still, ye generous maids, beware,
Since hypocrites to heaven there are,
And to the beauteous too:
Do not too easily confide,
Let every lover well be try'd,
And well reward the true.

The COMPANY advance.

Wisem. The song is not without a moral.—And now, ladies, I think myself bound to a solemn recantation of every slander I have thrown upon your sex: for I am convinced, that our complaints against you flow generally (if not always) more from our want of merit than your want of justice.

For when vain fools or fops your hearts pursue,
To such the charming prize is never due.
But when the men of sense their passions prove,
You seldom fail rewarding 'em with love :
Justly on them the fair their hearts bestow,
Since they, alone, the worth of virtue know.

EPILOGUE ; SPOKEN BY MISS ROBINSON, JUN.

Our author, full of sorrow and repentance,
Has sent me here—to mitigate his sentence.
To you, tremendous critics in the pit,
Who on his first offence in judgment sit !
He pleads—Oh gad ! how terrible his case is !
For my part I am frighten'd by your faces.
Think on his youth—it is his first essay ;
He may in time, perhaps, atonement pay,
If but reprieve'd this execution day.

Methinks I see some elder critic rise,
And, darting furious justice from his eyes.
Cry, " Zounds ! what means the brat ? why all this fuss ?
What are his youth and promises to us ?
For should we from severity refrain,
We soon should have the coxcomb here again.
And, brothers, such examples may invite
A thousand other senseless rogues to write !"
From you then—ye toupets—he hopes defence :
You'll not condemn him—for his want of sense.
What, now you'll say, I warrant with a sneer,
" He's chose too young an advocate, my dear !"
Yet boast not, for (if my own strength I know)
I am a match sufficient—for a beau !
Lastly, to you, ye charmers, he applies,
For in your tender bosoms mercy lies,
As certain as destruction in your eyes.
Let but that lovely circle of the fair
Their approbation, by their smiles, declare ;
Then let the critics damn him—if they dare.

THE TEMPLE BEAU:

A COMEDY, FIRST ACTED IN 1729.

Non aliter, quam qui adverso vix Flumine Lembum
Remigiis subigit.

VIRG. Georg.

Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crassè
Compositum, illepidè putetur, sed quia nobis.

HOR. Art. Poet.

PROLOGUE, WRITTEN BY MR. RALPH, SPOKEN BY MR. GIFFARD.

Humour and wit, in each politer age
Triumphant, rear'd the trophies of the stage ;
But only farce, and show, will now go down,
And Harlequin's the darling of the town.
Will's has resign'd its old pretence to wit,
And beaux appear where critics used to sit.
Button himself, provok'd at wit's decline,
Now lets his house, and swears he'll burn his sign.
Ah ! should all others that on wit depend,
Like him provok'd, like him their dealings end,
Our theatres might take th' example too,
And players starve themselves—as authors do.

But if the gay, the courtly world, disdain
To hear the Muses and their sons complain,
Each injur'd bard shall to this refuge fly,
And find that comfort which the great deny :
Shall frequently employ this infant stage,
And boldly aim to wake a dreaming age.
The comic muse, in smiles severely gay,
Shall scoff at vice, and laugh its crimes away.
The voice of sorrow pine in tragic lays,
And claim your tears, as the sincerest praise.

Merit, like Indian gems, is rarely found,
Obscure, 'tis sullen with the common ground :
But when it blazes in the world's broad eye,
All own the charms they pass'd unheeded by.
Be you the first t' explore the latent prize,
And raise its value, as its beauties rise.
Convince that town, which boasts it better breeding,
That riches—are not all that you exceed in.
Merit, wherever found, is still the same,
And this our stage may be the road to fame.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Sir Avarice Pedant*, MR. COLLET ; *Sir Harry Wilding*, MR. PINKETHMAN ; *Wilding*, MR. GIFFARD ; *Veromil*, MR. W. GIFFARD ; *Valentine*, MR. WILLIAMS ; *Pedant*, MR. BULLOCK ; *Pincet*, MR. BARDIN ; *Lady Lucy Pedant*, MRS. GIFFARD ; *Lady Gravely*, MRS. HAUGHTON ; *Bellarina*, MRS. PURDEN ; *Clarissa*, MRS. SEAL. Tailor, Perriwig-maker, Servants, &c.—SCENE, LONDON.

ACT I. SCENE I.—*Ante-Chamber in SIR AVARICE PEDANT'S House.*

LADY LUCY PEDANT, LADY GRAVELY.

Lady Lucy (entering in a passion, followed by Lady Gravely).—No more of your lectures, dear sister. Must I be fatigued every morning with an odious repetition of fulsome, dull, antiquated maxims, extracted from old philosophers and divines, who no more practised what they wrote than you practise what you read ? Sure, never woman had such a time on't ! Between a husband mad with avarice, a son-in-law mad with learning, a niece mad with love, and a sister—

Gra. Ay, what am I ? I'd be glad to know what

Lucy. The world knows what your are— [of me.
Gra. How, madam !—the world knows nothing
Lucy. It says it does ; it talks of you very freely, child. First, that you are not so young as you would seem ; nor so handsome or good as you do seem ; that your actions are as much disguised by your words as your skin by paint ; that the virtue in your mouth no more proceeds from the purity of your heart, than the colour in your cheeks does from the purity of your blood.

Gra. Very fine, indeed !

Lucy. That your ardency to reprove the world is too often rank envy ; that you are not angry with deformities of the mind, but the beauties of the person : for it is notorious that you never spoke well of a handsome woman, nor ill of an ugly one.

Gra. Impudent scandal !

Lucy. That you rail at the diversions of the town for several reasons ; but the love of goodness has nothing to do with any. Assemblies, because you are very little regarded in them ; operas, because you have no ear ; plays, because you have no taste ; balls, because you can't dance ; and lastly—that you went to church twice a-day, a whole year and half, because—you was in love with the parson ; ha, ha, ha !

Gra. As ill as that malicious smile becomes you, I am glad you put it on ; for it convinces me that what you have said is purely your own suggestion, which I know how to despise. Or, perhaps, you call a set of flirts the world. By such a world I would always be spoken ill of : the slander of some people is as great a recommendation as the praise of others. For one is as much hated by the dissolute world, on the score of virtue, as by the good, on that of vice. Sister, your malicious invectives against me reflect on yourself only. I abhor the motive, and I scorn the effect.

Lucy. Nay, but how ungenerous is this ! when you have often told me, that to put one in mind of faults is the truest sign of friendship ; and that sincerity in private, should give no more pain than flattery in public, pleasure.

Gra. And yet, methinks, you could not bear plain dealing just now. But I'm glad that your last hint has awakened me to a perfect sense of my duty ; therefore, sister, since we are in private, I'll tell you what the world says of you. In the first place, then, it says that you are both younger and handsomer than you seem.

Lucy. Nay, this is flattery, my dear!

Gra. No, indeed my dear! for that folly and affectation have disguised you all over with an air of dotage and deformity. [you, my dear.]

Lucy. This carries an air of sincerity—thank

Gra. That admiration is the greatest pleasure, and to obtain it the whole business of your life; but that the ways you take to it are so preposterous, one would be almost persuaded you aimed rather at contempt; for the actions of an infant seem the patterns of your conduct. When you are in the play-house, you seem to think yourself on the stage; and when you are at church, I should swear you thought yourself in the play-house, did I not know you never think at all. In every circle you engross the whole conversation, where you say a thousand silly things, and laugh at them all; by both which the world is always convinced that you have very fine teeth and very bad sense. [at that—ha, ha, ha!]

Lucy. Well, I will convince you, for I must laugh

Gra. That you are not restrained from unlawful pleasures by the love of virtue, but variety; and that your husband is not safe from having no rival, but from having a great many; for your heart is like a coffee-house, where the beaux frisk in and out, one after another; and you are as little the worse for them, as the other is the better; for one lover, like one poison, is your antidote against another.

Lucy. Ha, ha, ha! I like your comparison of love and poison, for I hate them both alike.

Gra. And yet you are in love, and have been in love a long while.

Lucy. Dear soul, tell me who the happy creature is, for I'm sure he'll think himself so.

Gra. That I question not; for I mean yourself.

Lucy. Ha, ha, ha! and I'm sure you like my taste.

Gra. In short, to end my character, the world gives you the honour of being the most finished coquet in town.

Lucy. And I believe it is as little news to you, that you have that of leading the vast, grave, solemn body of prudes: so let us be friends—since, like the fiery partisans of state, we aim only at the same thing, by several ways: their aim is a place at court—ours is—this, my dear sister!

Gra. Now, would my arms were fire-brands—I would embrace you then with better will. [Aside.]

SCENE II.—To them, YOUNG PEDANT.

Young P. Hey-day! what, is it customary here for you women to kiss one another? It intimates the men to be scarce or backward, in my opinion.

Lucy. And so, taking advantage of the dearth of gallants, you are come to town to be enrolled in the number.

Young P. May I be expelled the university that day! If your women want fools till I turn one to please them, they shall want them—till their fools turn scholars like me—or till they themselves turn Penelopes, that is (*breviter*) till the world's turned topsy-turvy. [fine gentlemen.]

Lucy. Or till such illiterate pedants as you turn

Young P. Illiterate! mother-in-law?—You are a woman. [Scornfully.]

Lucy. You are a coxcomb.

Young P. I rejoice in the irony. To be called coxcomb by a woman is as sure a sign of sense, as to be called a rogue by a courtier is of honesty.

Gra. You should except your relations, nephew; and truly, for the generality of women I am much of your opinion.

Young P. Are you? then you are a woman of sense, aunt; a very great honour to your sex.

Lucy. Did you ever hear so conceited, ignorant a wretch.

Young P. Ignorant!—Know, madam, that I have revolved more volumes than you have done pages; I might say lines. More sense has gone in at these eyes— [lieve.—Ha, ha, ha!]

Lucy. Than will ever come out at that mouth, be—

Young P. What do you laugh at? I could convince you, that what you said then was only false wit. Look ye, mother, when you have been conversant with the Greek poets, you'll make better jests.

Lucy. And when you have conversed with a French dancing-master, you'll make a better figure; till when, you had better converse with yourself. Come, sister.

Young P. Sooner than converse with thee, may I be obliged to communicate with a drunken, idle, illiterate soph: a creature, of all, my aversion.

SCENE III.—SIR AVARICE PEDANT, YOUNG PEDANT.

Sir Av. How now, son? what puts you into this passion? I never knew anything got by being in a passion.

Young P. Sir, with your peace, I am not in a passion; I have read too much philosophy to have my passions irritated by women.

Sir Av. You seem, indeed, to have read a great deal; for you said several things last night beyond my understanding: but I desire you would give me some account of your improvement in that way which I recommended to you at your going to the university; I mean that useful part of learning, the arts of getting money: I hope your tutor has, according to my orders, instilled into you a tolerable insight into stock-jobbing. I hope to see you make a figure at Garraway's, boy.

Young P. Sir, he has instructed me in a much nobler science—logic.—I have read all that has been written on that subject, from the time of Aristotle to that great and learned modern, Burgersdicius; truly, almost a cart-load of books.

Sir Av. Have they taught you the art to get a cart-load of money?

Young P. They have taught me the art of getting knowledge. Logic is in learning, what the compass is in navigation. It is the guide by which our reason steers in the pursuit of true philosophy.

Sir Av. Did ever mortal man hear the like?—Have I been at this expense to breed my son a philosopher? I tremble at the name; it brings the thought of poverty into my mind. Why, do you think, if your old philosophers were alive, any one would speak to them, any one would pay their bills?—Ah! these universities are fit for nothing but to debauch the principles of young men; to poison their minds with romantic notions of knowledge and virtue: what could I expect, but that philosophy should teach you to crawl into a prison, or poetry to fly into one?—Well, I'll show you the world! where you will see that riches are the only titles to respect; and that learning is not the way to get riches. There are men who can draw for the sum of a hundred thousand pounds who can hardly spell it.

Young P. Sir, you were pleased to send for me to town in an impetuous manner. Two days have passed since my arrival, I would therefore importune you to declare to me the reasons of your message.

Sir Av. That is my intention, and you will find by it how nicely I calculate. You know my losses in the South-Sea had sunk my fortune to so low an ebb, that from having been offered, ay, and courted, to accept a wife of quality (my present lady), I fell

so low, to have my proposals of marriage between you and the daughter of a certain citizen rejected, tho' her fortune was not equal to that of my wife. For I must tell you that a thousand a year is all you can expect from me, who might have left you ten.

Young P. And is to me as desirable a gift.

Sir Av. I am sorry to hear you have no better principles. But I have hit on a way to double that sum. In short I intend to marry you to your cousin Bellaria. I observed her the night of your arrival, at supper, look much at you, though you were then rough, and just off your journey: my brother sent her hither to prevent her marrying a gentleman in the country of a small fortune. Now, I'll take care you shall have sufficient opportunities together: and I question not but to compass the affair; by which I gain just ten thousand pound clear, for her fortune is twenty.

Young P. Sir, I desire to deliver my reasons opponent to this match; they are two: first, to the thing, matrimony. Secondly, to the person, who is my cousin-german.

Sir Av. Now, sir, I desire to deliver mine. I have but one, and that is very short. If you refuse I'll disinherit you.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a gentleman, who calls himself Wilding, at the door.

Sir Av. Show him in. Son, you will consider of what I have told you.

Young P. Yes, I will consider, but shall never find a reply to so substantial, prevalent, and convincing an argument.

SCENE IV.—*To them, SIR HARRY WILDING.*

Sir Har. Is not your name, sir, Sir Avarice Pedant?

Sir Av. At your service, sir. [vant.]

Sir Har. Then, sir, I am your very humble ser-

Sir Av. I don't know you, sir.

Sir Har. Don't you, sir? why, then, 'tis probable, by reading this letter, you will know more than you

Sir Av. [Reads.] [do now.]

"DEAR BROTHER,—The bearer is my very good friend, sir Harry Wilding; he comes to town to introduce his eldest son to Bellaria. The young man, I'm told, has a great character for sobriety, and I know his fortune equal to my demands. I fear her old lover will find her out, unless prevented by an immediate match. Get every thing ready as quick as possible: I will be in town soon; till when, be particularly civil to sir Harry and his son. [Aside. Ay, with a pox to them!] Your humble servant, and affectionate brother. GEO. PEDANT."

[To Sir Harry.] Sir, your very humble servant. My brother here informs me of your proposals; I presume, sir, I know your son.

Sir Har. I'm surprised at that, sir, for he has no acquaintance but with books. Alas, sir, he studies day and night!

Sir Av. May I ask what he studies, sir?

Sir Har. Law, sir; he has followed it so close these six years, that he has hardly had time to write even—to me (unless when he wants necessities). But I cannot convince you better than by one of his bills—let me see—ay, here—here it is!—here's a bill—I shall see the rogue a judge.—This bill, sir, is only for one quarter.

For law-books, 50*l.*

Fifty-pounds' worth of law-books read in one quarter of a year.—I shall see the rogue a judge. [knives, 10*l.*

Item. For paper, pens, ink, sand, pencils, pen-

For fire and candles, 8*l.*

You see, he reads all night.

Paid a woman to brush books, 1*l.*

For places in Westminster-hall, 5*l.*

For coaches thither, at 4*s.* per time, 12*l.*

For night-gown, slippers, caps, physic —

Sir Av. Hold, hold, pray; it's enough in conscience.

Sir Har. In short, the whole bill amounts to two hundred and seventy-five pounds, for the necessities of study only. I shall see the rogue a judge.

Sir Av. But (methinks) there is one article a little extraordinary: how comes it that your son pays four shillings for a coach to Westminster, when four lawyers go thither for one?

Sir Har. Ay! why that's a question, now, that has been asked me several times: heart! I believe you are all envious of my boy. If he pays four times as much, he carries four times as much law, and that, I think, is an answer.

Sir Av. I wonder, sir Harry, a gentleman of your plentiful fortune should breed your eldest son to the law.

Sir Har. Oh, sir! I'll give you a very good reason for that—My father was a lawyer, and he got an estate. It was my misfortune to be bred a gentleman. My father kept me in the country till I was three-and-twenty, and my wife has kept me there ever since; for, except when I brought my son to the Temple, and this present journey, I never was twenty miles from home. [tleman, Sir Harry!]

Sir Av. It was your misfortune to be bred a gen-

Sir Har. Ay, sir; but I always resolved to breed my son to the law; I determined it before he was born; and I don't question but to see him a judge.—I am impatient till I find him out; so I am your humble servant. You may expect me at dinner.

Sir Av. That's kind, however.—You see, son, we have but a short time to execute our project in; and if we are not expeditious, the stock will be sold to another purchaser. I am obliged to go into the city on business: after dinner I will introduce you to my niece. In the mean time, think on some fine speeches, some high compliments: for in dealing with women (contrary to all other merchandise) the way to get them cheap is to cry them up as much beyond their value as possible.

Young P. So the matter is reduced to this, "Either to be married or disinherited." I'll accept the prior; for, if I am disinherited, I shall never get my estate again: but, if I am married (providentially), I may get rid of my wife.

SCENE V.—*ST. JAMES'S Park. VALENTINE VEROMIL.*

Val. This was an agreeable surprise indeed! for, of all men, my Veromil is he whom I most wished, but least expected to meet.

Ver. My wishes, Valentine, were equal to yours, but my expectations greater; for I was told the town, and all its pleasures, had long engrossed the heart of my Valentine. Nor has my information been false, I find. These clothes! these looks! these airs! give me reason to wonder how I recollected my metamorphosed friend.

Val. Why, faith! I am a little changed since those happy times, when, after a day spent in study, we used to regale at night, and communicate our discoveries in knowledge over a pint of bad port. While, poor creatures! we were strangers to the greatest, pleasantest part of knowledge—

Ver. What?

Val. Woman, dear Charles, woman; a sort of books prohibited at the university, because your grave dons don't understand them. But what part of the world has possessed you these years?

Ver. The first twelvemonth after I left the university I remained in the country with my father (you had not then forgot to correspond with me). I then made the tour of France and Italy. I intended

to visit Germany; but on my return to Paris, I there received the news of my father's death!

Val. 'Sdeath! he did not deserve the name!—Nay, I am no stranger to your misfortunes. Sure Nature was as blind when she gave him such a son, as Fortune when she robbed you of your birth-right.

Ver. Valentine, I charge thee, on thy friendship, not to reflect on that memory which shall be ever sacred to my breast. Who knows what arts my brother may have used? Nay, I have reason to believe my actions abroad were misrepresented. I must have fallen by a double deceit. He must have coloured my innocence with the face of vice, and covered his own notorious vices under the appearance of innocence.

Val. Hell in its own shape rewarded him for it.

Ver. Heaven forgive him! I hope I can.

Val. But tell me (tho' I dread to ask); he did not, could not, disinherit you of all?

Ver. All in his power. My mother's fortune fell to me, he could not hinder it. And, oh! my friend! I could with that small competency outvie my brother's happiness, had I not, with my fortune, lost a jewel dear to me as my soul—yet here I forget even that. To hold, to embrace so dear a friend, effaces every care.

Val. I still have been your debtor: 'tis your superior genius to oblige; my utmost efforts will be still your due. [Joy.

Ver. Let us then sacrifice this day to mirth and

Val. With all my heart.

Ver. Is not that Wilding just come into the Mall?

Val. I am sure he is altered since you saw him. I wonder his dress, indeed, did not prevent your knowing him.

Ver. No; it is by his dress I do know him, for I saw him in the very same at Paris. He remembers me too, I perceive. Mr. Wilding, your humble servant.

SCENE VI.—WILDING, VEROMIL, VALENTINE.

Wild. Ha! my dear Veromil, a thousand welcomes to England. When left you that delicious place Paris?

Ver. Soon after you left it.

Wild. I thought you intended for Vienna. But I am glad that we enjoy you so much sooner. For I suppose you are now come to town for good?

Val. Nay, he shall not escape us again.

Ver. My inclinations would bid me spend my whole life with my Valentine: but necessity confines our happiness to this day.

Val. This day!

Ver. To-morrow night I am to meet a friend at Dover, to embark for France. I am glad we met so soon; for every hour I am with you, though it seems a moment, is worth an age.

Wild. You are soon weary of your country, Mr. Veromil, which you longed to see so much when we were at Paris.

Ver. Misfortunes have made it disagreeable.

Wild. Come, come, I see the bottom of this: there is a mistress in the case.

Val. To France for a mistress!

Wild. Ay, or what do all our fine gentlemen there?

Val. Learn to please an English one. It would be more rational in a Frenchman to come abroad for a dancing-master, than in an Englishman to go abroad for a mistress.

Ver. However, you'll allow a lover to be partial; you must excuse me if I think France has now the finest woman in the universe. But, to end your amazement, she is our countrywoman.

Wild. And has some devilish coquet led you a dance to Paris? Never stir after her: if she does not return within ten weeks, I'll be bound to—fetch her.

Val. Who can this great uncelebrated beauty be?

Ver. Oh, Valentine! she is one whose charms would delude stoicism into love; the luscious dreams of amorous boys ne'er raised ideas of so fine a form, nor man of sense e'er wished a virtue in his mistress's mind which she has not. That modesty! that sweetness! that virtue!

Wild. Her name, her name?

Val. Her fortune, her fortune?

Ver. I know, gentlemen, you who have lived so much in the gay world will be surprised to hear me talk so seriously on this affair. But be assured, my whole happiness is in the breast of one woman.

Wild. I own myself surprised; but our friend here can hardly be so, for he is to-morrow to be happy with one woman.

Ver. How!

Val. Wilt thou never have done with it? A man can't appear in public, after it's known that he is to be married, but every one who wants a wife will rally him out of envy. [of pity.

Wild. Ay,—and every one who has a wife out

Val. 'Sdeath! I'll be married to-morrow, and away into the country the next morning.

Wild. Oh! the country is vastly pleasant during the honeymoon; groves and mountains give one charming ideas in the spring of matrimony. I suppose we shall have you in town again in the winter; at least you'll be so obliging to send your wife up. A husband would be as public-spirited a man, if he did not run away with his wife, as he who buys a fine picture and hangs it up in his house for the benefit of all comers. But robbing the public of a fine woman is barbarous, and he who buries his wife is as great a miser as he who buries his gold.

Ver. The public may thank themselves, for no man would do either had not the world affixed shame to the sounds of poverty and cuckoldom.

Val. You mention the name as if there was something frightful in it: one would imagine you had lived in the first age and infancy of cuckoldom. Custom alters everything. A pair of horns, perhaps, once seemed as odd an ornament for the head as a periwig; but now they are both equally in fashion, and a man is no more stared at for the one than for the other.

Wild. Nay, I rather think cuckoldom is an honour. I wish every cuckold had a statue before his door, erected at the public expense.

Val. Then the city of London would have as many statues in it as the city of Rome had.

Wild. The ladies are obliged to you for your opinion.

Val. I think so. What's yours, pray?

Wild. Mine! that the poets ought to be hanged for every compliment they have made them.

Ver. Hey-day!

Wild. For that they have not said enough in their favour—Ah, Charles! there are women in the world— [Hugs VEROMIL.

Ver. Bravo! women!

Wild. Dost thou think I confine my narrow thoughts to one woman? No; my heart is already in the possession of five hundred, and there is enough for five hundred more.

Val. Why, thou hast more women in thy heart than the grand Turk has in his seraglio.

Wild. Ay, and if I have not finer women—'Sdeath! well recollected. Valentine, I must wait on one of your aunts to an auction this morning.

Ver. Nay, dear honest reprobate, let us dine.

Wild. I am engaged at the same place. [together.]

Val. Veromil, if you please, I'll introduce you. Perhaps you will be entertained with as merry a mixture of characters as you have seen. There is (to give you a short *Dramatis Personæ*) my worthy uncle, whose whole life and conversation runs on that one topic, gain. His son, whom I believe you remember at the university, who is since, with much labour and without any genius, improved to be a learned blockhead.

Ver. I guess his perfections by the dawnings I observed in him. His learning adorns his genius as the colouring of a great painter would the features of a bad one.

Wild. Or the colouring of some ladies do the wrinkles of their faces.

Val. Then I have two aunts as opposite in their inclinations as two opposite points of the globe, and I believe as warm in them as the centre.

Wild. And point to the same centre too, or I'm mistaken.

Val. Lastly, two young ladies, one of whom is as romantically in love as yourself, and whom, perhaps, when you have seen, you will not allow the finest woman in the world to be in France.

Ver. I defy the danger. Besides, I desire we may have the afternoon to ourselves. I declare against all cards and parties whatsoever.

Val. I'll second your resistance, for I know we shall be asked; and they will be as difficultly refused too as a starving author, who begs your subscription to his next miscellany; and you will get much the same by both compliances, a great deal of nonsense and impertinence for your money; for he who plays at quadrille, without being let into the secret, as surely loses as he would at Newmarket.

Wild. Ay, but then he is let sometimes into much more charming secrets.

Val. Faith, very rarely! Many have succeeded by the contrary practice, which is the reason why sharpers have been so often happy in their favours. Your success would be more forwarded by winning five hundred than by losing five thousand.

Wild. Why, faith! on a second consideration, I begin to be of your opinion—

For gratitude may to some women fall,

But money, powerful money, charms them all.

ACT II. SCENE I.—WILDING'S Chambers in the Temple.—PINCET alone.

'Tis a fine thing to have a clear conscience: but a clear purse and a loaded conscience is the devil. To have been a rogue in order to be a gentleman, and then reduced to be a servant again!—What, refuse paying my annuity the second half year, and bid discover if I dare! [Shows a letter.] Discover if I dare! You shall repent that, my dear brother rogue; for, since I can't live like a gentleman by my roguery, I'll e'en tell the truth, and stand in the pillory like one, by my honesty. [Knocking.] So, the duns begin. Well, I can say truly my master is not at home now; but, if he were, it would be the same thing. [Knocking harder.]

SCENE II.—SIR HARRY WILDING, PINCET.

Pin. Hey-day! this is some scrivener or dun of authority.

Sir Har. Here, you sirrah—where's your master?

Pin. I do not know, sir.

Sir Har. What, is not he at home?

Pin. No, sir.

Sir Har. And when do you expect him home?

Pin. I can't tell.

Sir Har. I warrant, gone to Westminster—a diligent rogue. When did your master go out?

Pin. I don't know. (What strange fellow is this?)

Sir Har. [Aside.] I warrant before this rascal was up.—Come, sirrah, show me your master's library.

Pin. His library, sir?

Sir Har. His library, sir—his study—his books.

Pin. My master has no books, sir.

Sir Har. Show me his books, or I'll crack your skull for you, sir.

Pin. Sir, he has no books. What would you have with my master, sir?

Sir Har. What's this? [Taking a book up.] Rochester's Poems! What does he do with poems? But 'tis better to spend an hour so than in a tavern. What book is this? Plays! what, does he read plays too?—Hark ye, sirrah—show me where your master keeps his law-books?

Pin. Sir, he has no law-books: what should he do with law-books?

Sir Har. I'll tell you, villain! (Goes to strike him.) [Knocking.]—O, here, here he comes—I'll meet my dear boy.

SCENE III.—To them, Tailor.

Tayl. Mr. Pincet, is your master within? I have brought my bill.

Pin. You must come another time.

Tayl. Another time! Sir, I must speak with him now. I have been put off this twelvemonth—I can stay no longer.

Sir Har. Give me your bill.

Tayl. Will you pay it, sir?

Sir Har. Perhaps I will, sir.

Tayl. Here it is, sir.

Sir Har. Agad! it's a good long one. "For a suit of laced clothes, made your honour last Michaelmas was two years, forty pounds." What, do your Templars wear laced clothes?

Tayl. Do they? ha, ha, ha! Would they paid for them too! We have gentlemen here, sir, who dress as finely as any beaux of them all.

Pin. And pay as finely too, I believe, to your sorrow. [Aside.]

Sir Har. "A suit of black velvet, twenty-three pounds." Adad, the rogue is extravagant.

SCENE IV.—To them, Milliner, Periwigmaker, Shoemaker, Hosier.

Mill. Mr. Pincet, is your master within?

Pin. No, no, no. You must all come another time.

Per. Sir, we shall not come another time. We agreed to come all in a body; and, unless we are paid, we shall take other methods. [Knocking.]

Sir Har. Hell and the devil! what have we here?

[Staring as in the greatest confusion.]

Pin. [Without.] He is not at home.

Tricksy. I tell you he is, and I will see him.

SCENE V.—To them, MRS. TRICKSY. As she is crossing the stage SIR HARRY takes hold on her.

Sir Har. Hark ye, madam, are you acquainted with my son?

[fellow, I hope.]

Tric. Nor none of the scrubs that belong to you,

Sir Har. The gentleman who owns these chambers, madam, is my son.

Tric. Sir, you are an impudent coxcomb. The gentleman who owns these chambers has no such dirty relations.

Sir Har. Very fine, very fine! I see it now. My son is an extravagant rake, and I am imposed upon. But I'll be revenged on these fop-makers at least.

Per. Sir, I will have my money.

Sir Har. I'll pay you, sir, with a vengeance—Dogs! villains! whores! [*Beats them out, and returns.*]

SCENE VI.—SIR HARRY *alone.*

A rogue! a rogue! is this his studying law? Oh! here's his strong box; we'll see what's in thee, however. [*Breaks it open.*]—What's this? [*Reads.*]

"DEAR BUNNY,—I will meet you in the balcony at the old play-house this evening at six. Dumps is gone into the country. I choose rather to see you abroad than at my own house; for some things lately happened, I fear, have given the cuckold reason for suspicion. Nothing can equal my contempt for him, but my love for you. Yours affectionately, J. G."

Oh, the devil! the devil!—Law!—ay, ay, he has studied law with a vengeance. I shall have him suffer the law, instead of practising it. I'll demolish your fopperies for you, rascal. Dear Bunny. [*Looks on the letter.*] I shall see the rogue hanged.

SCENE VII. *An Ante-chamber in SIR AVARICE PEDANT'S House.*—LADY LUCY, LADY GRAVELY, BELLARIA, CLARISSA.

Lucy. Ha, ha, ha! And have you the assurance to own yourself in love, in an age when 'tis as immodest to love before marriage as 'tis unfashionable to love after it?

Bel. And when the merit of him I do love is much more a rarity than either. 'Tis only when we fix our affections unworthily that they are blamable; but where virtue, sense, reputation, worth, love, and constancy meet in a man, the mistress who is ashamed of her passion must have a soul too mean to distinguish them. [*to!*]

Gra. What will the immodesty of this age come

Lucy. What will the stupidity of it come to? [*a man!*]

Gra. A young woman to declare openly she loves

Lucy. A young woman to declare openly she loves one man only? Your wit and beauty, Bellaria, were intended to enslave mankind. Your eyes should first conquer the world, and then weep, like Alexander's, for more worlds to conquer.

Bel. I rather think he should have wept for those he had conquered. He had no more title to sacrifice the lives of men to his ambition than a woman has their ease. And I assure you, madam, had my eyes that power you speak, I would only defend my own by them, which is the only warrantable use of power in both sexes.

Lucy. Well, for a woman who has seen so much of the world, you talk very strangely.

Gra. It is to her town education, to her seeing the world, as you call it, that she owes these immodest thoughts; had her father confined her in the country, as her uncle did, and as I advised him, she would have scorned fellows as much as I do.

Bel. I hope, madam, I shall never give any of my friends reason to regret my education.

Gra. Yes, madam, I do regret it. I am sorry I have a relation who has no more virtue than to love a man. [*him.*]

Bel. My father commanded me, madam, to love

Gra. Yes, but your uncle has commanded you not.

Bel. It is not in my power to obey him, nor am I obliged to it. I defy you to say I ever gave encouragement to any other; or to him before I had my father's leave—his command. He introduced him to me, and bid me think of him as my husband. I obeyed with difficulty, till I discovered such worth, such virtues in his soul, that the reception which I at first gave him out of duty, I afterwards gave him out of love. I placed the dear image in my heart; and you, or all the world, shall never tear it thence, or plant another's there. [*almost cry to hear her.*]

Gra. Did you ever hear such a wretch? I could

Lucy. I can't help laughing at her; ha, ha, ha!

Gra. Madam! madam! more gravity would become you.

Lucy. More gaiety would become you, dear niece.

Bel. I find, aunts, it's impossible to please you both, and I'm afraid it will be difficult for me to please either; for, indeed, lady Gravelly, I shall never come up to your gravity; nor, I believe, lady Lucy, to your gaiety.

Lucy. Dear creature! you will alter your opinion when you have liberty to go to plays and assemblies.

Gra. Plays! and assemblies! send her to church.

Bel. I dare venture to both. I shall never reach that sublime way of thinking which imputes dullness to that or levity to this. And if you will give me leave to be free, I think lady Gravelly may go more to the one, and lady Lucy ought to go more to the other.

SCENE VIII.—*To them, Servant.*

Serv. Ladies, Mr. Valentine, Mr. Wilding, and another gentleman, are below.

Lucy. Show them up.

Gra. I'll not be seen.

Lucy. Nay, lady Gravelly.

Gra. I don't like such company. Besides, I have some business in my chamber.

SCENE IX.—VALENTINE, WILDING, VEROMIL, LADY LUCY, BELLARIA, CLARISSA.

Val. Ladies, your humble servant; I beg the honour of introducing a friend of mine—lady Lucy, Mrs. Bellaria. [*They salute.*]

Bel. O, Heavens! [*Aside.*]

Lucy. Was there much company in the Park?

Wild. All the world but yourselves; I wonder you could resist the temptation of so fine a day, lady Lucy.

Lucy. Oh! never be surprised at me but when you see me walking; for I am the most lazy creature in the world. I would not have walked to my coach this morning to have been empress of the universe. Oh! I adore the eastern way of travelling on men's shoulders: but walking is so vulgar an exercise, I wonder people of quality give in to it.

Val. It has only the recommendation of being wholesome and innocent.

Lucy. Great recommendations truly, to some antiquated prude, some poor-spirited animal, who is proud of an innocent face. [*holders any harm.*]

Wild. That is a face which never does the be-

Lucy. Unless it frightens them—ha, ha, ha!

Wild. Some women are innocent from their want of beauty, as some men are from their want of courage.

Lucy. True. We should all be tyrants if we had power. [*Lucy.*]

Wild. You will be too late for the auction, lady

Lucy. The other lady has disappointed us, so I shall not go. But I have bought a picture since I saw you, which if you don't admire as much as I do, I shall not admire your judgment. [*the same thing.*]

Wild. If I do not admire it I'll say I do, and that's

SCENE X.—VALENTINE, CLARISSA, VEROMIL, BELLARIA.

Val. You look very ill to-day, Clarissa.

Cla. You were not obliged to tell me so, methinks.

Val. Freedom in a husband is—

Cla. Impertinence—stay till you have the title.

Val. A day will give it me.

Cla. Perhaps not. This troublesome impertinent freedom makes me believe you not so near your happiness.

Val. Madam! madam! this turbulency of temper makes me fear I am too near my misery.

Cla. I don't understand you.

Val. I fear you are more difficult to be understood than I am. Stay till I have a title!—He who marries a woman, or pays for an estate, before he is apprised of their real value, will find it then too late to lament. The purchaser, indeed, may sell his estate to another with loss; but the husband, like a loaded ass, must drag on the heavy burthen till death alone relieves him. [more.]

Cla. Intolerable insolence!—I'll never see you

Val. Pardon me, Bellaria, I must follow her.—To make the quarrel irreconcilable. [Aside.]

SCENE XI.—VEROMIL, BELLARIA.

[VEROMIL and BELLARIA, who had stood this while silent, rush into one another's arms.]

Ver. My Bellaria!

Bel. Are you—can you be my Veromil?

Ver. Let this fond kiss confirm me to be Veromil, and yours.

Bel. And this embrace, which pulls you to my heart, assure you that I know I hold my Veromil: for none but him these arms should e'er encircle.

Ver. My dear, my tender love!

Bel. Oh! tell me what strange, what unexpected chance has brought us once again together.

Ver. A chance so strange, it seems the direction of a providence, which looks with propitious pleasure on the sincerity of our virtuous loves; for, had not the accidental meeting of a friend prevented it, I had to-morrow gone for France, whither I falsely heard you was sent.

Bel. Did you never receive any letter from me?

Ver. And did not my Bellaria then forget me? Oh! how blessed had I been to have seen a line from her!

Bel. Then I have been betrayed; for know, my Veromil, I was forced from my uncle's house in the middle of the night, and in two days brought hither, where I have been kept the closest prisoner; yet I found means to write to you, and gave the letter to my maid, with a ring from my finger to enforce her faithfulness; and she has a thousand times sworn she sent it you.

Ver. O the false jade!

Bel. Heaven knows what different agonies I have felt! Sometimes I thought you dead. Nay, once I feared you false.

Ver. Oh, my Paradise! no worlds could have tempted me; for, by this sweetest, dearest hand, I swear there's not an atom in that charming form which I would change for worlds.

Bel. You know how willingly I believe you.—But hark, if we are overseen, we are ruined.

Ver. Tell me—O, tell me what I shall do.

Bel. I'll think of it.—Is Valentine your friend?

Ver. Most nearly.

Bel. Then consult with him, if you believe it safe.

Ver. Oh, Bellaria! }

Bel. Farewell—My heart. }

[Looking fondly on one another.]

Ver. Eternal transports, agonies of joy delight thy soul! Excellent, charming creature!—But, ah! a sudden damp chills all my rising joys; for oh! what dragons must be overcome, before I gather that delicious fruit!—I must impart it to Valentine; for on his friendship hangs my sure success.

SCENE XII.—VALENTINE, VEROMIL.

Val. Alone, and musing, dear Veromil! Are you thinking on your lady in France?

Ver. Valentine!—are you my friend?

Val. If you doubt it, I am not.

Ver. It is in your power, perhaps, to grant me my utmost wish—will you?

Val. You know I will.

Ver. Be it whatever—

Val. Humph!—Faith! unless it should be to go abroad with you to-morrow; for the same reason keeps me at home that sends you away—a woman; and I believe, now you have seen her, you will confess a fine one.

Ver. What do you mean?

Val. In a word, that lady I left you alone with, I dote on to distraction.—You seem disturbed, Veromil! Did I not know you already engaged, and the constancy of your temper, her charms might excuse my suspecting a sudden conquest.

Ver. Be assured it is not in the power of wealth or beauty to change my passion.—And are you to be married to her to-morrow?

Val. Would I were. To show you I distrust not your friendship, I'll open my whole breast to you. I had for almost two years pursued that other lady, and, after a long series of importunity, at last obtained her consent, and to-morrow was the appointed day. But about a month since, the lady whom I told you of in our way from the Park came hither; that I liked her, you'll easily believe; but by frequent conversation, the disease possessed my whole mind. My love for her, and aversion for my former mistress, increased daily, till I resolved to break with the old and pursue the new passion. The one I have accomplished in an irreconcilable quarrel with Clarissa. The first step I will take to the latter, shall be by all means whatsoever to lessen her value for him she thinks herself engaged to—whom, could I once remove, I easily should supply his place.

Ver. But can you do this with honour?

Val. Ha, ha, ha! you and I had strange notions of that word when we used to read the moralists at Oxford; but our honour here is as different from that as our dress. In short, it forbids us to receive injuries, but not to do them. [Christianity.]

Ver. Fine honour, truly!—Just the reverse of

Val. Pshaw! thou art so unfashionably virtuous!

Ver. Virtue may indeed be unfashionable in this age; for ignorance and vice will always live together. And sure the world is come to that height of folly and ignorance, posterity may call this the Leaden Age. But virtue loses not its worth by being slighted by the world, more than the pearl, when the foolish cock preferred a barley-corn. Virtue is a diamond, which when the world despises, 'tis plain that knaves and fools have too much sway therein.

Val. Ay, virtue and diamonds may be very like one another; but, faith! they are seldom the ornaments of the same person.

Ver. I am sorry for it.

Val. Well, now tell me in what I can serve you?

Ver. I must first persuade you into other thoughts; but I hear company. If you please, we'll walk in the garden.

SCENE XIII.—LADY GRAVELY, following SIR AVARICE.

Gra. I tell you it's in every one's mouth—the whole world says it.

Sir Av. Well, and what do I lose by that? Would you have me part with my wife, because the world is pleased to belie her? I'll as soon sell out of the stocks the next report that is raised about Gibraltar.

Gra. Insensible wretch!

Sir Av. Insensible! you are mistaken; I have computed it, and I find it cheaper to maintain my wife at home than to allow her a separate maintenance. She has great relations, and will consequently have a great allowance. [your bosom?]

Gra. Abandoned! would you keep a serpent in

Sir Av. If she's a serpent, it's more than I know. If you can prove anything against her, do it.

Gra. Will you prosecute it if I do?

Sir Av. If her gallant be rich: but if he's poor, look you, I will have nothing to do with him; for I have resolved never to go to law with a beggar or a lord: the one you will never cast, and the other you will get nothing by casting.

Gra. You'll get revenge. [for revenge.]

Sir Av. I am too good a christian to give money

Gra. But not to give up your conscience for money. Will you set up for a christian without honesty?

Sir Av. I'll have faith, at least: and so, sister, I believe my wife honest, and will believe it till you prove the contrary.

Gra. Can a woman be honest who frequents assemblies, auctions, plays, and reads romances?

Sir Av. Very innocently, I dare swear.

Gra. Who keeps an assembly herself? whose house is a public rendezvous for idle young fellows? and who is, I am afraid, sometimes alone with one fellow?

Sir Av. And very innocently, I dare aver. [low?

Gra. How! innocently alone with a fellow! Brother, I would not be innocently alone with a fellow for the universe.

Sir Av. Since you enrage me, you yourself have a worse character than my wife.

Gra. Monster! I an ill character! I, who have lived reputably with two husbands! [faction.]

Sir Av. And buried them both with great satisfaction.

Gra. The world knows how decently I grieved for them both; yes, you see too well I have not worn off the loss of the last to this day.

Sir Av. Nor will not, till you have got a third, which I heartily wish you had, that my house might be at ease, and that my poor wife, my poor Penelope, might not be disturbed. For I will no more believe anything against her than I will believe a stock-jobber on the Exchange, or a lawyer in Westminster-hall.

Gra. The curses of cuckoldom and credulity attend you, till thy horns put out those eyes which cannot see them!

SCENE XIV.—WILDING and LADY GRAVELY.

Wild. So, now must I transform myself into a shape as foreign to my natural one as ever Proteus did. [Aside.]—Hem! hem!—Lady Gravelly, your humble servant!

Gra. How got you admittance here, sir? I thought you knew that I receive no visits from men at this hour!

Wild. As my visits, madam, are always innocent, I presumed your ladyship might admit me at a time when you deny access to the looser of our sex. I am, indeed, unfortunately, of that part of the species which your ladyship disesteems; but sobriety, I know, recommends even a man to your ladyship's favour. [to sobriety, sir.]

Gra. Sobriety! you have, indeed, a great title

Wild. I own, indeed, the former part of my life has been too freely spent; but love has made me a convert. Love, which has made the sober often gay, has made me sober.

Gra. I am glad a good effect can proceed from a bad cause. Who can she be who has wrought this

Wild. Would I durst tell you! [miracle?

Gra. What do you fear?

Wild. Your anger. [could forgive it.]

Gra. Tho' I disapprove of love—if virtuous, I

Wild. Then 'tis yourself, yourself, madam; the object of my thoughts, my dreams, my wishes—

Gra. In love with me! I hope, sir, my conduct has not given encouragement.

Wild. Oh! do not, do not look thus cruel on me. Those eyes should only dart their lightnings on the profligate; but, when approached with purity, should be all gentle, mild, propitious. I, madam, despise and hate the world as you. Coquets are my aversion.

Gra. That, indeed, shows your sense.

Wild. Would but my fate so far bless me, that I might have the opportunity of conversing with a woman of your sense, of communicating my censures on the world to you, and approving yours! Nothing can be harmful that passes between such a pair, [Kissing her hand..] let what will proceed

Gra. Odious name! [from their amours.]

Wild. Their virtuous hours. [Kissing it harder.] The world never lays any censure on their conduct.

Gra. The world is not half so censorious as it ought to be on the flirting part of the sex.—Really, I know very few who are not downright naughty.

Wild. Yes, and openly—it is six times the crime. The manner of doing ill, like the manner of doing well, is chiefly considered—and then the persons too.

Gra. The giggling, ogling, silly, vile creatures!

Wild. I don't know a woman, beside yourself, one can converse with. [my sex.]

Gra. Truly I am at a loss for conversation among

Wild. Ah! madam, might one who has the misfortune to be a man— [are so bad.]

Gra. Don't call it a misfortune, since the women

Wild. Can I hope?

Gra. 'Tis to the men too we are obliged for knowing what women are; if they were secret, all women would pass for virtuous.

Wild. Yet I abhor want of secrecy. Had I been admitted to familiarities, I would have sooner died than discovered them. [a manly virtue.]

Gra. I cannot deny, indeed, but that secrecy is

Wild. Oh! it is the characteristic of a man.

Gra. I am glad to see a young man of such charm—

Wild. Oh, madam! [ing principles.]

Gra. Such a just and bad notion of the world.

Wild. Madam! madam! [women.]

Gra. Such a thorough, thorough hatred of bad

Wild. Dear madam!

Gra. And at the same time such a perfect, tender, manly concern for the reputation of all women.

Wild. Oh! eternally careful, madam.

Gra. And to show you my approbation, I will venture to walk with you in the garden till dinner. I will but speak to a servant and follow you. [Exit.]

Wild. Soh! by what I can see, lady Lucy, you are in a fair way to repent sending me of this errand. Make diversion for you! I shall make diversion for myself, I believe; for nothing but the devil can prevent my success, and I'm sure it's not his business to prevent it.

ACT III.—SCENE I.—The Ante-Chamber.—LADY LUCY, WILDING.

Lady Lucy. I have been half dead with impatience to know your success.

Wild. If ever I am sent on such an errand again—

Lucy. I'll engage she gave it you home.

Wild. That she did, indeed.

Lucy. And—and—Ha, ha, ha!—How did she receive you?—Ha, ha, ha!

Wild. Why, I attacked her in a grave solemn style. I put on as hypocritical a countenance as a jesuit at a confession.

Lucy. And she received you like a nun, I suppose.

Wild. Sir (says she), while you frequent my sister's assemblies, your affected sobriety will gain no place in my belief. I receive no visits from any man—but from such a gay, wild, loose, raking, dancing, singing, fluttering—

Lucy. Coxcomb! Ha, ha, ha!

Wild. Would you recommend yourself to me, you must leave off your whole set of company, and particularly that wild, vain, thoughtless, flirting, unfixed, inconstant—

Lucy. Hold! hold!

Wild. Mimicking, sighing, laughing—

Lucy. Whom do you mean?

Wild. She named nobody.

Lucy. No, she did not need. I know whom she scandalised, and I'll tell her, be it only to make mischief.

Wild. I say she named nobody at first; but when she found I did not know the picture by her colours, she writ your name at the bottom.

Lucy. My name!

Wild. 'Tis too true.

Lucy. The devil take you for telling me of it; it has discomposed me so—I find it impossible to have any complexion to-day.

Wild. You need none—you have done mischief enough already; 'tis time to think of repairing some of it. [done.]

Lucy. But I will not repair any mischief I have

Wild. That's an affectation; you are better-natured.

Lucy. Indeed, I am as cruel as Caligula. I wish your whole sex had but one pair of eyes, that I might kill them all with a frown.

Wild. And one body, that you might recover them as easily. Come, come, lady Lucy, I have been your fool long enough, and have had no reward for my pains.

Lucy. No reward! Have I not spoke to you in all public places? Have I not read your odious letters? Have I not sung your more odious songs? Have I not suffered you to gallant my fan, to kiss my lap-dog? What can a reasonable creature ask which I have not done?

Wild. The only thing a reasonable creature would ask. You have turned the tables on me finely, indeed, and made that my reward which I should have pleaded as my merit. A prince would be finely served truly, who, when his soldiers asked him for a reward, was to tell them the honour of serving him was one. [with less.]

Lucy. I can reckon fifty lovers of mine contented

Wild. Rare lovers! A lady would be as finely served by such lovers as a king by such soldiers—fellows only fit to guard a drawing-room, or to court in it; and of no more use in the real fields of love or war than an eunuch in a bed-chamber or a parson in a battle.

Lucy. I have taken a sudden resolution—

Wild. Have a care of a bad one!

Lucy. Never to see you more.

Wild. I thank you for telling me, however, because it has led me into another resolution.

Lucy. Impertinent!

Wild. Never to leave you more till you have given me all the joys in your power.

Lucy. I hate you.

Wild. That's barbarous, when you know my love.

Lucy. Yes, I do know your love; and therefore I have used you like a spaniel, and will use you like a spaniel.

Wild. And I, like a spaniel, will but fawn the more, my angel. [Takes her in his arms.]

SCENE II.—To them, SIR AVARICE PEDANT.

Sir Av. Hoity-toity! Hey-day! What's here to do?—have I caught you, gentlefolks?—I begin to see I am rightly informed. Are these your innocent gaieties, madam?

SCENE III.—To them, SIR HARRY WILDING.

Sir Har. Where is the dog? Sirrah! scoundrel! where are you? I shall see you hanged, rascal! I shall see you hanged, sirrah! I'll begin the executioner's work. I'll chastise you, sirrah!

Wild. Humph!

Sir Av. Sir Harry! what is the matter?

Sir Har. The matter! Why, sir, my boy, my lawyer that I told you of, is ruined and undone.

Sir Av. How, pray?—[Aside.] I'm glad to hear it, however.

Sir Har. How! why, he is a fop, a coxcomb, and I shall see him hanged. That's he, sir—that's the lawyer. I'll disinherit you, dog. [such a fate.]

Wild. Sir, I hope I have done nothing to deserve

Sir Har. Nothing! Is disappointing my hopes nothing? Is being a beau, when I thought you a lawyer, nothing?—I'll disinherit you, sirrah!—you are no son of mine—you have proved your mother a strumpet, and me a cuckold.

Sir Av. Truly, so he has me too, I'm afraid. [Aside.]

Lucy. Heaven send us safe off. [Aside.]

Sir Har. You must know, sir, I came up to town to marry you to this gentleman's niece—a fine young lady with twenty thousand pound—

Lucy. Ha! [Aside.]

Sir Har. But you shall beg, or starve, or steal, it is equal to me. Sir, I cannot but be in a passion; he has injured me in the tenderest point.

Sir Av. So he has me, truly.

Lucy. And me, I am sure.

Sir Av. In short I suspect, Sir Harry, that he has been too free with my wife; and he who is too free with one's wife may, some time or other, rob one's house.

Sir Har. Nay, perhaps, he has begun to rob already. It's probable I may see him hanged before I go out of town.

Lucy. He has been too free indeed! What did you ever see in me, sir, or in my conduct, which could give you an ill suspicion of me?

Wild. So! I'm in a fine way if faith. [Aside.]

Sir Har. I shall see him hanged.

Sir Av. He deserves it truly.

Lucy. What could make you imagine that I was to be bribed to so mean, base, low an action? what could make you think I'd ever sell my niece?

Sir Av. and *Sir Har.* How!

Lucy. Sir Avarice, you are a stranger to the arts of this wicked young man: he has importuned me a thousand times, since Bellaria's coming to town, to betray her to him; and just now he vowed never to let me go till I had promised. Had you not come in, Heaven knows whether I should have ever got away from him.

Wild. Can you blame the effects of love, madam? You yourself see what a metamorphosis it has caused in me.—I, who for six long years scarce ever lived out of a study, who knew no amusement, no diversion, but in books, no sooner saw the charming maid than reading grew my bane; gaiety, dress, everything that might charm the fair, has since employed my

Sir Har. What do I hear? [thoughts.]

Wild. My father here, who, from not knowing the cause of this transformation, has so severely resented it, can testify the truth of what I say.

Sir Har. I shall see the rogue a judge!—That I can, my dear boy; and will take care that thou shalt not be forced to bribe or beg any one: the girl shall be thy own.—Sir Avarice, I ask your pardon; and, madam, I ask your pardon; and, Harry, I ask your pardon. [creature! [Aside.]

Wild. Oh, sir! you make me blush.—Dear witty

Sir Av. You were not so good as your word, at dinner, Sir Harry.

Sir Har. I was hunting after my boy here; but I will be glad to be recommended to the butler presently.

Sir Av. At your own time.—Come, my dear: sir Harry may have some privacies for his son: I have something to impart to you too.

SCENE IV.—SIR HARRY WILDING, YOUNG WILDING.

Sir Har. But hark you, young man; what's become of all your law-books, hey?

Wild. Books, sir! at my chambers, sir.

Sir Har. Then they are invisible. If I could but have seen as much of them as of my own in the country (I mean the outsides) I should have been satisfied.—And pray, sir, how came you by this letter?

Wild. Damnation!

[*Aside.*

Sir Har. Why don't you answer?

Wild. That letter, sir?

Sir Har. Yes, sir, that letter, sir!

Wild. That letter, sir?

Sir Har. Yes, sir.

Wild. I don't know what it is, sir, I never read it.

Sir Har. You are too great a man to read your own letters, I suppose. You keep a secretary, I hope. I have paid off your secretary, I assure you. But I presume—a—you can read it. You are not a perfect beau, I hope.

[done. [*Aside.*

Wild. What shall I do? I am ruined and un-

Sir Har. Or shall I read it for you? [*reads it.*] I found this in your chamber, sir, in your strong box. Your effects were all paper, sir. Are not you a fine gentleman? Oh! Harry! Harry! that ever I should find such a letter as this, directed to — ha! to Capt. Belvil.

Wild. 'Sdeath! how came I not to recollect that sooner? [*Aside.*]—To Capt. Belvil!—I see the whole

Sir Har. What mistake? [*mistake.*

Wild. You have been at another gentleman's chambers.

[placed you.

Sir Har. Sir, I was at those chambers where I

Wild. Ah, sir! there's the mistake. I changed them about a fortnight ago; they were so noisy they discomposed me in my study. I should have sent you word of it in my next letter. [*errors, I'm sure.*

Sir Har. How! I have committed a fine set of

Wild. What have you done, sir?

Sir Har. Broke open a few locks, that's all—I may be hanged myself now before I go into the country.

[man to deal with.

Wild. Forbid it—you have a most litigious

Sir Har. I must make it up in the best manner I can. You must assist me with law. But come, we will lose no time with our heiress. Besides, I long to see your chambers and your books. I am resolved I'll find some time this afternoon. I'll first obey a certain call that I find within me, and then wash my face and hands, and get my wig powdered, that I may be fit to wait on the young lady: so don't be out of the way.

Wild. This is a miraculous escape! or rather a short reprieve: for how to carry on the deceit I don't know. I'll e'en go and advise with trusty Pincet; for I believe he is (as well as several of my brother Templars' servants) a better lawyer than his master.

SCENE V.—SIR AVARICE, LADY LUCY, BELLARIA, YOUNG PEDANT.

Sir Av. Be not angry with me, Bellaria, I get nothing by this match; and when I get nothing by an affair, it is very hard I should be blamed for it.

Bel. I know not whom to be angry with.

Lucy. Look you, Bellaria, I am heartily sorry for your misfortune; because I know nothing so inconvenient as being married to a very gay man. Mr. Wilding may be a diverting lover, but he is not fit for a husband.

[madam.

Bel. I cannot distinguish between those names,

Lucy. Don't affect the prude, dear Bellaria.—You see yourself reduced to a necessity of marrying, and I know but one way in the world to avoid the match proposed—and that too, by Sir Avarice's leave.

Sir Av. Anything in my power. I confess I do not approve of the young man.

Lucy. Then let us leave the lovers together. If you can agree, Bellaria, to prefer a sober young man who loves you, to a wild fellow who values you no more than a thousand others, you may escape what you so much dread.

Sir Av. Well, well, you see my excessive fondness, niece. I sacrifice my reputation to your happiness.

SCENE VI.—BELLARIA, YOUNG PEDANT

Bel. I am infinitely obliged to your concern for me—[*A long silence here.*] So, cousin, you hear what my aunt says; you are in love with me, it seems.

Young P. No, truly, I can't profess that I am. Matrimony is a subject I have very little revolved in my thoughts: but obedience to a parent is most undoubtedly due.

Bel. Obedience to a parent, cousin!

Young P. Nay, nay, I shall not require anything to be given which admits of a dispute—or which (as Mr. Locke very well observes) does not receive our assent as soon as the proposition is known and understood. Let us introduce then this syllogism:

Whatever the law of nature enjoins is indispensably just:

[parent:

But the law of nature enjoins obedience to a

Ergo, Obedience to a parent is indispensably just.

Bel. Nay, but what have we to do with the law of nature?

Young P. O, if you require farther—the divine law confirms the law of nature. I shall proceed to show that it is approved by profane writers also; translating them, as they occur, for your more immediate comprehension.

Bel. I'll leave you to your meditations.

SCENE VII.—YOUNG PEDANT alone.

Young P. Venus says to Æneas, in Virgil, "Fear not the commands of a parent; nor refuse to obey her precepts." What says Polynices to Jocasta, in Euripides? "Whatever you will, O my mother, shall also be grateful to me." The sons of Metellus, as recorded by Alexander, are a great instance—Plautus, in Sticho—"Whatever our parents command we are obliged to perform." Why are Cleobis and Biton preferred by Solon in Herodotus? why, for their piety to their mother. What an instance have we in the second son of Artaxerxes—

SCENE VIII.—To him, VALENTINE, VEROMIL.

Val. So, cousin Pedant, what, arguing with your—

Young P. What! is she gone? [*self?*

Val. Who?

Young P. The lady: Bellaria, I think they call her. The women of this age are profoundly wicked! I was proving to her the necessity of obeying a parent, and she would not stay to hear it.

Val. Oh! you must not entertain ladies with those subjects.

Young P. I should rejoice egregiously not to be obliged to entertain them at all. I have a very hard fate that I cannot be permitted to pursue my studies,

but must be summoned up hither to be married. I have money enough to buy books and the necessities of life? why should I marry then?—Because my wife is rich. Why, if it be granted that I have enough, the conclusion will be that I do not want

Ver. Here's news for you, Valentine. [more.]

Val. The villany of my uncle gives me more surprise than I have apprehension from his son.

Ver. Surprised at villany now-a-days! No, Valentine, be surprised when you see a man honest; when you find that man whom gold will not transform into a knave, I will believe it possible you may find that stone which will change everything into gold.

SCENE IX.—*To them, WILDING.*

Wild. Wish me joy, wish me joy, my friends! [joy.]

Ver. We should rather ask the occasion of your

Wild. The usual occasion, marriage. I don't know but I may be married to-morrow. But, perhaps, you'll think, from what I said to-day, I should have rather begged your pity than your congratulation. [But who is she?

Ver. Your wife may, perhaps, want that most.

Wild. She is—she is—Ha, ha, ha!

Val. One thou art ashamed to name, I believe.

Wild. She is a very great friend of a friend of yours. She is even Bellaria!

Val. Bellaria?

Ver. Confusion!

[*Aside.*

Wild. My father is arrived on that purpose. The matter is agreed with the guardian in the country, who is himself coming to town. This haste, it seems, is lest she should be discovered by a lover in the country. But you don't wish me joy, methinks.

Val. Because I believe you won't have her.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! If I have her not—if I don't win her, wed her, love her, and grow weary of her in a month, may I be reduced to that last extremity, to live by the charity of superannuated widows of the town, and either go to bed with an old woman or without a supper.

Val. A very modest declaration! and may you thrive according to your merits. But I must leave you on some business—Veromil.

SCENE X.—*WILDING, YOUNG PEDANT.*

Wild. So cold! 'Sdeath! this fellow's in love with matrimony itself, and jealous of any others sharing in it. [Wilding.]

Young P. Sir, if I recollect your face, your name is

Wild. Ha! Mr. Pedant, your very humble servant.

Young P. I hear, sir, you are about to consummate with a young lady here. I assure you none will so sensibly rejoice in your fortune as myself.

Wild. Dear sir!

Young P. For your preferment will be my deliverance, and the occasion of restoring me to my study.

Wild. Oh, sir! [dies.]

Young P. For books are, in my eye, as much preferable to women as the Greek language is to the French.

Wild. You say true; and women are as much more difficult to be understood.

Young P. Ay, sir; and when you have studied them your whole life, you may justly say of them what a certain philosopher romanced of learning—"That you know nothing at all."

Wild. It is, no doubt, a very great uneasiness to you to be absent from your books.

Young P. Yet, sir, do not imagine me totally absent: I have the benefit of a friend's chambers in the Temple, one formerly my chum, now out of town, who has no very bad collection, and condescends to permit me the use of his rooms.

Wild. You just now told me you rejoiced in my
Young P. I remember. [fortune.]

Wild. It is then in your power to promote it infinitely by lending me your chambers this afternoon.

Young P. Sir, you may depend upon my doing—*quantum* in me, to serve you. How will they be instrumental? [I hear company.]

Wild. If you will walk with me I'll tell you, for

SCENE XI.—*CLARISSA, followed by BELLARIA, VALENTINE, VEROMIL.*

Cla. Nothing shall prevail with me: I detest his sight; the appearance of ghosts or fiends can bring no greater horror, nor more would I avoid them.

Val. You see, Bellaria, how happy I should have been in a wife.

Bel. This is only affectation; you must not part so. Follow her, Mr. Valentine; she can fly no farther than that chamber. Nay, I vow you shall. The little quarrels of lovers are only throwing water on the flames, which quells them for a while, then makes them burn the brighter.

Val. But when you throw on too great a quantity, the flames may be extinguished.

Bel. Nay, this is barbarous: you must and shall follow her and appease her.

Val. Since you command, madam—It shall be my own fault, if this be not the last visit. [*Aside.*

SCENE XII.—*VEROMIL, BELLARIA.*

Ver. [*Looking on BELLARIA, and speaking as to himself.*] Can deceit take root in such a soil?—No, I'll sooner disbelieve my friend.—She can't be false; heaven never would have stamped its image on so base a coin. The eyes which have beheld that face will never believe themselves against her—so lively is innocence writ there—can falsehood then—

Bel. What means my love?

Ver. I know not what I mean.

Bel. Named you not falsehood?

Ver. Ha! do you start at that sound? A guilty conscience starts when it is upbraided—the name of a crime has magic in it to the guilty ear.

Bel. I am confounded!

Ver. So am I, Bellaria!

Bel. Oh! tell me what it is that afflicts you. I will relieve your pain.

Ver. Have you the power then of that fabled spear? can you as easily cure as give a wound?

Bel. [*Smiling.*] If I have given you the wound, I will have the charity to cure it.

Ver. Your charity is extensive, madam; you would do the same to more—to Valentine. But Oh! you cannot wound him as you have wounded me; his heart is better fortified; one of those whom love may make a scar in for a while, which time will soon wear off. You have pierced my soul, Bellaria.

Bel. It never felt a pain like that torments me now; tell me, be generous, and tell me all your griefs.

Ver. What can they be but that Bellaria's false? false with my friend; she triumphs in her falsehood, and bids me make a confidant of my happier rival.

Bel. Do I hear this, and live!

Ver. Wonder rather that I have lived to tell it. Live! I do not! my life was wrapped in you, in you, my only love, whom youth or beauty, wit or wealth, could never chase away from my bosom; whom, through a tedious three years' absence, amidst the splendour of foreign courts, my constant breast still cherished as its guardian angel; for

whom I've sighed, I've wept more than becomes a man to boast of.

Bel. I shall not boast what I have done for you; yet this; I would not have accused you without a cause.

Ver. A cause! demonstration is one.

Bel. Demonstration!

Ver. Ay, madam! the words of such a friend are little less: he told me that you knew of his passion, and had not discouraged it. [heaven, he wronged me.

Bel. By all that's virtuous—by all the powers of *Ver.* Whom shall I believe?

Bel. Your friend—a woman's testimony bears no proportion with a man's.

Ver. By heaven it should not.

Bel. Still maintain the unjust superiority; allow no virtue, no merit to us; make us, as you do, your slaves. Inconstancy, which damns a woman, is no crime in man. The practised libertine who seduces poor, unskilful, thoughtless virgins is applauded, while they must suffer endless infamy and shame. Well have ye revenged the sin of Eve upon us; for man has since supplied the serpent's place, and scandalously lurks to cause our ruin: for what but such an infernal spirit could inspire a villain to abuse my innocence to you?

Ver. Could he be such a villain?

Bel. Do, believe him, ungrateful as thou art; but oh! remember this, you'll find too late how much you've wronged me, and curse that credulous ear which separates us for ever.

[*As she is going, he catches hold of her.*

Ver. Oh stay! [*Looking fondly at her.*] By heavens thou canst not be false.

Bel. Be not too sure of anything; I was too sure you never could have thought me so.

Ver. Oh! did you know the torments of my mind, you'd pity, not upbraid me.

Bel. Witness heaven I do pity you; and while I am racked with torments of my own, I feel yours too.

Ver. Oh! thou art all angel: would I had had no ears, or he no tongue, or that I had lost my own, ere I had said—I believe, I know thee innocent; thy mind is white as purest snow. But oh! that cursed suspicion has blackened mine. I never shall forgive it to myself.

Bel. For my sake, ease the tempests of your mind. I'll never think on't more.

Ver. When I deserve it, do. Surely thou art more than woman. How dearly mightest thou have revenged my unjust accusation, by keeping me a few moments in the horror of having offended thee, or doubt of thy pardon.

Bel. Unkindly you think me capable of such a behaviour. No, Veromil, I know the sincerity of your love—and would not give you an uneasy hour, to gain more worlds than you deserve.

Ver. Hear her, ye wanton fools, who sacrifice your own and lover's happiness to fantastic triumphs and an ill-judging world. O, may'st thou be the pattern of thy sex; till women, learning by thy bright example, wipe off the scandals which are thrown upon them! O, let me press thee to my heart for ever,

Still searching out new beauties in thy mind,
A perfect woman till I prove, design'd
By heaven, its greatest blessing on mankind.

ACT IV. SCENE I.—WILDING, PINCET.

Wild. You have your part perfect?

Pin. As my catechism, sir; and I'll engage, that I act it to your satisfaction, If I am not revenged on those blows of yours, old gentleman—

if I don't make your heart bleed, may you fetch the last drop out of mine!

Wild. Fetch but the money out of his pocket—

Pin. That's my intention—the way to most men's hearts is through their pockets.

Wild. But do you think he will not discover you when you are disguised in the gown?

Pin. Oh, sir! you need not fear that; a gown will hide a rogue at any time.

Wild. Away, then; for should the old gentleman see us together, we are ruined—My affairs in this house are in a very good situation. Here are four ladies in it, and I am in a fair way of being happy with three of them. Agad, I begin to wish myself fairly off with my two aunts; for I think a modest and reasonable man can desire no more than one woman out of a family. But I have gone too far to make an honourable retreat; for women act in love as heroes do in war—their passions are not presently raised for the combat; but, when once up, there's no getting off without fighting. Here comes one. Humph! [*Stands with his arms across.*

SCENE II.—LADY GRAVELY, WILDING.

Gra. Are you meditating, Mr. Wilding?

Wild. Lady Gravelly, I ask a thousand pardons.

Gra. Oh! you can't recommend yourself to me more; I love to see young men thoughtful. And really, young men now-a-days seem to be ashamed to think.

Wild. They ought to be so! for the only excuse to their actions is a supposition that they do not.

Gra. That's very justly said. I find you and I sympathise in opinion.

Wild. Their dress, however, would persuade one otherwise. The care and art employed in that seem the effects of thought—

Gra. In milliners and *valets des chambres*.

Wild. I wonder how they recommend themselves to so many fine ladies.

Gra. You mistake. There are half a dozen green-sickness girls, who long for beaux, and chalk, and those things; but they are equally despised by knowing women. For my part, I think them pardonable no longer than a doll.

Wild. And of no more use. Like, that too, they rise in value as they are richer dressed.

Gra. They are my aversion.

Wild. That, I fear, our whole sex is.

Gra. That's too generally spoken—I can't say all. I have found two exceptions already—and I don't know but I have seen a third.

Wild. Is it possible?

Gra. You can't guess how excessively some things you have said have succeeded in my favour.

Wild. O, my happiness!

Gra. So much, that I shall do for you—what, I vow, I never did to any but my husbands.

Wild. Soh! [*Aside.*

Gra. Yet I fear I shall not prevail on you.

Wild. O, my angel! I vow by this soft hand I'll instantly obey. [*more of Bellaria.*

Gra. Then I will give you my advice. Think no

Wild. Humph!

Gra. What can she have to tempt you?

Wild. She is really handsome.

Gra. Her face, indeed, looks pretty well; but she paints. Then for her shape: she bolsters her stays. Then I'll tell you two particular deformities—she has a rotten tooth in the left side of her upper jaw, and crooked legs.

Wild. Still, madam, there is one pleasure which recompenses all—my marrying your niece will entitle me to your conversation.

Gra. So far from that—if you marry her, I'll never see you more.

Wild. What reason can you have?

Gra. A thousand—the world might suspect our familiarity. How must my reputation then suffer! O, I would not for worlds even now be thought—but now a thousand excuses might be made. There's no consanguinity in the case; the naughtiness of others; an agreeable young man! passion of love!

Wild. Oh, my saint!—[*He takes her by the hand, and during the rest of the scene is hauling her to the door.*]

Gra. Though I would not now—yet—if I did—my reputation would suffer in so small a degree—now-a-days scarce at all. And if you were secret—

Wild. No torments should extort it from me.

Gra. I should have only my own conscience to satisfy. And though no conscience is more tender, yet, temptations allowed for—

Sir Har. [*without.*] Harry! Harry! Where's Harry?

Gra. I faint, I die, I am undone! run, run into that chamber, and fasten the door on the inside: I'll knock when you may come out.

SCENE III.—SIR HARRY WILDING, LADY GRAVELY.

Sir Har. Have you seen my son, madam?

Gra. Not since dinner, sir Harry.

Sir Har. What can become of him! I have been beating about this half-hour. I have unkennelled a fox in less time.

Gra. Sir Harry, you may thank your stars that conducted you to me; for perhaps it is in my power to save your son from ruin!

Sir Har. How, madam!

Gra. I fear he is about marrying a woman who will make him miserable.

Sir Har. No, no, madam; I have taken care to prepare such a match as shall make him happy.

Gra. Perhaps you are mistaken. I speak against my relation; but honour obliges it. In short, sir Harry, my niece has not those principles which can make a good wife.

Sir Har. I ask your pardon, madam, she has twenty thousand pounds—very good principles, I

Gra. She is a wild, flirting, giddy jilt. [think.

Sir Har. Is that all? [be.

Gra. I am afraid she is no better than she should

Sir Har. I don't expect it.

Gra. Her reputation has a flaw—a flaw as wide in it— [madam.

Sir Har. She has money enough to stop it up,

Gra. Would you marry your son to a woman who has a flaw in her reputation?

Sir Har. If she had as many as she has pounds, and if I were to receive a pound for every flaw, the more she had the better. [Exit.

Gra. What shall I do? If he marries her, I lose him for ever. I am distracted.

SCENE IV.—LADY LUCY, LADY GRAVELY, YOUNG PEDANT.

Lucy. You seem discomposed, sister; what's the matter?

Gra. I suppose you are in the plot too

Lucy. What plot?

Gra. To sell my niece—to give her up to a wild, raking, extravagant young fellow—to Wilding.

Lucy. Indeed you wrong me. I came this moment to consult with you how to prevent it. Not that I imagine Wilding what you call him, nor that Bellaria would be unhappy with him; but I have another's happiness in my view.

Gra. Distraction! she's in love with him herself. [Aside.

Lucy. Now, my dear, if you may be trusted with a secret.

Gra. Any secret is safe with me—that is not contrary to virtue and honour.

Lucy. Nay, but I am afraid that you refine too much on those words.

Gra. Refine, madam! I believe to censure your conduct needs no refinement. I see very well what your drift is—I know what you would say.

Young P. Hold, aunt. That you can know what my mother is going to say is denied; for to know one's thoughts before that knowledge is conveyed by words implies a supernatural insight into the mind. It will be proper, therefore, to prove you have that insight, before any assent to your proposition can be required.

Gra. Fool! coxcomb! pedant! You should be sent to an academy to learn men before you converse with them, or else be confined to a tub, as one of your philosophers were, till you had learnt enough to know you are a fool.

Young P. Aunt, I wish a female relation of mine was shut up till any one thought her wise beside herself.—Shut up in a tub! I agree, so that no women trouble me. I had rather live in a tub by myself than in a palace with a woman. You see, madam, what an encouragement I have to marry. What a task must I undertake to marry a girl, when my aunt, who has had two husbands, is not half tamed! Get me such a wife as Andromache was, and I'll marry; but for your fine ladies, as you term them, I would as soon put on a laced coat, for they are both alike: your fine coat is only admired when new, no more is your fine lady—your fine coat is most commonly the property of a fool, so is your fine lady—your fine coat is to be bought, so is your fine lady. I despise them both to an excessive degree.

Lucy. Leave us, sir, till you learn more manners.

Young P. I obey willingly.

SCENE V.—LADY LUCY, LADY GRAVELY.

Lucy. A pedant is a most intolerable wretch: I'm afraid she'll never endure him.

Gra. Who endure him?

Lucy. That is my secret.—Sir Avarice sent for this wretch to town, in order to match him to Bellaria. I was afraid to trust you with it, because of your nice principles.

Gra. Indeed, I do not approve of any clandestine affair; but, since it is the lesser evil of the two, it is to be preferred; for nothing can equal the misery of marrying a rake. O! the vast happiness of a life of vapours with such a husband.

Lucy. I am a little in the vapours at this present: I wish, my dear, you would give me a spoonful of your ratafia.

Gra. Was ever anything so unfortunate!—It is in the closet of my chamber, and I have lost the key.

Lucy. One of mine will open it.

Gra. Besides, now I think on't—I threw down the bottle yesterday and broke it. [morning.

Lucy. You have more; for I drank some this

Gra. Did you so? then, I assure you, you shall taste no more this day; I'll have some regard for your health, if you have none.

Lucy. Nay, I will have one drop.

Gra. Indeed you shan't.

Lucy. Indeed I will. [*They struggle, LADY LUCY gets to the door and pushes it.*]

SCENE VI.—*To them, WILDING from the closet.*

Lucy. If this be your ratafia, you may keep it all to yourself: the very sight of it has cured me. Ha, ha, ha!

Gra. Sir, if I may expect truth from such as you,

confess by what art, and with what design, you conveyed yourself into my chamber.

Lucy. Confess, sir, by what art did you open the door when the key was lost? [rob me.]

Gra. I cannot suspect a gentleman of a design to

Lucy. Only, like a gentleman, of what you would not be a bit the poorer for losing.

Gra. Speak, sir; how got you there? what was your design?

Lucy. He is dumb.

Gra. He is inventing a lie, I suppose.

Lucy. He is bringing forth truth, I believe: it comes so difficultly from him.

Wild. If I am not revenged on you, madam!—Look ye, ladies, since our design is prevented, I don't know why it should be kept a secret; so, lady Lucy, you have my leave to tell it.

Lucy. I tell!

Gra. Oh! the creature! is she in the plot? O virtue, virtue! whither art thou flown? O the monstrous impiety of the age!

Wild. Nay, there was no such impiety in the case neither; so tell, lady Lucy.

Lucy. Surprising!

Gra. Oh! the confidence of guilt!

Wild. Come, come, discover all: tell her ladyship the whole design of your putting me in her chamber.—But you will own you have lost the wager.

Lucy. Impudence beyond belief!

Gra. Tell me, sir—I beseech you, tell me.

Wild. Only a wager between lady Lucy and me, whether your ladyship was afraid of sprites. So lady Lucy conveyed me into your chamber; and if, upon my stalking out as frightful as possible, your ladyship shrieked out, I was to lose the wager.

Lucy. Prodigious!

Gra. No, no; it is for evil consciences to fear; innocence will make me bold: but let me tell you, sister, I do not like jesting with serious things. So you thought to frighten me, sir; I am not to be frightened, I assure you.—

Lucy. By anything in the shape of a man, I am confident. [Aside.]

Servant [entering]. Lady Basto, madam, is at the door.

Gra. I am to go with her to Deards's. I forgive your frolic, sister, and I hope you are convinced that I am not afraid of sprites.

SCENE VII.—LADY LUCY, WILDING.

Lucy. Leave the room.

Wild. When you command with a smile, I obey; but as a fine lady never frowns but in jest, what she says then may be supposed to be spoken in jest to.

Lucy. This assurance is insupportable; to belie me to my sister—before my face too!

Wild. Hear this now! What way shall a man take to please a woman? Did you not desire me to make love to her for your diversion? Have I not done it? Am I not striving to bring matters to an issue? Should I not have frustrated it all at once if I had not come off some way or other? What other way could I have come off? Have I not been labouring, sweating, toiling for your diversion? and do you banish me for it?

Lucy. Nay, if this be true—

Wild. Rip open my heart, that fountain of truth, and there you will see it with your own dear image.

Lucy. Well, then, do one thing, and I forgive you.

Wild. Anything.

Lucy. Refuse my niece.

Wild. Anything but that.

Lucy. You shall—you must.

Wild. To refuse a fine lady, with twenty thousand

pounds, is neither in my will nor in my power. It is against law, reason, justice—in short, it is a most execrable sin, and I'll die a martyr to matrimony ere I consent to it.

Lucy. And I'll die a thousand times rather than you shall have her.

Wild. What reason can you have?

Lucy. Ill-nature.

Wild. I see a better—you would have me yourself. Look'ee, madam, I'll lay a fair wager I am at liberty again before you. You will never bury Sir Avarice; you are not half fond enough. Kindness is the surest pill to an old husband; the greatest danger from a woman, or a serpent, is in their embraces.

Lucy. Indeed, you are mistaken, wise sir; I do not want to bury him; but if I did bury him, matrimony should be the last folly I'd commit again, and you the last man in the world I'd think of for a husband.

Wild. But the first for a lover, my angel.

Lucy. Keep off. Remember the serpent.

Wild. I'm resolved to venture.

Lucy. I'll alarm the house; I'll raise the powers of heaven and hell to my assistance.

Wild. And I,

Clasp'd in the folds of love, will meet my doom,
And act my joys, tho' thunder shook the room,

Sir Av. [without] Oh! the villain, the rogue!

Wild. It thunders now, indeed.

Sir Av. Was ever such a traitor heard of?

SCENE VIII.—To them, SIR AVARICE PEDANT.

Lucy. What's the matter, Sir Avarice?

Sir Av. Ask me nothing: I am in such a passion, I shall never come to myself again.

Lucy. That will break my heart certainly.

Sir Av. We have harboured in our house a traitor,

Lucy. Whom, my dear? [a thief, a villain.]

Sir Av. The gentleman Valentine brought hither to-day I have overheard making love to Bellaria.

Wild. Whom, Veromil?

Lucy. I am glad to hear it. [Aside.]

SCENE IX. To them, VALENTINE.

Sir Av. Pack up your all, sir, pack up your all, and begone; you shall not bring a set of idle vagabonds to my house, I am resolved.

Val. You surprise me, sir! what vagabonds have I brought?

Sir Av. Why, good sir! the gentleman you were so kind to introduce to me this day I have discovered

Val. How, sir! [addressing Bellaria.]

Sir Av. I have overheard him, sir, just now. So, if you please to go to him from me, and desire him civilly to walk out of my house.

Val. Nay, sir—if it be so—

Sir Av. And heark'ee, sir, if you please to show him the way, to conduct him yourself, you will prevent my using rougher means. Here, sir, you harbour no longer. I see him coming up the gallery; we'll leave you to deliver your message. Hark you! cut his throat, and I will deal favourably with you in that affair: you know what I mean. [Aside.]

SCENE X.—VALENTINE, VEROMIL.

Val. If Veromil be a villain!

Ver. Valentine, I am glad to find you: I have been looking for you.

Val. I am sorry Mr. Veromil should have acted in a manner to make our meeting uneasy to either. I am forced to deliver you a message from my uncle less civil than I thought you could have deserved.

Ver. What's this, Valentine?

Val. The violation of our long and tender friendship shocks me so, I have hardly power to disclose your crime more—than that you know my love, and

Ver. How, sir! [have basely wronged it.

Val. You have injured me—you know it.

Ver. Valentine, you have injured me, and do not know it: yet the injustice of the act you know. Yes, too well you know religion forbids an injury to a stranger.

Val. Preach not religion to me.—Oh! it well becomes the mouth of hypocrisy to thunder Gospel tenets to the world, while there is no spark of honour in the soul.

Ver. You speak the meaning of a libertine age; the heart that throws off the face of religion wears but the masque of honour.

Val. Rather, he that has not honour wears but the mask of piety. Canting sits easy on the tongue that would employ its rhetoric against a friend.

Ver. Your reflection on me is base and vain. You know I scorn the apprehension of doing a wrong.

Val. Ha!

Ver. Nay, 'tis true; true as that you did intend to wrong another; to rob him of his right, his love; and Heaven, in vengeance on the black design, ordained it to be your friend. Yes, Valentine, it was from me the beauteous, lovely Bellaria was torn; her whom I ignorantly would have pursued abroad; and 'tis to you I owe that I am not robbed of her for ever.

Val. Curse on the obligation! 'Tis to chance, not me: for had I known to whom I had discovered her, thou hadst still been ignorant. But thus I cancel it, and all our friendship, in a breath. Henceforward I am thy foe.

Ver. Could I as easily be thine I should deride and scorn thee, as I pity thee now. By Heavens! I should disclaim all friendship with a man who falsely wronged my love. You I can forgive.

Val. Forgive! I ask it not. Do thy worst.

[Laying his hand on his sword.

Ver. Hero in sin! wouldst thou seal all in thy friend's blood? Art thou a man, and can thy passions so outstrip thy reason, to send thee wading through falsehood, perjury, and murder, after a flying light which you can ne'er o'ertake?—Think not I fear you as a rival. By Heaven 'tis friendship bids me argue with you, bids me caution you from a vain pursuit, whence the utmost you can hope is to make her you pursue as wretched as her you have forsaken.

Val. Hell! hell and confusion!

Ver. You see she meets my passion with an equal flame; and tho' a thousand difficulties may delay our happiness, they can't prevent it. Yours she can never be; for all your hopes must lie in her affection, which you will never gain. No, Valentine, I know myself so fixed, so rooted in that dear bosom, that art or force would both prove ineffectual.

Val. I'm racked to death!

Ver. Reflect upon the impossibility of your success. But grant the contrary: would you sacrifice our long, our tender friendship, to the faint, transitory pleasures of a brutal appetite? for love that is not mutual is no more.

Val. Grant not that I might succeed. No passion of my soul could counterpoise my love, nor reason's weaker efforts make a stand against it.

Ver. Think it impossible then.

Val. Thou knowest not the strugglings of my breast; for heaven never made so fine a form.

Ver. Can love that's grounded on the outside only make so deep an impression on your heart?—Possession soon would quench those sudden flames. Beauty, my Valentine, as the flowery blossoms,

soon fades; but the diviner excellencies of the mind, like the medicinal virtues of the plant, remain in it when all those charms are withered. Had not that beauteous shell so perfect an inhabitant, and were our souls not linked, not joined so fast together, by heaven I would resign her to my friend.

Val. O Veromil! Life, fortune, I could easily abandon for thy friendship.—I will do more, and strive to forget thy mistress.

Ver. Let me applaud thy virtue, and press thy noble bosom to my heart.

Val. It will be necessary for you to remove from hence. I will, if possible, find some means to effect your wishes. Within this hour you shall find me at the coffee-house.

Ver. Once more let me embrace thee.—The innocent, the perfect joy that flows from the reflection of a virtuous deed far surpasses all the trifling momentary raptures that are obtained by guilt. To triumph o'er a conquered passion is a pride well worthy of a man.

Safe o'er the main of life the vessel rides,

When passion furls her sails, and reason guides;

While she who has that surest rudder lost [toss'd;

'Midst rocks and quicksands by the waves is

No certain road she keeps, no port can find,—

Toss'd up and down by every wanton wind.

ACT V.—SCENE I.—CLARISSA's apartment.

CLARISSA alone, rising from a table with a letter in her hand.

So! the task is done: heaven knows how difficult a one; so entirely to subdue the stubbornness of my resentment. What have I writ? I will see once more. [Breaks open the letter.

"If there be the least spark of honour remaining in your breast you will, you must be obliged to relent of your behaviour towards me. I am now too well assured of the reason of your late conduct, from Bellaria: but, as it is impossible you should succeed there, I hope"—I can read no farther. "I hope you will reflect on those vows you have so solemnly made to the unhappy"
"CLARISSA."

I am resolved not to send it.

[Throws it down on the table.

SCENE II.—To her, VALENTINE.

Cla. Ha! he's here, and comes to insult me. Distraction! [sudden renewal of my visit.

Val. I fear, madam, you are surprised at this

Cla. I own, sir, I expected your good-breeding, if not your good-nature, would have forbidden you to continue your affronts to a woman—but if your making me uneasy, wretched, miserable, can do you any service to Bellaria—cruel! barbarous! how have I deserved this usage? If you can be cruel, perfidious, forsworn, forgetful of your honour—yet, sure, to insult me is beneath a man.

Val. If to relent—if with a bleeding heart to own my crime, and with tears to ask your pardon, be insulting—

Cla. Ha!

Val. See, see my grief, and pity me. I cannot excuse, nor dare I name my crime; but here will kneel till you forgive it.

Cla. Nay, since you repent, you shall not have a cause for kneeling long.—Rise, I forgive it.

Val. Sure, such transcendent goodness never commanded a woman's heart before! it gives new strength to my reviving passion; a love which never more shall know decay. Let us this moment tie the joyful knot.

Cla. Never, never, Valentine. As a christian, I forgive you; but as a lover will never regard you more. O, I have seen too lively an instance of your inconstancy!

Val. Forbid it, Heaven!

Cla. May it, indeed, forbid our marriage! No, Valentine, if ever more I hearken to your vows; if ever I once think of you as my husband, may I—

Val. Swear not, I conjure you; for, unless you make me happy in yourself, your pardon but augments my misery.

Cla. 'Tis all in vain.—Were you to kneel, swear, threaten, I'd never grant it. If my forgiveness will content you, well; if not, you never shall have more. There is another more worthy of my love.

Val. Oh! name him.

Cla. Not till your vengeance shall come too late.

Val. This letter may unfold—

[*Takes the letter from the table.*]

Cla. Oh! I am ruined.—Deliver it, ravisher.

Val. What do I see?—Is it possible?

Cla. It will do you little service.

Val. Not to discover the man; but it has shown me a woman in the liveliest colours. This letter, madam, is the production of no new amour. 'Tis too plain, you are false. Oh! how happy is this discovery. What a wretch should I have been, with the cast, forgotten, slighted mistress of another! When I see you next, when I am that slave to ask, to wish, to hope you for a wife, may I be cursed with all the plagues that ever cursed a husband!—Adieu.

Cla. Oh! stay, and hear my innocence.

Val. 'Tis impossible.

Cla. You, you are the man whose forgotten mistress you have called me.—I blush to say, 't was you to whom that letter was intended. Nay, read, read the direction.

Val. Amazement!

Cla. Your genius is triumphant, and here my empire ends; for I must own, with blushing shame must own, that all my disdain to you has still been counterfeit. I had a secret growing love for you, even before you first intimated yours. But I am sure the agonies I have this day felt have severely revenged all those pangs my vanity has given you.—So here 's my hand. [what raptures I receive it.]

Val. Let my eternal gratitude demonstrate with

SCENE III.—*To them, BELLARIA, with an open letter.*

Bel. I am witness of the bargain. The farther sealing it shall be performed at the finishing another.—I have considered your friend's proposals, [*shows the letter*] and approve them.

Val. I hope then, madam, my diligence in their execution will prevail on you to forget—

Bel. I am sure I shall have no reason to recollect—

Val. This goodness, madam, at the same time that it pardons, pleads also an excuse for my crime. I shall do my utmost to merit it.

SCENE IV.—*CLARISSA, BELLARIA.*

Cla. I am afraid, my dear, my late conduct has appeared very strange to you, after what you have formerly seen.

Bel. Your former conduct was to me much more wonderful; for to disguise our passions, is, in my opinion, a harder task than to discover them. I have often laughed at the ridiculous cruelty of women: to torment ourselves to be revenged on an enemy is absurd; but to do it that we may give pain to a lover is as monstrous a folly as 'tis a barbarity.

Cla. You would strip beauty of all its power!

Bel. I would strip beauty of all its imperfections, and persuade her whom nature has adorned without to employ her chief art to adorn herself within;

for believe it, my dear Clarissa, a pretty face over affectation, pride, ill-nature, in a word, over coquetry, is but a gilt cover over a volume of nonsense, which will be despised by all wise men; and, having been exposed to sale for a few years in all the public auctions of the town, will be doomed to rust neglected in the possession of a coxcomb!

SCENE V.—*To them, WILDING, and SIR HARRY dressed and powdered.*

Sir Har. Madam, your most humble servant. I suppose, madam, Sir Avarice has opened the affair to you which has brought me to town; it was settled before I left the country as to the material points. Nothing now remains but the ceremonies of the marriage, &c. So this visit is to desire to know what day you fix on for that purpose.

Bel. Your method of proceeding, sir, something surprises me! Your son has never mentioned a word of that nature to me.

Sir Har. Alack-a-day, madam! the boy is modest; Harry's modest, madam: but, alas! you are the only person to whom he has not mentioned it: perhaps the rogue may think, as old Cowley says,

"I will not ask her—'tis a milder fate
To fall by her not loving, than her hate."

Bel. Very gallant, Sir Harry! By what I can see, you give greater proofs of love than your son does.

Wild. I wish those lovely eyes could see as far into my heart as they pierce: I should not then be obliged to paint in the weak colouring of words a passion no language can express, because none ever felt before.

Sir Har. To her, boy, to her. I'll leave you together. Come, young lady, you must not spoil sport.

SCENE VI.—*WILDING, BELLARIA.*

Wild. I am afraid, madam, what you have heard me rally of matrimony, makes you suspect my ill opinion of it; but that state which, with all other women, would be hell to me, with you is paradise, is heaven. Oh! let me touch that tender hand, and, pressing it in raptures to my heart—

Bel. Ay, this is something like love; by that time you have sighed away two years in this manner, I may be persuaded to admit you into the number of my admirers.

Wild. [*Aside*]. I shall be admitted into Bedlam first, I hope.—'Tis that very thing makes so many couple unhappy; for you ladies will have all our love beforehand, and then you expect it all afterwards. Like a thoughtless heir, who spends his estate before he is in the possession; with this difference—he antedates his pleasures, you postpone them.

Bel. Finely argued! I protest, Mr. Wilding, I did not think you had made such a proficiency in your studies.—It would be pity to take so promising a young man from the bar. You may come to be a judge.

Wild. You only rally me; for I cannot think you believe that I ever studied law: dress and the ladies have employed my time. I protest to you, madam, I know no more of the law than I do of the moon.

Bel. I thought you had been six years in the Temple.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! madam, you may as well think I am a scholar because I have been at Oxford, as that I am a lawyer because I have been at the Temple.

Bel. So, then, you have deceived your father in the character of a lawyer? how shall I be sure you will not me in that of a lover?

Wild. Oh! a thousand ways, madam; first, by my countenance; then by the temptation; and, lastly,

I hope you will think I talk like a over. No one, I am sure, ever heard me talk like a lawyer.

Bel. Indeed you do now,—very like one; for you talk for a fee.

Wild. Nay, madam, that's ungenerous. How shall I assure you? if oaths will—I swear—

Bel. No, no, no; I shall believe you swear like a lawyer too—that is, I shall not believe you at all. Or, if I was to allow your oaths came from a lover, it would be much the same; for I think truth to be a thing in which lovers and lawyers agree.

Wild. Is there no way of convincing you?

Bel. Oh! yes. I will tell you how. You must flatter me egregiously; not only with more perfections than I have, but than ever any one had; for which you must submit to very ill usage. And when I have treated you like a tyrant over-night, you must, in a submissive letter, ask my pardon the next morning for having offended me, though you

Wild. This is easy. [had done nothing.]

Bel. You must follow me to all public places, where I shall give an unlimited encouragement to the most notorious fools I can meet with, at which you are to seem very much concerned, but not dare to upbraid me with it;—then, if when I am going out you offer me your hand, I don't see you, but give it to one of the fools I mentioned.

Wild. This is nothing.

Bel. Then you are sometimes to be honoured with playing with me at quadrille; where, to show you my good nature, I will take as much of your money as I can possibly cheat you of. And when you have done all these, and twenty more such trifling things, for one five years, I shall be convinced—that you are an ass, and laugh at you five times more heartily than I do now. Ha, ha, ha!

SCENE VII.—WILDING *alone*.

Shall you so?—I may give you reason for another sort of passion long before that time. I shall be master of the citadel with a much shorter siege, I believe. She is a fine creature; but pox of her beauty, I shall surfeit on't in six days' enjoyment. The twenty thousand pound! there's the solid charm, that may last, with very good management, almost as many years.

SCENE VIII.—*To him, LADY GRAVELY.*

Your ladyship's most humble servant. You have not made a great many visits.

Gra. No, the lady I went with has been laying out a great sum of money; she carried me as a sort of appraiser; for I am thought to have some judgment. But I believe sir Harry is coming up stairs. I was desired to give you this, by one who has an opinion of my secrecy and yours.

SCENE IX.—WILDING, *solus, reads*.

"I hear, by sir Harry, you have a great collection of books. You know my curiosity that way, so send me the number of your chambers, and this evening I will come and look over them."

What shall I do? If I disappoint her her resentment may be of ill consequence, and I must expect the most warm one. I do not care neither, at this crisis, to let her into the secret of my deceit on my father. Suppose I appoint her at Young Pedant's—that must be the place. And since I can't wait on her myself I'll provide her other company. I'll appoint lady Lucy at the same time and place; so they will discover one another, and I shall be rid of them both, which I begin to wish; for since I have been proposed a wife out of it my stomach is turned against all the rest of the family.

SCENE X.—PINCET, *as a counsellor*, Servant.

Serv. I believe, sir, sir Harry is in the house; if you please to walk this way I'll bring you to him.

Pin. But stay; inquire if he has any company with him; if so, you may let him know I am here, and would be glad to speak with him.

Serv. Whom, sir, shall I mention?

Pin. A counsellor at law, sir.

Serv. Sir, I shall.

Pin. I am not much inclined to fear or superstition, or I should think I this day saw the ghost of him I've injured. I cannot rest with what I have done, nor know I well by what course to make a reparation: but here comes my game.

SCENE XI.—*To him, SIR HARRY and WILDING.*

Mr. Wilding, your servant. I presume this may be my client, the good sir Harry.

Sir Har. Sir!

Pin. I believe, sir Harry, I have not the honour of being known to you. My name is Ratsbane—counsellor Ratsbane, of the Inner Temple. I have had, sir, according to the order of your son, a conference with Mr. counsellor Starchum, who is for the plaintiff, and have come to a conclusion thereon.

Sir Har. Oh! have you? I am your humble servant, dear sir; and if it lies in my power to oblige you, in return—

Pin. Oh, dear sir! No obligation! We only do our duty. Our case will be this—first, a warrant will be issued; upon which we are taken up; then we shall be indicted; after which, we are convicted (that no doubt we shall, on such a strength of proof); immediately sentence is awarded against us, and then execution regularly follows.

Sir Har. Execution, sir! What execution?

Wild. Oh, my unfortunate father! Hanging, sir.

Pin. Ay, ay, hanging; hanging is the regular course of law, and no way to be averted. But, as to our conveyance to the place of execution, that I believe we shall be favoured in. The sheriff is to render us there; but whether in a coach or cart, I fancy a small sum may turn that scale.

Sir Har. Coach or cart! Hell and the devil! Why son, why sir, is there no way left?

Pin. None. We shall be convicted of felony, and then hanging follows of course.

Wild. It's too true; so says Coke against Littleton.

Sir Har. But sir, dear sir, I am as innocent—

Pin. Sir, the law proceeds by evidence; my brother Starchum, indeed, offered, that upon a bond of five thousand pounds he would make up the affair; but I thought it much too extravagant a demand; and so I told him flatly—we would be hanged.

Sir Har. Then you told a damn'd lie; for if twice that sum would save us, we will not. [money?]

Pin. How, sir; are you willing to give that

Sir Har. No, sir, I am not willing; but I am much less willing to be hanged.

Wild. But do you think, Mr. Counsellor, you could not prevail for four thousand?

Pin. That truly we cannot reply to till a conference be first had.

Sir Har. Ay, or for four hundred?

Pin. Four hundred!—why it would cost you more the other way, if you were hanged anything decently. Look you, sir: Mr. Starchum is at the Crown and Rolls just by; if you please we will go thither, and I assure you to make the best bargain I can.

Wild. Be quick, sir; here's sir Avarice coming.

Sir Har. Come along.—Oons! I would not have him know it for the world.

SCENE XII.—VALENTINE, SIR AVARICE, YOUNG PEDANT.

Val. Have but the patience to hear me, sir. The gentleman I unwittingly brought hither was the very man on whose account Bellaria was sent to

Sir Av. How [town.

Val. Bellaria, imagining me his friend, in the highest rage of despair, when she found her lover discovered, laid open her whole breast to me, and begged my advice: I have promised to contrive an interview. Now, I will promise her to convey her to Veromil, and bring her to a place where she shall meet you and your son. When you have her there, and a parson with you, if you do not finish the affair it will be your own fault.

Sir Av. Hum! it has an appearance.

Val. But, sir, I shall not do this unless you deliver me up those writings of mine in your hands, which you unjustly detain.

Sir Av. Sir!

Val. And moreover, sir, unless you do I will frustrate your design for ever.

Sir Av. Very well, sir; when she is married.

Val. Sir, I will have no conditions. What I ask is my own, and unless you grant it I will publish your intentions to the world sooner than you can accomplish them.

Sir Av. Well, well, I'll fetch them; stay you here, and expect my return.

SCENE XIII.—VALENTINE, YOUNG PEDANT.

Young P. Cousin Valentine, have I offended you? have I injured you any way?

Val. No, dear cousin.

Young P. Will you please, sir, then to assign the reason why you do contrive my ruin, by espousing me to this young woman.

Val. Are you unwilling?

Young P. Alas! sir, matrimony has ever appeared to me a sea full of rocks and quicksands; it is Scylla, of whom Virgil—

“*Delphinum caudas utero commissa luporum;*”
Or as Ovid—

“*Gerens latrantibus inguina monstribus.*”

Val. Well, then you may be comforted; for I assure you, so far from bringing you into this misfortune, I am taking measures to deliver you out of it.

SCENE XIV.—*To them*, SIR AVARICE.

Sir Av. Here, sir, is a note which I believe will content you.

Val. How, sir! these are not my writings.

Sir Av. No, sir; but if your intentions are as you say, it is of equal value with them. I have there promised to pay you the sum which you say I have in my hands, on the marriage of my niece. Now if you scruple accepting that condition, I shall scruple trusting her in your hands.

Val. [*Having read it and mused.*] Well, sir, to show you my sincerity, I do accept it; and you shall find I will not fail delivering the young lady at the appointed hour and place.

Sir Av. Let the hour be eight, and the place my son's chambers. I'll prepare matters that nobody shall prevent you. And hark'ee; suppose you give her a dose of opium in a dish of chocolate: if she were married half asleep, you and I could swear she was awake, you know.

Young P. I cannot assent to that. Suppose the *positum* be—

The woman is but half asleep; will it follow, *Ergo*, she is awake?

Sir Av. The *positum* is twenty thousand pounds—*ergo*—I will swear anything.

Young P. Oh dear! oh dear! was ever such logic heard of? did Burgersdicius ever hint at such a method of reasoning?

Sir Av. Burgersdicius was an ass, and so are you.

Val. Be not in a passion, sir Avarice; our time is short. I will go perform my part; pray, observe yours.

SCENE XV.—SIR AVARICE PEDANT, YOUNG PEDANT.

Sir Av. Logic, indeed! can your logic teach you more than this? two and two make four: take six out of seven, and there remains one. The sum given is twenty thousand pounds; take nought out of twenty, and there remains a score. If your great logician, your Aristotle, was alive, take nought ought of his pocket, and there would remain nought. A complete notion of figures is beyond all the Greek and Latin in the world. Learning is a fine thing indeed, in an age when of the few that have it the greater part starve. I remember when a set of strange fellows used to meet at Will's coffee-house; but now it's another Change-Alley. Every man now who would live must be a stock-jobber.—Here is twenty thousand pounds capital stock fallen into your hands, and would you let it slip?

Young P. But, sir, is not injustice a—

Sir Av. Injustice! Hark you, sirrah! I have been guilty of five hundred pieces of injustice for a less sum. I don't see why you should reap the benefit of my labours, without joining your own.

SCENE XVI. YOUNG PEDANT's chambers.—
LADY GRAVELY, Servant.

Gra. Your master has not been at home yet?

Ser. No, madam; but if you please to divert yourself with these books, I presume he will not be long. (I dare not ask her what master she means, for fear of a mistake: though, as I am in no great doubt what her ladyship is, I suppose it to be my beau master.) [*Aside.*]

Gra. It is now past the time of our appointment; and a lover who retards the first will be very backward indeed on the second. His bringing me off yesterday to my sister, gave me no ill assurance of both his honour and his wit. I wish this delay would not justify my suspecting his love. Hark, I hear him coming.

SCENE XVII.—LADY LUCY, LADY GRAVELY.

Gra. Ah!

Lucy. Sister, your servant; your servant, sister.

Gra. I am surprised at meeting you here.

Lucy. Ha, ha, ha! I am a little surprised too—ha, ha!

Gra. I have scarce strength enough to tell you how I came here. I was walking up from the Temple-stairs to take a chair—(I'll never venture myself alone by water as long as I live)—what should I meet but a rude young Templar, who would have forced me to a tavern; but, by great fortune, another Templar meeting us, endeavoured to wrest me from him—at which my ravisher let go my hand to engage his adversary. I no sooner found myself at liberty, but, seeing a door open, in I ran, so frightened, I shall never recover it.

Lucy. You were a little unfortunate, though, not to find the doctor at home.

Gra. What doctor?

Lucy. Ha, ha, ha! Doctor Wilding, my dear, a physician of great practice among the ladies.—I presume your ladyship uses him.

Gra. I know no such physician. [*I suppose.*]

Lucy. But you know a gentleman of that name,

Gra. Sure, I am not in that wretch's chambers!

Lucy. Indeed you are.

Gra. It must be the devil, or my evil genius, that has laid this trap for me.—What can have brought

Lucy. A chair, my dear. [you hither too?

Gra. By what accident?

Lucy. By my own orders.

Gra. How, sister!

Lucy. Indeed, sister, 'tis true.

Gra. And have you the confidence to own it to me? I desire, madam, you would not make me privy to your intrigues: I shall not keep them secret, I assure you. She who conceals a crime is in a manner accessory to it.

Lucy. I see your policy. You would preserve yourself by sacrificing me: but though a thief saves his life by sacrificing his companion, he saves not his reputation. Your nice story of a couple of Templars will not be admitted by the court of scandal, at lady Prude's tea-table.

Gra. Madam, madam, my brother shall know what a wife he has. [what a sister I have.

Lucy. Madam, madam, the world shall know

Gra. I disclaim your kindred. You are no rela-

Lucy. You make me merry. [tion of mine.

Gra. I may spoil your mirth: at least I'll prevent it this time, I'm resolved.

Lucy. That's more ill-natured than I'll show myself to you—so, your servant. [Exit.

Gra. I'll take a hackney-coach, and be at home before her.—I see he's a villain; but I'll find a way to be revenged on them both.

Lucy (re-entering). O! for heaven's sake, let us lay aside all quarrels, and take care of both our reputations. Here's a whole coach-load coming up stairs. I heard them inquire for these chambers.—Here's a closet; in, in—I never was so frightened in my whole life.

SCENE XVIII.—VALENTINE, VEROMIL, BELLARIA, CLARISSA.

Ver. The clergyman outstays his time, or the impatience of my love outflies it. I'm racked till the dear bond be tied beyond the power of art to undo. Think then, my sweet, if the least apprehension of losing thee can shock my soul; what agonies must I have lived in, when hope was as distant as fear is now.

Bel. Too easily, my Veromil, I guess; I know them by my own; for sure I am not in debt one sigh to love.

Ver. In debt! not all the service of my life can pay thee for a tender thought of me. Oh! how I long for one soft hour to tell thee all I've undergone. For to look back upon a dreadful sea which we've escaped, adds to the prospect of the beauteous country which we are to enjoy.

Servant (entering). Gentlemen, a clergyman in the other room—— [lead me into Paradise.

Ver. Come, my Bellaria, a few short moments

Val. Would thou hadst found another; but love forbids you this.—You know I strove with all my power against it; but it has conquered—and through my heart you only reach Bellaria.

Ver. Ha! Nay, then, wert thou as much my friend as thou art unworthy of the name—through twenty hearts like thine I'd rush into her arms.—

[Fight. The women shriek. LADY LUCY and LADY GRAVELY run out of the closet; they all hold VALENTINE; and as VEROMIL is leading off BELLARIA, SIR HARRY, WILDING, and PINCET meet them at the door.]—Then take thy life; and now, my sweetest——

SCENE XIX.—SIR HARRY WILDING, WILDING, PINCET, LADY LUCY, LADY GRAVELY, VALENTINE, VEROMIL, BELLARIA, CLARISSA.

Val. Away! Stand off. Eternal furies seize you!

Lucy. You may rave, good sir; but three women will be too hard for you, though you were as stout and as mad as Hercules. [here's a seraglio.

Sir Har. Hey-day! we had but one whore before:

Ver. Let me pass, sir.

Sir Har. No, indeed, sir. I must first know how you came here; and then, perhaps, you shall pass—to the round-house.

Ver. Then I'll force my way thus.

Wild. Nay, I must secure my father.

[VEROMIL makes at SIR HARRY, WILDING interposes—he pushes at WILDING, and is disarmed—the ladies loose VALENTINE.]

Bel. Oh heavens! my Veromil, you are not wounded! [vention.

Ver. Through the heart, Bellaria, by this pre-

Bel. Be easy then; for all the powers of hell shall never part us.

SCENE XX.—To them, SIR AVARICE, YOUNG PEDANT.

Sir Av. Hey! what have we here? my wife, and sister, and sir Harry, and all the world! [mean?

Sir Har. Death and the devil! what does this

Sir Av. Nay, good people, how came you all here?

Sir Har. Ay, how came you all here? for I will know before any one go out——

Pin. Sir, I beg to be excused. [Offering to go.]

Sir Har. Not a step: I shall have business for you. I'll see by what law these people make a public rendezvous of my son's chambers.

Sir Av. Your son's chambers, sir Harry!

Young P. That they were his, *datur*—that they are his, *negatur*—for the time that they were lent for is expired—*ergo*, they were his, but are not.

Lucy and Gra. What's this?

Sir Har. Were his, but are not.—What, have you sold these too, Harry!

Wild. 'Twill out. [not these your chambers?

Sir Har. Speak, sir; why don't you speak? are

Wild. No, sir.

Sir Av. His!

Lucy. His, indeed! [in your son's chambers?

Gra. What do you think, sir Harry, I should do

Lucy. Or what do you see here like the apartment of a beau?—but I ask pardon. Your son is a lawyer.

Omnes. A lawyer! Ha, ha, ha!

Gra. In short, sir Harry, your son is as great a rake as any in town. [versity.

Young P. And as ignorant as any at the uni-

Lucy. Ay, or as one half of his brother Templars.

Sir Av. And as great a rogue, I'm afraid, as the other half. [those that are honest.

Sir Har. He shall be as great a beggar then as

Wild. That, sir, an honest captain of my acquaintance will prevent; for, as they were my locks that were broke open, he has given up those articles you were pleased to enter into to me and my use. For which I am to thank the honest counsellor Ratsbane; into whose possession you have given a bond of annuity of five hundred pounds a-year.

Sir Har. Cheated! abused! dog! villain!—ha! I'll see whether I am able to recover it——

[Searches PINCET's pockets, throws out several papers, and pulls his wig off.

Wild. It's beyond your search, I assure you.

Pin. Help! murder!

Ver. Nay, sir Harry! [all——

Sir Har. Dog! rascal! I'll be revenged on you

SCENE XXI. — SIR AVARICE, YOUNG PEDANT, LADY LUCY, LADY GRAVELY, WILDING, VEROMIL, VALENTINE, BELLARIA, CLARISSA, PINCET.

Ver. [*taking up a letter.*] Here's one of your papers, sir—[*starts*] Gilbert, my father's servant! —[*looking on the letter*] By heavens! my brother's hand too—then my curiosity is pardonable. [*Reads it.*]

Pin. Heaven I see is just. [*may be secured.*]

Ver. Prodigious!—Gentlemen, I beg that man

Wild. He is my servant, sir.

Ver. He formerly was my father's. This letter here, which is from my brother to him, will inform your father.

"GILBERT, I received yours, and should have paid you your half-year's annuity long since, but I have had urgent occasions for my money. You say, it is hard to be reduced to your primitive degree, when you have ventured your soul to raise yourself to a higher; and a little after have the impudence to threaten to discover. Discover if you dare! you will then find you have ventured your body too; and that perjury will entitle you to the same reward as you audaciously say forgery will me.—Expect to hear no more from me. You may discover if you please, but you shall find I will not spare that money which your roguery has assisted me in getting, to have the life of him who is the cause of my losing it. "J. VEROMIL."

Pin. If there yet want a stronger confirmation—I, sir, the wretch whom the hopes of riches have betrayed to be a villain, will openly attest the discovery, and, by a second appearance in a public court, restore the lawful heir what my first coming there has robbed him of.

Bel. Is this possible?

Ver. Yes, my sweet—I am now again that Veromil to whom you first were promised, and from whose breast nothing can tear you more. Sir Avarice, you may be at ease, for it is now in my power to offer up a better fortune to this lady's merit than any of her pretenders.

Bel. No fortune can ever add to my love for you, nor loss diminish it.

Sir Av. What is the meaning of this?

Ver. That fortune, sir, which recommended me to this lady's father, and which by forgery and perjury I was deprived of, my happy stars now promise to restore me.

Pin. You need not doubt your success. The other evidence to the deed has been touched with the same scruples of conscience, and will be very ready on an assured pardon to recant.

Wild. Dear Veromil, let me embrace thee. I am heartily glad I have been instrumental in the procuring your happiness; and though it is with my mistress, I wish you joy sincerely.

Ver. Wilding, I thank you; and, in return, I wish you may be restored into your father's favour.

Wild. I make peace with sword in hand, and question not but to bring the old gentleman to reason.

Bel. There yet remains a quarrel in the company which I would reconcile.—Clarissa, I think I read forgiveness in your face; and I am sure penitence is very plain in Valentine's.

Val. I am too much a criminal to hope for pardon. Yet, if my fault may be atoned for, I will employ my utmost care to do it. Could I think the acquisition of fortune any recommendation, sir Avarice has obliged himself to pay me seven thousand pounds on this lady's marriage.

Sir Av. The conditions are not fulfilled, sir, and—

Val. Not till she is married, sir. As you have not been pleased to mention to whom, Veromil will fill the place as well as any other.

Sir Av. Sir!

Val. Sir, what you have agreed to give is but my own; your conditions of delivering it are as scandalous as your retaining it; so you may make a bustle and lose as much reputation as you please, but the money you will be obliged to pay.

Sir Av. And pray, sir, why did you invite all this company hither? [*than you do.*]

Val. How some of it came here I know no more

Gra. I can only account for my myself and sister.

Lucy. Ay, my sister and I came together.

Wild. Mine is a long story, but I will divert you all with it some other time.

Pin. May I then hope your pardon

Ver. Deserve it and I will try to get his majesty's for you, which will do you most service.

SCENE the last.—To them, a Servant.

Serv. An't please your honour, your honour's brother, Mr. Pedant, is just come to town, and is at home now with Sir Harry Wilding.

Sir Av. Then all my hopes are frustrated. Get chairs to the door.

Ver. This is lucky news indeed! and may be so for you too, Wilding; for Sir Harry is too good-humoured a man to be an exception to the universal satisfaction of a company. I hope this lady will prevent the uneasiness of another. [*To CLARISSA.*]

Val. This generosity stabs me to the soul—Oh! my Veromil! my friend! let this embrace testify my repentance.

Ver. And bury what is past.

Val. Generous, noble soul!

Ver. Madam, give me leave to join your hands.

Bel. Nay, since I have been the unfortunate cause of separating them, I must assist.

Cl. I know not whether the world will pardon my forgiving you—but— [*sive joy.*]

Val. Oh! say no more, lest I am lost in too excess.

Lucy. Indeed I think she need not.

Gra. [*To WILD.*] Your excuses to me are vain. We have both discovered you to be a villain. I have seen the assignation you made my sister, and she has seen mine; so you may be assured we will neither of us speak to you more.

Wild. I hope to give you substantial reasons for my conduct: at least, my secrecy you may be assured of.

Sir Av. Come, gentlemen and ladies, we will now adjourn, if you please, to my house; where, sir, [*to VER.*] if my brother and you agree (as certainly you will, if you prove your title to your father's estate), I have nothing to say against your match.

Young P. Nor against my returning to the university, I hope.

Ver. Sir Avarice, I wait on you; and, before the conclusion of this evening, I hope you will not have a discontented mind in your house. Come, my dear Bellaria; after so many tempests, our fortune once more puts on a serene aspect—once more we have that happiness in view which crowns the success of virtue, constancy, and love.

All love, as folly, libertines disclaim;

And children call their folly by its name.

Those joys which from its purest fountains flow,

No boy, no fool, no libertine can know:

Heav'n meant so blest, so exquisite a fate,

But to reward the virtuous and the great.

EPILOGUE:—WRITTEN BY A FRIEND, SPOKEN BY MRS. GIFFARD.

CRITICS, no doubt, you think I come to pray

Your pardon for this foolish, virtuous play.

As Papists by a saint, so authors practise

To get their crimes atoned for by an actress.

Our author too would fain have brought me to it;

But, faith! I come to beg you'd damn the poet.

What did the dullard mean by stopping short,

And bringing in a husband to spoil sport?

No sooner am I in my lover's arms,

But—pop—my husband all our joys alarms!

Madam, to save your virtue, cries sir Bard,

I was obliged. To save my virtue! Lard!

A woman is her own sufficient guard.

For, spite of all the strength which men rely in,

We very rarely fall—without complying.

Some modern bards, to please you better skill'd,
Had, without scruple, the whole thing fulfill'd;
Had sent us off together, and left you in
A sad suspense to guess what we are doing;
Then fans had hid the virtuous ladies' faces,
And cuckolds' hats had shelter'd their grimaces:
But ours, forsooth, will argue that the stage
Was meant t' improve, and not debauch the age.
Pshaw! to improve!—the stage was first design'd,
Such as they are, to represent mankind.
And, since a poet ought to copy nature,
A cuckold, sure, were not so strange a creature.

Well, tho' our poet's very modest muse
Could, to my wish, so small a thing refuse,
Critics, to damn him, sure, will be so civil—
That's ne'er refused by critics—or the devil.
But should we both act parts so very strange,
And, tho' I ask, should you refuse revenge;
Oh! may this curse alone attend your lives—
May ye have all Bellarias to your wives!

SUNG BY MISS THORNOWETS IN THE SECOND ACT.

Like the whig and the tory,
Are prude and coquette;
From love these seek glory,
As those do from state.
No prude or coquette
My vows shall attend,

No tory I'll get,
No whig for a friend.
The man who by reason
His life doth support,
Ne'er rises to treason,
Ne'er sinks to a court.

By virtue, not party,
Does actions commend;
My soul shall be hearty
Towards such a friend.
The woman who prizes
No fool's empty praise;
Who censure despises,
Yet virtue obeys;
With innocence airy,
With gaiety wise,

In everything wary,
In nothing precise:
When truth she discovers,
She ceases disdain;
Nor hunts after lovers,
To give only pain.
So lovely a creature,
To worlds I'd prefer:
Of bountiful nature
Ask nothing but her.

SUNG IN THE THIRD ACT, BY THE SAME PERSON.

VAIN, Belinda, are your wiles,
Vain are all your artful smiles,
While, like a bully, you invite,
And then decline th' approaching fight.

Various are the little arts,
Which you use to conquer hearts;
By empty threats he would affright,
And you, by empty hopes, delight.

Cowards may by him be braved;
Fops may be by you enslaved;
Men would he vanquish, or you bind,
He must be brave, and you be kind.

THE AUTHOR'S FARCE; WITH A PUPPET-SHOW CALLED THE PLEASURES OF THE TOWN.

FIRST ACTED AT THE HAY-MARKET IN 1729, AND REVIVED SOME YEARS AFTER AT DRURY-LANE, WHEN IT WAS REVISED AND GREATLY ALTERED BY THE AUTHOR, AS NOW PRINTED.

Quis iniquus
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se?—Juv. Sat. 1.

PROLOGUE, SPOKEN BY MR. JONES.

Too long the Tragic Muse hath aw'd the stage,
And frighten'd wives and children with her rage.
Too long Drawcansir roars, Parthenope weeps,
While ev'ry lady cries, and critic sleeps.
With ghosts, rapes, murders, tender hearts they wound,
Or else, like thunder, terrify with sound.
When the skill'd actress to her weeping eyes,
With artful sigh, the handkerchief applies,
How grieved each sympathizing nymph appears!
And box and gallery both melt in tears.
Or when, in armour of Corinthian brass,
Heroic actor stares you in the face,
And cries aloud, with emphasis that's fit, on
Liberty, freedom, liberty and Briton!
While frowning, gaping for applause he stands,
What generous Briton can refuse his hands?
Like the tame animals design'd for show,
You have your cues to clap, as they to bow;
Taught to commend, your judgments have no share;
By chance you guess aright, by chance you err.

But, handkerchiefs and Britain laid aside,
To-night we mean to laugh, and not to chide.

In days of yore, when fools were held in fashion,
Tho' now, alas! all banish'd from the nation,
A merry jester had reform'd his lord,
Who would have scorn'd the sterner Stoic's word.

Bred in Democritus his laughing schools,
Our author flies sad Heraclitus' rules;
No tears, no terror plead in his behalf;
The aim of Farce is but to make you laugh.
Beneath the tragic or the comic name,
Farces and puppet-shows ne'er miss of fame.
Since then, in borrow'd dress, they've pleas'd the town,
Condemn them not, appearing in their own.

Smiles we expect from the good-natured few;
As ye are done by, ye malicious, do;
And kindly laugh at him who laughs at you.

PERSONS IN THE FARCE.—*Luckless*, the Author and Master of the Show, MR. MULLART; *Witmore*, his friend, MR. LACY; *Marplay, sen.*, *Marplay, jun.*, Comedians, MR. REYNOLDS, MR. STOPLER; *Bookweight*, a Bookseller, MR. JONES; *Scarecrow*, *Dash*, *Quibble*, *Blotpage*, Scribblers, MR. MARSHAL, MR. HALLAM, MR. DOVE, MR. WELLS, JUN.; *Index*, —; *Jack*, servant to *Luckless*, MR. ACHURCH; *Jack-pudding*, MR. REYNOLDS; *Bantomite*,

MR. MARSHAL; *Mrs. Moneywood*, the author's landlady, MRS. MULLART; *Harriot*, her daughter, MISS PALMS.

PERSONS IN THE PUPPET-SHOW.—*Player*, MR. DOVE; *Constable*, MR. WELLS; *Murder-text*, a Presbyterian Parson, MR. HALLAM; *Goddess of Nonsense*, MRS. MULLART; *Charon*, MR. AYRES; *Curry*, a bookseller, MR. DOVE; *A Poet*, MR. W. HALLAM; *Signior Opera*, MR. STOPLER; *Don Tragedio*, MR. MARSHAL; *Sir Farcical Comic*, MR. DAVENPORT; *Dr. Orator*, MR. JONES; *Monsieur Pantomime*, MR. KNOTT; *Mrs. Novel*, MRS. MARTIN; *Robgrave*, the sexton, MR. HARRIS; *Sailor*, MR. ACHURCH; *Somebody*, MR. HARRIS, JUN.; *Nobody*, MR. WELLS, JUN.; *Punch*, MR. REYNOLDS; *Joan*, MR. HICKS; *Lady Kingcall*, MISS CLARKE; *Mrs. Cheat'em*, MRS. WIND; *Mrs. Glassring*, MRS. BLUNT; *Count Ugly*, —.

ACT I.—SCENE I.—*LUCKLESS's Room in MRS. MONEYWOOD's House*.—MRS. MONEYWOOD, HARRIOT, LUCKLESS.

Moneywood. Never tell me, Mr. Luckless, of your play, and your play. I tell you I must be paid. I would no more depend on a benefit-night of an unacted play than I would on a benefit-ticket in an undrawn lottery. Could I have guessed that I had a poet in my house! Could I have looked for a poet under laced clothes!

Luck. Why not? since you may often find poverty under them: nay, they are commonly the signs of it. And, therefore, why may not a poet be seen in them as well as a courtier?

Money. Do you make a jest of my misfortune, sir?

Luck. Rather my misfortune. I am sure I have a better title to poverty than you; for, notwithstanding the handsome figure I make, unless you are so good to invite me, I am afraid I shall scarce prevail on my stomach to dine to-day.

Money. O never fear that—you will never want a dinner till you have dined at all the eating-houses round.—No one shuts their doors against you the first time; and I think you are so kind seldom to trouble them a second.

Luck. No.—And if you will give me leave to walk out of your doors, the devil take me if ever I come into 'em again.

Money. Pay me, sir, what you owe me, and walk away whenever you please.

Luck. With all my heart, madam; get me a pen and ink, and I'll give you my note for it immediately.

Money. Your note! who will discount it? Not your bookseller; for he has as many of your notes as he has of your works; both good lasting ware, and which are never likely to go out of his shop and his scrutoire. [him in this manner.

Har. Nay, but, madam, 'tis barbarous to insult

Money. No doubt you'll take his part. Pray get you about your business. I suppose he intends to pay me by ruining you. Get you in this instant: and remember, if ever I see you with him again I'll turn you out of doors.

SCENE II.—LUCKLESS, MRS. MONEYWOOD.

Luck. Discharge all your ill-nature on me, madam, but spare poor Miss Harriot.

Money. Oh! then it is plain. I have suspected your familiarity a long while. You are a base man. Is it not enough to stay three months in my house without paying me a farthing, but you must ruin my child? [I'd give it her all.

Luck. I love her as my soul. Had I the world

Money. But, as you happen to have nothing in the world, I desire you would have nothing to say to her. I suppose you would have settled all your castles in the air. Oh! I wish you had lived in one of them, instead of my house. Well, I am resolved, when you have gone away (which I heartily hope will be very soon) I'll hang over my door in great red letters, "No lodgings for poets." Sure never was such a guest as you have been. My floor is all spoiled with ink, my windows with verses, and my door has been almost beat down with duns.

Luck. Would your house had been beaten down, and everything but my dear Harriot crushed under it!

Money. Sir, sir—

Luck. Madam, madam! I will attack you at your own weapons; I will pay you in your own coin.

Money. I wish you'd pay me in any coin, sir.

Luck. Look ye, madam, I'll do as much as a reasonable woman can require; I'll show you all I have; and give you all I have too, if you please to accept it. [Turns his pockets inside out.

Money. I will not be used in this manner. No, sir, I will be paid, if there be any such thing as law.

Luck. By what law you will put money into my pocket I know not; for I never heard of any one who got money by the law but the lawyers. I have told you already, and I tell you again, that the first money I get shall be yours; and I have great expectations from my play. In the mean time your staying here can be of no service, and you may possibly drive some fine thoughts out of my head. I would write a love-scene, and your daughter would be more proper company, on that occasion, than you.

Money. You would act a love-scene, I believe; but I shall prevent you; for I intend to dispose of myself before my daughter.

Luck. Dispose of yourself!

Money. Yes, sir, dispose of myself. 'Tis very well known that I have had very good offers since my last dear husband died. I might have had an attorney of New Inn, or Mr. Fillpot, the exciseman; yes, I had my choice of two parsons, or a doctor of physic; and yet I slighted them all; yes, I slighted them for—for for you.

Luck. For me?

Money. Yes, you have seen too visible marks of my passion; too visible for my reputation. [Sobbing.

Luck. I have heard very loud tokens of your passion; but I rather took it for the passion of anger than of love.

Money. O! it was love, indeed. Nothing but love, upon my soul! [than the other.

Luck. The devil! This way of dunning is worse

Money. If thou can'st not pay me in money, let me have it in love. If I break through the modesty of my sex let my passion excuse it. I know the world will call it an impudent action; but if you will let me reserve all I have to myself, I will make myself yours for ever.

Luck. Toll, loll, loll!

Money. And is this the manner you receive my declaration, you poor beggarly fellow? You shall repent this; remember, you shall repent it; remember that. I'll show you the revenge of an injured woman.

Luck. I shall never repent anything that rids me of you, I am sure.

SCENE III.—LUCKLESS, HARRIOT.

Luck. Dear Harriot!

Har. I have waited an opportunity to return to you.

Luck. Oh! my dear, I am so sick!

Har. What's the matter?

Luck. Oh! your mother! your mother!

Har. What, has she been scolding ever since?

Luck. Worse, worse! [law with you.

Har. Heaven forbid she should threaten to go to

Luck. Oh, worse! worse! she threatens to go to church with me. She has made me a generous offer, that if I will but marry her she will suffer me to settle all she has upon her. [sist the proposal?

Har. Generous creature! Sure you will not re-

Luck. Hum! what would you advise me to?

Har. Oh, take her, take her, by all means; you will be the prettiest, finest, loveliest, sweetest couple. Augh! what a delicate dish of matrimony you will make! Her age with your youth, her avarice with your extravagance, and her scolding with your poetry!

Luck. Nay, but I am serious, and I desire you would be so. You know my unhappy circumstances, and your mother's wealth. It would be at least a prudent match.

Har. Oh! extremely prudent, ha, ha, ha! the world will say, Lard! who could have thought Mr. Luckless had had so much prudence? This one action will overbalance all the follies of your life.

Luck. Faith, I think it will: but, dear Harriot, how can I think of losing you for ever? And yet, as our affairs stand, I see no possibility of our being happy together. It will be some pleasure, too, that I may have it in my power to serve you. Believe me, it is with the utmost reluctance I think of parting with you. For if it was in my power to have you—

Har. Oh, I am very much obliged to you; I believe you—Yes, you need not swear, I believe you.

Luck. And can you as easily consult prudence, and part with me? for I would not buy my own happiness at the price of yours.

Har. I thank you, sir—Part with you—in-tolerable vanity!

Luck. Then I am resolved; and so, my good landlady, have at you.

Har. Stay, sir, let me acquaint you with one thing—you are a villain! and don't think I'm vexed at anything, but that I should have been such a fool as ever to have had a good opinion of you. [Crying.

Luck. Ha, ha, ha! Caught, by Jupiter! And did my dear Harriot think me in earnest?

Har. And was you not in earnest?

Luck. What, to part with thee? A pretty woman will be sooner in earnest to part with her beauty, or a great man with his power. [your love.]

Har. I wish I were assured of the sincerity of

AIR. *Butter'd Pease.*

Luck. Does my dearest Harriot ask
What for love I would pursue?
Would you, charmer, know what task
I would undertake for you?

Ask the bold ambitious, what
He for honours would achieve?
Or the gay voluptuous, that
Which he'd not for pleasure give?

Ask the miser what he'd do
To amass excessive gain?
Or the saint, what he'd pursue,
His wish'd heaven to obtain?

These I would attempt, and more—
For, oh! my Harriot is to me
All ambition, pleasure, store,
Or what heav'n itself can be!

Har. Would my dearest Luckless know
What his constant Harriot can
Her tender love and faith to show
For her dear, her only man?

Ask the vain coquette what she
For men's adoration would;
Or from censure to be free,
Ask the vile censorious prude.

In a coach and six to ride,
What the mercenary jade,
Or the widow to be bride
To a brisk broad-shoulder'd blade.

All these I would attempt for thee,
Could I but thy passion fix;
Thy will my sole commander be,
And thy arms my coach and six.

Money. [within.] Harriot, Harriot.

Har. Hear the dreadful summons! adieu. I will take the first opportunity of seeing you again.

Luck. Adieu, my pretty charmer; go thy ways for the first of thy sex.

SCENE IV.—LUCKLESS, JACK.

Luck. So! what news bring you?

Jack. An't please your honour I have been at my lord's, and his lordship thanks you for the favour you have offered of reading your play to him; but he has such a prodigious deal of business, he begs to be excused. I have been with Mr. Keyber too—he made me no answer at all. Mr. Bookweight will be here immediately.

Luck. Jack.

Jack. Sir. [pawnbroker's.]

Luck. Fetch my other hat hither;—carry it to the

Jack.—To your honour's own pawnbroker!

Luck. Ay—and in thy way home call at the cook's shop. So, one way or other, I find my head must always provide for my belly.

SCENE V.—LUCKLESS, WITMORE.

Luck. I am surprised! dear Witmore!

Wit. Dear Harry!

Luck. This is kind, indeed; but I do not more wonder at finding a man in this age who can be a friend to adversity, than that Fortune should be so much my friend as to direct you to me; for she is a lady I have not been much indebted to lately.

Wit. She who told me, I assure you, is one you have been indebted to a long while.

Luck. Whom do you mean?

Wit. One who complains of your unkindness in not visiting her—Mrs. Lovewood.

Luck. Dost thou visit there still, then?

Wit. I throw an idle hour away there sometimes. When I am in an ill-humour I am sure of feeding it

there with all the scandal in town, for no bawd is half so diligent in looking after girls with an uncracked maidenhead as she in searching out women with cracked reputations.

Luck. The much more infamous office of the two.

Wit. Thou art still a favourer of the women, I find.

Luck. Ay, the women and the muses—the high roads to beggary.

Wit. What, art thou not cured of scribbling yet?

Luck. No, scribbling is as impossible to cure as the gout.

Wit. And as sure a sign of poverty as the gout of riches. 'Sdeath! in an age of learning and true politeness, where a man might succeed by his wit, there would be some encouragement. But now, when party and prejudice carry all before them; when learning is decried, wit not understood; when the theatres are puppet-shows, and the comedians ballad-singers; when fools lead the town, would a man think to thrive by his wit? If you must write, write nonsense, write operas, write Hurlothrumbos, set up an oratory and preach nonsense, and you may meet with encouragement enough. Be profane, be scurrilous, be immodest: if you would receive applause, deserve to receive sentence at the Old Bailey; and if you would ride in a coach, deserve to ride in

Luck. You are warm, my friend. [a cart.]

Wit. It is because I am your friend. I cannot bear to hear the man I love ridiculed by fools—by idiots. To hear a fellow who, had he been born a Chinese had starved for want of genius—to have been even the lowest mechanic, toss up his empty noddle with an affected disdain of what he has not understood; and women abusing what they have neither seen nor heard, from an unreasonable prejudice to an honest fellow whom they have not known. If thou wilt write against all these reasons get a patron, be pimp to some worthless man of quality, write panegyrics on him, flatter him with as many virtues as he has vices. Then, perhaps, you will engage his lordship, his lordship engages the town on your side, and then write till your arms ache, sense or nonsense, it will all go down.

Luck. Thou art too satirical on mankind. It is possible to thrive in the world by justifiable means.

Wit. Ay, justifiable, and so they are justifiable by custom. What does the soldier or physician thrive by but slaughter?—the lawyer but by quarrels?—the courtier but by taxes?—the poet but by flattery? I know none that thrive by profiting mankind, but the husbandman and the merchant: the one gives you the fruit of your own soil, the other brings you those from abroad; and yet these are represented as mean and mechanical, and the others as honourable and glorious.

Luck. Well; but prithee leave railing, and tell me what you would advise me to do.

Wit. Do! why thou art a vigorous young fellow, and there are rich widows in town.

Luck. But I am already engaged.

Wit. Why don't you marry then—for I suppose you are not mad enough to have any engagement with a poor mistress?

Luck. Even so, faith; and so heartily that I would not change her for the widow of a Cræsus.

Wit. Now thou art undone, indeed. Matrimony clenches ruin beyond retrieval. What unfortunate stars wert thou born under? Was it not enough to follow those nine ragged jades the muses, but you must fasten on some earth-born mistress as poor as them?

Mar. jun. [within]. Order my chairmen to call on me at St. James's.—No, let them stay.

Wit. Heyday, whom the devil have we here?

Luck. The young captain, sir; no less a person, I assure you.

SCENE VI.—LUCKLESS, WITMORE, MARPLAY, JUN.

Mar. jun. Mr. Luckless, I kiss your hands—Sir, I am your most obedient humble servant; you see, Mr. Luckless, what power you have over me. I attend your commands, though several persons of quality have staid at court for me above this hour.

Luck. I am obliged to you—I have a tragedy for your house, Mr. Marplay.

Mar. jun. Ha! if you will send it to me, I will give you my opinion of it; and if I can make any alterations in it that will be for its advantage, I will

Wit. Alterations, sir? [do it freely.

Mar. jun. Yes, sir, alterations—I will maintain it. Let a play be never so good, without alteration it

Wit. Very odd indeed! [will do nothing.

Mar. jun. Did you ever write, sir?

Wit. No, sir, I thank Heaven.

Mar. jun. Oh! your humble servant—your very humble servant, sir. When you write yourself, you will find the necessity of alterations. Why, sir, would you guess that I had altered Shakspeare?

Wit. Yes, faith, sir, no one sooner.

Mar. jun. Alack-a-day! Was you to see the plays when they are brought to us—a parcel of crude undigested stuff. We are the persons, sir, who lick them into form—that mould them into shape. The poet make the play indeed! the colourman might be as well said to make the picture, or the weaver the coat. My father and I, sir, are a couple of poetical tailors. When a play is brought us, we consider it as a tailor does his coat: we cut it, sir—we cut it; and let me tell you, we have the exact measure of the town; we know how to fit their taste. The poets, between you and me, are a pack of ignorant—

Wit. Hold, hold, sir. This is not quite so civil to Mr. Luckless; besides, as I take it, you have done the town the honour of writing yourself.

Mar. jun. Sir, you are a man of sense, and express yourself well. I did, as you say, once make a small sally into Parnassus—took a sort of flying leap over Helicon; but if ever they catch me there again—sir, the town have a prejudice to my family; for, if any play could have made them ashamed to damn it, mine must. It was all over plot. It would have made half a dozen novels: nor was it crammed with a pack of wit-traps, like Congreve and Wycherly, where every one knows when the joke was coming. I defy the sharpest critic of them all to have known when any jokes of mine were coming. The dialogue was plain, easy, and natural, and not one single joke in it from the beginning to the end: besides, sir, there was one scene of tender melancholy conversation—enough to have melted a heart of stone; and yet they damned it—and they damned themselves; for they shall have no more of mine.

Wit. Take pity on the town, sir.

Mar. jun. I! No, sir, no. I'll write no more. No more; unless I am forced to it.

Luck. That's no easy thing, Marplay.

Mar. jun. Yes, sir. Odes, odes, a man may be obliged to write those you know.

Luck and Wit. Ha, ha, ha! that's true, indeed.

Luck. But about my tragedy, Mr. Marplay.

Mar. jun. I believe my father is at the play-house: if you please, we will read it now; but I must call on a young lady first—Hey, who's there? Is my footman there? Order my chair to the door. Your servant, gentlemen.—*Caro vien.* [Exit, singing.

Wit. This is the most finished gentleman I ever saw; and has not, I dare swear, his equal.

Luck. If he has, here he comes.

SCENE VII.—LUCKLESS, WITMORE, BOOKWEIGHT.

Luck. Mr. Bookweight, your very humble servant.

Book. I was told, sir, that you had particular business with me.

Luck. Yes, Mr. Bookweight; I have something to put into your hands. I have a play for you, Mr.

Book. Is it accepted, sir? [Bookweight.

Luck. Not yet.

Book. Oh, sir! when it is, it will be then time enough to talk about it. A play, like a bill, is of no value till it is accepted; nor indeed when it is, very often. Besides, sir, our playhouses are grown so plenty, and our actors so scarce, that really plays are become very bad commodities. But pray, sir, do you offer it to the players or the patentees?

Luck. Oh! to the players, certainly.

Book. You are in the right of that. But a play which will do on the stage will not always do for us; there are your acting plays and your reading plays.

Wit. I do not understand that distinction.

Book. Why, sir, your acting play is entirely supported by the merit of the actor; in which case, it signifies very little whether there be any sense in it or no. Now, your reading play is of a different stamp, and must have wit and meaning in it. These latter I call your substantive, as being able to support themselves. The former are your adjective, as what require the buffoonery and gestures of an actor to be joined with them to show their signification.

Wit. Very learnedly defined, truly.

Luck. Well, but, Mr. Bookweight, will you advance fifty guineas on my play?

Book. Fifty guineas! Yes, sir. You shall have them with all my heart, if you will give me security for them. Fifty guineas for a play! Sir, I would not give fifty shillings. [rate?

Luck. 'Sdeath, sir! do you beat me down at this

Book. No, nor fifty farthings. Fifty guineas! Indeed your name is well worth that.

Luck. Jack, take this worthy gentleman, and kick him down stairs.

Book. Sir, I shall make you repent this.

Jack. Come, sir, will you please to brush?

Book. Help! murder! I'll have the law of you, sir.

Luck. Ha, ha, ha!

SCENE VIII.—LUCKLESS, WITMORE, MRS. MONEYWOOD.

Money. What noise is this? It is a very fine thing, truly, Mr. Luckless, that you will make these uproars in my house.

Luck. If you dislike it, it is in your power to drown a much greater. Do you but speak, madam, and I am sure no one will be heard but yourself.

Money. Very well, indeed! fine reflections on my character! Sir, sir, all the neighbours know that I have been as quiet a woman as ever lived in the parish. I had no noises in my house till you came. We were the family of love. But you have been a nuisance to the whole neighbourhood. While you had money, my doors were thundered at every morning at four and five, by coachmen and chairmen; and since you have had none, my house has been besieged all day by creditors and bailiffs. Then there's the rascal your man; but I will pay the dog, I will scour him. Sir, I am glad you are a witness of his abuses of me.

Wit. I am indeed, madam, a witness how unjustly he has abused you. [JACK whispers LUCKLESS.

Luck. Witmore, excuse me a moment.

SCENE IX.—MRS. MONEYWOOD, WITMORE.

Money. Yes, sir; and, sir, a man that has never shown one the colour of his money.

Wit. Very hard, truly. How much may he be in your debt, pray? Because he has ordered me to pay you.

Money. Ay! sir, I wish he had.

Wit. I am serious, I assure you.

Money. I am very glad to hear it, sir. Here is the bill as we settled it this very morning. I always thought, indeed, Mr. Luckless had a great deal of honesty in his principles: any man may be unfortunate; but I knew when he had money I should have it; and what signifies dunning a man when he hath it not? Now that is a way with some people which I could never come in to.

Wit. There, madam, is your money. You may give Mr. Luckless the receipt.

Money. Sir, I give you both a great many thanks. I am sure it is almost as charitable as if you gave it me; for I am to make up a sum to-morrow morning. Well, if Mr. Luckless was but a little soberer I should like him for a lodger exceedingly: for I must say, I think him a very pleasant good-humoured man.

SCENE X.—LUCKLESS, WITMORE, MONEYWOOD.

Luck. Those are words I never heard out of that mouth before. [ha, ha!]

Money. Ha, ha, ha! you are pleased to be merry:

Luck. Why, Witmore, thou hast the faculty opposite to that of a witch, and canst lay a tempest. I should as soon have imagined one man could have stopped a cannon-ball in its full force as her tongue.

Money. Ha, ha, ha! he is the best company in the world, sir, and so full of his similitudes!

Wit. Luckless, good morrow; I shall see you soon again.

Luck. Let it be soon, I beseech you; for thou hast brought a calm into this house that was scarce ever in it before.

SCENE XI.—LUCKLESS, MRS. MONEYWOOD, JACK.

Money. Well, Mr. Luckless, you are a comical man, to give one such a character to a stranger.

Luck. The company is gone, madam; and now, like true man and wife, we may fall to abusing one another as fast as we please. [me, sir.]

Money. Abuse me as you please, so you pay

Luck. 'Sdeath! madam, I will pay you.

Money. Nay, sir, I do not ask it before it is due. I don't question your payment at all: if you was to stay in my house this quarter of a year, as I hope you will, I should not ask you for a farthing.

Luck. Toll, loll, loll.—But I shall have her begin with her passion immediately; and I had rather be the object of her rage for a year than of her love for half an hour.

Money. But why did you choose to surprise me with my money? Why did you not tell me you would pay me?

Luck. Why, have I not told you?

Money. Yes, you told me of a play, and stuff: but you never told me you would order a gentleman to pay me. A sweet, pretty, good-humoured gentleman he is, heaven bless him! Well, you have comical ways with you: but you have honesty at the bottom, and I'm sure the gentleman himself will own I gave you that character.

Luck. Oh! I smell you now.—You see, madam, am better than my word to you: did he pay it you in gold or silver?

Money. All pure gold.

Luck. I have a vast deal of silver, which he brought me, within; will you do me the favour of taking it in silver? that will be of use to you in the shop too.

Money. Anything to oblige you, sir.

Luck. Jack, bring out the great bag, number one. Please to tell the money, madam, on that table.

Money. It's easily told: heaven knows there's not so much on't.

Jack. Sir, the bag is so heavy, I cannot bring it in.

Luck. Why, then, come and help to thrust a

Money. What do you mean? [heavier bag out.]

Luck. Only to pay you in my bed-chamber.

Money. Villain, dog, I'll swear a robbery, and have you hanged: rogues, villains!

Luck. Be as noisy as you please—[Shuts the door.] Jack, call a coach; and, d'ye hear? get up behind it and attend me.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—*The Playhouse.*—LUCKLESS, MARPLAY, SENIOR, MARPLAY, JUNIOR.

Luck. [Reads.] "THEN hence my sorrow, hence [my ev'ry fear;

No matter where, so we are bless'd together.

With thee, the barren rocks, where not one step

Of human race lies printed in the snow,

Look lovely as the smiling infant spring."

Mar. sen. Augh! will you please to read that again, sir? [fear."

Luck. "Then hence my sorrow, hence my ev'ry

Mar. sen. "Then hence my sorrow."—Horror is a much better word.—And then in the second line—"No matter where, so we are bless'd together."—Undoubtedly, it should be, "No matter where, so somewhere we're together." Where is the question, somewhere is the answer.—Read on, sir.

Luck. "With thee," — [much better idea.

Mar. sen. No, no, I could alter those lines to a

"With thee, the barren blocks, where not a bit

Of human face is painted on the bark,

Look green as Covent-garden in the spring."

Luck. Green as Covent-garden! [they sell greens.

Mar. jun. Yes, yes; Covent-garden market, where

Luck. Monstrous!

Mar. sen. Pray, sir, read on. [thee still;

Luck. "Leandra: Oh, my Harmonio, I could hear

The nightingale to thee sings out of tune,

While on thy faithful breast my head reclines,

The downy pillow's hard; while from thy lips

I drink delicious draughts of nectar down,

Falernian wines seem bitter to my taste."

Mar. jun. Here's meat, drink, singing, and lodging, egad.

Luck. He answers.

Mar. jun. But, sir — [heart,

Luck. "Oh, let me pull thee, press thee to my

Thou rising spring of everlasting sweets!

Take notice, Fortune, I forgive thee all!

Thou'st made Leandra mine. Thou flood of joy

Mix with my soul, and rush through ev'ry vein."

Mar. sen. Those two last lines again if you please.

Luck. "Thou'st made," &c.

Mar. jun. "——Thou flood of joy,

Mix with my soul, and rush thro' ev'ry vein."

Those are too excellent lines indeed: I never writ better myself: but, sar—

Luck. "Leandra's mine, go bid the tongue of fate

Pronounce another word of bliss like that;

Search thro' the eastern mines and golden shores,

Where lavish Nature pours forth all her stores;

For to my lot could all her treasures fall,

I would not change Leandra for them all."

There ends act the first, and such an act as, I believe, never was on this stage yet.

Mar. jun. Nor never will, I hope.

Mar. sen. Pray, sir, let me look at one thing.

"Falernian wines seem bitter to my taste."

Pray, sir, what sort of wines may your Falernian

be? for I never heard of them before; and I am sure, as I keep the best company, if there had been such sorts of wines, I should have tasted them. To-day I have drank, and Lacrimæ I have drank, but what your Falernian is, the devil take me if I can tell.

[top of Parnassus.]

Mar. jun. I fancy, father, these wines grow at the

Luck. Do they so, Mr. Pert? why then I fancy you have never tasted them.

Mar. sen. Suppose you should say the wines of Cape are bitter to my taste.

Luck. Sir, I cannot alter it.

Mar. sen. Nor we cannot act it. It won't do, sir, and so you need give yourself no farther trouble about it.

Luck. What particular fault do you find?

Mar. jun. Sar, there's nothing that touches me, nothing that is coercive to my passions.

Luck. Fare you well, sir; may another play be coercive to your passions.

SCENE II.—MARPLAY, SENIOR, MARPLAY, JUNIOR.

Mar. sen. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. jun. What do you think of the play?

Mar. sen. It may be a very good one, for aught I know; but I am resolved, since the town will not receive any of mine, they shall have none from any other. I'll keep them to their old diet.

Mar. jun. But suppose they won't feed on't?

Mar. sen. Then it shall be crammed down their throats.

Mar. jun. I wish, father, you would leave me that art for a legacy, since I am afraid I am like to have no other from you.

Mar. sen. 'Tis buff, child, 'tis buff—true Corinthian brass; and, heaven be praised, tho' I have given thee no gold, I have given thee enough of that, which is the better inheritance of the two. Gold thou might'st have spent, but this is a lasting estate that will stick by thee all thy life.

Mar. jun. What shall be done with that farce which was damned last night?

Mar. sen. Give it them again to-morrow. I have told some persons of quality that it is a good thing, and I am resolved not to be in the wrong: let us see which will be weary first, the town of damning, or we of being damned.

Mar. jun. Rat the town, I say.

Mar. sen. That's a good boy; and so say I: but, prithee, what didst thou do with the comedy which I gave thee t'other day, that I thought a good one?

Mar. jun. Did as you ordered me; returned it to the author, and told him it would not do.

Mar. sen. You did well. If thou writest thyself, and that I know thou art very well qualified to do, it is thy interest to keep back all other authors of any merit, and be as forward to advance those of none.

Mar. jun. But I am a little afraid of writing; for my writings, you know, have fared but ill hitherto.

Mar. sen. That is because thou hast a little mistaken the method of writing. The art of writing, boy, is the art of stealing old plays, by changing the name of the play, and new ones, by changing the name of the author.

[and catcalls—]

Mar. jun. If it was not for these cursed hisses

Mar. sen. Harmless music, child, very harmless music, and what, when one is but well seasoned to it, has no effect at all: for my part, I have been used to them.

[for that matter.]

Mar. jun. Ay, and I have been used to them too,

Mar. sen. And stood them bravely too. Idle young actors are fond of applause, but, take my word for it, a clap is a mighty silly, empty thing, and does

no more good than a hiss; and, therefore, if any man loves hissing, he may have his three shillings worth at me whenever he pleases.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A Room in BOOKWEIGHT'S House.—DASH, BLOTPAGE, QUIBBLE, writing at several Tables.

Dash. Pox on 't, I'm as dull as an ox, tho' I have not a bit of one within me. I have not dined these two days, and yet my head is as heavy as any alderman's or lord's. I carry about me symbols of all the elements; my head is as heavy as water, my pockets are as light as air, my appetite is as hot as fire, and my coat is as dirty as earth.

Blot. Lend me your Bysche, Mr. Dash, I want a rhyme for wind.

Dash. Why there's blind, and kind, and behind, and find, and mind: it is of the easiest termination imaginable; I have had it four times in a page.

Blot. None of those words will do.

Dash. Why then you may use any that end in ond, or and, or end. I am never so exact: if the two last letters are alike, it will do very well. Read the verse.

Blot. "Inconstant as the seas or as the wind."

Dash. What would you express in the next line?

Blot. Nay, that I don't know, for the sense is out already. I would say something about inconstancy.

Dash. I can lend you a verse, and it will do very well too.

"Inconstancy will never have an end."

End rhymes very well with wind. [poem.]

Blot. It will do well enough for the middle of a

Dash. Ay, ay, anything will do well enough for the middle of a poem. If you can but get twenty good lines to place at the beginning for a taste, it will sell very well.

Quib. So that, according to you, Mr. Dash, a poet acts pretty much on the same principles with an oyster-woman.

Dash. Pox take your simile, it has set my chaps a watering: but come, let us leave off work for a while, and hear Mr. Quibble's song.

Quib. My pipes are pure and clear, and my stomach is as hollow as any trumpet in Europe.

Dash. Come, the song.

SONG.

AIR. *Ye Commons and Peers.*

How unhappy's the fate
To live by one's pate,
And be forced to write hackney for bread!
An author's a joke
To all manner of folk,
Wherever he pops up his head, his head,
Wherever he pops up his head.
Tho' he mount on that hack,
Old Pegasus' back,
And of Helicon drink till he burst,
Yet a curse of those streams,
Poetical dreams,
They never can quench one's thirst, &c.
Ah! how should he fly
On fancy so high,
When his limbs are in durance and hold?
Or how should he charm,
With genius so warm,
When his poor naked body's a cold, &c.

SCENE IV.—BOOKWEIGHT, DASH, QUIBBLE, BLOTPAGE.

Book. Fie upon it, gentlemen! what, not at your pens? Do you consider, Mr. Quibble, that it is a fortnight since your Letter to a Friend in the Country was published? Is it not high time for an Answer to come out? At this rate, before your Answer is printed, your Letter will be forgot. I love to keep a controversy up warm. I have had authors who have writ a pamphlet in the morning, answered it in the afternoon, and answered that again at night.

Quib. Sir, I will be as expeditious as possible: but it is harder to write on this side the question, because it is the wrong side.

Book. Not a jot. So far on the contrary, that I have known some authors choose it as the properest to show their genius. But let me see what you have produced; "With all deference to what that very learned and most ingenious person, in his Letter to a Friend in the Country, hath advanced." Very well, sir; for, besides that, it may sell more of the Letter: all controversial writers should begin with complimenting their adversaries, as prize-fighters kiss before they engage. Let it be finished with all speed. Well, Mr. Dash, have you done that murder yet?

Dash. Yes, sir, the murder is done; I am only about a few moral reflections to place before it.

Book. Very well: then let me have the ghost finished by this day se'nnight.

Dash. What sort of a ghost would you have this, sir? the last was a pale one.

Book. Then let this be a bloody one. Mr. Quibble, you may lay by that life which you are about; for I hear the person is recovered, and write me out proposals for delivering five sheets of Mr. Bailey's English Dictionary every week, till the whole be finished. If you do not know the form, you may copy the proposals for printing Bayle's Dictionary in the same manner. The same words will do for both.

Enter INDEX.

Go, Mr. Index, what news with you?

Index. I have brought my bill, sir.

Book. What's here? For fitting the motto of *Risum teneatis Amici* to a dozen pamphlets, at sixpence per each, six shillings; for *Omnia vincit Amor*, et nos cedamus Amori, sixpence; for *Difficile est Satyram non scribere*, sixpence. Hum! hum! hum!—sum total for thirty-six Latin mottos, eighteen shillings; ditto English, one shilling and ninepence; ditto Greek, four—four shillings. These Greek mottos are excessively dear.

Ind. If you have them cheaper at either of the universities, I will give you mine for nothing.

Book. You shall have your money immediately; and pray remember, that I must have two Latin seditious mottos and one Greek moral motto for pamphlets by to-morrow morning.

Quib. I want two Latin sentences, sir—one for page the fourth in the praise of loyalty, and another for page the tenth in praise of liberty and property.

Dash. The ghost would become a motto very well if you would bestow one on him.

Book. Let me have them all.

Ind. Sir, I shall provide them. Be pleased to look on that, sir, and print me five hundred proposals and as many receipts.

Book. "Proposals for printing by subscription a New Translation of Cicero Of the Nature of the Gods, and his Tusculan Questions, by Jeremy Index, Esq." I am sorry you have undertaken this, for it prevents a design of mine.

Ind. Indeed, sir, it does not; for you see all of the book that I ever intend to publish. It is only a handsome way of asking one's friends for a guinea.

Book. Then you have not translated a word of it,

Ind. Not a single syllable. [perhaps.]

Book. Well, you shall have your proposals forthwith: but I desire you would be a little more reasonable in your bills for the future, or I shall deal with you no longer; for I have a certain fellow of a college, who offers to furnish me with second-hand mottos out of the Spectator for twopence each.

Ind. Sir, I only desire to live by my goods; and I

hope you will be pleased to allow some difference between a neat fresh piece, piping hot out of the classics, and old threadbare worn-out stuff that has passed through every pedant's mouth and been as common at the universities as their whores.

SCENE V.—BOOKWEIGHT, DASH, QUIBBLE, BLOT-PAGE, SCARECROW.

Scare. Sir, I have brought you a libel against the ministry.

Book. Sir, I shall not take anything against them; for I have two in the press already. [Aside.]

Scare. Then, sir, I have an Apology in defence of them.

Book. That I shall not meddle with neither; they don't sell so well.

Scare. I have a translation of Virgil's *Æneid*, with notes on it, if we can agree about the price.

Book. Why, what price would you have?

Scare. You shall read it first, otherwise how will you know the value?

Book. No, no, sir, I never deal that way—a poem is a poem, and a pamphlet a pamphlet with me. Give me a good handsome large volume, with a full promising title-page at the head of it, printed on a good paper and letter, the whole well bound and gilt, and I'll warrant its selling. You have the common error of authors, who think people buy books to read. No, no, books are only bought to furnish libraries, as pictures and glasses, and beds and chairs, are for other rooms. Look ye, sir, I don't like your title-page: however, to oblige a young beginner, I don't care if I do print it at my own expense.

Scare. But pray, sir, at whose expense shall I eat?

Book. At whose? Why at mine, sir, at mine. I am as great a friend to learning as the Dutch are to trade: no one can want bread with me who will earn it; therefore, sir, if you please to take your seat at my table, here will be everything necessary provided for you: good milk porridge, very often twice a day, which is good wholesome food and proper for students; a translator too is what I want at present, my last being in Newgate for shop-lifting. The rogue had a trick of translating out of the shops as well as the languages.

Scare. But I am afraid I am not qualified for a translator, for I understand no language but my own.

Book. What, and translate Virgil?

Scare. Alas! I translated him out of Dryden.

Book. Lay by your hat, sir—lay by your hat, and take your seat immediately. Not qualified!—thou art as well versed in thy trade as if thou hadst laboured in my garret these ten years. Let me tell you, friend, you will have more occasion for invention than learning here. You will be obliged to translate books out of all languages, especially French, that were never printed in any language whatsoever.

Scare. Your trade abounds in mysteries.

Book. The study of bookselling is as difficult as the law: and there are as many tricks in the one as the other. Sometimes we give a foreign name to our own labours, and sometimes we put our names to the labours of others. Then, as the lawyers have John-a-Nokes and Tom-a-Stiles, so we have Messieurs Moore near St. Paul's and Smith near the Royal Exchange.

SCENE VI.—To them, LUCKLESS.

Luck. Mr. Bookweight, your servant. Who can form to himself an idea more amiable than of a man at the head of so many patriots working for the benefit of their country?

Book. Truly, sir, I believe it is an idea more agreeable to you than that of a gentleman in the Crown-office paying thirty or forty guineas for abusing an honest tradesman.

Luck. Pshaw! that was only jocosely done, and a man who lives by wit must not be angry at a jest.

Book. Look ye, sir, if you have a mind to compromise the matter, and have brought me any money—

Luck. Hast thou been in thy trade so long, and talk of money to a modern author? You might as well have talked Latin or Greek to him. I have brought you paper, sir.

Book. That is not bringing me money, I own. Have you brought me an opera?

Luck. You may call it an opera if you will, but I call it a puppet-show.

Book. A puppet-show!

Luck. Ay, a puppet-show; and is to be played this night at Drury-lane playhouse.

Book. A puppet-show in a playhouse!

Luck. Ay, why what have been all the playhouses a long while but puppet-shows?

Book. Why, I don't know but it may succeed; at least if we can make out a tolerable good title-page: so, if you will walk in, if I can make a bargain with you I will. Gentlemen, you may go to dinner.

SCENE VII.—*Enter JACK PUDDING, Drummer, Mob.*

Jack P. This is to give notice to all gentlemen, ladies, and others, that at the Theatre Royal in Drury-lane, this evening, will be performed the whole puppet-show called the Pleasures of the Town; in which will be shown the whole court of nonsense, with abundance of singing, dancing, and several other entertainments: also the comical and diverting humours of Some-body and No-body; Punch and his wife Joan to be performed by figures, some of them six foot high. God save the King.

[*Drum beats.*]

SCENE VIII.—*WITMORE with a paper, meeting LUCKLESS.*

Wit. Oh! Luckless, I am overjoyed to meet you; here, take this paper, and you will be discouraged from writing, I warrant you.

Luck. What is it?—Oh! one of my play-bills.

Wit. One of thy play-bills!

Luck. Even so—I have taken the advice you gave me this morning.

Wit. Explain.

Luck. Why, I had some time since given this performance of mine to be rehearsed, and the actors were all perfect in their parts; but we happened to differ about some particulars, and I had a design to have given it over; 'till having my play refused by Marplay, I sent for the managers of the other house in a passion, joined issue with them, and this very evening it is to be acted.

Wit. Well, I wish you success.

Luck. Where are you going?

Wit. Anywhere but to hear you damned, which I must, was I to go to your Puppet-show.

Luck. Indulge me in this trial; and I assure thee, if it be successful, it shall be the last.

Wit. On that condition I will; but should the torrent run against you, I shall be a fashionable friend and hiss with the rest.

Luck. No, a man who could do so unfashionable and so generous a thing as Mr. Witmore did this morning—

Wit. Then I hope you will return it, by never mentioning it to me more. I will now to the pit.

Luck. And I behind the scenes.

SCENE IX.—LUCKLESS, HARRIOT.

Luck. Dear Harriot!

Har. I was going to the playhouse to look after you—I am frightened out of my wits—I have left my mother at home with the strangest sort of man, who is inquiring after you: he has raised a mob before the door by the oddity of his appearance; his dress is like nothing I ever saw, and he talks of kings, and Bantam, and the strangest stuff.

Luck. What the devil can he be?

Har. One of your old acquaintance, I suppose, in disguise—one of his majesty's officers with his commission in his pocket, I warrant him.

Luck. Well, but have you your part perfect?

Har. I had, unless this fellow hath frightened it out of my head again; but I am afraid I shall play it wretchedly.

Luck. Why so?

Har. I shall never have assurance enough to go through with it, especially if they should hiss me.

Luck. O! your mask will keep you in countenance, and as for hissing, you need not fear it. The audience are generally so favourable to young beginners: but hist, here is your mother and she has seen us. Adieu, my dear, make what haste you can to the playhouse. [*Exit.*]

SCENE X.—HARRIOT, MONEYWOOD.

Har. I wish I could avoid her, for I suppose we shall have an alarm.

Money. So, so, very fine: always together, always caterwauling. How like a hangdog he stole off; and it's well for him he did, for I should have rung such a peal in his ears.—There's a friend of his at my house would be very glad of his company, and I wish it was in my power to bring them together.

Har. You would not surely be so barbarous.

Money. Barbarous! ugh! You whining, puling, fool! Hussey, you have not a drop of my blood in you. What, you are in love, I suppose?

Har. If I was, madam, it would be no crime.

Money. Yes, madam, but it would, and a folly too. No woman of sense was ever in love with anything but a man's pocket. What, I suppose he has filled your head with a pack of romantic stuff of streams and dreams, and charms and arms. I know this is the stuff they all run on with, and so run into our debts, and run away with our daughters. Come, confess; are not you two to live in a wilderness together on love? Ah! thou fool! thou wilt find he will pay thee in love, just as he paid me in money. If thou wert resolved to go a-begging, why did you not follow the camp? There, indeed, you might have carried a knapsack; but here you will have no knapsack to carry. There, indeed, you might have had a chance of burying half a score husbands in a campaign; whereas a poet is a long-lived animal; you have but one chance of burying him, and that is, starving him.

Har. Well, madam, and I would sooner starve with the man I love than ride in a coach and six with him I hate: and, as for his passion, you will not make me suspect that, for he hath given me such proofs on 't. [*proofs of love?*]

Money. Proofs! I shall die. Has he given you

Har. All that any modest woman can require.

Money. If he has given you all a modest woman can require, I am afraid he has given you more than a modest woman should take: because he has been so good a lodger, I suppose I shall have some more of the family to keep. It is probable I shall live to see half a dozen grandsons of mine in Grub-street.

SCENE XI.—MONEYWOOD, HARRIOT, JACK.

Jack. Oh, madam! the man whom you took for a bailiff is certainly some great man; he has a vast many jewels and other fine things about him; he offered me twenty guineas to show him my master, and has given away so much money among the chairmen, that some folks believe he intends to stand member of parliament for Westminster.

Money. Nay, then, I am sure he is worth inquiring into. So, d'ye hear, sirrah, make as much haste as you can before me, and desire him to part with no more money till I come.

Har. So, now my mother is in pursuit of money, I may securely go in pursuit of my lover: and I am mistaken, good mamma, if e'en you would not think that the better pursuit of the two.

In generous love transporting raptures lie,
Which age, with all its treasures, cannot buy.

ACT III. — SCENE I. — *The Playhouse.*—Enter LUCKLESS (as Master of the Show), and Manager.

Luck. It's very surprising, that after I have been at all this expense and trouble in setting my things up in your house, you should desire me to recant; and now, too, when the spectators are all assembled, and will either have the show or their money.

Man. Nay, sir, I am very ready to perform my covenant with you; but I am told that some of the players do not like their parts, and threaten to leave the house—some to the Haymarket, some to Goodman's-fields, and others to set up two or three more new playhouses in several parts of the town.

Luck. I have quieted all that, and believe there is not one engaged in the performance but who is now very well satisfied.

Man. Well, sir, then so am I: but, pray, what is the design or plot? for I could make neither head nor tail on't.

Luck. Why, sir, the chief business is the election of an arch-poet, or, as others call him, a poet-laureat, to the Goddess of Nonsense. I have introduced, indeed, several other characters not entirely necessary to the main design; for I was assured by a very eminent critic, that in the way of writing great latitude might be allowed; and that a writer of puppet-shows might take as much more liberty than a writer of operas, as an opera-writer might be allowed beyond a writer of plays. As for the scene, it lies on the other side the river Styx, and all the people in my play are dead. [all my heart.]

Man. I wish they may not be damned too, with

Luck. Sir, I depend much on the good-nature of the audience; but they are impatient, I hear them knock with their canes. Let us begin immediately: I think we will have an overture played on this occasion. Mr. Seedo, have you not provided a new overture on this occasion?

Seedo. I have composed one.

Luck. Then pray let us have it. Come, sir, be pleased to sit down by me.—Gentlemen, the first thing I present you with is Punchinello. [chair.]

[The curtain draws and discovers Punch in a great

AIR I. *Whilst the town's brimful of folly.*

Punch. Whilst the town's brimful of farces,
Flocking whilst we see her asses
Thick as grapes upon a bunch,
Critics, whilst you smile on madness,
And more stupid solemn sadness—
Sure you will not frown on Punch.

Luck. The next is Punch's wife, Joan.

Enter JOAN.—*Joan.* What can ail my husband? he is continually humming tunes, though his voice be only fit to warble at Hog's Norton, where the pigs would accompany it with organs. I was in

hopes death would have stopped his mouth at last; but he keeps his old harmonious humour even in the shades.

Punch. Be not angry, dear Joan; Orpheus obtained his wife from the shades by charming Pluto with his music.

Joan. Sirrah, sirrah, should Pluto hear you sing, you could expect no less punishment than Tantalus has:—nay, the waters would be brought above your mouth to stop it.

Punch. Truly, madam, I don't wish the same success Orpheus met with; could I gain my own liberty, the devil might have you with all my heart.

AIR II.

Joan, Joan, Joan, has a thundering tongue,
And *Joan, Joan, Joan,* is a bold one.

How happy is he
Who from wedlock is free;
For who'd have a wife to scold one?

Joan. Punch, Punch, Punch, prithee think of your hunch,
Prithee look on your great strutting belly:

Sirrah, if you dare

War with me declare,

I will beat your fat guts to a jelly. [They dance.]

AIR III. *Bobbing Joan.*

Pun. Joan, you are the plague of my life,
A rope would be welcomer than such a wife.

Joan. Punch, your merits had you but shared,
Your neck had been longer by half a yard:

Pun. Ugly witch,

Joan. Son of a bitch,

Both. Would you were hang'd or drown'd in a ditch.

[Dance again.]

Pun. Since we hate like people in vogue,
Let us call not bitch and rogue:
Gentler titles let us use,
Hate each other, but not abuse.

Joan. Pretty dear!

Pun. Ah! ma chère!

Both. Joy of my life and only care. [Dance and Exeunt.]

Luck. Gentlemen, the next is Charon and a Poet; they are disputing about an affair pretty common with poets—going off without paying.

Enter CHARON and a Poet.

Char. Never tell me, sir, I expect my fare. I wonder what trade these authors drive in the other world: I would with as good a will see a soldier aboard my boat. A tattered red coat, and a tattered black one, have bilked me so often, that I am resolved never to take either of them up again—unless I am paid beforehand.

Poet. What a wretched thing it is to be poor! My body lay a fortnight in the other world before it was buried. And this fellow has kept my spirit a month, sunning himself on the other side the river, because my pockets were empty. Wilt thou be so kind as to show me the way to the court of Nonsense?

Cha. Ha, ha! the court of Nonsense! Why, pray, sir, what have you to do there? these rags look more like the dress of one of Apollo's people than of Nonsense's. [to Nonsense?]

Poet. Why, fellow, didst thou never carry rags

Cha. Truly, sir, I cannot say but I have: but it is a long time ago, I assure you. But if you are really bound thither, and are a poet, as I presume from your outward appearance, you should have brought a certificate from the goddess's agent, Mr. What-d'ye-call-him, the gentleman that writes odes—so finely! However, that I may not hear any more of your verses on the river-side, I'll e'en carry you over on her account: she pays for all her insolvent votaries. Look at that account, sir. She is the best deity to me in the shades. [sense:]

Poet. Spirits imported for the goddess of Non-
Five people of great quality,
Seven ordinary courtiers,
Nineteen attorneys,
Eleven counsellors,

One hundred poets, players, doctors, and apothecaries, fellows of the colleges, and members of the royal society. [men with a prisoner.]

Luck. Gentlemen, the next is one of Charon's
Enter Sailor and a Sexton.

Cha. How now?

Sail. We have caught him at last. This is Mr. Robgrave, the sexton, who has plundered so many spirits.

Cha. Are you come at last, sir? What have you to say for yourself? Ha! Where are all the jewels and other valuable things you have stolen? Where are they, sirrah? ha!

Sex. Alack, sir, I am but a poor rogue; the parish officers and others have had them all; I had only a small reward for stealing them.

Cha. Then you shall have another reward here, sir. Carry him before justice Minos; the moment he gets on the other side of the water let him be shackled, and put aboard. [*Exeunt Sailor and Sexton.*]

Poet. Who knows whether this rogue has not robbed me too? I forgot to look in upon my body before I came away. [you?]

Cha. Had you any things of value buried with

Poet. Things of inestimable value; six folios of the my own works.

Luck. Most poets of this age will have their works buried with them. The next is the ghost of a Director.

Enter Director.

Dir. Mr. Charon, I want a boat to cross the river.

Cha. You shall have a place, sir; I believe I have just room for you, unless you are a lawyer, and I have strict orders to carry no more over yet: Hell is too full of them already.

Dir. Sir, I am a director.

Cha. A director! what's that?

Dir. A director of a company, sir. I am surprised you should not know what that is: I thought our names had been famous enough on this road.

Cha. Oh, sir, I ask your honour's pardon; will you be pleased to go aboard?

Dir. I must have a whole boat by myself; for I have two waggon-loads of treasure that will be here immediately. [anything of that nature aboard.]

Cha. It is as much as my place is worth to take

Dir. Pshaw, pshaw, you shall go snacks with me, and I warrant we cheat the devil. I have been already too hard for him in the other world.—Do you understand what security on bottomry is? I'll make your fortune.

Cha. Here, take the gentleman, let him be well fettered, and carried aboard; away with him.

Sail. Sir, here are a waggon-load of ghosts, arrived from England, that were knocked on the head at a late election.

Cha. Fit out another boat immediately; but be sure to search their pockets, that they carry nothing over with them. I found a bank-bill of fifty pounds t'other day in the pocket of a cobbler's ghost, who came hither on the same account.

Sail. Sir, a great number of passengers arrived from London, all bound to the court of Nonsense.

Cha. Some plague, I suppose, or a fresh cargo of physicians come to town from the universities.

Luck. Now, gentlemen, I shall produce such a set of figures as I defy all Europe, except our own play-houses, to equal. Come, put away; pray mind these figures.

Enter DON TRAGEDIO, SIR FARCICAL COMIC, DR. ORATOR, SIGNIOR OPERA, MONSIEUR PANTOMIME, and MRS. NOVEL.

Poet. Ha! Don Tragedio, your most obedient servant. Sir Farcical! Dr. Orator! I am heartily

glad to see you. Dear Signior Opera! Monsieur Pantomime! Ah! Mynheer Van-treble! Mrs. Novel in the shades too! What lucky distemper could have sent so much good company hither?

Trag. A tragedy occasioned me to die;

That perishing the first day, so did I.

Farc. A pastoral sent me out of the world. My life went in with a hiss; stap my vitals!

Ora. A Muggletonian dog stabbed me.

AIR IV. Silvia, my dearest.

Oper. Claps universal,

Applauses resounding,

Hisses confounding

Attending my song:

My senses drowned,

And I fell down dead,

Whilst I was singing, ding, dang, dong.

Poet. Well, Monsieur Pantomime, how came you by your fate?

Pantom. [*Makes signs to his neck.*]

Poet. Broke his neck. Alas, poor gentleman!—And you, Mynheer Van-treble, what sent you hither? And you, Madam Novel?

AIR V. 'Twas when the seas were roaring.

Nov. Oh! pity all a maiden

Condemn'd hard fates to prove;

I rather would have laid-in

Than thus have died for love!

'Twas hard to encounter death-a

Before the bridal bed;

Ah! would I had kept my breath-a,

And lost my maidenhead!

Poet. Poor lady!

Cha. Come, my masters, it is a rare fresh gale; if you please, I'll show you aboard.

Luck. Observe, gentlemen, how these figures walk off. The next, gentlemen, is a Blackamore lady, who comes to present you with a saraband and castanets. [*A dance.*] Now, gentlemen and ladies, I shall produce a bookseller who is the prime minister of Nonsense, and the Poet.

Enter Bookseller and Poet.

Poet. 'Tis strange, 'tis wondrous strange! [eyes.]

Book. And yet 'tis true. Did you observe her

Poet. Her ears rather, for there she took the infection. She saw the Signior's visage in his voice.

Book. Did you not mark how she melted when she sung?

Poet. I saw her like another Dido. I saw her heart rise up to her eyes, and drop again to her ears.

Book. That a woman of so much sense as the Goddess of Nonsense should be taken thus at first sight! I have served her faithfully these thirty years as a bookseller in the upper world, and never knew her guilty of one folly before.

Poet. Nay, certainly, Mr. Curry, you know as much of her as any man.

Book. I think I ought; I am sure I have made as large oblations to her as all Warwick-lane and Paternoster-row. [nior Opera!]

Poet. But is she, this night, to be married to Sig-

Book. This is to be the bridal night. Well, this will be the strangest thing that has happened in the shades since the rape of Proserpine. But now I think on't, what news bring you from the other world?

Poet. Why affairs go much in the same road there as when you were alive; authors starve, and booksellers grow fat. Grub-street harbours as many pirates as ever Algiers did. They have more theatres than are at Paris, and just as much wit as there is at Amsterdam; they have ransacked all Italy for singers, and all France for dancers.

Book. And all hell for conjurors.

Poet. My lord mayor has shortened the time of Bartholomew-fair in Smithfield and so they are re-

solved to keep it all the year round at the other end of the town.

Book. I find matters go swimmingly; but I fancy I am wanted. If you please, sir, I will show you the way.

Poet. Sir, I follow you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter PUNCH.

Punch. You, fiddler.

Luck. Well, Punch, what's the matter now?

Punch. What do you think my wife Joan is about?

Luck. Faith, I can't tell. [quality at quadrille.

Punch. Odsbobs, she is got with three women of

Luck. Quadrille? ha, ha!

Punch. I have taken a resolution to run away from her and set up a trade.

Luck. A trade? why, you have no stock.

Punch. Oh, but I intend to break, cheat my creditors, and so get one.

Luck. That bite is too stale, master Punch.

Punch. Is it? Then I'll e'en turn lawyer. There is no stock required there but a stock of impudence.

Luck. Yes, there is a stock of law, without which you will starve at the bar.

Punch. Ay, but I'll get upon the bench, then I shall soon have law enough; for then I can make anything I say to be law.

Luck. Hush, you scurrilous rascal.

Punch. Odsbobs, I have hit it now.

Luck. What now?

Punch. I have it at last; the rarest trade! Punch, thou art made for ever. [now?

Luck. What conceit has the fool got in his head

Punch. I'll e'en turn parliament-man.

Luck. Ha, ha, ha! Why, sirrah, thou hast neither interest nor qualification.

Punch. How! not interest? Yes, sir, Punch is very well known to have a very considerable interest in all the corporations in England; and for qualification, if I have no estate of my own, I can borrow one.

Luck. This will never do, master Punch. You must think of something you have a better qualification for.

Punch. Ay, why then I'll turn great man; that requires no qualification whatsoever.

Luck. Get you gone, you impudent rogue. Gentlemen, the next figures are Somebody and Nobody, come to present you with a song and a dance.

Enter SOMEBODY and NOBODY.

AIR VII. *Black Joke.*

Some. Of all the men in London town,
Or knaves or fools, in coat or gown,
The representative am I.

No. Go thro' the world, and you will find,
In all the classes of human-kind,
Many a jolly Nobody.
For him a Nobody sure we may call,
Who during his life does nothing at all
But eat and snore
And drink and roar,
From whore to the tavern, from tavern to whore,
With a laced coat, and that is all.

Luck. Gentlemen, this is the end of the first interlude. Now, gentlemen, I shall present you with the most glorious scene that has ever appeared on the stage: it is the COURT OF NONSENSE. Play away, soft music, and draw up the curtain.

The curtain drawn up to soft music, discovers the GODDESS OF NONSENSE on a throne; the ORATOR in a tub; TRAGEDIO, &c. attending.

Nons. Let all my votaries prepare
To celebrate this joyful day

Luck. Gentlemen, observe what a lover of recitative Nonsense is.

Nons. Monsieur Pantomime! you are welcome.

Pant. [*Cuts a caper.*]

Nons. Alas, poor gentleman! he is modest: you may speak; no words offend that have no wit in them.

Mast. Why, madam Nonsense, don't you know that monsieur Pantomime is dumb? and yet, let me tell you, he has been of great service to you; he is the only one of your votaries that sets people asleep without talking. But here's don Tragedio will make noise enough.

Trag. Yes, Tragedio is indeed my name,
Long since recorded in the rolls of fame,
At Lincoln's-inn, and eke at Drury-lane.

Let everlasting thunder sound my praise,
And forked light'ning in my scutcheon blaze;
To Shakspeare, Jonson, Dryden, Lee, or Rowe
I not a line—no, not a thought—do owe.

Me, for my novelty, let all adore,
For, as I wrote, none ever wrote before.

Nons. Thou art doubly welcome, welcome.

Trag. That welcome—yes, that welcome—is my
Two tragedies I wrote, and wrote for you; [due,
And had not hisses, hisses me dismay'd,
By this, I'd writ too-score—two score, by jay'd.

Luck. By jay'd? Ay, that's another excellence of the Don's; he does not only glean up all the bad words of other authors, but makes new bad words of his own.

Far. Nay, i'gad, I have made new words, and spoiled old ones too, if you talk of that; I have made foreigners break English, and Englishmen break Latin. I have as great a confusion of languages in my play as was at the building of Babel.

Luck. And so much the more extraordinary, because the author understands no language at all.

Far. No language at all?—Stap my vitals!

Nons. Dr. Orator, I have heard of you.

Orat. Ay, and you might have heard me too; I bawled loud enough, I'm sure.

Mast. She might have heard you; but if she had understood your advertisements, I will believe Nonsense to have more understanding than Apollo.

Orat. Have understood me, sir! What has understanding to do? My hearers would be diverted, and they are so; which could not be if understanding were necessary, because very few of them have any.

Nons. You've all deserved my hearty thanks—but here my treasure I bestow. [*To OPERA.*

Oper. Your highness knows what reward I prize.

AIR VIII. *Lillibolera.*

Op. Let the foolish philosopher strive in his cell,
By wisdom or virtue, to merit true praise;
The soldier in hardship and danger still dwell,
That glory and honour may crown his last days:
The patriot sweat
To be thought great;
Or beauty all day at the looking-glass toil;
That popular voices
May ring their applauses,
While a breath is the only reward of their coil.
But would you a wise man to action incite,
Be riches proposed the reward of his pain:
In riches is center'd all human delight;
No joy is on earth but what gold can obtain.
If women, wine,
Or grandeur fine,
Be most your delight, all these riches can;
Would you have men to flatter?
To be rich is the matter;
When you cry he is rich, you cry a great man.

Nons. [*Repeating in an ecstasy.*]

"When you cry he is rich, you cry a great man."
Bravissimo! I long to be your wife.

Luck. Gentlemen, observe and take notice how the Goddess of Nonsense is smitten by music, and falls in love with the ghost of Signior Opera.

Novel. If all my romances ever pleased the ear of

my goddess—if I ever found favour in her sight—
Oh, do not rob me thus!

Nons. What means my daughter?

Novel. Alas, he is my husband!

Curry. But though he were your husband in the other world, death solves that tie, and he is at liberty now to take another; and I never knew any one instance of a husband here who would take the same wife again.

AIR IX. *Whilst I gazed on Chloe trembling.*

Novel. May all maids from me take warning,
How a lover's arms they fly:
Lest, the first kind offer scorning,
They without a second die.
How unhappy is my passion!
How tormenting is my pain!
If you thwart my inclination,
Let me die for love again.

Curry. Again! What, did you die for love of your husband?

Novel. He knows he ought to have been so.—He swore he would be so.—Yes, he knows I died for love; for I died in childbed.

Orat. Why, madam, did you not tell me all the road hither, that you was a virgin?

AIR X. *Highland Laddy.*

Oper. I was told, in my life,
Death for ever
Did dis sever
Men from ev'ry mortal strife,
And that greatest plague, a wife.
For had the priests possess'd men,
That to Tartarus
Wives came after us,
Their devil would be a jest then,
And our devil a wife.

Nons. Avaunt, polluted wretch! begone;
Think not I'll take pollution to my arms,
No, no,—no, no,—no, no, no.

Oper. Well, since I can't have a goddess I'll e'en prove a man of honour.—I was always in love with thee, my angel; but ambition is a dreadful thing. However, my ghost shall pay the debts of my body.

Novel. Now I am happy, verily.

Oper. My long-lost dear!

Novel. My new-found bud!

AIR XI. *Dusty Miller.*

Oper. Will my charming creature
Once again receive me?
Tho' I proved a traitor,
Will she still believe me?
I will well repay thee
For past faults of roving,
Nor shall any day be
Without proofs of loving.
On that tender lily breast
Whilst I lie panting,
Both together blest,
Both with transports fainting.

Both. Sure no human hearts
Were ever so delighted!
Death, which others parts,
Hath our souls united.

AIR XII. *Over the Hills and far away.*

Oper. Were I laid on Scotland's coast,
And in my arms embraced my dear,
Let scrubbado do its most,
I would know no grief or fear.

Nov. Were we cast on Ireland's soil,
There confined in bogs to dwell,
For thee potatoes I would boil,
No Irish spouse should feast so well.

Oper. And tho' we scrubb'd it all the day,

Nov. We'd kiss and hug the night away;

Oper. Scotch and Irish both should say,

Both. O! how blest, how blest are they!

Orat. Since my goddess is disengaged from one lover, may the humblest, yet not the least diligent of her servants, hope she would smile on him?

Luck. Master Orator, you had best try to charm the goddess with an oration.

Orat. The history of a fiddle and a fiddlestick is going to be held forth; being particularly desired in a letter from a certain querist on that point.

A fiddle is a statesman: Why? Because it's hollow. A fiddlestick is a drunkard: Why? Because it loves ros'ning.

Luck. Gentlemen, observe how he balances his hands; his left hand is the fiddle, and his right hand is the fiddlestick.

Orat. A fiddle is like a beau's nose, because the bridge is often down; a fiddlestick is like a mountebank, because it plays upon a crowd. A fiddle is like a stockjobber's tongue, because it sounds different notes; and a fiddlestick is like a stockjobber's wig, because it has a great deal of horsehair in it.

Luck. And your oration is like yourself, because it has a great deal of nonsense in it. [by music.

Nons. In vain you try to charm my ears, unless

Orat. Have at you then.

Mast. Gentlemen, observe how the doctor sings in his tub. Here are no wires; all alive, alive, ho!

Orat. Chimes of the times, to the tune of Moll Pately.

AIR XIII. *Moll Pately.*

All men are birds by nature, sir,
Tho' they have not wings to fly;
On earth a soldier's a creature, sir,
Much resembling a kite in the sky;
The physician is a fowl, sir,
Whom most men call an owl, sir,
Who by his hooting,
Hooting, hooting,
Hooting, hooting,
Hooting, hooting,
Tells us that death is nigh.

The usurer is a swallow, sir,
That can swallow gold by the jorum;
A woodcock is 'squire Shallow, sir;
And a goose is oft of the quorum;
The gamester is a rook, sir,
The lawyer, with his Coke, sir,
Is but a raven,
Croaking, croaking,
Croaking, croaking,
Croaking, croaking,
After the ready rhinorum.

Young virgins are scarce as rails, sir;
Plenty as bats the night-walkers go;
Soft Italians are nightingales, sir,
And a cock-sparrow mimics a bean;
Like birds men are to be caught, sir;
Like birds men are to be bought, sir;
Men of a side,
Like birds of a feather,
Will flock together,
Will flock together,
Both sexes like birds will — too.

Nons. 'Tis all in vain.

Trag. Is nonsense of me then forgetful grown,
And must the signior be prefer'd alone?
Is it for this, for this, ye gods, that I
Have in one scene made some folks laugh, some cry?
For this does my low blust'ring language creep
At once to wake you and to make you sleep?

Farc. And so all my puns, and quibbles, and conundrums, are quite forgotten, stap my vitals!

Orat. More chimes of the times, to the tune of Rogues, rogues, rogues.

AIR XIV. *There was a jovial beggar.*

The stone that all things turns at will
To gold the chemist craves;
But gold, without the chemist's skill,
Turns all men into knaves.
For a cheating they will go, &c.
The merchant would the courtier cheat,
When on his goods he lays
Too high a price—but faith he's bit,
For a courtier never pays.
For a cheating, &c.

The lawyer, with a face demure,
Hangs him who steals your pelf;
Because the good man can endure
No robber but himself.

For a cheating, &c.

Between the quack and highwayman
What difference can there be?
Though this with pistol, that with pen,
Both kill you for a fee.

For a cheating, &c.

The husband cheats his loving wife,
And to a mistress goes;
Whilst she at home, to ease her life,
Carouses with the beaux.

For a cheating, &c.

That some directors cheats were,
Some have made bold to doubt;
Did not the supercargo's care
Prevent their finding out.

For a cheating, &c.

The tenant doth the steward nick
(So low this art we find).
The steward doth his lordship trick,
My lord tricks all mankind.

For a cheating, &c.

One sect there are, to whose fair lot
No cheating arts do fall;
And those are parsons call'd, God wot;
And so I cheat you all.

For a cheating, &c.

Enter CHARON.

Cha. An't please your majesty, there is an odd sort of a man on t'other side the water says he's recommended to you by some people of quality.—Egad, I don't care to take him aboard, not I. He says his name is Hurloborumbo—rumbo—Hurloborumbo, I think he calls himself; he looks like one of Apollo's people, in my opinion; he seems to be mad enough to be a real poet.

Nons. Take him aboard.

Cha. I had forgot to tell your ladyship I hear rare news; they say you are to be declared Goddess of Wit.

Curry. That's no news, Mr. Charon.

Cha. Well, I'll take Hurloborumbo aboard.

[Exit CHARON.]

Orat. I must win the goddess before he arrives, or else I shall lose her for ever.—A rap at the times.

AIR XV. *When I was a dame of honour.*

Come all who've heard my cushion beat,
Confess me as full of dulness
As any egg is full of meat,
Or full moon is of fulness;
Let the justice and his clerk both own,
Than theirs my dulness greater;
And tell how I've harangued the town,
When I was a bold orator.

The lawyer wrangling at the bar,
While the reverend bench is dozing,
The scribbler in a pamphlet war,
Or Grub-street bard composing;
The trudging quack in scarlet cloak,
Or coffee-house politic prater,
Can none come up to what I have spoke,
When I was a bold orator.

The well-bred courtier telling lies,
Or levee-hunter believing;
The vain coquette that rolls her eyes,
More empty fops deceiving;
The parson of dissenting gang,
Or flattering dedicator,
Could none of them like me harangue,
When I was a bold orator.

Enter PUNCH.

Punch. You, you, you.

Luck. What's the matter, Punch?

Punch. Who is that?

Luck. That's an orator, master Punch.

Punch. An orator—What's that?

Luck. Why an orator is—egad, I can't tell what;—he is a man that nobody dares dispute with.

Punch. Say you so? I'll be with him presently. Bring out my tub, there. I'll dispute with you, I'll warrant. I am a Muggleonian.

Orat. I am not.

Punch. Then you are not of my opinion.

Orat. Sirrah, I know that you and your whole tribe would be the death of me; but I am resolved to proceed to confute you as I have done hitherto, and as long as I have breath you shall hear me; and I hope I have breath enough to blow you all out of

Punch. If noise will. [the world.]

Orat. Sir, I—

Punch. Hear me, sir.

Nons. Hear him; hear him; hear him.

AIR XVI. *Hey, Barnaby, take it for warning.*

Punch. No tricks shall save your bacon,
Orator, Orator, you are mistaken;
Punch will not be thus confuted,
Bring forth your reasons, or you are nonsuited.
Heigh, ho.

No tricks shall save your bacon,
Orator, Orator, you are mistaken.

Orat. Instead of reasons advancing,
Let the dispute be concluded by dancing.

Ti, to. [They dance.]

Nons. 'Tis all in vain: a virgin I will live; and oh, great Signior! prithee take this chaplet, and still wear it for my sake.

Luck. Gentlemen, observe how Signior Opera is created archpoet to the Goddess of Nonsense.

Trag. And does great Nonsense, then, at length determine

To give the chaplet to that singing vermin?

Nons. I do.

Trag. Then, Opera, come on, and let us try,
Whether shall wear the chaplet, you or I.

AIR XVII. *Be kind, and love.*

Nov. Oh, spare to take his precious life away;
So sweet a voice must sure your passion lay;
Oh, hear his gentle murmurs first, and then,
If you can kill him, I will cry Amen.

Trag. Since but a song you ask, a song I'll hear;
But tell him, that last song is his last prayer.

AIR XVIII.

Op. Barbarous cruel man,
I'll sing thus while I'm dying, I'm dying like a swan,

A swan,

A swan,

With my face all pale and wan.

More fierce art thou than pirates,

Than pirates,

Whom the syrens' music charms,

Alarms,

Disarms;

More fierce than men on the high roads,

On the high - - - roads,

On the high - - - roads.

More fierce than men on the high roads,

When Polly Peachum warms.

The devil

Was made civil,

By Orpheus's tuneful charms;

And can - - -

- - - n,

He gentler prove than man?

Trag. I cannot do it— [Sheaths his sword]
Methinks I feel my flesh congeal'd to bone,
And know not if I'm flesh and blood or stone.

Pant. [Runs several times round the stage.]

Nons. Alas, what means monsieur Pantomime?

Curry. By his pointing to his head I suppose he

Nons. Pretty youth. [would have the chaplet.]

Nov. Oh, my dear, how shall I express the trouble of my soul?

Oper. If there be sympathy in love, I'm sure I felt it; for I was in a damnable fright too.

Nov. Give me a buss then.

AIR XIX. *Under the greenwood tree.*

In vain a thousand heroes and kings

Should court me to their arms,

In vain should give me a thousand fine things,

For thee I'd reserve my charms:

On that dear breast, intranced in joy,

Oh, let me ever be.

Op. Oh, how I will kiss thee,
How I'll embliss thee,
When thou art a-bed with me!
Nons. [Repeats.] Oh, how I will kiss thee, &c.
Alas! what mighty noise?

Luck. Gentlemen, the next is a messenger.
Enter Messenger.

Mes. Stay, goddess, nor with haste the prize bequeath,
A mighty sprite now hastens here beneath,
Long in the world your noble cause he fought,
Your laureat there, your precepts still he taught;
To his great son he leaves that laurel now,
And hastens to receive one here below.

Nons. I can't revoke my grant, but he
Shall manager of our players be.

Luck. The next is Count Ugly, from the Opera-house in the Hay-market.

Enter COUNT UGLY.

Nons. Too late, O mighty count, you came.

Count. I ask not for myself, for I disdain
O'er the poor ragged tribe of bards to reign.
Me did my stars to happier fates prefer,
Sur-intendant des plaisirs d'Angleterre;
If masquerades you have, let those be mine,
But on the Signior let the laurel shine.

Trag. What is thy plea? Hast written?

Count. No, nor read.

But if from dulness any may succeed,
To that and nonsense I good title plead.
Nought else was ever in my masquerade.

Nons. No more: by Styx I swear
That Opera the crown shall wear.

AIR.

Nov. Away each meek pretender flies,—
Opera, thou hast gain'd the prize.
Nonsense, grateful still, must own
That thou best support'st her throne.
For her subscriptions thou didst gain
By thy soft alluring strain,
When Shakspeare's thought
And Congreve's brought
Their aids to sense in vain.
Beauties who subdue mankind
Thy soft chains alone can bind;
See within their lovely eyes
The melting wish arise:
While thy sounds enchant the ear,
Lovers think the nymph sincere;
And projectors,
And directors,
Lose awhile their fear.

Enter CHARON.

Luck. How now, Charon; you are not to enter yet.

Char. To enter, sir? Alack-a-day: we are all
undone: here are sir John Bindover and a constable
coming in.

Enter SIR JOHN, and Constable.

Const. Are you the master of the puppet-show?

Luck. Yes, sir. [have a warrant for you, sir.

Const. Then you must along with me, sir; I

Luck. For what?

Sir John. For abusing Nonsense, sirrah.

Const. People of quality are not to have their
diversions libelled at this rate.

Luck. Of what do you accuse me, gentlemen?

Sir John. Shall you abuse Nonsense when the
whole town supports it?

Luck. Pox on't, had this fellow staid a few mo-
ments longer, till the dance had been over, I had
been easy. Harkye, Mr. Constable, shall I only beg
your patience for one dance, and then I'll wait on
you?

Sir John. Sirrah, don't try to corrupt the magis-
trate with your bribes: here shall be no dancing.

Nov. What does this fellow of a constable mean
by interrupting our play?

AIR XXI. Fair Dorinda.

Oh, Mr. Constable,	The filth that lies in common
Drunken rascal,	shores,
Would I had thee at the Rose.	May it ever lie in thy nose.
May'st thou be beaten,	May it ever
Hang'd up and eaten,	Lie in thy nose,
Eaten by the carrion crows.	Oh, may it lie in thy nose.

Luck. Mollify yourself, madam.

Sir John. That is really a pretty creature; it were
a piece of charity to take her to myself for a hand-
maid. [Aside.

Const. Very pretty, very pretty truly:—If magis-
trates are to be abused at this rate, the devil may be
a constable for me. Hark'ee, madam, do you know

Nov. A rogue, sir. [who we are?

Const. Madam, I'm a constable by day, and a
justice of peace by night. [night.

Nov. That is a buzzard by day and an owl by

AIR XXII. Newmarket.

Const. Why, madam, do you give such words as these
To a constable and a justice of peace?

I fancy you'll better know how to speak
By that time you've been in Bridewell a week;
Have beaten good hemp, and been

Whipp'd at a post;

I hope you'll repent, when some skin

You have lost.

But if this makes you tremble, I'll not be severe;

Come down a good guinea, and you shall be clear.

Nov. Oh, sir John, you, I am sure, are the com-
mander in this enterprise. If you will prevent the
rest of our show, let me beg you will permit the
dance.

AIR XXIII. Charming Betty.

Sweetest honey,
Good sir Johnny,
Prithee let us take a dance,
Leave your canting,
Zealous ranting,
Come and shake a merry
haunch.

Motions firing,
Sounds inspiring,
We are led to softer joys;
Where in trances
Each soul dances,
Music then seems only
noise.

Sir John. Verily I am conquered. Pity prevai-
leth over severity, and the flesh hath subdued the spirit.
I feel a motion in me, and whether it be of grace or
no I am not certain. Pretty maid, I cannot be deaf
any longer to your prayers; I will abide the per-
forming a dance, and will myself, being thereto
moved by an inward working, accompany you there-
in, taking for my partner that reverend gentleman.

Mast. Then strike up.

Enter WITMORE, MONEYWOOD, HARRIOT, BANTAMITE.

Wit. Long live his majesty of Bantam!

Money. Heaven preserve him!

Bant. Your gracious father, sir, greets you well.

Luck. What in the devil's name is the meaning
of this?

Bant. I find he is entirely ignorant of his father.

Wit. Ay, sir, it is very common in this country
for a man not to know his father.

Luck. What do you mean?

Bant. His features are much altered.

Luck. Sir, I shall alter your features if you proceed.

Bant. Give me leave to explain myself. I was
your tutor in your earliest days, sent by your father,
his present majesty Francis IV. king of Bantam, to
show you the world. We arrived at London; when
one day, among other frolics, our ship's-crew shoot-
ing the bridge, the boat overset, and, of all our com-
pany, I and your royal self were only saved by swim-
ming to Billingsgate: but tho' I saved my life I lost
for some time my senses, and you, as I then feared,
for ever. When I recovered, after a long fruitless
search for my royal master, I set sail for Bantam, but
was driven by the winds on far distant coasts, and
wandered several years, till at last I arrived once
more at Bantam. Guess how I was received. The
king ordered me to be imprisoned for life. At last
some lucky chance brought thither a merchant who
offered this jewel as a present to the king of Bantam.

Luck. Ha! it is the same which was tied upon
my arm, which by good luck I preserved from every
other accident, till want of money forced me to
pawn it.

Bant. The merchant, being strictly examined, said

he had it of a pawnbroker; upon which I was immediately despatched to England, and the merchant kept close prisoner till my return, then to be punished with death or rewarded with the government of an island.

Luck. Know then that at that time when you lost your senses I also lost mine. I was taken up half-dead by a waterman, and conveyed to his wife, who sold oysters, by whose assistance I recovered. But the waters of the Thames, like those of Lethe, had caused an entire oblivion of my former fortune. But now it breaks in like light upon me, and I begin to recollect it all. Is not your name Gonsalvo?

Bant. It is.

Luck. Oh, my Gonsalvo!

Bant. Oh, my dearest lord!

[*Embrace.*]

Luck. But say by what lucky accident you discovered me.

Bant. I did intend to have advertised you in the Evening Post with a reward; but, being directed by the merchant to the pawnbroker, I was accidentally there inquiring after you when your boy brought your nab. (Oh, sad remembrance, that the son of a king should pawn a hat!) The woman told me that was the boy that pawned the jewel, and of him I learnt where you lodged.

Luck. Prodigious fortune! [*A wind-horn without. Enter Messenger.*]

Mess. An express is arrived from Bantam with the news of his majesty's death. [*I. king of Bantam!*]

Bant. Then, sir, you are king. Long live Henry

Omnes. Long live Henry I. king of Bantam.

Luck. Witmore, I now may repay your generosity.

Wit. Fortune has repaid me, I am sure, more than she owed, by conferring this blessing on you.

Luck. My friend! But here I am indebted to the golden goddess for having given me an opportunity to aggrandise the mistress of my soul, and set her on the throne of Bantam. Come, madam, now you may lay aside your mask: so once repeat your acclamations: long live Henry and Harriot king and

Omnes. Huzza! [*queen of Bantam!*]

AIR XXIV. *Gently touch the warbling lyre.*

Har. Let others fondly court a throne,
All my joy's in you alone;
Let me find a crown in you,
Let me find a sceptre too,
Equal in the court or grove,
I am blest, do you but love

Luck. Were I not with you to live,
Bantam would no pleasure give.
Happier in some forest I
Could upon that bosom lie.
I would guard you from all harms,
While you slept within my arms.

Har. Would an Alexander rise,
Him I'd view with scornful eyes.

Luck. Would Helen with thy charms compare,
Her I'd think not half so fair:
Dearest shalt thou ever be.

Har. Thou alone shalt reign in me.

Const. I hope your majesty will pardon a poor ignorant constable: I did not know your worship I assure you.

Luck. Pardon you—Ay, more—You shall be chief constable of Bantam. You, sir John, shall be chief justice of peace: you, sir, my orator; you my poet-laureat; you my bookseller; you, Don Tragedio, Sir Farcical, Signior Opera, and Count Ugly, shall entertain the city of Bantam with your performances; Mrs Novel, you shall be a romance-writer; and to show my generosity, Monsieur Mar-play, you shall superintend my theatres. All proper servants for the king of Bantam.

Money. I always thought he had something more than ordinary in him.

Luck. This gentlewoman is the queen's mother.

Money. For want of a better, gentlemen.

AIR XXV. *Oh ponder well.*

Money. Alack, how alter'd is my fate!
What changes have I seen!
For I, who lodgings let of late,
Am now again a queen.

Punch. And I, who in this puppet-show
Have played Punchinello,
Will now let all the audience know
I am no common fellow.

Punch. If his majesty of Bantam will give me leave, I can make a discovery which will be to his satisfaction. You have chose for a wife Henrietta princess of Old Brentford.

Omnes. How!

Punch. When the king of Old Brentford was expelled by the king of the New, the queen flew away with her little daughter (then about two years old), and was never heard of since. But I sufficiently recollect the phiz of my mother; and thus I ask her blessing.

Money. Oh, my son!

Har. Oh, my brother!

Punch. Oh, my sister!

Money. I am sorry in this pickle to remember who I am. But alas! too true is all you've said. Though I have been reduced to let lodgings, I was the queen of Brentford; and this, though a player, is a king's son.

Enter JOAN.

Joan. Then I am a king's daughter, for this gentleman is my husband.

Money. My daughter!

Har. and Luck. My sister!

Punch. My wife!

Luck. Strike up kettle-drums and trumpets.—
Punch. I will restore you into your kingdom at the expense of my own. I will send an express to Bantam for my army.

Punch. Brother, I thank you.—And now, if you please, we will celebrate these happy discoveries with a dance.

A DANCE.

Luck. Taught by my fate, let never bard despair,
Tho' long he drudge and feed on Grub-street air:
Since him (at last) 'tis possible to see
As happy and as great a king as me.

EPILOGUE.

1st Poet, MR. JONES; 2d Poet, MR. DOVE; 3d Poet, MR. MARSHAL; 4th Poet, MR. WELLS, JUN.; Player, MISS PALMS; Cat, MRS. MARTIN.—Four Poets sitting at a Table.

1 Po. Brethren, we are assembled here to write
An epilogue, which must be spoke to night.
2 Po. Let the first lines be to the pit address'd.
3 Po. If critics too were mention'd, it were best;
With fulsome flattery let them be cramm'd,
But if they damn the play,

1 Po. Let them be damn'd.

2 Po. Supposing, therefore, brother, we should lay
Some very great encomiums on the play?

3 Po. It cannot be amiss.

1 Po. Now mount the boxes,
Abuse the beaux, and compliment the doxies.

4 Po. Abuse the beaux—but how?

1 Po. Oh! never mind;
In ev'ry modern epilogue you'll find
Enough which we may borrow of that kind.

3 Po. What will the name of imitation soften?

1 Po. Oh! sir, you cannot say good things too often;
And sure those thoughts which in another shine
Become not duller by becoming mine.

3 Po. I'm satisfied.

1 Po. The audience is already
Divided into critic, beau, and lady;
Nor box, nor pit, nor gallery, can show
One who's not lady, critic, or a beau.

3 Po. It must be very difficult to please
Fancies so odd, so opposite as these.

1 Po. The task is not so difficult as put;
There's one thing pleases all.

2 Po. What is that?

1 Po. Smut.

For, as a whore is lik'd for being tawdry,
So is an epilogue for—

3 Po. [*in a passion.*] I order you,
On pain of my departure, not to chatter,
One word so very sav'ry of the creature;
For, by my pen, might I Parnassus share,
I'd not, to gain it all, offend the fair.

1 Po. You are too nice—for say whate'er we can,
Their modesty is safe behind a fan.

4 Po. Well, let us now begin.

3 Po. But we omit
An epilogue's chief decoration, wit.

1 Po. It hath been so; but that stale custom's broken;
Though dull to read, 'twill please you when 'tis spoken.

Enter the Author.

Auth. Fie, gentlemen, the audience now hath staid
This half-hour for the epilogue—

All Po. 'Tis not made.

Auth. How! then I value not your aid of that,
I'll have the epilogue spoken by a cat.
Puss, puss, puss, puss, puss, puss.

Enter Cat.

1 Po. I'm in a rage!
When cats come on, poets should leave the stage.

Cat. Mew, mew, [*Exeunt Poets.*]

Auth. Poor puss, come hither, pretty rogue,
Who knows but you may come to be in vogue?
Some ladies like a cat, and some a dog.

Enter a Player.

Play. Cass! cass! cass! cass! Fie, Mr. Luckless, what
Can you be doing with that filthy cat? [*Exit Cat.*]

Auth. Oh! curs'd misfortune—what can I be doing?
This devil's coming in has prov'd my ruin.
She's driven the cat and epilogue away.

Play. Sure you are mad, and know not what you say.

Auth. Mad you may call me, madam; but you'll own,
I hope, I am not madder than the town.

Play. A cat to speak an epilogue—

Auth. Speak! No,
Only to act the epilogue in dumb-show.

Play. Dumb-show!

Auth. Why, pray, is that so strange in comedy,
And have you not seen Perseus and Andromeda?
Where you may find strange incidents intended,
And regular intrigues begun and ended,
Though not a word doth from an actor fall;
As 'tis polite to speak in murmurs small,
Sure, 'tis politer not to speak at all. }

Play. But who is this?

Enter Cat as a Woman.

Auth. I know her not.

Cat. I, that
Am now a woman, lately was a cat.
[*Turns to the Audience.*]

Gallants, you seem to think this transformation
As strange as was the rabbit's procreation;
That 'tis as odd a cat should take the habit
Of breeding us, as we should breed a rabbit.
I'll warrant eating one of them would be
As easy to a beau, as—kissing me.
I would not for the world that thing should catch us,
Cries scar'd Sir Plume—Fore gad, my lord, she'd
scratch us.

Yet let not that deter you from your sport,
You'll find my nails are pared exceeding short.
But, ha! what murmurs through the benches roam!
The husbands cry, We've cat enough at home!
This transformation can be strange to no man,
There's a great likeness 'twixt a cat and woman.
Chang'd by her lover's earnest prayers, we're told,
A cat was to a beauteous maid of old.
Could modern husbands thus the gods prevail on,
Oh, Gemini! what wife would have no tail on?
Puss would be seen where madam lately sat,
And every Lady Townly be a cat.

Say, all of you, whose honey-moon is over,
What would you give, such changes to discover;
And, waking in the morn, instead of bride,
To find poor pussy purring by your side?
Say, gentle husbands, which of you would curse,
And cry, my wife is altered for the worse?
Should to our sex the gods like justice show,
And, at our pray'rs, transform our husbands too,
Many a lord, who now his fellow scorns,
Would then exceed a cat by nothing—but his horns.
So plenty then would be those foes to rats,
Henley might prove that all mankind are cats.

THE COFFEE-HOUSE POLITICIAN;

RAPE UPON RAPE; OR,

THE JUSTICE CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

A COMEDY.

PROLOGUE, SPOKEN BY MR. MILWARD.

In ancient Greece, the infant Muse's school,
Where Vice first felt the pen of Ridicule,
With honest freedom and impartial blows
The Muse attack'd each Vice as it arose:
No grandeur could the mighty villain screen
From the just satire of the comic scene:
No titles could the daring poet cool,
Nor save the great right honourable fool.
They spar'd not even the aggressor's name,
And public villany felt public shame.

Long hath this gen'rous method been disus'd,
For Vice hath grown too great to be abus'd;
By pow'r defended from the piercing dart,
It reigns, and triumphs in the lordly heart;
While beaux, and cits, and squires, our scenes afford,
Justice preserves the rogues who wield her sword;
All satire against her tribunal's quash'd.
Nor lash the bards, for fear of being lash'd.

But the heroic Muse who sings to-night,
Through these neglected tracts attempts her flight.
Vice, cloth'd with pow'r, she combats with her pen,
And fearless dares the lion in his den.

Then, only reverence to power is due,
When public welfare is its only view:
But when the champions, whom the public arm
For their own good with pow'r, attempt their harm,
He sure must meet the general applause
Who 'gainst those traitors fights the public cause.

And while these scenes the conscious knave displease,
Who feels within the criminal he sees,
The uncorrupt and good must smile, to find
No mark for satire in his generous mind.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Worthy*, Mr. OGDEN; *Squeezum*, Mr. HIPPLISLEY; *Politic*, Mr. CHAPMAN; *Ramble*, Mr. WALKER; *Constant*, Mr. MILWARD; *Sotmore*, Mr. HULLET; *Dabble*, Mr. RAY; *Quill*, Mr. H. BULLOCK; *Staff*, Mr. HALL; *Porer*, Mr. MACLEAN; *Faithful*, Mr. HOUGHTON; *Hilaret*, Mrs. YOUNGER; *Isabella*, Mrs. BOHEME; *Mrs. Squeezum*, Mrs. BULLOCK; *Mrs. Staff*, Mrs. KILBY; *Cloris*, Mrs. STEPHENS; *Evidences*, Watch, &c.—SCENE, LONDON.

ACT I. SCENE I.—*A parlour in POLITIC's house.*
A table spread with newspapers, Chairs. HILARET,
CLORIS.

Hilaret. Well, Cloris, this is a mad frolic. I am
horridly frightened at the thoughts of throwing my-
self into the power of a young fellow.

Clo. It is natural to us to be frightened at first: I
was in a little terror myself on my wedding-day, but
it went all off before the next morning. A husband,
like other bugbears, loses all his horror when we
once know him thoroughly.

Hil. But if he should not prove a good husband—

Clo. Then you must not prove a good wife.—If
he keeps a mistress, do you keep a gallant; if he
stay out with his friends at a tavern, do you be
merry with your friends at home.

Hil. You give fine advice indeed.

Clo. Upon my word, madam, it was such as I
followed myself. I had a rogue of a husband that

robbed me of all I had, and kept a mistress under my nose: but I was even with him: for it hath been ever my opinion, that a husband, like a courtier, who is above doing the duties of his office, should keep a deputy. [husband?]

Hil. But suppose you had been in love with your

Clo. Why so I was, madam, as long as he deserved it: but love, like fire, naturally goes out when it hath nothing to feed on.

Hil. Well, if it be possible to be assured of a lover's sincerity, I think I may be assured of Constant: at least it is advisable to persuade myself of his truth whom I should love, though he wanted it:—Ah, Cloris! you may as easily remove a rock as a woman's passion— [foundation.]

Clo. And yet it is very often built on a sandy

Hil. Love is the same, whatever be its object: we as often like men for imaginary as real perfections; we all look through a prismatic glass in love, and whatever beauties we have once fancied we never lose the opinion of—our amorous faith is as implicit as our religious.

Clo. If I have any judgment in mankind, and I am sure I have had some experience in them, your passion could have been nowhere better fixed: captain Constant hath all the qualities any woman can desire. He hath youth, beauty, vigour, gallantry, constancy, and, as Mr. Cowley says a long, &c.

SCENE II.—POLITIC, HILARET, CLORIS.

Pol. Ay, there it goes, tick tack, tick tack, like the pendulum of a clock. What mischief are you hatching, hey? It is impossible that two women should be together without producing mischief.

Clo. I always thought a man and woman the more likely to produce mischief: and yet I think them the properer company.

Pol. I suppose you will tell my daughter so too.

Hil. Indeed, papa, she need not: for I was always of that opinion.

Pol. You was! but I shall prevent your wishes.

Hil. You may be mistaken. [Aside.]

Pol. I do not believe the head of cardinal Fleury can be more perplexed than mine is with this girl. To govern yourself is greater than to govern a kingdom, said an old philosopher: and to govern a woman is greater than to govern twenty kingdoms.

Hil. I wish you would not perplex yourself with cardinals or kingdoms; I wish you would mind your own business instead of the public's; dear papa, don't give yourself any more trouble about Don Carlos, unless you can get him for a son-in-law.

Pol. Not if I were a king. I will make you a little sensible who Don Carlos is— [politics.]

Hil. Nay, I do not understand one word of your

Pol. I am sorry you do not. A newspaper would be a more profitable entertainment for you than a romance. You would find more in one half-sheet than in the grand Cyrus.

Hil. More lies very probably. You know I do read the home paragraphs in the Whitehall Evening Post: and that's the best of them.

Pol. If you would be informed in these matters, you must read all that come out: about forty every day, and some days fifty: and of a Saturday about fourscore. Would you continue in such a course but one twelvemonth, I do not question but you might know as much of politics as—any man that comes to our coffee-house. And I had rather see you a politician than a woman of quality.

Hil. If I may speak freely, it would have been better for me that you had been less a politician.

Pol. You are deceived, very much deceived: but some fool hath put this into your head. You may

live to see me one of the greatest men in England. Did I not say at the siege of Gibraltar that within one three years we should see whether we should have peace or no? And yet I am an Ignoramus; I know nothing I warrant you: I had better have continued a merchant, no doubt: but then what had become of my projects? Where had been all those twenty different schemes which I have now ready to lay before the parliament, greatly for my own honour and the interest of my country? Harkye, I have contrived a method to pay off the debts of the nation without a penny of money. [swear.]

Hil. And you will not get a penny by it I dare

Pol. No, no, no, certainly: though I would not take twenty thousand pounds for the advantage which will arise to me from it. It hath lain these three years in a friend's hands of mine of the House of Commons: who assured me not many days ago that it should be taken shortly into consideration, though he believed it could not be this sessions.

Hil. Nor this age, I am confident. [Aside.]

Pol. And how do you think it is to be compassed? why, by procuring a machine to carry ships by land about a hundred miles: and so prosecute the East-India trade through the Mediterranean.

Hil. I wish you success, sir; but I must take my leave of you, for it grows very late: so good-night, papa. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—POLITIC *solus*.

I cannot rest for these preparations of the Turks: what can be their design? It must be against the emperor. Ay, ay, we shall have another campaign in Hungary. I wish we may feel no other effect from them.—Should the Turkish galleys once find a passage through the Straits, who can tell the consequence? I hope I shall not live to see that day.

SCENE IV.—POLITIC, DABBLE.

Dab. We are all undone, neighbour Politic! all blown up! all ruined! [the Turks, I hope?]

Pol. Protect us!—what is the matter? No news of

Dab. An express is arrived with an account of the dauphin's death.

Pol. Worse and worse. This is a finishing stroke, indeed! Mr. Dabble, I take this visit exceeding kind—pray be pleased to sit: we must confabulate on this important accident. Pray light your pipe—I wish this may not retard the introduction of Don

Dab. I wish it may. [Carlos into Italy.]

Pol. How! [formidable power than is imagined.]

Dab. I wish Don Carlos do not prove a more

Pol. Don Carlos a formidable power, Mr. Dabble?

Dab. I wish we do not find him so.

Pol. Sir, I look on Don Carlos to be an errant blank in the affairs of Europe; and let me observe to you, the Turks give me much greater uneasiness than Don Carlos can; what the design of their preparations can be is difficult to determine—this I know, that I know nothing of the matter.

Dab. I think we have no need to travel so far for apprehensions when danger is so near us: the prospect of affairs in the West is so black, that I see no reason to regard the East: the monstrous power which Don Carlos may be possessed of by the death of the dauphin—

Pol. Rather the monstrous power which the emperor may be possessed of.

Dab. The emperor—ah! } *Both shake their heads*

Pol. Don Carlos truly. } *at one another.*

Dab. I would fain ask one question, Mr. Politic. Pray, how large do you take Tuscany to be?

Pol. How large do I take Tuscany to be?—let me see—Tuscany, ay; how large do I take it to be?—hum—Faithful!—bring some more tobacco. How

large do I take it to be?—why, truly, I take it to be about as large as the kingdom of France—or something larger.

Dab. As large as the kingdom of France!—you might as well compare this tobacco-pipe to a cannon. Why Tuscany, sir, is only a town: a garrison to be admitted into Tuscany; that is, into the town of Tuscany—

Pol. Sir, I will convince you of your error.—Here, Faithful, bring a map of Europe hither—

Dab. I did not think, Mr. Politic, you had been so ignorant in geography. [of it.]

Pol. I believe I know as much as you, or any one,

SCENE V.—POLITIC, DABBLE, FAITHFUL.

Faith. Sir, sir, your daughter is gone out of the house, no one knows whither.

Pol. And give me leave to tell you, sir, I wish your own ignorance in public affairs doth not appear to our cost.

Dab. Sir, I wish you would send for the map.

Pol. Map me no maps, sir; my head is a map, a map of the whole world.

Faith. Sir, your daughter— [ous one.]

Dab. If your head be a map, it is a very erroneous one.

Pol. Sir, I would not have called Tuscany a town in a coffee-house to have been master of it.

Dab. Nor I have compared it to France to have been king of both.

SCENE VI.—POLITIC, DABBLE, FAITHFUL, PORER.

Por. Great news, gentlemen—all's safe again.

Pol. More deaths?

Por. An express is arrived with a certain account of the dauphin's being in good health.

Dab. This is good news, indeed.

Pol. Is there a certain confirmation?

Por. Very certain—I came this moment from the secretary's office.

Pol. Dear Mr. Porer, you are the welcomest man alive—this news makes me the happiest creature living.

Faith. I wish, sir, my news may not prevent it. Your daughter, sir, Miss Hilaret, is gone out of the house, and no one knows whither.

Pol. My daughter gone! that is some allay to my happiness, I confess; but the loss of twenty daughters would not balance the recovery of the dauphin. However, gentlemen, you will excuse me, I must go inquire into this affair.

Dab. Be not concerned at anything after what you have heard—let the private give way to the public ever. [Exit.]

SCENE VII.—The Street.—SOTMORE, RAMBLE.

Sot. Why, thou wilt not leave us yet, and sneak away to some nasty little whore? A pox confound them! they have spoiled so many of my companions, and forced me to bed sober at three o'clock in the morning so often, that if the whole sex were going to the devil, I would drink a bumper to their good journey.

Ramb. And I would go thither along with them. The dear charming creatures! Woman!—it is the best word that ever was invented. There's music, there's magic in it. Mark Antony knew well to lay out his money, and when he gave the world for a woman—he bought a lumping pennyworth.

Sot. If he had given it for a hogshead of good claret, I would have commended the purchase more.

Ramb. Wine is only the prologue to love; it only serves to raise our expectations. The bottle is but a passport to the bed of pleasure. Brutes drink to quench their appetites—but lovers to enflame them.

Sot. 'Tis pity the generous liquor should be used to no better a purpose.

Ramb. It is the noblest use of the grape; and the greatest glory of Bacchus is to be page to Venus.

Sot. Before I go into a tavern again with a man who will sneak away after the first bottle, may I be cursed with the odious sight of a pint as long as I live; or become member of a city club, where men drink out of thimbles, that the fancy may be heightened by the wine about the same time that the understanding is improved by the conversation: I'll sooner drink coffee with a politician, tea with a fine lady, or 'rack punch with a fine gentleman, than thus be made a whetstone of to sharpen my friends' inclinations, that some little strumpet may enjoy the benefit of that good humour which I have raised.

Ramb. Why, thou art as ill-natured and as angry as a woman would be who was disappointed in the last moment, when her expectations were at the highest.

Sot. And have I not the same cause?

Ramb. Truly, honest Nol, when a man's reason begins to stagger I think him the properest company for the women: one bottle more, and I had been fit for no company at all.

Sot. Then thou hadst been carried off with glory. An honest fellow should no more quit the tavern while he can stand than a soldier should the field; but you fine gentlemen are for preserving yourselves safe from both for the benefit of the ladies.—'Sdeath! I'll use you with the same scorn that a soldier would a coward: so, sir, when I meet you next, be not surprised if I walk on the other side the way.

Ramb. Nay, prithee, dear Silenus, be not so enraged; I'll but take one refreshing turn, and come back to the tavern to thee. Burgundy shall be the word, and I will fight under thy command till I drop.

Sot. Now thou art an honest fellow, and thou shalt toast whomsoever thou pleasest—we'll bumper up her health, till thou dost enjoy her in imagination. To a warm imagination there is no bawd like a bottle. It shall throw into your arms the soberest prude or wildest coquet in town—thou shalt rifle her charms in spite of her art. Nay, thou shalt increase her charms more than her art; and, when thou art surfeited with the luscious pleasure, wake coolly the next morning without any wife by your side or any fear of children.

Ramb. What a luscious picture hast thou drawn!

Sot. And thou shalt have it, boy! Thou shalt triumph over her virtue if she be a woman of quality, or raise her blushes if she be a common strumpet. I'll go order a new recruit upon the table and expect you with impatience.—“Fill every glass.” [Sings.] [Exit SOTMORE.]

SCENE VIII.—RAMBLE solus.

Ramb. Sure this fellow's whole sensation lies in his throat, for he is never pleased but when he is swallowing, and yet the hogshead will be as soon drunk with the liquor it contains as he. I wish it had no other effect upon me. Pox of my paper skull! I have no sooner buried the wine in my belly than its spirit rises in my head. I am in a very proper humour for a frolic; if my good genius, and her evil one, would but send some lovely female in my way—ha! the devil hath heard my prayers.

SCENE IX.—RAMBLE, HILARET.

Hil. Was ever anything so unfortunate! to lose this wench in the scuffle, and not know a step of the way—What shall I do?

Ramb. By all my love of glory, an adventure.

Hil. Ha! who's that? who are you, sir?

Ramb. A cavalier, madam, a knight-errant rambling about the world in quest of adventures. To plunder widows and ravish virgins, to lessen the number of bullies and increase that of cuckolds, are the obligations of my profession.

Hil. I wish you all the success so worthy an adventurer deserves. [Going.]

Ramb. But hold, madam, I am but just sallied, and you are the first adventure I have met with. [Takes hold of her.]

Hil. Let me go, I beseech you, sir; I will have nothing to say to any of your profession.

Ramb. That's unkind, madam, for as I take it our professions are pretty nearly allied, and, like priest and nun, we are proper company for one another.

Hil. My profession, sir! [another.]

Ramb. Yes, madam, I believe I am no stranger to the honourable rules of your order. Nay, 'tis probable I may know your abbess too; for though I have not been in town a week, I am acquainted with half a dozen.

Hil. Nothing but your drink, sir, and ignorance of my quality, could excuse this rudeness.

Ramb. Whu—[whistles]. Ignorance of your quality! (The daughter of some person of rank, I warrant her.) [Aside.] Look 'e, my dear, I shall not trouble myself with your quality: it is equal to me whether your father rode in a coach and six or drove it. I have had as much joy in the arms of an honest boatswain's wife as with a relation of the Great Mogul.

Hil. You look, sir, so much like a gentleman, that am persuaded this usage proceeds only from your mistaking me. I own it looks a little odd for a woman of virtue to be found alone in the street at this hour—

Ramb. Yes, it does look a little odd indeed. [Aside.]

Hil. But when you know my story, I am confident you will assist me rather than otherwise. I have this very night escaped with my maid from my father's house; and, as I was going to put myself into the hands of my lover, a scuffle happening in the street, and both running away in a fright to avoid it, we unluckily separated from each other. Now, sir, I rely on the generosity of your temper to assist an unhappy woman; for which you shall not only have my thanks, but those of a very pretty fellow into the bargain.

Ramb. I am that very pretty fellow's very humble servant. But I find I am too much in love with you myself, to preserve you for another: had you proved what I at first took you for, I should have parted with you easily; but I read a coronet in your eyes. (She shall be her grace if she pleases—I had rather give her a title than money.) [Aside.]

Hil. Nay, now you mistake me as widely as you did at first.

Ramb. Nay, by this frolic, madam, you must be either a woman of quality or a woman of the town. Your low, mean people, who govern themselves by rules, dare not attempt these noble flights of pleasure—flights only to be reached by those who boldly soar above reputation.

Hil. This is the maddest fellow. [Aside.]

Ramb. So, my dear, whether you be of quality or no quality, you and I will go drink one bottle together at the next tavern.

Hil. I have but one way to get rid of him. [Aside.]

Ramb. Come, my dear angel. Oh! this dear soft hand. [be safe.]

Hil. Could I but be assured that my virtue would

Ramb. Nowhere safer. I'll give thee anything in pawn for it—(but my watch). [Aside.]

Hil. And then my reputation—

Ramb. The night will take care of that. Virtue and reputation! These whores have learnt a strange cant since I left England. [Aside.]

Hil. But will you love me always?

Ramb. Oh! for ever and ever, to be sure.

Hil. But will you—too?

Ramb. Yes, I will—too.

Hil. Will you promise to be civil?

Ramb. Oh! yes, yes. (I was afraid she would have asked me for money.)

Hil. Well, then I will venture.—Go you to that corner tavern, I'll follow you.

Ramb. Excuse me, madam, I know my duty better—so, if you please, I'll follow you.

Hil. I insist on your going first.

Ramb. And so you'll leave me in the lurch: I see you are frightened at the roughness of my dress, but, 'fore gad, I am an honest tar, and the devil take

Hil. I don't understand you. [me if I bilk you.]

Ramb. Why then, madam, here is a pound of as good tea as ever came out of the Indies; you under-

Hil. I shall take no bribes, sir. [stand that, I hope.]

Ramb. Refuse the tea! I like you now indeed; for you cannot have been long upon the town, I'm sure. But I grow weary with impatience. If you are a modest woman, and insist on the ceremony of being carried—with all my heart.

Hil. Nay, sir, do not proceed to rudeness.

Ramb. In short, my passion will be dallied with no longer. Do you consider I am just come on shore, that I have seen nothing but men and the clouds this half-year, and a woman is as ravishing a sight to me as the returning sun to Greenland. I am none of your puisny beaux, that can look on a fine woman like a surfeited man on an entertainment. My stomach's sharp, and you are an ortolan; and, if I do not eat you up, may salt beef be my fare for ever. [Takes her in his arms.]

Hil. I'll alarm the watch.

Ramb. You'll be better-natured than that. At least, to encounter danger is my profession; so have at you, my little Venus—if you don't consent, I'll

Hil. Help there! a rape, a rape! [ravish you.]

Ramb. Hush, hush, you call too loud, people will think you are in earnest.

Hil. Help, a rape!

SCENE X.—RAMBLE, HILARET, STAFF, Watch.

Staff. That's he, there, seize him.

Ramb. Stand off, ye scoundrels!

Staff. Ay, sir, you should have stood off—Do you charge this man with a rape, madam?

Hil. I am frightened out of my senses.

Staff. A plain case! The rape is sufficiently proved. What, was the devil in you, to ravish a woman in the street thus?

Hil. Oh! dear Mr. Constable, all I desire is, that you would see me safe home.

Staff. Never fear, madam; you shall not want evidence. [Aside to her.]

Ramb. Nay, if I must lodge with these gentlemen, I am resolved to have your company, madam. Mr. Constable, I charge that lady with threatening to swear a rape against me, and laying violent hands upon my person, whilst I was inoffensively walking

Hil. How! villain! [along the street.]

Ramb. Ay, ay, madam, you shall be made a severe example of. The laws are come to a fine pass truly, when a sober gentleman can't walk the streets for women.

Hil. For heaven's sake, sir, don't believe him.

Staff. Nay, madam, as we have but your bare affirmation on both sides, we cannot tell which way to incline our belief; that will be determined in the

morning by your characters. I would not have you dejected, you shall not want a character.

[*Aside to her.*

Hil. This was the most unfortunate accident, sure, that ever befel a woman of virtue.

Staff. If you are a woman of virtue, the gentleman will be hanged for attempting to rob you of it. If you are not a woman of virtue, why you will be whipped for accusing a gentleman of robbing you of what you had not to lose.

Hil. Oh! this unfortunate fright. But, Mr. Constable, I am very willing that the gentleman should have his liberty, give me but mine.

Staff. That request, madam, is a very corroborating circumstance against you.

Ramb. Guilt will ever discover itself.

Staff. Bring them along. [opinion.

Watch. She looks like a modest woman, in my

Ramb. Confound all your modest women, I say, a man can have nothing to do with a modest woman, but he must be married or hanged for't.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.—Scene, JUSTICE SQUEEZUM'S.—

A table, pen, ink, paper, &c.—SQUEEZUM, QUILL.

Squeez. Did mother Bilkum refuse to pay my demands, say you?

Quill. Yes, sir; she says she does not value your worship's protection of a farthing, for that she can bribe two juries a-year to acquit her in Hicks's Hall, for half the money which she hath paid you within these three months.

Squeez. Very fine! I shall show her that I understand something of juries, as well as herself. Quill, make a memorandum against mother Bilkum's trial, that we may remember to have the pannel No. 3; they are a set of good men and true, and hearken to no evidence but mine.

Quill. Sir, Mr. Snap, the bailiff's follower, hath set up a shop, and is a freeholder. He hopes your worship will put him into a pannel on the first vacancy.

Squeez. Minute him down for No. 2. I think half of that pannel are bailiff's followers. Thank Heaven, the laws have not excluded those butchers.

Quill. No, sir, the law forbids butchers to be jurymen, but does not forbid jurymen to be butchers.

Squeez. Quill, d'ye hear? look out for some new recruits for the pannel No. 1. We shall have a swingeing vacancy there the next sessions. Truly, if we do not take some care to regulate the juries in the Old Bailey, we shall have no juries for Hicks's Hall.

Quill. Very true, sir. But that pannel hath been more particularly unfortunate. I believe I remember it hanged at least twice over.

Squeez. Ay, poor fellows! We must all take our chance, Quill. The man who will live in this world must not fear the next. The chance of peace is doubtful as that of war; and they who will make their fortunes at home should entertain no more dread of the bench than a soldier should of the field. We are all militant here; and a halter hath been fatal to many a great man as well as a bullet.

SCENE II.—SQUEEZUM, QUILL, STAFF.

Quill. Sir, here's Mr. Staff, the reforming constable.

Staff. An't please your worship, we have been at the gaming-house in the alley, and have taken six prisoners, whereof we discharged two who had your

Squeez. What are the others? [worship's licence.

Staff. One is an half-pay officer; another an at-

torney's clerk; and the other two are young gentlemen of the Temple.

Squeez. Discharge the officer and the clerk; there is nothing to be got by the army or the law: the one hath no money, and the other will part with none. But be not too forward to quit the Templars.

Staff. Asking your worship's pardon, I don't care to run my finger into the lion's mouth. I would not willingly have to do with any limb of the law.

Squeez. Fear not; these bear no nearer affinity to lawyers than a militia regiment of squires do to soldiers; the one gets no more by his gown than the other by his sword. These are men that bring estates to the Temple, instead of getting them there.

Staff. Nay, they are bedaubed with lace as fine as lords.

Squeez. Never fear a lawyer in lace. The lawyer that sets out in lace always ends in rags.

Staff. I'll secure them. We went to the house where your worship commanded us, and heard the dice in the street; but there were two coaches with coronets on them at the door, so we thought it proper not to go in.

Squeez. You did right. The laws are turnpikes, only made to stop people who walk on foot, and not to interrupt those who drive through them in their coaches. The laws are like a game at loo, where a blaze of court-cards is always secure, and the knaves are the safest cards in the pack.

Staff. We have taken up a man for a rape too.

Squeez. What is he?

Staff. I fancy he's some great man; for he talks French, sings Italian, and swears English.

Squeez. Is he rich? [out of him.

Staff. I believe not, for we can't get a farthing

Squeez. A certain sign that he is. Deep pockets are like deep streams; and money, like water, never runs faster than in the shallows.

Staff. Then there's another misfortune too.

Squeez. What's that? [him.

Staff. The woman will not swear anything against

Squeez. Never fear that; I'll make her swear enough for my purpose. What sort of a woman is

Staff. A common whore, I believe. [she?

Squeez. The properest person in the world to swear a rape. A modest woman is as shy of swearing a rape as a gentleman is of swearing a battery. We will make her swear enough to frighten him into a composition, a small part of which will satisfy the woman. So bring them before me. But hold! have you been at home since I sent a prisoner thither this morning?

Staff. Yes, an't please your worship.

Squeez. And what says he?

Staff. He threatens us confoundedly! and says you have committed him without any accusation. I'm afraid we shall get nothing out of him.

Squeez. We'll try him till noon, however.

SCENE III.—SQUEEZUM, MRS. SQUEEZUM.

Mrs. Squeez. I desire, Mr. Squeezum, you would finish all your dirty work this morning; for I am resolved to have the house to myself in the afternoon.

Squeez. You shall, my dear; and I shall be obliged to you if you can let me have the coach this morn-

Mrs. Squeez. I shall use it myself. [ing.

Squeez. Then I must get horses put into the chariot.

Mrs. Squeez. I am not determined whether I shall use the coach or chariot; so it is impossible you should have either. Besides, a hack is the properest to do business in; and, as I cannot spare you a servant, will look better.

Squeez. Well, child, well, it shall be so. Let me

only beg the favour of dining a little sooner than ordinary.

Mrs. Squeez. That is so far from being possible, that we cannot dine till an hour later than usual, because I must attend at an auction, or I shall lose a little China bason which is worth its weight in jewels, and it is probable I may get it for its weight in gold, which will not be above one hundred guineas; and those you must give me, child.

Squeez. A hundred guineas for a China bason! Oh, the devil take the East India trade! The clay of the one Indies runs away with all the gold of the other.

Mrs. Squeez. I may buy it for less; but it is good to have rather too much money about one than too little.

Squeez. In short, I cannot support your extravagance.

Mrs. Squeez. I do not desire you to support my

Squeez. I wish you would not. [extravagance.

Mrs. Squeez. Thus stands the case: you say I am extravagant; I say I am not: sure my word will balance yours everywhere but at Hicks's Hall.—And hark'ee, my dear; if, whenever I ask for a trifle, you object my extravagance to me, I'll be revenged; I'll blow you up, I'll discover all your midnight intrigues, your protecting ill houses, your bribing juries, your snacking fees, your whole train of rogueries. If you do not allow me what I ask, I'll bid fair to enter on my jointure, sir.

Squeez. Well, my dear, this time you shall be indulged.—Trust a thief or lawyer with your purse, a whore or physician with your constitution, but never trust a dangerous secret with your wife; for, when once you have put it into her power to hang you, the sooner you are hanged the better. [Aside.

SCENE IV.—SQUEEZUM, QUILL, MRS. SQUEEZUM, STAFF, Watch, RAMBLE, HILARET.

Staff. An't please your worship, here is a gentleman hath committed a rape last night on this young woman.

[rape on you, child?

Squeez. How! a rape! Hath he committed a

Mrs. Squeez. This may be worth hearing. [Aside.

Hil. Sir, I have nothing to say against him. I desire you would give us both our liberty. He was a little frolicsome last night, which made me call for these people's help; and when once they had taken hold of us they would not suffer us to go away.

Squeez. They did their duty.—The power of discharging lieth in us and not in them.

Ramb. Sir——

Squeez. Sir, I beg we may not be interrupted. Hark'ee, young woman; if this gentleman hath treated you in an ill manner, do not let your modesty prevent the execution of justice. Consider, you will be guilty yourself of the next offence he commits; and, upon my word, by his looks, it is probable he may commit a dozen rapes within this week.

Hil. I assure you he is innocent.

Squeez. Mr. Staff, what say you to this affair?

Staff. May it please your worship, I saw the prisoner behave in a very indecent manner, and heard the woman say he had ravished away her senses.

Squeez. Fie upon you, child, will you not swear this?

[you, unless you discharge us.

Hil. No, sir; but I shall swear something against

Squeez. That cannot be, madam; the fact is too plain. If you will not swear now, the prisoner must be kept in custody till you will.

Staff. If she will not swear, we can swear enough to convict him.

Ramb. Very fine, faith! This justice is worse than a grand inquisitor. Pray, honest, formidable sir, what private pique have you against me, that

you would compel the lady to deserve the pillory, in order to promote me higher?

Squeez. My dear, did you ever see such a ravishing look as this fellow hath? Sir, if I was a judge, I would hang you without any evidence at all. They are such fellows as these who sow dissension between man and wife, and keep up the names of cuckold and bastard in the kingdom.

Ramb. Nay, if that be all you accuse me of, I will confess it freely, I have employed my time pretty well. Though, as I do not remember ever to have done you the honour of dubbing, Mr. Justice, I cannot see why you should be so incensed against me; for I do not imagine you any otherwise an enemy to these amusements than a popish priest to sin, or a doctor to disease.

Mrs. Squeez. You are very civil, sir, to threaten to dub my husband before my face.

Ramb. I ask pardon, madam; I did not know with whom I had the honour to be in company: it was always against my inclination to affront a lady; but a woman of your particular merit must have claimed the most particular respect.

Mrs. Squeez. I should have expected no rudeness from a gentleman of your appearance, and would much rather attribute any misbecoming word to inadvertency than design.

Ramb. Madam, I know not how to thank so much goodness, but do assure you I would buy an introduction to your acquaintance at a much greater danger than this prosecution, which, I believe, you already see the malice of. I hope, madam, I stand already acquitted in your opinion.

Mrs. Squeez. I hope, sir, it will only appear to have been a frolic: I must own I have been always a great enemy to force—since there are so many willing.

[here. [Aside.

Ramb. So, I find there is no danger of a rape

Mrs. Squeez. Well, child, can you find anything against this gentleman?

Squeez. The woman is difficult of confessing in public: but I fancy, when I examine her in private, I may get it out of her.—So, Mr. Constable, withdraw your prisoner.

Mrs. Squeez. Nay, he appears so much of a gentleman, that till there be stronger evidence, I will take charge of him. Come, sir, you shall go drink a dish of tea with me. You may stay without.

[To the Constable, &c.

Ramb. This kindness of yours, madam, will be an encouragement to offenders.

SCENE V.—SQUEEZUM, HILARET.

Squeez. Come, come, child, you had better take the oath, though you are not altogether so sure. Justice should be rigorous. It is better for the public that ten innocent people should suffer than that one guilty should escape; and it becomes every good person to sacrifice their conscience to the benefit of the public.

Hil. Would you persuade me to perjure myself?

Squeez. By no means. Not for the world. Perjury indeed! Do you think I do not know what perjury is better than you? He did attempt to ravish you, you own; very well. He that attempts to do you any injury hath done it in his heart. Besides, a woman may be ravished, ay, and many a woman hath been ravished, ay, and men been hanged for it—when she hath not certainly known she hath been ravished.

Hil. You are a great casuist in conscience. But you may spare yourself any further trouble: for I assure you it will be in vain.

Squeez. I see where your hesitation hangs; you

are afraid of spoiling your trade.—You think severity to a customer will keep people from your house.—Pray, answer me one question—How long have you been upon the town?

Hil. What do you mean?

Squeez. Come, come, I see you are but a novice, and I like you the better: for yours is the only business wherein people do not profit by experience.—You are very handsome—It is pity you should continue in this abandoned state.—Give me a kiss.—Nay, be not coy to me.—I protest, you are as full of beauty as the rose is of sweetness, and I of love as its stalk is full of briars—Oh! that we were as closely joined together too. [Justice.]

Hil. Why, you will commit a rape yourself, Mr.

Squeez. If I thought you would prove constant, I would take you into keeping; for I have not liked a woman so much these many years.

Hil. I will humour this old villain, I am resolved. [Aside.]

Squeez. What think you? could you be constant to a vigorous, healthy, middle-aged man, hey?—Could this buy thy affections off from a set of idle rascals, who carry their gold upon their backs, and have pockets as empty as their heads? Fellows who are greater curses on a woman than the vapours; for, as those persuade her into imaginary diseases, these present her with real.—Let thy silence give consent: here, take this purse as an earnest of what I'll do for you.

Hil. Well, and what shall I do for this?

Squeez. You shall do—You shall do nothing; I will do. I will be a verb active, and you shall be a verb passive.

Hil. I wish you be not of the neuter gender.

Squeez. Why, you little arch rogue, do you understand Latin, hussy?

Hil. A little, sir! My father was a country parson, and gave all his children a good education. He taught his daughters to write and read himself.

Squeez. What, have you sisters, then?

Hil. Alack-a-day, sir! sixteen of us, and all in the same way of business.

Squeez. Ay, this it is to teach daughters to write. I would as soon put a sword into the hands of a madman as a pen into those of a woman; for a pen in the hand of a woman is as sure an instrument of propagation as a sword in that of a madman is of destruction. [Aside.]—Sure, my dear, the spirit of love must run very strongly in the blood of your whole family.

Hil. Oh, sir, it was a villanous man-of-war that harboured near us.—My poor sisters were ruined by the officers, and I fell a martyr to the chaplain.

Squeez. Ay, ay, the sailors are as fatal to our women as the soldiers are. One Venus rose from the sea, and thousands have set in it.—But not Venus herself could compare to thee, my little honeysuckle?

Hil. Be not so hot, sir.

Squeez. Bid the touchwood be cold behind the burning-glass. The touchwood is not more easily kindled by the sun than I by your dear eyes.

Hil. The touchwood is not drier, I dare swear.

Squeez. But hark, I hear my wife returning.—Leave word with my clerk where I shall send to you.—I will be the kindest of keepers, very constant, and very liberal—

Hil. Two charming qualities in a lover!

Squeez. My pretty nosegay, you will find me vastly preferable to idle young rakehells. Besides, you are safe with me. You are as safe with a justice in England as a priest abroad; gravity is the best cloak for sin in all countries.—Be sure to be punctual to the time I shall appoint you.

Hil. Be not afraid of me. [with impatience.]

Squeez. Adieu, my pretty charmer. I shall burn

SCENE VI.—SQUEEZUM *solus*.

Go thy ways for a charming girl! Now, if I can get her at this wild fellow's expense, I shall have performed the part of a shrewd justice; for I would make others pay for my sins as well as their own. I fancy my wife hath sufficiently frightened him by this, and that he will truckle to any terms to be acquitted; for I must own she will pump a man much better than I.—Oh! here they come. I must deal with my gentleman now in another style.

SCENE VII.—SQUEEZUM, MRS. SQUEEZUM, RAMBLE.

Ramb. Well, sir, is the lady determined to swear stoutly?

Squeez. Truly, it is hard to say what she determines; she is gone to ask the advice of a divine and a lawyer.

Ramb. Then the odds are against me: for the lawyer will certainly advise her to swear; and it is possible the priest may not contradict her in it.

Squeez. It is indeed a ticklish point, and it were advisable to make it up as soon as possible. The first lost is always the least. It is better to wet your coat than your skin, and to run home when the clouds begin to drop than in the middle of the storm. In short, it were better to give a brace of hundred pounds to make up the matter now than to venture the consequence. I am heartily concerned to see a gentleman in such a misfortune. I am sorry the age is so corrupt. Really I expect to see some grievous and heavy judgment fall on the nation. We are as bad as ever Sodom and Gomorrah were; and I wish we may not be as miserable.

Ramb. Hark'e, justice; I take a sermon to be the first punishment which a man undergoes after conviction. It is very hard I must be condemned to it beforehand.

Mrs. Squeez. Nay, sir, I am sure Mr. Squeezum speaks for your good.—I shall get a necklace out of this affair. [Aside.]

Squeez. Ay, that I am sure I do: my interest sways not one way or the other.—I would, were I in that gentleman's circumstances, do what I advise him to.

Ramb. Faith, sir, that I must doubt: for, were you in my circumstances, you would not be worth the money.

Squeez. Nay, sir, now you jest with me; a gentleman can never be at a loss for such a trifle.

Ramb. Faith, you mistake. I know a great many gentlemen not worth three farthings. He that resolves to be honest cannot resolve not to be poor.

Squeez. A gentleman, and poor! sir, they are contradictions. A man may as well be a scholar without learning as a gentleman without riches. But I have no time to dally with you. If you do not understand good usage while it is dealt you, you may when you feel the reverse. The affair may now be made up for a trifle: the time may come when your whole fortune would be too little.—An hour's delay in the making up an offence is as dangerous as in the sewing up of a wound.

Ramb. Well, you have over-persuaded me; I'll take your advice.

Squeez. I'll engage you will not repent it:—I don't question but you will regard me as your friend.

Ramb. That I do, indeed. And, to give you the most substantial instance of it, I will ask a favour which is expected only from the most intimate friendship—which is, that you will be so kind to lend me the money.

Squeez. Alack-a-day, sir, I have not such a sum in my command. Besides, how must it look in me, who am an officer of justice, to lend a culprit money wherewith to evade justice? Alas, sir, we must consider our characters in life, we must act up to our characters: and, though I deviate a little from mine in giving you advice, it would be entirely forsaking the character of a justice to give you money.

Mrs. Squeez. I wonder how you could ask it.

Ramb. Necessity obliges to anything, madam, Mr. Squeezum was so kind to show me the necessity of giving money, and my pockets were so cruel to show me the impossibility of it.

Squeez. Well, sir, if you cannot pay for your transgressions like the rich, you must suffer for them like the poor.—Here, constable!

SCENE VIII.—SQUEEZUM, MRS. SQUEEZUM, RAMBLE, STAFF, Constables.

Squeez. Take away your prisoner; keep him in safe custody till farther orders. If you come to a wiser resolution within these two hours, send me word: after that it will be too late.

Ramb. Hearn'e, Mr. Justice, you had better use me as you ought, and acquit me; for, if you do anything which you cannot defend, hang me if I am not revenged on you.

Squeez. Hang you! I wish there may not be more meaning in those words than you imagine.

Ramb. 'Sdeath! you old rascal, I can scarce forbear rattling those old dry bones of thine till they crack thy withered skin.

Squeez. Bear evidence of this: I am threatened in the execution of my office.

Ramb. Come, honest Mr. Constable, Mr. Nocturnal Justice, let me go anywhere from this fellow.—The night hath chosen a better justice than the day.

SCENE IX.—SQUEEZUM, MRS. SQUEEZUM.

Squeez. I am afraid I shall make nothing of this fellow at last. I have a mind to discharge him.

Mrs. Squeez. Oh! by no means; for I am sure he hath money.

Squeez. Yes, and so am I. But suppose he will not part with it; it is impossible to take it from him: for there is no law yet in being to screen a justice of peace from a downright robbery.

Mrs. Squeez. Try him a little longer, however.

Squeez. I will till the afternoon; but if he should not consent by that time I must discharge him: for I have no hopes in the woman's swearing. She is discharged already.

Mrs. Squeez. I'll make him a visit at the constable's house, and try if I can alarm him into a composition. I may make him do more than you imagine.

Squeez. Do so, my dear: I doubt not your power.—Good-morrow, honey.

Mrs. Squeez. But, my dear, pray remember the hundred guineas.

Squeez. Yes, yes, I shall remember them, they are not likely to be soon forgotten. Follow me to my escritoire.

SCENE X.—MRS. SQUEEZUM *sola*.

Since you are sure of going to the devil, honest spouse, I'll take care to equip you with a pair of horns, that you may be as like one another as possible. This dear wild fellow must be mine, and shall be mine: I like him so well, that if he had even ravished me, on my conscience I should have forgiven him.

SCENE XI.—MR. WORTHY'S.—WORTHY, POLITIC.

Wor. Upon my word, Mr. Politic, I am heartily sorry for this occasion of renewing our acquaintance.

I can imagine the tenderness of a parent, though I never was one.

Pol. Indeed, neighbour Worthy, you cannot imagine half the troubles without having undergone them. Matrimony baulks our expectations every way; and our children as seldom prove comforts to us as our wives. I had but two, whereof one was hanged long ago, and the other, I suppose, may be in a fair way by this.

Wor. In what manner did she escape from you?

Pol. She had taken leave of me to retire to rest not half an hour before I heard of her departure. I impute it all to the wicked instructions of an imp of the devil called a chamber-maid, who is the companion of her flight.

Wor. But do you know of no lover?

Pol. Let me see—hey! there hath been a fellow in a red coat, with whom she hath conversed for some time, in spite of my teeth.

Wor. Depend on it, he is the occasion of your loss. I can grant you a warrant against him, if you know his name, though I fear you are too late.

Pol. No, sir, I am not too late; my daughter is an heiress, and you know the punishment for stealing an heiress. If I could hang the rascal it would be some satisfaction.

Wor. That will be impossible, without her consent; and truly, if she be married, I would advise you to follow the example of that emperor who, when he discovered something worse than a marriage between one of his subjects and his daughter, chose rather to let him enjoy her as his own, than punish him.

Pol. Pray where did that emperor reign?

Wor. I have almost forgotten, but I think it was one of the Greek emperors, or one of the Turks.

Pol. Bring me no example from the Turks, good Mr. Worthy, I find no such affinity in our interests. Sir, I dread and abhor the Turks. I wish we do

Wor. But, sir—[not feel them before we are aware.

Pol. But me no buts—What can be the reason of all this warlike preparation, which all our newspapers have informed us of? Yes, and the same newspapers a hundred times in the same words. Is the design against Persia? Is the design against Germany? Is the design against Italy?—Suppose we should see Turkish galleys in the Channel? We may feel them: yes, we may feel them in the midst of our security Troy was taken in its sleep, and so may we.

Wor. Sure, sir, you are asleep, or in a dream.

Pol. Yes, yes, these things are called idle dreams—the justest apprehensions may be styled dreams; but let me tell you, sir, men betray their own ignorance often in attacking that of other men.

Wor. But what is all this to your daughter?

Pol. Never tell me of my daughter—my country is dearer to me than a thousand daughters. Should the Turks come among us, what would become of our daughters then? and our sons, and our wives, and our estates, and our houses, and our religion, and our liberty!—When a Turkish aga should command our nobility, and janizaries make grandfathers of lords, where should we look for Britain then?

Wor. Truly, where I may look for Mr. Politic now—in the clouds. [into the present state of Turkey.

Pol. Give me leave, sir, only to let you a little

Wor. I must beg to be excused, sir. If I can be of any service to you, in relation to your daughter, you may command my attention: I may probably defend you from your own countrymen, but truly from the Turks I cannot.

Pol. I am glad to hear you have some apprehension of them, as well as myself—that you are not so stupidly besotted as I meet with some people at

THE JUSTICE CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

the coffee-house; but perhaps you are not enough apprised of the danger. Give me leave only to show you how it is possible for the Grand Signior to find an ingress into Europe. Suppose, sir, this spot I stand on to be Turkey—then here is Hungary—very well—here is France, and here is England—granted. Then we will suppose he had possession of Hungary—what then remains but to conquer France before we find him at our own coast? But, sir, this is not all the danger. Now I will show you how he can come by sea to us.

Wor. Dear sir, refer that to some other time; you have sufficiently satisfied me, I assure you.

Pol. It is almost time to go to the coffee-house—so, dear Mr. Worthy, I am your most obedient servant.

Wor. Mr. Politic, your very humble servant.

SCENE XII.—WORTHY *solus*.

I recollect the dawns of this political humour to have appeared when we were at Bath together; but it has risen finely in these ten years. What an enthusiasm must it have arrived to, when it could make him forget the loss of his only daughter! The greatest part of mankind labour under one delirium or other; and Don Quixotte differed from the rest, not in madness, but the species of it. The covetous, the prodigal, the superstitious, the libertine, and the coffee-house politician, are all Quixottes in their several ways.

That man alone from madness free, we find
Who, by no wild unruly passion blind,
To reason gives the conduct of his mind.

ACT III. SCENE I.—The Street.—HILARET, CLORIS, *meeting*.

Hilaret. Dear Cloris.

Clo. Dear madam, is it you? you altogether?

Hil. Ay, ay, altogether, thank Heavens! I had like to have lost something, but all's safe, I assure you.

Clo. Ah, madam! I wish it were.

Hil. What, don't you believe me?

Clo. I wish you could not me, or I myself. Poor captain Constant—

Hil. What of him?

Clo. Oh, madam!

Hil. Speak quickly or kill me, which you [please—

Clo. Is taken up for a rape.

Hil. How!

Clo. It is too true—his own servant told me.

Hil. His servant belied him, and so do you.—Show me where he is; if he be in a dungeon I'll find him out.

Clo. Very generous indeed, madam! A king should sooner visit a prisoner for treason than I a lover for a rape.

Hil. It would be unpardonable in me to entertain so flagrant a belief at the first hearing against a man who hath given me such substantial proofs of his constancy: besides, an affair of my own makes me the more doubtful of the truth of this; but, if there appear any proof of such a fact, I will drive him for ever from my thoughts.

Clo. Yes, madam, justice Squeezum will take care to have him driven another way.

Hil. Justice Squeezum! Let me hug you for that information. Now, I can almost swear he is innocent. I have such an adventure to surprise you with! but let me not lose a moment—come, show me the way.

Clo. Poor creature! She knows the way to her destruction too well—but it would be impertinence in a servant to put her out of it. [Aside.

SCENE II.—The Constable's House.

Constant (alone). I begin to be of that philosopher's opinion who said that whoever will entirely consult his own happiness, must be little concerned about the happiness of others. Good-nature is Quixotism, and every princess Micomicona will lead her deliverer into a cage. What had I to do to interpose? What harm did the misfortunes of an unknown woman bring me, that I should hazard my own happiness and reputation on her account? But sure, to swear a rape against me for having rescued her from a ravisher, is an unparalleled piece of ingratitude.

SCENE III.—CONSTANT, MRS. STAFF.

Mrs. Staff. Will your honour please to drink a dram, or some 'rack punch? [drink nothing.

Const. Dear madam, do not trouble me; I can

Mrs. Staff. Truly, sir, but I can. Not trouble you! I had never such a customer here before. You take you for some poor attorney, charged with forgery and perjury; or a travelling parson, with stealing a gown and cassock. [you please.

Const. Drink what you will, and I'll pay what

Mrs. Staff. Thank your honour! Your honour will not be offended, I hope. We stand at a great rent: and truly, since this gin act, trade hath been so dull, that I have often wished my husband would live by the highway himself, instead of taking highwaymen.

Const. You are not the only wife who would give her husband this advice, I dare swear. Nay, were men all so uxorious to take it, Tyburn would have as much business as Doctors' Commons.

Mrs. Staff. I wish it had more; for we must stand and fall by one another; no business there, no business here; and truly, captain, 'tis with sorrow I say it, where we have one felon now, we had ten a year or two ago. I have not seen one prisoner brought in for a rape this fortnight, except your honour. I hope your handsel will be lucky.

SCENE IV.—CONSTANT, STAFF, MRS. STAFF.

Staff. Captain, your servant; I suppose you will be glad of company—here is a very civil gentleman, I assure you. [indeed.

Mrs. Staff. More gentlemen! this is rare news

Const. I had rather be alone.

Staff. I have but this one prison-room, captain: besides, I assure you, this is no common fellow, but a very fine gentleman, a captain too—and as merry a one—

Const. What is the cause of his misfortune?

Staff. A rape, captain, a rape—no dishonourable offence. I would not have brought any scoundrels into your honour's company; but rape and murder no gentleman need be ashamed of: and this is an honest brother ravisher.—I have ravished women myself formerly: but a wife blunts a man's edge. When once you are married you will leave off ravishing, I warrant you. To be bound in wedlock, is as good a security against rapes as to be bound over to keep the peace is against murder.

Mrs. Staff. My husband will have his jest; I hope your honour will pardon him.

Staff. But here is the gentleman.

SCENE V.—CONSTANT, RAMBLE, STAFF, MRS. STAFF.

Const. Prodigious!

Ramb. Dear Constant!

Const. What in the name of wonder hath brought thee to the constable's? [you to England?

Ramb. What in the devil's name hath brought thee to the constable's?

Const. Only a rape, sir; no dishonourable offence, as Mr. Constable hath it.

Ramb. You jest. [earnest.]

Staff. No, sir, upon my word the captain is in

Ramb. Why I should sooner have suspected ermin or lawn sleeves. But I see gravity and hypocrisy are inseparable.—Well, give me thy hand, brother, for our fortunes agree exactly.

Staff. And will agree in the end, I don't question. This is not the first time of their meeting together on this account; a couple of old whore-masters, I warrant them. [Aside.]

Mrs. Staff. Will your honours please to drink any punch, noble captains? it will keep up your spirits.

Staff. Don't force the gentlemen, wife, to drink whether they will or no.—I wish you well off this affair: in the mean time, whatever my house affords is at your service—and let me assure you, the more you drink, the less you will lament your misfortune.

Ramb. Spoken like a true philosopher.

SCENE VI.—CONSTANT, RAMBLE.

Ramb. But, dear Billy, I hope thou hast not really committed, hey?

Const. What I heartily repent of, I assure you. I rescued a woman in the street, for which she was so kind to swear a rape against me; but it gives me no uneasiness equal to the pleasure I enjoy in

Ramb. Ever kind and good-natured! [seeing you.]

Const. Yet I wish our meeting had been on another occasion; for the freedom of your life makes me suspect the consequence of your confinement may be heavier than mine.

Ramb. I can't tell what the consequence may be, nor shall I trouble myself about it: but I assure thee no sucking babe can be more innocent. If our cases differ in anything, it is in this, that my woman hath not sworn.

Const. This pleases me indeed! But, pray, how came you to leave the Indies, where I thought you had been settled for life?

Ramb. Why, on the same account that I went thither, that I now am here, by which I live, and for which I live, a woman.

Const. A woman!

Ramb. Ay, a fine, young, rich woman! a widow with fourscore thousand pounds in her pocket—there's a North star to steer by.

Const. What is her name?

Ramb. Her name—her name is Ramble.

Const. What, married?

Ramb. Ay, sir; soon after you left the Indies honest Mr. Ingot left the world, and me the heir to his wife with all her effects.

Const. I wish you joy, dear Jack; this thy good fortune hath so filled me with delight, that I have no room for my own sorrows.

Ramb. But I have not unfolded half yet.

Sot. [without.] Let two quarts of rum be made into punch, let it be hot—hot as hell. [faith!]

Ramb. D'ye hear, we are in a fine condition,

SCENE VII.—CONSTANT, RAMBLE, SOTMORE, STAFF.

Sot. Here they are, here are a brace of desponding whoremasters for you.—Ramble, what, nothing to say in praise of the women? Mark Antony made a fine bargain, hey, when he gave the world for a woman? 'Sdeath, if he had been alive now, I'd have waged six gallons of claret I had seen him hanged for a rape—as I shall very suddenly my two worthy friends.

Ramb. Harkee, Sotmore, if you say anything

against the women, we'll cut your throat, and toss justice in a murder into the bargain.

Sot. Not speak against women! you shall as soon compel me not to drink; you shall sew up my lips if you do either. Here, you, let the punch be gotten ready.

Staff. It shall, an't please your honour. (This gentleman is a rare customer to a house; I wish he would commit a rape too.) [Aside.]

SCENE VIII.—CONSTANT, RAMBLE, SOTMORE.

Const. You must not rail against the ladies, Sotmore, before Ramble; for he is a married man.

Ramb. And, what is better, my wife is at the bottom of the sea. [bottom of the sea with her.]

Sot. And, what is worse, all her effects are at the

Const. How!

Ramb. Faith! Sotmore hath spoken truth for once.—Notwithstanding my pleasantry, the lady and her fortune are both gone together; she went to the other world fourscore thousand strong; and, if there be any such thing there, I don't question but she is married again by this time.

Sot. You would not take my advice. I have cautioned thee never to trust anything on the same bottom with a woman. I would not ensure a ship that had a woman on board for double the price.—The sins of one woman are enough to draw down a judgment on a fleet.

Ramb. Here's a fellow, who, like a prude, makes sin a handle to his abuse. Art thou not ashamed to mention sin who art a cargo of iniquity? Why wilt thou fill thy venomous mouth with that of others, when thou hast such stores of thy own?

Const. What occasioned your separating?

Ramb. A storm and my ill stars. I left the ship wherein she was, to dine with the captain of one of our convoy, when, a sudden violent storm arising, I lost sight of her ship, and from that day have never seen or heard of her.

Sot. Nor ever will—I heartily hope. Though as for the innocent chests, those I wish delivered out of the deep. But the sea knows its own good: it will be sure to keep the money, though possibly it may refund the woman; for a woman will swim like a cork, and they are both of the same value; nay, the latter is the more valuable, as it preserves our wine, which women often spoil.

Const. Why, Sotmore, wine is the touchstone of all merit with thee, as gold is to a stock-jobber; and thou would'st as soon sell thy soul for a bottle, as he for a guinea.

Sot. Wine, sir, is as apt a comparison to everything that is good as woman is to everything that is bad.

Const. Fie, Sotmore! this railing against the ladies will make your company as scandalous to gentlemen as railing at religion would to a parson.

Ramb. Right, Constant! they are my religion—I am the high-priest of the sex.

Sot. Women and religion! Women and the devil! He leaves his votaries in the lurch, and so do they.

Const. I fancy, Ramble, this friend of ours will turn parson one day or other. [it possible.]

Ramb. If he was not such a sot, I should think

Sot. Why, faith! I am almost superstitious enough to fancy this a judgment on thee for breaking thy word. Did I not tell thee thou wert strolling off to some little dirty whore? and you see the truth of my prophecy.

Ramb. Thou art in the right: it was not only a whore, but the most impudent of all whores—a modest whore. [honest attorney, by all means.]

Const. A modest whore! let her be married to an

Ramb. And sent together to people his majesty's plantations.

Sot. Modesty, now-a-days, as often covers impudence as it doth ugliness. It is as uncertain a sign of virtue as quality is, or as fine clothes are of quality.

Ramb. Yet, to do her right, the persuasions of the justice could not prevail with her to perjure herself.

Sot. Conscientious strumpet! she hopes to pick your pocket another time, which it were charity to thee to wish she might: for, if thou escapest this, she certainly will have an opportunity.

Ramb. Pray, honest Nol, how didst thou find us out? for a boy would as soon have sent for his schoolmaster when he was caught in an orchard as I for thee on this occasion.

Sot. Find you out! why the town rings of you—there is not a husband or guardian in it but what is ready to get drunk for joy. If the woman be not gold proof, she will be bribed to swear against you. You are a nuisance, sir! I don't believe he hath been in town six days, and he hath had above sixteen women.

Ramb. And they are a nobler pleasure than so many gallons which thou hast swallowed in that time.

Sot. Sir, I pay my vintner, and therefore do no injury.

Ramb. And, sir, I do no injury, and therefore have no reason to pay.

Sot. Hey-day! is taking away a man's wife or daughter no injury?

Ramb. Not when the wife is weary of her husband, and the daughter longs for one.

Const. Art thou not ashamed, Sotmore, to throw a man's sins in his face while he is suffering for them.

Sot. That is the time, sir; besides, you see what an effect it hath on him: you might as well rail at a knight of the post in the pillory.

Ramb. Let him alone; the punch will be here immediately, and then he'll have no leisure to rail.

Sot. Is it not enough to make a man rail to have parted with a friend happy in the night, and to find him the next morning in so fair a way to—Death and damnation! show me the whore; I'll be revenged on her and the whole sex. If thou art hanged for ravishing her, I'll be hanged for murdering her. Describe the little mischief to me. Is she tall, short, black, brown, fair? In what form hath the devil disguised himself?

Ramb. In a very beautiful one, I assure you: she hath the finest shape that ever was beheld, genteel to a miracle; then the brightest eyes that ever glanced on a lover, the prettiest little mouth, and lips as red as a cherry; and for her breasts, not snow, marble, lilies, alabaster, ivory, can come up to their whiteness; but their little, pretty, firm, round form, no art can imitate, no thought conceive—Oh! Sotmore, I could die ten thousand millions of times upon them—

Sot. You are only likely to die once for them.

Const. All these raptures about a common whore, Rambles?

Sot. Ay, every woman he sees; they are all alike to him, modest or immodest, high or low, from the garret to the cellar, St. James's to the stews; find him but a woman, and he'll make an angel of her. He hath the same taste for women, as a child for pictures, or a hungry glutton for an entertainment: every piece is a Venus, and every dish an ortolan.

Ramb. To say the truth of her, Sotmore must have allowed her handsome, and I must allow her to have been a damned, confounded, common—

SCENE XI.—CONSTANT, RAMBLE, SOTMORE, HILARET.

Ramb. Ha! conjured up, by Jupiter! Well, my little enemy, do the priest and the lawyer consent?—and will you swear?—ha! [My Constant!]

Hil. [Not regarding Ramble, runs to Constant.]

Ramb. Hey-day! what, are we both in for ravishing the same woman?—I see, by her fondness, he hath really ravished her.

Const. O, Hilaret! this kindness of yours sinks me the deeper; can you bear to think on one accused of such a crime as I am?

Hil. Never to believe it can I bear.

Const. How shall I repay this goodness? Then, by Heavens, I am innocent. [They talk apart.]

Ramb. Hey! the devil!—Is this Constant's mistress? Here will be fine work, i'faith! [Aside.]

Sot. Is this the lady that did you the favour, sir?

[To Ramble.]

Ramb. This the lady! No—why this is a woman of virtue; though she hath a great resemblance of the other, I must confess.

Sot. Then I suppose this is she whom Constant hath toasted this half-year: his honourable mistress, with a pox.—Rare company for a man who is in prison for a rape!

Hil. And was you in that scuffle which parted me and my maid in Leicester-fields?

Const. It was there this unfortunate accident happened, while I was going to the place of our appointment.

Hil. It had like to have occasioned another to me, which, that I escaped, I am to thank this gentleman.

Ramb. Oh, madam! your most obedient, humble servant. Was it you, dear madam?

Const. Ha! Is it possible my friend can have so far indebted me?—This is a favour I can never return.

Ramb. You overrate it; upon my soul you do! I am sufficiently paid by this embrace.

Const. I can never repay thee. Would'st thou have given me worlds, it could not have equalled the least favour conferred on this lady.

Ramb. I should have conferred some favours on her, indeed, if she would have accepted them. [Aside.]

Hil. I am glad it is to Mr. Constant's friend I am obliged.

Sot. Yes, you are damnably obliged to him for his character of you. [Aside.]

Const. My dear Hilaret, shall I beg to hear it all? I can have no pleasure equal to finding new obligations to this gentleman.

Hil. Since you desire it—

Ramb. I fancy, madam, your fright at that time may have occasioned your forgetting some circumstance; therefore, since captain Constant desires it, I will tell him the story.—I had just parted from this gentleman when I heard a young lady's voice crying out for help; (I think the word rape was mentioned, but that I cannot perfectly remember;) upon this, making directly to the place whence the noise proceeded, I found this lady in the arms of a very rude fellow— [was born!]

Hil. The most impudent fellow, sure, that ever

Ramb. A very impudent fellow, and yet a very cowardly one; for the moment I came up he quitted his hold, and was gone out of sight in the twinkling of an eye. [me!]

Const. My dear Ramble, what hast thou done for

Ramb. No obligation, dear Constant! I would have done the same for any man breathing. But to proceed; the watch came up, who would not be

satisfied with what she then said, but conveyed us both to the round-house, whence we were carried in the morning before justice Squeezum, and by him, notwithstanding this lady's protestations, your humble servant was committed to that place where he now finds himself with this good company.

Const. Oh, my friend!—May Heaven send me an opportunity of serving thee in the same manner!

Ramb. May that be the only prayer which it denies to Constant!

SCENE X.—CONSTANT, RAMBLE, SOTMORE, HILARET, STAFF.

Staff. The punch is ready, gentlemen, you may walk down; the liberty of my house is at your service.

Sot. And that is liberty enough while thou hast punch here. If thy house were a sea of punch I would not prefer any house in town to it.

Staff. Your honour shall not want that.

Sot. And I shall want nothing more.

Staff. Captain, a word with you. [*To Ramble.* There's madam Squeezum below desires to speak with you alone.

Ramb. Bring her up.—Sotmore, you must excuse me a few moments; Constant and this lady will entertain you.

Sot. Let the moments be very few. I'll lay five gallons to one this fellow hath another whore in his eye.

SCENE XI.—RAMBLE, MRS. SQUEEZUM.

Ramb. So, my affair with my friend's mistress is happily over.—That I should not know a modest woman! But there is so great an affectation of modesty in some women of the town, and so great an affectation of impudence in some women of fashion, that it is not impossible to mistake. Now for Mrs. Justice, her business with me is not exceeding difficult to guess.

Mrs. Squeez. You will think I have a vast deal of charity, captain, who am not only the solicitor of your liberty at home to my husband, but can carry my good nature so far as to visit you in your confinement. I cannot say but I have a generous pity for any one whom I imagine to be accused wrongfully.

Ramb. I am obliged to you indeed, madam, for that supposal.

Mrs. Squeez. You are the cause of it. Wherefore do you imagine I ventured myself alone with you this morning?

Ramb. From your great humanity, madam.

Mrs. Squeez. Alas, sir! it was to try whether you were really the man you were reported to be; and I am certain I found you as inoffensive, quiet, civil, well-bred a gentleman as any virtuous woman could have wished. Your behaviour was so modest that I could never imagine it possible you should have been guilty of a rape. No overgrown alderman of sixty, or taper beau of six-and-twenty, could have been more innocent company.

Ramb. Whu!— [*Aside.*

Mrs. Squeez. Your then carriage hath wrought so great an effect upon me, that I have ventured to trust myself here with you; nay, I could trust myself anywhere with so modest a gentleman.

Ramb. I'll take care, madam, never to forfeit your good opinion of me; you may trust yourself with me anywhere; I'll never behave in any other manner than becomes the best-bred man alive with the best-bred lady. I swear by this soft hand, these lips, and all the millions of charms that dwell in this dear body.

Mrs. Squeez. What do you mean?

Ramb. I know not what I mean; tongue can't express, nor thought conceive—we can only feel the exquisite pleasures love has in store.

Mrs. Squeez. Nay, I protest and vow.

Ramb. Protestations are as vain as struggling. This closet hath a bed in it that would not disgrace a palace.

Sot. [*At the door.*] Why, Ramble! Jack Ramble! Art thou not ashamed to leave thy friends thus for some little dirty strumpet? If thou dost not come immediately we'll break open the door and drown her in punch.

Mrs. Squeez. [*Softly.*] I am undone!—

Ramb. Fear nothing.—Go to your bowl—I'll come this instant.

Sot. I'll not wag without you.

Ramb. Then I'll come down, break your bowl, and spill all your liquor.

Sot. Bring thy whore along with thee! there's one there already, she'll be glad of her company; if you don't come in an instant I will be back again.

Mrs. Squeez. What shall I do?

Ramb. My angel! love shall instruct thee.

Mrs. Squeez. Let me go—some other time—I will not run any venture here.

Ramb. I will not part with you.

Mrs. Squeez. You shall hear from me in half an hour. You shall have your liberty, and I'll appoint you where to meet me.

Ramb. Shall I depend on you?

Mrs. Squeez. You may—Adieu!—Don't follow me: I can slip out a back way.

Ramb. Farewell, my angel!

SCENE XII.

Ramble [*solus*].—Confound this drunken rascal! this is not the first time he hath spoiled an intrigue for me. But hold! as I am to have my liberty before hand, I don't think this half-hour's delay at all unlucky. That consideration may sufficiently compensate the staying of my stomach. This adventure of mine begins to put on a tolerable aspect. An intrigue with a rich justice's wife is not to be slighted by a young fellow of a desperate fortune; I do not doubt but in a very short time, when I am taken up for the next rape, to bribe the justice with his own money. Lend a man your gold, he may forget the debt—venture your life for him, he may forget the obligation; but once engage his wife, and you secure his friendship. There is no friend in all extremity so sure as your cuckold; and the surest hold you can take of a man, as of a bull, is by his horns.

SCENE XIII.—RAMBLE, CONSTANT, SOTMORE, HILARET.

Sot. Ha! what's become of thy wench? If thou hadst none, thy absence was the more inexcusable.

Const. O Ramble! this our better genius hath invented the most notable plot!—Such a net is laid for the justice!—it will at once entangle him, and disentangle us. Mr. Hogshead here is to play his part too.

Ramb. I am sorry we cannot do without him; for, should there be any claret in his way, he'd disappoint the whole affair for one bottle.

Sot. Not for the best Burgundy in France. This lady hath won my heart by one bumper.—By all the pleasures of drinking, madam, I like you more than your whole sex put together. There is no honesty in man or woman that will not drink. Honesty is tried in wine as gold is in the fire. Madam, you have made a conquest of me: I'll drink your health as long as I can stand, and that's as long as a reasonable woman can require.

Hil. I am exceedingly proud of my conquest over a man of Mr. Sotmore's good sense.

Const. Upon my word you may—you are the first woman, I believe, he ever was civil to.

Sot. It was because they none of them had your merit—a parcel of tea-drinking sluts.—If I had a daughter that drank tea I would turn her out of doors. The reason that men are honestest than women is, their liquors are stronger: if the sex were bred up to brandy and tobacco, if they all liked drinking as well as you seem to do, madam, I should turn a lover.

Ramb. Why, Constant, such another compliment would make thee jealous.

Hil. Upon my word he hath reason already!

Sot. Madam, I like you; and if a bottle of Burgundy were on one side and you on the other, I do not know which I should choose.

Const. Thou would'st choose the bottle I am sure.

Ramb. But I long to hear this conspiracy.

Sot. Then it must be below. I strictly forbid any secrets to be told but at the council-table. The rose is ever understood over the drinking-room, and a glass is the surest turnkey to the lips. [phers.

Const. That's contrary to the opinion of philoso-

Sot. Of the sober ones it may; but all your wise philosophers were a set of the most drunken dogs alive. I never knew a sober fellow but was an ass—and your ass is the soberest of all animals. Your sober philosophers and their works have been buried long ago. I remember a saying of that great philosopher and poet, Horace, who wrote in Falerian instead of ink:—

No verses last—can long escape the night,
Which the dull scribbling water-drinkers write.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.—SQUEEZUM, QUILL.

Squeez. You delivered my letter?

Quill. Yes, an't please your worship, I left it at the coffee-house where she directed me.

Squeez. Very well.—*Quill.*

Quill. Sir.

Squeez. I think I may trust thee with any secret—and what I am now going to tell will show thee what a confidence I put in thee.—In short, *Quill*, I suspect my wife—

Quill. Of what, sir?

Squeez. I am afraid that I am not the only person free with her, and that I am free of the corporation of cuckolds. [rations in England.

Quill. Then your worship is free of all the corpo-

Squeez. Now thou knowest that there are very wholesome laws against cuckoldom: the advantage of a man's horns is, that he may shove his wife out of doors with them.

Quill. And that is no inconsiderable advantage.

Squeez. But there must be a discovery first. It is not enough that a man knows himself to be a cuckold; the world must know it too. He that will keep his horns in his pocket must keep his wife in his bosom; therefore, *Quill*, as it is in your power to observe my wife, I assure you a very handsome reward on her conviction; for I begin to find that if I do not discover her she will shortly discover me, or ruin me by bribing her to hold her tongue. It is not a little gold will make a gag for a woman.

Quill. Sir, I shall be as diligent as possible.

Squeez. And I as liberal on your success.

[*Exit SQUEEZUM.*

SCENE II.

Quill (solus). Indeed, justice, that bait will not do. I know you too well to trust to your liberality.

Your wife will reward services better than you. Besides, I have too much honour to take fees on both sides. And since I am her pimp in ordinary, I'll go like an honest and dutiful servant, and discover this conspiracy: for should she once be turned out of the family, I should make but a slender market of this close-fingered justice, whose covetousness would suffer no rogues to live but himself.

SCENE III.—*The Constable's House.*—RAMBLE, CONSTANT.

Ramb. This little mistress of yours is the most dexterous politician, if that drunken puppy doth not disappoint us.

Const. Never fear him: he hath cunning enough; and there hath been so long a war in his head between wine and his senses, that they seem now to have come to an agreement that he is never to be quite in them, nor ever quite out of them: his life is one continued scene of being half drunk.

Ramb. Well, as we can be of no farther use in the affair, but must stay here and expect the issue, prithee tell me what hath become of you these three long years since you quitted the service of the East India company, and came over to England with Sotmore?

Const. Why, at my first return to England, the prospect of war was in every one's eye; and not only the reports of the people, but the augmentation of the troops, assured us of its approach: upon which, I resolved to embark my small remains of fortune in the service of my country, and obtained the same commission on that occasion which I had enjoyed in the Indies. My history is not very full of adventures. I continued therein till the reduction, when I shared the fate of several unhappy brave fellows, and was sent a begging with a red coat on my back.

Ramb. It is the faculty of the cloth to be ragged. Red is as apt to be ragged as white to be soiled. It is commonly the fate of our brave soldiers to bring home ragged clothes as well as colours, and both are rewarded by Westminster-hall—the one is hung up in it, and the other is locked up safe by an order from it; for, Heaven be praised! the gaols are always open hospitals for us.

Const. The only happiness which hath attended me since my return is my having contracted an intimacy with that young lady whom you saw here, which hath proceeded so far, that last night we had appointed to meet, in order to our marriage; but as I was just arrived at the place, a woman well dressed was attacked in the street by a ruffian. I immediately flying to her assistance, the fellow quitted her, and left me alone in the possession of the watch, who early this morning carried me before justice Squeezum, and by him I was committed hither.

Ramb. What, did she appear against you?

Const. No; they said she was ill of some bruises she had received, but desired I might be kept in custody till the afternoon, at which time she would appear against me. But, by what Hilaret hath told us, and by some methods which have been used to extort money from me, I am inclined to fancy it all a contrived piece of villany of the justice, and not of the woman's, as I at first imagined.

Ramb. Be assured of it,—if there be roguery, the justice hath the chief part in it. But comfort yourself with the expectation of revenge; for I think he cannot possibly escape the net we have spread, unless the devil have more gratitude than he is reported to have, and will assist his very good friend at a crisis.

Const. But what do you intend in England, where you have no friends?

Ramb. I know not yet whether I have or no. I left an old father here, and a rich one. He thought fit to turn me out of doors for some frolics, which it is probable, if he yet lives, he may have forgiven me by this. But what's become of him I know not; for I have not heard one word of him these ten years.

Const. I think you have been vastly careless in neglecting him so long.

Ramb. 'Tis as I have acted in all affairs of life; my thoughts have ever succeeded my actions: the consequence hath caused me to reflect when it was too late. I never reasoned on what I should do, but what I had done; as if my reason had her eyes behind, and could only see backwards.

SCENE IV.—RAMBLE, CONSTANT, STAFF.

Staff. Here's a letter for your honour.

Ramb. [*Reads it.*] Ay, this is a letter, indeed!

Const. What is it?

Ramb. My freedom, under a sign-manual from the queen of these regions.

Const. Explain.

Ramb. Then, sir, in plain English, without either trope or figure, it is a letter from the justice's wife, with an order to the constable for my liberty.—

[*Reads*] "SIR,—I was no sooner recovered of the fright which that unmannerly friend of yours occasioned, than I have performed my promise. You will find me at home: the constable hath orders by the bearer to acquit you."

Here's good-nature for you!—[*Kisses the letter.*]—Thou dear wife of a damned rogue of a justice, I fly to thy arms.

Const. Hark'ee! suppose you brought her to be a witness to our design—and—here, take this letter of assignation from the justice to Hilaret; it will give your discovery credit.

Ramb. An admirable thought! I fly to execute it. Dear Constant, good morrow. I hope, when next we meet, we shall meet

In happier climes, and on a safer shore,

Where no vile justice shall invade us more.

Const. Success attend you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—A Tavern.—SQUEEZUM, Drawer.

Squeez. No woman been to inquire for Mr. Jones?

Draw. Sir, I know of none; but I'll ask at the bar, if you please.

Squeez. Do—and leave word, if any such comes, to show her up hither. I have no reason to doubt her company, but I am impatient for it. I protest this woman hath revived the vigour of youth in me; sure, I must have over-reckoned my years! I cannot be above forty-nine at the most. I wish this dear girl was come. I am afraid I did wrong in giving her those five shillings, in a purse worth above two shillings more, which who knows but she may be spending on some bully, who will perhaps send another present to me in return?

SCENE VI.—SQUEEZUM, HILARET.

Squeez. Oh! are you come—you little, pretty, dear, sweet rogue?—I have been waiting for you these—these four hours at least.

Hil. Young lovers are commonly earlier than their appointment.

Squeez. Give me a kiss for that.—Thou shalt find me a young lover, a vigorous young lover too.—Hit me a slap in the face, do—Bow-wow! Bow-wow! I'll eat up your clothes.—Come, what will you drink? White or red?—Women love white best.—Boy, bring half a pint of mountain.—Come, sit down; do sit down.—Come, now let us hear the story how you were first debauched.—

Come—that I may put it down in my history at home. I have the history of all the women's ruin that ever I lay with, and I call it, THE HISTORY OF MY OWN TIMES.

Hil. I'll warrant it is as big as a church bible.

Squeez. It is really of a good reputable size. I have done execution in my time.

Hil. And may do execution still. [*Lion, score.*]

Boy. [*Without*]. Half a pint of mountain in the

Squeez. Well—But now let me have the history—Where did your amour begin?—at church, I warrant you. More amours begin at church than end there.—Or, perhaps, you went to see the man of war—Going to see sights hath ruined many a woman. No wonder children are lovers of them, since so many owe their being to them.

Hil. [*Aside.*] I thank you for that remembrance; I had forgot my lover.—Ay, sir, it was there indeed I saw him first; that was the fatal scene of our interview.

Squeez. Well, and was the amour managed by letter, or by word of mouth?

Hil. By letter, sir. I believe he writ two quires of paper to me before I would send him an answer: I returned him several unopened, and then several others opened—But at last he obtained an answer.

Squeez. Well, and after your answer, what followed then? [*as I had answered his letter.*]

Hil. Oh! he thought himself sure of me as soon

Squeez. Ay, I have always observed in my amours that when I received an answer I never failed of the woman; a woman follows her letter infallibly. Well, and what did he say in the second letter?

Hil. Oh! he swore a thousand fond things: that his love should last as long as his life: that his whole happiness depended on me—and a vast deal of that nature. [*find whoring is as methodical as the law.*]

Squeez. Ay, ay, just as I have done myself. I

Hil. And I fancy as tedious with you, old gentleman. [*Aside.*]

Squeez. Well, and how many letters did you write to him, eh!—before—[*couragement.*]

Hil. Not many. He did not want much en-

Squeez. Then, passing over the rest of the suit, let us come to the last fatal meeting.

Hil. It was of a Sunday morning.—

Squeez. Right. My old method: when other people are gone to church.

Hil. In an exceeding hot day.—

Squeez. May or June?—Women and cherries are commonly gathered in the same month.

Hil. I was fatigued with walking in the garden, and retired to an arbour to repose myself: guess what was my surprise when I found the dear perfidious had conveyed himself thither before me.

Squeez. A sly dog! My old way again. An ambush is as useful in love as war.

Hil. At my first entrance he pretended a surprise at seeing me unexpectedly; but, on my questioning him how and with what design he had conveyed himself there, he immediately threw off the cloak and confessed all: he flew to me, caught me in his arms with the most eager raptures, and swore the most violent love and eternal constancy. I in the greatest agony of rage repelled him with my utmost force; he redoubled his attacks, I slackened my resistance; he entreated, I raved; he sighed, I cried; he pressed, I swooned; he—

Squeez. Oh!—I can bear no longer, my angel! my paradise! my honey-suckle! my dove! my dar-

Hil. What do you mean, sir? [*ling!*]

Squeez. I mean to eat you up, to swallow you down, to squeeze you to pieces.

Hil. Help there! A rape, a rape!

SCENE VII.—SQUEEZUM, HILARET, SOTMORE.

Sot. Hey-day! what in the devil's name is here?
—Justice Squeezum ravishing a woman!

Hil. Oh! for Heaven's sake, sir, assist a poor, forlorn, hapless maid, whom this wicked man hath treacherously seduced.

Squeez. Oh lud!—Oh lud!

Sot. Fie upon you, Mr. Squeezum! you who are a magistrate, you who are the preserver and executor of our laws, thus to be the breaker of them!

Squeez. Can'st thou accuse me?

Hil. You know too well how barbarously you have used me. For pity's sake, sir, secure him; do not let him escape till we send for a constable. If there be any law for a justice, I am resolved to hang him.

Squeez. Oh lud! what shame have I brought myself to! that ever I should live to see this day!

Sot. If thou hadst stood to thy bottle like an honest fellow, this had never happened; but you must go a-whoring, with a pox to you, at your years too; with these spindle shanks, that weezle face, that crane's neck of a body. Who would have imagined that such an old withered may-pole as thou art should attempt to fall on a woman? Why, thou wilt be the diversion of the whole town.—Grub-street will dine a month on your account. Thou wilt be ushered to Tyburn with more pomp than Alexander was ushered into Babylon. Justice never triumphs so universally as at the execution of one of her own officers. [innocent.]

Squeez. Sir, if there be truth on earth, I am as

Sot. All the innocence on earth will not save you—A man doth not always draw the rope by the weight of his sins. Your innocence will not acquit you in a court of justice against her oath; and when you come to the gallows it will be vain to plead your innocence. All's fish that comes to the net there. The gallows so seldom gets its due, that it never parts with what it gets.

Hil. Can you pretend to innocence? Was not this gentleman an eye-witness to your rudeness, to the injuries you offered me?

Sot. Ay, ay, I can swear to the rape with as safe a conscience as I can drink a glass of wine.

Squeez. I see I am betrayed; I am caught in my own trap. There is but one way to escape, which is the way I have opened to others. [Aside.] I see, madam, your design is to extort money from me. I am too well acquainted with the laws to contend: I hope you will be reasonable: for I am poor, very poor, I assure you: it is not for men of my honesty to be rich.

Hil. Sir, if you would give me millions it should not satisfy my revenge!—you should be hanged for an example to others.

Squeez. Here's a cruel wretch! who prefers my blood to my gold, which is almost my blood.

Sot. Hey-day! what vehicle is this? a vinegar-bottle?—half a pint, by Jupiter! Why, thou sneaking rascal, canst thou pretend to honesty when this dram glass hath been found upon thee? Were I thy judge, or thy jury, this very sneaking vehicle should hang thee without any other evidence. But come, since you are to be hanged, I'll drink one bumper to your good journey to the other world;—you will find abundance of your acquaintance, whom you have sent before you. And now I'll go call the drawer to fetch a constable.

Squeez. Hold, hold, sir! for mercy sake do not expose me so. Will nothing content you, madam?

Hil. Nothing but the rigour of the law. Sir, I beseech you lose no time, but send for the constable immediately.

Squeez. I'll do anything—I'll consent to any terms.

Hil. The constable! the constable!

Squeez. Stay, dear sir; I'll give you a hundred guineas—I'll do anything.

Hil. Remember your vile commitment of two gentlemen this morning; but I will revenge the injuries of my friends. Sir, I beseech you send for the officers.

Squeez. One is already dismissed from his confinement, the other shall be dismissed immediately.

Hil. It is too late.

Sot. Hark'ee, sir, will you leave off whoring and take to drinking for the future?

Squeez. I'll leave them off both.

Sot. Then you shall be hanged; but if you will commence honest fellow, and get drunk every day of your life, I'll intercede with this lady that on your acquitting the gentleman you shall be acquitted yourself.

Squeez. I'll do anything—I'll quit anything.

Sot. Madam, let me persuade you to be merciful this time to this unfortunate and undutiful servant

Hil. Sir, I can deny you nothing. [of justice.]

Squeez. Get me a pen and ink; I'll send an order to bring him hither, and discharge him instantly.

Sot. Drawer, bring pen, ink, and paper, and a bottle of old port.

Squeez. [to *Hil.*] And could you have had the conscience to have sworn against a poor old man?

Sot. Faith! 'twas a little cruel. Could you have had the heart to see him swinging like a gibbeted skeleton? Could you have served up such a dry dish to justice—The body of one of her own children too?—But here's the paper.—Come, sir, write his discharge and your own.

[SQUEEZUM writes, SOTMORE and HILARET advance.]

Sot. You have managed this matter so well, that I shall have an opinion of your sex's understanding ever after.

Hil. Let a woman alone for a plot, Mr. Sotmore.

Sot. Ay, madam, a woman that will drink a bumper. Wine is the fountain of thought; and

The more we drink, the more we think.

It is a question with me, whether wine hath done more good or physic harm in the world. I would have every apothecary's shop in the town turned into a tavern. [the more you will require of the other.]

Hil. I am afraid the more you have of the one,

Sot. It is their drugs that debauch our wine. Wine in itself is as innocent as water, and physic poisons both. It is not the juice of the grape, but of the drug, that is pernicious. Let me advise you, madam—leave off your damned adulterated water, your tea, and take to wine. It will paint your face better than vermilion, and put more honesty in your heart than all the sermons you can read. I'll introduce you to some clubs of my acquaintance, a set of honest fellows, that live in the clouds of tobacco, and know no home but a tavern.

Squeez. This letter, sir, will produce the gentleman immediately.

Sot. Here, drawer—let this letter be sent whither it is directed. Come, honest justice, our acquaintance hath an odd beginning, but we may be very good companions soon. Let us sit down, and expect our friend in the manner it becometh us. Remember what you have bargained to do every day of your life, and the obligation shall be dated from this hour. Come, sit thee down, honest publican, old justice merchant. [They sit.] Here's a health to the propagation of trade, thy trade I mean, to the increase of whores and false dice! Thou art a collector of the customs of sin, and he that would sin with impunity must have thy permit. Come, pledge me, old boy;

if thou leavest one drop in the glass, thou shalt go to gaol yet, by this bottle.

Squeez. I protest, sir, your hand is too bountiful; you will overcome me with wine.

Sot. Well, and I love to see a magistrate drunk; it is a comely sight. When Justice is drunk she cannot take a bribe.

Squeez. Do you not remember how the Athenians punished drunkenness in a magistrate?

Sot. And do not I know that we have no such Athenian law among us? We punish drunkenness, as well as other sins, only in the lower sort. Drink, like the game, was intended for gentlemen,—and no one should get drunk who cannot go home in a coach. Come, madam, it is your glass now. [to it.]

Hil. Dear sir! I beg you would not compel me

Sot. By this bottle, but I will—I'll ravish thee to it before the justice's face. Come, it will be better for you than tea; you will not be obliged to sculk away and take a dram after this. Come, drink the justice's health, as a token of amity. The justice is a good honest drunken fellow. But let me give you some wholesome advice. [To the Justice.] Leave off fornicating; leave the girls to the boys, and stand to thy bottle; it is a virtue becoming our years; and don't be too hard on a wild honest young rake. Thou hast committed a couple of the prettiest boys to-day; don't do so any more. Be as severe as you please to whores and gamblers that offer to act without your licence: but if ever you grant a warrant for a friend of mine again, you shall not only drink the wine, but eat the bottle too. Come, here's your health, in hopes of your amendment; thou shalt pledge thy own health in a bumper.—Here, boy, bring up a gallon of wine.

Squeez. Not a drop more.

Sot. A drop! confound the name! Come, empty your glass; the lady is a-dry.

Squeez. This is worse than a prison. [Drink, I say.]

Sot. You will get out of this with paying less fees.

Squeez. Well—since I must.

Sot. Come, we'll have a song in praise of drinking. I'll sing the stanzas, and you shall bear the chorus.

SONG.

Let a set of sober asses
Rail against the joys of drink-
ing,
While water, tea,
And milk agree,
To set cold brains a thinking.
Power and wealth
Beauty, health,
Wit and mirth in wine are
crown'd;
Joys abound,
Pleasure's found,
Only where the glass goes
round.
The ancient sects on happi-
ness
All differ'd in opinion,
But wiser rules
Of modern schools
In wine fix her dominion.
Power and wealth, &c.,
Wine gives the lover vigour,
It makes glow the cheeks of
beauty,
Makes poets write,
And soldiers fight,
And friendship do its duty,
Power and wealth, &c.
Wine was the only Helicon,

Whence poets are long-liv'd
so;
'Twas no other main,
Than brisk Champagne,
Whence Venus was deriv'd
too.
Power and wealth, &c.
When Heaven in Pandora's
box
All kind of ill had sent us,
In a merry mood,
A bottle of good
Was cork'd up, to content us.
Power and wealth, &c.
All virtues wine is nurse to,
Of every vice destroyer;
Gives dullards wit,
Makes just the cit,
Truth forces from the lawyer.
Power and wealth, &c.
Wine sets our joys a flowing.
Our care and sorrow drown-
ing:
Who rails at the bowl
Is a Turk in's soul,
And a Christian ne'er should
own him.
Power and wealth, &c.

SCENE VIII.—SQUEEZUM, HILARET, SOTMORE, CONSTANT, STAFF.

Const. My Hilaret! my dear!

Hil. My Constant!

Sot. Give you joy, dear Constant, of your liberty.

Const. Thank you, dear Sotmore, to you I am partly obliged for it; Ramble and I will make you amends: we'll give you six nights for this.

Sot. Where is he?

Const. Very safe; be not concerned about him.

Hil. Well, sir, since our affair is ended, there is the purse you presented me this morning. As I have not performed your expectations one way, I'll give you what I believe you did not expect—your money again. It is unopened, I assure you.

Squeez. Thou art welcome, however.

Sot. Come, gentlemen, be pleased to take every man his chair and his glass; we will dedicate one hour or two to drinking, I am resolved.

Squeez. First we will sacrifice to justice. Mr. Constable, do your duty.

Staff. Come in there.

SCENE IX.—SQUEEZUM, HILARET, SOTMORE, CONSTANT, STAFF, Assistants.—The Assistants seize CONSTANT, HILARET, and SOTMORE.

Squeez. Seize those people in the king's name—I accuse that woman and that man of conspiring to swear a rape against me.

Staff. It is in vain to contend, gentlemen.

Hil. Oh, the villain!

Squeez. [To Sot.] The next letter you extort, sir, be sure to examine the contents. [honest?]

Sot. Thou rascal! will not even wine make thee

Squeez. Observe, gentlemen, how abusive he is; but I'll make an example of you all: I'll prosecute you to the utmost severity of the law. Mr. Constable, convey the prisoners to your house, whence you shall have orders to bring them before a justice.

Sot. And art thou really in earnest?

Squeez. You shall find I am, sir, to your cost.

Sot. Then I have found one man with whom I would not drink a glass of wine.

Staff. Come, gentlemen, you know the way to my house. I am particularly glad to see your honour [to SOTMORE], and will accommodate you in the best manner I can.

Const. I am too well acquainted with misfortune to repine at any: but how shall I bear yours, my Hilaret? [will lighten mine.]

Hil. The less you seem to bear, the more you

Sot. I must give the justice one wish.—May Heaven rain small beer upon thee, and may it corrupt thy body till it is as putrefied as thy mind!

Hil. One blessing only may Heav'n leave thy life, May it take all things from thee—but thy wife!

ACT V.—SCENE I.—POLITIC'S House.

Politic [solus]. Sure, never child inherited less of a father's disposition than mine; her mother certainly played me foul in the begetting her: I, who have been my whole life noted for sobriety, could never have given being to so wild a creature. I begin to recollect having seen a tall half-pay officer at my house formerly; nor do I think the girl unlike him. I am sure she hath ever been wild enough to have had any officer in the kingdom for her father. Nature hath been kind to the male of all creatures but man. The bull, the horse, the dog, are not encumbered even with their own offspring; that care falls only to the females: but man, when once a gabbling priest hath chattered a few mischievous words over him, is bound to have and to hold from that day forward all the brats his wife is pleased to bestow on him. Yet I must own the girl hath been ever dutiful to me till she became acquainted with this cursed fellow in a red coat. Why should red have such charms in the eyes of a woman? The

Roman senate kept their armies abroad, to prevent their sharing in their lands at home; we should do the same, to prevent their sharing in our wives. A tall lusty fellow shall make more work for a midwife in one winter at home than he can for a surgeon in ten summers abroad.

SCENE II.—POLITIC, FAITHFUL.

Pol. Well, any news of my daughter yet?

Faith. No, sir; but there is some news from the secretary's office; a mail is arrived from Holland, and you will have the contents of it in one of the evening papers.

Pol. Very well! I must be patient. I think we have three mails together now; I am not satisfied at all with the affairs in the north: the northern winds have not blown us any good lately; the clouds are a little darker in the east too than I could wish them.

SCENE III.—POLITIC, DABBLE.

Pol. Mr. Dabble, good morrow.

Dab. Are the mails come in?

Pol. Just arrived.

Dab. I have not slept one wink for reflecting on what you told me last night; perhaps this Dutch mail may give some insight into those affairs. But what says the Lying Post?

Pol. I have had no time to read it yet; I wish you would. I have only read, the London Journal, the Country Journal, the Weekly Journal, Applebee's Journal, the British Journal, the British Gazetteer, the Morning Post, the Coffee-house Morning Post, the Daily Post, the Daily Post-Boy, the Daily Journal, the Daily Courant, the Gazette, the Evening Post, the Whitehall Evening Post, the London Evening Post, and the St. James's Evening Post. So, if you please, begin the Lying Post.

Dab. [*reads.*] "Moscow, January the 5th. We learn from Constantinople that affairs continue still in the same doubtful way: it is not yet known what course our court will take. The Empress, having been slightly indisposed the other day, took the air in her own coach, and returned so well recovered that she ate a very hearty supper."—

Pol. Hum!—There is no mention of the supper in any other papers.

Dab. "Berlin, January the 20th. We hear daily murmurs here concerning certain measures taken by a certain northern potentate; but cannot certainly learn either who that potentate is, or what are the measures which he hath taken; meantime we are well assured that time will bring them all to light."

Pol. Pray read that last over again.

Dab. "Meantime, we are well assured that time will bring them all to light."

Pol. Hum! hum!

Dab. "Marseilles, January the 18th. The affairs in regard to Italy continue still in the same uncer-

Pol. Hum! [*tain condition.*"]

Dab. "The talk of a large embarkation still runs

Pol. Hum! [*high.*"]

Dab. "The Spaniards continue still encamped near Barcelona."

Pol. Hum! [*Shakes his head.*]

Dab. "And everything seems tending to a rupture. Meantime we expect the return of a courier from Vienna, who, 'tis generally expected, will bring the news of a general pacification."

Pol. All is well again!

Dab. I like this, and some other papers, who disappoint you with good news. Where the beginning of a paragraph threatens you with war, and the latter part of it ensures you peace.

Pol. Please to read on.

Dab. "However, notwithstanding these assurances, 'tis doubted by most people, whether the said courier will not rather bring a confirmation of the war: but this is all guess-work, and till such time as we see an actual hostility committed we must leave our readers in the same uncertain state we found them."

Pol. Hum! there is no certainty to be come at, I find; it may be either peace or war.

Dab. Though, were I to lay a wager, I should choose war; for, if you observe, we are twice assured of that, whereas we have only one affirmation on the side of peace—but stay, perhaps the next paragraph, which is dated from Fontainebleau, may decide the question. "Fontainebleau, January 23. Yesterday his majesty went a hunting, to-day he hears an opera, and to-morrow he hears mass."

Pol. I don't like that; hearing mass is seldom the forerunner of good news.

Dab. "It is observable that cardinal Fleury—"

Pol. Ay, now for it.

Dab. "It is observable that cardinal Fleury hath, for several days last past, been in close conference with the minister of a certain state, which causes various speculations: but, as we do not know what was the matter in debate, we cannot say what may be the consequence thereof. Meantime we cannot help observing that it hath occasioned some people to put on very serene looks, who had worn cloudy ones for some time before: some imagine, on comparing this with the news from Marseilles, that a war will be unavoidable—others, who are more peaceably inclined, are as strenuous advocates on the other side.—We must refer the whole to the determination of time, that great judge in worldly affairs, who never fails with his two-edged scythe to mow down the weeds which shadow over the secret counsels of state, and lay them open to the naked eye of the discerning politician."

Pol. Shall I beg to hear that over again?

SCENE IV.—POLITIC, DABBLE, FAITHFUL.

Dab. [*reads.*] "We must refer the whole to the determination," &c. [*DAB. continues reading.*]

Faith. Oh, sir, Cloris hath brought the strangest news of my young mistress.

Pol. Don't interrupt us, blockhead. [*ever.*]

Faith. If you lose a moment, she may be lost for

Pol. Sirrah! peace.

Faith. Sir, my young mistress, Miss Hilaret, will be undone, ruined, hanged, if you do not assist her; she's taken up for a rape. Oh! my poor young lady! the sweetest, best-tempered lady sure that ever was born. Oh! that ever I should see the day! And can you sit here, sir, reading a parcel of damned, confounded, lying nonsense, and not go to your daughter's assistance?

Pol. Sure the fellow is possessed.

Faith. Sir, your daughter is possessed—possessed by constables—she is taken up for a rape.

Pol. My daughter taken up for a rape!

Faith. Yes, sir; for ravishing a justice of peace.

Pol. Sure some accident has touched the fellow's brain.

Faith. Ay, sir, and it would touch yours too, if you had a grain of humanity in you—Oh! that I should live to see my poor young lady in such a misfortune. [*sible.*]

Pol. A woman taken up for a rape—it is impos-

Faith. They may swear it though for all that—I know her to be as modest a good young lady as any in the kingdom; but what will not a set of rogues swear? Sir, I lived with Squeezum before I lived with you; and know him to be as great a villain as any in the kingdom. Do, good sir come but with

me to justice Worthy's: if you do not find your daughter there, turn me away for a vagabond.

Dab. I do remember, neighbour Politic, to have seen in some newspaper a story not very different from this.

Pol. Nay, if you have seen it in a newspaper, it may probably have some truth in it; so, neighbour Dabble, you will excuse me; I will meet you within an hour at the coffee-house, and there we will confer farther.

SCENE V. WORTHY'S House.—WORTHY, ISABELLA.

Wor. Sure modesty is quite banished from the age we live in. There was a time when virtue carried something of a divine awe with it which no one durst attack; but now the insolence of our youth is such, no woman dare walk the streets but those who do it for bread.

Isa. And yet our laws, brother Worthy, are as rigorous as those of other countries, and as well executed.

Wor. That I wish they were; but golden sands too often clog the wheels of Justice, and obstruct her course: the very riches which were the greatest evidence of his villany have too often declared the guilty innocent; and gold hath been found to cut a halter surer than the sharpest steel.

Isa. Well, I am resolved to take care how I venture a step again after it is dark: I find the sun is the only guard to us women; for however chaste the moon may be in herself, she takes but very little care of us.

Wor. But could the villain be very rude?

Isa. As rude as so short a time would permit. I would have given all I was worth in the world to have been here; but, since I escaped, let us forget it.

Wor. Forget! by Heaven it shocks me; that we, who boast as wholesome laws as any kingdom upon earth, should, by the roguery of some of their executors, lose all their benefit. I long to see the time when here, as in Holland, the traveller may walk unmolested, and carry his riches openly with him.

SCENE VI.—WORTHY, ISABELLA, SQUEEZUM.

Squeez. Mr. Worthy, your humble servant. I come to wait on you on the strangest piece of business. We are brought to a fine pass indeed, when magistrates shall not be safe; we are like to protect others when we cannot protect ourselves.

Wor. What is the occasion of all this passion, Mr. Squeezum?

Squeez. Occasion! I have scarce power to tell you. I have discovered one of the most damnable conspiracies, that hath been invented since the gunpowder treason plot.

Wor. Nothing against the government, I hope.

Squeez. Marry, but it is; for that which is against the officers of the government is against the government. In short, sir, it is a conspiracy against me, against myself. What do you think, brother Worthy, but that, moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil, a vile woman hath conspired to swear a rape against me?

Wor. A rape against you! foolish jade! Why, your very face would acquit you—you have innocence in your looks, brother Squeezum.

Squeez. I hope my character will acquit me against such an accusation.

Wor. I think it ought; a man whose character would not, is very unfit for that honourable commission you bear.

Squeez. True! these slurs reflect on us all. The accusing a member is accusing the body. We should consider it may be our own case. We should

stand by one another, as the lawyers do. I hope, brother, you will show me extraordinary justice; and I assure you, should any affair of yours come before me, my partiality shall lean on your side.

Wor. Partiality, sir! I hope no cause of mine ever will require it. I assure you I shall do the strictest justice; I believe you will not need more.

Squeez. Sir, my case needs no more; but I think it incumbent on us all to discountenance any prosecution of ourselves on any account whatsoever.

Wor. To discountenance it by the innocence of our lives is indeed laudable, but no farther. It is a cursed law which exempts the maker, or the executor of it, from its penalty.

Squeez. Truly, brother Worthy, I think the makers of laws and the executors of them should be free of them; as authors and actors are free of the playhouse.

Wor. You are ludicrous, Mr. Squeezum. But let me tell you he is the greatest of villains who hath the impudence to hold the sword of justice while he deserves its edge.

Squeez. And let me tell you, brother Worthy, he is the greatest of fools who holds the sword of justice and hurts himself with it.

Isa. Brother, your servant; my presence will be very little necessary at this trial.

SCENE VII.—WORTHY, SQUEEZUM, CONSTANT, HILARET, STAFF, SOTMORE, BRAZENCOURT, FIREBALL, three Assistants.

Squeez. But here come the prisoners.—Brother Worthy, this is the woman whom I accuse of this detestable fact;—the manner of it was this: I received a letter in an unknown hand, appointing me to meet at a tavern, which out of pure good-nature I complied with; and upon my arrival found that woman there alone, who, after a short discourse, laid hold of me and bawled out; on which that man there entered, and both threatened me, that unless I immediately discharged that man [*points to CONST.*] with another whom I had committed for notorious crimes, the woman should swear a rape against me.—This I am ready to swear.

1. 2. 3. *Ass.* And we are ready to swear.

Wor. What do you say, young woman, to this? You do not look like one whom I should suspect of such behaviour.

[*I confess.*]

Hil. That I did threaten him, as he says, indeed

Wor. But did he attempt any such thing?

Hil. I can't say he did, but—

Squeez. Do you hear this, brother Worthy? I think you have nothing to do but to make her mitimus.

Wor. And for what reason did you offer this?

Hil. I offered it only to frighten him to the discharge of two gentlemen whom he had villanously committed to the custody of that constable.

Wor. For what crimes do they stand committed, Mr. Constable?

Staff. For two rapes, an't please your worship.

Hil. One of them on my account,—though I never swore the least thing against him.

Wor. On your account; I begin to be afraid he was unjustly committed indeed.

Squeez. Now, sir, we shall proceed to blacken a little the character of this woman. Call Mr. Brazen-court. Mr. Brazen-court, what do you know of this fine lady?

Brazen. I know nothing more of her than that I kept her half a year.

Wor. Kept her—in what capacity did you keep her?

Brazen. In the capacity of a whore, till I was

THE JUSTICE CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

obliged to turn her off for stealing four of my shirts, two pair of stockings, and my Common Prayer Book.

Squeez. Call Captain Fireball.

Wor. Captain Fireball, pray do you know any harm of that person there?

Fire. Harm of her! ay, and so doth my surgeon too. She came to me from Major Brazencourt. I kept her two months.

Hil. Sir, I beseech you to hear me.

Wor. By and by. You must not interrupt them.

—Go on. Did you lose anything by her too?

Fire. No, but I got something by her, which made my surgeon get something by me. I love to express myself in modest terms, but I believe you all know what I mean.

Squeez. Call Mr. Drury. We shall blacken her [farther presently.]

Wor. Indeed, you need not; let us hear no more: for her sake I will never put confidence in an innocent countenance again. Well, woman, can you say anything for yourself?

Hil. Oh! that I could hide myself for ever from the world, and never from this hour behold the sun again!

Wor. Indeed, but you shall, madam, and be best, loveliest; hide thy sorrows there. Death only shall tear thee from my arms again. Death!—hell itself cannot have a torment equal to seeing one tear of thine.

Sot. Hark'ee, justice; I believe thou art honest than thy brother: I am sure thou can'st not be a greater rogue: if thou wilt act the right part, acquit us, and send that villain to prison.

SCENE VIII.—WORTHY, SQUEEZUM, CONSTANT, HILARET, SOTMORE, STAFF, Constables, Assistants, POLITIC, FAITHFUL, CLORIS.

Faith. Now, sir, will you believe your own eyes? Is not that your own daughter?

Pol. It is indeed. Oh! my unfortunate child!

Wor. Mr. Politic, your humble servant: I will but commit this woman to gaol, and then I will be at your command.

Pol. Sir, you shall not be my humble servant; nor will I be yours; and if you commit my daughter to prison you are the worst of Turks.

Wor. Your daughter, sir?

Pol. Yes, sir, my daughter, sir.

Hil. Oh! my father! [see thee in such a misfortune!]

Pol. My poor child!—That ever I should live to

Wor. Is it possible, Mr. Politic, that this young lady is your daughter?

Pol. Yes, sir, it is as possible as that the Turks may come into our part of Europe; and I wish this may not be as sure as that.

SCENE IX.—WORTHY, SQUEEZUM, CONSTANT, HILARET, STAFF, Constables, Assistants, POLITIC, FAITHFUL, SOTMORE, CLORIS, RAMBLE, MRS. SQUEEZUM, QUILL.

Mrs. Squeez. Where is this glory of the bench? this gallant justice? this terror and example of sin? Do you know this hand, sir? Did you write this assignation? You are a noble gentleman, truly, to make an appointment with a fine lady, and then bring her before a magistrate.

Squeez. O, my malignant stars!

Wor. Mrs. Squeezum, what is the matter?

Mrs. Squeez. You, Mr. Worthy, I am sure will pity one who hath the misfortune to be married to a man who is as much a scandal to the commission he bears as you are an honour to it: my conscience hath been too long burthened with conniving at his rogueries. He, sir—he alone is guilty, and every one whom he hath accused is innocent.

Wor. I know not what to think!

Ramb. Sir, that fellow there, that butcher of justice, is the greatest villain that ever was born.—Being a little frolicsome last night with this lady, that constable seized us. 'Tis to me she is indebted for all this trouble; though Mr. Constable may claim some share, in not suffering us to depart at her desire.

Mrs. Squeez. And Mr. Justice may claim a little, who committed you to the constable's house without any evidence, or even accusation.

Ramb. That he might extort two hundred pounds, for which sum he offered to compromise the matter.

Squeez. Hark'ee, madam, I shall be obliged to commit you to Bedlam.

Mrs. Squeez. No, sir, I shall prevent you in that, as well as in your other designs; your plot with Mr. Quill, which the whole world shall know; you shall be divorced, sir, though not the way you desire.

Squeez. Sir, I beseech you to hear no more.

Wor. That, sir, I cannot grant.

Ramb. Sir, I desire that you would read that letter, which he sent to this young lady whom he hath accused.

Wor. [Reads.] "My little honeysuckle, I will meet you within this half-hour at the Eagle. I hope, after what you have received from me to-day, you will not disappoint yours till then and ever after."

—Did you write this letter, Mr. Squeezum?

Squeez. No, sir, as I am ready to swear.

Mrs. Squeez. Sir, I will swear it to be his hand.

Faith. And so will I—I lived with him a twelve-month, and therefore should know it.

Quill. And I carried it to the lady.

Sot. Come, come, justice, thou hast proof enough of her innocence. I will give you the word of a man of honour, which is more than the oaths of twenty such scoundrels as these, that she never intended more than to frighten him to the acquittal of Captain Constant here, whom he had unjustly committed.

Const. And offered to acquit for a sum of money.

Wor. Captain Constant! Is your name Constant, [sir?]

Const. At your service.

Wor. Desire my sister to walk hither—I am more obliged to you than you know.

Squeez. Come, sir, this is only losing time.—I want the mittimus.

SCENE X.—WORTHY, SQUEEZUM, RAMBLE, CONSTANT, SOTMORE, HILARET, POLITIC, MRS. SQUEEZUM, QUILL, STAFF, FAITHFUL, &c., ISABELLA.

Wor. Sister, do you know this gentleman?

Isa. Captain Constant! It is happy for me that I do—I thank you, sir, for your generous rescue last night, which my fright at that time prevented my acknowledging.

Const. And was it you, madam?—

Ramb. My Isabella!

Isa. Ha!—It is, it is my Ramble.

Ramb. My touch deceives me not—it is my charming she, once more restored to my despairing hopes. [interview?]

Isa. What lucky stars can have contrived this?

Ramb. Very lucky stars they appear now; but they had a confounded ugly aspect some time ago.

Isa. Surprising! Brother, let that fellow be secured. He was the person from whose hands this gentleman delivered me. [To FIREBALL.]

Quill. I hope your worship will forgive me; but I hired these two men, by my master's command, to be evidences for him.

Wor. Surprising villany! Secure them instantly. And particularly that justice—whom I shall no longer treat as a gentleman, but as his villany hath merited. Constable, I charge you with them all—

and let them be kept below in the parlour, whither I will come immediately and sign their commitment.

Squeez. Sir, you shall wish you had dealt more favourably with me.

Wor. Sir, your threatenings will not terrify me.

Faith. Come, gentlemen, we'll be your safeguard.

Mrs. Squeez. I'll follow thee, like thy evil genius, till I have brought thee to that justice thou deservest.

SCENE the last.—WORTHY, RAMBLE, CONSTANT, SOTMORE, HILARET, ISABELLA, POLITIC.

Ramb. My dear Isabella, I am so overjoyed at this unexpected meeting, that I do not ask for the safety of our treasure. Since the sea has refunded Isabella, let it take the jewels.

Isa. The sea hath been even kinder than your wish; it hath returned you both.

Ramb. I should soon have forgotten that loss in having Isabella; yet, for her sake, the treasure is welcome too.

Wor. Mr. Politic, I am heartily concerned at this misfortune which hath befallen your daughter.

Ramb. Mr. Politic! By Heavens, his features are the same. Had you not a son, sir, once?

Pol. Yes, sir, I had; but I turned him out of doors, and believe he was hanged long ago.

Ramb. Then I am his ghost, just arrived from the Indies. When you turned me out of doors, I got admitted into the East India company's service: I changed my name in order to escape your discovery. And I hope you will now give us both your blessing.

Pol. And are you really that wild fellow, my son?

Ramb. I am that very identical wild person, I assure you. [ing or no, till I see how you are married.]

Pol. I don't know whether I'll give you my blessing.

Wor. Mr. Politic, I rejoice in the union of our families; this lady, your son's wife, is my sister—and if fourscore thousand pounds can make the match agreeable to you, it will be so.

Pol. Hath the wild rogue made his fortune at last! Well, son, I give you my blessing; and my dear daughter, I give you joy; and I hope the boy will give it you, ay, and lasting, constant joy. If he doth not make you a good husband, I'll not own him: if he doth not make you blessed, he shall have

Isa. Sir, I doubt him not. [no blessing of mine.]

Ramb. Well, father, I have nothing more to ask of you, but in favour of my friend captain Constant, whose love I am certain will complete the happiness of my sister.

Wor. I think I have never been witness to such a complication of villany. Sir [to CONSTANT], I assure you, and all of you, you shall have sufficient reparation for the injuries you have suffered. And, sir, by the character which I have had from my sister of that gentleman, I do not think your daughter can be better disposed of, let the difference of fortune be what it please.

Ramb. Besides, though his estate be not equal now, it may become so, for no man hath a better insight into politics.

Pol. Nay, if his studies bend that way, no man indeed can tell to what his estate may come. Had I known this sooner, my doors should never have been shut against him. Sir, I shall be glad to confabulate with you at my house—and if you should set your heart on my daughter, I do not believe I shall do anything to break it.

Ramb. Nay, sir, there is no hour like the present: this hour hath proved lucky to your family. Give me leave to present your daughter to one, whom if she deserves, I shall be proud of calling her sister.

Const. Ramble, you have crowned my obligations with a gift far dearer than the earth could prove.

Hil. I only wish you may always think so, captain.

And now, papa, I hope you will pardon this night's sally to both me and poor Cloris; we have been already sufficiently punished; and, since the event is happy, imitate in this one thing the Turks, and consider it favourably, as it hath been prosperous.

Pol. The Turks! I wish you were better acquainted with them than in romances; I hope that gentleman will take care to instruct you in public affairs.—Well, Jack [to RAMBLE], I long to have some communication with you about the affairs of the Indies, and the posture of our trade there. I hope you left the Great Mogul in good health—

Ramb. Very slightly indisposed of a cold at my departure.

Pol. I heartily forgive you all: so let me see you all embrace one another. This is the comfort of age, Mr. Worthy.

Sot. Let me embrace you all together. I have found this day two good women—and they have fallen to the share of my friends; and I will get drunk this night, if the spirit of wine will do it: I'll drink to your happiness, while you are enjoying it. While you are tasting the joys of Venus, I will swallow down the delights of Bacchus. I despair of either of your company this month yet—but the justice shall celebrate this night with me. Come, honest justice. I have found one honest justice too— [celebrated already—]

Wor. Really, sir, I think you have sufficiently

Sot. No, but I have not.—And you, sir, will be drunk on your children's wedding-night.

Pol. I never drink anything but coffee, sir.

Sot. Damn your coffee!

Ramb. Sotmore, thou shalt have justice. Mr. Worthy, I assure you, notwithstanding this humour, the world hath not an honest man.

Wor. It is pity he should besot himself so. Your character of him encourages me to employ some labour in advising him to quit so beastly a pleasure. Come, gentlemen, I desire you would celebrate this day at my house. To-morrow I will proceed to take all possible measures to your receiving satisfaction for your injuries, and making public example of so great a villain: for the crimes of a magistrate give the greatest sanction to sin.

No reverence that church or state attends,
Whose laws the priest or magistrate offends.

EPILOGUE SPOKEN BY MRS. YOUNGER.

At length the dreadful hurricane is ended,
And I and spouse are safe together landed.
For, after all this mighty fuss about it,
Our play hath ended modestly without it.
But, ladies, did not you too sympathise?
Hey? pray, confess, do all your frowns arise
Because so much of Rape and Rape we bawl?
Or is it that we have no rape at all?

Indeed, our poet, to oblige the age,
Had brought a dreadful scene upon the stage;
But I, perceiving what his muse would drive at,
Told him the ladies never would connive at
A downright actual rape unless in private.

But notwithstanding what these poets tell us,
Who'd think our beaux were such high-mettled fellows?

Oh! may our youth, whose vigour is so parlous,
To Italy be wafted with Don Carlos!
There, should one victory but give them scope,
They would not leave one maidenhead for the pope;
Or should some new pope Joan the chair possess,
They'd play the devil with her—holiness,
No nunnery one virgin should enclose,
But new Rome fall by what the old arose.

'Twas a strange doctrine that Lucretia taught,
Who on herself reveng'd her lover's fault!
Heathenish wretch! The pious christian wife,
Tho' ravish'd, still contents herself with life:
So zealous from self-murder we refrain,
We live, though sure of ravi-ning again.

But may no fears of such a fate affright
The beauteous kind spectators of to-night;
Safe to your husbands' arms may you escape,
And never know that dreadful thing, a rape!

THE TRAGEDY OF TRAGEDIES; OR, THE LIFE AND DEATH OF TOM THUMB THE GREAT. WITH THE ANNOTATIONS OF H. SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS, FIRST ACTED IN 1730, AND ALTERED IN 1731.

H. SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS, HIS PREFACE.

THE town hath seldom been more divided in its opinion than concerning the merit of the following scenes. Whilst some publicly affirmed that no author could produce so fine a piece but Mr. P—, others have with as much vehemence insisted that no one could write anything so bad but Mr. F—.

Nor can we wonder at this dissension about its merit, when the learned world have not unanimously decided even the very nature of this tragedy. For though most of the universities in Europe have honoured it with the name of "Egregium et maximi pretii opus, tragœdiis tam antiquis quàm novis longè anteposendum;" nay, Dr. B— hath pronounced, "Citius Mœvii Eucadem quàm Scribleri istius tragœdiam hanc crediderim, cujus autorem Senecam ipsum tradidisse hand dubitârim:" and the great professor Burman hath styled Tom Thumb "Heroum omnium tragicorum faciliè principem:" nay, though it hath, among other languages, been translated into Dutch, and celebrated with great applause at Amsterdam (where burlesque never came) by the title of Mynheer Vander Thumb, the burgomasters received it with that reverent and silent attention which becometh an audience at a deep tragedy. Notwithstanding all this, there have not been wanting some who have represented these scenes in a ludicrous light; and Mr. D— hath been heard to say, with some concern, that he wondered a tragical and christian nation would permit a representation on its theatre so visibly designed to ridicule and extirpate everything that is great and solemn among us.

This learned critic and his followers were led into so great an error by that surreptitious and piratical copy which stole last year into the world; with what injustice and prejudice to our author will be acknowledged, I hope, by every one who shall happily peruse this genuine and original copy. Nor can I help remarking, to the great praise of our author, that, however imperfect the former was, even that faint resemblance of the true Tom Thumb contained sufficient beauties to give it a run of upwards of forty nights to the politest audiences. But, notwithstanding that applause which it received from all the best judges, it was as severely censured by some few bad ones, and, I believe rather maliciously than ignorantly, reported to have been intended a burlesque on the loftiest parts of tragedy, and designed to banish what we generally call fine things from the stage.

Now, if I can set my country right in an affair of this importance, I shall lightly esteem any labour which it may cost. And this I the rather undertake, first, as it is indeed in some measure incumbent on me to vindicate myself from that surreptitious copy before mentioned, published by some ill-meaning people under my name; secondly, as knowing myself more capable of doing justice to our author than any other man, as I have given myself more pains to arrive at a thorough understanding of this little piece, having for ten years together read nothing else; in which time, I think, I may modestly presume, with the help of my English dictionary, to comprehend all the meanings of every word in it.

But should any error of my pen awaken Clariss. Bentleium to enlighten the world with his annotations on our author, I shall not think that the least reward or happiness arising to me from these my endeavours.

I shall waive at present what hath caused such feuds in the learned world, whether this piece was originally written by Shakspeare, though certainly that, were it true, must add a considerable share to its merit, especially with such who are so generous as to buy and commend what they never read, from an implicit faith in the author only: a faith which our age abounds in as much as it can be called deficient in any other.

Let it suffice, that THE TRAGEDY OF TRAGEDIES, OR, THE LIFE AND DEATH OF TOM THUMB, was written in the reign of queen Elizabeth. Nor can the objection made by Mr. D—, that the tragedy must then have been antecedent to the history, have any weight, when we consider that, though the HISTORY OF TOM THUMB, printed by and for Edward M—r, at the Looking-glass on London-bridge, be of a later date, still must we suppose this history to have been transcribed from some other, unless we suppose the writer thereof to be inspired: a gift very faintly contended for by the writers of our age. As to this history's not bearing the stamp of second, third, or fourth edition, I see but little in that objection; editions being very uncertain lights to judge of books by: and perhaps Mr. M—r may have joined twenty editions in one, as Mr. C—l hath ere now divided one into twenty.

Nor doth the other argument, drawn from the little care our author hath taken to keep up to the letter of this history, carry any greater force. Are there not instances of plays wherein the history is so perverted, that we can know the

heroes whom they celebrate by no other marks than their names? nay, do we not find the same character placed by different poets in such different lights, that we can discover not the least sameness, or even likeness, in the features? The Sophonisba of Mairet and of Lee is a tender, passionate, amorous mistress of Massinissa: Corneille and Mr. Thomson give her no other passion but the love of her country, and make her as cool in her affection to Massinissa as to Syphax. In the two latter she resembles the character of queen Elizabeth; in the two former she is the picture of Mary queen of Scotland. In short, the one Sophonisba is as different from the other as the Brutus of Voltaire is from the Marius, jun., of Otway, or as the Minerva is from the Venus of the ancients. Let us now proceed to a regular examination of the tragedy before us, in which I shall treat separately of the Fable, the Moral, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Diction. And first of the

Fable; which I take to be the most simple imaginable; and, to use the words of an eminent author, "one, regular, and uniform, not charged with a multiplicity of incidents, and yet affording several revolutions of fortune, by which the passions may be excited, varied, and driven to their full tumult of emotion."—Nor is the action of this tragedy less great than uniform. The spring of all is the love of Tom Thumb for Huncamunca; which caused the quarrel between their majesties in the first act; the passion of lord Grizzle in the second; the rebellion, fall of lord Grizzle and Glumdalca, devouring of Tom Thumb by the cow, and that bloody catastrophe, in the third.

Nor is the Moral of this excellent tragedy less noble than the Fable; it teaches these two instructive lessons, viz., that human happiness is exceeding transient; and that death is the certain end of all men: the former whereof is inculcated by the fatal end of Tom Thumb; the latter, by that of all the other personages.

The Characters are, I think, sufficiently described in the *dramatis personæ*; and I believe we shall find few plays where greater care is taken to maintain them throughout, and to preserve in every speech that characteristic mark which distinguishes them from each other. "But (says Mr. D—) how well doth the character of Tom Thumb, whom we must call the hero of this tragedy, if it hath any hero, agree with the precepts of Aristotle, who defineth 'Tragedy to be the imitation of a short but perfect action, containing a just greatness in itself?' &c. What greatness can be in a fellow whom history relateth to have been no higher than a span?" This gentleman seemeth to think, with serjeant Kite, that the greatness of a man's soul is in proportion to that of his body; the contrary of which is affirmed by our English physiognomical writers. Besides, if I understand Aristotle right, he speaketh only of the greatness of the action, and not of the person.

As for the Sentiments and the Diction, which now only remain to be spoken to; I thought I could afford them no stronger justification than by producing parallel passages out of the best of our English writers. Whether this sameness of thought and expression, which I have quoted from them, proceeded from an agreement in their way of thinking, or whether they have borrowed from our author, I leave the reader to determine. I shall adventure to affirm this of the Sentiments of our author, that they are generally the most familiar which I have ever met with, and at the same time delivered with the highest dignity of phrase; which brings me to speak of his diction. Here I shall only beg one postulat, viz. That the greatest perfection of the language of a tragedy is, that it is not to be understood; which granted (as I think it must be), it will necessarily follow that the only way to avoid this is by being too high or too low for the understanding, which will comprehend everything within its reach. Those two extremities of style Mr. Dryden illustrates by the familiar image of two inns, which I shall term the aerial and the subterrestrial.

Horace goes further, and sheweth when it is proper to call at one of these inns, and when at the other:
Telephus et Peleus, cum pauper et exul uterque,

Proicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba.
That he approveth of the sesquipedalia verba is plain; for, had not Telephus and Peleus used this sort of diction in prosperity, they could not have dropped it in adversity. The aerial inn, therefore (says Horace), is proper only to be frequented by princes and other great men in the highest affluence of fortune; the subterrestrial is appointed for the entertainment of the poorer sort of people only, whom Horace advises,
—dolere sermone pedestri.

The true meaning of both which citations is, that bombast is

the proper language for joy, and doggrel for grief; the latter of which is literally implied in the sermo pedestris, as the former is in the sesquipedalia verba.

Cicero recommendeth the former of these: "Quid est tam furiosum vel tragicum quam verborum sonitus inanis, nullâ subjectâ sententiâ neque scientiâ." What can be so proper for tragedy as a set of big sounding words, so contrived together as to convey no meaning? which I shall one day or other prove to be the sublime of Longinus. Ovid declareth absolutely for the latter inn:

Omne genus scripti gravitate tragedia vincit.

Tragedy hath, of all writings, the greatest share in the bathos; which is the profound of Scriblerus.

I shall not presume to determine which of these two styles be properer for tragedy. It sufficeth, that our author excelleth in both. He is very rarely within sight through the whole play, either rising higher than the eye of your understanding can soar, or sinking lower than it careth to stoop. But here it may perhaps be observed that I have given more frequent instances of authors who have imitated him in the sublime than in the contrary. To which I answer, first, Bombast being properly a redundancy of genius, instances of this nature occur in poets whose names do more honour to our author than the writers in the doggrel, which proceeds from a cool, calm, weighty way of thinking. Instances whereof are most frequently to be found in authors of a lower class. Secondly, That the works of such authors are difficultly found at all. Thirdly, That it is a very hard task to read them, in order to extract these flowers from them. And lastly, it is very difficult to transplant them at all; they being like some flowers of a very nice nature, which will flourish in no soil but their own: for it is easy to transcribe a thought, but not the want of one. The EARL OF ESSEX, for instance, is a little garden of choice rarities, whence you can scarce transplant one line so as to preserve its original beauty. This must account to the reader for his missing the names of several of his acquaintance, which he had certainly found here, had I ever read their works; for which, if I have not a just esteem, I can at least say with Cicero, "Quæ non contemno, quippè quæ nunquam legerim." However, that the reader may meet with due satisfaction in this point, I have a young commentator from the university, who is reading over all the modern tragedies, at five shillings a dozen, and collecting all that they have stole from our author, which shall be shortly added as an appendix to this work,

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*King Arthur*, a passionate sort of king, husband to *Queen Dollalolla*, of whom he stands a little in fear; father to *Huncamunca*, whom he is very fond of and in love with *Glumdalca*, MR. MULLART; *Tom Thumb the Great*, a little hero with a great soul, something violent in his temper, which is a little abated by his love for *Huncamunca*, YOUNG VERHUYCK; *Ghost of Gaffer Thumb*, a whimsical sort of ghost, MR. LACY; *Lord Grizzle*, extremely zealous for the liberty of the subject, very choleric in his temper, and in love with *Huncamunca*, MR. JONES; *Merlin*, a conjurer, and in some sort father to *Tom Thumb*, MR. HALLAM; *Noodle, Doodle*, courtiers in place, and consequently of that party that is uppermost, MR. REYNOLDS, MR. WATHAN; *Foodle*, a courtier that is out of place, and consequently of that party that is undermost, MR. AYRES; *Bailiff, and Follower*, of the party of the plaintiff, MR. PETERSON, MR. HICKS; *Parson*, of the side of the church, MR. WATSON; *Queen Dollalolla*, wife to king Arthur, and mother to *Huncamunca*, a woman entirely faultless, saving that she is a little given to drink, a little too much a virago towards her husband, and in love with *Tom Thumb*, MRS. MULLART; *The Princess Huncamunca*, daughter to their Majesties King Arthur and Queen Dollalolla, of a very sweet, gentle, and amorous disposition, equally in love with *Lord Grizzle* and *Tom Thumb*, and desirous to be married to them both, MRS. JONES; *Glumdalca*, of the giants, a captive queen, beloved by the king, but in love with *Tom Thumb*, MRS. DOVE; *Cleora, Mustacha*, maids of honour in love with *Noodle* and *Doodle*. Courtiers, Guards, Rebels, Drums, Trumpets, Thunder and Lightning. Scene, the Court of King Arthur, and a plain thereabouts.

ACT I.—SCENE I. *The Palace. DOODLE, NOODLE.*

Doodle. SURE such a ¹ day as this was never seen! The sun himself, on this auspicious day, Shines like a beau in a new birth-day suit: This down the seams embroidered, that the beams. All nature wears one universal grin.

Nood. This day, O Mr. Doodle, is a day

¹ Corneille recommends some very remarkable day wherein to fix the action of a tragedy. This the best of our tragical writers have understood to mean a day remarkable for the serenity of the sky, or what we generally call a fine summer's day: so that, according to this their exposition, the same months are proper for tragedy which are proper for pastoral. Most of our celebrated English tragedies, as *Cato*, *Mariamne*, *Tamerlane*, &c., begin with their observations on the morning.

Indeed!—A day, 'we never saw before.

The mighty ² *Thomas Thumb* victorious comes;

Millions of giants crowd his chariot wheels,

³ Giants! to whom the giants in Guildhall

Are infant dwarfs. They frown, and foam, and roar,

While Thumb, regardless of their noise, rides on.

So some cock-sparrow in a farmer's yard,

Hops at the head of an huge flock of turkeys.

Dood. When Goody Thumb first brought this

Thomas forth,

The Genius of our land triumphant reign'd;

Then, then, O Arthur! did thy Genius reign.

Nood. They tell me it is ⁴ whisper'd in the books

Of all our sages, that this mighty hero,

By Merlin's art begot, hath not a bone

Within his skin, but is a lump of gristle.

Dood. Then 'tis a gristle of no mortal kind;

Some God, my Noodle, stept into the place

Lee seems to have come the nearest to this beautiful description of our author's:

The morning dawns with an unwonted crimson,

The flowers all odorous seem, the garden birds

Sing louder, and the laughing sun ascends

The gaudy earth with an unusual brightness:

All nature smiles.

CÆS. BORO.

Massinissa, in the new *Sophonisba*, is also a favourite of the sun:

—————The sun too seems

As conscious of my joy, with broader eye

To look abroad the world, and all things smile

Like *Sophonisba*.

Memnon, in the *Persian Princess*, makes the sun decline rising, that he may not peep on objects which would profane his brightness:

—————The morning rises slow,

And all those ruddy streaks that used to paint

The day's approach are lost in clouds, as if

The horrors of the night had sent 'em back,

To warn the sun he should not leave the sea,

To peep, &c.

¹ This line is highly conformable to the beautiful simplicity of the ancients. It hath been copied by almost every modern.

Not to be is not to be in woe. STATE OF INNOCENCE.

Love is not sin but where 'tis sinful love. DON SEBASTIAN.

Nature is nature, Lælius. SOPHONISBA.

Men are but men, we did not make ourselves. REVENGE.

² Dr. B—y reads, The mighty Tall-mast Thumb. Mr. D—s, The mighty Thumbing Thumb. Mr. T—d reads, Thundering. I think *Thomas* more agreeable to the great simplicity so apparent in our author.

³ That learned historian Mr. S—n, in the third number of his criticism on our author, takes great pains to explode this passage. "It is," says he, "difficult to guess what giants are here meant, unless the giant Despair in the Pilgrim's Progress, or the giant Greatness in the Royal Villain; for I have heard of no other sort of giants in the reign of king Arthur." Petrus Burmannus makes three *Tom Thumbs*, one whereof he supposes to have been the same person whom the Greeks call *Hercules*; and that by these giants are to be understood the Centaurs slain by that hero. Another *Tom Thumb* he contends to have been no other than the *Hermes Trismegistus* of the ancients. The third *Tom Thumb* he places under the reign of king Arthur; to which third *Tom Thumb*, says he, the actions of the other two were attributed. Now, though I know that this opinion is supported by an assertion of *Justus Lipsius*, "Thomam illum Thumbum non alium quam *Herculem* fuisse satis constat," yet shall I venture to oppose one line of Mr. *Midwinter* against them all:

In Arthur's court *Tom Thumb* did live.

"But then," says Dr. B—y, "if we place *Tom Thumb* in the court of king Arthur, it will be proper to place that court out of Britain, where no giants were ever heard of." Spenser, in his *Fairy Queen*, is of another opinion, where, describing *Albion*, he says,

—————Far within a savage nation dwelt
Of hideous giants.

And in the same canto:

Then *Elfar*, with two brethren giants had,
The one of which had two heads——

The other three.

Risum teneatis, amici.

"To whisper in books," says Mr. D—s, "is arrant nonsense." I am afraid this learned man does not sufficiently understand the extensive meaning of the word whisper. If he had rightly understood what is meant by the "senses whisp'ring the soul," in the *Persian Princess*, or what "whisp'ring like

Of Gaffer Thumb, and more than ¹ half begot
This mighty Tom.

Nood. —² Sure he was sent express
From Heaven to be the pillar of our state.
Though small his body be, so very small
A chairman's leg is more than twice as large,
Yet is his soul like any mountain big;
And as a mountain once brought forth a mouse,
³ So doth this mouse contain a mighty mountain.

Dood. Mountain indeed! So terrible his name,
⁴ The giant nurses frighten children with it,
And cry Tom Thumb is come, and if you are
Naughty, will surely take the child away.

Nood. But hark! ⁵ these trumpets speak the
king's approach.

Dood. He comes most luckily for my petition.
[*Flourish.*]

SCENE II.—KING, QU., GRIZ., NOOD., DOOD., FOOD.

King. ⁶ Let nothing but a face of joy appear;
The man who frowns this day shall lose his head,
That he may have no face to frown withal.
Smile Dollallolla—Ha! what wrinkled sorrow
⁷ Hangs, sits, lies, frowns upon thy knitted brow?
Whence flow those tears fast down thy blubber'd
cheeks,

Like a swoln gutter, gushing through the streets?

Queen. ⁸ Excess of joy, my lord, I've heard folks
Gives tears as certain as excess of grief. [say,

King. If it be so, let all men cry for joy,
⁹ Till my whole court be drowned with their tears;
Nay, till they overflow my utmost land,
And leave me nothing but the sea to rule.

Dood. My liege, I a petition have here got.

winds" is in Aurengzebe, or like thunder in another author, he
would have understood this. Emmeline in Dryden sees a
voice, but she was born blind, which is an excuse Panthea
cannot plead in Cyrus, who hears a sight:

—Your description will surpass

All fiction, painting, or dumb show of horror,
That ever ears yet heard, or eyes beheld.

When Mr. D—s understands these, he will understand whis-
pering in books.

¹—Some ruffian stept into his father's place,

And more than half begot him. MARY Q. OF SCOTS.

²—For Ulamar seems sent express from Heaven,
To civilize this rugged Indian clime. LIB. ASSERTED.

³ "Omne majus continet in se minus, sed minus non in se
majus continere potest," says Scaliger in *Thumbo*. I suppose
he would have cavilled at these beautiful lines in the Earl of

—Thy most inveterate soul, [Essex:
That looks through the foul prison of thy body.

And at those of Dryden:

The palace is without too well design'd;
Conduct me in, for I will view thy mind. AURENGZEBE.

⁴ Mr. Banks hath copied this almost verbatim:

It was enough to say, here 's Essex come,
And nurses still'd their children with the fright. E. OF ESSEX.

⁵ The trumpet in a tragedy is generally as much as to say
Enter king, which makes Mr. Banks, in one of his plays, call
it the trumpet's formal sound.

⁶ Phraortes, in the *Captives*, seems to have been acquainted
with king Arthur:

Proclaim a festival for seven days' space,
Let the court shine in all its pomp and lustre,
Let all our streets resound with shouts of joy;
Let music's care-dispelling voice be heard;
The sumptuous banquet and the flowing goblet
Shall warm the cheek and fill the heart with gladness.
Astarbe shall sit mistress of the feast.

⁷ Repentance frowns on thy contracted brow. SOPHONISBA.
Hung on his clouded brow, I mark'd despair. Ibid.

—A sullen gloom

Scowls on his brow. BUSIRIS.

⁸ Plato is of this opinion, and so is Mr. Banks:
Behold these tears sprung from fresh pain and joy.

E. OF ESSEX.

⁹ These floods are very frequent in the tragic authors:
Near to some murmuring brook I'll lay me down,
Whose waters, if they should too shallow flow,

King. Petition me no petitions, sir, to-day:

Let other hours be set apart for business.

To-day it is our pleasure to be ¹ drunk.

And this our queen shall be as drunk as we.

Queen. (Though I already² half seas over am)

If the capacious goblet overflow

With arrack punch—'fore George! I'll see it out:
Of rum and brandy I'll not taste a drop. [a quart,

King. Though rack, in punch, eight shillings be
And rum and brandy be no more than six,
Rather than quarrel you shall have your will.

[*Trumpets.*]

But, ha! the warrior comes—the great Tom Thumb,
The little hero, giant-killing boy,
Preserver of my kingdom, is arrived.

SCENE III.—TOM THUMB to them, with Officers,
Prisoners, and Attendants.

King. ³ Oh! welcome most, most welcome to my
What gratitude can thank away the debt [arms.
Your valour lays upon me?

Queen. ———⁴ Oh! ye gods! [Aside.

Thumb. When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm thank'd
enough.

⁵ I've done my duty, and I've done no more.

Queen. Was ever such a godlike creature seen?

[Aside.

King. Thy modesty's a ⁶ candle to thy merit,
It shines itself, and shows thy merit too.

But say, my boy, where didst thou leave the giants?

Thumb. My liege, without the castle gates they
The castle gates too low for their admittance. [stand,

King. What look they like?

Thumb. Like nothing but themselves.

My tears shall swell them up till I will drown. LEE'S SOPH.
Pouring forth tears at such a lavish rate,
That were the world on fire they might have drown'd
The wrath of heaven, and quench'd the mighty ruin.

MITHRIDATES.

One author changes the waters of grief to those of joy:

—These tears, that sprung from tides of grief,

Are now augmented to a flood of joy. CYRUS THE GREAT.

Another:

Turns all the streams of heat, and makes them flow
In pity's channel. ROYAL VILLAIN.

One drowns himself:

— Pity like a torrent pours me down,

Now I am drowning all within a deluge. ANNA BULLEN.

Cyrus drowns the whole world:

Our swelling grief
Shall melt into a deluge, and the world
Shall drown in tears.

CYRUS THE GREAT.

¹ An expression vastly beneath the dignity of tragedy, says
Mr. D—s, yet we find the word he cavils at in the mouth of
Mithridates less properly used, and applied to a more terrible
idea:

I would be drunk with death.

MITHRIDATES.

The author of the new *Sophonisba* taketh hold of this mono-
syllable, and uses it pretty much to the same purpose:

The Carthaginian sword with Roman blood
Was drunk.

I would ask Mr. D—s which gives him the best idea, a
drunken king, or a drunken sword?

Mr. Tate dresses up king Arthur's resolution in heroic:

Merry, my lord, o' th' captain's humour right,
I am resolved to be dead drunk to-night.

Lee also uses this charming word:

Love's the drunkenness of the mind.

GLORIANA.

² Dryden hath borrowed this, and applied it improperly:

I'm half seas o'er in death.

CLEOM.

³ This figure is in great use among the tragedians:

'Tis therefore, therefore 'tis.

VICTIM.

I long, repent, repent, and long again.

BUSIRIS.

⁴ A tragical exclamation.

⁵ This line is copied verbatim in the *Captives*.

⁶ We find a candlestick for this candle in two celebrated
authors:—

— Each star withdraws

His golden head, and burns within the socket.

NERO.

A soul grown old and sunk into the socket.

SEBASTIAN.

Queen. ¹ And sure thou art like nothing but thyself. [Aside.]

King. Enough! the vast idea fills my soul.
I see them—yes, I see them now before me:
The monstrous, ugly, barb'rous sons of whores.
But ha! what form majestic strikes our eyes?

² So perfect, that it seems to have been drawn
By all the gods in council: so fair she is,
That surely at her birth the council paused,
And then at length cry'd out, This is a woman!

Thumb. Then were the gods mistaken—she is not
A woman, but a giantess—whom we,
³ With much ado, have made a shift to hawl
Within the town:⁴ for she is by a foot
Shorter than all her subject giants were.

Glum. We yesterday were both a queen and wife,
One hundred thousand giants own'd our sway.
Twenty whereof were married to ourself. [bands]

Queen. Oh! happy state of giantism where hus-
Like mushrooms grow, whilst hapless we are forced
To be content, nay, happy thought, with one.

Glum. But then to lose them all in one black day,
That the same sun which, rising, saw me wife
To twenty giants, setting should behold
Me widow'd of them all.—⁵ My worn-out heart,
That ship, leaks fast, and the great heavy lading,
My soul, will quickly sink.

Queen. Madam, believe
I view your sorrows with a woman's eye:
But learn to bear them with what strength you may,
To-morrow we will have our grenadiers
Drawn out before you, and you then shall choose
What husbands you think fit.

Glum. ⁶ Madam, I am
Your most obedient and most humble servant.

King. Think, mighty princess, think this court your
Nor think the landlord me, this house my inn; [own,
Call for whate'er you will, you'll nothing pay.

⁷ I feel a sudden pain within my breast,
Nor know I whether it arise from love
Or only the wind-cholic. Time must show.

¹ This simile occurs very frequently among the dramatic writers of both kinds.

² Mr. Lee hath stolen this thought from our author:

This perfect face, drawn by the gods in council,
Which they were long in making. LUC. JUN. BRUT.

—At his birth the heavenly council paused,
And then at last cry'd out, This is a man!

Dryden hath improved this hint to the utmost perfection:

So perfect, that the very gods who form'd you wonder'd
At their own skill, and cry'd, A lucky hit
Has mended our design! Their envy hinder'd,
Or you had been immortal, and a pattern,
When Heaven would work for ostentation sake,
To copy out again. ALL FOR LOVE.

Banks prefers the works of Michael Angelo to that of the gods:
A pattern for the gods to make a man by,
Or Michael Angelo to form a statue.

³ It is impossible, says Mr. W—, sufficiently to admire
this natural easy line.

⁴ This tragedy, which in most points resembles the ancients,
differs from them in this—that it assigns the same honour to
lowness of stature which they did to height. The gods and
heroes in Homer and Virgil are continually described higher
by the head than their followers, the contrary of which is ob-
served by our author. In short, to exceed on either side is
equally admirable; and a man of three foot is as wonderful a
sight as a man of nine.

⁵ My blood leaks fast, and the great heavy lading

My soul will quickly sink. MITHRID.

My soul is like a ship. INJURED LOVE.

⁶ This well-bred line seems to be copied in the Persian
Princess:—

To be your humblest and most faithful slave.

⁷ This doubt of the king puts me in mind of a passage in
the Captives, where the noise of feet is mistaken for the rust-
ling of leaves.

—Methinks I hear

The sound of feet:

No; 'twas the wind that shook yon cypress boughs.

Oh Thumb! what do we to thy valour owe!

Ask some reward, great as we can bestow.

Thumb. ¹ I ask not kingdoms, I can conquer those;
I ask not money, money I've enough;

For what I've done, and what I mean to do,

For giants slain, and giants yet unborn,

Which I will slay—if this be call'd a debt,

Take my receipt in full: I ask but this,—

² To sun myself in Huncamunca's eyes.

King. Prodigious bold request. }

Queen. —³ Be still, my soul. } [Aside.]

Thumb. ⁴ My heart is at the threshold of your mouth,
And waits its answer there.—Oh! do not frown.

I've try'd to reason's tune to tune my soul,

But love did overwind and crack the string.

Though Jove in thunder had cry'd out, YOU SHAN'T,

I should have loved her still—for oh, strange fate!

Then when I loved her least I loved her most!

King. It is resolv'd—the princess is your own.

Thumb. Oh! ⁵ happy, happy, happy, happy Thumb!

Queen. Consider, sir; reward your soldier's merit,
But give not Huncamunca to Tom Thumb. [realm]

King. Tom Thumb! Odzooks! my wide-extended
Knows not a name so glorious as Tom Thumb.

Let Macedonia Alexander boast,

Let Rome her Cæsars and her Scipios show,

Her Messieurs France, let Holland boast Mynheers,

Ireland her O's, her Macs let Scotland boast,

Let England boast no other than Tom Thumb.

Queen. Though greater yet his boasted merit was,
He shall not have my daughter, that is pos'.

King. Ha! sayst thou, Dollallolla?

Queen. I say he shan't.

King. ⁶ Then by our royal self we swear you lie.

Queen. ⁷ Who but a dog, who but a dog

Would use me as thou dost? Me, who have lain

⁸ These twenty years so loving by thy side!

But I will be revenged. I'll hang myself.

Then tremble all who did this match persuade,

⁹ For, riding on a cat, from high I'll fall,

And squirt down royal vengeance on you all.

Food. ¹⁰ Her majesty the queen is in a passion.

King. ¹¹ Be she, or be she not, I'll to the girl
And pave thy way, oh Thumb—Now by ourself,

¹ Mr. Dryden seems to have had this passage in his eye in
the first page of Love Triumphant.

² Don Carlos, in the Revenge, suns himself in the charms of
his mistress:

While in the lustre of her charms I lay.

³ A tragical phrase much in use.

⁴ This speech hath been taken to pieces by several tragical
authors, who seem to have rifled it, and share its beauties
among them.

My soul waits at the portal of thy breast,

To ravish from thy lips the welcome news. ANNA BULLEN.

My soul stands list'ning at my ears. CYRUS THE GREAT

Love to his tune my jarring heart would bring.

But reason overwinds, and cracks the string. D. OF GUISE

—I should have loved,

Though Jove, in muttering thunder, had forbid it.

NEW SOPHONISBA

And when it (*my heart*) wild resolves to love no more,

Then is the triumph of excessive love. Ibid.

⁵ Massinissa is one-fourth less happy than Tom Thumb.

Oh! happy, happy, happy! Ibid.

⁶ No by myself.

ANNA BULLEN.

⁷ —Who caused

This dreadful revolution in my fate.

Ulamar. Who but a dog—who but a dog? LIBERTY AS.

⁸ —A bride,

Who twenty years lay loving by your side.

BANKS.

⁹ For, borne upon a cloud, from high I'll fall,

And rain down royal vengeance on you all. ALB. QUEENS.

¹⁰ An information very like this we have in the tragedy of
Love, where, Cyrus having stormed in the most violent man-
ner, Cyaxares observes very calmly,

Why, nephew Cyrus, you are moved.

¹¹ 'Tis in your choice.

Love me, or love me not.

CONQUEST OF GRANADA

We were indeed a pretty king of clouts
To truckle to her will—For when by force
Or art the wife her husband over-reaches,
Give him the petticoat, and her the breeches.[mine!]

Thumb. ¹ Whisper ye winds, that Huncamunca's
Echoes repeat, that Huncamunca's mine!
The dreadful bus'ness of the war is o'er,
And beauty, heav'nly beauty! crowns my toils!
I've thrown the bloody garment now aside
And hymeneal sweets invite my bride.

So when some chimney-sweeper all the day
Hath through dark paths pursued the sooty way,
At night to wash his hands and face he flies,
And in his t'other shirt with his Brickdusta lies.

SCENE IV.

Grizzle (solus.) ² Where art thou, Grizzle? where
are now thy glories?

Where are the drums that waken thee to honour?
Greatness is a laced coat from Monmouth-street,
Which fortune lends us for a day to wear,
To-morrow puts it on another's back.
The spiteful sun but yesterday survey'd
His rival high as Saint Paul's cupola;
Now may he see me as Fleet-ditch laid low.

SCENE V.—QUEEN, GRIZZLE.

Queen. ³ Teach me to scold, prodigious-minded
Mountain of treason, ugly as the devil, [Grizzle.
Teach this confounded hateful mouth of mine
To spout forth words malicious as thyself,
Words which might shame all Billingsgate to speak.

Griz. Far be it from my pride to think my tongue
Your royal lips can in that art instruct,
Wherein you so excel. But may I ask,
Without offence, wherefore my queen would scold?

Queen. Wherefore? Oh! blood and thunder!
han't you heard

(What ev'ry corner of the court resounds)
That little Thumb will be a great man made?

Griz. I heard it, I confess—for who, alas!

⁴ Can always stop his ears?—But would my teeth,
By grinding knives, had first been set on edge!

Queen. Would I had heard, at the still noon of
The hallaloo of fire in every street! [night,

Odsbobs! I have a mind to hang myself,
To think I should a grandmother be made

By such a rascal!—Sure the king forgets
When in a pudding, by his mother put,
The bastard, by a tinker, on a stile
Was dropp'd.—O, good lord Grizzle! can I bear
To see him from a pudding mount the throne?

Or can, Oh can, my Huncamunca bear
To take a pudding's offspring to her arms?

Griz. Oh horror! horror! horror! cease, my queen.

⁵ Thy voice, like twenty screech-owls, wracks my
brain.

Queen. Then rouse thy spirit—we may yet prevent
This hated match.

Griz. —We will ⁶; nor fate itself, [cause it.
Should it conspire with Thomas Thumb, should

¹ There is not one beauty in this charming speech but what
hath been borrow'd by almost every tragic writer.

² Mr. Banks has (I wish I could not say too servilely) imi-
tated this of Grizzle in his earl of Essex:

Where art thou, Essex, &c.

³ The countess of Nottingham, in the earl of Essex, is appa-
rently acquainted with Dollallolla.

⁴ Grizzle was not probably possessed of that glue of which
Mr. Banks speaks in his Cyrus.

I'll glue my ears to every word.

⁵ Screech-owls, dark ravens, and amphibious monsters,
Are screaming in that voice. MARY Q. OF SCOTS.

⁶ The reader may see all the beauties of this speech in a late
ode, called the Naval Lyrick.

I'll swim through seas; I'll ride upon the clouds;
I'll dig the earth; I'll blow out every fire;
I'll rave; I'll rant; I'll rise; I'll rush; I'll roar;
Fierce as the man whom ¹ smiling dolphins bore }
From the prosaic to poetic shore.

I'll tear the scoundrel into twenty pieces. [not;

Queen. Oh, no! prevent the match, but hurt him
For, though I would not have him have my daughter,
Yet can we kill the man that kill'd the giants?

Griz. I tell you, madam, it was all a trick;
He made the giants first, and then he kill'd them;
As fox-hunters bring foxes to the wood,
And then with hounds they drive them out again.

Queen. How! have you seen no giants? Are
there not

Now, in the yard, ten thousand proper giants?

Griz. ² Indeed I cannot positively tell,
But firmly do believe there is not one. [away;

Queen. Hence! from my sight! thou traitor, hie
By all my stars! thou enviest Tom Thumb.

Go, sirrah! go, ³ hie away! hie!—thou art
A setting-dog: be gone.

Griz. Madam, I go. [raised.

Tom Thumb shall feel the vengeance you have
So, when two dogs are fighting in the streets,
With a third dog one of the two dogs meets,
With angry teeth he bites him to the bone,
And this dog smarts for what that dog has done.

SCENE VI.

Queen (sola). And whither shall I go?—Alack a
day!

I love Tom Thumb—but must not tell him so;
For what's a woman when her virtue's gone?

A coat without its lace; wig out of buckle;

A stocking with a hole in 't—I can't live

Without my virtue, or without Tom Thumb.

⁴ Then let me weigh them in two equal scales;

In this scale put my virtue, that Tom Thumb.

Alas! Tom Thumb is heavier than my virtue.

But hold!—perhaps I may be left a widow:

This match prevented, then Tom Thumb is mine:

In that dear hope I will forget my pain.

So, when some wench to Tothill Bridewell's sent,
With beating hemp and flogging she's content;
She hopes in time to ease her present pain,
At length is free, and walks the streets again.

¹ This epithet to a dolphin doth not give one so clear an
idea as were to be wished; a smiling fish seeming a little
more difficult to be imagined than a flying fish. Mr. Dryden
is of opinion that smiling is the property of reason, and that
no irrational creature can smile:

Smiles not allow'd to beasts from reason move.

STATE OF INNOCENCE.

² These lines are written in the same key with those in the
earl of Essex:

Why, say'st thou so? I love thee well, indeed

I do, and thou shalt find by this 'tis true.

Or with this in Cyrus:

The most heroic mind that ever was.

And with above half of the modern tragedies.

³ Aristotle, in that excellent work of his which is very
justly styl'd his master-piece, earnestly recommends using the
terms of art, however coarse or even indecent they may be.
Mr. Tate is of the same opinion.

BRU. Do not, like young hawks, fetch a course about:
Your game flies fair.

FRA. Do not fear it.

He answers you in your hawking phrase. IN. LOVE.

I think these two great authorities are sufficient to justify Dol-
lallolla in the use of the phrase, 'Hie away, hie!' when in
the same line she says she is speaking to a setting-dog.

⁴ We meet with such another pair of scales in Dryden's
king Arthur:

Arthur and Oswald, and their different fates,
Are weighing now within the scales of heaven.

Also in Sebastian:

This hour my lot is weighing in the scales.

ACT II. SCENE I.—*The street.*—Bailiff, Follower.

Bail. Come on, my trusty fellow, come on;
This day discharge thy duty, and at night
A double mug of beer, and beer shall glad thee.
Stand here by me, this way must Noodle pass.

Fol. No more, no more, oh Bailiff! every word
Inspires my soul with virtue. Oh! I long
To meet the enemy in the street—and nab him:
To lay arresting hands upon his back,
And drag him trembling to the sponging-house.

Bail. There when I have him, I will sponge upon him.

Oh! glorious thought! by the sun, moon, and stars,
I will enjoy it, though it be in thought!
Yes, yes, my follower, I will enjoy it.

Fol. Enjoy it then some other time, for now
Our prey approaches.

Bail. Let us retire.

SCENE II. TOM THUMB, NOODLE, Bailiff, Follower.

Thumb. Trust me, my Noodle, I am wondrous
For, though I love the gentle Huncamunca, [sick;
Yet at the thought of marriage I grow pale:
For, oh!—² but swear thou'lt keep it ever secret,
I will unfold a tale will make thee stare

Nood. I swear by lovely Huncamunca's charms.

Thumb. Then know—³ my grandmamma hath
Tom Thumb, beware of marriage. [often said,

Nood. Sir, I blush
To think a warrior, great in arms as you,
Should be affrighted by his grandmamma.
Can an old woman's empty dreams deter
The blooming hero from the virgin's arms?
Think of the joy that will your soul alarm,
When in her fond embraces clasp'd you lie,
While on her panting breast, dissolved in bliss,
You pour out all Tom Thumb in every kiss. [soul;

Thumb. Oh! Noodle, thou hast fired my eager
Spite of my grandmother she shall be mine;
I'll hug, caress, I'll eat her up with love:
Whole days, and nights, and years shall be too short
For our enjoyment; every sun shall rise

⁴ Blushing to see us in our bed together.

Nood. Oh, sir! this purpose of your soul pursue.

Bail. Oh! sir! I have an action against you.

Nood. At whose suit is it?

Bail. At your tailor's, sir.

Your tailor put this warrant in my hands,
And I arrest you, sir, at his commands. [face!

Thumb. Ha! dogs! Arrest my friend before my
Think you Tom Thumb will suffer this disgrace?

¹ Mr. Rowe is generally imagined to have taken some hints from this scene in his character of Bajazet; but as he, of all the tragic writers, bears the least resemblance to our author in his diction, I am unwilling to imagine he would condescend to copy him in this particular.

² This method of surprising an audience, by raising their expectation to the highest pitch, and then baulking it, hath been practised with great success by most of our tragic authors

³ Almeyda, in Sebastian, is in the same distress:

Sometimes methinks I hear the groan of ghosts,
Thin hollow sounds and lamentable screams;
Then, like a dying echo from afar,
My mother's voice that cries, Wed not, Almeyda;
Forewarn'd, Almeyda, marriage is thy crime.

⁴ "As very well he may, if he hath any modesty in him," says Mr. D—s. The author of *Busiris* is extremely zealous to prevent the sun's blushing at any indecent object; and therefore on all such occasions he addresses himself to the sun, and desires him to keep out of the way.

Rise never more, O sun! let night prevail,
Eternal darkness close the world's wide scene. *BUSIRIS.*
Sun, hide thy face, and put the world in mourning. *Ibid.*

Mr. Banks makes the sun perform the office of Hymen, and therefore not likely to be disgusted at such a sight:

The sun sets forth like a gay bridegroom with you.
MARY Q. OF SCOTS.

But let vain cowards threaten by their word,
Tom Thumbs hall show his anger by his sword.

[*Kills Bailiff and Follower.*

Bail. Oh, I am slain!

Fol. I am murdered also,
And to the shades, the dismal shades below,
My bailiff's faithful follower I go.

Nood. ¹ Go then to hell, like rascals as you are,
And give our service to the bailiffs there.

Thumb. Thus perish all the bailiffs in the land,
Till debtors at noon-day shall walk the streets,
And no one fear a bailiff or his writ.

SCENE III.—*The Princess HUNCAMUNCA'S Apartment.*—HUNCAMUNCA, CLEORA, MUSTACHA.

Hunc. ² Give me some music—see that it be sad.

CLEORA sings.

Cupid, ease a love-sick maid,
Bring thy quiver to her aid;
With equal ardour wound the swain
Beauty should never sigh in vain.
Let him feel the pleasing smart,
Drive the arrow through his heart:
When one you wound, you then destroy;
When both you kill, you kill with joy.

Hunc. ³ O Tom Thumb! Tom Thumb! wherefore art thou Tom Thumb?

Why hadst thou not been born of royal race?
Why had not mighty Bantam been thy father?
Or else the king of Brentford, Old or New?

Must. I am surprised that your highness can give yourself a moment's uneasiness about that little insignificant fellow, ⁴ Tom Thumb the Great—one properer for a plaything than a husband. Were he my husband his horns should be as long as his body. If you had fallen in love with a grenadier, I should not have wondered at it. If you had fallen in love with something; but to fall in love with nothing!

Hunc. Cease, my Mustacha, on thy duty cease.
The zephyr, when in flowery vales it plays,
Is not so soft, so sweet as Thummy's breath.
The dove is not so gentle to its mate.

Must. The dove is every bit as proper for a husband.—Alas! Madam, there's not a beau about the court looks so little like a man. He is a perfect butterfly, a thing without substance, and almost without shadow too.

Hunc. This rudeness is unseasonable: desist;
Or I shall think this railing comes from love.
Tom Thumb's a creature of that charming form,
That no one can abuse, unless they love him.

Must. Madam, the king.

SCENE IV.—KING, HUNCAMUNCA.

King. Let all but Huncamunca leave the room.

[*Exeunt CLEORA and MUSTACHA.*

Daughter, I have observed of late some grief
Unusual in your countenance: your eyes

⁵ That, like two open windows, used to show

¹ Neurmahal sends the same message to heaven;

For I would have you when you upwards move,
Speak kindly of us to our friends above. *AURENGZEBE.*

We find another to hell, in the Persian Princess

Villain, get thee down
To hell, and tell them that the fray's begun.

² Anthony gives the same command in the same words.

³ Oh! Marius. Marius, wherefore art thou Marius?

OTWAY'S MARIUS

⁴ Nothing is more common than these seeming contradictions; such as,

Haughty weakness, *VICTIM.*
Great small world. *NOAH'S FLOOD.*

⁵ Lee hath improved this metaphor:

Dost thou not view joy peeping from my eyes,
The casements open'd wide to gaze on thee?
So Rome's glad citizens to windows rise,
When they some young triumpher slain would see.

GLORIANA.

The lovely beauty of the rooms within, [cause?
Have now two blinds before them. What is the
Say, have you not enough of meat and drink?
We've given strict orders not to have you stinted.

Hunc. Alas! my lord, I value not myself
That once I eat two fowls and half a pig;
Small is that praise! but oh! a maid may want
What she neither can eat nor drink.

King. What's that?

Hunc. O² spare my blushes; but I mean a hus-

King. If that be all, I have provided one, [band.
A husband great in arms, whose warlike sword
Streams with the yellow blood of slaughter'd giants,
Whose name in Terrâ Incognitâ is known,
Whose valour, wisdom, virtue make a noise
Great as the kettle-drums of twenty armies.

Hunc. Whom does my royal father mean?

King. Tom Thumb.

Hunc. Is it possible?

King. Ha! the window-blinds are gone;
A country-dance of joy is in your face.

Your eyes spit fire, your cheeks grow red as beef.

Hunc. O, there's a magic-music in that sound,
Enough to turn me into beef indeed!

Yes, I will own, since licensed by your word,
I'll own Tom Thumb the cause of all my grief.
For him I've sigh'd, I've wept, I've gnaw'd my
sheets. [more.

King. Oh! thou shalt gnaw thy tender sheets no
A husband thou shalt have to mumble now. [tell

Hunc. Oh! happy sound! henceforth let no one
That Huncamunca shall lead apes in hell.
Oh! I am overjoy'd!

King. I see thou art. [brows;
Joy lightens in thy eyes, and thunders from thy
Transports, like lightning, dart along thy soul,
As small-shot through a hedge.

Hunc. Oh! say not small.

King. This happy news shall on our tongue ride
Ourselves we bear the happy news to Thumb. [post,
Yet think not, daughter, that your powerful charms
Must still detain the hero from his arms;
Various his duty, various his delight;
Now in his turn to kiss, and now to fight,

¹ Almahide hath the same contempt for these appetites:
To eat and drink can no perfection be.

CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

The earl of Essex is of a different opinion, and seems to
place the chief happiness of a general therein:

Were but commanders half so well rewarded,
Then they might eat.

BANKS'S EARL OF ESSEX.

But, if we may believe one who knows more than either, the
devil himself, we shall find eating to be an affair of more
moment than is generally imagined:

ods are immortal only by their food.

LUCIFER, in the STATE OF INNOCENCE.

² "This expression is enough of itself," says Mr. D., "ut-
terly to destroy the character of Huncamunca!" Yet we find
a woman of no abandoned character in Dryden adventuring
farther, and thus excusing herself:

To speak our wishes first, forbid it pride,
Forbid it modesty; true, they forbid it,
But Nature does not. When we are athirst,
Or hungry, will imperious Nature stay,
Nor eat, nor drink, before 'tis bid fall on?

CLEOMENES.

Cassandra speaks before she is asked: Huncamunca after-
wards. Cassandra speaks her wishes to her lover: Hunca-
munca only to her father.

³ Her eyes resistless magic bear;
Angels, I see, and gods, are dancing there.

LEE'S SOPHONISBA.

⁴ Mr. Dennis, in that excellent tragedy called *Liber's As-*
serted, which is thought to have given so great a stroke to the
late French king, hath frequent imitations of this beautiful
speech of king Arthur:

Conquest light'ning in his eyes, and thund'ring in his arm.
Joy lighten'd in her eyes.
Joys like light'ning dart along my soul.

And now to kiss again. So, mighty Jove,
When with excessive thund'ring tired above,
Comes down to earth, and takes a bit—and then
Flies to his trade of thund'ring back again.

SCENE V.—GRIZZLE, HUNCAMUNCA.

² *Griz.* Oh! Huncamunca, Huncamunca, oh!
Thy pouting breasts, like kettle-drums of brass,
Beat everlasting loud alarms of joy;
As bright as brass they are, and oh, as hard.
Oh! Huncamunca, Huncamunca, oh!

Hunc. Ha! dost thou know me, princess as I am,
³ That thus of me you dare to make your game?

Griz. Oh! Huncamunca, well I know that you
A princess are, and a king's daughter, too;
But love no meanness scorns, no grandeur fears;
Love often lords into the cellar bears,
And bids the sturdy porter come up stairs.
For what's too high for love, or what's too low?
Oh! Huncamunca, Huncamunca, oh!

Hunc. But, granting all you say of love were true,
My love, alas! is to another due.

In vain to me a suitoring you come,
For I'm already promised to Tom Thumb.

Griz. And can my princess such a durgen wed?
One fitter for your pocket than your bed!

Advised by me, the worthless baby shun,
Or you will ne'er be brought to bed of one.

Oh take me to thy arms, and never flinch,
Who am a man, by Jupiter! every inch.

⁴ Then, while in joys together lost we lie,
I'll press thy soul while gods stand wishing by

Hunc. If, sir, what you insinuate you prove,
All obstacles of promise you remove;

For all engagements to a man must fall,
Whene'er that man is proved no man at all. [miss,

Griz. Oh! let him seek some dwarf, some fairy
Where no joint-stool must lift him to the kiss!

But, by the stars and glory! you appear
Much fitter for a Prussian grenadier;

One globe alone on Atlas' shoulders rests,
Two globes are less than Huncamunca's breasts;

The milky way is not so white, that's flat,
And sure thy breasts are full as large as that.

Hunc. Oh, sir, so strong your eloquence I find,
It is impossible to be unkind. [⁵ sound

Griz. Ah! speak that o'er again, and let the
From one pole to another pole rebound;

The earth and sky each be a battledore,
And keep the sound, that shuttlecock, up an hour:

To Doctors Commons for a licence I
Swift as an arrow from a bow will fly.

Hunc. Oh, no! lest some disaster we should meet,
'Twere better to be married at the Fleet.

Griz. Forbid it, all ye powers, a princess should

¹ Jove, with excessive thund'ring tired above,
Comes down for ease, enjoys a nymph, and then
Mounts dreadful, and to thund'ring goes again. GLORIANA

² This beautiful line, which ought, says Mr. W—, to be
written in gold, is imitated in the New Sophonisba:

Oh! Sophonisba; Sophonisba, oh!

Oh! Narva; Narva, oh!

The author of a song called Duke upon Duke hath improved it:
Alas! O Nick! O Nick, alas!

Where, by the help of a little false spelling, you have two
meanings in the repeated words.

³ Edith, in the *Bloody Brother*, speaks to her lover in the
same familiar language:

Your grace is full of game.

⁴ Traverse the glitt'ring chambers of the sky,
Borne on a cloud in view of fate I'll lie,
And press her soul while gods stand wishing by.

HANNIBAL.

⁵ Let the four winds from distant corners meet,
And on their wings first bear it into France;
Then back again to Edina's proud walls,
Till victim to the sound th' aspiring city falls.

ALBION QUEENS.

By that vile place contaminate her blood ;
My quick return shall to my charmer prove
I travel on the ¹ post-horses of love.

Hunc. Those post-horses to me will seem too slow
Though they should fly swift as the gods, when they
Ride on behind that post-boy, Opportunity.

SCENE VI.—TOM THUMB, HUNCAMUNCA.

Thumb. Where is my princess? where's my Huncamunca?

Where are those eyes, those cardmatches of love,
That ² light up all with love my waxen soul?
Where is that face which artful nature made

³ In the same moulds where Venus' self was cast?

Hunc. ⁴ Oh! what is music to the ear that's deaf,
Or a goose-pie to him that has no taste?
What are these praises now to me, since I
Am promised to another?

Thumb. Ha! promised?

Hunc. Too sure; 'tis written in the book of fate.

Thumb. ⁵ Then I will tear away the leaf
Wherein it's writ; or, if fate won't allow
So large a gap within its journal-book,
I'll blot it out at least.

SCENE VII.—GLUMDALCA, TOM THUMB, HUNC.

Glum. ⁶ I need not ask if you are Huncamunca,

¹ I do not remember any metaphors so frequent in the
tragic poets as those borrowed from riding post

The gods and opportunity ride post. HANNIBAL.

—Let's rush together,

For death rides post: DUKE OF GUISE.

Destruction gallops to thy murder post. GLORIANA.

² This image, too, very often occurs:

—Bright as when thy eye

First lighted up our loves. AURENGZEBE.

'Tis not a crown alone lights up my name. BUSIRIS.

³ There is great dissension among the poets concerning the
method of making man. One tells his mistress that the mould
she was made in being lost, Heaven cannot form such another.
Lucifer, in Dryden, gives a merry description of his own
formation:

Whom heaven, neglecting, made and scarce design'd,
But threw me in for number to the rest. STATE OF INNOC.

In one place the same poet supposes man to be made of metal:

I was form'd

Of that coarse metal which, when she was made,

The gods threw by for rubbish. ALL FOR LOVE.

In another of dough:

When the gods moulded up the paste of man,

Some of their clay was left upon their hands,

And so they made Egyptians. CLEOMENES.

In another of clay:

—Rubbish of remaining clay. SEBASTIAN.

One makes the soul of wax;

Her waxen soul begins to melt apace. ANNA BULLEN.

Another of flint:

Sure our two souls have somewhere been acquainted

In former beings, or, struck out together,

One spark to Afric flew, and one to Portugal. SEBASTIAN.

To omit the great quantities of iron, brazen, and leaden souls
which are so plenty in modern authors—I cannot omit the
dress of a soul as we find it in Dryden:

Souls shirted but with air. KING ARTHUR.

Nor can I pass by a particular sort of soul in a particular
sort of description in the New Sophonisba.

Ye mysterious powers,

—Whether thro' your gloomy depths I wander,

Or on the mountains walk, give me the calm,

The steady smiling soul, where wisdom sheds

Eternal sunshine, and eternal joy.

⁴ This line Mr. Banks has plunder'd entire in his Anna Bullen.

⁵ Good Heaven! the book of fate before me lay,

But to tear out the journal of that day.

Or, if the order of the world below

Will not the gap of one whole day allow,

Give me that minute when she made her vow.

CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

⁶ I know some of the commentators have imagined that Mr.
Dryden, in the altercative scene between Cleopatra and
Octavia, a scene which Mr. Addison inveighs against with
great bitterness, is much beholden to our author. How just
this their observation is I will not presume to determine.

Your brandy-nose proclaims—

Hunc. I am a princess;

Nor Need I ask who you are.

Glum. A giantess;

The queen of those who made and unmade queens.

Hunc. The man whose chief ambition is to be

My sweetheart hath destroy'd these mighty giants.

Glum. Your sweetheart? Dost thou think the
man who once

Hath worn my easy chains will e'er wear thine?

Hunc. Well may your chains be easy, since, if fame
Says true, they have been tried on twenty husbands.

¹ The glove or boot, so many times pull'd on,

May well sit easy on the hand or foot.

Glum. I glory in the number, and when I
Sit poorly down, like thee, content with one,
Heaven change this face for one as bad as thine.

Hunc. Let me see nearer what this beauty is
That captivates the heart of men by scores.

[Holds a candle to her face.

Oh! Heaven, thou art as ugly as the devil. [shop

Glum. You'd give the best of shoes within your

To be but half so handsome.

Hunc. Since you come

² To that, I'll put my beauty to the test:

Tom Thumb, I'm yours, if you with me will go.

Glum. Oh! stay Tom Thumb, and you alone shall
That bed where twenty giants used to lie. [fill

Thumb. In the balcony that o'erhangs the stage,

I've seen a whore two 'prentices engage;

One half-a-crown does in his fingers hold,

The other shows a little piece of gold;

She the half-guinea wisely does purloin,

And leaves the larger and the baser coin.

Glum. Left, scorn'd, and loath'd for such a chit as

³ I feel the storm that's rising in my mind, [this;

Tempests and whirlwinds rise, and roll, and roar.

I'm all within a hurricane, as if

⁴ The world's four winds were pent within my carcase.

⁵ Confusion, horror, murder, guts, and death!

SCENE VIII.—KING, GLUMDALCA.

King. ⁶ Sure never was so sad a king as I!

⁷ My life is worn as ragged as a coat

A beggar wears; a prince should put it off.

⁸ To love a captive and a giantess!

Oh love! oh love! how great a king art thou!

My tongue's thy trumpet, and thou trumpetest,

¹ "A cobbling poet indeed," says Mr. D.; and yet I believe
we may find as monstrous images in the tragic authors: I'll
put down one:

Untie your folded thoughts, and let them dangle loose as
a bride's hair. INJURED LOVE.

Which line seems to have as much title to a milliner's shop as
our author's to a shoemaker's.

² Mr. L— takes occasion in this place to commend the
great care of our author to preserve the metre of blank verse,
in which Shakspeare, Jonson, and Fletcher, were so notori-
ously negligent; and the moderns, in imitation of our author,
so laudably observant:

Then does

Your majesty believe that he can be

A traitor?

EARL OF ESSEX.

Every page of Sophonisba gives us instances of this excellence.

³ Love mounts and rolls about my stormy mind.

AURENGZEBE.

Tempests and whirlwinds thro' my bosom move. CLEOM.

⁴ With such a furious tempest on his brow,

As if the world's four winds were pent within

His blustering carcase.

ANNA BULLEN.

⁵ Verba Tragica.

⁶ This speech has been terribly mauled by the poet.

⁷ —My life is worn to rags,

Not worth a prince's wearing.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

⁸ Must I beg the pity of my slave?

Must a king beg? But love's a greater king,

A tyrant, nay, a devil, that possesses me.

He tunes the organ of my voice and speaks.

Unknown to me, within me.

SEBASTIAN.

Unknown to me, within me. ¹ Oh, Glumdalca!

Heaven thee design'd a giantess to make,
But an angelic soul was shuffled in.

² I am a multitude of walking griefs,

And only on her lips the balm is found

³ To spread a plaster that might cure them all.

Glum. What do I hear?

King. What do I see?

Glum. Oh!

King. Ah!

⁴ *Glum.* Ah! wretched queen!

King. Oh! wretched king!

⁵ *Glum.* Ah

King. Oh!

SCENE IX.—TOM THUMB, HUNCAMUNCA, Parson.

Par. Happy's the wooing that's not long a doing;
For, if I guess right, Tom Thumb this night
Shall give a being to a new Tom Thumb.

Thumb. It shall be my endeavour so to do.

Hunc. Oh! fie upon you, sir, you make me blush.

Thumb. It is the virgin's sign, and suits you well:

⁶ I know not where, nor how, nor what I am;

⁷ I'm so transported, I have lost myself.

Hunc. Forbid it, all ye stars, for you're so small,
That were you lost, you'd find yourself no more.

¹ When thou wert form'd heaven did a man begin;

But a brute soul by chance was shuffled in. AURENGZEBE.

² I am a multitude
Of walking griefs.

NEW SOPHONISBA.

³ I will take thy scorpion blood,

And lay it to my grief till I have ease. ANNA BULLEN.

⁴ Our author, who everywhere shows his great penetration into human nature, here outdoes himself: where a less judicious poet would have raised a long scene of whining love, he, who understood the passions better, and that so violent an affection as this must be too big for utterance, chooses rather to send his characters off in this sullen and doleful manner, in which admirable conduct he is imitated by the author of the justly celebrated *Eurydice*. Dr. Young seems to point at this violence of passion:

—Passion chokes

Their words, and they're the statues of despair.

And Seneca tells us, "*Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupeant.*" The story of the Egyptian king in Herodotus is too well known to need to be inserted; I refer the more curious reader to the excellent Montaigne, who hath written an essay on this subject.

⁵ To part is death.

'Tis death to part.

Ah!

Oh! DON CARLOS.

Nor know I whether

What am I, who, or where.

BUSIRIS.

I was I know not what, and am I know not how.

GLORIANA.

⁷ To understand sufficiently the beauty of this passage, it will be necessary that we comprehend every man to contain two selfs. I shall not attempt to prove this from philosophy, which the poets make so plainly evident.

One runs away from the other:

—Let me demand your majesty,

Why fly you from yourself?

DUKE OF GUISE.

In a second, one self is a guardian to the other:

Leave me the care of me.

CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

Again:

Myself am to myself less near.

Ibid.

In the same, the first self is proud of the second:

I myself am proud of me.

STATE OF INNOCENCE.

In a third, distrustful of him:

Fain I would tell, but whisper it in my ear,

That none besides might hear, nay, not myself.

EARL OF ESSEX.

In a fourth, honours him:

I honour Rome,

And honour too myself.

SOPHONISBA.

In a fifth, at variance with him:

Leave me not thus at variance with myself.

BUSIRIS.

Again, in a sixth:

I find myself divided from myself.

MEDEA.

She seemed the sad effigies of herself

BANKS.

So the unhappy sempstress once, they say,

Her needle in a pottle, lost, of hay;

In vain she look'd, and look'd, and made her moan,
For ah, the needle was for ever gone.

Par. Long may they live, and love, and propagate,
Till the whole land be peopled with Tom Thumbs!

¹ So, when the Cheshire cheese a maggot breeds,

Another and another still succeeds:

By thousands and ten thousands they increase,

Till one continued maggot fills the rotten cheese.

SCENE X.—NOODLE, and then GRIZZLE.

Nood. ² Sure, Nature means to break her solid
Or else unfix the world, and in a rage [chain,
To hurl it from its axletree and hinges;

All things are so confused, the king's in love,

The queen is drunk, the princess married is.

Griz. Oh, Noodle! Hast thou Huncamunca seen?

Nood. I've seen a thousand sights this day, where
Are by the wonderful bitch herself outdone. [none
The king, the queen, and all the court, are sights.

Griz. ³ D—n your delay, you trifler! are you drunk,
I will not hear one word but Huncamunca. [ha?

Nood. By this time she is married to Tom Thumb.

Griz. ⁴ My Huncamunca!

Nood. Your Huncamunca, [munca.
Tom Thumb's Huncamunca, every man's Hunca-

Griz. If this be true, all womankind are damn'd.

Nood. If it be not, may I be so myself.

Griz. See where she comes! I'll not believe a word
Against that face, upon whose ⁵ ample brow
Sits innocence with majesty enthroned.

GRIZZLE, HUNCAMUNCA.

Griz. Where has my Huncamunca been? See here.
The licence in my hand!

Hunc. Alas! Tom Thumb.

Griz. Why dost thou mention him?

Hunc. Ah, me! Tom Thumb.

Griz. What means my lovely Huncamunca?

Hunc. Hum!

Griz. Oh! speak.

Hunc. Hum!

Griz. Ha! your every word is hum:

⁶ You force me still to answer you, Tom Thumb.

Tom Thumb—I'm on the rack—I'm in a flame.

⁷ Tom Thumb, Tom Thumb, Tom Thumb—you love
the name;

So pleasing is that sound, that, were you dumb,

You still would find a voice to cry Tom Thumb.

Hunc. Oh! be not hasty to proclaim my doom!

My ample heart for more than one has room:

A maid like me Heaven form'd at least for two.

⁸ I married him, and now I'll marry you.

Assist me, Zulema, if thou wouldst be

The friend thou seem'st, assist me against me. ALB. Q.

From all which it appears that there are two selfs; and therefore Tom Thumb's losing himself is no such solecism as it hath been represented by men rather ambitious of criticising than qualified to criticise.

¹ Mr. F— imagines this parson to have been a Welsh one, from his simile.

² Our author hath been plundered here, according to custom.

Great nature, break thy chain that links together

The fabric of the world, and make a chaos

Like that within my soul.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

—Startle Nature, unfix the globe,

And hurl it from its axletree and hinges. ALBION QUEENS.

The tott'ring earth seems sliding off its props.

³ D—n your delay, ye torturers, proceed;

I will not hear one word but Almahide. CONQ. OF GRAN.

⁴ Mr. Dryden hath imitated this in *All for Love*.

⁵ This Miltonic style abounds in the *New Sophonisba*:

—And on her ample brow

Sat majesty.

⁶ Your ev'ry answer still so ends in that,

You force me still to answer you Morat. AURENGZEBE.

⁷ Morat, Morat, Morat! you love the name.

Ibid.

⁸ "Here is a sentiment for the virtuous Huncamunca!" says

Griz. Ha! dost thou own thy falsehood to my face?
Think'st thou that I will share thy husband's place?
Since to that office one cannot suffice,
And since you scorn to dine one single dish on,
Go, get your husband put into commission.
Commissioners to discharge (ye gods! it fine is)
The duty of a husband to your highness.
Yet think not long I will my rival bear,
Or unrevenge the slighted willow wear;
The gloomy, brooding tempest, now confined
Within the hollow caverns of my mind,
In dreadful whirl shall roll along the coasts,
Shall thin the land of all the men it boasts,
And cram up ev'ry chink of hell with ghosts.
² So have I seen, in some dark winter's day,
A sudden storm rush down the sky's highway,
Sweep through the streets with terrible ding-dong,
Gush through the spouts, and wash whole clouds
along.

The crowded shops the thronging vermin screen,
Together cram the dirty and the clean,
And not one shoe-boy in the street is seen.

Hunc. Oh, fatal rashness! should his fury slay
My hapless bridegroom on his wedding-day,
I, who this morn of two chose which to wed,
May go again this night alone to bed.

³ So have I seen some wild unsettled fool,
Who had her choice of this and that joint-stool,
To give the preference to either loth,
And fondly coveting to sit on both,
While the two stools her sitting-part confound,
Between 'em both fall squat upon the ground.

ACT III. SCENE I.—KING ARTHUR'S Palace.

⁴*Ghost (solus).* Hail! ye black horrors of mid-
night's midnight!

Mr. D—s. And yet, with the leave of this great man, the
virtuous Panthea, in Cyrus, hath a heart every whit as ample:

For two I must confess are gods to me,

Which is my Abradatus first, and thee. *CYRUS THE GR.*

Nor is the lady in Love Triumphant more reserved, though not
so intelligible:

I am so divided,

That I grieve most for both, and love both most.

¹ A ridiculous supposition to any one who considers the
great and extensive largeness of hell, says a commentator; but
not so to those who consider the great expansion of immaterial
substance. *Mr. Banks* makes one soul to be so expanded, that
heaven could not contain it:

The heavens are all too narrow for her soul.

VIRTUE BETRAYED.

The Persian Princess hath a passage not unlike the author
of this:

We will send such shoals of murder'd slaves,
Shall glut hell's empty regions.

This threatens to fill hell, even though it was empty: lord
Grizzle, only to fill up the chinks, supposing the rest already
full.

² *Mr. Addison* is generally thought to have had this simile
in his eye when he wrote that beautiful one at the end of the
third act of his *Cato*.

³ This beautiful simile is founded on a proverb which does
honour to the English language:

Between two stools the breech falls to the ground.

I am not so well pleased with any written remains of the
ancients as with those little aphorisms which verbal tradition
hath delivered down to us under the title of proverbs. It were
to be wished that, instead of filling their pages with the fabu-
lous theology of the pagans, our modern poets would think it
worth their while to enrich their works with the proverbial
sayings of their ancestors. *Mr. Dryden* hath chronicled one
in heroic:

Two ifs scarce make one possibility. *CONQ. OF GRANADA.*

My lord Bacon is of opinion that whatever is known of arts
and sciences might be proved to have lurked in the Proverbs of
Solomon. I am of the same opinion in relation to those above-
mentioned; at least I am confident that a more perfect system
of ethics, as well as economy, might be compiled out of them
than is at present extant, either in the works of the ancient
philosophers, or those more valuable, as more voluminous ones
of the modern divines.

⁴ Of all the particulars in which the modern stage falls short

Ye fairies, goblins, bats, and screech-owls, hail!
And, oh! ye mortal watchmen, whose hoarse throats
Th' immortal ghosts dread croakings counterfeit,
All hail!—Ye dancing phantoms, who, by day,
Are some condemn'd to fast, some feast in fire,
Now play in churchyards, skipping o'er the graves,
To the loud music of the silent bell,
All hail!

SCENE II.—KING, GHOST.

King. What noise is this? What villain dares,
At this dread hour, with feet and voice profane,
Disturb our royal walls?

Ghost. One who defies
Thy empty power to hurt him; ² one who dares
Walk in thy bedchamber.

King. Presumptuous slave!
Thou diest.

Ghost. Threaten others with that word:

³ I am a ghost, and am already dead. [come,

King. Ye stars! 'tis well. Were thy last hour to
This moment had been it; ⁴ yet by thy shroud
I'll pull thee backward, squeeze thee to a bladder,
Till thou dost groan thy nothingness away.

Thou fly'st! 'Tis well. [*Ghost retires.*

⁵ I thought what was the courage of a ghost!

Yet, dare not, on thy life—Why say I that,
Since life thou hast not?—Dare not walk again
Within these walls, on pain of the Red sea.

For, if henceforth I ever find thee here,
As sure, sure as a gun, I'll have thee laid——

Ghost. Were the Red sea a sea of Hollands gin,
The liquor (when alive) whose very smell
I did detest, did loathe—yet, for the sake
Of Thomas Thumb, I would be laid therein.

King. Ha! said you?

Ghost. Yes, my liege, I said Tom Thumb,

of the ancient, there is none so much to be lamented as the
great scarcity of ghosts. Whence this proceeds I will not pre-
sume to determine. Some are of opinion that the moderns
are unequal to that sublime language which a ghost ought to
speak. One says, ludicrously, that ghosts are out of fashion;
another, that they are properer for comedy; forgetting, I sup-
pose, that Aristotle hath told us that a ghost is the soul of
tragedy; for so I render the *ψυχὴ ὁ μῦθος τῆς τραγωδίας*,
which *M. Dacier*, amongst others, hath mistaken; I suppose
misled by not understanding the *Fabula* of the Latins, which
signifies a ghost as well as fable.

"Te premet nox, fabulæque manes."

HOR.

Of all the ghosts that have ever appeared on the stage, a very
learned and judicious foreign critic gives the preference to this
of our author. These are his words, speaking of this tragedy:
—"Nec quidquam in illâ admirabilius quàm phasma quoddam
horrendum, quod omnibus aliis spectris, quibuscum scet
Angelorum tragedia, longè (pace D—ysii V. Doctiss. dixerim)
prætulerim."

¹ We have already given instances of this figure.

² *Almanzor* reasons in the same manner:

A ghost I'll be;

And from a ghost, you know, no place is free. *CONQ. OF GR.*

³ "The man who writ this wretched pun," says *Mr. D.*,
would have picked your pocket:" which he proceeds to show
not only bad in itself, but doubly so on so solemn an occasion.
And yet, in that excellent play of *Liberty Asserted*, we find
something very much resembling a pun in the mouth of a mis-
tress, who is parting with the lover she is fond of:

Ul. Oh, mortal woe! one kiss, and then farewell.

Irene. The gods have given to others to fare well.

O! miserably must *Irene* fare.

Agamemnon, in the Victim, is full as facetious on the most
solemn occasion—that of sacrificing his daughter:

Yes, daughter, yes; you will assist the priest;

Yes, you must offer up your—vows for Greece.

⁴ I'll pull thee backwards by thy shroud to light,

Or else I'll squeeze thee, like a bladder, there,

And make thee groan thyself away to air. *CONQ. OF GRAN.*

Snatch me, ye gods, this moment into nothing.

CYRUS THE GREAT.

⁵ So, art thou gone? Thou canst no conquest boast.

I thought what was the courage of a ghost. *CONQ. OF GR.*
King Arthur seems to be as brave a fellow as *Almanzor*, who
says most heroically,

In spite of ghosts I'll on.

Whose father's ghost I am—once not unknown
To mighty Arthur. But, I see, 'tis true,
The dearest friend, when dead, we all forget.

King. 'Tis he—it is the honest Gaffer Thumb.
Oh! let me press thee in my eager arms,
Thou best of ghosts! thou something more than ghost!

Ghost. Would I were something more, that we
Might feel each other in the warm embrace. [again
But now I have th' advantage of my king,
¹ For I feel thee, whilst thou dost not feel me.

King. But say, ² thou dearest air, Oh! say what
Important business sends thee back to earth? [dread,

Ghost. Oh! then prepare to hear—which but
Is full enough to send thy spirit hence. [to hear
Thy subjects up in arms, by Grizzle led,
Will, ere the rosy-finger'd morn shall ope
The shutters of the sky, before the gate
Of this thy royal palace, swarming spread.

³ So have I seen the bees in clusters swarm
So have I seen the stars in frosty nights,
So have I seen the sand in windy days,
So have I seen the ghost on Pluto's shore,
So have I seen the flowers in spring arise,
So have I seen the leaves in autumn fall,
So have I seen the fruits in summer smile,
So have I seen the snow in winter frown.

King. D—n all thou hast seen!—dost thou, be-
neath the shape

Of Gaffer Thumb, come hither to abuse me
With similes, to keep me on the rack?
Hence—or, by all the torments of thy hell,
⁴ I'll run thee through the body, though thou 'st none.

Ghost. Arthur, beware! I must this moment hence,
Not frightened by your voice, but by the cocks!

Arthur beware, beware, beware, beware!
Strive to avert thy yet impending fate;
For, if thou'rt kill'd to-day,
To-morrow all thy care will come too late.

SCENE III.—KING, *solus.*

King. Oh! stay, and leave me not uncertain thus!
And, whilst thou tellest me what 's like my fate,
Oh! teach me how I may avert it too!
Curs'd be the man who first a simile made!
Curs'd ev'ry bard who writes!—So have I seen
Those whose comparisons are just and true,
And those who liken things not like at all.
The devil is happy that the whole creation
Can furnish out no simile to his fortune.

SCENE IV.—KING, QUEEN.

Queen. What is the cause, my Arthur, that you steal
Thus silently from Dollallolla's breast?

Why dost thou leave me in the ⁵ dark alone,
When well thou know'st I am afraid of sprites?

King. Oh, Dollallolla! do not blame my love!
I hoped the fumes of last night's punch had laid
Thy lovely eyelids fast.—But, oh! I find
There is no power in drams to quiet wives;
Each morn, as the returning sun, they wake,
And shine upon their husbands.

¹ The ghost of Lausaria, in *Cyrus*, is a plain copy of this, and is therefore worth reading:

Ah, *Cyrus*!

Thou may'st as well grasp water, or fleet air,
As think of touching my immortal shade. *CYR. THE GR.*

² Thou better part of heavenly air. *CONQ. OF GRANADA.*

³ "A string of similes," says one, "proper to be hung up in the cabinet of a prince."

⁴ This passage hath been understood several different ways by the commentators. For my part, I find it difficult to understand it at all. Mr. Dryden says—

I've heard something how two bodies meet,
But how two souls join I know not.

So that, till the body of a spirit be better understood, it will be difficult to understand how it is possible to run him through it.

⁵ *Cydaria* is of the same fearful temper with Dollallolla.

I never durst in darkness be alone. *IND. EMP.*

Queen.

Think, Oh think!

What a surprise it must be to the sun,
Rising, to find the vanish'd world away.
What less can be the wretched wife's surprise
When, stretching out her arms to fold thee fast,
She found her useless bolster in her arms. [that!
¹ Think, think, on that.—Oh! think, think well on
I do remember also to have read

² In Dryden's *Ovid's Metamorphoses*,
That Jove in form inanimate did lie

With beauteous Danaë: and, trust me, love,

³ I fear'd the bolster might have been a Jove.

King. Come to my arms, most virtuous of thy sex!
Oh, Dollallolla! were all wives like thee,
So many husbands never had worn horns.
Should Huncamunca of thy worth partake,
Tom Thumb indeed were blest.—Oh, fatal name
For didst thou know one quarter what I know,
Then wouldst thou know—Alas! what thou wouldst
know! [speak

Queen. What can I gather hence? Why dost thou
Like men who carry rareeshows about?

"Now you shall see, gentlemen, what you shall see."
O, tell me more, or thou hast told too much.

SCENE V.—KING, QUEEN, NOODLE.

Nood. Long life attend your majesties serene,
Great Arthur, king, and Dollallolla, queen!
Lord Grizzle, with a bold rebellious crowd,
Advances to the palace, threat'ning loud,
Unless the princess be deliver'd straight,
And the victorious Thumb, without his pate,
They are resolv'd to batter down the gate. }

SCENE VI.—KING, QUEEN, HUNC., NOODLE.

King. See where the princess comes! Where is
Tom Thumb?

Hunc. Oh! sir, about an hour and half ago
He sallied out t' encounter with the foe,
And swore, unless his fate had him misled,
From Grizzle's shoulders to cut off his head,
And serve 't up with your chocolate in bed. }

King. 'Tis well, I found one devil told us both.
Come, Dollallolla, Huncamunca, come;
Within we'll wait for the victorious Thumb:
In peace and safety we secure may stay,
While to his arm we trust the bloody fray;
Though men and giants should conspire with gods,
⁴ He is alone equal to all these odds.

Queen. He is, indeed, ⁵ a helmet to us all;
While he supports we need not fear to fall;

¹ Think well of this, think that, think every way. *SOPHON.*

² These quotations are more usual in the comic than in the tragic writers.

³ "This distress," says Mr. D—, "I must allow to be extremely beautiful, and tends to heighten the virtuous character of Dollallolla, who is so exceeding delicate, that she is in the highest apprehension from the inanimate embrace of a bolster. An example worthy of imitation for all our writers of tragedy."

⁴ "Credat Judæus Appella,
Non ego,"

says Mr. D—. "For, passing over the absurdity of being equal to odds, can we possibly suppose a little insignificant fellow—I say again, a little insignificant fellow—able to vie with a strength which all the Samsons and Herculeses of antiquity would be unable to encounter?" I shall refer this incredulous critic to Mr. Dryden's defence of his *Almanzor*; and, lest that should not satisfy him, I shall quote a few lines from the speech of a much braver fellow than *Almanzor*, Mr. Johnson's *Achilles*:

Though human race rise in embattled hosts,
To force her from my arms—Oh! son of Atreus!
By that immortal pow'r, whose deathless spirit
Informs this earth, I will oppose them all. *VICTIM.*

⁵ "I have heard of being supported by a staff," says Mr. D., "but never of being supported by a helmet." I believe he never heard of sailing with wings, which he may read in no less a poet than Mr. Dryden:

Unless we borrow wings, and sail through air.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

What will he say to a kneeling valley?

His arm despatches all things to our wish,
And serves up ev'ry foe's head in a dish.
Void is the mistress of the house of care,
While the good cook presents the bill of fare;
Whether the cod, that northern king of fish,
Or duck, or goose, or pig, adorn the dish,
No fears the number of her guests afford,
But at her hour she sees the dinner on the board.

SCENE VII.—*Plain*.—GRIZZLE, FOODLE, Rebels.

Griz. Thus far our arms with victory are crown'd;
For, though we have not fought, yet we have found
No enemy to fight withal.

Food. Yet I,
Methinks, would willingly avoid this day,
² This first of April, to engage our foes.

Griz. This day, of all the days of th' year, I'd choose,
For on this day my grandmother was born.

Gods! I will make Tom Thumb an April-fool;
³ Will teach his wit an errand it ne'er knew,
And send it post to the Elysian shades.

Food. I'm glad to find our army is so stout,
Nor does it move my wonder less than joy.

Griz. ⁴ What friends we have, and how we came
I'll softly tell you as we march along. [so strong,

SCENE VIII.—*Thunder and Lightning*.—TOM
THUMB, GLUMDALCA, *cum suis*.

Thumb. Oh, Noodle! hast thou seen a day like this?
The unborn thunder rumbles o'er our heads,
⁵ As if the gods meant to unhinge the world,
And heaven and earth in wild confusion hurl;
Yet will I boldly tread the tott'ring ball.

Merl. Tom Thumb!

Thumb. What voice is this I hear?

Merl. Tom Thumb!

Thumb. Again it calls.

Merl. Tom Thumb!

Glum. It calls again.

Thumb. Appear, whoe'er thou art; I fear thee not.

Merl. Thou hast no cause to fear—I am thy friend,
Merlin by name, a conjuror by trade,
And to my art thou dost thy being owe.

Thumb. How! [Thumb.

Merl. Hear, then, the mystic getting of Tom

⁷ His father was a ploughman plain,
How in his heart he wish'd to have

His mother milk'd the cow;
A child, in time to come,
And yet the way to get a son
To be his heir, though it may be

This couple knew not how,
No bigger than his thumb:
Until such time the good old man
Of which old Merlin was fore-

To learned Merlin goes,
told
And there to him, in great dis-

tress,
That he his wish should have;
In secret manner shows
And so a son of stature small

The charmer to him gave.

—I'll stand

Like a safe valley, that low bends the knee

To some aspiring mountain.

INJURED LOVE.

I am ashamed of so ignorant a carper, who doth not know that an epithet in tragedy is very often no other than an expletive. Do not we read in the New Sophonisba of "grinding chains, blue plagues, white occasions, and blue serenity?" Nay, it is not the adjective only, but sometimes half a sentence is put by way of expletive, as, "Beauty pointed high with spirit," in the same play; and, "In the lap of blessing, to be most curst," in the *Revenge*.

¹ A victory like that of Almanzor:

Almanzor is victorious without fight. CONQ. OF GRAN.

² Well have we chose an happy day for fight;

For every man, in course of time, has found

Some days are lucky, some unfortunate. K. ARTHUR.

³ We read of such another in Lee:

Teach his rude wit a flight she never made,

And send her post to the Elysian shade. GLORIANA.

⁴ These lines are copied verbatim in the Indian Emperor.

⁵ Unborn thunder rolling in a cloud. CONQ. OF GRANADA.

⁶ Were heaven and earth in wild confusion hurl'd,

Should the rash gods unhinge the rolling world,

Undaunted would I tread the tott'ring ball,

Crush'd, but unconquer'd, in the dreadful fall.

FEMALE WARRIOR.

⁷ See the History of Tom Thumb page 2.

Thou'st heard the past—look up and see the future.

Thumb. ¹ Lost in amazement's gulf, my senses sink;
See there, Glumdalca, see another ² me!

Glum. O, sight of horror! see, you are devour'd
By the expanded jaws of a red cow.

Merl. Let not these sights deter thy noble mind,
³ For, lo! a sight more glorious courts thy eyes.

See from afar a theatre arise;

There ages, yet unborn, shall tribute pay

To the heroic actions of this day;

Then buskin tragedy at length shall choose

Thy name the best supporter of her muse.

Thumb. Enough: let every warlike music sound.

We fall contented, if we fall renown'd.

SCENE IX.—LORD GRIZZLE, FOODLE, Rebels, *on one side*; TOM THUMB, GLUMDALCA, *on the other*.

Food. At length the enemy advances nigh,

⁴ I hear them with my ear, and see them with my eye.

Griz. Draw all your swords: for liberty we fight,

⁵ And liberty the mustard is of life. [name?

Thumb. Are you the man whom men famed Grizzle

Griz. ⁶ Are you the much more famed Tom Thumb?

Thumb. The same. [prove;

Griz. Come on; our worth upon ourselves we'll
For liberty I fight.

Thumb. And I for love.

[A bloody engagement between the two armies; drums beating, trumpets sounding, thunder, lightning.

They fight off and on several times. Some

fall. GRIZ. and GLUM. remain.

Glum. Turn, coward, turn; nor from a woman fly.

Griz. Away—thou art too ignoble for my arm.

Glum. Have at thy heart.

Griz. Nay, then I thrust at thine.

Glum. You push too well; you've run me through
And I am dead. [the guts.

Griz. Then there's an end of one.

Thumb. When thou art dead, then there's an end

⁷ Villain. [of two,

Griz. Tom Thumb!

Thumb. Rebel!

Griz. Tom Thumb!

Thumb. Hell!

Griz. Huncamunca!

¹ Amazement swallows up my sense,
And in the impetuous whirl of circling fate
Drinks down my reason. PERSIAN PRINCESS.

² I have outfaced myself.
What! am I two? Is there another me? K. ARTHUR.

³ The character of Merlin is wonderful throughout; but most so in this prophetic part. We find several of these prophecies in the tragic authors, who frequently take this opportunity to pay a compliment to their country, and sometimes to their prince. None but our author (who seems to have detested the least appearance of flattery) would have passed by such an opportunity of being a political prophet.

⁴ I saw the villain, Myron; with these eyes I saw him.

BUSIRIS.

In both which places it is intimated that it is sometimes possible to see with other eyes than your own.

⁵ "This mustard," says Mr. D., "is enough to turn one's stomach. I would be glad to know what idea the author had in his head when he wrote it." This will be, I believe, best explained by a line of Mr. Dennis:

And gave him liberty, the salt of life. LIB. ASSERTED.

The understanding that can digest the one will not rise at the other.

⁶ *Has.* Are you the chief whom men famed Scipio call
Scip. Are you the much more famous Hannibal? HANNIBAL.

⁷ Dr. Young seems to have copied this engagement in his *Busiris*:

Myr. Villain!

Mem. Myron!

Myr. Rebel!

Mem. Myron!

Myr. Hell!

Mem. Mandane!

Thumb. Thou hast it there.

Griz. Too sure I feel it.

Thumb. To hell then, like a rebel as you are,
And give my service to the rebels there. [enjoy]

Griz. Triumph not, Thumb, nor think thou shalt
Thy Huncamunca undisturb'd; I'll send

¹ My ghost to fetch her to the other world;

² It shall but bait at heaven, and then return.

³ But, ha! I feel death rumbling in my brains:

⁴ Some kinder sprite knocks softly at my soul,

And gently whispers it to haste away,

I come, I come, most willingly I come.

So when some city wife, for country air,
To Hampstead or to Highgate does repair,
Her to make haste her husband does implore,

And cries, "My dear, the coach is at the door:"
With equal wish, desirous to be gone, [on!]

She gets into the coach, and then she cries—"Drive

Thumb. With those last words ⁶ he vomited his soul,
Which, ⁷ like whipt cream, the devil will swallow

Bear off the body, and cut off the head, [down,

Which I will to the king in triumph lug.

Rebellion's dead, and now I'll go to breakfast.

SCENE X.—KING, QUEEN, HUNCAMUNCA,
Courtiers.

King. Open the prisons, set the wretched free,
And bid our treasurer disburse six pounds
To pay their debts.—Let no one weep to-day.
Come, Dollallolla; ⁸ curse that odious name!

It is so long, it asks an hour to speak it.
By heavens! I'll change it into Doll, or Loll,
Or any other civil monosyllable,

That will not tire my tongue.—Come, sit thee down.

Here seated let us view the dancers' sports;

Bid 'em advance. This is the wedding-day

Of princess Huncamunca and Tom Thumb;

Tom Thumb! who wins two victories ⁹ to-day,

And this way marches, bearing Grizzle's head.

A dance here.

Nood. Oh! monstrous, dreadful, terrible, Oh! Oh!

Deaf be my ears, for ever blind my eyes!

Dumb be my tongue! feet lame! all senses lost!

¹ This last speech of my lord Grizzle hath been of great service to our poets:

I'll hold it fast

As life, and when life's gone I'll hold this last;

And if thou tak'st it from me when I'm slain,

I'll send my ghost, and fetch it back again. CONQ. OF GR.

² My soul should with such speed obey,

It should not bait at heaven to stop its way.

Lee seems to have had this last in his eye:

'Twas not my purpose, sir, to tarry there;

I would but go to heaven to take the air. GLORIANA.

³ A rising vapour rumbling in my brains. CLEOMENES.

⁴ Some kind sprite knocks softly at my soul,

To tell me fate's at hand.

⁵ Mr. Dryden seems to have had this simile in his eye, when he says,

My soul is packing up, and just on wing. CONQ. OF GR.

⁶ And in a purple vomit pour'd his soul. CLEOMENES.

⁷ The devil swallows vulgar souls

Like whipt cream. SEBASTIAN.

⁸ How I could curse my name of Ptolemy!

It is so long, it asks an hour to write it.

By heaven! I'll change it into Jove or Mars!

Or any other civil monosyllable,

That will not tire my hand. CLEOMENES.

⁹ Here is a visible conjunction of two days in one, by which our author may have either intended an emblem of a wedding, or to insinuate that men in the honey-moon are apt to imagine time shorter than it is. It brings into my mind a passage in the comedy called the Coffee-House Politician:

We will celebrate this day at my house to morrow.

¹ Howl, wolves, grunt, bears, hiss, snakes, shriek, all ye

King. What does the blockhead mean? [ghosts!]

Nood. I mean, my liege,

² Only to grace my tale with decent horror.

Whilst from my garret, twice two stories high,

I look'd abroad into the streets below,

I saw Tom Thumb attended by the mob;

Twice twenty shoe-boys, twice two dozen links,

Chairmen and porters, hackney-coachmen, whores;

Aloft he bore the grizly head of Grizzle;

When of a sudden through the streets there came

A cow, of larger than the usual size,

And in a moment—guess, Oh! guess the rest!—

And in a moment swallow'd up Tom Thumb.

King. Shut up again the prisons, bid my treasurer

Not give three farthings out—hang all the culprits,

Guilty or not—no matter,—Ravish virgins:

Go bid the schoolmasters whip all their boys!

Let lawyers, parsons, and physicians loose,

To rob, impose on, and to kill the world.

Nood. Her majesty the queen is in a swoon.

Queen. Not so much in a swoon but I have still

Strength to reward the messenger of ill news.

[Kills NOODLE.

Nood. O! I am slain.

Cle. My lover's kill'd, I will revenge him so.

[Kills the QUEEN.

Hunc. My mamma kill'd! vile murderess, beware.

[Kills CLEORA.

Dood. This for an old grudge to thy heart.

[Kills HUNCAMUNCA.

Must. And this

I drive to thine, O Doodle! for a new one.

[Kills DOODLE.

King. Ha! murderess vile, take that. [Kills MUST.

³ And take thou this. [Kills himself, and falls.

So when the child, whom nurse from danger guards,

Sends Jack for mustard with a pack of cards,

Kings, queens, and knaves, throw one another down,

Till the whole pack lies scatter'd and o'erthrown;

So all our pack upon the floor is cast,

And all I boast is—that I fall the last. [Dies.

¹ These beautiful phrases are all to be found in one single speech of King Arthur, or the British Worthy.

² I was but teaching him to grace his tale

With decent horror.

CLEOMENES.

³ We may say with Dryden,

Death did at length so many slain forget,

And left the tale, and took them by the great.

I know of no tragedy which comes nearer to this charming and bloody catastrophe than Cleomenes, where the curtain covers five principal characters dead on the stage. These lines too—

I ask'd no questions then, of who kill'd who?

The bodies tell the story as they lie—

seem to have belonged more properly to this scene of our author; nor can I help imagining they were originally his. The Rival Ladies, too, seem beholden to this scene:

We're now a chain of lovers link'd in death;

Julia goes first, Gonsalvo hangs on her,

And Angelina hangs upon Gonsalvo,

As I on Angelina.

No scene, I believe, ever received greater honours than this. It was applauded by several encores, a word very unusual in tragedy. And it was very difficult for the actors to escape without a second slaughter. This I take to be a lively assurance of that fierce spirit of liberty which remains among us, and which Mr. Dryden, in his essay on Dramatic Poetry, hath observed: "Whether custom," says he, "hath so insinuated itself into our countrymen, or nature hath so formed them to fierceness, I know not; but they will scarcely suffer combats and other objects of horror to be taken from them." And indeed I am for having them encouraged in this martial disposition: nor do I believe our victories over the French have been owing to anything more than to those bloody spectacles daily exhibited in our tragedies, of which the French stage is so entirely clear.

THE LETTER WRITERS; OR, A NEW WAY TO KEEP A WIFE AT HOME.

A FARCE, IN THREE ACTS, FIRST ACTED IN 1731.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Rakel*, Mr. LACY; *Commons*, Mr. MULLART; *Mr. Wisdom*, Mr. JONES; *Mr. Softly*, Mr. HALLAM; *Risque*, Mr. REYNHOLD; *John*, Mr. WATHAN; *Sneaksby*, Mr. DAVENPORT; *Mrs. Wisdom*, Mrs. LACY; *Mrs. Softly*, Mrs. MULLART; *Betty*, Mrs. STOKES; *Constables*, *Fiddlers*, *Servants*, &c. &c.

ACT I.—SCENE I.—*The Street*.—*RAKEL*, *RISQUE*.
RAKEL [*reading a letter*].

"SIR—Your late behaviour hath determined me never to see you more: if you get entrance into this house for the future it will not be by my consent; for I desire you would henceforth imagine there never was any acquaintance between you and
LUCRETIA SOFTLY."

So! the letter was thrown out of the window, was it?

Risq. Ay, sir, I am sure there is no good news in it by the face of that jade Susan. I know by the countenance of the maid when the mistress is in good humour.

Rak. Well, may you meet with better success in the next expedition! Here, carry this letter to Mrs. Wisdom, I'll wait here till you return with an

Risq. But, sir—— [answer.

Rak. Well, sir?

Risq. This affair, sir, may end in a blanketing, and that is a danger I never love to run with an empty stomach.

Rak. Sirrah! if I were to be tossed myself I would wish to be as empty as possible; but thou art such an epicure, thou art continually thinking on thy belly.

Risq. The reason of that is very plain, sir; for I am continually hungry. Whilst I followed your honour's heels as a soldier I expected no better fare; but since I have been promoted to the office of pimp I ought to live in another manner. Would it not vex a man to the heart to run about gnawing his nails like a starved skeleton, and see every day so many plump brethren of the same profession riding in their coaches? [then——

Rak. Bring me but an answer to my wish, and

Risq. Don't promise me, sir——for then I shall be sure of having nothing. If you were but as like a great man in your riches as you are in your promises, I should dine oftener by two or three days a week than I do now.

Rak. To your business. It is happy for the nation that this fellow ran away from his master; for had he become an authorised attorney, he would have been a greater burden to the town he was quartered on than our whole regiment.

SCENE II.—*RAKEL*, *COMMONS*.

Com. Captain Rakel, your servant.

Rak. Jack Commons!—My dear rake, welcome to town: how do all our friends at quarters?

Com. All in the old way. I left your two brother officers with two parsons and the mayor of the town as drunk as your drums.

Rak. Mr. Mayor, indeed, is a thorough honest fellow, and hath not, I believe, been sober since he was in the chair; he encourages that virtue as a magistrate which he lives by as a publican.

Com. Very fine, faith! and, if the mayor was a

glazier, I suppose he would encourage breaking windows too. [town?

Rak. But prithee, what hath brought thee to

Com. My own inclinations chiefly. I resolved to take one swing in the charming plains of iniquity; so I am come to take my leave of this delicious lewd place of all the rakes and whores of my acquaintance—to spend one happy month in the joys of wine and women, and then sneak down into the country, and go into orders.

Rak. Ha, ha, ha! And hast thou the impudence to pretend to a call?

Com. Ay, sir, the usual call—I have the promise of a good living. Lookee, captain, my call of piety is much the same as yours of honour. You will fight, and I shall pray, for the same reasons, I assure you.

Rak. If thy gown doth not rob thee of sincerity, thou wilt have one virtue under it at least.

Com. Ay, ay, sincerity is all that can be expected—that is the chief difference among men. All men have sins, but some hide them. Vice is as natural to us as our skins, and both would equally appear if we had neither clothes nor hypocrisy to cover them.

Rak. Thou art a fine promising holder forth, faith, and dost begin to preach in a most orthodox manner.

Com. Pox of preaching!—will you go steal an act or two of the new tragedy?

Rak. Not I—I go to no tragedy—but the tragedy of Tom Thumb. [is that?

Com. The tragedy of Tom Thumb! what the devil

Rak. Why, sir, it is a tragedy that makes me laugh; and if your sermons will do as much, I shall be glad to make one of your audience.

Com. Will you to the tavern?

Rak. No, I am engaged.

Com. Engaged; then it must be to a bawdy-house, and I'll along with you.

Rak. Indeed you cannot, my young Levite; for mine is a private bawdy-house, and you will not be admitted, even though you had your gown on.

Com. If thy engagement be not pressing, thou shalt go along with me: I will introduce thee to a charming fine girl, a relation of mine.

Rak. Dost thou think me dull enough to undergo the ceremonies of being introduced by a relation to a modest woman? Hast thou a mind to marry me to her?

Com. No, sir, she is married already. There are a brace of them, as fine women as you have seen, and both married to old husbands.

Rak. Nay, then they are worth my acquaintance, and some other time thou shalt introduce me to them.

Com. Nay, thou shalt go drink tea with one of them now—it is but just by—I dined there to-day—and my uncle is now gone abroad. Come, 'tis but two steps into the square here, at the first two lamps.

Rak. The first two lamps! [Wisdom.

Com. Ay, no farther—Her husband's name is

Rak. By all that's unlucky, the very woman I have sent Risque to! [Aside.

Com. Come, we'll go make her a visit now, and to-morrow I'll carry thee to my aunt Softly.

Rak. Another mistress of mine, by Lucifer! [*Aside.* Hast thou no more female relations in town?

Com. No more! Won't two serve your unreasonable appetite?

Rak. But thou seemest to be so free of them, I could wish thee, for the sake of the public, related to all the beauties in Christendom. But, Jack, I hope these two aunts of thine are not rigidly virtuous.

Com. Ha, ha, ha! Do not I tell thee they are young and handsome, and that their husbands are old?

Rak. And thou wouldst not take it amiss if one were to dub an uncle of thine a cuckold.

Com. Hearkee, Tom, if thou hadst read as much as I, thou wouldst know that cuckold is no such term of reproach as it is imagined: half the great men in history are cuckolds on record. Take it amiss! ha, ha, ha! Why, my uncle himself will not; for the whole world knows he is a cuckold already.

Rak. How!

Com. Ay, sir, when an old man goes publicly to church with a young woman he proclaims that title loud enough. But come, will you to my aunt?

Rak. You must excuse me now.

Com. When I make you such another offer you shan't refuse it: I thought you would have postponed any business for a mistress.

Rak. But I am in pursuit of another mistress—one I am pre-engaged to. Afterwards, sir, I am at the service of your whole family.

Com. Success attend your iniquity. I'll inquire for you at the Tilt-yard. So, your servant.

Rak. Yours. A very pretty fellow this—I find, if he should discover my amours, he is not likely to be any obstacle to them.

SCENE III.—RAKEL, RISQUE.

Rak. So, sir.

Risq. Sir, I have with great dexterity delivered your honour's letter, and with equal pleasure have brought you an answer.

Rak. [*reads.*]

"Be here at the time you mention. My husband is luckily out of the way. I wish your happiness be (as you say) entirely in the power of
"ELIZABETH WISDOM."

Ay, now thou hast performed well indeed, and I'll give thee all the money I have in my pocket for an encouragement. Odso! I have but sixpence about me. Here, take, take this and be diligent.

Risq. Very fine encouragement truly! This it is to serve a poor, beggarly, lousy——If half this dexterity had been employed in the service of a great man, I had been a captain or a Middlesex justice long ago—but I must tug along the empty port-manteau of this shabby no-pay ensign. Pox on't! what can a man expect who is but the rag-carrier of a rag-carrier?

SCENE IV.—MRS. WISDOM, RAKEL.

Mrs. W. Sure never anything was so lucky for us as this threatening letter; while my husband imagined I should go abroad, he was almost continually at home; but now he thinks himself secure of my not venturing out, he is scarce ever with me.

Rak. How shall I requite this goodness, which can make such a confinement easy for my sake?

Mrs. W. The woman that thinks it worth her while to confine herself for her gallant thinks herself sufficiently requited by his company.

Betty [*entering*]. Oh! madam, here's my master come home: had he not quarrell'd with the footman at the door, he had certainly found you together.

Rak. What shall I do?

Mrs. W. Step into this closet—quick—quick! What can have sent him home so soon?

SCENE V.—WISDOM, MRS. WISDOM.

Mrs. W. Oh! my dear! you are better than your word now; this is kind indeed, to return so much earlier than your promise.

Wisd. Mr. Mortgageland hath disappointed me: I'm afraid somebody else hath taken him off my hands: so let some of the servants get me my nightgown and slippers, for I intend to stay at home all the evening.

Mrs. W. Was ever such ill-luck?—they are both in my closet. Lord, child, why will you put on that odious nightgown? indeed it doth not become you—you don't look pretty in it, lovey, indeed you don't.

Wisd. Pshaw! it doth not become a wife to dislike her husband in any dress whatsoever.

Mrs. W. Well, my dear, if you command, I will be always ready to obey. Betty, go fetch your master's nightgown out of my closet. Take care you don't open the door too wide, lest you throw down a China basin that is just within it.

Wisd. Come, give me a kiss; you look very pretty to-night, you little wanton rogue. Adod! I shall, I shall make thee amends for the pleasures you miss abroad.

Mrs. W. So, you won't put the money where the rogues order you, and you'll have your poor wife murdered to save twenty guineas.

Wisd. If you stay at home, you will not be murdered, and I shall save many a twenty guineas.

Mrs. W. But then I shall lose all my acquaintance by not returning their visits.

Wisd. Then I shall lose all my torments: and truly, if I owe this loss to the letter-writer, I am very much obliged to him. I would have tied a much larger purse to the knocker of my door to have kept it free from that rat-tat-tat-tat, which continually thundered at it.

SCENE VI.—SOFTLY, WISDOM, MRS. WISDOM.

Soft. Mr. Wisdom, your servant; madam, I am your humble servant: a friend of yours, Mr. Wisdom, expects you at Tom's.

Wisd. Nay, if he be come, I must leave thee for one hour, my dear. So take the key of my closet, and fetch me that bundle of parchment that lies in the bureau.

Mrs. W. I will, my dear.—This is extremely lucky. [*Aside.*]

SCENE VII.—WISDOM, SOFTLY.

Soft. Well, doth the plot succeed notably?

Wisd. To my wish. She hath not ventured to stir abroad since. This demand you have drawn upon my wife for twenty pound will be of more service to me than a draft on the bank for so many hundreds.

Soft. I wish your threatening letter to my wife had met with the same success: but alack! it hath a quite contrary effect. She swears she'll go abroad the more now to show her courage: but, that she may not appear too rash, she hath put me to the expense of an additional footman; and, instead of staying at home, she carries all my blunderbusses abroad. Her coach, when she goes a visiting, looks like a general officer's going to a campaign.

Wisd. But if it come to that extremity I would lock up my doors, and shut her in, on pretence of shutting rogues out.

Soft. But I cannot shut her companions out: I should have a regiment of women on my back for

ill-using my wife, and have a sentence of cuckoldom pronounced against me at all the assemblies and visiting-days in town. If I could prevail by stratagem, well: but I am too certain of the enemy's strength to attempt the subduing her by force.

Wisd. Thank my stars, my wife is of another temper.

Soft. You will not take it ill, brother Wisdom, but your wife is not a woman of that spirit as mine is.

Wisd. No, Heaven be praised! for, of all evil spirits, that of a woman is surely the worst.

Soft. Truly, it is a perfection that costs a man as much as it is worth.

Wisd. But what do you intend to do?

Soft. I know not. Something I must; for my house at present is like a garrison; I have continually guards mounting and dismounting, while I know no enemy but my wife, and she's within.

SCENE VIII.—SOFTLY, WISDOM, MRS. WISDOM.

Mrs. W. Here are the parchments, my dear.

Wisd. You know the necessity of my engagement, and will excuse me.

Soft. No ceremony with me, brother.

Wisd. If you will stay with my wife till my return, she will be much obliged to you: you may entertain one another at picquet; you are no high player any more than she.

Mrs. W. I shall be too hard for him: for I fancy he is a player much about your pitch, and you know I always get the better of you.

Wisd. Well, well; to it, to it. I leave you together.

SCENE IX.—SOFTLY, MRS. WISDOM.

Soft. I am but a bad player, madam; but to divert you—

Mrs. W. How shall I get rid of him? I am not much inclined to picquet at present, Mr. Softly.

Soft. Hum! very likely; any other game that you please—if I can play at it.

Mrs. W. No, you can't play at it—for, to be plain, I am obliged to write a letter into the country. I hope you'll excuse me.

Soft. Oh! dear sister! I will divert the time with one of these newspapers: ay, here's the Grub-street Journal—an exceeding good paper this; and hath commonly a great deal of wit in it.

Mrs. W. But—I am the worst person in the world at writing: the least noise disturbs me.

Soft. I am as mute as a fish.

Mrs. W. I know not how to express it, I am so ashamed of the humour.—But I cannot write whilst any one is in the room.

Soft. Hum! very probable: there is no accounting for some humours. Well—you may trust me in the closet. This closet and I have been acquainted before now. [*Offers to go in.*]

Mrs. W. By no means: I have a thing in that closet you must not see.

SCENE X.—SOFTLY, MRS. WISDOM, COMMONS.

Com. What, is not my uncle Wisdom returned yet?

Mrs. W. I am surprised you should return, sir, unless you have learnt more civility than you showed at dinner to-day; your behaviour then seemed very unfit for one who intends to put on that sacred habit you are designed for.

Com. You may be as scurrilous as you please, aunt: it hath been always my resolution to see my relations as seldom as I can; and when I do see them never to mind what they say.—I have been at your house, too, uncle Softly, and have met with just such

another reception there: but come, you and I will go drink one honest bottle together—I have not cracked a bottle with you since I came to town.

Mrs. W. For Heaven's sake, dear brother, do anything to get him hence.

Soft. Well, nephew, as far as a pint goes.

Com. Ay, ay, a pint is the best introduction to a bottle.—Aunt, will you go with us?

Mrs. W. Faugh! brute!

Com. If you won't, you may let it alone.

Soft. Sister, your humble servant.

Mrs. W. I'll take care to prevent all danger of a surprise [*locks the door*].—There. Captain, captain, you may come out, the coast is clear.

SCENE XI.—MRS. WISDOM, RAKEL.

Rak. These husbands make the most confounded long visits.

Mrs. W. Husbands! why I have had half a dozen visitants since he went away; I thought you had overheard us.

Rak. Not I, truly; I have been entertaining myself with the Whole Duty of Man, at the other end of the closet.

Mrs. W. You are very unconcerned in danger, captain.

Rak. Yes, madam, danger is my profession; and these sort of dangers are so common to me, that they give me no surprise. I have declared war with the whole commonwealth of husbands ever since I arrived at years of discretion.

Mrs. W. Rather with the wives, I'm afraid.

Rak. No, madam; I always consider the wife as the town, and the husband as the enemy in possession of it. I am not for burning nor razing where I go; but when I have driven the enemy out of his fortress, I march in in the most gentle peaceable manner imaginable. So, madam, if you please, we will walk into the closet together.

Mrs. W. What, to read the Whole Duty of Man? [*Ha, ha, ha!*]

Rak. Ay, my angel! and you shall say I practise what I read.—[*Takes her in his arms, WISDOM knocks, she starts from him.*]

Wisd. [*without.*] What, have you shut yourselves in? [*am here?*]

Rak. Ourselves! oh, the devil! doth he know I

Mrs. W. No, no, no; to your hole, quick, quick, quick.

Wisd. Why, child! Mr. Softly! don't you hear? what, have you played yourselves asleep?

Mrs. W. Oh! my dear, are you there?

SCENE XII.—WISDOM, MRS. WISDOM.

Wisd. [*entering.*] If we were not so nearly related, I should not like this locking up together. Heyday! where is my brother Softly?

Mrs. W. Alas! my dear, my ungracious nephew hath been here and taken him away to the tavern.

Wisd. Why will you suffer that fellow to come within my doors, when you know it is against my will?

Mrs. W. Alas, child, I don't know how to shut your doors against your own relations.

Wisd. And what were you doing, hey, that you were locked in so close by yourself?

Mrs. W. I was only saying a few prayers, my dear; but indeed, these incendiaries run so in my head, I never think myself safe enough.

Wisd. Heaven bless the hour I first thought of putting them there! [*Aside.*]

Mrs. W. Well, child, this is very good in you to come home so soon.

Wisd. I only call on you in my way to the city ; for I must speak to alderman Longhorns before I sleep. I am sorry you lost brother Softly : he might have diverted you a little. [closet for that matter.

Mrs. W. I can divert myself well enough in my

Wisd. Ay, do so. Reading is an innocent and instructive diversion. I will be back with the utmost expedition. Is your closet locked, child ? there are some papers in it which I must take with me.—

Mrs. W. What shall I do ?—Lud, my dear, I—I—have lost the key, I think.

Wisd. Then it must be broke open ; for they are of the utmost consequence. Nay, if you can't tell me where you have laid it, I can't stay, the lock must be broke open ; I'll call up one of the servants.

Mrs. W. Nay, then, confidence assist me ! Here, here it is, child—I have nothing but assurance to trust to ; and I am resolved to exert the utmost.

[*Opens the door ; RAKEL runs against him, throws him down ; he looks on MRS. W., she points to the door, and he runs out. MRS. W. shrieks.*]

Wisd. Oh ! I am murder'd.

Mrs. W. The incendiaries are come. My dream is out, my dream is out.

Wisd. My horns are out.

Mrs. W. Oh ! my dear, sure never anything was so lucky as this stay of yours ! Heaven knows what he would have done to me had I been alone.

Wisd. Ay, ay, my dear, I know what he would have done to you very well.

Mrs. W. I hope you will be advised, and put the money where you are desired before anything worse happens.

Wisd. I shall put you out of doors before anything worse happens.

Mrs. W. My dear ?

Wisd. My devil ! Come, come, confess, it is done already ; am I one or no ?

Mrs. W. Are you what, my love ?

Wisd. Am I a beast, a monster ? a husband ?

Mrs. W. Defend me !—Sure the fright hath turned your brain. Are you a husband ? yes, I hope so, or what am I ?

Wisd. Ah ! crocodile ! I know very well what sort of robber was here. Nay, perhaps, he was a robber, and you may have conspired together to rob me : I don't doubt but you was concerned in writing the letter too. No one likelier to extort money from a man than his wife. [sion !

Mrs. W. Oh ! barbarous, cruel, inhuman asper-

Wisd. Is he a conjurer as well as a thief, and could he go through the key-hole ? How came he into that closet ? How came he into that closet, madam, without your knowledge ? Answer me that. Did he go through the door ?

Mrs. W. I swear by—

Wisd. Hold, hold. I don't question but you will swear through a thousand doors to get off.

Enter JOHN.

John. Oh ! sir, this moment, as I was walking in the yard, I spied a fellow offering to get in at my lady's closet-window.

Mrs. W. How ?

John. Dear sir, step but into the closet, you will find the window broke all to pieces.

Wisd. The villains !—John, take the candle and go in before me.

Mrs. W. Miraculous fortune ! Now will I stand it out that Rakel got in the same way. Sure it must have been the devil that hath broke these windows to encourage us to sin—by this delivery.—Oh ! here comes my husband ; it is my turn now to be angry, and his to ask pardon.

Wisd. John, do you watch carefully in the yard

this night. I protest a man will shortly be safe nowhere.

Mrs. W. Not when thieves get through key-holes.

Wisd. Come, I ask thy pardon ; I am sorry I suspected thee : I will make thee amends, I will—I will stay at home this week with thee in spite of business : thou shalt tie me to thy girdle. Nay, do not take on thus ; I will buy thy forgiveness. Here, here is a purse to put thy money in ; and it shall not be long before I give thee some money to put in thy purse : you shall take the air every day in Hyde-Park, and I'll go with you for a guard : I vow you shall forgive me. I'll kiss you till you do.

Mrs. W. You know the way to mollify me.

Wisd. Why, I was but in jest : I never thought you had any hand in the letter.

Mrs. W. Did you not indeed ? [if I did !

Wisd. No, indeed ; may I be worse than robbed

Mrs. W. Well, but don't jest so any more.

Wisd. I promise you :—but I must not lose a moment before I go into the city—

Mrs. W. And will you leave me again to-night ?

Wisd. You must excuse necessity, my dear.

Mrs. W. My dear, I shall always obey your commands without any farther reason.

Wisd. What a happy man am I in a wife ! If all women were but such blessings to their husbands as thou art, what a heaven would matrimony be !

ACT II.—SCENE I.—*The Street.*—RAKEL, and afterwards RISQUE.

Rak. Love and war I find still require the same talents ; to be unconcerned in danger is absolutely necessary to both. I know not whether it was more lucky that I thought of this stratagem, or that I found Risque on the spot to execute it. I dare swear she will soon take the hint : nor do I see any other way she could possibly have come off.—So, rascal, what success ?

Risq. I have broke the windows with a vengeance ; I have made room enough for your honour to march in at the head of a company of grenadiers, and all this without the least noise. But I hope the lady did not use your honour very ill, that her windows must be broken.

Rak. No, Mr. Inquisitive, I have done it for the lady's sake, to give her an opportunity of saying I broke in there ; for when I was taken in the closet, I was obliged to bring her off by pretending myself a robber.

Risq. But, if he should take you at your word and prosecute you, who would bring your honour off ?

Rak. No matter ; it were better fifty such as I were hanged than one woman should lose her reputation. But, as the closet was full of things of value, my touching none would sufficiently preserve me from any villanous imputation, should the worst happen.

Risq. I fancy, indeed, it would be no disgrace to be thought to have stolen all you have in your pocket.

Rak. What's that you are muttering ? Hearkee, rascal, be sure not to go to bed ; I shall not be at home till early in the morning. Now for my unkind mistress ; I may have better success there than I found with my kind one.

How bless'd is a soldier while licens'd to range !

How pleasant this whore for that to exchange !

Risq. Go thy ways, young Satan ; the old gentleman himself cannot be much worse. Let me consider a little. My master doth not come home till morning, the closet is full of things of value, and I can very easily get into it.—Agad, and I'll have a

trial. I am in no great danger of being caught in the fact; so, if I bring off a good handsome booty, my master stands fair for being hanged for it. Hey-day! what the devil have we here?

SCENE II.—COMMONS, with *Wh—s* and *Music*,
RISQUE.

Com. [*Sings.*] Tol lol de rol lol! Now am I Alexander the Great, and you my Statira and Roxana.—You sons of whores play me Alexander the Great's march.

1 *Fid.* We don't know it, an't please your worship.

Com. Don't you? Why then, play me the Black Joke.

2 *Wh.* Play the White Joke, that's my favourite.

Com. Ay, ay, Black or White, they are all alike to me. [*Music plays.*]

2 *Wh.* We had better go to the tavern, my dear; the justices of peace are so severe against us, we shall be taken up and sent to Bridewell.

Com. The justices be hanged! they dare not attack a man of my quality. The moment they knew me to be a lord they would let us all go again.

1 *Wh.* Nay, my dear, I ask your pardon; I did not know you were a lord.

Com. Yes, my dear, yes; my lord Kilfob, that's my title, of the kingdom of Ireland.

Risq. [*advancing.*] My lord Kilfob, I'm glad to see your honour in town.

Com. Ha! Ned Risque, give me thy hand, boy. Come, honest Risque, thou shalt go to the tavern with me, and I'll treat thee with a whore and a bottle of wine.—But hearkee. [*Whispers.*]

1 *Wh.* A lord, and so familiar with this fellow! This is some clerk or apprentice strutting about with his master's sword on. [*coming-down cull.*]

2 *Wh.* I fancy, Sukey, this is a sharper, and no

1 *Wh.* Ay, damn him, he'll make us pop our unders for the reckoning: we'll not go with him.

Com. If thou canst lend me half a crown, do; the devil take me if I do not pay thee again to-morrow.

Risq. That I would with all my heart, but I have not one souse, I assure you.—I am on business for my master, and in a great hurry.

Com. Get thee gone for a good-for-nothing dog as thou art. Come, sirrah, play on to the tavern.

2 *Wh.* I don't know what you mean, sir; we are no company for such as you.

Com. I own you are not fit company for a lord;—but no matter, several lords keep such company; and since I stoop to you—

1 *Wh.* You stoop to us, scrub!

2 *Wh.* You a lord! You are some attorney's clerk, or haberdasher's 'prentice. [*a compter?*]

1 *Wh.* Do you sit behind a desk, or stand behind

2 *Wh.* We're not for such as you, we'd have you to know, fellow.

Com. But I am for such as you—and that I'll make you know with a vengeance. Whores, strumpets!

Whs. Murder, murder, robbery, murder!

Com. I'll scour you with a pox.

[*Beats them off, and returns.*]

2 *Fid.* I wish we were well rid of this chap, I wish we get anything by him. [*whole fiddle.*]

1 *Fid.* I wish we get off with a whole skin and a

Com. I have paid you off, however.

1 *Fid.* I wish your honour would pay us off too; for we are obliged to play to some country-dances.

Com. Are not you impudent dogs to ask anything for such music? I'll not give you a souse: you are a couple of wretched scrapers, and play ten degrees worse than the university waits. If you had your

merit, you would have your fiddles broke about your heads.

1 *Fid.* Sir, you don't talk like a gentleman.

Com. Don't I, sir? Why then I'll act like a gentleman. [*Draws.*] This is the way a man of honour pays debts, you dogs; I'll let out your own guts to make fiddle-strings of. A couple of cowardly dogs; run away from one. Blood! I have routed the whole army. Hannibal could have done no more. What pity it is such a brave fellow as I am should be made a parson of! [*Linkboy crosses.*] Here, you son of a whore, come here. Are you the sun, or the moon, or one of the seven stars?

Link. Does your honour want a light, sir?

Com. Want a light, sir, ay, sir. Do you take me for a Dissenter, you rascal? Do you think I carry my light within, sirrah? I travel by an outward light. So lead on, you dog, and light me into darkness.

A soph, he is immortal,
And never can decay;
For how should he return to dust
Who daily wets his clay?

SCENE III.—RAKEL and *MRS.* SOFTLY.

Mrs. S. Forget that letter; it was the effect of a sudden short-lived anger which arose from a lasting love; jealousy is surely the strongest proof of that passion.

Rak. It is a proof I always wish to be without, if all my mistresses were as forward to believe my sincerity.

Mrs. S. All your mistresses?—Bravo!

Rak. I speak of you, madam, in the plural number, as we do of kings, from my reverence; for if I have another mistress upon earth, may I be—

Mrs. S. Married to her—which would be curse enough on both. But do not think, captain, that should I once discover my rival, it would give me any uneasiness; the suspicion of the falsehood raised my anger, but the knowledge of it would only move my contempt. Be assured I have not love enough to make me uneasy, if I knew you were false; so hang jealousy, I will believe you true.

Rak. By all the transports we have felt together, by all the eager raptures which this very night hath witnessed to my passion.— [*SOFTLY hems without.*]

Mrs. S. Oh heaven! My husband is upon the stairs.

Rak. A judgment fallen upon me before I had forsworn myself. Have you no closet? no chimney?

Mrs. S. None, nor any way but this out of the room; he must see you. Say nothing, but bow, and observe me.

SCENE IV.—SOFTLY, *MRS.* SOFTLY, RAKEL.

Soft. Sure never man was so put to it to get rid of a troublesome companion. Heyday, what's here?

Mrs. S. Sir, I assure you I am infinitely obliged to you, and so is my husband: I am sorry he is not at home to return you thanks.

[*She curtsies all this time to him, who bows to her.*]

Soft. What's the matter, child? what hath the gentleman done for me?

Mrs. S. Oh! my dear, I am glad you are come. The gentleman hath done a great deal for me, he hath guarded me home from the play. Indeed, my dear, I am infinitely obliged to the gentleman.

Soft. Ay, we are both infinitely obliged to him. Sir, I am your humble servant: I give you a great many thanks, sir, for the civility you have conferred on my wife. I assure you, sir, you never did a favour to any one who will acknowledge it more.

Rak. The devil take me if ever I did: I have been as civil to several wives; but thou art the first husband that ever thanked me for it. [*Aside.*]

Soft. Sir, if you will partake of a small collation we have within, we shall think ourselves much honoured in your company.

Rak. Sir, the honour would be on my side; but I am unhappily engaged to sup with the duke of Fleet-street. [other opportunity to thank you.]

Soft. I hope, sir, you will shortly give us some

Mrs. S. Pray, sir, do not let it be long.

Soft. Sir, my doors will be always open to you.

Rak. All these acknowledgments for so small a gallantry make me ashamed: I was only fortunate in the occasion of doing what no young gentleman could have refused. However, sir, I shall take the first opportunity to kiss your hands, and am your most obedient humble servant.—Not a step, sir.

Soft. Sir, your most humble servant.

SCENE V.—SOFTLY, MRS. SOFTLY.

Soft. I protest one of the civilest gentlemen I

Mrs. S. Most infinitely well-bred. [ever saw.]

Soft. I have been making a visit to my neighbour Wisdom, where whom should I meet with but that unlucky rogue, my nephew Commons, who hath taken me to the tavern, and, I protest, almost flustered me.

Mrs. S. He was here just as you went out, and as rude as ever; but I gave him a sufficient rebuff: I fancy he'll scarce venture here again. And indeed, my dear, he is so very scandalous, I wish you would not suffer him.

Soft. He will be settled in the country soon, and so we shall be rid of him quite. But, my dear, I have some news to tell you: my sister Wisdom hath received just such another letter as yours, threatening to murder her in her chair the first time she goes abroad, unless she lays twenty guineas under a stone. Indeed, she shows abundance of prudence on this occasion by keeping at home: she doth not go abroad and frighten her poor husband as you do.

Mrs. S. My sister Wisdom received such a letter! I am heartily glad you have told me of it; for I owe her a visit, and on this occasion it would be unpardonable to neglect a moment. Who's there? Order my chair this instant, and do you and the other footman take to your arms. [o' night.]

Soft. Why, you would not visit her at this time

Mrs. S. Oh! my dear! it is time enough; it is not yet ten. Oh! I would not for the world, when she will be sure too that I know it. My dear, your servant: I'll make but a short visit, and be back again before you can be set down to supper.

Soft. Was ever so unfortunate a wretch as I am! All my contrivances to keep her at home do but send her abroad the more. But I have a virtuous wife, however; and truly virtuous women are so rare in this age, one cannot pay too dear for them. Oh! a virtuous wife is a most prodigious blessing.

SCENE VI.—WISDOM'S House.—RAKEL, MRS. WISDOM.

Rak. To rally again the same night after such a rebuff is, I think, madam, a sign of uncommon bravery.

Mrs. W. What is it in me to lead you to that rally, captain, when I must share the chief part of the danger too?

Rak. Why indeed, madam, to send me word of this second retreat of your husband was a kindness I know but one way how to thank you for; and I will thank thee so heartily, my dear, dear, lovely angel. [Softly just coming up.]

Betty. [entering.] Oh! madam! here's Mrs.

Rak. Mrs. Softly! [my orders, Not at home?]

Mrs. W. How came she to be let in? Were not

Bet. She said she knew you were at home, and would see you. She will be here this instant.

Rak. [Offers to go into the closet.] The door is locked. [nifies not much if she sees you.]

Mrs. W. And my husband hath the key. It sig-

Rak. Oh! madam, I am tender of your reputation. This table will hide me. [Gets under it.]

SCENE VII.—MRS. WISDOM, MRS. SOFTLY.

Mrs. S. Oh! my dear, I am exceedingly concerned to hear of your misfortune; I ran away the very minute Mr. Softly brought me the news.

Mrs. W. I am very much obliged to you, my dear.

Mrs. S. But I hope you are not frightened, my dear. [on such an occasion.]

Mrs. W. It is impossible to avoid a little surprise

Mrs. S. Oh yes! a little surprise at first; but when one hath sufficient guards about one there can be no danger. Have you not heard that I received just such another letter about three days ago?

Mrs. W. And venture abroad so late?

Mrs. S. Ha, ha, ha! Have I not a vast deal of courage? [slept one wink these three nights.]

Mrs. W. Indeed, I think so; I am sure I have not

Mrs. S. I have not slept much—for I was up two of them at a ball.

Mrs. W. Why, you venture abroad as fearless as if no such thing had happened.

Mrs. S. It is only the expense of a footman or two the more; no one would stay at home for that, you know. Sure you don't intend to confine yourself any longer on this account. I would not stay at home three days if I had received as many letters as go by the post in that time.

Mrs. W. You have more courage than I: the apprehension of the danger with me would quite extinguish the pleasure.

Mrs. S. Oh! you cowardly creature! there is no pleasure without danger; but, I thank Heaven, my thoughts are always so full of the former, that I leave no room for any meditation on the latter.

SCENE VIII.—WISDOM, MRS. WISDOM, MRS. SOFTLY, Constable, Servants.

John. I'll take my oath I saw him go in.

Mrs. W. Bless me, my dear, what's the matter?

Wisd. Don't be frightened, child; this fellow hath seen the rogue that was here to-day get into the house again. Mr. Constable, that is the closet-door; you have the key: therefore do you enter first, and we'll all follow you.

John. Ay, ay, let me alone; do you but lay hands on him, and I'll knock his brains out.

Mrs. S. Lud, sister, how you tremble! Take example by me, and don't be frightened.—Here, John, Thomas, bring up your blunderbusses.

Mrs. W. Support me, or I faint.

SCENE IX.—RISQUE discovered.

Const. You may as well submit, sir, for we are too strong for you. [there of you?]

John. Confess, sirrah! confess. How many are

Wisd. Search his pockets, Mr. Constable.

Mrs. W. What do I see?

Mrs. S. Captain Rakel's man! } [Aside.]

Wisd. It is sufficient! the goods are found upon him. Sirrah! confess your accomplices this moment; you have no other way to save your life than by becoming evidence against your gang.

John. Learn to betray your friends, sirrah, if you would rob like a gentleman and not be hanged for it.

Wisd. And so, sir, I suppose it was you that writ the threatening letter to my wife. Why don't you speak? You may as well confess; for you will be hanged whether you confess or no.

Const. Would it not be your wisest way to impeach your companions? so you may not only save your life, but get rewarded for your roguery.

Wisd. Is the rascal dumb? We'll find ways to make him speak, I warrant you.

SCENE X.—*To them COMMONS, drunk and singing.*

Com. Hey! uncle, what a pox, do you keep open house at this time of night? Oons, I thought you used to sneak to bed at soberer hours.

Wisd. How often must I forbid you my house?

Com. Sir, you may forbid me as often as you please; when your door is open I shall never be able to pass by.

Wisd. You shall find a very warm reception.

Com. As warm as you please, for it is damned cold without. But come, where's your liquor? You do not entertain all this company without wine, I hope. Why, what a pox are all these?—the militia!

Wisd. Sir, if you do not go out of my doors this instant you shall be forced out.

Com. Damn your doors, sir, and your tables too! I'll turn your house out o'doors, sir.

[*Overturns the table, and discovers RAKEL.*]

SCENE XI.—WISDOM, MRS. WISDOM, MRS. SOFTLY, RAKEL, RISQUE, Constable, Servants.

John. More rogues! more rogues!

Const. I have him secure enough.

Wisd. This second visit, sir, is exceeding kind. I suppose, sir, this is the honest gentleman that conveys away the goods; we have stopped the goods, and shall convey you both to a proper habitation.

Rak. Damnation!

Mrs. W. Ruined, beyond retrieval.

Mrs. S. May I believe my eyes!

Wisd. [*To RISQUE.*] You will have but a short time to consider on't; so it were good for you to resolve on being an evidence, and save your own neck at the expense of his.

Risq. Well, sir, if I must peach, I must, I think.

Wisd. [*To RAKEL.*] Do you know this gentleman, sir?

Rak. [*Aside.*] Confusion! What shall I do?

Const. How the rogues stare at one another! What, did you never see one another before?

Risq. Pox take him, I wish I had never seen him; I'm sure I am like to pay dear enough for his acquaintance. [*by swearing against him.*]

Wisd. You have no other way to prevent it than

Risq. Ay, ay, sir, I'll swear against him; he brought me to this shame, so let him look to it: I never took these courses till I became acquainted with that highwayman there, who hath robbed on all

Rak. Ha! [*the roads of England.*]

Const. And will you swear that this fellow wrote the letter to my master, to threaten to murder my lady whenever she went abroad? [*my own eyes.*]

Risq. Ay, that I will; I saw him write it with

Wisd. You saw him write it?

Risq. Yes, an't please your honour.

Wisd. I find this fellow will do our business without any other evidence. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. S. Can this be possible? [*Aside.*]

Wisd. And so, if my wife had ventured abroad, you had put your design into execution?

Risq. She would have been murdered the very first time, an't please your honour.

Wisd. See there, now; did I not advise you like a friend?—In short, I know not when it will be safe for you to stir without your own doors.

Mrs. W. And was I to have fallen by the hands of this gentleman?

Risq. Yes, madam; he was to have murdered your ladyship, and I was to have robbed you.

Rak. Dog! villain!

Risq. Don't give ill language, Tom; I have often told you what your rogueries would come to. I told you you would never leave off thieving but at the gallows.

Rak. Villain, be assured I will be revenged on thee.

Risq. I desire of your worship that we may not be put together; I do not care for such company.

Wisd. Mr. Constable, convey them to the round-house; let them be kept separately, and in the morning you shall hear from me.

Rak. [*To WISD.*] Sir, shall I beg to speak one word with you? [*Mr. Constable?*]

Wisd. You are sure he has no arms about him,

Const. No, sir, he hath no arms about him, nor anything else.

Rak. This prosecution will end in nothing but your own shame [*apart to WISD.*]; so you had best set me at liberty. Be assured that I am not the person you take me for; my character will make it evident that my design was neither to rob nor to murder you; my crime, sir, will appear to be such as (Heaven be praised) our laws do not hang a man for.—As for that fellow there, he is my servant; but how or with what design he came here, I cannot tell.

Wisd. And is this what you have to say, sir?

Risq. Don't believe a word he says, sir; for he is one of the damnedst liars that ever was hanged; he'll tell you he kept a justice of peace for a servant, if you will believe him.

Wisd. He says he kept you as such.

Risq. Ay, there it is now! Art thou not a sad dog, Tom?—But thou wilt pay for all thy rogueries shortly. [*WISD. points to the Constable.*]

Const. Come, bring them along; march, you beggarly rascal! you a rogue, and be damned to you, without a penny in your pocket!

SCENE XII.—WISDOM, MRS. WISDOM, MRS. SOFTLY.

Wisd. Don't be frightened, my dear; while you are at home you are in no danger. Sister Softly, I am sorry you find my family in such disorder.

Mrs. S. I am heartily sorry for your sake, dear brother; but heaven knows how soon it may be our own fate; for I suppose you know we have received a letter too.

Wisd. We must find some way to break the neck of this trade. Here's my poor wife will not be able to stir abroad this winter.

Mrs. S. Not stir abroad this winter! Marry, forbid it; she hath staid at home longer already than I would have done, had the danger been ten times greater: I would rather lose my life than my liberty. Where's the difference whether one be locked up in one's own grave or one's own house? My soul is such an enemy to confinement, that if my body were confined it would not stay in it.

Wisd. Oh lud! here's doctrine for my wife! May your body never enter my doors again, I pray Heaven! [*Aside.*] But if you have no more fears for yourself, I hope you would have some for your husband.

Mrs. S. Oh! dear sir, the wife who loves her husband as well as herself is an exceeding good christian. That man must be a most unreasonable creature who expects a woman to abstain from pleasures for his sake.

Wisd. Hoity-toity! I hope you'll allow that a woman ought to avoid some pleasures for the sake of her husband.

Mrs. S. Oh, certainly! ought, no doubt on't. But, to speak freely, I am afraid, when once a woman's pleasures run counter to the interest of her husband, when once she finds greater pleasures abroad than at

home, I am afraid all the threatening letters in Europe will not keep her from them.

Wisd. Oh lud! Oh lud!

Mrs. S. But to show you that I am of a contrary opinion, I will leave the most agreeable company in the world to go home to my husband.—No ceremony.

Wisd. I will see you into the chair.

Mrs. S. Sister, your servant.

Mrs. W. My dear, I am yours. What shall I think? Rakel cannot be guilty of such villany. But then how came his servant here? He sent him to break the windows—and he exceeded his commission. It must be so—and what he hath said was only forged to excuse himself.

SCENE XIII.—WISDOM, MRS. WISDOM.

Wisd. I wish you well home, madam; and may you never come abroad again! My dear, I am afraid she hath quite struck you dumb with surprise. This woman is a walking contagion, and ought not to be admitted into one's house. She is able to raise a universal conjugal rebellion in the nation.

Mrs. W. Alas! my dear, I wish this affair had not happened. I vow I feel a sort of pity for these poor wretches, whom necessity hath driven to such courses. One of them seems so young, too, that if he were forgiven perhaps he might amend—

Wisd. His method of robbing, perhaps, and the next time cut our throats.

Mrs. W. Strict justice seems too rigorous in my opinion; and, though it may be a womanish weakness, I could wish you would forgive them.

Wisd. Be assured, my love, it is a womanish weakness which makes you plead for the life of a young fellow. By the women's consent we should have no rogues hanged till after they are forty.

Mrs. W. In one so young, vice hath not so strong a root.

Wisd. You lie, my dear; vice hath often the strongest root in a young fellow. So, say no more; I am determined he shall be hanged; I will go take my mess of sugar-sops and to bed. In the morning early I will go to a justice of the peace.

Mrs. W. But consider, my dear, will you not provoke the rest of the gang to revenge?

Wisd. Fear nothing, my dear.

While in your husband's arms you keep your

You're free from fear of hurt. [treasure,

Mrs. W. ————Or hope of pleasure.

ACT III. SCENE I.—An inner Room in the Round-house.—COMMONS, RAKEL,

Com. Prithee, Tom, forgive me.

Rak. Forgive thee! Death and damnation! dost thou insult my misfortunes? Dost thou think I am come to the tree, where I am to whine out of the world like a good christian, and forgive all my enemies. If thou wilt hear my last prayer, damn thee heartily, heartily.

Com. Amen, if I designed thee any mischief.

Rak. Rat your designs; it is equal to me whether you designed it or not; and I will forgive you and that rascal Risque at the same time.

Com. Nay, but, dear Tom—why the danger is not so great as thou apprehendest: it will never be believed that thou didst intend to rob my uncle; thy reputation will prevent that.

Rak. But it will be believed that I intended to cuckold your uncle; my reputation will not prevent that: and I would rather sacrifice the world than my mistress—Oons! I believe thou didst intend to discover me, to save the virtue of thy aunt.

Com. To save the devil! You should lie with all

my aunts, or with my mother and sisters; nay, I will carry a letter for you to any of them.

Rak. Carry a letter! If thou wilt get me two letters that were taken out of my pocket when I was searched, I will forgive thee. It is in vain to keep it a secret. Your uncle Wisdom hath in his possession a letter from each of your aunts, which unless we get back must ruin them both.

Com. But I suppose he hath read them already.

Rak. Then they are ruined already.

Com. Prithee, what are the letters?

Rak. I believe, sir, you may guess what business is between them and me.

Com. Harkee, Tom. There is no smut in them.

Rak. There is nothing more in them than from the one an invitation to come and see her, and from the other a very civil message that she will never see my face again.

Const. [Enters.] Captain, you must go before the justice. As for you, sir, you have your liberty to go where you please. I hope you will be as good as your word, and remember to buy your stockings at my shop; for, if I had not persuaded the gentleman to make up the affair, you might have gone before the justice too.

Com. Mr. Constable, I am obliged to you; and the next time you take me up, I hope I shall have more money in my pocket. Come, noble captain, be not dejected; I'll stand by thee, whatever be the consequence. Mr. Constable, we'll wait on you immediately. Harkee, I have a thought just risen may bring the ladies off in the easiest manner imaginable.

Rak. What hath the devil inspired thee with?

Com. Suppose now I should swear that I forged their hands. Luckily for the purpose I have had a quarrel this very day with my uncle Wisdom, and another with my aunt Softly: so that we may persuade the old gentlemen that I sent the letters to you, in order to be revenged on them. Now, if we could persuade them to this.

Rak. Which we might, if they were as ready to believe anything as thou art to swear anything; but, as the case happeneth to be quite contrary, thy stratagem is good for nothing: so fare you well. Nothing will prosper with me whilst I keep such a wicked fellow company.

Com. The invitation must be from my aunt Wisdom by his being there. Odd, if there be no direction, it may do. Thou art such a dear wicked dog, I cannot leave thee in the lurch.

SCENE II.—WISDOM, MRS. WISDOM.

Wisd. Pray, no more of your good-nature, my dear. It is a very good-natured thing, truly, to save one rogue's throat, that he may cut twenty honest people's. The good-nature of women is as furious as their ill-nature; they would save or destroy, without distinction. But by this time, I suppose, my brother Softly is ready. So, child, good-morrow.

Mrs. W. Nay, my dear, I dare not trust myself even in my own house without you, now you have provoked the gang. So, if you are determined to go, you shall carry me to return my sister's visit.

Wisd. Indeed, my dear, I will carry you to a masquerade as soon. No, no; no more visiting there. If my sister's husband's brother marries a mad woman, she shall not spoil my wife; I'll carry you to no such lectures. She will teach you more naughtiness in half an hour than half a dozen modern comedies! nay, than the lewd epilogues to as many modern tragedies.

Mrs. W. Which you never suffer me to go to, though you seldom miss yourself.

Wisd. Well, I must not lose a moment ; good-morrow.

Mrs. W. So you leave me behind to be murdered.

Wisd. You'll come to no harm, I warrant you.

[*Exit.*

Mrs. W. I cannot think that, when I know what you are going upon. If this generous creature should have honour enough to preserve my reputation, shall I suffer him to preserve it at the expense of a life which was dearer to me than fame before, and by such an instance of honour will become still more precious? No, should it come to that, I will give up my honour to preserve my lover, and will be myself the witness to his innocence. Who's there?

SCENE III.—*MRS. WISDOM, BETTY.*

Mrs. W. Call a chair.

Bet. Madam!

Mrs. W. Call a chair.

Bet. And is your ladyship resolved to venture abroad?

Mrs. W. I begin to laugh at the danger I apprehended. But however, that I may not be too bold, order the footman to take a blunderbuss with him: and, d'ye hear? order him to hire chairmen, and arm them with muskets. I am resolved to pluck up a spirit, Betty, and show my husband that I am like other women.

Bet. I am heartily glad to see your ladyship hath so much courage; I always liked those families the best where the ladies governed the most. Where ladies govern there are secrets, and where there are secrets there are vails. I lived with a lady once who used to give her clothes away every month, and her husband durst not oppose it.

Mrs. W. Go, do as I bid you in a moment; I have no time to lose; I will but put on my mantle and be ready.

SCENE IV.—*SOFTLY'S House.*—*MRS. SOFTLY alone.*

Mrs. S. That he should convey himself under her table without her knowledge is something difficult to believe. Nor can I imagine any necessities capable of driving him to so abandoned a course. Her concern seemed to have another cause than fear. Besides, I remember, when we were at the masquerade together, he talked to her near an hour; and, if I mistake not, she was so pleased with his conversation, that she gave him encouragements which he was unlikely to have mistaken. It must be so—whatever was his design, she was privy to it. He is false, and so adieu, good captain.

SCENE V.—*MR. SOFTLY, MRS. SOFTLY.*

Soft. My dear, your servant: no news of my brother Wisdom yet? I have been considering how lucky it is that ours was not the house attacked—we might not so happily have discovered it. (Poor fool, how little she suspects who the incendiaries were!)

Mrs. S. Heaven send the gang be quite broke; I shall be obliged to make more servants mount the guard now whenever I go out.

Soft. It would be much more advisable for you to stay at home, and then no one need mount guard upon you but your husband.

Mrs. S. Never name it; I am no more safe at home than abroad; for, if the rogues should set our house on fire, I am sure no one would wish to be in it.

Soft. Still my arguments retort upon me, and like food to ill blood promote the disease, not the cure. Well, my dear, take your swing; I'll give you no more of my advice—and I heartily wish you may never stay at home.

Mrs. S. Why do you wish so?

Soft. Because I am sure you must be lamed first.

Mrs. S. Why indeed, my dear, I think no one would stay at home who had legs to go abroad.

Soft. Truly, my dear, if I was sure she would have staid at home, I would have chosen a wife without legs, before the finest legged woman in the universe; but she who can't walk will be carried. I have no need to complain of your legs, for they seldom carry you farther than your own door. And truly, my dear, reckoning the number of your attendants, you go abroad now upon a dozen legs.

Servant. [*Enters.*] Sir, Mr. Wisdom to wait on your worship.

Soft. Show him up:—Will you stay and hear the trial?

Mrs. S. No, I have other business; by that time I am dressed, I expect a lady to call on me to go to another trial; I mean the rehearsal of the new opera.

SCENE VI.—*WISDOM, SOFTLY.*

Soft. Brother Wisdom, your servant: my wife tells me you have made a discovery of the incendiaries. Ha, ha, ha! she little thinks who wrote the letters.

Wisd. No, nor do you think who will appear to have written them.

Soft. I hope we shall not appear to have written them.

Wisd. No, no. One of the fellows I have in custody offers to swear it on the other.

Soft. How! but you know we cannot admit of such a testimony, whereof we know the falsehood.

Wisd. And what then? you don't take the false oath, do you? Are you to answer for the sins of another?

Soft. But will not the other circumstances do without that of the letter?

Wisd. Yes, they will do to hang him; but will not have the same terror on our wives.

Soft. I am glad of it with all my heart; I am sure I have severely paid for all the terrors I have given my wife: if I could bring her to be only as bad as she was before, I should think myself entirely happy. In short, brother, I have found, by woful experience, that mending our wives is like mending our constitutions, when often after all our pains we would be glad to return to our former state.

Wisd. Well, brother, if it be so, I have no reason to repent having been a valetudinarian. But let me tell you, brother, you do not know how to govern a wife.

Soft. And let me tell you, brother, you do not know what it is to have a woman of spirit to govern.

Wisd. A fig for her spirit! I know what it is to have a virtuous wife; and perhaps I am the only man in town that knows what it is to keep a wife at home.

Soft. Brother, do not upbraid me with my wife's going abroad: if she doth, it is in the best company. And for virtue—for that, sir, my wife's name is Lucretia—Lucretia the second; and I don't question but she's as chaste as the first was.

Wisd. Ay, ay, and I believe so too. But don't let the squeamishness of your conscience put a stop to my success: and let me tell you, if you are not advantaged by the stratagem, you will be disadvantaged by the discovery; for, if you put such a secret into your wife's bosom, let me tell you, you are not Solomon the second.

SCENE VII.—*WISDOM, SOFTLY, Constable, RAKEL, RISQUE, Clerk, Servants.*

Serv. Sir, here is a constable with some prisoners.

Soft. Bring them in. Brother Wisdom, I will

stretch both law and conscience as wide as possible to serve you. [places.]

Const. Come, gentlemen, walk in and take your

Soft. Are these the two fellows, Mr. Constable, that you found last night broke into Mr. Wisdom's house?

Const. Yes, an't please your worship.

Risq. We are the two rogues, an't please your worship.

Wisd. This fellow is to be admitted evidence against the other.

Risq. Yes, I am evidence for the king.

Soft. Where is my clerk? Mr. Sneaksby, let that fellow be sworn.

Risq. May it please your worship, I have a sort of scruple of conscience; I have been told that you are apter to hire rogues to swear against one another than to pay them for it when they have done it. Therefore, supposing it to be all the same case with your worship, I should be glad to be paid beforehand.

Soft. What does the simple fellow mean?

Wisd. Perhaps we shall not want his evidence; here are some papers which were found in the other's pocket. I have opened one of them only, which I find to contain the whole method of their conspiracy.

Soft. Mr. Sneaksby, read these papers.

Sneaks. [reads.] "To ensign Rakel. Parole Plunder."

Wisd. Plunder's the word, egad!

Sneaks. "For the guard to morrow, ensign Rakel, two serjeants, two corporals, one drum, and six and thirty men."

Soft. Why, the rogues are incorporated, they are regimented—we shall shortly have a standing army of rogues as well as of soldiers.

Wisd. Six-and-thirty rogues about the town to-day: Mr. Softly, we must look to our houses; I expect to hear of several fires and murders before night.

Soft. Truly, brother Wisdom, I fear it will be necessary to keep the city train-bands continually under arms.

Wisd. They won't do, sir, they won't do. Six-and-thirty of these bloody fellows would beat them all. Sir, six-and-thirty of these rogues would require at least one hundred of the foot-guards to cope with them. [farther discoveries, I'll engage.]

Soft. Mr. Sneaksby, read on, we shall make

Sneaks. Here's a woman's hand, may it please your worship.

Soft. Read it, read it; there are women robbers as well as men.

Sneaks. [reads.] "Be here at the time you mention; my husband is luckily out of the way. I wish your happiness be, as you say, entirely in the power of" "ELIZABETH WISDOM."

Wisd. What's that? Who's that?

Sneaks. Elizabeth Wisdom.

Wisd. [Snatches the letter.] By all the plagues of hell, my wife's own hand too!

Soft. I always thought she would be discovered, one time or other, to be no better than she should be. [Aside.]

Wisd. I am confounded, amazed, speechless.

Soft. What's the matter, brother Wisdom? Sure your wife doth not hold correspondence with these people; your wife! that durst not go abroad for fear of them; who is the only wife in town that her husband can keep at home.

Wisd. Blood and furies! I shall become the jest of the town.

Sneaks. May it please your worship, here is one letter more in a woman's hand too.

Soft. The same woman's hand I warrant you.

Sneaks. [reads.] "Sir, your late behaviour hath determined me never to see you more: if you get entrance into this house for the future it will not be by my consent, for I desire you would henceforth imagine there never was any acquaintance between you and

"LUCRETIA SOFTLY."

Wisd. Ha!

Soft. Lucretia Softly!—Give me the letter.—Brother Wisdom, this is some counterfeit.

Wisd. It must be so. Sure it cannot come from Lucretia the second; she that is as chaste as the first Lucretia was—She correspond with such as these, who never goes out of doors but to the best company in town!

Soft. 'Tis impossible!

Wisd. You may think so; but I, who understand women better, will not be so easily satisfied.—I'll go fetch my wife hither, and if she doth not acquit herself in the plainest manner, brother Softly, you shall commit her and her rogues together.—Ha! what do I see?—an apparition!

SCENE VIII.—To them, MRS. WISDOM, guarded.

Mrs. W. Let the rest of my guards stay without. My dear, your servant.

Wisd. This must be some delusion; this can't be real.

Mrs. W. I see you are surprised at my courage, my dear; but don't think I have ventured hither alone—I have a whole regiment of guards with me.

Wisd. You have a whole regiment of devils with you, my dear.

Mrs. W. Ha, ha, ha!

SCENE IX.—To them, MRS. SOFTLY.

Mrs. S. Joy of your coming abroad, sister Wisdom! I flew to meet you the moment my servants brought me the agreeable news you were here.

Mrs. W. I am extremely obliged to you, madam; but I wish this surprise may have no ill effect on poor Mr. Wisdom—he looks as if he had seen an apparition.

Mrs. S. Nay, it will be a great surprise to all your acquaintance; you must have made an hundred visits before it will be believed.

Mrs. W. Oh! my dear, I intend to make almost as many before I go home again.

Wisd. Plagues and furies!

Soft. I fancy, brother Wisdom, you begin to be as weary of the letter-project as myself.

Wisd. Harkee, you crocodile: devil! come here; do you know this hand? [SOFTLY shows

MRS. S. her letter at the same time.

Mrs. W. —Ha! [Starts.]

Wisd. You counterfeited your fear bravely; you were much terrified with the thoughts of the enemy, while you kept a private correspondence with him.

SCENE the last.—To them, COMMONS.

Com. So, uncles, I see you take turns to keep the rendezvous. Uncle Wisdom, I hope you are not angry with me for what I said last night. When a man is drunk you know his reason is not sober; and when his reason is not sober a man that acts according to his reason cannot act soberly. There's logic for you, uncle; you see I have not forgotten all my university learning.

Wisd. I shall take another opportunity, sir, to talk with you.

Com. Well, aunt Wisdom, I hope you will reconcile my uncle to me; I should have waited on you last night according to your invitation, when my uncle was abroad, but I was engaged. I received your letter, too, madam.

Mrs. S. My letter, brute!

Com. Yes, madam; did you not send me a letter last night that you would never see my face again, desiring me to forget that I had ever any acquaintance with you? Nay, I think you may be ashamed to own it; here's a good-natured woman that tries to make up all differences between relations.—Ha! what do I see? Captain Rakel!

Rak. You see a man who is justly punished by the shame he now suffereth for the injury he hath done you. Those two letters you mention I took last night from your bureau, which you accidentally left open: and, fired with the praises which you have so often and so justly bestowed on this lady, I took that opportunity, when she told me her husband would be absent, to convey myself through the window into the closet. What followed I need not mention any more than what I designed.

Com. Rob my bureau, sir!

Rak. Nay, dear Jack, forgive me; these ladies have the greatest reason to be offended, since the letters, being found in my pockets, had like to have caused some suspicions which would not have been to their advantage.

Mrs. W. Excellent creature!

Rak. But, gentlemen, if you please to look at these letters, you will find they are not directed to me.

Mrs. W. They have no direction at all.

Soft. I told you, brother, my wife could not be guilty.

Wisd. I am heartily glad to find mine is not.—You see, madam, what your disobedience to my orders had like to have occasioned. How often have I strictly commanded you never to write to that fellow!

Mrs. W. His carelessness hath cured me for the future.

Wisd. And so, sir, you keep company with highwaymen, do you?

Com. What do you mean, sir?

Wisd. Sir, you will know when your acquaintance is sent to Newgate. Brother Softly, I desire you would order a mittimus for these fellows instantly.

Com. A mittimus! for whom?

Wisd. For these honest gentlemen, your acquaintance, who were broke into my house.

Com. Do you know, sir, that this gentleman is an officer of the army?

Wisd. Sir, it is equal to me what he is. If he be an officer, he only proves that a rogue may be under a red coat, and very shortly you will prove that a rogue may be under a black one.

Com. Why, sir, you will make yourselves ridiculous—that will be all you will get by it. I'll be the captain's witness, he had no ill design on your house.

Wisd. And I suppose, sir, you will be his witness that he did not write the letter threatening to murder my wife.

Mrs. S. That I will. If any one be convicted as an incendiary, I am afraid it will go hard with you two.—I overheard your fine plot. Sister Wisdom, do you know this hand?—This is the threatening letter.

[Showing a letter.]

Mrs. W. Sure it cannot be my husband's!

Mrs. S. As surely as that which you received was written by mine.

Mrs. W. Amazement! What can it mean?

Mrs. S. Only a new way to keep a wife at home; which, I dare swear, mine heartily repents of.

Soft. Ay, that I do indeed.

Mrs. W. And is it possible that these terrible threatening letters can have come from our own dear husbands? [fend us against all our enemies.]

Mrs. S. From those very hands which should de-

Soft. Come, brother Wisdom,—I see we are

fairly detected; we had as good plead guilty, and sue for mercy. I assure you, my dear, I shall think myself very happy if you will return to your old way of living, and go abroad just as you did before this happened.

Wisd. Truly I believe it would have been soon my interest to have made the same bargain.

Mrs. S. Lookee, my dear, as for the blunderbusses, I agree to leave them at home; but I am resolved not to part with the additional footman; he must remain as a sort of monument of my victory.

Soft. Well, brother Wisdom, what shall be done with the prisoner? This fellow's oath will have no great weight in a court of justice.

Wisd. Do just what you will; I am so glad and sorry, pleased and displeased, that I am almost out of my senses.

Rak. I told you how the prosecution would end. Upon my honour, sir, I had no design upon anything that belongs to you, but your wife.

Wisd. Your very humble servant, sir. I do believe you by the emptiness of your pockets; but this gentleman seemed to have some other design by the fulness of his.

Soft. With what conscience, sirrah, did you presume to take a false oath?

Risq. With the same, Mr. Justice, that you would have received it when you knew it to be false. Lookee, gentlemen; you had best hold your tongues, or I shall become evidence for the king against you both. As for my master, he, I hope, will forgive me; for I only intended to get the reward, and then I would have sworn all back again. Sir, if your honour doth not forgive me, I'll confess that I brought you the letters from the ladies, and spoil all yet.

Rak. By your amendment I know not what I may be brought to do—till I get you to the regiment.

Com. Well, uncle Wisdom, you are not angry, are you?

Mrs. W. Let me intercede, my dear.

Wisd. You are always interceding for him; I wish his own good behaviour would. I think, for the sake of religion, I will buy him what he desires, a commission in the army; and then the sooner he is knocked on the head the better.

Rak. Well, brother, if thou dost come among us, it may be, some time or other, in my power to make thee reparation. But to you, madam, I never shall be able to give any satisfaction for my bold design against your virtue.

Mrs. W. Unless by desisting for the future.

Mrs. S. Be assured, if my sister forgives you the injury you intended her, I never will.

Soft. Come, come, my dear, you must be of a more forgiving temper; and, since matters are like to be amicably adjusted, you shall entertain the company at breakfast, and we will laugh away the frolic.

Rak. Pray, ladies, let me give you this advice: if you ever should write a love-letter, never sign your name to it. And, gentlemen, that you may prevent it, think not by any force or sinister stratagem to imprison your wives. The laws of England are too generous to permit the one, and the ladies are generally too cunning to be outwitted by the other. But let this be your maxim:—

Those wives for pleasures very seldom roam

Whose husbands bring substantial pleasures home.

THE GRUB-STREET OPERA,

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE IN THE HAY-MARKET.

BY SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS.

SING. NOM. Hic, hæc, hoc. GEN. Hujus. DAT. Huic. ACCUS. Hunc, hanc, hoc. VOC. Caret.—LIL. Gram. quod vid.

INTRODUCTION.—SCRIBLERUS, Player.

Player. I very much approve the alteration of your title from the Welsh to the Grub-street Opera.

Scrib. I hope, sir, it will recommend me to that learned society; for they like nothing but what is most indisputably their own.

Play. I assure you it recommends you to me, and will, I hope, to the town.

Scrib. It would be impolitic in you, who are a young beginner, to oppose that society, which the established theatres so professedly favour. Besides, you see the town are ever on its side: for I would not have you think, sir, all the members of that august body confined to the street they take their name from. No, no; the rules of Grub-street are as extensive as the rules of the King's Bench. We have them of all orders and degrees; and it is no more a wonder to see our members in ribands than to see them in rags.

Play. May the whole society unite in your favour!

Scrib. Nay, sir, I think no man can set out with greater assurance of success. It was the favour which the town hath already shown to the Welsh Opera which gave birth to this, wherein I have kept only what they particularly approved in the former. You will find several additions to the first act, and the second and third, except in one scene, entirely new.

Play. You have made additions, indeed, to the altercation or scolding scenes, as you are pleased to call them.

Scrib. Oh, sir! they cannot be heightened. Too much altercation is the particular property of Grub-street. With what spirit do Robin and Will rap out the lie at one another for half a page together—You lie, and you lie. Ah! ah! the whole wit of Grub-street consists in these two little words—you lie.

Play. That is esteemed so unanswerable a repartee, that it is, among gentlemen, generally the last word that is spoken.

Scrib. Ay, sir, and it is the first and last among ours. I believe I am the first that hath attempted to introduce this sort of wit upon the stage; but it hath flourished among our political members a long while. Nay, in short, it is the only wit that nourishes among them.

Play. And you may get as much by it as they do. But pray, sir, what is the plot or design of this opera? for I could not well discover at the rehearsals.

Scrib. As for plot, sir—I had writ an admirable one; but, having observed that the plot of our English operas have had no good effect on our audiences; so I have e'en left it out. For the design, it is deep—very deep. This opera was writ, sir, with a design to instruct the world in economy. It is a sort of family opera—the husband's *vade mecum*; and it is very necessary for all married men to have in their houses. So, if you please, I will communicate a word or two of my design to the audience, while you prepare matters behind the scenes.

Play. I shall expect you there, sir.

The author does, in humble scenes, produce
Examples fitted to your private use:
Teaches each man to regulate his life,
To govern well his servants and his wife:
Teaches that servants well their masters chouse;
That wives will ride their husbands round the house:
Teaches that jealousy does oft arise,
Because men's sense is dimmer than their eyes:
Teaches young gentlemen do oft pursue
More women than they well know how to—woo:
Teaches that parsons teach us the right way,
And when we err we mind not what they say:
Teaches that pious women often groan,
For sake of their religion—when they have none:
Teaches that virtue is the maid's best store:
Teaches all these, and teaches nothing more.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Sir Owen Apshinken*, a gentleman of Wales, in love with tobacco, MR. FURNIVAL; *Master Owen Apshinken*, his son, in love with womankind, MR. STROPLER; *Mr. Apshones*, his tenant, MR. WATHAN; *Puzzletext*, his chaplain, in love with women, tobacco, drink, and backgammon, MR. REYNOLDS; *Robin*, his butler, in love with Sweetissa, MR. MULLART; *William*, his coachman, enemy to Robin, in love with Susan, MR. JONES; *John*, his groom, in love with Margery, MR. DOVE; *Thomas*, the gardener, MR. HICKS; *Lady Apshinken*, wife to Sir Owen, a great housewife, governess to her husband, a zealous advocate for the church, MRS. FURNIVAL; *Molly Apshones*, daughter to Mr. Apshones, a woman of strict virtue, MISS PATTY VAUGHAN; *Sweetissa*,

waiting-woman, *Susan*, cook, *Margery*, housemaid—women of strict virtue, in love with Robin, William, John—MRS. NOKES, MRS. MULLART, MRS. LACY.—SCENE, WALES (NORTH OR SOUTH).

ACT I. SCENE I.—SIR OWEN APSHINKEN'S House.
SIR OWEN and PUZZLETEXT smoking.

Sir O. Come, Mr. Puzzletext, it is your glass. Let us make an end of our breakfast before madam is up. Oh, Puzzletext! what a fine thing it is for a man of my estate to stand in fear of his wife, that I dare not get drunk so much as—once a day, without being called to an account for it.

Puz. Petticoat-government is a very lamentable thing indeed. But it is the fate of many an honest gentleman.

AIR I.

What a wretched life Leads a man a tyrant wife, While for each small fault he's corrected; One bottle makes a sot, One girl is ne'er forgot, And duty is always neglected.	But tho' nothing can be worse Than this fell domestic curse, Some comfort this may do you, So vast are the hen-peck'd bands, [shake hands, That each neighbour may With my humble service to you.
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Sir O. Oh, Puzzletext! if I could but enjoy my pipe undisturbed, how happy should I be! for I never yet could taste any pleasure but in tobacco.

Puz. Tobacco is a very good thing indeed, and there is no harm in taking it abundantly.

SCENE. II.—SIR OWEN and LADY APSHINKEN,
PUZZLETEXT.

Lady Ap. At your morning-draught, sir Owen, I find, according to custom; but I shall not trouble myself with such a drone as you are. Methinks you, Mr. Puzzletext, should not encourage drunkenness.

Puz. I ask your ladyship's pardon; I profess I have scarce drank your health this morning—and wine, while it contributeth only to the cheering of the spirits, is not forbidden us. I am an enemy to excess—but as far as the second bottle, nay, to some constitutions, a third, is, no doubt, allowable; and I do remember to have preached with much perspicuity even after a fourth. [no excess?

Lady Ap. Oh intolerable! do you call four bottles

Puz. To some it may, to others it may not. Excess dependeth not on the quantity that is drank, but on the quality of him who drinketh.

Lady Ap. I do not understand this sophistry—though I think I have some skill in divinity.

Puz. Oh, madam! no one more. Your ladyship is the honour of your sex in that study, and may properly be termed, "The great Welsh lamp of divinity."

Lady Ap. I have always had an inclination to maintain religion in the parish; and some other time shall be glad to dispute with you concerning excess; but at present I must impart something to you concerning my son, whom I have observed too familiar with the maids.

Puz. Which of the maids, madam? Not one of my mistress's, I hope. [Aside.

Lady Ap. Truly, with all of them; and, unless we prevent it, I am afraid we shall hear of a marriage not much to our liking; and you know, Mr. Puz-

zletext, how hard a thing it would be for us, who have but one child, to have him throw himself away.

Puz. What methods shall we take in order thereto?

Lady Ap. I know but one—we must prevent his marrying them, by marrying them to others. We have as many men as maids; now I rely on you to match them up to one another; for, whilst there is one unmarried wench in the house, I shall think him in danger. Oh, Mr. Puzzletext! the boy takes after his father, not me—his head is full of nothing but love; for whatever Nature hath done for him in another way, she hath left his head unfurnished.

Puz. Love, in a young mind, is powerful indeed.

AIR II. *Lads of Dunce.*

If love gets into a soldier's heart,
He puts off his helmet, his bow, and his dart:
Achilles, charm'd with a nymph's fair eye,
A distaff took, and his arms laid by.
The gay gods of old their heav'n would quit,
And leave their ambrosia for a mortal tit-bit;
The first of that tribe, that whore-master Jove,
Preferr'd to all heav'ns the heaven of love.

Lady Ap. I think you have already asked them all in the church, so that you have only to hasten the match—this I assure you, I shall not forget the favour. I am now going to take a short airing in the Park, in my own chaise, and would have you remember we have no time to lose.

Puz. Well, sir, you heard what my lady says—what shall I do?

Sir O. E'en what she commands. If she interferes not with my pipe, I am resolved not to interfere with her family. Let her govern while I smoke.

Puz. Upon my word, sir Owen is a thorough epicurean philosopher. I must now seek the young squire, who is a philosopher of another kind.

SCENE III.—OWEN *solus*, with two letters.

This is the day wherein Robin and Sweetissa propose to be married, which unless I can prevent, I lose all my hopes of her; for, when once a woman knows what's what, she knows too much for me. Sure never man was so put to it in his amours—for I do not care to venture on a woman after another, nor does any woman care for me twice.

AIR III. *Let the drawer bring clean glasses.*

curst the puny lover,	But oh! how vast the blessing,
How exquisite the pain,	Whom, to her bosom pressing,
When love is fumbled over,	She whispers, while caressing,
To view the fair's disdain!	Oh! when shall we again?

Here are two letters which I have forged; one as from Susan to Robin, the other from William to Sweetissa: these must be dropped where they may be found by the improper parties, and will create a jealousy whereof I may reap the fruit, and Sweetissa's maidenhead may be yet my own.

SCENE IV.—PUZZLETEXT, OWEN.

Puz. Mr. Owen! I have been searching for you. I am come, child, to give you some good instructions. I am sorry to hear you have an intention to disgrace your family by a marriage inferior to your birth.

Owen. Do not trouble your head with my marriage, good Mr. Parson. When I marry it will be to please myself, not you.

Puz. But let it not be such a marriage as may reflect upon your understanding. Consider, sir,—consider who you are.

AIR IV. *March in Scipio.*

Think, mighty sir, ere you are undone,
Think who you are, Apshinken's only son;
At Oxford you have been, at London eke also;
You're almost half a man, and more than half a beau;
Oh, do not then disgrace the great actions of your life,
Nor let Apshinken's son be buried in his wife!

You must govern your passions, master Owen.

Owen. You may preach, Mr. Parson, but I shall very little regard you. There is nothing so ridiculous as to hear an old fellow railing at love.

Puz. It is like a young fellow's railing at age.

Owen. Or a courtier out of place at court.

AIR V. *Sir Thomas, I cannot.*

The worn-out rake at pleasure rails,
And cries 'tis all idle and fleeting;
At court, the man whose int'rest fails
Cries all is corruption and cheating.
But would you know
Whence both these flow?
Tho' so much they pretend to abhor 'em,
That rails at court,
This at love's sport,
Because they are neither fit for 'em,
fit for 'em,
Because they are neither fit for 'em.

Besides, doctor, I fancy you have not always governed your own passions, though you are so fond of correcting others: as a poet burlesques the nonsense of others, while he writes greater nonsense himself—

Puz. Or as a prude corrects the vices of others, while she is more vicious herself.

Owen. Or as a parson preaches against drinking, and then goes to the alehouse.

Puz. Very true—if you mean a presbyterian parson.

AIR VI. *One evening having lost my way.*

I've heard a noncon parson preach
'Gainst whoring with just disdain;
Whilst he himself to be naught did teach
Of females as large a train
As stars in the sky, or lamps in the street,
Or beauties in the mall we meet,
Or as—or as—or as,
Or as the whores in Drury-lane.

Owen. Thy similes are all froth, like bottled ale—and it is as difficult to get thee out of a simile as out of an alehouse.

AIR VII. *Dutch shipper.*

<i>Puz.</i>	The gaudy sun adorning With brightest rays the morning, the morning, Shines o'er the eastern hill; And I will go a sporting.
<i>Owen.</i>	And I will go a courting, a courting, There lies my pleasure still.
<i>Puz.</i>	In Gaffer Woodford's ground A brushing hare is found, A course which even kings themselves might see;
<i>Owen.</i>	And in another place There lies a brushing lass, Which will give one ten times more sport than she.
<i>Puz.</i>	SECOND PART. [sing. What pleasure to see, while the greyhounds are run- Poor puss's cunning, and shifting, and shunning! To see with what art she plays still her part, And leaves her pursuers afar: First this way, then that; First a stretch, then a squat; Till, quite out of breath, She yields her to death.
<i>Owen.</i>	What joys with the sportsman's compare? How sweet to behold the soft blooming lass, With blushing face, clasp'd close in embrace? To feel her breasts rise, see joy fill her eyes, And glut on her heav'n of charms! While sighing and whining, And twisting and twining, With kissing and pressing, And fondest caressing, With raptures she dies in your arms. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—SWEETISSA, MARGERY.

Sweet. If ever you had known what it was to love, Margery, you would not have wondered how I could prefer a man to his master.

Marg. I should not have wondered, indeed, if our young squire had been like most young country squires; but he is a fine gentleman, Sweetissa.

Sweet. From such fine gentlemen may my stars deliver me, Margery!

Marg. What, I suppose you are afraid of being made jealous, by his running after other women?

Sweet. Pshaw! I should not think him worth being jealous of—he runs after every woman he sees; and yet, I believe, scarce knows what a woman is. Either he has more affectation than desire, or more desire than capacity. Oh, Margery! when I was in London with madam, I have seen several such sparks as these; some of them would attempt making love too. Nay, I have had such lovers! But I could never find one of them that would stand it out.

AIR VIII. *Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.*

In long pig-tails and shining lace,
Our beaux set out a wooing;
Ye widows, never show them grace,
But laugh at their pursuing.
But let the daw, that shines so bright,
Of borrow'd plumes bereft be,
Alas! poor dame, how naked the sight!
You'll find there's nothing left ye.

Oh, Margery! there is more in Robin's little finger than in a beau's whole body.

Marg. Yes, and more roguery in him than—

Sweet. I know you are prejudiced against him from what William says; but be assured that is all malice; he is desirous of getting his place.

Marg. I rather think that a prejudice of yours against William.

Sweet. O, Margery, Margery! an upper servant's honesty is never so conspicuous as when he is abused by the under-servants. They must rail at some one, and, if they abuse him, he preserves his master and mistress from abuse.

Marg. Well, I would not have such a sweetheart.

Sweet. Pugh! if all you say were true, what is it to me? If women were to consider the roguery of their lovers, we should have even fewer matches among people of quality than we have.

AIR IX. *Mad Moll.*

Why should not I love Robin?
And why should not Bob love me?
While ev'ry one else he is fobbing,
He still may be honest to me.
For tho' his master he cheats,
His mistress shares what he gains;
And, whilst I am tasting the sweets,
The devil take her who complains.

Marg. But should he be taken indeed;
Ah! think what a shame it would be
To have your love dragg'd out of bed,
And thence in a cart to the tree.

Sweet. Let halters tie up the poor cheat,
Who only deserves to be hang'd;
The wit who can get an estate
Hath still too much wit to be hang'd.

But I don't speak this on Robin's account; for, if all my master's ancestors had met with as good servants as Robin, he had enjoyed a better estate than he hath now.

SCENE VI.—ROBIN, SWEETISSA.

AIR X. *Masquerade minuet.*

Rob. Oh, my Sweetissa! | My eyes with gaz'ng
Give me a kiss-a: | Arc set a blazing.
Oh, what a bliss-a | *Sweet.* Come then and quench
To behold your charms! | them within my arms.

Rob. Oh, my Sweetissa! thou art straighter than the straightest tree—sweeter than the sweetest flower—thy hand is as white as milk, and as warm; thy breast is as white as snow, and as cold. Thou art, to sum thee up at once, an olio of perfections; or, in other words, a garden of bliss which my soul delights to walk in. Oh! I will take such strides about thy form, such vast, such mighty strides—

Sweet. Oh, Robin! it is as impossible to tell thee

how much I love thee as it is to tell—how much water there is in the sea.

Rob. My dear Sweetissa! had I the learning of the author of that opera-book in the parlour-window, I could not make a simile to my love.

Sweet. Be assured there shall be no love lost between us.

AIR XI. *Young Damon once the happiest swain.*

When mutual passion hath possess'd,
With equal flame, each amorous breast,
How sweet's the rapt'rous kiss!
While each with soft contention strive
Which highest ecstasies shall give,
Or be more mad with bliss!

Rob. Oh, my Sweetissa! how impatient am I till the parson hath stitched us together! then, my dear, nothing but the scissars of the Fates should ever cut us asunder.

Sweet. How charming is thy voice! sweeter than bagpipes to my ear: I could listen ever.

Rob. And I could view thee ever: thy face is brighter than the brightest silver. Oh! could I rub my silver to be as bright as thy dear face, I were a butler indeed!

Sweet. Oh, Robin! there is no rubbing on my face: the colour which I have, nature, not art, hath given; for, on my honour, during the whole time I have lived with my mistress, out of all the pots of paint which I have plastered on her face, I never stole a bit to plaster on my own.

Rob. Adieu, my dear; I must go whet my knives; by that time the parson will be returned from coursing, and we will be married this morning. Oh, Sweetissa! it is easier to fathom the depth of the bottomless sea than my love.

Sweet. Or to fathom the depth of a woman's bottomless conscience than to tell thee mine.

Rob. Mine is as deep as the knowledge of physicians.

Sweet. Mine as the projects of statesmen.

Rob. Mine as the virtue of whores.

Sweet. Mine as the honesty of lawyers.

Rob. Mine as the piety of priests.

Sweet. Mine as—I know not what.

Rob. Mine as—as—as—I gad I don't know what.

AIR XII. *All in the Downs.*

Would you my love in words	Nothing, oh! nothing's like
display'd,	my love for you;
A language must be coin'd	And so my dearest, and so
to tell;	my dearest, and my dear,
No word for such a passion's	adieu.
For no one ever lov'd so well.	

SCENE VII.—SWEETISSA, MARGERY.

Sweet. Oh, my Margery! if this fit of love continues, how happy shall I be!

Marg. Ay, it will continue the usual time, I warrant you—during the honey-moon.

Sweet. Call it the honey-year, the honey-age. Oh, Margery! sure never woman loved as I do! Though I am to be married this morning, still it seems long to me. To a mind in love, sure an hour before marriage seems a month.

Marg. Ay, my dear, and many an hour after marriage seems a twelvemonth; it is the only thing wherein the two states agree; for we generally wish ourselves into it, and wish ourselves out of it.

Sweet. And then into it again; which makes one poet say, love is like the wind.

Marg. Another, that it is like the sea.

Sweet. A third, a weather-cock.

Marg. A fourth, a Jack with a lantern.

Sweet. In short, it is like everything.

Marg. And like nothing at all.

AIR XIII. *Ye nymphs and sylvan gods.*

How odd a thing is love,
Which the poets fain would
prove
To be this and that,
And the Lord knows what,
Like all things below and
above.

But believe a maid,
Skill'd enough in the trade
Its mysteries to explain:
'Tis a gentle dart,
That tickles the heart,
And, tho' it gives us smart,
Does joys impart, [pain.
Which largely requite all the

Marg. Oh, my dear! whilst you have been singing, see what I have discovered!

Sweet. It is a woman's hand, and not my own.
[*Reads.*] Oh, my Margery! now I am undone indeed. Robin is false; he has lain with and left our

Marg. How! [Susan.

Sweet. This letter comes from her, to upbraid him with it.

Marg. Then you have reason to thank fate for this timely discovery. What would it avail you to have found it out when you were married to him? When you had been his wife, what would it have profited you to have known he had another?

Sweet. True, true, Margery; when once a woman is married, 'tis too late to discover faults.

AIR XIV. *Red house.*

Ye virgins who would marry,
Ere you choose, be wary;
If you'd not miscarry,
Be inclin'd to doubting:
Examine well your lover,
His vices to discover;
With caution con him over,
And turn quite inside out him:

But wedding past,
The stocking cast,
The guests all gone,
The curtain drawn,
Be henceforth blind,
Be very kind,
And find no faults about him.

Sweet. Oh Margery! I am resolved never to see Robin more. [happy.

Mary. Keep that resolution, and you will be

SCENE VIII.

Robin. How truly does the book say—hours to men in love are like years. Oh for a shower of rain to send the parson home from coursing before the canonical hours are over! Ha! what paper is this? The hand of our William is on the superscription.

To MRS. SWEETISSA.

"MADAM,—Hoping that you are not quite de-t-e-r-m-i-n-e-d, determined to marry our Robin, this comes for to let you know"

—[I'll read no more: can there be such falsehood in mankind?—I find footmen are as great rogues as their masters; and henceforth I'll look for no more honesty under a livery than an embroidered coat—but let me see again!—

"to let you know I am ready to fulfil my promise to you."

Ha! she too is guilty. Chambermaids are as bad as their ladies, and the whole world is one nest of rogues.

AIR XV. *Black joke.*

The more we know of human kind,
The more deceits and tricks we find
In every land as well as Wales;
For, would you see no roguery thrive,
Upon the mountains you must live,
For rogues abound in all the vales.
The master and the man will nick,
The mistress and the maid will trick;
For rich and poor
Are rogue and whore,
There's not one honest man in a score,
Nor woman true in twenty-four.

SCENE IX.—ROBIN, JOHN.

Rob. Oh, John! thou best of friends! come to my arms. For thy sake I will still believe there is one honest—one honest man in the world.

John. What means our Robin?

Rob. O, my friend! Sweetissa is false, and I'm undone: let this letter explain the rest.

John. Ha! and is William at the bottom of all?—Our William, who used to rail against women and matrimony! Oh! 'tis too true what our parson says,—there's no belief in man. [friend?

Rob. Nor woman neither.—John, art thou my

John. When did Robin ask me what I have not done?—Have I not left my horses undressed, to whet thy knives?—Have I not left my stable uncleaned,

to clean thy spoons? And even the bay stone-horse unwatered, to wash thy glasses! [William.

Rob. Then thou shalt carry a challenge for me to *John.* Oh, Robin! consider what our parson says—We must not revenge, but forget and forgive.

Rob. Let our parson say what he will.—When did he himself forgive? Did he forgive Gaffar Jobson having wronged him of two cocks of hay in five load?—Did he forgive Gammar Sowgrunt for having wronged him of a tithe-pig?—Did he forgive Susan Foulmouth for telling him he loved the cellar better than his pulpit? No, no, let him preach up forgiveness; he forgives nobody. So I will follow his example, not his precepts. Had he hit me a slap in the face I could have put up with it. Had he stole a silver-spoon, and laid the blame on me, though I had been turned away, I could have forgiven him. But to try to rob me of my love—that, that, our John, I never can forgive him.

AIR XVI. *Tippling John.*

The dog his bit
Will often quit,
A battle to eschew;
The cock his corn
Will leave in barn,
Another cock in view.
One man will eat
Another's meat,
And no contention seen;
Since all agree
'Tis best to be,
Tho' hungry, in a whole skin.

But should each spy,
His mistress by,
A rival move his suit,
He quits his fears,
And by the ears
They fall together to't.
A rival shocks
Men, dogs, and cocks,
And makes the gentlest fro-
He who won't fight [ward;
For mistress bright [ard.
Is something worse than cow-

John. Nay, to say the truth, thou hast reason on thy side. Fare thee well. I'll go deliver thy message, and thou shalt find I will behave myself like a Welchman, and thy friend.

SCENE X.

Robin. Now, were it not for the sin of self-murder, would I go hang myself at the next tree. Yes, Sweetissa, I would hang myself, and haunt thee.—Oh, woman, woman! is this the return you make true love? No man is sure of his mistress till he has gotten her with child. A lover should act like a boy at school, who spits in his porridge that no one may take it from him. Should William have been beforehand with me—Oh!

SCENE XI.—ROBIN, SWEETISSA.

Sweet. Oh! the perjury of men! I find dreams do not always go by contraries; for I dreamt last night that I saw our Robin married to another.

[A long silence, and, walking by one another, she takes out her handkerchief, and bursts out a crying.

Rob. Your crying won't do, madam: I can tell you that. I have been your fool long enough. I have been cheated by your tears too often to believe them any longer. [Oh! I shall break my heart—Oh!

Sweet. Oh, barbarous, perfidious, cruel wretch!—

Rob. No, no, your heart is like a green stick—you may bend it, but cannot break it.—It will bend like a willow, and twist round any one.

Sweet. Monster! monster!

Rob. Better language would show better breeding.

AIR XVII. *Hedge-lane.*

Rob. Indeed, my dear,
With sigh and tear,
Your point you will not
carry;
I'd rather eat
The offal meat
Than other's leavings
marry.

Sweet. Villain, well
You would conceal
Your falsehood by such
catches;
Alas! too true
I've been to you,
Thou very wretch of
wretches.

Well you know
What I might do,
Would I but, with young
master.
Rob. Pray be still.
Since by our Will
You're now with child
of bastard.
Sweet. I with child?
Rob. Yes, you with child.
Sweet. I with child, you vil-
lain?
Rob. Yes, you,
Madam, you,
And now with child by
William.

It is equal to me with whom you play your pranks; and I'd as lieve be my master's cuckold as my fellow-servant's—nay, I had rather, for I could make him pay for it.

Sweet. Oh, most inhuman! dost thou not expect the cieling to fall down on thy head for so notorious a lie? Dost thou believe in the Bible? Dost thou believe there is such a thing as the devil? Dost thou believe there is such a place as hell?

Rob. Yes, I do, madam; and you will find there is such a place to your cost. Oh, Sweetissa, Sweetissa! that a woman could hear herself asked in church to one man, when she knew she had to do

Sweet. I had to do with another? [with another!

Rob. You, madam, you.

Sweet. I had to do with Will?

Rob. Yes, you had to do with Will.

AIR XVIII.—*Lord Biron's Maggot.*

Sweet. Sure nought so disastrous can woman befall,
As to be a good virgin, and thought none at all.
Had William but pleas'd me,
It never had teas'd me
To hear a forsaken man bawl.
But from you this abuse,
For whose sake and whose use
I have safe cork'd my maidenhead up;
How must it shock my ear!
For what woman can bear
To be call'd a vile drunkard,
And told of the tankard,
Before she has swallow'd a cup?

Rob. O Sweetissa, Sweetissa! well thou knowest that, wert thou true, I'd not have sold thee for five hundred pounds. But why do I argue longer with an ungrateful woman, who is not only false, but triumphs in her falsehood—her falsehood to one who hath been too true to her? Since you can be so base, I shall tell you what I never did intend to tell you—When I was in London I might have had an affair with a lady, and slighted her for you.

Sweet. A lady! I might have had three lords in one afternoon; nay, more than that, I refused a man with a thing over his shoulder like a scarf at a burying, for you; and these men, they say, are the greatest men in the kingdom.

Rob. O Sweetissa! the very hand-irons thou didst rub before thou wast preferred to wait on thy lady have not more brass in them than thy forehead.

Sweet. O Robin, Robin! the great silver candlesticks in thy custody are not more hollow than thou art.

Rob. O Sweetissa! the paint, nay, the eyebrows that thou putttest on thy mistress, are not more false than thou. [glasses on thy sideboard.

Sweet. Thou hast as many mistresses as there are

Rob. And thou lovers as thy mistress has patches.

Sweet. If I have, you will have but a small share.

Rob. The better my fortune. To lose a wife when you have had her, is to get out of misfortune—to lose one before you get her, is to escape it; especially if it be one that somebody has had before you. He that marries pays the price of virtue. Whores are to be had cheaper.

AIR XIX.—*Do not ask me.*

A woman's ware like china, Once flaw'd is good for nought; When whole tho' worth a guinea, [groat. When broke's not worth a	A woman at St. James's With guineas you obtain; But stay till lost her fame is, She'll be cheap in Drury- lane.
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SCENE XII.—SWEETISSA, MARGERY.

Sweet. Ungrateful, barbarous wretch!

Marg. What is the matter?

Sweet. Oh, Margery! Robin——

Marg. What more of him?

Sweet. O! worse than you can imagine—worse than

I could have dreaded: Oh, he has sullied my virtue.

Marg. How! your virtue!

Sweet. Yes, Margery; that virtue which I kept locked up as in a cupboard; that very virtue he has abused—he has barbarously insinuated to be no virtue at all. Oh, I could have borne any fate but this. I, that would have carried a knapsack through the world, so that my virtue had been safe within it—I that would have rather been the poorest man's wife than the richest man's whore—to be called the miss of a footman, that would not be the miss of a king!

Marg. It is a melancholy thing indeed.

Sweet. O, Margery! men do not sufficiently understand the value of virtue. Even footmen learn to go a whoring of their masters, and virtue will shortly be of no use but to stop bottles.

AIR XX.—*Tweed-side.*

What woman her virtue would keep,
When nought by her virtue she gains?
While she lulls her soft passions asleep,
She's thought but a fool for her pains.
Since valets, who learn their lords' wit,
Our virtue a bauble can call,
Why should we our ladies' steps quit,
Or have any virtue at all?

ACT II.—SCENE I.—*The Fields.*—APSHONES, MOLLY.

Aps. I tell you, daughter, I am doubtful whether his designs be honourable; there is no trusting these fluttering fellows; they place as much glory in winning a poor girl as a soldier does in conquering a town. Nay, their very parents often encourage them in it; and when they have brought up a boy to flatter and deceive the women, they think they have given him a good education, and call him a fine gentleman. [made of a gentler nature.

Molly. Do not, dear sir, suspect my Owen; he is

Aps. And yet I have heard that that gentle gentleman, when he was at London, rummaged all the playhouses for mistresses: nay, you yourself have heard of his pranks in the parish; did he not seduce the fiddler's daughter?

Molly. That was the fiddler's fault; you know he sold his daughter, and gave a receipt for the money.

Aps. Hath he not made mischief between several men and their wives? And do you not know that he lusts after every woman he sees, though the poor wretch does not look as if he was quite come from nurse yet. [their looks than he.

Molly. Sure angels cannot have more sweetness in

Aps. Angels? baboons! these are the creatures that resemble our beaux the most. If they have any sweetness in them, 'tis from the same reason that an orange hath. Why have our women fresher complexions and more health in their countenances here than in London, but because we have fewer beaux among us? In that I will have you think no more of him; for I have no design upon him, and I will prevent his designs upon you. If he comes here any more I will acquaint his mother.

Molly. Be first assured that his designs are not honourable, before you rashly ruin them.

Aps. I will consent to no clandestine affair. Let the great rob one another, and us, if they please; I will show them the poor can be honest. I desire only to preserve my daughter—let them preserve their son.

Molly. O, sir, would you preserve your daughter, you must preserve her love.

AIR XXI.

So deep within your Molly's heart Her Owen's image lies, That, if with Owen she must part, [dies. Your wretched daughter	Thus, when unto the soldier's breast The arrow flies too sure, When thence its fatal point you wrest, Death is his only cure.
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Aps. Pugh, pugh! you must cure one love by another: I have a new sweetheart for you, and I'll throw you in a new suit of clothes into the bargain,—which, I can tell you, is enough to balance the affections of women of much higher rank than yourself.

Molly. Nothing can recompense the loss of my Owen; and, as to what he loses by me, my behaviour shall make him amends.

Aps. Poor girl! how ignorant she is of the world! but little she knows that no qualities can make amends for the want of fortune, and that fortune makes sufficient amends for the want of every good quality.

Molly. My dear Owen, I am sure, will think otherwise.

AIR XXII. *Let ambition fire the mind.*

Happy with the man I love, I'll obsequious watch his will;	Dames, by proudest titles known, Shall desire what we pos- sess;
Hottest pleasures I shall prove,	And while they'd less happy own
While his pleasures I fulfil.	Grandeur is not happiness.

Aps. I will hear no more—remember what I have said, and study to be dutiful, or you are no child of mine.

Molly. Oh! unhappy wretch that I am! I must have no husband, or no father.—What shall I do—or whither shall I turn? Love pleads strong for a husband, duty for a father—yes, and duty for a husband too: but, then, what is one who is already so?—Well, then, I will antedate my duty. I will think him my husband before he is so. But should he then prove false—and when I've lost my father, should I lose my husband too; that is impossible—falsehood and he are incompatible.

AIR XXIII. *Sweet are the charms.*

Beauties shall quit their darling town,
Lovers shall leave the fragrant shades,
Doctors upon the fee shall frown,
Parsons shall hate the masquerades;
Nay, ere I think of Owen ill,
Women shall leave their dear quadrille.

SCENE II.—OWEN, MOLLY.

Owen. My dear Molly, let not the reflection on my past gaieties give thee any uneasiness; be assured I have long been tired with variety, and I find after all the changes I have run through both of women and clothes—a man hath need of no more than one woman and one suit at a time.

AIR XXIV.—*Under the greenwood-tree.*

To wanton pleasures, roving charms,
I bid a long adieu;
While wrapt within my Molly's arms,
I find enough in you.
By houses this, by horses that,
By clothes a third's undone,
While this abides, the second rides,
The third can wear but one.

Molly. My dear, I will believe thee, and am resolved from this day forward to run all the hazards of my life with thee. Let thy rich parents or my poor parents say what they will, let us henceforth have no other desire than to make one another parents.

Owen. With all my heart, my dear: and the sooner we begin to love, the sooner we shall be so.

Molly. Begin to love? Alas, my dear, is it now to begin?

Owen. Not the theory of love, my angel—to that I have long been an apprentice; so long that I now desire to set up my trade.

Molly. Let us then to the parson—I am as willing to be married as thou art.

Owen. Why the parson, my dear?

Molly. We can't be married without him.

Owen. No, but we can love without him: and what have we to do with marriage while we can love? Marriage is but a dirty road to love, and those are happiest who arrive at love without travelling through it.

AIR XXV. *Dearest charmer.*

Will you still bid me tell What you discern so well By my expiring sighs, My doating eyes?	Look thro'th'instructive grove, Each object prompts to love: Hear how the turtles coo, All nature tells you what to do.
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Molly. Too well I understand you now—No, no, however dirty the road of marriage be—I will to love no other way—Alas! there is no other way but one—and that is dirtier still—none travel through it without sullyng their reputations beyond the possibility of cleaning.

Owen. When cleanliness is out of fashion, who would desire to be clean? And when ladies of quality appear with dirty reputations, why should you fear a little spot on yours?

Molly. Ladies of quality may wear bad reputations as well as bad clothes, and be admired in both—but women of lower rank must be decent, or they will be disregarded; for no woman can pass without one good quality, unless she be a woman of very great quality.

Owen. You judge too severely. Nature never prompts us to a real crime: it is the imposition of a priest, not Nature's voice, which bars us from a pleasure allowed to every beast but man. But why do I this to convince thee by arguments of what thou art sufficiently certain? Why should I refute your tongue, when your fond eyes refute it?

AIR XXVI. *Canny boatman.*

How can I trust your words precise, My soft desires denying, When, Oh! I read within your eyes Your tender heart com- plying?	Your tongue may cheat, And with deceit Your softer wishes cover; But, Oh! your eyes Know no disguise, Nor ever cheat your lover.
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Molly. Away, false, perjured, barbarous wretch! Is this the love you have for me, to undo me—to ruin me?

Owen. Oh! do not take on thee thus, my dear Molly; I would sooner ruin myself than thee.

Molly. Ay, so it appears. Oh! fool that I was to think thou couldst be constant who hast ruined so many women—to think that thou ever didst intend to marry me, who hast long been practised in the arts of seducing our sex. Henceforth I will sooner think it possible for butter to come when the witch is in the churn—for hay to dry in the rain—for wheat to be ripe at Christmas—for cheese to be made without milk—for a barn to be free from mice—for a warren to be free from rats—for a cherry-orchard to be free from blackbirds—or, for a churchyard to be free from ghosts, as for a young man to be free from falsehood.

Owen. Be not enraged, my sweetest dear—Let me kiss away thy passion.

Molly. Avaunt! a blight is in thy kiss—thy breath is the wind of wantonness—and virtue cannot grow near thee.

AIR XXVII. *I'll range around.*

Since you so base and faithless be,
And would—without marrying me,
A maid I'll go to Pluto's shore,
Nor think of men or—marriage more.

Owen. You'll repent that resolution before you get half way—She'll go pout and pine away half an hour by herself, then relapse into a fit of fondness, and be all my own.

AIR XXVIII. *Chloe is false.*

Women in vain love's powerful torrent
With unequal strength oppose;
Reason awhile may stem the strong current,
Love still at last her soul o'erflows;
Pleasures inviting,
Passions exciting,
Her lover charms her,
Of pride disarms her,
Down she goes.

SCENE III.—*A Field.*—ROBIN, WILLIAM, JOHN, THOMAS.

Will. Here's as proper a place as can be for our
Rob. The sooner the better. [business.]

John. Come, Thomas, thou and I will not be idle.

Tho. I'll take a knock or two for love, with all my heart.

AIR XXIX. *Britons strike home.*

Will. Robin, come on, come on, come on,
As soon as you please.

Rob. Will, I will hit thee a slap in the—
Slap in the—slap in the face.

Will. Would, would I could see it,
I would with both feet
Give thee such a kick by the by.

Rob. If you dare, sir, do.

Will. Why do not, sir, you?

Rob. I'm ready, I'm ready.

Will. And so am I too.

Tho. You must fight to some other tune, or you will never fight at all.

SCENE IV.—ROBIN, WILLIAM, JOHN, THOMAS, SUSAN.

Sus. What are you doing, you set of lazy rascals?—do you consider my master will be at home within these two hours, and find nothing ready for his supper?

Will. Let master come when he will—if he keeps Robin, I am free to go as soon as he pleases; Robin and I will not live in one house together.

Sus. Why, what's the matter?

Rob. He wanted to get my mistress from me,

Will. You lie, sirrah, you lie. [that's all.]

Rob. Who do you call liar, you blockhead? I say,

Will. And I say you lie. [you lie.]

Rob. And you lie.

Will. And I say you lie again.

Rob. The devil take the greatest liar, I say.

AIR XXX. *Mother, quoth Hodge.*

Sus. Oh, fie upon 't, Robin, Oh, fie upon 't, Will!
What language like this, what scullion
defames?

'Twere better your tongues should ever be still
Than always be scolding and calling vile

Will. 'Twas he that lies [names.]
Did first devise,

The first words were his, and the last shall be mine.

Rob. You kiss my dog.

Will. You're a sly dog.

Rob. Loggerhead.

Will. Blockhead.

Rob. Fool.

Will. Fox.

Rob. Swine.

Will. Sirrah, I'll make you repent you ever quarrelled with me. I will tell my master of two silver spoons you stole. I'll discover your tricks—your selling of glasses, and pretending the frost broke them—making master brew more beer than he needed, and then giving it away to your own family; especially to feed the great swollen belly of that fat-gutted brother of yours—who gets drunk twice a-day at master's expense.

Rob. Ha, ha, ha! And is this all?

Will. No, sirrah, it is not all—then there's your filing the plate, and when it was found lighter, pretended that it wasted in cleaning; and your bills for tutty and rotten stone, when you used nothing but poor whiting. Sirrah, you have been such a rogue,

that you have stole above half my master's plate, and spoiled the rest.

Sus. Fie upon 't! William, what have we to do with master's losses? He is rich, and can afford it.—Don't let us quarrel among ourselves—let us stand by one another; for, let me tell you, if matters were to be too nicely examined into, I am afraid it would go hard with us all. Wise servants always stick close to one another, like plums in a pudding that's overwetted, says Susan the cook.

John. Or horse in a stable that is on fire, says John the groom. [gardener.]

Tho. Or grapes upon a wall, says Thomas the

Sus. Every servant should be sauce to his fellow-servant: as sauce disguises the faults of a dish, so should he theirs. O, William! were we all to have our deserts, we should be finely roasted indeed.

AIR XXXI. *Dame of honour.*

A wise man others' faults conceals,
His own to get more clear of;
While folly all she knows reveals,
Sure what she does to hear of.
The parson and the lawyer's blind,
Each to his brother's erring;
For should you search, he knows you'd find
No barrel the better herring.

AIR XXXII. *We have cheated the parson.*

Rob. Here stands honest Bob, who ne'er in his life
Was known to be guilty of faction and strife;
But, Oh, what can
Appease the man

Who would rob me of both my place and my wife?

Will. If you prove it, I will be hang'd, and that's fair.

Rob. I've that in my pocket will make it appear.

Will. Pri'thee what?

Rob. Ask you that,

When you know you have written against me so flat?

Here is your hand, though there is not your name to it—is not this your hand, sir? [whether it is or no.]

Will. I don't think it worth my while to tell you

Rob. Was it not enough to try to supplant me in my place, but you must try to get my mistress?

Will. Your mistress? Any man may have your mistress that can outbid you, for it is very well known, you never had a mistress without paying for her.

Rob. But perhaps you may find me too cunning for you, and while you are attempting my place, you may lose your own.

AIR XXXIII. *Hark, hark, the cock crows.*

Will. When master thinks fit
I am ready to quit
A place I so little regard, sir;
For, while thou art here,
No merit must e'er
Expect to find any reward, sir.
The groom that is able
To manage his stable
Of places enough need not doubt, sir;
But you, my good brother,
Will scarce find another,
If master should e'er turn you out, sir.

Sus. If you can't be friends without it you had best fight it out once for all.

Will. Ay—so say I.

Rob. No, no, I am for no fighting; it is but a word and a blow with William—he would set the whole parish together by the ears if he could; and it is very well known what difficulties I have been put to to keep peace in it.

Will. I suppose peace-making is one of the secret services you have done master—for they are such secrets that your friend the devil can hardly discover—and whence does your peace-making arise but from your fears of getting a black eye or bloody nose in the squabble? for if you could set the whole parish a boxing without boxing yourself it is well known you would do it. Sirrah, sirrah! had your love for the tenants been the occasion of your peace-

making, as you call it, you would not be always making master so hard upon them in every court, and prevent him giving them the fat ox at Christmas on pretence of good husbandry.

Rob. Yours you have a great love for, master,—we know by your driving to inch as you do, sirrah. You are such a headstrong devil, that you will overturn the coach one day or other, and break both master and mistress's necks; it is always neck or nothing with you. [between you.

Sus. Oh fie! William, pray let me be the mediator

Rob. Ay, ay, let Susan be the mediator; I'll refer my cause to any one—it is equal to me.

Will. No, no, I shall not refer an affair wherein my honour is so concerned to a woman.

AIR XXXIV. *Of a noble race was Shinken.*

Good madam cook, the greasy	With men as wise as Robin,
Pray leave your saucy bawl-	A female judge may pass, sir;
Let all your toil [ing,	For where the grey mare
Be to make the pot boil,	Is the better horse, there
For that's your proper calling.	The horse is but an ass, sir.

SCENE V.—ROBIN, THOMAS, SUSAN.

Sus. Saucy fellow. [you.

Tho. I suppose he is gone to inform master against

Rob. Let him go; I am too well with madam to fear any mischief he can make with master. And hearkee, between you and I, madam won't suffer me to be turned out. You heard William upbraid me with stealing the beer for my own family; but she knows half of it hath gone to her own private cellar, where she and the parson sit and drink, and meditate ways to propagate religion in the parish—

Sus. Don't speak against madam, Robin; she is an exceeding good woman to her own servants.

Rob. Ay, ay, to us upper servants—we that keep the keys fare well enough—and for the rest, let them starve for Robin. It's the way of the world, Susan; the heads of all professions thrive while the others starve.

AIR XXXV. *Pierot's tune.*

Great courtiers palaces contain,	Smaller misses,
While small ones fear the	For their kisses,
gaol,	Are in bridewell bang'd;
Great parsons riot in cham-	While in vogue
pagne,	Lives the great rogue,
Small parsons sot on ale;	Small rogues are by dozens
Great whores in coaches gang,	hang'd.

SCENE VI.—SUSAN, SWEETISSA.

Sweet. Oh brave Susan! what, you are resolved to keep open doings: when a woman goes without the precincts of virtue, she never knows where to stop.

AIR XXXVI. *Country garden.*

Virtue within a woman's heart	But the dam once broken,
By nature's hand is ramm'd	Past all revoking,
in,	Virtue flies off in a minute;
There must be kept by steady	Like a river left,
art,	Of waters bereft,
Like water when it's damm'd	Each man may venture in it.
in.	

Sus. I hope you will pardon my want of capacity, madam, but I don't know what you mean.

Sweet. Your capacity is too capacious, madam.

Sus. Your method of talking, madam, is something dark.

Sweet. Your method of acting is darker, madam.

Sus. I dare appeal to the whole world for the justification of my actions, madam; and I defy any one to say my fame is more sullied than my plates, madam.

Sweet. Your pots you mean, madam: if you are like any plates, it is soup-plates, which any man may put his spoon into.

Sus. Me, madam?

Sweet. You, madam.

AIR XXXVII. *Dainty Davy.*

Sus. What the devil mean you thus

Scandal scattering,

Me bespattering?

Dirty slut, and ugly puss,

What can be your meaning?

Sweet. Had you, madam, not forgot,

When with Bob you—you know what,

Surely, madam, you would not

Twice inquire my meaning.

There, read that letter, and be satisfied how base you have been to a woman to whom you have professed a friendship. [read? when you know—

Sus. What do you mean by offering me a letter to

Sweet. When I know you writ it, madam.

Sus. When you know I can neither write nor read, madam. It was my parents' fault, not mine, that gave me not a better education; and if you had not been taught to write, you would have been no more able to write than myself—though you barbarously upbraid me with what is not my fault.

Sweet. How!—and is it possible you can neither read nor write?

Sus. Possible!—why should it be impossible for a servant not to be able to write, when so many gentlemen can't spell?

Sweet. Here is your name to a love-letter which is directed to Robin, wherein you complain of his having left you after he had enjoyed you.

Sus. Enjoyed me!

Sweet. It is so I assure you.

Sus. If ever I had anything to say to Robin, but as one fellow-servant might say to another fellow-servant, may my pot ne'er boil again!

Sweet. I am sorry you cannot read, that you might see the truth of what I say—that you might read Susan Roastmeat in plain letters; and, if you did not write it yourself, sure the devil must have writ it for you.

Sus. I think I have said enough to satisfy you, and as much as is consistent with my honour.

Sweet. You have, indeed, to satisfy me of your innocence—nor do I think it inconsistent with my honour to assure you I am sorry I said what I said, I do, and humbly ask your pardon, madam.

Sus. Dear madam, this acknowledgment from you is sufficient. Oh! Sweetissa, had I been one of those, I might have had to do with my young master.

Sweet. Nay, for that matter, we might all have had to do with my young master; that argues little in your defence; but this I am assured of—if you cannot write at all, you did not write the letter.

AIR XXXVIII. *Valentine's day.*

A woman must her honour	On horseback he who cannot
save	ride
While she's a virgin found;	On horseback did not rob;
And he can hardly be a knave	And, since a pen you cannot
Who is not worth a pound.	guide,
	You never wrote to Bob.

SCENE VII.—OWEN, AP SHONES.

Aps. I desire not, Mr. Owen, that you would marry my daughter; I had rather see her married to one of her own degree. I had rather have a set of fine healthy grandchildren ask me blessing, than a poor puny breed of half-begotten brats that inherit the diseases as well as the titles of their parents.

Owen. Pshaw, pshaw, master Apshones! these are the narrow sentiments of such old fellows as you, that have either never known or forgotten the world, that think their daughters going out of the world if they go five miles from them, and had rather see them walk a foot at home than ride in a coach abroad.

Aps. I would not see her ride in her coach this year, to see her ride in an hearse the next. [sir.

Owen. You may never arrive to that honour, good

Aps. I would not advise you to attempt bringing any dishonour on us—that may not be so safe as you
Owen. So safe? [imagine.]

Aps. No, not so safe, sir. I have not lost my spirit with my fortune; I am your father's tenant, but not his slave. Though you have ruined many poor girls with impunity, you may not always succeed so; for, let me tell you, sir, whoever brings dishonour on me shall bring ruin on himself.

Owen. Ha, ha, ha!

Aps. I believe both sir Owen and her ladyship too good people to suffer you in these practices, were they acquainted with them. Sir Owen hath still behaved as the best of landlords; he knows a landlord should protect, not prey on, his tenants—should be the shepherd, not the wolf, to his flock—but one would have thought you imagined we lived under that barbarous custom I have read of, when the landlord was entitled to the maidenheads of all his tenants' daughters.

Owen. Ha, ha, ha! thou art a very ridiculous, comical, odd sort of an old fellow, faith.

Aps. It is very likely you and I may appear in the same light to one another. Your dress would have made as ridiculous a figure in my young days as mine does now. What is the meaning of all that plastering upon your wigs? unless you would insinuate that your brains lie on the outside of your heads. [don't.]

Owen. Your daughter likes our dress, if you

Aps. I desire you would spare my daughter, sir. I shall take as much care of her as I can; and if you should prevail on her to her ruin, be assured your father's estate should not secure you from my revenge. You should find that the true spirit of English liberty acknowledges no superior equal to oppression.

Owen. The true spirit of English liberty—ha, ha, ha! Thou art not the first father or husband that hath blustered in this manner, and been afterwards as quiet as a lamb. He were a fine gallant, indeed, who would be stopped in the pursuit of his mistress by the threatenings of her relations! Not that I should care to venture if I thought the fellow in earnest—but your heroes in words are never so in deeds.

AIR XXXIX. *My Chloe, why do you slight me?*

The whore of fame is jealous, The coward would seem brave; For we are still most zealous, What most we want to have.	The madman boasts his senses, And he whose chief pre- tence is The liberty's defence, is Too oft the greatest slave.
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SCENE VIII.—OWEN, MOLLY.

Owen. She here!

Mol. Cruel, dost thou fly me? am I become hateful in thy sight? are all thy wicked vows forgotten? for sure, if thou didst even remember them, they would oblige thee to another behaviour.

Owen. Can you blame me for obeying your commands in shunning you? Sure you have forgotten your last vows, never to see me more.

Mol. Alas! you know too well that I am as insincere in every repulse to you as you have been in your advances to me. How unjustly do men accuse us of using a lover ill, when we are no sooner in his power than he uses us so?

AIR XL. *Sylvia my dearest.*

Cruellest creature, why have you woo'd me, Why thus pursued me Into love's snare? While I was cruel I was your jewel; Now I am kind, you bid me despair.	Nature's sweet flowers Warm seasons nourish, In summer flourish, Winter's their bane; Love, against nature Check'd, grows the greater, And best is nourish'd with cold disdain.
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Owen. How canst thou wrong me so, my dear Molly? Your father hath been here, and insulted me in the rudest manner; but, notwithstanding that I am resolved—

Mol. To fulfil your promise, and marry me.

Owen. Why dost thou mention that hateful word? That, that is the cruel frost which nips the flower of love. Politeness is not a greater enemy to honesty, nor quadrille to common sense, than marriage is to love. They are fire and water, and cannot live together. Marriage is the only thing thou shouldst ask that I would not grant. [else.]

Mol. And till you grant that, I will grant nothing

Owen. It is for your sake I would not marry you; for I could never love, if I was confined to it.

AIR XLI.

How happy's the swain, Whom beauty firing, All admiring, All desiring, Never desiring in vain. How happy to rove Thro' sweetest bowers And cull the flowers, In the delicious garden of love!	How wretched the soul, Under control, To one poor choice confin'd a while, Wanton it exerts the lass. No, no, let the joys of my life Like the years in circles roll, But since you are so ungrateful, Since my service is so hateful, Willing I my place forsake.
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Mol. He's gone! he's lost for ever! irrevocably lost. Oh, virtue! where's thy force? where are those thousand charms that we are told to lie in thee, when lovers cannot see them? Should Owen e'er return, should he renew his entreaties, I fear his success; for I find every day love attains more and more ground of virtue.

AIR XL. *Midsummer wish.*

When love is lodg'd within the heart,
Poor virtue to the outworks flies;
The tongue in thunder takes its part,
And darts in lightning from the eyes.
From lips and eyes with gested grace
In vain she keeps out charming him,
For love will find some weaker place
To let the dear invader in.

ACT III.—SCENE I.—SIR OWEN'S House.

Sir O. (smoking.) What a glorious creature was he who first discovered the use of tobacco! The industrious retires from business—the voluptuous from pleasure—the lover from a cruel mistress—the husband from a cursed wife—and I from all the world to my pipe.

AIR XLIII. *Freemason's Tune.*

Let the learn'd talk of books, The glutton of cooks, The lover of Celia's soft smack-o; No mortal can boast So noble a toast As a pipe of accepted tobacco. Let the soldier for fame, And a general's name, In battle get many a thwack-o; Let who will have most, Who will rule the roast, Give me but a pipe of tobacco. Tobacco gives wit To the dullest old cit, And makes him of politics crack-o; The lawyers i' th' hall Were not able to bawl, [co. Were it not for a whiff of tobac- The man whose chief glory Is telling a story [knack-o, Had never arriv'd at the	Between ev'ry heying And "as I was saying." Did he not take a whiff of tobacco. The doctor who places Much skill in grimaces, And feels your pulse running tick-tack-o; Would you know his chief skill? It is only to fill And smoke a good pipe of tobacco. The courtiers alone To this weed are not prone: Would you know what 'tis makes them so slack-o? 'Twas because it inclin'd To be honest the mind, And therefore they banish'd tobacco.
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SCENE II.—SIR OWEN and LADY AP SHINKEN.

Lady Ap. It is very hard, my dear, that I must be an eternal slave to my family; that the moment my back is turned everything goes to rack and manger; that you will take no care upon yourself, like a sleepy good-for-nothing drone as you are.

Sir O. My wife is a very good wife, only a little

inclined to talking. If she had no tongue, or I had no ears, we should be the happiest couple in Wales.

Lady Ap. Sir Owen! Sir Owen! it is very well known what offers I refused when I married you.

Sir O. Yes, my dear, it is very well known, indeed—I have heard of it often enough, in conscience. But of this I am confident—if you had ever had a better offer, you knew your own interest too well to have refused it.

Lady Ap. Ungrateful man!—If I have shown that I know the value of money, it has been for your interest as well as mine; and let me tell you, sir, whenever my conscience hath struggled with my interest, she hath always got the better.

Sir O. Why, possibly it may be so, for I am sure whichever side your tongue is of will get the better. And heark ye, my dear; I fancy your conscience and your tongue lie very near together. As for your interest, it lies too near your heart to have any intercourse with your tongue.

Lady Ap. Methinks, sir Owen, you should be the last who reflected on me for scolding your servants.

Sir O. So I would, if you would not scold at me. Vent your ill-nature on all the parish, let me and my tobacco alone, and I care not: but a scolding wife to me is a walking bass-viol out of tune.

Lady Ap. Sir, sir, a drunken husband is a bad fiddlestick to that bass-viol, never able to put her into tune, nor to play any tune upon her.

Sir O. A scolding wife is rosin to that fiddlestick, continually rubbing it up to play till it wear out.

AIR XLIV. *Tenant of my own.*

Of all bad sorts of wives	With your hum, drum, &c.
The scolds are sure the worst,	Would he have curs'd mankind
With a hum, drum, scum, hurry scurry scum.	(If Juno's drawn to life)
Would I'd a cuckold been	When Jupiter Pandora sent,
Ere I had been accurs'd	He should have sent his wife,
	With her hum drum, &c.

SCENE III.—LADY APSHINKEN, SUSAN.

Lady Ap. Go thy ways, for an errant knight as thou art.—So, Susan, what brings you?

Sus. The bill of fare, madam.

Lady Ap. The bill of fare! this looks more like a bill for a month than a day. [day, madam.]

Sus. Master hath invited several of the tenants to—

Lady Ap. Yes, I am acquainted with your master's generosity—he would keep a tenant's table by his consent. On my conscience, he would suffer some of the poorer tenants to eat more than their rent out.

Sus. Heaven bless him for such goodness!

Lady Ap. This sirloin of beef may stand, only cut off half of it for to-morrow; it is too big for one dish.

Sus. O dear, madam! it is a thousand pities to cut it.

Lady Ap. Pshaw! I tell you no polite people suffer a large dish to come to their table. I have seen an entertainment of three courses, where the substance of the whole would not have made half a sirloin of

Sus. The devil take such politeness, I say! [beef.]

Lady Ap. A goose roasted—very well; take particular care of the giblets, they bear a very good price in the market. Two brace of partridges—I'll leave out one of them. An apple-pie with quinces—why quinces, when you know quinces are so dear? There; and for the rest, do you keep it, and let me have two dishes a-day till it is out.

Sus. Why, madam, half the provision will stink at that rate.

Lady Ap. Then they will eat the less of it. I know some good housewives that never buy any other, for it is always cheap, and will go the farther.

Sus. So, as the smell of the old English hospi-

talities used to invite people in, that of the present is to keep them away.

Lady Ap. Old English hospitality! Oh, don't name it; I am sick at the sound.

Sus. Would I had lived in those days!—I wish I had been born a cook in an age when there was some business for one, before we had learned this French politeness, and been taught to dress our meat by nations that have no meat to dress!

AIR XLV. *The king's old courtier.*

When mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food,
It ennobled our hearts and enriched our blood;
Our soldiers were brave and our courtiers were good.

Oh the roast beef of England,

And old England's roast beef!

But since we have learnt from all-conquering France

To eat their ragouts as well as to dance,

Oh, what a fine figure we make in romance!

Oh the roast beef of England,

And old England's roast beef!

Lady Ap. Servants are continually jealous of the least thrift of a master or mistress; they are never easy but when they observe extravagance.

SCENE IV.—LADY APSHINKEN, PUZZLETEXT.

AIR XLVI. *Oh, Jenny, Oh, Jenny.*

Lady Ap. Oh, doctor, Oh, doctor, where hast thou been?
Sure woman was never like me perplex'd!

I have been chiding:

Puz. I have been riding,

And meditating upon my text.

Lady Ap. I wish you would give us a sermon on charity, that my servants might know that it is no charity to indulge a voluptuous appetite.

Puz. There is, madam, as your ladyship very well knows, a religious charity, and an irreligious charity. Now, the religious charity teaches us rather to starve the belly of our friend than feed it. Verily, starving is voluptuous food for a sinful constitution.

Lady Ap. I wish, doctor, when you go next to London, you would buy me up, at the cheapest rates, all the books upon charity that have been published.

Puz. I have a treatise, madam, which I shall shortly publish, that will comprehend the whole. It will be writ in Latin, and dedicated to your ladyship.

Lady Ap. Anything for the encouragement of religion. I am a great admirer of the Latin language. I believe, doctor, I now understand Latin as well as English. But, oh, doctor! it gives me pain, very great pain, that, notwithstanding all our endeavours, there should yet remain so many wicked people in our parish. One of the tenants, the other day, abused his wife in the most terrible manner. Shall I never make them use their wives tolerably?

AIR XLVII.

Lady Ap. Ah, doctor! I long much as misers for pelf
To see the whole parish as good as myself.

Puz. Ah, madam! your ladyship need not to doubt
But that by my sermons will be soon brought about.

Lady Ap. Ah, man! can your sermons put them in the right way,

When not one in ten e'er hears what you say?

Puz. Ah, madam! your ladyship need not to fear,
If you make them pay, but I'll make them hear.

SCENE V.—To them, ROBIN.

AIR XLVIII. *In Porus.*

Rob. Some confounded planet
reigning, [plaining,
Surely hath, beyond ex-
Your sex beguiled,
Sense defiled,
Sense awry led
To mistake:

I should wonder,
Could you blunder
Thus awake.
But if your almighty wit
Me for William will quit,
E'en brew as you bake.

Lady Ap. What's the meaning of this?

Rob. Is your ladyship a stranger to it then?—Madam, don't you know that I am to be turned away, and William made butler?

Lady Ap. How!

Rob. Nay, I assure your ladyship it is true. I

just now received a message from master, to give an account of the plate—and perhaps I shall give a better account than William would, had he been butler as long as I have.

Lady Ap. I am out of all patience; I'll to sir Owen this moment. I will see whether I am a cipher in this house or no.

Puz. Hearke, Mr. Robin; you are safe enough—her ladyship is your friend. So go you and send me a bottle of good wine into my room, for I am a very good friend of yours.

SCENE VI.

Robin (solus). It is not that I intend to live long in the family—but I don't care to be turned away. I would give warning myself, and, if this storm blows over, I will. Thanks to my industry, I have made a shift to get together a little comfortable subsistence for the rest of my days. I'll purchase some little snug farm in Wales of about a hundred a year, and retire with—ha!—with whom shall I retire, since Sweetissa's false? What avails it to me that I can purchase an estate, when I cannot purchase happiness?

AIR XLIX. *Cupid, God of pleasing anguish.*

What avail large sums of treasure,
But to purchase sums of pleasure,
But your wishes to obtain?
Poor the wretch whole worlds possessing,
While his dearest darling blessing
He must sigh for still in vain.

SCENE VII.—ROBIN, SWEETISSA.

Rob. Where is my health, when the cabinet it was locked up in is broke open and plundered?

Sweet. He's here!—love would blow me like a whirlwind to his arms, did not the string of honour pull me back—honour, that forces more lies from the mouth of a woman than gold does from the mouth of a lawyer.

Rob. See where she stands! the false, the perjured she. Yet, guilty as she is, she would be dearer to my soul than light, did not my honour interpose—my honour, which cannot suffer me to wed a whore. I must part with honour, or with her—and a servant without honour is a wretch indeed! How happy are men of quality, who cannot lose their honour, do what they will? Right honour is tried in roguery, as gold is in the fire, and comes out still the same.

AIR L. *Dame of honour.*

Nice honour by a private man	But once right honourable
With zeal must be maintain'd!	grown,
For soon 'tis lost, and never can	He's then its rightful owner;
By any be regain'd.	For, though the worst of rogues
	he's known,
	He's still a man of honour.

Sweet. I wish I could impute this blindness of yours to love. But, alas! love would see me, not my faults. You see my faults, not me.

Rob. I wish it were possible to see you faultless—but, alas! you are so hemmed in with faults, one must see through them to come at you.

Sweet. I know of none, but loving you too well.

Rob. That may be one, perhaps, if you were great with William.

Sweet. Oh, Robin! if thou art resolved to be false, do not, I beseech thee, do not let thy malice conspire to ruin my reputation.

Rob. There, madam, read that letter once more, then bid me be tender of your reputation, if you can—though women have always the boldest claims to reputation when they have the least pretensions to it; for virtue, like gunpowder, never makes any noise till it goes off—when you hear the report, you may be sure it's gone.

Sweet. This is some conspiracy against me; for may the devil fetch me this instant if ever I saw this letter before!

Rob. What! and drop it from your pocket?

Sweet. Oh base man! If ever I suffered William to kiss me in my life, unless when we have been at questions and commands, may I never—be kissed while I live again. And if I am not a maid now, may I die as good a maid as I am now. But you shall see that I am not the only one who can receive letters, and drop them from their pockets too. There, if thou art guilty, that letter will shock thee—while innocence guards me.

AIR LI. *Why will Florella.*

When guilt within the bosom	But innocence, disdaining fear,
lies,	Adorns the injur'd face,
A thousand ways it speaks,	And, while the black accuser's
It stares affrighted thro' the	near,
eyes,	Shines forth with brighter
And blushes thro' the cheeks,	grace.

Rob. Surprising!—sure some little writing devil lurks in the house. Ha! a thought hath just shot through my brain. Sweetissa, if you have virtue—if you have honour—if you have humanity, answer me one question. Did the parson ever make love

Sweet. Why do you ask me that? [to you?

Rob. These two letters are writ by the same hand; and, if they were not writ by William, they must have been by the parson—for no one else, I believe, can write or read in the house.

Sweet. I can't say he hath, nor I can't say he hath not. Once he told me that if I was worth a hundred pounds he'd marry me.

Rob. Did he? that's enough; by George I'll make an example of him—I'll beat him till he hath as great an aversion to marriage as any priest in Rome hath.

Sweet. O fie! what, beat the parson?

Rob. Never tell me of the parson. If he will have my meat, I'll give him some sauce to it.

Sweet. Consider, good Robin; for, though thou hast been a base man to me, I would not have thee damned.

Rob. The parson would send me to heaven, I thank him. I'd rather be damned than go to heaven as the parson's cuckold. Sbud! I'll souse him till he shall have as little appetite for woman's flesh as horse-flesh.

AIR LII. *Hunt the squirrel.*

Sweet. Oh, for goodness sake forbear!
Think he's a parson, think he's a parson;
Look upon the cloth he wears,
Ere you pull his ears.

Rob. Cease you chattering, I will batter him;
Blood and thunder-bolt!
I'll rub him, drub him, scrub him down,
As jockeys do a colt.

Sweet. He's gone; perhaps will knock the parson in the head. What can he then expect but to be hanged by the neck? Oh! that he were hanged once safe about my neck. Ye powers preserve him from the hangman's noose, and tie him fast in Hymen's.

SCENE VIII.—SWEETISSA, JOHN.

Sweet. Oh, John! fly! if thou wilt save thy friend—fly up into the parson's closet.

John. What's the matter?

Sweet. One moment's delay, and Robin's lost. He is gone in a mighty passion to beat the parson: run and prevent him, for if he should kill the parson, he will be hanged.

John. Kill him! if he lifts up his hand against him he will be put into the spiritual court, and that's worse than hanging.

Sweet. Fly, fly, dear John. What torments attend a mind in love!

AIR LIII. *The play of love.*

What vast delights must virgins prove,
Who taste the dear excess of love!
Since while so many ways undone,
And all our joys must fly from one,
Eager to love's embrace we run.

So when in some small island lies
The eager merchant's brilliant prize,
That dear, that darling spot to gain,
He views black tempests with disdain,
And all the dangers of the main.

SCENE IX.—OWEN, SWEETISSA.

Owen. Sweetissa in tears:—so looks the lily after
a shower, while drops of rain run gently down its
silken leaves, and gather sweetness as they pass.

AIR LIV. *Si cari.*

Smile, smile, Sweetissa, smile;
Repining banish,
Let sorrow vanish,
Grief does the complexion spoil.
Smile, smile, Sweetissa, smile:
Lift up your charming, cha—a—arming,
Charming, charming eyes,
As the sun's brightest rays in summer skies.

What is the matter, my dear Sweetissa?

Sweet. Whatever be the matter, it is no matter
of yours, master Owen.

Owen. I would hug thee in my arms and comfort
thee, if thou would'st let me. Give me a buss, do.

AIR LV. *Sleepy body.*

Sweet.	Little master, Pretty master, Your pursuit give over; Surely nature Such a creature Never meant for a lover. A beau and baboon, In a dull afternoon,	May ladies divert by their capers; But weak is her head [bed Who takes to her Such a remedy for the vapours. Little master, &c.
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SCENE X.—OWEN *solus.*

AIR LVI.

Go, and like a slubb'ring Bess howl,
Whilst at your griefs I'm quaffing,
For the more you cry, the less you'll—
Tol, lol, de rol.

Be inclined to laughing.

SCENE XI.—OWEN, SUSAN.

Owen. So, Mrs. Susan, which way are you going?

Susan. Going!—why, I am going to find madam
out; if she will have no victuals, she shall have no
cook for Susan. If I cut the sirloin of beef may the
devil cut me!

AIR LVII. *South-sea tune.*

An Irishman loves potatoes; A Frenchman chews Sallads and ragouts; A Dutchman, waterzuche; The Italian, macaroons; The Scotchman loves sheep's heads, sir;	The Welsh with cheese are fed, sir; An Englishman's chief Delight is roast beef; And if I divide the ox' sirloin, May the devil cut off mine.
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Owen. Oh! do not spoil thy pretty face with pas-
sion. Give me a kiss, my dear pretty little cook.

Sus. Give you a kiss!—give you a slap in the
face, or a rod for your backside. When I am kissed,
it shall be by another guise sort of spark than you.
Sbud! your head looks like the scrag-end of a neck
of mutton just floured for basting. A kiss!—a fart!

SCENE XII.—OWEN, MARGERY.

Owen. Go thy ways, greasy face. Oh, here's my
little Margery now.

Marg. Not so little neither, Master Owen. I am
big enough for you still.

Owen. And so thou art, my dear and my dove.
Come, let us—let us—let us—

Marg. Let us what? [kiss like anything.

Owen. Let us, I'gad, I don't know what—Let us

Marg. Not so fast, squire—your mamma must
give you a larger allowance before it comes to that be-
tween you and me. Look'ee, sir, when you can pro-

duce that fine apron you promised me, I don't know
what my gratitude may bring me to. But I am re-
solved, if ever I do play the fool, I'll have something
to show for it besides a great belly.

Owen. Pox on 'em all!—I shall not compass one
out of the whole family. I'gad, I'll e'en go back to
Molly, and make sure of her if possible, or I may be
in danger of dying half a maid yet; for the devil
take me if I ha'n't a shrewd suspicion that, in all my
amours, I never yet thoroughly new what a fine
woman was. I fancy it often happens so among us
fine gentlemen.

AIR LVIII.

The idle beau of pleasure
Oft boasts a false amour,
As breaking cit his treasure,
Most gaudy, when most poor;
But the rich miser hides the stores he does amass,
And the true lover still conceals his happy lass.

SCENE XIII.—PUZZLETEXT, ROBIN, JOHN.

Puz. I will have satisfaction. Speak not to me,
master John, of anything but satisfaction. I will
box him.—I will show him that I was not bred at
Oxford for nothing.—Splutter! I will show him
my head is good for something else besides preach-
ing. [Butts at him.

Rob. You would have armed my head better for
butting, I thank you. [teeth.

Puz. You are a lying rascal, and a liar in your

Rob. You are a liar in your tongue, doctor, and
that's worse.

Puz. The lie to me, sirrah! I will cut your brains
out if you have any brains. Let me go, John—let
me go. [faster than he came.

Rob. Let him come: I warrant he goes back again

Puz. Sbud! sbud! sbud!

John. Fie, doctor! be not in such a passion:
consider who you are—you must forgive.

Puz. I will not forgive.—Forgiveness is some-
times a sin, ay, and a damned sin. No, I will not
forgive him. Sirrah, I will make such an example
of you, as shall deter all such vagabonds for the
future how they affront the church.

AIR LIX. *Buff-coat.*

Puz.	In spiritual court I'll show you such sport, Shall make your own folly curse, sir.
Rob.	But you shall be bit, For I'll stand in the sheet.
Puz.	And keep you from handling my purse, sir. In this you'll be sham'd, In the other world damn'd.
Rob.	Here a priest, there a devil you'll find, sir. I shall know then if priest Or devil be best At the art of tormenting mankind, sir.

Puz. Let me go, John—I will—splutter!

SCENE XIV.—SIR OWEN AND LADY AP SHINKEN,
PUZZLETEXT, ROBIN, WILLIAM, JOHN, SUSAN,
SWEETISSA, MARGERY.

Lady Ap. Heyday! what's the meaning of this?
Mr. Puzzletext, you are not mad, I hope?

Puz. Splutter! my lady, but I am. I have been
abused—I have been beaten.

Lady Ap. It cannot be by Robin, I am sure; he's
peaceably enough inclined.

Will. He'll not strike a blow unless he's forced
to it, I warrant him.

Puz. Yes, it is by Robin; he hath abused me for
writing to his mistress, when I have not had a pen
in my hand, save for half a sermon, these six
months.

Will. Sure letters run strangely in his head!—
he hath quarrelled with me once to-day, and now he
hath quarrelled with Mr. Puzzletext, for writing to
his mistress—He knows his own demerits, and
therefore is jealous of every man he sees for a rival.

Rob. I have not so bad an opinion of myself as to be jealous of you, however sensible you may be of your own merits.

Lady Ap. Let us have no quarrelling here, pray. I thought you had more sense than to quarrel with the church. [*Aside to ROBIN.*]

Will. Master may keep you, if he pleases—when he knows you are a rogue; but I'll swear to your stealing the two silver spoons.

Sweet. You have reason to talk, good Mr. William. I'll swear to your having robbed one of the coaches of the curtains to make yourself a waistcoat; and your having stole a pair of buckles out of the harness, and sold them to Mr. Owen, to wear them in his shoes.

Sus. If you come to that, madam, who stole a short silk apron from my lady, and a new flannel petticoat, which you have on at this moment?

John. Not so fast, good Susan saucebox—Who basted away dozens of butter more than she need that she may sell the grease? Who brings in false bills of fare, and puts the forged articles in her own pocket? Who wants wine and brandy for sauces and sweetmeats, and drinks it herself?

Will. And who wants strong beer for his horses, which he drinks himself?

Marg. I think you should forget that, lest you should be put in mind of the same practice with the coach-horses.

Sus. I suppose, when you remember that, you don't forget taking a dram from her ladyship's bottle every time you make the bed.

Lady Ap. I can excuse you there, Margery, for I keep all my bottles under lock and key.

Sus. But I suppose your ladyship will not excuse her from a false key, the which I will take my oath she hath now in her pocket.

Lady Ap. Very fine, indeed!

Puz. Verily, I am concerned to find my sermons have had no better effect on you. I think it is a difficult matter to determine which deserves to be hanged most; and if Robin, the butler, hath cheated more than other people, I see no other reason for it but because he hath had more opportunity to cheat.

Rob. Well said, parson!—once in thy life thou hast spoken truth.

Will. We are none of us so bad as Robin, though—there's cheating in his very name.—Robin is as much as to say robbing.

Puz. That is none of the best puns, Master Will.

Rob. Well said, parson, again!

AIR LX. *Ye madcaps of England.*

In this little family plainly we find
A little epitome of human kind,
Where, down from the beggar, up to the great man,
Each gentleman cheats you no more than he can.
Sing tantarara, rogues all.

For if you will be such a husband of pelf
To be serv'd by no cheats, you must e'en serve yourself;
The world is so cramm'd brimful of deceit,
That if Robin be a name for a cheat,
Sing tantarara, Bobs all, Bobs all,
Sing tantarara, Bobs all.

Lady Ap. And have I been raking, and rending, and scraping, and scratching, and sweating, to be plundered by my servants?

Sir O. Why truly, my dear, if you had any family to provide for, you would have had some excuse for your saving, to save fortunes for your younger children. But as we have but one son to provide for, and he not much worth providing for, e'en let the servants keep what they have stole, and much good may it do them!

Lady Ap. This is such notorious extravagance!

Omnes. Heavens bless your good honour!

AIR LXI. *My name is old Hewson.*

Rob. I once as your butler did cheat you,
For myself I will set up now;
If you come to my house I will treat you
With a pig of your own sow.

Sweet. I once did your ladyship chouse,
And rob you of trinkets good store;
But when I am gone from your house
I promise to cheat you no more.

Will. Your lining I own, like a blockhead,
I stole, to my utter reproach;
But you will be money in pocket,
If you sell off your horses and coach.

Sus. My rogueries all are confess'd,
And for a new maid you may look;
For, where there's no meat to be dress'd,
There is little need of a cook.

Chorus. And so we all give you warning,
And give you a month's wages too;
We all go off to-morrow morning,
And may better servants ensue.

SCENE XV.—*To them, OWEN, MOLLY.*

Owen and Molly.—Your blessing, sir.

Sir O. and Lady Ap. How!

Owen and Molly. We are your son and daughter.

Sir O. My son married to the daughter of a tenant!

Owen. Oh, sir! she is your tenant's daughter, but worthy of a crown.

AIR LXII. *Fond Echo.*

Molly. Oh, think not the maid whom you scorn
With riches delighted can be!
Had I a great princess been born!
My Owen had dear been to me.
On others your treasures bestow,
Give Owen alone to these arms;
In grandeur and wealth we find woe,
But in love there is nothing but charms.

Owen. In title and wealth what is lost
In tenderness oft is repaid;
Too much a great fortune may cost,
Well purchased may be the poor maid.
While fancy's faint dreams cheat the great,
We pleasure will equally prove;
While they in their palaces hate,
We in our poor cottage may love.

Sir O. She sings delightfully, that's the truth on't. [songs till he forgives us.]

Owen. T'other song—t'other song—ply him with

AIR LXIII. *Lass of Patie's Mill.*

Molly. If I too high aspire,
'Tis love that plumes my wings:
Love makes a clown a squire,
Would make a squire a king.
What maid that Owen spies
From love can e'er be free?
Love in his laced coat lies,
And peeps from his toupee.

Sir O. I can hold out no longer.

Lady Ap. Nor I: let me see you embrace one another, and then I'll embrace you both.

AIR LXIV. *Caro vien.*

Molly. With joy my heart's o'erflowing:
Owen. With joy my heart's jolly.
Molly. Oh, my dearest sweet Owen!
Owen. Oh, my charming Molly!

Since I am happy myself, I will make others so.—These letters, Robin, which caused all the jealousy between you and Sweetissa, I wrote out of a frolic

Rob. Ha! and did I suspect Sweetissa falsely?

Sweet. And did I suspect my Robin?

Rob. Oh, my Sweetissa! my sweet!

Sweet. Oh, my Robin! my Bob!

Rob. This hour shall make us one.—Doctor, lead to church.

Will. What say'st thou, Susan? Shall we follow our leaders?

Sus. Why, faith, I am generally frank, you know, and speak my mind. I say, yes.

John. And thou, Margery?

Marg. I do not say no.

Puz. I am ready to do your business whenever you please.

Owen. Look ye : as I have married first, I desire my wedding may be celebrated first, at least with one dance, for which I have prepared the fiddles.

Puz. And for which I have prepared my fiddle too ; for I am always in *utrumque paratus*.

Owen. This shall be a day of hospitality, I am resolved.

Lady Ap. And I am resolved not to see it ; and would advise you not to be extravagant in it.

[*A dance here.*]

AIR LXV. *Little Jack Horner.*
Puz. Couples united,
 Ever delighted,
 May they ne'er disagree !
Women. First we will wed,
Men. Then we 'll to bed ;
Omnes. What happy rogues are we !
Chorus. Couples united,
 Ever delighted,
 May we ne'er disagree !
 First we will wed,
 Then we 'll to bed ;
 What happy rogues are we !

THE LOTTERY.

A FARCE, AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE IN 1731.

PROLOGUE, SPOKEN BY MR. CIBBER, JUN.

As Tragedy prescribes to passion rules,
 So Comedy delights to punish fools ;
 And, while at nobler games she boldly flies,
 Farce challenges the vulgar as her prize.
 Some follies scarce perceptible appear
 In that just glass, which shows you as you are.
 But Farce still claims a magnifying right,
 To raise the object larger to the sight,
 And show her insect fools in stronger light. }
 Implicit faith is to her poets due,
 And all her laughing legends still are true.
 Thus, when some conjurer does wives translate,
 What dull affected critic damns the cheat ?
 Or should we see credulity profound
 Give to ten thousand fools ten thousand pound ;
 Should we behold poor wretches horse away
 The labour of a twelvemonth in a day ;
 Nay should our poet, with his muse agog,
 Show you an Alley-broker for a rogue,
 Tho' 'tis a most impossible suggestion,
 Faith ! think it all but farce, and grant the question.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Mr. Stocks*, MR. HARPER ; *Jack Stocks*, MR. CIBBER, jun. ; *First Buyer*, MR. BERRY ; *Second Buyer*, (a *Hackney Coachman*), MR. MULLART ; *Lovemore*, MR. STOP-PELAER ; *Whisk*, MR. R. WETHERILT ; *Chloe*, MISS RAFTOR ; *Mrs. Stocks* (sister-in-law to *Stocks*), MRS. WETHERILT ; *Jenny*, MISS WILLIAMS ; *Lady*, MRS. OATES ; *Servants*, &c.—SCENE, LONDON.

SCENE I.—STOCKS alone.

AIR I.

A LOTTERY is a taxation Upon all the fools in creation ; And, Heaven be prais'd, It is easily rais'd, Credulity's always in fashion ;	For folly's a fund Will never lose ground, While fools are so rife in the nation.
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[*Knocking without.*]

Enter 1 Buyer.

1 Buy. Is not this a house where people buy lottery-tickets ?

Stocks. Yes, sir. I believe I can furnish you with as good tickets as any one.

1 Buy. I suppose, sir, 'tis all one to you what number a man fixes on.

Stocks. Any of my numbers.

1 Buy. Because I would be glad to have it, sir, the number of my own years, or my wife's ; or, if I could not have either of those, I would be glad to have it the number of my mother's.

Stocks. Ay, or suppose, now, it was the number of your grandmother's.

1 Buy. No, no ! she has no luck in lotteries : she had a whole ticket once, and got but fifty pounds by it.

Stocks. A very unfortunate person, truly ! Sir, my clerk will furnish you, if you 'll walk that way up to the office. Ha, ha, ha !—There's one 10,000*l.* got.—What an abundance of imaginary rich men will one month reduce to their former poverty !
 [*Knocking without.*] Come in.

Enter 2 Buyer.

2 Buy. Does not you worship let horses, sir ?

Stocks. Ay, friend.

2 Buy. I have got a little money by driving a hackney-coach, and I intend to ride it out in the lottery.

Stocks. You are in the right ; it is the way to drive your own coach.

2 Buy. I don't know, sir, that ; but I am willing to be in Fortune's way, as the saying is.

Stocks. You are a wise man, and it is not impossible but you may be a rich one. 'Tis not above—no matter how many to one, but that you are this night worth ten thousand pounds.

AIR II. *Freemason's tune.*

Here are the best horses That ever ran courses, Here is the best pad for your wife, sir ; Who rides one a-day, If luck's in his way, May ride in a coach all his life, sir.	The sportsman esteems The horse more than gems That leaps o'er a pitiful gate, sir ; But here is the hack, If you sit but his back, Will leap you into an estate, sir.
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2 Buy. How long a man may labour to get that at work, which he can get in a minute at play !

AIR III. *Black Joke.*

The soldier in a hard campaign
 Gets less than the gamester by throwing a main,
 Or dealing to bubbles, and all, all that :
 The stoutest sailor, every one knows,
 Gets less than the courtier, with cringing bows,
 And sir, I'm your vassal, and all, all that :
 And town-bred ladies too, they say,
 Gets less by virtue than by play :
 And dowdy Joan
 Had ne'er been known,
 Nor coach had been her ladyship's lot,
 But for the black ace, and all, all that.

And belike you, sir, I would willingly ride upon the number of my coach.

Stocks. Mr. Trick, let that gentleman have the number of his coach—[*Aside.*] No matter whether we have it or no. As the gentleman is riding to a castle in the air, an airy horse is the properest to carry him. [*Knocking hard without.*] Heyday ! this is some person of quality, by the impudence of the footman.

Enter Lady.

Lady. Your servant, Mr. Stocks.

Stocks. I am your ladyship's most obedient servant.

Lady. I am come to buy some tickets, and hire some horses, Mr. Stocks. I intend to have twenty tickets and ten horses every day.

Stocks. By which, if your ladyship has any luck, you may very easily get 30 or 40,000*l.*

Lady. Please to look at these jewels, sir—they cost my lord upwards of 6000*l.* I intend to lay out what you will lend upon 'em.

Stocks. If your ladyship pleases to walk up into the dining-room, I'll wait on you in a moment.

Enter Porter.

Well, friend, what's your business ?

Porter. Here's a letter for you, an't please you.

Stocks. [Reading.]

"BROTHER STOCKS,—Here is a young lady come to lodge at my house from the country has desired me to find out some one who may instruct her how to dispose of 10,000*l.* to the best advantage. I believe you will find her worth your acquaintance. She seems a mere novice, and I suppose has just received her fortune; which is all that's needful from your affectionate brother,

"TIM. STOCKS."

Very well.—It requires no other answer than that I will come. [*Knocking hard without.*] Heyday! more people of quality. [*Opens the door.*]

Ha!

Enter JACK STOCKS.

J. St. Your servant, brother.

Stocks. Your servant, brother. Why, I have not seen you this age.

J. St. I have been a man of great business lately.

Stocks. I hope your business has turned to a good account.—I hope you have cleared handsomely.

J. St. Ay, it has turned to a very good account.—I have cleared my pockets, faith!

Stocks. I am sorry for that—but I hope you will excuse me at present, dear brother. Here is a lady of quality stays for me; but as soon as this hurry of business is over I should be very glad to—drink a dish with you at any coffee-house you will appoint.

J. St. Oh! I shall not detain you long; and so, to cut the affair as short as possible, I desire you would lend me a brace of hundreds.

Stocks. Brother!

J. St. A brace of hundreds; two hundred pounds in your own language.

Stocks. Dear Jack, you know I would as soon lend you two hundred pounds as one; but I am at present so out of cash, that—

J. St. Come, come, brother, no equivocation: two hundred pounds I must have, and will.

Stocks. Must have, and will!—Ay, and shall have too, if you can get 'em.

J. St. 'Sdeath, you fat rascal! what title had you to come into the world before me?

Stocks. You need not mention that, brother; you know my riches, if I have any, are owing to my industry, as your poverty is to your laziness and extravagance; and I have raised myself by the multiplication-table, as you have undone yourself at the hazard-table.

J. St. That is as much as to say, I have undone myself like a gentleman, and you have raised yourself like a pickpocket. Sirrah, you are a scandal to the family; you are the first tradesman that has been in it.

Stocks. Ay, and the first that has been worth a groat in it. And, though you don't deserve it, I have thought of a method to put you in a way to make you the second. There, read that letter. [*J. STOCKS reads it to himself.*] Well, sir, what say you to 10,000*l.* and a wife?

[*them?*]

J. St. Say?—that I only want to know how to get

Stocks. Nothing so easy. As she is certainly very silly, you may depend upon it she will be very fond of a laced coat and a lord.—Now, I will make over both those to you in an instant. My lord Lace hath pawned his last suit of birth-night clothes to me; and, as I intend to break before he can redeem 'em, the clothes and the title are both at your service. So, if your lordship pleases to walk in, I will but just despatch my lady, and be with you.

J. St. If I can but nick this time, amè's-ace, I defy thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter LOVEMORE. What a chase has this girl led me! However, I have tracked her all the way till within a few miles of this town. If I start her again, let her look to't. I am mistaken, or she began to

find her passion growing too violent before she attempted this flight; and when once a woman is fairly wounded, let her fly where she will, the arrow still sticks in her side.

AIR IV. *Chloe is false, but still she is charming.*

Women in vain love's powerful torrent
With unequal strength oppose;
Reason awhile may stem the strong current
Love still at last her soul o'erflows.

Pleasures inviting,
Passions exciting,
Her lover charms her,
Of pride disarms her;
Down, down she goes.

Enter WHISK.

So, Whisk, have you heard any news?

Whisk. News, sir! ay, I have heard news, and such as will surprise you.

Love. What! no rival, I hope?

Whisk. You will have rivals enough now, I suppose.—Why, your mistress is got into fine lodgings in Pall-mall. I found her out by meeting that baggage her maid in the street, who would scarce speak to me. I followed her to the door, where, in a very few minutes, came out such a procession of milliners, mantua-makers, dancing-masters, fiddlers, and the devil knows what; as I once remember at the equipping a parliament-man's country lady, to pay her first visit.

Love. Ha! by all that's infamous, she is in keeping already; some bawd has made prize of her as she alighted from the stage-coach. While she has been flying from my arms, she has fallen into the colonel's.

AIR V.

How hapless is the virgin's fate, Whom all mankind's pursuing; For, while she flies this treach'- rous bait, From that she meets her ruin.	So the poor hare, when out of breath, [<i>press'd</i> ; From hound to man is Then she encounters certain death, And 'scapes the gentler beast. [<i>Exeunt.</i>]
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Enter CHLOE and JENNY.

Chloe. Oh, Jenny! mention not the country, I faint at the sound of it: there is more pleasure in the rattling of one hackney-coach than in all the music that romances tell us of in singing birds and falling waters.

AIR VI.

Farewell, ye hills and valleys; Farewell, ye verdant shades; I'll make more pleasant sallies To plays and masquerades.	With joy, for town I barter Those banks where flowers grow; What are roses to a garter? What lilies to a beau?
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Jenny. Ay, madam—would the 10,000*l.* prize were once come up!

Chloe. Oh, Jenny! be under no apprehension. It is not only from what the fortune-teller told me, but I saw it in a coffee-dish, and I have dreamt of it every night these three weeks. Indeed, I am so sure of it, that I think of nothing but how I shall lay it out.

Jenny. Oh, madam! there is nothing so easy in nature, in this town, as laying it out.

Chloe. First of all, Jenny, I will buy one of the best houses in town, and furnish it. Then I intend to set up my coach and six, and have six fine tall footmen. Then I will buy me as many jewels as I can wear. All sorts of fine clothes I'll have too.—These I intend to purchase immediately: and then for the rest, I shall make a shift, you know, to spend it in housekeeping, cards, plays, masquerades, and other diversions.

Jenny. It is possible you may.—She has laid out twenty thousand of her ten, already.

Chloe. Well, I shall be a happy creature.—I long to begin, methinks.

AIR VII. *In Perseus and Andromeda.*

Oh, what pleasures will abound
When I've got ten thousand
pound!
Oh, how courted I shall be!
Oh, what lords will kneel to me!
Who'll dispute my
Wit and beauty,

When my golden charms are
found!
O what flattery,
In the lottery,
When I've got ten thousand
pound!

An't I strangely altered in one week, Jenny? Don't I begin to look as if I was born and bred in London already? Eh! does not the nasty red colour go down out of my face? An't I a good deal of pale quality in me?

Jenny. Oh, madam, you come on gloriously.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam! here's one Mr. Spadille at the door.

Chloe. Mr. Spadille! who is that? [madam.]

Jenny. It is your ladyship's quadrille master,

Chloe. Bid him come another time.—I an't in a humour to learn anything more this morning.—I'll take two lessons to-morrow though; for they tell me one is not qualified for any company till one can play at quadrille.

Serv. Mr. Stocks the broker too, madam, is below.

Chloe. Oh! that's the gentleman who is to dispose of my ten thousand pound for me: desire him to walk up. Is it not pretty now to have so many visitants? Is not this better than staying at home for whole weeks, and seeing none but the curate and his wife, or the squire?

Jenny. It may be better for you than seeing the squire; for, if I mistake not, had you staid many weeks longer, he had been a dangerous visitant.

Chloe. I am afraid so too—for I began to be in love with him, and when once a woman's in love, Jenny—

Jenny. Lud have mercy upon her!

AIR VIII.

Chloe. When love is lodg'd within the heart,
Poor virtue to the outworks flies;
The tongue in thunder takes her part,
She darts in lightning from the eyes.
From lips and eyes with gifted grace,
In vain we keep out charming sin;
For love will find some weaker place
To let the dear invader in.

Enter STOCKS.

Stocks. I had the honour of receiving your commands, madam.

Chloe. Sir, your humble servant—your name is Mr. Stocks, I suppose?

Stocks. So I am called in the Alley, madam; a name, though I say it, which would be as well received at the bottom of a piece of paper as any he's in the kingdom. But if I mistake not, madam, you would be instructed how to dispose of 10,000*l*.

Chloe. I would so, sir.

Stocks. Why, madam, you know, at present, public interest is very low, and private securities very difficult to get; and, I am sorry to say it, I am afraid there are some in the Alley who are not the honestest men in the kingdom. In short, there is one way to dispose of money with safety and advantage, and that is—to put it into the charitable corporation.

Chloe. The charitable corporation! pray, what is that?

Stocks. That is, madam, a method invented by some very wise men, by which the rich may be charitable to the poor, and be money in pocket by it.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, here is one my lord Lace desires to know if you are at home.

Chloe. Lord Lace! Oh Gemini! who's that?

Stocks. He is a man of the first quality, and one of the best estates in the kingdom: why, he's as rich as a supercargo.

Enter JACK STOCKS, as LORD LACE.

J. St. Bid the chair return again an hour hence, and give orders that the chariot be not used this evening.—Madam, I am your most obedient humble servant.—Ha! Egad, madam, I ask ten thousand pardons; I expected to have met another lady.

Stocks. I suppose your lordship means the countess of —

J. St. Ay, the countess of Seven Dials.

Stocks. She left these lodgings this day se'nnight, my lord, which was the day this lady came into them.

J. St. I shall never forgive myself being guilty of so great an error; and, unless the breath of my submission can blow up the redundancy of your good-nature, till it raise the wind of compassion, I shall never be able to get into the harbour of quiet.

Stocks. Well said, faith—the boy has got something by following plays, I see. [Aside.]

Chloe. Is this one of your proud lords? Why, he is ten times more humble than the parson of our parish.

J. St. Ha! and are you then resolved not to pardon me? Oh! it is now too late; you may pronounce my pardon with your tongue, when you have executed me with your eyes.

AIR IX.

Chloe. Alas! my lord, you're too severe
Upon so slight a thing;
And, since I dare not speak for fear,
Oh give me leave to sing.
A rural maid you find in me,
That fate I've oft deplored;
Yet think not I can angry be
With such a noble lord.

J. St. Oh ravishing! exquisite! ecstasy! joy! transport! misery! flames! ice! How shall I thank this goodness that undoes me?

Chloe. Undoes you, my lord!

J. St. Oh, madam! there is a hidden poison in those eyes for which nature has no antidote.

Jenny. My lord has the same designs as the squire, I fear; he makes love too violent for it to be honourable. [Aside.]

Chloe. Alas, my lord! I am young and ignorant—though you shall find I have sense enough to make a good market. [Aside.]

J. St. Oh, madam! you wrong your own charms. Mr. Stocks, do you send this lady the diamond ring you have of mine to set. Shall I beg you would honour it with wearing? It is a trifle, not worth above 3000*l*.—You shall have it again the day after we are married, upon honour. [Aside to STOCKS.]

Stocks. It shall be sent to your lordship's order in three days' time—which will be after you are married, if you are married at all. [Aside to him.]

Chloe. Indeed, my lord, I know not what to say.

J. St. Nor I neither, rat me! [Aside.] Say but you will be mine.

Chloe. You are too hasty, sir. Do you think I can give my consent at first sight?

J. St. Oh! it is the town way of wooing; people of fashion never see one another above twice before marriage.

Stocks. Which may be the reason why some of them scarce see one another above twice after they are married.

J. St. I would not presume to ask such a thing if I were not pressed by necessity. For, if I am not married in a day or two, I shall be obliged to marry another whom I have promised already.

Chloe. Nay, if you have been once false, you will always be so.

AIR X.

I've often heard
Two things averr'd
By my dear grandmamma,
To be as sure
As light is pure,
As knavery in law.

The man who'll prove
Once false to love
Will still make truth his scoff;
And woman that
Has—you know what,
Will never leave it off.

Stocks. I see, madam, this is a very improper time for business, so I'll wait on your ladyship in the afternoon.

J. St. Let me beg leave, madam, to give you a little advice. I know something of this town. Have nothing to do with that fellow; he is one of the greatest rogues that ever was hanged.

Chloe. I thought, my lord, you had spoke just now as if you had employed him too.

J. St. Yes, madam, yes; the fellow has some 40 or 50,000*l.* of mine in his hands, which, if ever I get out, I give you my honour, if I can help it, I'll never see his face again. But as for your money, don't trouble yourself about it; leave the disposal of that to me; I'll warrant I find ways to lay it out.

Enter LOVEMORE.

Love. My Chloe! Ha! can you turn thus disdainful from me?

Chloe. Sir, I know you not.

Love. Not know me! And is this the fellow for whom I am unknown? this powderpuff. Have you surrendered to him, in one week, what I have been ages in soliciting?

J. St. Hark ye, sir; whoever you are, I would not have you think, because I am a beau and a lord, that I won't fight.

Love. A lord! Oh! there it is! the charms are in the title. What else can you see in this walking perfume-shop that can charm you? Is this the virtue, and the virtue, that you have been thundering in my ears? 'Sdeath! I am distracted! that ever a woman should be proof against the arts of mankind, and fall a sacrifice to a monkey.

AIR XI. *Son Confuso.*

Some confounded planet reign-
ing
Must have moved you to these
airs;
Or could your inclination
Stoop so low,
From my passion
To a beau?
Blood and thunder!
Wounds and wonder;
Can you under-rate me so?
But since I, to each pretender,
My pretensions must surrender,
Farewell all your frowns and
scorns;

Rot me, madam, I
Wish my rival joy!
Much joy! much joy of his
horns.
Zounds and furies! can I
bear it?
Can I tamely stand the shock?
Sure ten thousand devils
Cannot prove
Half such evils
As to love.
Blood and thunder!
Wounds and wonder!
Who'd be under
Woman's love?

AIR XII.

Chloe. Dear sir, be not in such a passion,
There's never a maid in the nation
Who would not forego
A dull squire for a beau;

Love is not your proper vocation.

Love. Dear madam, be not in such a fury,
For from St. James's to Drury,
No widow you'll find,
No wife of your mind.

Chloe. Ah hideous! I cannot endure you.
Ah! see him, how neat!
Ah! smell him, how sweet!
Ah! hear but his honey words flow!
What maid in her senses,
But must fall into trances,
At the sight of so lovely a beau?

J. St. Ha, ha, ha! we are very much obliged to you, madam—ha, ha! squire Noodle, faith, you make a very odd sort of a ridiculous figure, ha, ha!

Chloe. Not worth your lordship's notice.

Love. I would advise you, my lord, as you love the safety of that pretty person of yours, not to let me find it at my return; for, if I come within the smell of your pulvilio, I will so metamorphose your beauship—

J. St. Impudent scoundrel!

Chloe. I am frightened out of my wits, for I know he is very desperate.

J. St. Oh, madam! leave me to deal with him; I'll let a little light through his body.

Chloe. Ah! but, my lord! what will be the consequence of that?

J. St. Nothing at all, madam; I have killed half a dozen such dirty fellows, and no notice taken of it.

Chloe. For my sake, my lord, have a care of yourself.

AIR XIII.

Ah think, my lord! how I
should grieve
To see your lordship bang'd!
But greater still my fears, be-
lieve,
Lest I should see you hang'd.

Ah! who could see,
On Tyburn-tree,
You swinging in the air?
A halter round
Your white neck bound,
Instead of solitaire.

J. St. To prevent all danger, then, let us be married this instant. [a strange forward creature.

Chloe. Oh fie! my lord; the world will say I am

J. St. The world, madam, might be saucy enough to talk of you if you were married to a private gentleman; but as you will be a woman of quality, they won't be surprised at anything you do.

Chloe. People of quality have indeed privileges, they say, beyond other people; and I long to be one of them.

AIR XIV. *White Joke*

Oh, how charming my life will be,
When marriage has made me a fine lady!
In chariot, six horses, and diamonds bright,
In Flanders lace and 'broidery clothes,
O how I'll flame it among the beaux!
In bed all the day, at cards all the night
Oh! how I'll revel the hours away!
Sing it and dance it, coquette and play
With feasting, toasting,
Jesting, roasting,
Rantum scantum, flanting janting,
Laughing at all the world can say. [Exeunt.

Jenny. This is something like; there is some mettle in these London lords. Our poor country squires will always put us to the blush of consenting; these sparks know a woman's mind before she speaks it. Well, it is certainly a great comfort to a woman who has done what she should not do, that she did it without her own consent.

Enter LOVEMORE.

Love. Ha, flown! Mrs. Jenny, where's your mistress?

Jenny. My mistress, sir, is with my master.

Love. Damnation! where? Show me this instant, and—

Jenny. And what? It is surprising to me how a man of Mr. Lovemore's sense should pursue a woman who uses him so ill, when, to my certain knowledge, there is a woman in the world has a much juster notion of his merit.

Love. Hark ye, Mrs. Minx; tell me where your mistress is, or I'll squeeze your little soul out.

Jenny. Oh, murder! murder! help! murder!

Enter MRS. STOCKS.

Mrs. S. Heyday! what's the matter? Who is this committing murder in my house? Who are you, sir? What rascal, what thief, are you, sir, hey?

Love. This must be the bawd by the politeness of her language.—[Aside.] Dear madam, be not in such a passion; I am no bilking younger brother; and, though I am no lord, you may find me a good customer, and as good a paymaster as any laced fop in christendom.

Mrs. S. Sir, I keep no shop, nor want any of your custom. What has he done to you, child?

[To JENNY.

Jenny. He has done nothing to me, indeed, madam,

only squeezed me by the arm, to tell him where my mistress was. [tress ?]

Mrs. S. And what have you to do with her mis-

Love. Why faith, I am like to have nothing to do with her mistress without your good offices. Look-ye, mother; let me have the first of her, and here are 500*l.* at your service.

Mrs. S. What does the saucebox mean ?

Love. Ha, ha, ha !

AIR XV.

When the candidate offers his purse,
What voter requires what he meant ?
When a great man attempts to disburse,
What little man asks his intent ?
Are you not then ashamed,
When my mistress I've named,
And my purse I've pull'd out,
Any longer to doubt
My meaning, good mother ?

Mrs. S. Mother ! O that ever I should live to see this day ! I that have escaped the name of a whore in my youth to be called a bawd in my old age. Sirrah, sirrah, the mother that bore you was not an honestest woman.

Enter JACK STOCKS and CHLOE.

J. St. What's the matter, Mrs. Stocks ?

Mrs. S. Oh, madam ! had you heard how I've been abused on your account. Here's a filthy fellow has offered me money to—

Chloe. What, dear madam ?

Mrs. S. To procure your ladyship, dear madam—

J. St. Sir, I desire you would omit any farther solicitation to this lady, and on that condition I forgive the past. This lady is now my wife.

Love. How ! Is this true, Chloe ?

Chloe. Even as you've heard, sir. [for a wife.]

J. St. Here's a fellow won't take a lord's word

Love. Henceforth I will never take a woman's word for anything.

J. St. Then I wish you'd take yourself away, sir.

Love. Sir, I shall take the liberty of staying here, because I believe my company is disagreeable to you.

J. St. Very civil, faith ! Come, my dear, let us leave this sullen gentleman to enjoy his spleen by himself. [see the lottery drawn.]

Chloe. Oh, my dear lord ! let's go to the hall to

J. St. If your ladyship pleases. So, dear squire, adieu. [*Exeunt J. STOCKS and CHLOE.*]

Love. I'll follow her still ; for such a coxcomb of a husband will but give her a better relish for a gallant. [*Exit.*]

Jenny. And I'll follow you still ; for such usage from one mistress will give you the better relish for another.

SCENE III.—*Guildhall.*—Commissioners, Clerks, Spectators, Mob, &c.

1 *Mob.* What, are they not drawing yet ?

Stocks. No, but they'll begin presently.

AIR XVI. *South-sea ballad.*

Stocks. The lottery just is beginning :
'Twill soon be too late to get an estate,
For Fortune, like dames fond of sinning,
Does the tardy adventurer hate.
Then, if you've a mind to have her,
To-day with vigour pursue her,
Or else to-morrow,
You'll find, to your sorrow,
She's granted another the favour
Which to-day she intended for you, sir.

1 *Mob.* Never tell me, Thomas ; it is all a cheat. What do those people do behind the curtain ? There's never any honesty behind the curtain.

2 *Mob.* Hearkee, neighbour ; I fancy there is somebody in the wheels that gives out what tickets he pleases ; for, if you mind, sometimes there are

twenty blanks drawn together, and then two or three prizes.

1 *Mob.* Nay, if there be twenty blanks drawn together, it must be a cheat ; for you know the man where I hired my horses told me there was not quite ten blanks to a prize.

2 *Mob.* Pox take their horses ! I am sure they have run away with all the money I have brought to town with me.

1 *Mob.* And yet it can't be all a cheat, neither ; for you know Mrs. Sugarsops of our town got twenty pound. [live with a parliament-man ?]

2 *Mob.* Ay, you fool ; but does not her brother

1 *Mob.* But he has nothing to do with the lottery, has he ? [he has to do with it ?]

2 *Mob.* Ah, laud help thee ! Who can tell what

1 *Mob.* But here's Mrs. Sugarsops herself.

Enter MRS. SUGARSOPS.

Sug. How do you, neighbour Harrow ?

2 *Mob.* Ah ! Mrs. Sugarsops ; you are a lucky woman.

Sug. I wish you would make your words good.

2 *Mob.* Why, have not you got twenty pounds in the lottery ?

Sug. Ah Lud ! that's all rid away, and twenty pounds more to it. Oh ! 'tis all a cheat ; they let one get a little at first, only to draw one in, that's all. I have hired a horse to-day, and if I get nothing by that, I'll go down into the country to-morrow.

1 *Mob.* I intend to ride no longer, nor neighbour Graze here neither. He and I go halves in a ticket to-day. See here is the number. [self !]

Sug. As I live, the very ticket I have hired my-

2 *Mob.* Nay, that cannot be. It may be the same number, perhaps, but it cannot be the same ticket, for we have the whole ticket for ourselves.

Sug. I tell you we are both cheated.

Irishman. Upon my shoul, it is very brave luck, indeed ; the deel take me but this will be brave news to carry back to Ireland.

1 *Mob.* Ay, there's he that has got the five thousand pound which came up to-day. [sir.]

2 *Mob.* I give you joy of the five thousand pound,

Irish. Ah honey ! fait I have not got it as yet—but, upon my shoul, I was within a ticket of it, joy.

3 *Mob.* I hope your worship will take care that my horse be drawn to-day or to-morrow, because I shall go out of town next day.

Stocks. Never fear, friend.

Sug. You are a fine gentleman, to let me the same ticket you had let before to these men here. [take.]

Stocks. Pshaw ! madam, it's impossible, it's a mis-

Sug. Here is the number, sir ; it is the same on both papers.

Stocks. Ha ! why Mr. Trick has made a little blunder here indeed ? However, madam, if it comes up a prize, you shall both receive it.—Ha, ha, ha ! D'ye think my horses won't carry double, madam ? This number is a sure card, for it was drawn a blank five days ago. [*Aside.*]

Enter Coachman.

Coach. Oh, sir ! your worship has let me a very lucky horse : it is come up twenty pound already. So, if your worship would let me have the money—

Stocks. Let me see ; tickets are this day nineteen pound ; and your prize is worth eighteen pound eighteen shillings ; so if you give me two shillings, which are the difference, we shall be quit.

Coach. How, sir ! how ! [count right.]

Stocks. Upon my word, friend, I state the ac-

Coach. Oh, the devil ! and have I given three pound for the chance of losing two shillings more ?

Stocks. Alas, sir ! I cannot help ill fortune. You

have had ill luck ; it might have come up a hundred, or a thousand, or ten thousand.

Coach. Ten thousand!—ten thousand devils take you all! Oons! if I can but once get a stock-jobber into my coach, if I don't break his neck!

AIR XVII. *Buff-coat.*

In all trades we've had
Some good and some bad,
But a stock-jobber has no fellow ;
To hell who would sally,
Let him go to Change-alley,
There are fiends who will make his soul bellow.

The lawyer who's been
In the pillory seen,
While eggs his complexion made yellow :
Nay, the devil's to blame,
Or he'll own, to his shame,
That a stock-jobber has no fellow.

Enter J. STOCKS and CHLOE. Commissioners advance to open the wheels.

J. St. Well, my dear, this is one of the most unaccountable rambles, just after matrimony!—but you shall always find me the most complaisant of husbands.

Chloe. Oh! my lord, I must see all the curiosities; the Tower, and the lions, and Bedlam, and the court, and the opera.

J. St. Yes, yes, my dear, you shall see everything—but the devil take me if I accompany your ladyship! I think I will not talk to her of her fortune before to-morrow morning. [*Aside.*]

Chloe. I will not mention the ten thousand pound before it's come up: it will be the prettiest surprise! [*Aside.*]

J. St. So the lottery is going to begin drawing.

AIR XVIII. *Now ponder well, ye parents dear.*

- 1 *Procl.* Number one hundred thirty-two!
- 2 *Procl.* That number is a blank.
- 1 *Procl.* Number one hundred ninety-nine!
- 2 *Procl.* And that's another blank.
- 1 *Procl.* Number six thousand seventy-one!
- 2 *Procl.* That number blank is found.
- 1 *Procl.* Number six thousand eighty-two!
- 2 *Procl.* Oh! that is twenty pound.

1 *Mob.* Oh! oh! are you come? I am glad to find there are some prizes here.

AIR XIX. *Dutch skipper. Second part.*

- 1 *Procl.* Number six thousand eighty-two,
- 2 *Procl.* Is twenty pound, is twenty pound.
- 1 *Procl.* Number six thousand eighty-two!
- 2 *Procl.* Oh! that is twenty pound.

You see 'tis all fair;
See nothing is there.

[*Pointing to the boys, who hold up their hands.*]

The hammer goes down,

Hey Presto! be gone,

And up comes the twenty pound.

Chorus. You see 'tis all fair, &c.

- 1 *Procl.* Forty-five thousand three hundred and
- 2 *Procl.* Blank. [*ten.*]

1 *Procl.* Sixty-one thousand ninety-seven.

4 *Mob.* Stand clear! stand clear! that's my ticket.

2 *Procl.* Blank.

4 *Mob.* Oh Lud! Oh Lud! [*Exit, crying.*]

1 *Procl.* Number four thousand nine hundred sixty.

2 *Procl.* Blank. [*CHLOE faints.*]

J. St. Help! help! [*latile drops.*]

Sug. Here, here are some hartshorn and sal-vo-

1 *Mob.* Poor lady! I suppose her ticket is come up blank.

2 *Mob.* May be her horse has thrown her, neighbour. [*The lottery continues drawing in dumb show.*]

Enter LOVEMORE and JENNY.

J. St. What's the matter, my angel?

Chloe. Oh!—that last blank was my ticket.

J. St. Ha, ha! and could that give you any pain?

Chloe. Does it not you?

J. St. Not a moment's, my dear, indeed.

Chloe. And can you bear the disappointment, without upbraiding me?

J. St. Upbraiding you! Ha, ha, ha! With what?

Chloe. Why, did you not marry me for my fortune?

J. St. No, no, my dear—I married you for your person; I was in love with that only, my angel.

Chloe. Then the loss of my fortune shall give me no longer uneasiness. [*What!*]

J. St. Loss of your fortune? Ha! How! What!

Chloe. O, my dear! I had no fortune, but what

J. St. Ha! [*I promised myself from the lottery.*]

Chloe. So, the devil take all lotteries, dreams, and conjurers.

J. St. The devil take them, indeed! And am I married to a lottery-ticket—to an imaginary ten thousand pound? Death! hell! and furies! blood! blunders! blanks!

Chloe. Is this your love for me, my lord?

J. St. Love for you! Dem you, fool, idiot!

Jenny. This it is to marry a lord—he can't be civil to his wife the first day.

Enter STOCKS.

Stocks. Madam, the subscriptions are ready, and if my lord— [*me.*]

J. St. Brother, this is a trick of yours to ruin

Stocks. Heyday! what's the matter now?

J. St. Matter! why, I have had a Levant thrown upon me.

Love. The ten thousand pound is come up a blank, that's all.

Stocks. A blank!

J. St. Ay, a blank! do you pretend to be ignorant of it? However, madam, you are bit as well as I am; for I am no more a lord than you are a fortune.

Chloe. Now I'm undone, indeed.

AIR XX. *Virgins beware.*

Love. Now, my dear Chloe, behold a true lover,

Whom, though your cruelty seem'd to disdain,

Now your doubts and fears may discover,

One kind look's a reward for his pain.

Thus to fold thee,

How blest is life!

Love shall hold thee

Dearer than wife.

What joys in chains of dull marriage can be?

Love's only happy when liking is free.

As you seem, sir, to have no overbearing fondness for your wife, I'll take her off your hands. As you have missed a fortune with her, what say you to a fortune without her?—Resign over all pretensions in her to me, and I'll give you a thousand pounds this instant.

J. St. Ha! pox! I suppose they are a thousand pounds you are to get in the lottery.

Love. Sir, you shall receive 'em this moment.

J. St. Shall I? Then, sir, to show you I'll be beforehand with you, here she is—take her; and if ever I ask her back of you again, may I lose the whole thousand at the first sitting!

Chloe. And can you part with me so easily?

J. St. Part with you! If I was married to the whole sex, I'd part with 'em all for half the money.

Love. Come, my dear Chloe: had you been married, as you imagined, you should have lost nothing by the change.

Chloe. A lord! faugh! I begin to despise the name now, as heartily as I liked it before.

[*Commissioners, &c., close the wheels, and come forward.*]

AIR XXI.

Since you whom I loved

So cruel have proved,

And you whom I slighted so true,

From my delicate fine powder'd spouse

I retract all my thrown-away vows,

And give them with pleasure to you.

Hence all women learn,
When your husbands grow stern,
And leave you in conjugal want,
Ne'er whimper and weep out your eyes,
While what the dull husband denies
Is better supplied by gallant.

Stocks. Well, Jack, I hope you'll forgive me; for, if I intended you any harm, may tickets fall, and all the horses I have let to-day be drawn blanks to-morrow!

J. St. Brother, I believe you; for, as I do not apprehend you could have got a shilling by being a rogue, it is possible you may have been honest.

Love. Come, my dear Chloe, don't let your luck grieve you—you are not the only person who has been deceived in a lottery.

AIR XXII.

That the world is a lottery, what man can doubt?
When born, we're put in—when dead, we're drawn out;
And though tickets are bought by the fool and the wise,
Yet 'tis plain there are more than ten blanks to a prize.
Sing tantararara, fools all, fools all.

Stocks. The court has itself a bad lottery's face,
Where ten draw a blank ere one draws a place;
For a ticket in law who would give you thanks?
For that wheel contains scarce any but blanks.

Sing tantararara, keep out, keep out.

Love. 'Mongst doctors and lawyers some good ones are found;
But, alas! they are rare as the ten thousand pound.
How scarce is a prize! If with women you deal,
Take care how you marry—for, oh! in that wheel,
Sing tantararara, blanks all, blanks all.

Stocks. That the stage is a lottery by all 'tis agreed;
Where ten plays are damn'd ere one can succeed:
The blanks are so many, the prizes so few,
We all are undone, unless kindly you.
Sing tantararara, clap all, clap all.

EPILOGUE.—SPOKEN BY MISS RAFTOR.

Lud! I'm almost ashamed to show my face!
Was ever woman like my lady Lace?
Maids have been often wives, and widows soon;
But I'm maid, wife, and widow, all in one.
Who'd trust to Fortune, if she plays such pranks?
Ten thousand—and a lord! and both prove blanks?
A piteous case! and, what is still more madding,
To lose so fine a lord before I had him.
Had all been well till honey-moon was over,
It had been then no wonder to discover,
I a new mistress—he a rival lover. }
To wake so soon from such delicious dreams,
Such pure, polite, extravagant fine schemes
Of plays, and operas, and masquerades,
Of equipage, quadrille, and powder'd blades,
And all blown up at once—oh! horrid sentence!
Forced to take up at last with—faugh!—an old acquaint-
ance.
But hold—when my misfortunes I recall,
Agad! 'tis well I've any man at all.
Yet, since discarded once at such short warning,
This too may turn me off to-morrow morning.
If that should happen, I were finely slurr'd.
What should I then do? What! why get a third.
Well, if he does, as I have cause to fear,
To-morrow night, gallants, you'll find me here.

THE MODERN HUSBAND.

A COMEDY, AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE, IN 1731.

Hæc ego non credam Venusinâ digna Lucernâ?
Hæc ego non agitem?—
Cum leno accipiat mœchi bona, si capiendi

Jus nullum uxori, doctus spectare lacunar,
Doctus et ad calicem vigilanti stertere naso.

JUV. SAT. I.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter.

SIR,—While the peace of Europe, and the lives and fortunes of so great a part of mankind, depend on your counsels, it may be thought an offence against the public good to divert, by trifles of this nature, any of those moments which are so sacred to the welfare of our country.

But, however ridiculed or exploded the Muses may be, in an age when their greatest favourites are liable to the censure and correction of every boy or idiot who shall have it in his power to satisfy the wantonness of an evil heart at the expense of the reputation and interest of the best poet, yet has this science been esteemed, honoured, protected, and often professed by the greatest persons of antiquity. Nations and the Muses have generally enjoyed the same protectors.

The reason of this is obvious: as the best poets have owed their rewards to the greatest heroes and statesmen of their times, so those heroes have owed to the poet that posthumous reputation which is generally the only reward that attends the greatest actions. By them the great and good blaze out to posterity, and triumph over the little malice and envy which once pursued them.

Protect, therefore, sir, an art from which you may promise yourself such notable advantages when the little artifices of your enemies, which you have surmounted, shall be forgotten—when envy shall cease to misrepresent your actions, and ignorance to misapprehend them. The Muses shall remember their protector, and the wise statesman, the generous patron, the steadfast friend, and the true patriot; but, above all, that humanity and sweetness of temper which shine through all your actions, shall render the name of SIR ROBERT WALPOLE dear to his no longer ungrateful country.

That success may attend all your counsels—that you may continue to preserve us from our enemies abroad, and to triumph over your enemies at home—is the sincere wish of, sir, your most obliged, most obedient humble servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

PROLOGUE.—SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

In early youth our author first began
To combat with the follies of the town;
Her want of art his unskill'd muse bewail'd,
And, where his fancy pleased, his judgment fail'd.
Hence your nice tastes he strove to entertain
With unshaped monsters of a wanton brain.

He taught Tom Thumb strange victories to boast,
Slew heaps of giants, and then—kill'd a ghost!
To rules or reason scorn'd the dull pretence,
And fought, your champion, 'gainst the cause of sense!
At length, repenting frolic flights of youth,
Once more he flies to nature and to truth:
In virtue's just defence aspires to fame,
And courts applause without the applauders' shame!
Impartial let your praise or censure flow,
For, as he brings no friend, he hopes to find no foe.
His muse in schools too unpolite was bred
To apprehend each critic—that can read:
For, sure no man's capacity's less ample
Because he's been at Oxford or the Temple!
He shows but little judgment or discerning
Who thinks taste banish'd from the seats of learning,
Nor is less false or scandalous the aspersion
That such will ever damn their own diversion.
But poets damn'd, like thieves convicted, act—
Rail at their jury, and deny the fact!
To-night (yet strangers to the scene) you'll view
A pair of monsters most entirely new!
Two characters scarce ever found in life—
A willing cuckold sells his willing wife!
But, from whatever clime the creatures come,
Condemn 'em not—because not found at home.
If then true nature in his scenes you trace,
Not scenes that comedy to farce debase;
If modern vice detestable be shown,
And, vicious as it is, he draws the town—
Though no loud laugh applaud the serious page,
Restore the sinking honour of the stage—
The stage, which was not for low farce design'd,
But to divert, instruct, and mend mankind.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—Lord Richly, MR. CIBBER; Mr. Bel-
lamant, MR. WILKS; Captain Belamant, MR. CIBBER, jun.;
Mr. Gaywit, MR. MILLS, jun.; Mr. Modern, MR. BRIDGE-
WATER; Lord Lazy, Colonel Courtly, Mr. Woodall, Captain Merit,
Captain Bravemore—persons who attend Lord Richly's levee—
MR. BOMAN, MR. HALLAM, jun., MR. HARPER, MR. PAGET,
MR. WATSON; John, servant to Modern, MR. BERRY; Porter to
Lord Richly, MR. MULLART; Lady Charlotte Gaywit, MRS.
CIBBER; Mrs. Bellamant, MRS. HORTON; Mrs. Modern, MRS.
HERON; Emilia, MRS. BUTLER; Lately, MRS. CLARKE.—
SCENE, LONDON.

ACT I.—SCENE I.—MRS. MODERN'S house.—MRS.

MODERN at her toilet; LATELY attending.

Mrs. M. Lud! this creature is longer in sticking a pin than some people are in dressing a head. Will you never have done fumbling?

Late. There, ma'am, your ladyship is dressed.

Mrs. M. Dressed! ay, most frightfully dressed, I am sure. If it were not too late, I would begin it all again. This gown is wretchedly made, and does not become me. When was Tricksy here?

Late. Yesterday, ma'am, with her bill.

Mrs. M. How! her bill already? [bring it.

Late. She says, ma'am, your ladyship bid her

Mrs. M. Ay, to be sure, she'll not fail to remember that.

Late. She says too, ma'am, that she's in great distress for her money. [any one who is not.

Mrs. M. Oh, no doubt of that; I do not know

Late. What shall I do, ma'am, when she comes again? [again, I think.

Mrs. M. You must—you must send her away

Late. Yes, ma'am, but—

Mrs. M. But—but what? Don't trouble me with your impertinence: I have other things to think on—bills! bills! bills! I wonder in a civilised nation there are no laws against duns. [Knocking at the door.] Come in.

SCENE II.—To them, Footman.

Foot. My Lady Everplay, madam, gives her humble service to you, and desires your ladyship's company to-morrow se'nnight, to make a party at quadrille with my Lady Loseall and Mrs. Bane-spouse. [see whether I am engaged.

Mrs. M. Lately, bring the quadrille-book hither;

Late. Here it is, ma'am.

Mrs. M. Run over the engagements.

Late. Monday, February 5, at Mrs. Squabble's; Tuesday, at Mrs. Witless's; Wednesday, at lady Matadore's; Thursday, at Mrs. Fiddlefaddle's; Friday, at Mrs. Ruin's; Saturday, at lady Trifle's; Sunday, at lady Barbara Pawnjewel's.

Mrs. M. What is the wench doing? See for how long I am engaged. At this rate you will not have done this hour. [till Thursday three weeks.

Late. Ma'am, your ladyship is engaged every night

Mrs. M. My service to lady Everplay; I have parties every night till Thursday three weeks, and then I shall be very glad if she will get two more at my house; and, Tom, take the roll of visits, and go with my chair to pay them; but remember not to call at Mrs. Worthy's.

SCENE III.—MRS. MODERN, LATELY.

Mrs. M. I intend to leave off her acquaintance, for I never see any people of fashion at her house, which, indeed, I do not wonder at, for the wretch is hardly ever to be met with without her husband. And truly, I think, she is not fit company for any other. Did you ever see any one dress like her, Lately?

Late. Oh, frightful! I have wondered how your ladyship could endure her so long.

Mrs. M. Why she plays at quadrille worse than she dresses, and one would endure a great deal in a person who loses her money.

Late. Nay, now I wonder that your la'ship has left her off at all.

Mrs. M. Truly, because she has left off play; and now she rails at cards for the same reason as some women do at gallantry—from ill success. Poor creatures! how ignorant they are that all their railing is only a loud proclamation that they have lost their money or a lover!

Late. They may rail as long as they please, ma'am—they will never be able to expel those two pleasures out of the world.

Mrs. M. Ah, Lately! I hope I shall be expelled out of the world first. Those quadrille rings of mine are worth more money than four of the best brilliants. There is more conjuration in these dear circles—[shows a ring]—these spades, hearts, clubs, and diamonds. Hark, I hear my husband coming; go you down stairs. [Exit LATELY.] Husband did I say? Sure the wretch who sells his wife deserves another name. But I must be civil to him while I despise him.

SCENE IV.—MODERN, MRS. MODERN.

Mrs. M. My dear, good morrow.

Mod. I hope you slept well last night, madam; that is, I hope you had good success at cards.

Mrs. M. Very indifferent. I had won a considerable sum, if it had not been for a cursed Sans-prendre-vole that swept the whole table. That lady Weldon has such luck, if I were superstitious I should forswear playing with her; for I never played with her but I cheated, nor ever played with her but I lost.

Mod. Then, without being very superstitious, I think you may suspect that she cheats too.

Mrs. M. Did I not know the other company: for the very worst of quadrille is, one cannot cheat without a partner. The division of a booty gives one more pain than the winning it can pleasure. I am to make up accounts to-morrow with Mrs. Sharp-ring, but where to get the money I know not, unless you have it, child.

Mod. I have it! I wanted to borrow some of you; unless you can raise me five hundred pounds by to-morrow night, I shall be in a fair way to go to jail the next morning.

Mrs. M. If the whole happiness of my life depended on it, I could not get the tenth part.

Mod. You do not manage lord Richly right. Men will give anything to a woman they are fond of.

Mrs. M. But not to a woman whom they were fond of. The decay of lord Richly's passion is too apparent for you not to have observed it. He visits me seldom; and I am afraid, should I ask a favour of him, it might break off our acquaintance.

Mod. Then I see no reason for your acquaintance—he dances no longer at my house if he will not pay the music. But hold, I have a thought come into my head may oblige him to it, and make better music for us than you imagine.

Mrs. M. What is it?

Mod. Suppose I procured witnesses of his familiarity with you, I should recover swingeing damages.

Mrs. M. But then my reputation—

Mod. Pooh! you will have enough to gild it; never fear your reputation while you are rich, for gold in this world covers as many sins as charity in the next: so that, get a great deal and give away a little, and you secure your happiness in both. Besides, in this case, all the scandal falls on the husband.

Mrs. M. Oh no! I shall be no more visited. Farewell, dear quadrille, dear, dear, Sans-prendre-vole, and matadores.

Mod. You will be forced to quit these pleasures otherwise; for your companions in 'em will quit you the very moment they apprehend our sinking fortune. You will find that wealth has a surer interest to introduce roguery into company than virtue to introduce poverty.

Mrs. M. You will never persuade me: my reputation is dearer to me than my life.

Mod. Very strange! that a woman who made so little scruple of sacrificing the substance of her virtue should make so much of parting with the shadow of it.

Mrs. M. 'Tis the shadow only that is valuable. Reputation is the soul of virtue.

Mod. So far, indeed, that it survives long after the body is dead—though to me virtue has appeared nothing more than a sound, and reputation is its echo. Is there not more charm in the chink of a thousand guineas than in ten thousand praises? But what need more arguments? As I have been contented to wear horns for your pleasure, it is but reasonable you should let me show them for my profit.

Mrs. M. If my pleasures, Mr. Modern, had been your only inducement, you would have acted another part. How have you maintained your figure in the world since your losses in the South Sea and others? And do you upbraid me with the crimes which you yourself have licensed—have lived by?

Mod. Had I followed my own inclinations I had retired; and, instead of supporting these extravagances by such methods, had reduced my pleasures to my fortune. 'Twas you, madam, who, by your unbridled pride and vanity, ran me into debt; and then I gave up your person to secure my own.

Mrs. M. Ha! have I secured thy worthless person at the expense of mine? No, wretch, 'tis at the price of thy shame I have purchased pleasures. Why, why do I say thy shame? The mean, the groveling animal, whom any fear could force to render up the honour of his wife, must be above the fear of shame. Did I not come unblemished to thee? Was not my life unspotted as my fame till at thy base intreaties I gave up my innocence? Oh! that I had sooner seen thee starve in prison, which yet I will, ere thou shalt reap the fruits of my misfortunes. No, I will publish thy dishonour to the world.

Mod. Nay, but, my dear—

Mrs. M. Despicable monster!

Mod. But, child, hearken to reason.

Mrs. M. Never, never.

Mod. I own myself in the wrong. I ask ten thousand pardons. I will submit to any punishment.

Mrs. M. To upbraid me with—

Mod. My dear, I am in the wrong, I say; I never will be guilty of the like again. [to myself.

Mrs. M. Leave me awhile, perhaps I may come

Mod. My dear, I am obedient. Sure, the grand seignior has no slave equal to a contented cuckold.

SCENE V.—*Mrs. MODERN, alone.*

Mrs. M. What shall I do? Money must be raised—but how? Is there on earth a person that would lend me twenty guineas? I have lost Gaywit's heart too long to expect anything there; nor would my love ever suffer me to ask him. Ha! Bellamant perhaps may do it; he is generous, and I believe he loves me. I will try him, however. What wretched shifts are they obliged to make use of who would support the appearance of a fortune which they have not.

SCENE VI.—*The street before L. RICHLY'S door.*

Merit. That is the door I must attack; and I have attacked a city with less reluctance. There is more hardship in one hour's base solicitation at a levee than in a whole campaign.

SCENE VII.—*CAPTAIN MERIT, PORTER.*

Merit. Does my lord Richly see company this morning?

Port. Sir, I cannot tell yet whether he does or no.

Merit. Nay, I have seen several gentlemen go in.

Port. I know not whom you may see go in. I suppose they have business with his lordship. I hope you will give my lord leave to be at home to whom he pleases.

Merit. If business be a passport to his lordship, I have business with him of consequence.

Port. Sir, I shall tell him of it.

Merit. Sir, I shall be obliged to you to tell him now. [knew you.

Port. I cannot carry any message now, unless I

Merit. Why, don't you know me—that my name is Merit?

Port. Sir, here are so many gentlemen come every day, that, unless I have often new tokens to remember 'em, by it is impossible. Stand by there; room for my Lord Lazy.—[*L. LAZY crosses in a chair.*

SCENE VIII.—*CAPTAIN MERIT, CAPTAIN BRAVEMORE, from the house.*

Brave. Merit, good-morrow; what important affair can have sent you hither, whom I know to shun the houses of the great as much as virtue does?

Merit. Or as much as they do poverty; for I have not been able to advance farther than you see me. 'Sdeath, I have mounted a breach against an armed file of the enemy, and yet a single porter has denied me entrance at that door. You, I see, have speeded better.

Brave. Ha, ha, ha! thou errant man of war.—Hark'ye, friend, there is but one key to all the great men's houses in town.

Merit. Is it not enough to cringe to power, but we must do the same to the servants of power?

Brave. Sir, the servants of a great man are all great men. Would you get within their doors you must bow to the porter and fee him too. Then, to go farther, you must pay your devoirs to his gentleman; and, after you have bowed for about half an hour to his whole family, at last you may get a bow from himself.

Merit. Damnation! I'd sooner be a galley-slave. Shall I, who have spent my youth and health in my country's service, be forced, by such mean vassalage, to defend my old age from cold and hunger, while every painted butterfly wantons in the sunshine? [*COL. COURTLY crosses.*] 'Sdeath, there's a fellow now: that fellow's father was a pimp; his mother, she turned bawd; and his sister turned whore: you see the consequence. How happy is that country where pimping and whoring are esteemed public services, and where grandeur and the gallows lie on the same road!

Brave. But, leaving off railing, what is your business with his lordship?

Merit. There is a company vacant in Colonel Favourite's regiment, which, by his lordship's interest, I hope to gain. [his lordship's interest?

Brave. But pray, by what do you hope to gain

Merit. You know, Bravemore, I am little inclined to boasting; but I think my services may speak something for me.

Brave. Faith, I'm afraid you will find them dumb; or, if they do speak, it will be a language not understood by the great. Suppose you apply to his nephew, Mr. Gaywit; his interest with my lord may be of service to you.

Merit. I have often seen him at Mr. Bellamant's, and believe he would do anything to serve me.

Brave. But the levee is begun by this. If you please, I'll introduce you to 't.

Merit. What an abundance of poor wretches go to the feeding the vanity of that leviathan one great rogue!

SCENE IX.—LORD RICHLY at his house.

Rich. Ha, ha, ha! agreeable! Courtly, thou art the greatest droll upon earth; you'll dine with me? lord Lazy, will you make me happy too?

Lazy. I'll make myself so, my lord.

Rich. Mr. Woodall, your servant; how long have you been in town?

Wood. I cannot be particular; I carry no almanack about me, my lord; a week or a fortnight, perhaps; too much time to lose at this season, when a man should be driving the foxes out of his country.

Court. I hope you have brought your family to town: a parliament-man should always bring his wife with him, that, if he does not serve the public, she may.

Rich. Now, I think familiarity with the wife of a senator should be made a breach of privilege.

Court. Your lordship is in the right; the person of his wife should be made as sacred as his own.

Wood. Ay, the women would thank us damnably for such a vote; and the colonel here is a very likely man to move it.

Court. Not I; for the women then would be as backward to be our wives as the tradesmen are now to be our creditors.

Wood. To the fine gentlemen of us, who lay out their small fortunes in extravagance, and their slender stock of love on their wenches. I remember the time, when I was a young fellow, that men used to dress like men; but now I meet with nothing but a parcel of toupet coxcombs, who plaster up their brains upon their periwigs.

Rich. I protest thou art an errant wit, Woodall.

Court. Oh, he's one of the greatest wits of his county.

Wood. I have one of the greatest estates of my county; and, by what I can see, that entitles a man to wit here as well as there.

Merit. Methinks this rough spark is very free with his lordship. [To BRAVEMORE.]

Brave. You must know this is a sort of polite bear-baiting. There is hardly a great man in town but what is fond of these sort of fellows, whom they take a delight in baiting with one or more buffoons. But now for your business.

Rich. I shall see him this morning; you may depend on my speaking about it. [To a gentleman.] Captain Bravemore, I am glad to see you.

Brave. My lord, here is a gentleman of distinguished services; if your lordship would recommend him to Colonel Favourite.

Rich. Sir, I shall certainly do it.

Merit. There being a company vacant, my lord; my name is Merit.

Rich. Mr. Merit, I shall be extremely glad to serve you; sir John, your most obedient humble servant; Lazy, what were you saying about Mr. Bellamant?

Lazy. We were talking, my lord, of his affair, which was heard in our house yesterday.

Rich. I am sorry I was not there. It went against him, I think. [deeply.]

Lazy. Yes, my lord, and I am afraid it affects him.

Court. Undone, sir, quite undone. [woman!]

Rich. Upon my soul, Mrs. Bellamant's a fine

Wood. Then I suppose, if her husband's undone, you'll have her among you.

Rich. Woodall, thou'rt a liquorish dog. Thou would'st have the first snap.

Wood. Not I; none of your town ladies for me; I always take leave of women from the time I come out of the country till I go back again. [again.]

Lazy. Women! Pox on him! he means foxes

Court. He knows no difference.

Wood. Nor you either. But hark'ee; I fancy it is safer riding after the one than the other.

Court. Thy ideas are as gross as thy person.

Rich. Hang him, sly rogue! you never knew a fox-hunter that did not love a wench.

Wood. No, nor a wench of any sense that did not love a fox-hunter.

Rich. Modern, your servant.

Mod. I would presume only to remind your lordship—

Rich. Depend upon it I will remember you; I hope your lady is well.

Mod. Entirely at your service, my lord.

Rich. I have a particular affair to communicate to her; a secret that I cannot send by you; you know all secrets are not proper to trust a husband with.

Mod. You do her too much honour, my lord: I believe you will find her at home any time to-day.

Rich. Faith, Modern, I know not whether thou art happier in thy temper or in thy wife.

Mod. Um, my lord! as for my wife, I believe she is as good as most wives; I believe she is a virtuous woman; that, I think, I may affirm of her.

Rich. That thou may'st, I dare swear; and that I as firmly believe as thou dost thyself; and, let me tell you, a virtuous woman is no common jewel in this age. But prithee, hast thou heard anything of Mr. Bellamant's affairs?

Mod. No more than that he has lost his cause, which he seemed to expect the other night when he was at my house.

Rich. Then you are intimate?

Mod. He visits my wife pretty often, my lord.

Rich. Modern, you know I am your friend, and, now we are alone, let me advise you. Take care of Bellamant, take a particular care of Bellamant—he is prudent enough in his amours to pass upon the world for a constant husband, but I know him—I know him—he is a dangerous man.

Mod. My lord, you surprise me so that—

Rich. I know you will excuse this freedom my friendship takes: but beware of Bellamant as you love your honour.

Serv. My lord, the coach is at the door.

Rich. My dear Modern, I see the great surprise you are in, but you'll excuse my freedom.

Mod. I am eternally obliged to your lordship—

Rich. Your humble servant.

Mod. I hope your lordship will pardon my freedom, if after all these obligations I beg leave once more to remind you.

Rich. Depend upon it I'll take care of you. What a world of poor chimerical devils does a levee draw together! All gaping for favours without the least capacity of making a return for them.

But great men justly act by wiser rules;

A levee is the paradise of fools.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—MRS. BELLAMANT's house.

—MRS. BELLAMANT, EMILIA.

Mrs. B. Bid John put up the coach. [To a servant.] What think you now, Emilia? Has not this morning's ramble given you a surfeit of the town? After all the nonsense and ill-nature we have heard to-day, would it grieve one to part with the place one is sure to hear 'em over again in?

Emil. I am far from thinking any of its pleasures worth too eager a wish, and the woman who has with her in the country the man she loves must be a very ridiculous creature to pine after the town.

Mrs. B. And yet, my dear, I believe you know there are such ridiculous creatures.

Emil. I rather imagine they retire with the man

they should love, than him they do; for a heart that is passionately fond of the pleasures here has rarely room for any other fondness. The town itself is the passion of the greater part of our sex, but such I can never allow a just notion of love to. A woman that sincerely loves can know no happiness without, nor misery with, her beloved object.

Mrs. B. You talk feelingly, I protest; I wish you don't leave your heart behind you. Come, confess; I hope I have deserved rather to be esteemed your confidant than your mother-in-law.

Emil. Would it be a crime if it were so? But, if love be a crime, I am sure you cannot upbraid me with it.

Mrs. B. Though, if it be a crime, I am sure you are guilty. Well, I approve your choice, child.

Emil. My choice! excellent! I carry his picture in my eyes, I suppose.

Mrs. B. As sure as in your heart, my dear.

Emil. Nay, but, dear madam, tell me whom you guess.

Mrs. B. Hush, here's Mr. Bellamant.

Enter BELLAMANT.

Bella. So soon returned, my dear? Sure you found nobody at home!

Mrs. B. Oh, my dear! I have been in such an assembly of company, and so pulled to pieces with impertinence and ill-nature. Welcome, welcome, the country! for sure the world is so very bad, those places are best where one has the least of it.

Bella. What's the matter?

Mrs. B. In short, I have been downright affronted.

Bella. Who durst affront you?

Mrs. B. A set of women that do everything but what they should do. In the first place, I was complimented with prude, for not being at the last masquerade; with dulness, for not entering into the taste of the town in some of its diversions. Then had my whole dress run over and disliked; and to finish all, Mrs. Termagant told me I looked frightful.

Bella. Not all the paint in Italy can give her half your beauty.

Mrs. B. You are certainly the most complaisant man in the world, and I the only wife who can retire home to be put in a good humour. Most husbands are like a plain-dealing looking-glass, which sullies all the compliments we have received abroad by assuring us we do not deserve 'em.

[During this speech, a servant delivers a letter to BELLAMANT, which he reads.]

Emil. I believe though, madam, that generally happens when they are not deserved; for a woman of true beauty can never feel any dissatisfaction from the justice of her glass, nor she who has your worth, from the sincerity of her husband.

Mrs. B. Your father seems discomposed. I wish there be no ill news in his letter.

Bella. My dear, I have a favour to ask of you.

Mrs. B. Say to command me.

Bella. I gave you a bank-note of a hundred yesterday—you must let me have it again.

Mrs. B. I am the luckiest creature in the world, that I did not pay away some of it this morning. Emilia, child, come with me. *[Exit with EMILIA.]*

Bella. Excellent! unhappy woman! How little doth she guess she fetches this money for a rival! That is all the little merit I can boast towards her. To have contended, by the utmost civility and compliance with all her desires, and the utmost caution in the management of my amour, to disguise from her a secret that must have made her miserable. Let me read once more.

"SIR, If you have, or ever had, any value for me, send me a hundred pounds this morning, or, to make 'em more welcome than the last of necessities can, bring them yourself to—yours, more than her own," *"HILLARIA MODERN."*

Why, what a farce is human life! How ridiculous is the pursuit of our desires, when the enjoyment of them is sure to beget new ones!

SCENE II.—BELLAMANT, CAPTAIN BELLAMANT.

Capt. B. Good morrow, sir.

Bella. I suppose, sir, by the gaiety of your dress and your countenance, I may wish you joy of something besides your father's misfortunes.

Capt. B. Would you have me go into mourning for your losses, sir?

Bella. You may mourn, sir: I am now unable to support your extravagance any longer. My advice, nay, my commands, have had no effect upon you, but necessity must; and your extravagance must fall of course, when it has nothing to support it.

Capt. B. I am surprised you should call the expenses of a gentleman extravagance.

Bella. I am sorry you think the expenses of a fool or fop the expenses of a gentleman; and that race-horses, cards, dice, whores, and embroidery, are necessary ingredients in that amiable composition.

Capt. B. Faith, and they are so with most gentlemen of my acquaintance; and, give me leave to tell you, sir, these are the qualifications which recommend a man to the best sort of people. Suppose I had staid at the university, and followed Greek and Latin, as you advised me—what acquaintance had I found at court? what bows had I received at an assembly or the opera?

Bella. And will you please to tell me, sir, what advantage you have received from these? Are you the wiser or the richer? What are you? Why, in your opinion, better dressed. Where else had been that smart toupet, that elegant sword-knot, that coat covered with lace, and then with powder? That ever Heaven should make me father to such a dressed-up daw! A creature who draws all his vanity from the gifts of tailors and periwig-makers!

Capt. B. Would you not have your son dressed, sir?

Bella. Yes; and, if he can afford it, let him be sometimes fine; but let him dress like a man—not affect the woman in his habit or his gesture.

Capt. B. If a man will keep good company, he must comply with the fashion.

Bella. I would no more comply with a ridiculous fashion than with a vicious one; nor with that which makes a man look like a monkey than that which makes him act like any other beast.

Capt. B. Lord, sir! you are grown strangely unpolite.

Bella. I shall not give myself any further trouble with you: but, since all my endeavours have proved ineffectual, leave you to the bent of your own inclinations. But I must desire you to send me no more bills: I assure you I shall not answer them—you must live on your commission. This last misfortune has made it impossible that I should add one farthing to your income.

Capt. B. I have an affair in my view which may add to it. Sir, I wish you good-morrow. When a father and son must not talk of money-matters, I cannot see what they have to do together.

SCENE III.—BELLAMANT, MRS. BELLAMANT, EMILIA.

Mrs. B. Here is the bill, my dear.

Bella. You shall be repaid in a day or two.

Mrs. B. I saw your son part hastily from you as I came in; I hope you have not been angry with him.

Bella. Why will you ever intermeddle between us?

Mrs. B. I hope you will pardon an intercession, my dear, for a son-in-law, which I should not be guilty of for a son of my own.

SCENE IV.—GAYWIT, BELLAMANT, MRS. BELLAMANT, EMILIA.

Gay. Bellamant, good-morrow—ladies, your humble servant.

Bella. Servant, Mr. Gaywit. I thought your time had been so employed that you had forgot your friends.

Gay. I ought to excuse so long an absence, but, as Bellamant knows that it must give myself the greatest pain, he will impute it to business.

Bella. Did I not also know that two days of thy life were never given to business yet.

Gay. Not what the grave world call so, I confess; but of what the gay world allow that name to, no hands were ever fuller.

Bella. You have been making love to some new mistress, I suppose.

Gay. Fie, it is only husbands make a business of love—to us 'tis but an amusement.

Mrs. B. Very fine! and to my face too!

Gay. Mr. Bellamant, madam, is so known an exception to the general mode of husbands, that what is thrown on them cannot affect one of so celebrated a constancy.

Mrs. B. That's a virtue he may be celebrated for, without much envy.

Gay. He will be envied by all men for the cause of that constancy. Were such wives as Mrs. Bellamant less scarce, such husbands as my friend would be more common.

Emil. You are always throwing the fault on us.

Mrs. B. It is commonly in us, either in our choice of our husband or our behaviour to them. No woman who married a man of perfect sense was ever unhappy but from her own folly. [Knock here.]

Gay. [looking out of the window.] Ha! a very worthy uncle of mine, my lord Richly.

Bella. You'll excuse me if I am not at home.

Gay. Fie! to deny yourself to him would be unprecedented.

Bella. I assure you no—for I have often done it.

Gay. Then I believe you are the only man in town that has. But it is too late; I hear him on the stairs.

Mrs. B. Come, Emilia, we'll leave the gentlemen to their entertainment; I have been surfeited with it already.

SCENE V.—LORD RICHLY, GAYWIT, BELLAMANT.

Rich. Dear Bellamant, I am your most obedient servant. I am come to ask you ten thousand pardons that my affairs prevented my attendance the day your cause came on. It might have been in my power to have served you beyond my single vote.

Bella. I am obliged to your lordship; but, as I have great reason to be satisfied with the justice of your honourable house, I am contented.

Rich. I hope the loss was not considerable.

Bella. I thought your lordship had heard.

Rich. I think I was told twenty thousand pound; but that's a trifle. A small retrenchment in one's expenses—two or three dozen suits the less, and two or three dozen fewer women in the year, will soon reimburse you.

Bella. My loss is not equal to what your lordship intimates; nor can I complain of a fortune still large enough to retire into the country with.

Rich. Nay, dear Bellamant, we must not lose you so. Have you no friend that could favour you with

some comfortable snug employment of a thousand or fifteen hundred per annum?

Gay. Your lordship is the properest person in the world.

Rich. Who, I? I am sure no mortal would do half so much to serve dear Jack Bellamant as myself—but I have no interest in the least.

Bella. I am obliged to the good offices of my friend, but I assure your lordship I have no intention that way. Beside, I have lived long enough in the world to see that necessity is a bad recommendation to favours of that kind, which as seldom fall to those who really want them as to those who really deserve them.

Rich. I can't help saying those things are not easily obtained—I heartily wish I could serve you in anything. It gives me a great deal of uneasiness that my power is not equal to my desire. Damn it! I must turn this discourse, or he'll never have done with it. Oh, Bellamant, have you heard of the new opera of Mr. Crambo?

Gay. What's the name of it?

Rich. It will be called the "Humours of Bedlam." I have read it, and it is a most surprising fine performance. It has not one syllable of sense in it from the first page to the last.

Gay. It must certainly take.

Rich. Sir, it shall take if I have interest enough to support it. I hate your dull writers of the late reigns. The design of a play is to make you laugh; and who can laugh at sense?

Gay. I think, my lord, we have improved on the Italians. They wanted only sense—we have neither sense nor music.

Rich. I hate all music but a jig.

Gay. I don't think it would be an ill project, my lord, to turn the best of our tragedies and comedies into operas.

Rich. And, instead of a company of players, I would have a company of tumblers and ballad-singers.

Bella. Why, faith, I believe it will come to that soon, unless some sturdy critic should oppose it.

Rich. No critic shall oppose it. It would be very fine, truly, if men of quality were confined in their taste; we should be rarely diverted if a set of pedants were to license all our diversions; the stage then would be as dull as a country pulpit.

Gay. And the boxes in Drury-lane as empty as the galleries in St. James's.

Bella. Like enough; for religion and common sense are in a fair way to be banished out of the world together.

Rich. Let them go, egad.

Bella. This is, I believe, the only age that has scorned a pretence to religion. [hypocrisy.]

Rich. Then it is the only age that hath scorned

Bella. Rather, that hypocrisy is the only hypocrisy it wants. You shall have a known rascal set up for honour—a fool for wit—and your professed dear bosom-fawning friend, who, though he wallow in wealth, would refuse you ten guineas to preserve you from ruin, shall lose a hundred times that sum at cards to ruin your wife.

Rich. There, dear Jack Bellamant is the happiest man in the world by possessing a wife whom a thousand times that sum would have no effect on.

Bella. I look upon myself equally happy, my lord, in having no such friend as would tempt her.

Rich. That thou hast not I dare swear; but I thank you for putting me in mind of it. I must engage her in my author's cause, for I know her judgment has a great sway.

Bella. As our stay will be so short in town, she

can do you no service; besides, I have heard her detest partiality in those affairs—you would never persuade her to give a vote contrary to her opinion.

Rich. Detest partiality! ha, ha, ha! I have heard a lady declare for doing justice to a play, and condemn it the very next minute, though I knew she had neither seen nor read it. Those things are entirely guided by favour.

Gay. Nay, I see no reason to fix the scandal on the ladies: party and prejudice have the same dominion over us. Ask a man's character of one of his party, and you shall hear he is one of the worthiest, honestest fellows in Christendom; ask it of one of the opposite party, and you shall find him as worthless good-for-nothing a dog as ever was hanged.

Bella. So that a man must labour very hard to get a general good reputation or a general bad one.

Rich. Well, since you allow so much, you will give me leave to tempt Mrs. Bellamant.

Bella. With all my heart, my lord.

Gay. Thou art a well-bred husband, indeed, to give another leave to tempt your wife.

Bella. I should have been a very ill-bred one to have denied it. Who's there?

Enter Servant.

Rich. If I had said more he had granted it rather than have lost my favour. Poverty makes as many cuckolds as it does thieves. *[Aside.]*

Bella. Wait on my lord Richly to your mistress's apartment—I am your most obedient servant.

SCENE VI.—GAYWIT, BELLAMANT.

Gay. I find you are resolved to make your wife share your misfortunes. It would have been civil to have given her the choice of not being at home.

Bella. I wanted to be alone with you—besides, women have a liberty of sending away an impertinent visitant, which we have not.

Gay. Ay, and a way of entertaining visitants too which we have not; and he is a visitant not easily sent away I assure you. I have known him receive very vigorous rebuffs without retreating.

Bella. You talk as if you suspected his making love to my wife.

Gay. He does so to every woman he sees; neither the strictest friendship professed to her husband, nor the best reputation on her own side, can preserve any woman he likes from his attacks: for he is arrived at a happy way of regarding all the rest of mankind as his tenants, and thinks, because he possesses more than they, he is entitled to whatever they possess.

Bella. Insolent vanity! I wonder the spirit of mankind has not long since crushed the tyranny of such lordly wolves; yet, believe me, Gaywit, there generally goes a great deal of affectation to compose this voluptuous man. He oftener injures women in their fame than in their persons. This affectation of variety discovers a sickly appetite; and many mistresses, like many dishes, are often sent away untasted. *[a lady's fame.]*

Gay. A very innocent affectation, truly, to destroy

Bella. Why, ay, for we are come to an age wherein a woman may live very comfortably without it: as long as the husband is content with his infamy, the wife escapes hers.

Gay. And I am mistaken if many husbands in this town do not live very comfortably by being content with their infamy; nay, by being promoters of it. It is a modern trade, unknown to our ancestors,—a modern bubble, which seems to be in a rising condition at present.

Bella. It is a stock-jobbing age, everything has its price; marriage is traffic throughout; as most of us

bargain to be husbands, so some of us bargain to be cuckolds; and he would be as much laughed at who preferred his love to his interest at this end of the town, as he who preferred his honesty to his interest at the other.

Gay. You, Bellamant, have had boldness enough, in contradiction to this general opinion, to choose a woman for her sense and virtues. I wish it were in my power to follow your example—but—

Bella. But the opinion of the world, dear boy.

Gay. No, my good forefathers have chosen a wife for me. I am obliged by the settlement of lord Richly's estate to marry lady Charlotte.

Bella. How! *[bered, I assure you.]*

Gay. The estate will descend to me so encum-

Bella. I thought it had not been in lord Richly's power to have cut off the entail.

Gay. Not if I marry lady Charlotte.

Bella. I think you are happy in being engaged to no more disagreeable woman.

Gay. Lady Charlotte is, indeed, pretty; but, were she everything a lover could wish, or even imagine, there is a woman, my friend— *[you.]*

Bella. Nay, if you are in love with another, I pity

Gay. Did'st thou know how I love, you would pity me: but did'st thou know whom—could'st thou look upon her with eyes like mine—could'st thou behold beauty, wit, sense, good-nature, contending which should adorn her most!—

Bella. Poor Gaywit! thou art gone indeed.

Gay. But, I suppose, the ladies have by this discharged their visitant. Now, if you please, we will attend them.

Bella. You will excuse me if I leave you with them; which I will not do unless you promise I shall find you at my return.

Gay. I intend to dedicate the day to your family; so dispose of me as you please.

SCENE VII.—MRS. MODERN'S House.—LORD RICHLY, MRS. MODERN.

Mrs. M. I think I ought to blame your unkindness—I have not seen you so long.

Rich. Do you think a week so long?

Mrs. M. Once you would have thought so.

Rich. Why, truly, hours in the spring of love are something shorter than they are in the winter.

Mrs. M. Barbarous man! do you insult me after what I have done for you?

Rich. I fancy those favours have been reciprocal.

Mrs. M. Have I not given you up my virtue?

Rich. And have I not paid for your virtue, madam! I am sure I am 1500*l.* out of pocket, which, in my way of counting, is fourteen more than any woman's virtue is worth; in short, our amour is at an end, for I am in pursuit of another mistress.

Mrs. M. Why do you come to torment me with her?

Rich. Why, I would have you act like other prudent women in a lower station; when you can please no longer with your own person, e'en do it with other people's.

Mrs. M. Monster! insupportable!

Rich. You may rave, madam, but if you will not do me a favour, there are wiser people enow will.—I fixed on you out of a particular regard to you; for I think, when a man is to lay out his money he is always to do it with his friends.

Mrs. M. I'll bear it no longer. *[Going.]*

Rich. Nor I. *[Going.]*

Mrs. M. Stay, my lord; can you be so cruel?

Rich. Pshaw! *[Going.]*

Mrs. M. Oh! stay! stay!—you know my necessities. *[them.]*

Rich. And I think I propose a very good cure for

Mrs. M. Lend me a hundred guineas.

Rich. I will do more.

Mrs. M. Generous creature!

Rich. I'll give you—twenty.

Mrs. M. Do you jest with my necessity?

Rich. Lookee, madam; if you will do a good-natured thing for me, I will oblige you in return, as I promised you before, and I think that very good payment. [least.

Mrs. M. Pray, my lord, use me with decency at

Rich. Why should we use more decency to an old acquaintance than you ladies do to a new lover, and have more reason for so doing? You often belie your hearts when you use us ill. In using you so we follow the dictates of our natures.

Enter Servant, who delivers a letter to Mrs. MODERN.

Mrs. M. Ha! it is Bellamant's hand—and the note that I desired—This is lucky indeed!

SCENE VIII.—LORD RICHLI, GAYWIT, EMILIA, LA. CHARLOTTE, CAPT. BELLAMANT, MRS. MODERN.

Rich. So! here's an end of my business for the present, I find.

Charl. Oh, dear Modern! I am heartily glad to see you are alive; for you must know I thought it impossible for any one to be alive, and not to be at the rehearsal of the new opera.

Capt. B. How can you be surprised at one of no taste, lady Charlotte?

Mrs. M. I suppose it was very full.

Charl. Oh! everybody was there—all the world.

Gay. How can that be, lady Charlotte, when so considerable a part as Mrs. Modern was wanting?

Mrs. M. Civil creature! when will you say such a

Capt. B. When I am as dull, madam. [thing?

Rich. Very true! no one makes a compliment but those that want wit for satire.

Gay. Right, my lord. It is as great a sign of want of wit to say a good-natured thing as want of sense to do one.

Charl. Oh! I would not say a good-natured thing for the world. Captain Bellamant, did you ever hear me say a good-natured thing in your life?

Gay. But, I am afraid, lady Charlotte, though wit be a sign of ill-nature, ill-nature is not always a sign of wit.

Charl. I'll give you leave to say anything, after what I have said this morning. Oh! dear Modern, I wish you had seen Emilia's dressing-box! such jappanning—he! he! he!—she hath varnished over a windmill ten several times before she discovered she had placed the wrong side upwards.

Mrs. M. I have had just such another misfortune. I have laid out thirty pounds on a chest, and now I dislike it of all things.

Charl. Oh! my dear, I do not like one thing in twenty that I do myself.

Emil. You are the only person that dislikes, I dare say, lady Charlotte.

Charl. Oh, you flattering creature! I wish you could bring my papa to your opinion. He says I throw away more money in work than in play.

Mrs. M. But you have not heard half my misfortune; for when I sent my chest to be sold, what do you think I was offered for my thirty pounds' worth of work?

Charl. I don't know; fifty guineas, perhaps.

Mrs. M. Twenty shillings, as I live!

Charl. Oh, intolerable! Oh, insufferable!

Capt. B. But are we to have no hazard this morning? [say you?

Mrs. M. With all my heart—lord Richly, what

Rich. My vote always goes with the majority, madam.

Mrs. M. Come, then, the shrine is within; and you that will offer at it, follow me.

SCENE IX.—GAYWIT, EMILIA.

Emil. Mr. Gaywit, are you no gamester?

Gay. No, madam; when I play, 'tis the utmost stretch of my complaisance.

Emil. I am glad I can find one who is as great an enemy to play as myself; for, I assure you, we are both of the same opinion.

Gay. I wish we were so in everything.

Emil. Sir!

Gay. I say, madam, I wish all my opinions were as well seconded; and yet, methinks, I would not have your thoughts the same with mine.

Emil. Why so, pray?

Gay. Because you must have then many an unhappy hour, which that you may ever avoid will be still my heartiest prayer.

Emil. I am obliged to you, sir.

Gay. Indeed you are not. It is a self-interested wish: for, believe me, to see the least affliction attend you would give this breast the greatest agony it is capable of feeling. [not what to call it.

Emil. Nay, this is so extravagant a flight, I know

Gay. Nor I—call it a just admiration of the highest worth, call it the tenderest friendship if you please; though much I fear it merits the sweetest, softest name that can be given to any of our passions. If there be a passion pure without allay, as tender and soft, as violent and strong, you cannot sure miscall it by that name.

Emil. You grow now too philosophical! for me to understand you: besides, you would, I am sure, be best understood ironically; for who can believe anything of Mr. Gaywit, when he hath asserted that he is unhappy?

Gay. Nay, I will leave my case to your own determination when you know it. Suppose me obliged to marry the woman I don't like, debarred for ever from her I love, I doat on, the delight of my eyes, the joy of my heart. Suppose me obliged to forsake her and marry—another.

Emil. But I cannot suppose you obliged to that.

Gay. Were it not an impertinent trouble, I could convince you.

Emil. I know not why I may not be excused a little concern for one who hath expressed so much for me.

Gay. Then, madam, the settlement of my whole fortune obliges me to marry lady Charlotte Gaywit.

Emil. How!—but suppose the refusal were on lady Charlotte's side?

Gay. That is my only hope. [grounded.

Emil. And I can assure you your hope is not ill

Gay. I know she hath expressed some dislike to me; but she is a woman of that sort, that it is as difficult to be certain of her dislike as her affection, and whom the prospect of grandeur would easily make obedient to her father's commands.

Emil. Well, if you are sincere, I pity you heartily.

Gay. And if you are sincere, I never knew happiness till this dear moment.

SCENE X.—GAYWIT, EMILIA, LORD RICHLI, MRS. MODERN, LADY CHARLOTTE, CAPTAIN BELLAMANT.

Mrs. M. Victoria! Victoria!

Capt. B. Stripped, by Jupiter! [a devil.

Charl. Eleven mains together; Modern, you are

Emil. What's the matter, lady Charlotte?

Charl. Oh, my dear, you never saw the like—Modern has held in nine thousand mains in one hand, and won all the world.

Gay. She has always great luck at hazard.

Rich. Surprising to-day, upon my word.

Mrs. M. Surprising to me, for it is the first success I have had this month; and I am sure my quadrille makes every one a sufficient amends for my hazard.

Rich. You are one of those whose winning nobody ever heard of, or whose losing no one ever saw.

Capt. B. But you forgot the auction, lady Charlotte. [am ruined and undone?

Charl. What have I to do with an auction, that

Gay. As much as many that are undone; bid out of whim, in order to raise the price, and ruin others. Or, if the hammer should fall upon you before you expect it, take a sudden dislike to the goods, or dispute your own words, and leave them upon the hands of the seller.

Mrs. M. How polite is that now! Gaywit will grow shortly as well-bred as Madcap.

Capt. B. We shall have him there too, and he is the life of an auction.

Charl. Oh! the most agreeable creature in the world—he has more wit than anybody; he has made me laugh five hundred hours together. Emilia, we will just call there, and then I'll set you down at

Emil. Let us but just call then. [home.

Charl. That caution is admirable from you, when you know I never stay above six minutes anywhere. Well, you never will reform. [by four.

Rich. I desire, Charlotte, you would be at home

Charl. I shall very easily, my lord; for I have not above fourteen or fifteen places to call at. Come, dear creature, let us go, for I have more business than half the world upon my hands, and I must positively call at the auction.

Gay. Where you have no business, it seems.

Charl. Impertinent! Modern, your servant.

SCENE XI.—LORD RICHLY, MRS. MODERN.

Rich. I only waited till you were alone, madam, to renew my business.

Mrs. M. If you intend to renew your impertinence, I wish you would omit both.

Rich. So, I find I have my work to do over again.

Mrs. M. But if you please, my lord, to truce with your proposals, and let piquet be the word.

Rich. So you have taken money out of my daughter's hands to put it into mine?

Mrs. M. Be not confident—I have been too hard for you before now.

Rich. Well, and, without a compliment, I know none whom I would sooner lose to than yourself; for to any one who loves play as well as you, and plays as ill, the money we lose, by a surprising ill fortune, is only lent.

Mrs. M. Methinks, my lord, you should be fearful of deterring me by this plain dealing.

Rich. I am better acquainted with your sex. It is as impossible to persuade a woman that she plays ill as that she looks ill. The one may make her tear her cards, and the other break her looking-glass.

Her want of skill for want of luck must pass,
As want of beauty's owing to her glass.

ACT III. SCENE I.—LORD RICHLY, MRS. MODERN.

Mrs. M. Can you be so cruel?

Rich. Ridiculous! you might as well ask me for my whole estate; I am sure I would as soon give it you.

Mrs. M. An everlasting curse attend the cards! to be repiqued from forty, when I played but for five; my lord, I believe you a cheat.

Rich. At your service, madam—when you have more money, if you will honour me with notice, I will be ready to receive it. [guineas.

Mrs. M. Stay, my lord—give me the twenty

Rich. On my conditions.

Mrs. M. Any conditions.

Rich. Then you must contrive, some way or other, a meeting between me and Mrs. Bellamant at your Mrs. M. Mrs. Bellamant! [house.

Rich. Why do you start at that name?

Mrs. M. She has the reputation of the strictest virtue of any woman in town.

Rich. Virtue! ha, ha, ha! so have you, and so have several of my acquaintance; there are as few women who have not the reputation of virtue as that have the thing itself. [her here?

Mrs. M. And what do you propose by meeting

Rich. I am too civil to tell you plainly what I propose; though by your question one would imagine you expected it. [civility, my lord.

Mrs. M. I expect anything from you, rather than

Rich. Madam, it will be your own fault, if I am not civil to you. Do this for me, and I'll deny you nothing.

Mrs. M. There is one thing which tempts me more than your gold, which is the expectation of seeing you desert her, as you have done me.

Rich. Which is a pleasure you'll certainly have; and the sooner you compass my wishes, the sooner you may triumph in your own: nay, there is a third motive will charm thee, my dear Hillaria, more than the other two. When I have laid this passion, which hath abated that for you, I may return to your arms with all my former fondness.

Mrs. M. Excuse my incredulity, my lord; for, though love can change its object, it can never return to the same again.

Rich. I may convince you of the contrary—but to our business; fortune has declared on our side already by sending Bellamant hither: cultivate an acquaintance with him, and you cannot avoid being acquainted with his wife. She is the perfect shadow of her husband; they are as inseparable as lady Coquette and her lap-dog.

Mrs. M. Yes, or as her ladyship and her impertinence; or her lap-dog and his smell. Well, it is to me surprising how women of fashion can carry husbands, children, and lap-dogs about with them; three things I never could be fond of.

Rich. If the ladies were not fonder of their lap-dogs than of their husbands, we should have no more dogs in St. James's parish than there are lions at the Tower.

Mrs. M. It is uncommon bravery in you to single out the woman who is reputed to be the fondest of her husband.

Rich. She that is fond of one man may be fond of another. Fondness in a woman's temper, like the love of play, may prefer one man and one game, but will incline her to try more, especially when she expects greater profit, and there, I am sure, I am superior to my rival: if flattery will allure her, or riches tempt her, she shall be mine; and those are the two great gates by which the devil enters the heart of womankind. Pshaw! He here!

SCENE II. LORD RICHLY, MODERN, MRS. MODERN.

Mod. I am your lordship's most obedient humble servant.

Rich. Have you seen this new opera, madam?

Mrs. M. I have heard vast commendations of it; but I cannot bear an opera now poor La Dovi's gone.

Rich. Nor I, after poor A la Fama.

Mrs. M. Oh! Cara la Dovi! I protest I have often resolved to follow her into Italy.

Rich. You will allow A la Fama's voice, I hope?

Mrs. M. But the mien of La Dovi! then her judgment in singing! the moment she entered the stage I have wished myself all eyes.

Rich. And the moment *A la Fama* sung I have wished myself all ears.

Mod. I find I am no desired part of this company. I hope your lordship will pardon me; business of the greatest consequence requiring my attendance prevents my waiting on your lordship according to my desires.

SCENE III.—LORD RICHLY, MRS. MODERN.

Rich. This unseasonable interruption has quite cut the thread of my design. Pox on him! a husband, like the fool in a play, is of no use but to cause confusion.

Mrs. M. You would have an opportunity at my house, and to procure it I must be acquainted with Mrs. Bellamant; now, there is a lucky accident which you are not apprised of—Mr. Bellamant is an humble servant of mine.

Rich. That is lucky, indeed! could we give her a cause of suspicion that way, it were a lively prospect of my success—as persuading a thief that his companion is false is the surest way to make him so.

Mrs. M. A very pretty comparison of your lordship's between the two states.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, Mr. Bellamant desires to know if your ladyship is at home.

Mrs. M. I am. Bring him into the dining-room.

Rich. Thou dear creature, let me but succeed in this affair I'll give thee millions.

Mrs. M. More gold and fewer promises, my lord.

Rich. An hundred guineas shall be the price of our first interview.

Mrs. M. Be punctual and be confident. Go out the back way, that he may not see you.

Rich. Adieu, my Machiavel.

SCENE IV.—MRS. BELLAMANT'S house.—MRS. BELLAMANT, GAYWIT, EMILIA.

Mrs. B. And so, lady Willitt, after all her protestations against matrimony, has at last generously bestowed herself on a young fellow with no fortune—the famous beau Smirk. [charity.]

Emil. She was a proof against everything but

Gay. To which all other virtues should be sacrificed, as it is the greatest. The ladies are apt to value themselves on their virtue as a rich citizen does on his purse, and I do not know which is of the greatest use to the public.

Mrs. B. Nor I which are the oftenest bankrupts.

Gay. And as in the city they suspect a man who is ostentatious of his riches, so should I the woman who makes the most noise of her virtue.

Mrs. B. We are all the least solicitous about perfections which we are well assured of our possessing. Flattery is never so agreeable as to our blind side. Commend a fool for his wit, or a knave for his honesty, and they will receive you into their bosoms.

Emil. Nay, I have known a pretty lady who was vain of nothing but her false locks; and have seen a pair of squinting eyes that never smiled at a compliment made to any other feature.

Gay. Yes, madam, and I know a pretty gentleman who obliges me very often with his ill-spent songs; and a very ugly poet who hath made me a present of his picture.

Emil. Well, since you see it is so agreeable to flatter one's blind side, I think you have no excuse to compliment on the other.

Gay. Then I shall have a very good excuse to make you no compliment at all. But this I assure you, Emilia, the first imperfection I discover I will tell you of it with the utmost sincerity.

Emil. And I assure you, with the utmost sincerity, I shall not thank you for it.

Mrs. B. Then, without any flattery, you are two of the most open plain-dealers I have met with.

SCENE V.—MRS. BELLAMANT, EMILIA, LADY CHARLOTTE, GAYWIT.

Charl. Dear Mrs. Bellamant, make some excuse for me; I see Emilia is going to chide me for staying so long. When did she know the fatigue I had this afternoon? I was just going into my coach when lady Twitter came in and forced me away to a fan-shop. Well, I have seen a set of the prettiest fans to-day! My dear creature, where did you get that lace? I never saw anything so ravishing.

Emil. I cannot see anything so extraordinary in it.

Charl. It could not cost less than ten pound a yard. Oh! Mr. Gaywit, are you here?

Emil. He goes with us to the play.

Charl. Oh hateful! how can you bear him? I would as soon to the chapel with lady Prude—I saw the ridiculous creature cry at a tragedy.

Mrs. B. Do you think he need be ashamed of that, lady Charlotte?

Charl. I would as soon laugh at a comedy or fall asleep at an opera.

Mrs. B. What is the play to-night?

Charl. I never know that. Miss Rattle and I saw four acts the other night, and came away without knowing the name. I think one only goes to see the company, and there will be a great deal to-night, for the duchess of Simpleton sent to me this morning. Emilia, you must go with me after the play: I must make just fourteen visits between nine and ten. Yesterday was the first payment I have made since I came to town, and I was able to compass no more than three-and-forty; though I only found my lady Sober at home, and she was at quadrille. Lud! Mrs. Bellamant, I think you have left off play, which is to me surprising when you played so very well. [me win.]

Mrs. B. And yet I believe you hardly ever saw

Charl. I never mind whether I win or no if I make no mistakes. [you play.]

Gay. Which you never fail of doing as often as

Charl. Do you hear him?

Emil. Oh! he sets up for a plain-dealer; that is, one who shows his wit at the expense of his breeding.

Charl. Yes, and at the expense of his truth.

Emil. Never mind him, lady Charlotte; you will have the town on your side. [against you.]

Gay. Yes, they will all speak for you that play

Charl. This is downright insupportable.

SCENE VI.—MRS. BELLAMANT, EMILIA, GAYWIT, LADY CHARLOTTE, CAPTAIN BELLAMANT.

Charl. Oh! here's captain Bellamant shall be my voucher.

Capt. B. That you may be assured of, lady Charlotte, for I have so implicit a faith in your ladyship, that I know you are in the right before you speak.

Charl. Mr. Gaywit does not allow me to play at quadrille.

Capt. B. He may as well deny that your ladyship sees; besides, I do not lay a great deal of weight on his judgment, whom I never saw play at all.

Charl. Oh, abominable! then he does not live at all. I wish my whole life was one party at quadrille.

Capt. B. As a Spaniard's is a game at chess, egad.

Mrs. B. I never intend to sacrifice my time entirely to play till I can get no one to keep me company for nothing.

Gay. Right, madam; I think the votaries to gaming should be such as want helps for conversation; and none should have always cards in their hands

but those who have nothing but the weather in their mouths.

Mrs. B. Thus, gaming would be of service to the republic of wit, by taking away the encouragers of nonsense; as a war is of service to a nation, by taking the idle people out of it. [against play!]

Charl. Intolerable! *Mrs. Bellamant* an advocate
SCENE VII.—*LD. RICHLI, GAYWIT, CAPT. BELLAMANT, LA. CHARLOTTE, EMILIA, MRS. BELLAMANT.*

Rich. Who is an advocate against play?

Charl. *Mrs. Bellamant*, my lord.

Rich. She is grown a perfect deserter from the beau monde: she has declared herself against Mr. Crambo too.

Charl. Against dear Mr. Crambo!

Mrs. B. I am only for indulging reason in our entertainments, my lord. I must own, when I see a polite audience pleased at seeing *Bedlam* on the stage, I cannot forbear thinking them fit for no other place.

Rich. Now, I am never entertained better.

Charl. Nor I. Oh, dear *Bedlam*! I have gone there once a week for a long time: I am charmed with those delightful creatures the kings and the queens.

Capt. B. And your ladyship has contributed abundance of lovers, all kings, no doubt: for he that could have the boldness to attempt you might with much less madness dream of a throne.

Charl. Well, I should like to be a queen. I fancy, 'tis very pretty to be a queen.

Capt. B. Were I a king, lady *Charlotte*, you should have your wish.

Charl. Ay, but then I must have you too. I would not have an odious filthy he-creature for the world.

Gay. Faith, you cannot easily find any who is less of the he-creature. [Aside.]

Emilia. But, lady *Charlotte*, we shall be too late for the play.

Charl. I believe the first act is over, so we'll go. I don't believe I ever saw the first act of a play in my life; but do you think I'll suffer you in my coach? [into it.]

Gay. At least, you'll suffer me to put this lady

Capt. B. And me to put your ladyship in.

Charl. Dear *Mrs. Bellamant*, your humble servant.

Rich. Shall I have the honour, in the mean time, of entertaining you at piquet? [over me—]

Mrs. B. Your lordship has such a vast advantage

Rich. None in the least: but, if you think so, madam, I'll give you what points you please.

Mrs. B. For one party, then, my lord.—Get cards there.—Your lordship will excuse me a moment.

Rich. Charming woman! and thou art mine, as surely as I wish thee. Let me see—she goes into the country in a fortnight. Now, if I compass my affair in a day or two, I shall be weary of her by that time, and her journey will be the most agreeable thing that can happen.

SCENE VIII.—*MRS. MODERN'S house.*—*MRS. MODERN, BELLAMANT.*

Mrs. M. Is it not barbarous—nay, mean—to upbraid me with what nothing but the last necessity could have made me ask of you?

Bella. You wrong me; I lament my own necessities, not upbraid yours. My misfortune is too public for you not to be acquainted with it; and what restrains me from supporting the pleasures of the best wife in the world may, I think, justly excuse me from supporting those of a mistress.

Mrs. M. Do you insult me with your wife's virtue?—you! who have robbed me of mine? Yet Heaven will, I hope, forgive me this first slip; and

if, henceforth, I ever listen to the siren persuasions of your false ungrateful sex, may I—

Bella. But hear me, madam.

Mrs. M. Would I had never heard, nor seen, nor known you!

Bella. If I alone have robbed you of your honour, it is you alone have robbed me of mine.

Mrs. M. Your honour! ridiculous! the virtue of a man!

Bella. Madam, I say, my honour. If to rob a woman who brought me beauty, fortune, love, and virtue; if to hazard the making her miserable be no breach of honour, robbers and murderers may be honourable men: yet, this I have done, and this I do still for you.

Mrs. M. We will not enter into a detail, Mr. *Bellamant*, of what we have done for one another; perhaps the balance may be on your side: if so, it must be still greater; for I have one request which I must not be denied.

Bella. You know, if it be in my power to grant, it is not in my power to deny you.

Mrs. M. Then, for the sake of my reputation, and to prevent any jealousy in my husband, bring me acquainted with *Mrs. Bellamant*.

Bella. Ha!

Mrs. M. By which means we shall have more frequent opportunities together. [know not.]

Bella. Of what use your acquaintance can be I

Mrs. M. Do you scruple it? This is too plain an evidence of your contempt of me; you will not introduce a woman of stained virtue to your wife: can you, who caused my crime, be the first to condemn me for it?

Bella. Since you impute my caution to so wrong a cause, I am willing to prove your error.

Mrs. M. Let our acquaintance begin this night then; try if you cannot bring her hither now.

Bella. I will try; nay, and I will succeed; for oh! I have sacrificed the best of wives to your love.

Mrs. M. I envy, not admire her, for an affection which any woman might preserve to you.

Bella. I fly to execute your commands.

Mrs. M. Stay—I—

Bella. Speak.

Mrs. M. I must ask one last favour of you—and yet I know not how—though it be a trifle, and I will repay it. Only lend me another hundred guineas.

Bella. Your request, madam, is always a command. I think time flies with wings of lead till I return.

SCENE IX.—*MRS. MODERN, sola.*

And I shall think you fly on golden wings, my dear gallant. Thou ass, to think that the heart of a woman is to be won by gold, as well as her person; but thou wilt find, though a woman often sells her person, she always gives her heart.

SCENE X.—*MRS. BELLAMANT'S house.*—*LORD RICHLI, MRS. BELLAMANT, at piquet.*

Richly. Six parties successively! sure *Fortune* will change soon, or I shall believe she is not blind.

Mrs. B. No, my lord, you either play with too great negligence, or with such ill-luck that I shall press my victory no farther at present. Besides, I can't help thinking five points place the odds on my side.

Rich. Can you change this note, madam?

Mrs. B. Let it alone, my lord.

Rich. Excuse me, madam, if I am superstitiously observant to pay my losings before I rise from the table.—Besides, madam, it will give me an infinite pleasure to have the finest woman in the world in my debt. Do but keep it till I have the

honour of seeing you again. Nay, madam, I must insist on it, though I am forced to leave it in your hands thus.

SCENE XI.—MRS. BELLAMANT, *sola*.

What can this mean? I am confident too that he lost the last party designedly. I observed him fix his eyes stedfastly on mine, and sigh, and seem careless of his game. It must be so—he certainly hath a design on me. I will return him his note immediately, and am resolved never to see him more.

SCENE XII.—MR. and MRS. BELLAMANT.

Mrs. B. My dear, where have you been all day? I have not had one moment of your company since dinner.

[consequence, my dear.

Bella. I have been upon business of very great

Mrs. B. Is it fit for me to hear?

[easy.

Bella. No, my dear, it would only make you un-

Mrs. B. Nay, then I must hear it, that I may share your concern.

Bella. Indeed, it would rather aggravate it: it is not in your power to assist me; for, since you will know it, an affair hath happened which makes it necessary for me to pay an hundred guineas this very evening.

Mrs. B. Is that all?

[it makes me uneasy.

Bella. That, indeed, was once a trifle—but now

Mrs. B. So it doth not me, because it is in my power to supply you. Here is a note for that sum; but I must be positively repaid within a day or two: it is only a friend's money trusted in my hands.

Bella. My dear, sure, when Heaven gave me thee, it gave me a cure for every malady of the mind, and it hath made thee still the instrument of all its good to me.

Mrs. B. Be assured I desire no greater blessing than the continual reflection of having pleased you.

Bella. Are you engaged, my love, this evening?

Mrs. B. Whatever engagement I have it is in your power to break.

Bella. If you have none, I will introduce you to a new acquaintance, one who I believe you never visited, but must know by sight—Mrs. Modern.

Mrs. B. It is equal to me in what company I am, when with you. My eyes are so delighted with that principal figure, that I have no leisure to contemplate the rest of the piece. I'll wait on you immediately.

SCENE XIII.—BELLAMANT, *solus*.

What a wretch am I! Have I either honour or gratitude, and can I injure such a woman? How do I injure her? while she perceives no abatement in my passion she is not injured by its inward decay: nor can I give her a secret pain while she hath no suspicion of my secret pleasures. Have I not found too an equal return of passion in my mistress? Does she not sacrifice more for me than a wife can? The gallant is, indeed, indebted for the favours he receives, but the husband pays dearly for what he enjoys. I hope, however, this will be the last hundred pounds I shall be asked to lend. My wife's having this dear note was as lucky as it was unexpected—Ha!—the same I gave this morning to Mrs. Modern. Amazement! what can this mean?

SCENE XIV.—MR. and MRS. BELLAMANT.

Bella. My dear, be not angry at my curiosity, but pray tell me how came you by this?

Mrs. B. Pardon me, my dear, I have a particular reason for not telling you.

Bella. And I have a particular reason for asking it.

Mrs. B. I beg you not to press me: perhaps you will oblige me to sacrifice a friend's reputation.

Bella. The secret shall rest in my bosom, I assure you.

[to suffer it from my own.

Mrs. B. But suppose I should have promised not

Bella. A husband's command breaks any promise.

Mrs. B. I am surprised to see you so solicitous about a trifle.

Bella. I am rather surprised to find you so tenacious of one; besides, be assured, you cannot have half the reason to suppress the discovery as I to insist upon it.

Mrs. B. What is your reason?

Bella. The very difficulty you make in telling it.

Mrs. B. Your curiosity shall be satisfied then; but I beg you would defer it now. I may get absolved from my promise of secrecy. I beg you would not urge me to break my trust.

Bella. [Aside.] She certainly hath not discovered my falsehood—that were impossible; besides, I may satisfy myself immediately by Mrs. Modern.

Mrs. B. What makes you uneasy? I assure you there is nothing in this worth your knowing.

Bella. I believe it; at least I shall give up my curiosity to your desire.

Mrs. B. I am ready to wait on you.

Bella. I must make a short visit first on what I told you, and will call on you immediately.

SCENE XV.—MRS. BELLAMANT, *sola*.

What can have given him this curiosity I know not; but, should I have discovered the truth, who can tell into what suspicions it might have betrayed him? His jealous honour might have resolved on some fatal return to lord Richly, had he taken it in the same way as I do; whereas, by keeping the secret, I preserve him every way from danger, for I myself will secure his honour without exposing his person. I will myself give lord Richly his discharge. How nearly have I been unawares to the brink of ruin! For, surely, the lightest suspicion of a husband is ruin indeed!

When innocence can scarce our lives defend,

What dangers must the guilty wife attend?

ACT IV.—SCENE I.—MRS. MODERN'S house.—MR. and MRS. MODERN.

Mod. In short, madam, you shall not drive a separate trade at my expense. Your person is mine: I bought it lawfully in the church; and, unless I am to profit by the disposal, I shall keep it all for my own use.

Mrs. M. This insolence is not to be borne.

Mod. Have I not winked at all your intrigues? Have I not pretended business, to leave you and your gallants together? Have I not been the most obsequious, observant—

Mrs. M. Out with it! you know what you are.

Mod. Do you upbraid me with your vices, madam?

Mrs. M. My vices!—Call it obedience to a husband's will. Can you deny that you have yourself persuaded me to the undertaking? Can you forget the arguments you used to convince me that virtue was the lightest of bubbles?

Mod. I own it all; and, had I felt the sweets of your pleasures, as at first, I had never once upbraided you with them; but, as I must more than share the dishonour, it is surely reasonable I should share the profit.

Mrs. M. And have you not?

Mod. What if I have?

Mrs. M. Why do you complain then?

Mod. Because I find those effects no more. Your cards run away with the lucre of your other pleasures, and you lose to the knaves of your own sex what you get from the fools of ours.

Mrs. M. 'Tis false; you know I seldom lose—nor indeed can I considerably; for I have not lately

had it in my power to stake high: lord Richly, who was the fountain of our wealth, hath long been dry to me.

Mod. I hope, madam, this new gallant will turn to a better account.

Mrs. M. Our amour is yet too young to expect any fruit from thence.

Mod. As young as it is, I have reason to believe it is grown to perfection. Whatever fruits I may expect from him, it is not impossible, from what hath already happened, but I may expect some from you, and that is not golden fruit. I am sure, if women sprung from the earth, as some philosophers think, it was from the clay of Egypt, not the sands of Peru. Serpents and crocodiles are the only fruit they produce.

Mrs. M. Very true; and a wife contains the whole ten plagues of her country. *[Laughing.]*

Mod. Why had I not been a Turk, that I might have enslaved my wife; or a Chinese, that I might have sold her?

Mrs. M. That would have been only the custom of the country: you have done more, you have sold her in England; in a country where women are as backward to be sold to a lover as to refuse him, and where cuckold is almost the only title of honour that can't be bought.

Mod. This ludicrous behaviour, madam, as ill becomes the present subject as the entertaining new gallants doth the tenderness you this morning expressed for your reputation. In short, it is impossible that your amours should be secret long; and, however careless you have been of me whilst I have had my horns in my pocket, I hope you'll take care to gild them when I am to wear them in public.

Mrs. M. What would you have me do?

Mod. Suffer me to discover you together; by which means we may make our fortunes easy all at once. One good discovery in Westminster-hall will be of greater service than his utmost generosity—the law will give you more in one moment than his love for many years.

Mrs. M. Don't think of it.

Mod. Yes, and resolve it; unless you agree to this, madam, you must agree immediately to break up our house and retire into the country.

Mrs. M. Racks and tortures are in that name.

Mod. But many more are in that of a prison: so you must resolve either to quit the town or submit to my reasons.

Mrs. M. When reputation is gone all places are alike: when I am despised in it I shall hate the town as much as I now like it.

Mod. There are other places and other towns; the whole world is the house of the rich, and they may live in what apartment of it they please.

Mrs. M. I cannot resolve.

Mod. But I can: if you will keep your reputation you shall carry it into the country, where it will be of service—in town it is of none, or, if it be, 'tis, like clogs, only to those that walk on foot; and the one will no more recommend you in an assembly than the other.

Mrs. M. You never had any love for me.

Mod. Do you tax me with want of love for you? Have I not, for your sake, stood the public mark of infamy? Would you have had me poorly kept you and starved you? No—I could not bear to see you want; therefore have acted the part I've done; and yet, while I have winked at the giving up your virtue, have I not been the most industrious to extol it everywhere?

Mrs. M. So has lord Richly, and so have all his creatures; a common trick among you, to blazon out the reputation of women whose virtue you have

destroyed, and as industriously blacken them who have withstood you: a deceit so stale, that your commendation would sully a woman of honour.

Mod. I have no longer time to reason with you: so I shall leave you to consider on what I have said. *[Exit.]*

Mrs. M. What shall I do? Can I bear to be the public scorn of all the malicious and ugly of my own sex, or to retire with a man whom I hate and despise? Hold: there is a small glimpse of hope that I may avoid them both. I have reason to think Bellamant's love as violent as he avers it. Now, could I persuade him to fly away with me—Impossible! he hath still too much tenderness for his wife.

SCENE II.—LORD RICHLY, MRS. MODERN.

Rich. What success, my angel!

Mrs. M. Hope all, my lord, that lovers wish or husbands fear: she will be here.

Rich. When?

Mrs. M. Now, to-night, instantly.

Rich. Thou glory of intrigue! what words shall thank thee?

Mrs. M. No words at all, my lord; a hundred pounds must witness the first interview.

Rich. They shall; and, if she yields, a thousand.

Mrs. M. That you must not expect yet.

Rich. By Heaven, I do; I have more reason to expect it than you imagine: I have not been wanting to my desires since I left you. Fortune too seems to have watched for me. I got her to piquet, threw away six parties, and left her a bank-note of a hundred for the payment of six pounds.

Mrs. M. And did she receive it?

Rich. With the same reluctancy that a lawyer or physician would a double fee, or a court-priest a plurality.

Mrs. M. Then there is hope of success, indeed.

Rich. Hope! there is certainty: the next attempt must carry her. *[Rison, my lord.]*

Mrs. M. You have a hundred friends in the gar-

Rich. And if some of them do not open the gates for me, the devil's in it. I have succeeded often by leaving money in a lady's hands: she spends it, is unable to pay, and then I, by virtue of my mortgage, immediately enter upon the premises.

Mrs. M. You are very generous, my lord.

Rich. My money shall always be the humble servant of my pleasures; and it is the interest of men of fortune to keep up the price of beauty, that they may have it more among themselves.

Mrs. M. I am as much pleased as surprised at this your prospect of success; and from this day forward I will think, with you, all virtue to be only pride, caprice, and the fear of shame.

Rich. Virtue, like the Ghost in Hamlet, is here, there, everywhere, and nowhere at all: its appearance is as imaginary as that of a ghost; and they are much the same sort of people who are in love with one and afraid of the other. It is a ghost which hath seldom haunted me but I had the power of laying it. *[power.]*

Mrs. M. Yes, my lord, I am a fatal instance of that

Rich. And the dearest, I assure you, which is some sacrifice to your vanity; and shortly I will make an offering to your revenge—the two darling passions of your sex.

Mrs. M. But how is it possible for me to leave you together with the most abrupt rudeness?

Rich. Never regard that; as my success is sure, she will hereafter thank you for a rudeness so seasonable.

Mrs. M. Mr. Bellamant, too, will be with her.

Rich. He will be as agreeably entertained with you in the next room; and, as he does not suspect

the least design in me, he will be satisfied with my being in her company. [he is in the house?]

Mrs. M. Sure you will not attempt his wife while

Rich. Pish! he is in that dependence on my interest, that, rather than forfeit my favour, he would be himself her pander. I have made twenty such men subscribe themselves cuckolds by the prospect of one place, which not one of them ever had.

Mrs. M. So that your fools are not caught like the fish in the water by a bait, but like the dog in the water by a shadow. [sending him away.]

Rich. Besides, I may possibly find a pretence of

Mrs. M. Go then to the chocolate-house, and leave a servant to bring you word of their arrival. It will be better you should come in to them than they find you here.

Rich. I will be guided by you in all things; and be assured the consummation of my wishes shall be the success of your own. [Exit.]

Mrs. M. That they shall indeed, though in a way you little imagine. This forwardness of Mrs. Bellamant's meets my swiftest wishes. Could I once give Bellamant reason to suspect his wife, I despair not of the happiest effect of his passion for me.—Ha! he's here, and alone.

SCENE III.—BELLAMANT, MRS. MODERN.

Mrs. M. Where's Mrs. Bellamant?

Bella. She will be here immediately. But I chose a few moments' privacy with you; first, to deliver this; and next to ask you one question, which do not be startled at. Pray, how did you employ that note you received this morning?

Mrs. M. Nay, if you expect an account of me, perhaps you will still do so: so let me return you this.

Bella. Do not so injuriously mistake me. Nothing but the most extraordinary reason could force me to ask you; know then that the very note you had of me this morning I received within this hour

Mrs. M. Ha, ha, ha! [from my wife.]

Bella. Why do you laugh, madam?

Mrs. M. Out of triumph, to see what empty politicians men are found when they oppose their weak heads to ours! On my conscience, a parliament of women would be of very great service to the nation.

Bella. Were all ladies capable as Mrs. Modern, I should be very ready to vote on their side.

Mrs. M. Nay, nay, sir, you must not leave out your wife; especially you that have the best wife in the world—ha, ha, ha!

Bella. Forgive me, madam, if I have been too partial to a woman whose whole business hath been to please me.

Mrs. M. Oh! you have no reason to be ashamed of your good opinion; you are not singular in it, I assure you; Mrs. Bellamant will have more votes than one.

Bella. I am indifferent how many she has, since I am sure she will make interest but for one.

Mrs. M. "It is the curse of fools to be secure,
And that be thine and Altamont's."

Ha, ha, ha!

Bella. I cannot guess your meaning.

Mrs. M. Then, to introduce my explanation—the note you lent me I lost at piquet to lord Richly.

Bella. To lord Richly!

Mrs. M. Who perhaps might dispose of it to some, who might lend it to others, who might give it to those who might lose it to your wife.

Bella. I know not what to suppose.

Mrs. M. Nor I; for sure one cannot suppose—especially since you have the best wife in the world—one cannot suppose that it could be a present from lord Richly to herself; that she received it;

that in return she hath sent him an assignation to meet her here.

Bella. Suppose! Hell and damnation! No.

Mrs. M. But certainly one could not affirm that this is truth.

Bella. Affirm!

Mrs. M. And yet all this is true—as true as she is false. Nay, you shall have an instance—an immediate, undeniable instance. You shall see it with your own eyes and hear it with your own ears.

Bella. Am I alive?

Mrs. M. If all the husbands of these best wives in the world are dead, we are a strange nation of ghosts. If you will be prudent, and be like the rest of your brethren, keep the affair secret; I assure you I'll never discover it.

Bella. Secret! Yes, as inward fire, till sure destruction shall attend its blaze. But why do I rage? It is impossible; she must be innocent.

Mrs. M. Then lord Richly is still a greater villain to belie that innocence to me. But give yourself no pain or anxiety, since you are so shortly to be certain. Go fetch her hither; lord Richly will be here almost as soon as you: then feign some excuse to leave the room; I will soon follow you, and convey you where you shall have an opportunity of being a witness either to her innocence or her guilt.

Bella. This goodness, my sweetest creature, shall bind me yours for ever.

Mrs. M. To convince you that is all I desire, I am willing to leave the town and reputation at once, and retire with you wherever you please.

Bella. That must be the subject of our future thoughts. I can think of nothing now but satisfaction in this affair. [Exit.]

Mrs. M. Do you demur to my offer, sir? Oh, the villain! I find I am to be only a momentary object of his looser pleasures, and his wife yet sits nearest his heart. But I shall change the angel form she wears into a devil's. Nor shall my revenge stop there. But at present I must resolve my temper into a calm.—Lately!

SCENE IV.—MRS. MODERN, LATELY.

Mrs. M. Come hither, Lately; get me some citron-water. I am horribly out of order.

Late. Yes, madam.

Mrs. M. To be slighted in this manner! insupportable!—What is the fool doing?

Late. There is no citron-water left. Your ladyship drank the last half-pint this morning.

Mrs. M. Then bring the cinnamon-water, or the surfeit-water, or the anniseed-water, or the plague-water, or any water. [and fills.]

Late. Here, madam.—[Brings the bottle and glass,

Mrs. M. [Drinks. Looks in the glass.] Lord, how I look!—Oh! frightful!—I am quite shocking.

Late. In my opinion your ladyship never looked better. [Grim.]

Mrs. M. Go, you flatterer; I look like my lady

Late. Where are your ladyship's little eyes, your short nose, your wan complexion, and your low forehead?

Mrs. M. Which nature, in order to hide, hath carefully placed between her shoulders; so that, if you view her behind, she seems to walk without her head, and lessen the miracle of St. Dennis.

Late. Then her left hip is tucked up under her arm, like the hilt of a beau's sword; and her disdainful right is never seen, like its blade.

Mrs. M. Then she has two legs, one of which seems to be the dwarf of the other, and are alike in nothing but their crookedness.

Late. And yet she thinks herself a beauty.

Mrs. M. She is, indeed, the perfection of ugliness.

Late. And a wit, I warrant you.

Mrs. M. No doubt she must be very quick-sighted, for her eyes are almost crept into her brain.

Late. and *Mrs. M.* He, he, he!

Mrs. M. And yet the detestable creature hath not had sense enough, with all her deformity, to preserve her reputation.

Late. I never heard, I own, anything against that.

Mrs. M. You hear! you fool, you dunce, what should you hear? Have not all the town heard of a certain colonel?

Late. Oh, lud! what a memory I have! Oh, yes, madam, she has been quite notorious. It is surprising a little discretion should not preserve her from such public—

Mrs. M. If she had my discretion, or yours, *Lately.*

Late. Your ladyship will make me proud, indeed, madam.

Mrs. M. I never could see any want of sense in you, *Lately.* I could not bear to have an insensible creature about me. I know several women of fashion I could not support for a tiring-woman. What think you of *Mrs. Charmer*?

Late. Think of her! that, were I a man, she should be the last woman I attacked. I think her an ugly, ungenteel, squinting, flirting, impudent, odious, dirty puss. [deal of wit too.]

Mrs. M. Upon my word, *Lately*, you have a vast

Late. I am beholden for all my wit, as well as my clothes, to your ladyship. I wish your ladyship wore out as much clothes as you do wit, I should soon grow rich.

Mrs. M. You shall not complain of either. Oh! [Knocking.] They are come, and I will receive them in another room. [Exit.]

Late. I know not whether my talent of praise or of slander is of more service to me; whether I get more by flattering my lady or abusing all her acquaintance.

SCENE V.—JOHN, LATELY.

John. So, *Mrs. Lately*, you forget your old acquaintance; but times are coming when I may be as good as another, and you may repent your inconstancy.

Late. Odious fellow!

John. I would have you to know I look on myself to be as good as your new sweetheart, though he has more lace on his livery, and may be a year or two younger, and as good a man I am too; and so you may tell him. Why does he not stay at home? What does he come into our family for?

Late. Who gave you authority to inquire, sirrah?

John. Marry, that did you, when you gave me a promise to marry me: well, I shall say no more; but times are coming when you may wish you had not forsaken me. I have a secret.

Late. A secret! Oh, let me hear it.

John. No, no, mistress, I shall keep my secrets as well as you can yours.

Late. Nay, now you are unkind; you know, though I suffer *Tom Brisk* to visit me, you have my heart still.

John. Ah! you do but say so! You know too well how much I love you. Then I'll tell you, my dear; I am going to the devil for you.

Late. The devil you are! Going to the devil for me! What does the fool mean?

John. Ay, I am to get a hundred pounds, that you may marry me.

Late. A hundred pounds! And how are you to get a hundred pounds, my dear *John*?

John. Only by a little swearing.

Late. What are you to swear?

John. Nay, if I tell you, it would be double perjury; for I have sworn already I would not trust it with anybody.

Late. Oh, but you may trust me.

John. And if you should trust somebody else—

Late. The devil fetch me if I do!

John. Then my master is to give me an hundred pound to swear that he is a cuckold.

Late. What's this?

John. Why, my master has offered me an hundred pound if I discover my lady and *Mr. Bellamant* in a proper manner; and, let me but see them together, I'll swear to the manner, I warrant you.

Late. But can you do this with a safe conscience?

John. Conscience! pshaw! which would you choose, a husband with a hundred pound, or a safe conscience? Come, give me a dram out of your mistress's closet; and there I'll tell you more.

Late. Come along with me.

SCENE VI.—Changes to another apartment.—LORD RICHLY, MR. and MRS. BELLAMANT, MRS. MODERN.

Rich. Well, madam, you have drawn a most delightful sketch of life.

Mrs. M. Then it is still-life; for I dare swear there never were such people breathing.

Mrs. B. Don't you believe then, madam, it is possible for a married couple to be happy in one another, without desiring any other company?

Mrs. M. Indeed, I do not know what it may have been in the plains of *Arcadia*; but truly, in those of Great Britain, I believe not.

Rich. I must subscribe to that too.

Mrs. B. *Mr. Bellamant*, what say you?

Bella. Oh! my dear, I am entirely of your mind.

Rich. This is a miracle almost equal to the other, to see a husband and wife of the same opinion. I must be a convert too; for it would be the greatest miracle of all to find *Mrs. Bellamant* in the wrong.

Mrs. B. It would be a much greater to find want of complaisance in lord *Richly*.

Bella. [Aside.] Confusion!

Mrs. M. Nay, madam, this is hardly so; for I have heard his lordship say the same in your absence.

Rich. Dear *Bellamant*, I believe I have had an opportunity to serve you this afternoon. I have spoke to lord *Powerful*; he says, he is very willing to do for you. Sir *Peter*, they tell me, is given over, and I fancy you may find my lord at home now.

Bella. I shall take another opportunity, my lord, a particular affair now preventing me.

Rich. The loss of an hour hath been often the loss of a place; and, unless you have something of greater consequence, I must advise you as a friend.

Bella. I shall find a method of thanking you. [Aside.]

Mrs. M. Make this a handle to slip out; I'll come into the next room to you. [Aside to *Bella*.]

Bella. My lord, I am very much obliged to your friendship. My dear, I'll call on you in my return: *Mrs. Modern*, I am your humble servant.

SCENE VII.—LORD RICHLY, MRS. BELLAMANT, MRS. MODERN.

Rich. I wish you success; you may command anything in my power to forward it.

Mrs. B. *Mr. Bellamant* is more indebted to your lordship than he will be ever able to pay.

Rich. *Mr. Bellamant*, madam, has a friend who is able to pay more obligations than I can lay on him.

Mrs. M. I am forced to be guilty of a great piece of rudeness by leaving you one moment.

Rich. And I shall not be guilty of losing it. [*Aside.*
Mrs. B. What can this mean? [*Aside.*

SCENE VIII.—LORD RICHLY, MRS. BELLAMANT.

Rich. And can you, madam, think of retiring from the general admiration of mankind?

Mrs. B. With pleasure, my lord, to the particular admiration of him who is to me all mankind.

Rich. Is it possible any man can be so happy?

Mrs. B. I hope, my lord, you think Mr. Bellamant so.

Rich. If he be, I pity him much less for his losses than I envy him the love of her in whose power it may be to redress them.

Mrs. B. You surprise me, my lord: in my power!

Rich. Yes, madam; for whatever is in the power of man is in yours: I am sure what little assistance mine can give is readily at your devotion. My interest and fortune are all in these dear hands; in short, madam, I have languished a long time for an opportunity to tell you that I have a most violent passion for you.

Mrs. B. My lord, I have been unwilling to understand you; but now your expression leaves me no other doubt but whether I hate or despise you most. [*my love?*

Rich. Are these the ungrateful returns you give

Mrs. B. Is this the friendship you have professed to Mr. Bellamant?

Rich. I'll make his fortune. Let this be an instance of my future favours. [*Puts a bank-note into her hand; she throws it away.*]

Mrs. B. And this of my reception of them. Be assured, my lord, if you ever renew this unmannerly attack on my honour, I will be revenged; my husband shall know his obligations to you.

Rich. I have gone too far to retreat, madam: if I cannot be the object of your love, let me be obliged to your prudence. How many families are supported by this method which you start at! Does not many a woman in this town drive her husband's coach?

Mrs. B. My lord, this insolence is intolerable; and from this hour I never will see your face again. [*A noise without.*

Rich. Hey! what is the meaning of this?

SCENE IX.—MODERN with Servants, MR. and MRS. BELLAMANT, MRS. MODERN, LORD RICHLY.

Mod. Come out, strumpet, show thy face and thy adulterer's before the world; thou shalt be a severe example of the vengeance of an injured husband.

Rich. I have no farther business here at present; for I fear more husbands have discovered injuries than one. [*Exit.*

Mrs. B. Protect me, Heavens! what do I see?

Bella. This was a masterpiece of my evil genius.

Mrs. M. Sir, this insult upon my reputation shall not go unrevenge; I have relations, brothers, who will defend their sister's fame from the base attacks of a perfidious husband, from any shame he would bring on her innocence.

Mod. Thou hast a forehead that would defend itself from any shame whatsoever; for that you have grafted on my forehead I thank you and this worthy gentleman.

Mrs. M. Sir, you shall smart for the falsehood of this accusation. [*Exit.*

Mod. Madam, you shall smart for the truth of it; this honest man [*pointing to the servant*] is evidence of the fact of your dishonour and mine. And for you, sir, [*to BELLAMANT*] you may depend upon it, I shall take the strictest satisfaction which the law

will give me: so I shall leave you at present, to give satisfaction to your wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—MR. and MRS. BELLAMANT.

Bella. [*After some pause.*] When the criminal turns his own accuser, the merciful judge becomes his advocate; guilt is too plainly written in my face to admit of a denial, and I stand prepared to receive what sentence you please.

Mrs. B. As you are your own accuser, be your own judge; you can inflict no punishment on yourself equal to what I feel.

Bella. Death has no terrors equal to that thought. Ha! I have involved thee too in my ruin, and thou must be the wretched partaker of my misfortunes.

Mrs. B. While I was assured of your truth I could have thought that happiness enough; yet I have still this to comfort me, the same moment that has betrayed your guilt has discovered my innocence.

Bella. Oh! thou ungrateful fool, what stores of bliss hast thou in one vicious moment destroyed! [*To himself.*] Oh! my angel, how have I requited all your love and goodness! For what have I forsaken thy tender virtuous passion!

Mrs. B. For a new one. How could I be so easily deceived? How could I imagine there was such truth in man, in that inconstant fickle sex, who are so prone to change, that, to indulge their fondness for variety, they would grow weary of a paradise to wander in a desert?

Bella. How weak is that comparison to show the difference between thee and every other woman!

Mrs. B. I had once that esteem of you; but hereafter I shall think all men the same; and, when I have weaned myself of my love for you, will hate them all alike.

Bella. Thy sentence is too just. I own I have deserved it; I never merited so good a wife. Heaven saw it had given too much, and thus has taken the blessing from me.

Mrs. B. You will soon think otherwise. If absence from me can bring you to those thoughts, I am resolved to favour them.

Bella. Thou shalt enjoy thy wish; we will part, part this night, this hour. Yet let me ask one favour; the ring which was a witness of our meeting, let it be so of our separation. Let me bear this as a memorial of our love. This shall remind me of all the tender moments we have had together, and serve to aggravate my sorrows. Henceforth I'll study only to be miserable; let Heaven make you happy, and curse me as it pleases. [*you have made me.*

Mrs. B. It cannot make me more wretched than

Bella. Yet, do believe me when I swear I never injured you with any other woman. Nay, believe me when I swear, how much soever I may have deserved the shame I suffer, I did not now deserve it.

Mrs. B. And must we part?

Bella. Since it obliges you.

Mrs. B. That I may have nothing to remember you by, take back this, and this, and this, and all the thousand embraces thou hast given me, till I die in thy loved arms—and thus we part for ever.

Bella. Ha!

Mrs. B. Oh! I forgive thee all: forget it as a frightful dream; it was no more, and I awake to real joy.

Bella. Oh! let me press thee to my heart; for every moment that I hold thee thus gives bliss beyond expression, a bliss no vice can give. Now life appears desirable again. Yet shall I not see thee miserable? Shall I not see my children suffer for their father's crime?

Mrs. B. Indulge no more uneasy thoughts: Fortune may have blessings yet in store for us and them.

Bella. Excellent goodness! My future days shall have no wish, no labour, but for thy happiness; and from this hour I'll never give thee cause of a complaint.

And whatsoever rocks our fates may lay
In life's hard passage to obstruct our way,
Patient the toilsome journey I'll abide,
And bless my fortune with so dear a guide.

ACT V. — SCENE I. — BELLAMANT'S house.—

EMILIA, speaking to a Servant; afterwards LADY CHARLOTTE.

Emil. It is very strange you will not give me the liberty of denying myself—that you will force me to be at home whether I will or no.

Serv. I had no such order from your ladyship.

Emil. Well, well, go wait upon her up. I am but in an ill humour to receive such a visit; I must try to make it as short as I can.

Charl. Emilia, good-morrow: am not I an early creature? I have been so frightened with some news I have heard; I am heartily concerned for you my dear—I hope the fright has not done you any mischief.

Emil. I am infinitely obliged to you, lady Charlotte.

Charl. Oh! I could not stay one moment; you see I hurried into my chair to you half undressed; never was creature in such a pickle, so frightful. Lud! I was obliged to draw all the curtains round me.

Emil. I don't perceive you had any reason for that, lady Charlotte.

Charl. Why, did you ever see anything so hideous, so odious as this gown? Well, Emilia, you certainly have the prettiest fancy in the world. I like what you have on now better than lady Pinup's, though hers cost so much more. Some people have the strangest way of laying out their money. You remember our engagement to-night?

Emil. You must excuse me; it will look very odd to see me abroad on this occasion.

Charl. Not odd in the least. Nobody minds these things. There's no rule upon such occasions. Sure you don't intend to stay at home, and receive formal visits?

Emil. No; but I intend to stay at home and receive no visits.

Charl. Why, child, you will be laughed at by all the town. There never was such a thing done in the world; staying at home is quite left off upon all occasions; a woman scarce stays at home a week for the death of a husband. Dear Emilia, don't be so awkward: I can make no excuse for you; lady Polite will never forgive you.

Emil. That I shall be sorry for: but I had rather not be forgiven by her than by myself.

SCENE II.—CAPTAIN BELLAMANT, LADY CHARLOTTE, EMILIA.

Capt. B. Sister, good-morrow; lady Charlotte abroad so early!

Charl. You may well be surprised; I have not been out at this hour these fifty years.

Capt. B. You will never be able to hold it out till night.

Emil. [*Aside.*] I am sure, if she should take it in her head to stay with me, I shall not: and unless some dear creature like herself should come and take her away, I seem to be in danger.

Charl. [*To BELLAMANT, after a whisper.*] Don't tell me of what I said last night. Last night was last year—an age ago; and I have the worst memory in the world.

Capt. B. You seem to want one, egad!

Charl. Indeed, I do not. A memory would be of no use to me; for I was never of the same mind twice in my life; and, though I should remember

what I said at one time, I should as certainly remember not to do it another.

Capt. B. You dear agreeable creature! sure never two people were so like one another as you and I are. We think alike, we act alike, and some people think we are very much alike in the face.

Charl. Do you hear him, Emilia? He has made one of the most shocking compliments to me; I believe I shall never be able to bear a looking-glass again.

Capt. B. Faith, and if it was not for the help of a looking-glass, you would be the most unhappy creature in the world.

Charl. Impertinent!

Capt. B. For then you would be the only person debarred from seeing the finest face in the world.

Emil. Very fine, indeed. [*wretch again now!*]

Charl. Civil enough. I think I begin to endure the

Capt. B. Keep but in that mind half an hour—

Charl. Emilia, good morrow; you will excuse the shortness of my visit. [*lotte.*]

Emil. No apologies on that account, lady Char-

Charl. You are a good creature, and know the continual hurry of business I am in. Don't you follow me, you thing you! [*To CAPT. BELLAMANT.*]

Capt. B. Indeed, lady Charlotte, but I shall, and I hope to some purpose. [*Aside.*]

SCENE III.—EMILIA, alone.

So I am once more left to my own thoughts. Heaven knows they are like to afford me little entertainment. Oh! Gaywit, too much I sympathise with thy uneasiness. Didst thou know the pangs I feel on thy account, thy generous heart would suffer more on mine. Ha! my words have raised a spirit.

SCENE IV.—EMILIA, GAYWIT.

Gay. I hope, madam, you will excuse a visit at so unseasonable an hour. [*a mistress here.*]

Emil. Had you come a little earlier you had met

Gay. I met the lady you mean, madam, at the door, and captain Bellamant with her.

Emil. You are the most cavalier lover I know; you are no more jealous of a rival with your mistress than the most polite husband is of one with his wife.

Gay. A man should not be jealous of his friend, madam; and I believe captain Bellamant will be such to me in the highest manner. I wish I was so blessed in another heart as he appears to be in lady Charlotte's. I wish I were as certain of gaining the woman I do love as of losing her I do not.

Emil. I suppose, if your amour be of any date, you can easily guess at the impressions you have made.

Gay. No; nor can she guess at the impression she has made on me; for, unless my eyes have done it, I never acquainted her with my passion.

Emil. And that your eyes have done it you may be assured, if you have seen her often. The love that can be concealed must be very cold indeed; but methinks it is something particular in you to desire to conceal it.

Gay. I have been always fearful to disclose a passion which I know not whether it be in my power to pursue. I would not even have given her the uneasiness to pity me, much less have tried to raise her love.

Emil. If you are so tender of her, take care you never let her suspect so much generosity. That may give her a secret pang.

Gay. Heaven forbid it should one equal to those I feel; lest, while I am endeavouring to make my addresses practicable, she should unadvisedly receive those of another.

Emil. If she can discover your love as plain as I can, I think you may be easy on that account.

Gay. He must dote like me who can conceive the ecstasy these words have given. [*Knocking.*]

Emil. Come in.

Serv. Your honour's servant, sir, is below.

Gay. I come to him. Madam, your most obedient servant; I go on business which will, by noon, give me the satisfaction of thinking I have preserved the best of fathers to the best of women. [*Exit.*]

Emil. I know he means mine; but why do I mention that, when every action of his life leaves me no other doubt than whether it convinces me more of his love or of his deserving mine?

SCENE V.—LORD RICHLY'S house.—LORD RICHLY, Servant.

Rich. Desire Mr. Bellamant to walk in. What can the meaning of this visit be? Perhaps he comes to make me proposals concerning his wife; but my love shall not get so far the better of my reason as to lead me to an extravagant price; I'll not go above two thousand, that's positive.

SCENE VI.—LORD RICHLY, BELLAMANT.

Rich. My dear Bellamant.

Bella. My lord, I have received an obligation from you which I thus return. [*Gives him a bank-bill.*]

Rich. Pshaw! trifles of this nature can hardly be called obligations; I would do twenty times as much for dear Jack Bellamant.

Bella. The obligation, indeed, was to my wife; nor hath she made you a small return, since it is to her entreaty you owe your present safety, your life.

Rich. I am not apprised of the danger; but would owe my safety to no one sooner than to Mrs. Bellamant.

Bella. Come, come, my lord; this prevarication is low and mean; you know you have used me basely, villanously; and, under the cover of acquaintance and friendship, have attempted to corrupt my wife; for which, but that I would not suffer the least breath of scandal to sully her reputation, I would exact such vengeance on thee—

Rich. Sir, I must acquaint you that this is a language I have not been used to.

Bella. No; the language of flatterers and hireling sycophants has been what you have dealt in; wretches whose honour and love are as venal as their praise. Such your title might awe, or your fortune bribe to silence; such you should have dealt with, and not have dared to injure a man of honour.

Rich. This is such presumption—

Bella. No, my lord, yours was the presumption; mine is only justice, nay, and mild too; unequal to your crime, which requires a punishment from my hand, not from my tongue.

Rich. Do you consider who I am?

Bella. Were you as high as heraldry could lift you, you should not injure me unpunished. Where grandeur can give licence to oppression, the people must be slaves, let them boast what liberty they please.

Rich. Sir, you shall hear of this.

Bella. I shall be ready to justify my words by any action you dare provoke me to; and, be assured of this, if ever I discover any future attempts of yours to my dishonour, your life shall be its sacrifice. Henceforward, my lord, let us behave as if we had never known one another. [*Exit.*]

Rich. Here's your man of sense now. He was half ruined in the house of lords a few days ago, and is in a fair way of going the other step in Westminster-hall in a few days more; yet has the impudence to threaten a man of my fortune and quality for attempting to debauch his wife, which many a

fool who rides in his coach and six would have had sense enough to have winked at.

SCENE VII.—LORD RICHLY, GAYWIT.

Gay. Your lordship is contemplative.

Rich. So, nephew, by this early visit I suppose you had ill-luck last night; for, where Fortune frowns on you, she always smiles on me by blessing me with your company.

Gay. I have long since put it out of the power of Fortune to do me either favour or injury. My happiness is now in the power of another mistress.

Rich. And thou art too pretty a fellow not to have that mistress in your power.

Gay. The possession of her, and in her of all my desires, depends on your consent.

Rich. You know, Harry, you have my consent to possess all the women in the town, except those few that I am particular with: provided you fall not foul of mine, you may board and plunder what vessels you please.

Gay. This is a vessel, my lord, neither to be taken by force nor hired by gold. I must buy her for life, or not board her at all.

Rich. Then the principal thing to be considered is her cargo. To marry a woman merely for her person is buying an empty vessel: and a woman is a vessel which a man will grow cursed weary of in a long voyage.

Gay. My lord, I have had some experience in women, and I believe that I never could be weary of the woman I now love.

Rich. Let me tell you, I have had some experience too, and I have been weary of forty women that I have loved.

Gay. And perhaps in all that variety you may not have found one of equal excellence with her I mean.

Rich. And pray, who is this paragon you mean?

Gay. Must I, my lord, when I have painted the finest woman in the world, be obliged to write Miss Bellamant's name to the picture?

Rich. Miss Bellamant!

Gay. Yes, Miss Bellamant!

Rich. You know Mr. Bellamant's losses; you know what happened yesterday, which may entirely finish his ruin; and the consequence of his ruin must be the ruin of his daughter, which will certainly throw her virtue into your power; for poverty as surely brings a woman to capitulation as scarcity of provisions does a garrison.

Gay. I cannot take this advice, my lord: I would not take advantage from the misfortunes of any; but surely not of the woman I love.

Rich. Well, sir, you shall ask me no more; for, if my consent to your ruin will oblige you, you have it.

Gay. My lord, I shall ever remember this goodness, and will be ready to sign any instrument to secure a very large fortune to lady Charlotte when you please.

SCENE VIII.—LORD RICHLY, *solus.*

Now, if he takes my consent from my own word, I may deny it afterwards, so I gain the whole estate for my daughter, and bring an entire destruction upon Bellamant and his whole family. Charming thought! that would be a revenge, indeed; nay, it may accomplish all my wishes too; Mrs. Bellamant may be mine at last.

SCENE IX.—LORD RICHLY, MODERN.

Mod. My lord, I was honoured with your commands. [*sir.*]

Rich. I believe I shall procure the place for you,

Mod. My obligations to your lordship are so infinite, that I must always be your slave. [Modern.]

Rich. I am concerned for your misfortune, Mr.

Mod. It is a common misfortune, my lord, to have a bad wife. I am something happier than my brethren in the discovery.

Rich. That indeed may make you amends more ways than one. I cannot dissuade you from the most rigorous prosecution: for, though dear Jack Bellamant be my particular friend, yet in cases of this nature even friendship itself must be thrown up. Injuries of this kind are not to be forgiven.

Mod. Very true, my lord; he has robbed me of the affections of a wife whom I loved as tenderly as myself; forgive my tears, my lord—I have lost all I held dear in this world.

Rich. I pity you, indeed; but comfort yourself with the hopes of revenge.

Mod. Alas! my lord, what revenge can equal the dishonour he has brought upon my family? Think on that, my lord; on the dishonour I must endure. I cannot name the title they will give me.

Rich. It is shocking indeed.

Mod. My ease for ever lost, my quiet gone, my honour stained; my honour, my lord. Oh! 'tis a tender wound.

Rich. Laws cannot be too rigorous against offences of this nature: juries cannot give too great damages. To attempt the wife of a friend—to what wickedness will men arrive! Mr. Modern, I own I cannot blame you in pushing your revenge to the utmost extremity.

Mod. That I am resolved on. I have just received an appointment from your lordship's nephew, Mr. Gaywit; I suppose to give me some advice in the affair.

Rich. [Aside.] Ha! that must be to dissuade him from the prosecution.—Mr. Modern, if you please, I'll set you down; I have some particular business with him: besides, if he knows anything that can be of service to you, my commands shall enforce the discovery. Bid the coachman pull up. [slaves.]

Mod. I am the most obliged of all your lordship's

SCENE X.—Another apartment.—LA. CHARLOTTE, CAPTAIN BELLAMANT, and Servant.

Charl. My lord gone out! then, d'ye hear, I am at home to nobody.

Capt. B. That's kind, indeed, lady Charlotte, to let me have you all to myself.

Charl. You! you confident thing! how came you here? Don't you remember I bad you not to follow me?

Capt. B. Yes, but it's so long ago that I am surprised you should remember it.

Charl. Indeed, sir, I always remember to avoid what I don't like. I suppose you don't know that I hate you of all things?

Capt. B. Not I, upon my soul! The deuce take me if I did not think you had liked me as well as I liked you—ha, ha!

Charl. I like you? impossible! why, don't you know that you are very ugly?

Capt. B. Pshaw! that's nothing; that will all go off. A month's marriage takes off the homeliness of a husband's face as much as it does the beauty of a wife's.

Charl. And so you would insinuate that I might be your wife? O horrible! shocking thought!

Capt. B. Nay, madam, I am as much frightened at the thoughts of marriage as you can be.

Charl. Indeed, sir, you need not be under any apprehensions of that kind upon my account.

Capt. B. Indeed, but I am, madam; for what an

unconsolable creature would you be if I should take it into my head to marry any other woman!

Charl. Well, he has such an excessive assurance, that I am not really sure whether he is not agreeable. Let me die if I am not under some sort of suspense about it—and yet I am not neither—for to be sure I don't like the thing—and yet, methinks, I do too—and yet I do not know what I should do with him neither—hi! hi! hi! this is the foolishlest circumstance that ever I knew in my life.

Capt. B. Very well; sure marriage begins to run in your head at last, madam.

Charl. A-propos! do you know that t'other day lady Betty Shuttlecock and I laid down the prettiest scheme for matrimony that ever entered into the taste of people of condition?

Capt. B. Oh! pray let's hear it.

Charl. In the first place, then, whenever she or I marry, I am resolved positively to be mistress of myself; I must have my house to myself, my coach to myself, my servants to myself, my table, time, and company to myself; nay, and sometimes, when I have a mind to be out of humour, my bed to myself.

Capt. B. Right, madam; for a wife and a husband always together are, to be sure, the flattest company in the world.

Charl. O detestable! Then I will be sure to have my own humour in everything; to go, come, dine, dance, play, sup at all hours, and in whatever company I have a mind to; and if ever he pretends to put on a grave face upon my enjoying any one of those articles, I am to burst out in his face a laughing. Won't that be prodigious pleasant?—ha! ha! ha!

Capt. B. O charmingly charming! Ha! ha! What a contemptible creature is a woman that never does anything without consulting her husband!

Charl. Nay, there you're mistaken again, sir; for I would never do anything without consulting my husband.

Capt. B. How so, dear madam?

Charl. Because sometimes one may happen to be so low in spirits as not to know one's own mind; and then, you know, if a foolish husband should happen to say a word on either side, why one determines on the contrary without any farther trouble.

Capt. B. Right, madam; and a thousand to one but the happy rogue, your husband, might warm his indolent inclinations too from the same spirit of contradiction—ha! ha!

Charl. Well, I am so passionately fond of my own humour, that, let me die, if a husband were to insist upon my never missing any one diversion this town affords, I believe in my conscience, I should go twice a-day to church to avoid them. [a creature!]

Capt. B. O fie! you could not be so unfashionable

Charl. Ay, but I would, though. I do not care what I do when I am vexed.

Capt. B. Well! let me perish, this is a most delectable scheme. Don't you think, madam, we shall be vastly happy? [sir!]

Charl. We! what we? Pray, who do you mean,

Capt. B. Why, lady Betty Shuttlecock and I: why, you must know this is the very scheme she laid down to me last night; which so vastly charmed me, that we resolved to be married upon it to-morrow morning.

Charl. What do you mean?

Capt. B. Only to take your advice, madam, by allowing my wife all the modish privileges that you seem so passionately fond of.

Charl. Your wife? why, who's to be your wife, pray? you don't think of me, I hope?

Capt. B. One would think you thought I did;

for you refuse me as oddly as if I had asked you the question: not but I suppose you would have me think now you have refused me in earnest.

Charl. Ha, ha, ha! that's well enough; why, sweet sir, do you really think I am not in earnest?

Capt. B. No faith, I can't think you're so silly as to refuse me in earnest when I only asked you in jest.

Both. Ha, ha, ha!

Charl. Ridiculous!

Capt. B. Delightful! Well, after all, I am a strange creature to be so merry, when I am just going to be married. [would have you?

Charl. And had you ever the assurance to think I

Capt. B. Why, faith! I don't know but I might, if I had ever made love to you.—Well, lady Charlotte, your servant. I suppose you'll come and visit my wife as soon as ever she sees company.

Charl. What do you mean?

Capt. B. Seriously what I say, madam; am just now going to my lawyer to sign my marriage articles with lady Betty Shuttlecock.

Charl. And are you going in earnest?

Capt. B. Positively, seriously.

Charl. Then I must take the liberty to tell you, sir, you are the greatest villain that ever lived upon the face of the earth. [She bursts into tears.

Capt. B. Ha! what do I see? Is it possible? O my dear, dear lady Charlotte! can I believe myself the cause of these transporting tears? O! till this instant never did I taste of happiness.

Charl. Ha, ha! nor I, upon my faith, sir! Ha, ha!

Capt. B. Hey-day! what do you mean?

Charl. That you are one of the silliest animals that ever opened his lips to a woman—Ha, ha! O I shall die! Ha! ha!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a letter for you.

Capt. B. So, it's come in good time. If this does not give her a turn, egad, I shall have all my plague to go over again.—Lady Charlotte, you'll give me leave. [remony.

Charl. O, sir! billets-doux are exempt from ce-

Capt. B. [After reading to himself.] Ha, ha! Well, my dear lady Charlotte, I am vastly glad to see you so easy. Upon my soul, I was afraid you was really in love with me: but, since I need have no farther apprehensions of it, I know you won't take it ill if I obey the summons of my wife that is to be.—Lady Betty has sent for me.—You'll excuse me if I am confined a week or two with my wife for the present: when that's over, you and I will laugh and sing, and coquette as much as ever we did; and so, dear lady Charlotte, your humble servant. [Exit.

Charl. What can the creature mean? I know not what to think of him! Sure it can't be true! But if it should be true—I can't believe it true—And yet it may be true too—I am resolved to be satisfied—Here, who's there? Will nobody hear? Who's there, I say?

Enter Servant.

Desire Captain Bellamant to step back again.

Serv. He's just gone out, madam.

Charl. Then it's certainly true.—Get me a chair this moment—this instant—Go, run, fly! I am in such a hurry, I don't know what I do. O hideous! I look horridly frightful—But I'll follow him just as I am—I'll go to lady Betty's—If I find him there I shall certainly faint.—I must take a little hartshorn with me. [Exit.

SCENE XI.—GAYWIT, MRS. MODERN, meeting in his lodgings.

Gay. This is exactly the time I appointed her to

meet me here. Ha! she comes. You are punctual as a young lover to his first appointment.

Mrs. M. Women commonly begin to be most punctual when men leave it off: our passions seldom reach their meridian before yours set.

Gay. We can no more help the decrease of our passions than you the increase of yours; and though like the sun I was obliged to quit your hemisphere, I have left you a moon to shine in it.

Mrs. M. What do you mean?

Gay. I suppose you are by this no stranger to the fondness of the gentleman I introduced to you; nor, will you shortly be to his generosity. He is one who has more money than brains, and more generosity than money.

Mrs. M. Oh, Gaywit! I am undone: you will too soon know how; will hear it perhaps with pleasure, since it is too plain, by betraying me to your friend, I have no longer any share in your love.

Gay. Blame not my inconstancy, but your own.

Mrs. M. By all our joys, I never loved another.

Gay. Nay, will you deny what conviction has long since constrained you to own? Will you deny your favours to lord Richly? [my heart.

Mrs. M. He had indeed my person, but you alone

Gay. I always take a woman's person to be the strongest assurance of her heart. I think the love of a mistress who gives up her person is no more to be doubted than the love of a friend who gives you his purse.

Mrs. M. By Heavens, I hate and despise him equal with my husband: and, as I was forced to marry the latter by the commands of my parents, so I was given up to the former by the entreaties of my husband.

Gay. By the entreaties of your husband!

Mrs. M. Hell and his blacker soul doth know the truth of what I say—That he betrayed me first, and has ever since been the pander of our amour: to you my own inclinations led me. Lord Richly has paid for his pleasures; to you they have still been free. He was my husband's choice; but you alone were mine. [too?

Gay. And have you not complied with Bellamant

Mrs. M. Oh! blame not my necessities; he is, indeed, that generous creature you have spoke him.

Gay. And have you not betrayed this generous creature to a wretch?

Mrs. M. I see you know it all.—By Heavens, I have not: it was his own jealousy, not my design: nay, he importuned me to have discovered lord Richly in the same manner. Oh! think not any hopes could have prevailed on me to blast my fame. No reward could make me amends for that loss. Thou shalt see by my retirement I have a soul too great to encounter shame.

Gay. I will try to make that retirement easy to you; and call me not ungrateful for attempting to discomfit your husband's purpose, and preserve my friend.

Mrs. M. I myself will preserve him: if my husband pursue his intentions, my woman will swear that the servant owned he was hired to be a false evidence against us.

Gay. Then, since the story is already public, forgive this last blush I am obliged to put you to.

Mrs. M. What do you mean?

Gay. These witnesses must inform you.

SCENE XII.—GAYWIT, MR. and MRS. BELLAMANT, MRS. MODERN, EMILIA, CAPTAIN MERIT.

Mrs. M. Distraction! tortures!

Gay. I have with difficulty brought myself to give you this shock; which nothing but the preservation

of the best of friends could have extorted, and which you shall be made amends for.

Bella. Be not shocked, madam; it shall be your husband's fault if you are farther uneasy on this account.

Gay. Come, madam, you may yourself reap a benefit from what I have done, since it may prevent your being exposed in another place.

Mrs. M. All places to me are equal, except this. [Exit.

Mrs. B. Her misfortunes move my compassion.

Gay. It is generous in you, madam, to pity the misfortunes of a woman whose faults are more her husband's than her own.

SCENE XIII.—LORD RICHLI, MODERN, GAYWIT, MR. and MRS. BELLAMANT, CAPT. MERIT, EMILIA.

Rich. Mr. Gaywit, upon my word, you have the most splendid levee I have seen.

Gay. I am sorry, my lord, you have increased it by one who should only grace the keeper of Newgate's levee; a fellow whose company is scandalous to your lordship, as it is odious to us all.

Bella. His lordship is not the only man who goes abroad with his cuckold.

Rich. Methinks you have invited a gentleman to a very scurvy entertainment.

Gay. You'll know, my lord, very shortly, wherefore he was invited, and how much you yourself are obliged to his kind endeavours: for, would his wife have consented to his entreaties, this pretended discovery had fallen on you, and you had supplied that gentleman's place.

Rich. A discovery fallen on me!

Merit. Yes, my lord, the whole company are witnesses to Mrs. Modern's confession of it, that he betrayed her to your embraces with a design to discover you in them.

Mod. My lord, this is a base design to ruin the humblest of your creatures in your lordship's favour.

Rich. How it should have that effect, I know not; for I do not understand a word of what these gentlemen mean.

Gay. We shall convince your lordship. In the mean time I must beg you to leave this apartment: you may prosecute what revenge you please; but at law we shall dare to defy you. The damages will not be very great which are given to a voluntary cuckold.

Emil. Though I see not why; for it is surely as much robbery to take away a picture unpaid for from the painter who would sell it as from the gentleman who would keep it.

Mod. You may have your jest, madam; but I will be paid severely for it. I shall have a time of laughing in my turn. My lord, your most obedient servant.

SCENE XIV.—LORD RICHLI, GAYWIT, MR. and MRS. BELLAMANT, CAPTAIN BELLAMANT, LADY CHARLOTTE, EMILIA.

Gay. He will find his mistake and our conquest soon enough. And now, my lord, I hope you will ratify that consent you gave me this morning, and complete my happiness with this lady.

Rich. Truly, nephew, you misunderstood me if you imagined I promised any such thing. However, though you know I might insist on my brother's will, yet let Mr. Bellamant give his daughter a fortune equal to yours, and I shall not oppose it; and till then I shall not consent.

Gay. Ha!

Capt. B. I hope your lordship has not determined to deny every request; and therefore I may hope your blessing. [Kneels.

Rich. What does this mean?

Capt. B. Lady Charlotte, my lord, has given me this right. Your daughter—

Rich. What of her?

Capt. B. Is my wife.

Rich. Your wife!

Capt. B. Nay, if you will not give me your blessing you may let it alone: I would not kneel any longer to you, though you were the Great Mogul.

Rich. Very well! This is your doing, Mr. Bellamant, or rather my own. Confusion! my estate, my title, and my daughter, all contribute to aggrandise the man I must hate, because he knows I would have wronged him! Well, sirs, whatever pleasure you may seem to take at my several disappointments, I shall take very little trouble to be revenged on any of you; being heartily convinced that in a few months you will be so many mutual plagues to one another.

SCENE the last.—GAYWIT, MR. and MRS. BELLAMANT, CAPT. BELLAMANT, LA. CHARLOTTE, EMILIA.

Bella. Methinks I might have been consulted on this affair.

Charl. We had no time for consultation; our amour has been of a very short date.

Capt. B. All our love is to come, lady Charlotte.

Charl. I expect a deal of love after marriage, for what I have bated you before it.

Capt. B. I never asked you the question till I was sure of you.

Charl. Then you knew my mind better than myself; for I never resolved to have you till I had you.

Gay. Now, my dear Emilia, there is no bar in our way to happiness. Lady Charlotte has made my lord's consent unnecessary too. Your father has already blessed me with his; and it is now in your power to make me the happiest of mankind.

Emil. I suppose you follow my brother's method, and never ask till you are sure of obtaining.

Bella. Gaywit, my obligations to you are beyond my power of repaying; and while I give you what you ask, I am still heaping greater favours on myself.

Gay. Think not so, when you bestow on me more than any man can merit.

Bella. Then take the little all I have; and may you be as happy with her as I am in these arms [embracing MRS. BELLAMANT—whence the whole world should never estrange me more.

Mrs. B. I am too happy in that resolution.

Gay. Lady Charlotte, I made a promise this day to your father in your favour, which I am resolved to keep, though he hath broken his. I know your good nature and good sense will forgive a fault which love has made me commit—Love, which directs our inclinations, in spite of equal and superior charms.

Charl. No excuses, dear sir; my inclinations were as whimsical as yours.

Capt. B. You have fairly got the start, lady Charlotte.

Gay. My Bellamant! my friend! my father! what a transport do I feel from the prospect of adding to your future happiness! Let us henceforth be one family, and have no other contest but to outvie in love.

Bella. My son! Oh, what happiness do I owe to thy friendship! And may the example of my late misfortune warn thee to fly all such encounters; and, since we are setting out together in the road to happiness, take this truth from an experienced traveller:—

However slight the consequence may prove
Which waits unmarried libertines in love,
Be from all vice divorced before you wed,
And bury falsehood in the bridal bed.

EPILOGUE, WRITTEN BY COLLEY CIBBER, ESQ., SPOKEN BY
MRS. HERON.

As malefactors, on their dying day,
Have always something, at the tree, to say.
So I, before to exile I go down,
With my hard hapless fate would warn the town.
Fatal quadrille! Fly! fly the tempting evil!
For, when our last stake's lost, 'tis sure the devil!
With curs'd quadrille avoid my fatal shame,
Or, if you can't, at least play all the game.
Of spotless fame be chary as your lives!
Keep wide of proof, and you're the best of wives!
Husbands most faults, not public made, connive at:
The trip's a trifle when the frailty's private.
What can a poet hope, then, that reveals 'em?
The fair might like the play whose plot conceals 'em;
For who would favour plays to be thus used?
None ever were by operas abused.
Or, could they warble scandal out at random,
Where were the harm, while none could understand 'em?
But I no more must hear those melting strains,
Condemn'd, alas! to woods and lonely plains!
Gay masquerades now turn'd to country fairs,
And croaking rooks supply soft eunuch airs.
No Ring, no Mall—no rat, tat, tat, at doors;
And, O hard fate! for dear quadrille—all fours.
No more new plays! but that's a small offence;
Your taste will shortly banish them from hence.
Yet ere I part, methinks, it were to wrong you
Not to bequeath some legacies among you.
My reputation I for prudes intend,
In hopes their strictness what's amiss will mend.
My young gallants let ancient maidens kill,
And take my husband—any soul that will.
Our author to the spotless fair I give,
For his chaste wife to grant him a reprieve.
Whatever faults to me may be imputed,
In her you view your virtues unpolluted.
In her sweet mind even age and wand'ring youth
Must own the transports of connubial truth:
Thus each extreme is for instruction meant,
And ever was the stage's true intent,
To give reward to virtue, vice its punishment.

EPILOGUE, SPOKEN BY MRS. HERON.

In dull retirement ere I go to grieve,
Ladies, I am return'd to take my leave.
Prudes, I suppose, will, with their old good-nature,
Show their great virtue, and condemn the creature:
They fail not at the unfortunate to flout,
Not because naughty, but because—found out.
Why, faith, if these discoveries succeed,
Marriage will soon become a trade indeed!
This trade, I'm sure, will flourish in the nation,
'Twill be esteem'd below no man of fashion }
To be a member of the—Cuckold's corporation.
What int'rest will be made—what mighty doing—
To be directors for the year ensuing!
And 'tis exceeding difficult to say
Which end of this chaste town would win the day.
Oh! should no chance this corporation stop,
Where should we find one house without a shop?
How would a wife, hung out, draw beaux in throngs,
To hire your dears, like dominos, at Long's!
There would be dainty days, when ev'ry ninny
Might put them on and off—for half a guinea!
Oh! to behold th' embroider'd trader grin,
"My wife's at home—Pray, gentlemen, walk in!"
Money alone men will no more importune,
When ev'ry beauty makes her husband's fortune.
While juries value virtue at this rate,
Each wife is (when discover'd) an estate
A wife with gold is mixing gall with honey;
But here you lose your wife by what you get your money.
And now, t' obey a dull poetic sentence,
In lonely woods I must pursue repentance!
Ye virgins pure, ye modest matrons, lend
Attentive ears to your departing friend.
If fame unspotted be the thing you drive at,
Be virtuous, if you can; if not, be private—
But hold!—Why should I leave my sister-sinners,
To dwell 'mongst innocents or young beginners?
Frailty will better with the frail go down:
So, hang the stupid bard!—I'll stay in town.

THE MOCK DOCTOR; OR, THE DUMB LADY CURED.

A COMEDY, DONE FROM MOLIERE, AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE, IN 1732.

TO DR. JOHN MISAUBIN.

SIR,—Were I not well assured of your great candour, the opinion I have of your nice judgment and refined taste might give me terrible apprehensions while I am presenting you a piece wherein, I fear, much injustice is done to an author whose beauties you can so exquisitely relish in the original.

It would be hard to make a more delicate compliment to a lady than by dedicating to her the sixth satire of Juvenal. Such an address must naturally suppose her free from all the vices and follies there inveighed against. Permit me, therefore, sir, to prefix to a farce, wherein quacks are so severely exposed, the name of one who will be remembered as an honour to his profession while there is a single practitioner in town at whose door there is a lamp in an evening.

I shall not here proceed, in the common road of dedications, to sum up the many great talents with which nature has enriched you; I shall not here, as I might, enlarge on excellencies so well known to the world; nor shall I mention here that politeness which appears equal with your wit in your conversation, and has made you the desire of the great and the envy of the whole profession; that generous elegance with which you treat your friends and patients, insomuch that the latter are often gainers by their distempers, and drink you out more in wine than they pay you for physic. I shall not, I say, mention these; but I cannot, without the greatest violence to myself, pass by that Little Pill which has rendered you so great a blessing to mankind—that Pill which is the opposite to Pandora's box, and has done more real good in the world than the poets feign the other to have done evil. Forgive me, sir, if I am not able to contain myself while I am talking of this invaluable remedy, to which so many owe their health, their pleasure, nay, the very preservation of their being.

It is this, sir, which has animated the brethren of your faculty against you—that has made them represent one of the greatest men of this age as an illiterate empiric, for which weak effort of their malice you have continually had a very laudable and just contempt.

Were I not apprehensive of offending your ears, that are so averse to flattery, I might here mention your great skill in

divinity, philosophy, &c., almost equal to your knowledge in physic. But this the world will, I hope, be soon acquainted with, by your being prevailed on to publish some of those excellent treatises which your leisure hours have produced, and which may, perhaps, be almost as serviceable to mankind as the labours of our most celebrated divines have been.

And now, sir, give me leave to conclude by wishing that you may meet with the reward you merit: that the gratitude of some of your patients may, in return for the lengthening of their lives, contribute to immortalise your reputation—that I may see a statue erected to your memory, with that serpent of Æsculapius in your hand which you so deservedly bear in your arms, is the sincere wish of, sir, your most obedient, most humble servant.

PREFACE.

LE Médecin malgré Lui of Molière hath been always esteemed in France the best of that author's humorous pieces. The Misanthrope, to which it was first added, owed to it chiefly its success. That excellent play was of too grave a kind to hit the genius of the French nation, on which account the author, in a very few days, produced this farce, which, being added to the Misanthrope, gave it one of the greatest runs that any play ever met with on that stage.

The English theatre owes this farce to an accident not unlike that which gave it to the French. And I wish I had been as able to preserve the spirit of Molière as I have, in translating it, fallen short even of that very little time he allowed himself in writing it; however, the candour of its audiences hath given me no reason to repent or be ashamed of my undertaking, as perhaps, when I have returned what is due to Molière and to the performers, I shall have very little cause of triumph from it.

The applause our Mock Doctor received on the theatre admits of no addition from my pen. I shall only congratulate the town on the lively hope they may entertain of having the loss they are one day to suffer in the father so well supplied in the son.

But I cannot, when I mention the rising glories of the thea-

tre, omit one who, though she owes little advantage to the part of Dorcas, hath already convinced the best judges of her admirable genius for the stage; she hath sufficiently shown, in the Old Debauchees, that her capacity is not confined to a song, and I dare swear they will shortly own her able to do justice to characters of a much greater consequence.

One pleasure I enjoy from the success of this piece is a prospect of transplanting successfully some others of Molière of great value. How I have done this, any English reader may be satisfied by examining an exact literal translation of the *Médecin malgré Lui*, which is the second in the second volume of *Select Comedies of Molière*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Sir Jasper*, MR. SHEPHERD; *Leander* MR. STOPELAER; *Gregory*, MR. CIBBER, JUN.; *Robert*, MR. JONES; *James*, MR. MULLART; *Harry*, MR. ROBERTS; *Davy*, MR. JONES; *Hellebor*, MR. ROBERTS; *Dorcas*, MISS RAFTOR; *Charlotte*, MISS WILLIAMS; *Maid*, MRS. MARS.—SCENE, partly in a COUNTRY-TOWN and partly in a WOOD.

SCENE I.—*A wood*.—DORCAS, GREGORY.

Greg. I tell you no, I won't comply, and it is my business to talk and to command.

Dorc. And I tell you you shall conform to my will, and that I was not married to you to suffer your ill-humours.

Greg. O the intolerable fatigue of matrimony! Aristotle never said a better thing in his life than when he told us "That a wife is worse than a devil."

Dorc. Hear the learned gentleman with his Aristotle!

Greg. And a learned man I am too; find me out a maker of fagots that's able, like myself, to reason upon things, or that can boast such an education as

Dorc. An education! [mine.]

Greg. Ay, hussy, a regular education; first at the charity-school, where I learnt to read; then I waited on a gentleman at Oxford, where I learnt—very near as much as my master; from whence I attended a travelling physician six years, under the facetious denomination of a Merry-Andrew, where I learnt physic.

Dorc. O that thou hadst followed him still! Cursed be the hour wherein I answered the parson, "I will!"

Greg. And cursed be the parson that asked me the question!

Dorc. You have reason to complain of him, indeed, who ought to be on your knees every moment returning thanks to Heaven for that great blessing it sent you when it sent you myself. I hope you have not the assurance to think you deserve such a wife as me?

Greg. No, really, I don't think I do.

AIR I. *Bessy Bell*.

Dorc. When a lady like me condescends to agree
To let such a jackanapes taste her,
With what zeal and care should he worship the fair,
Who gives him—what's meat for his master!
His actions should still
Attend on her will,
Hear, sirrah, and take it for warning;
To her he should be
Each night on his knee,
And so he should be on each morning.

Greg. Meat for my master! you were meat for your master, if I an't mistaken; for, to one of our shames be it spoken, you rose as good a virgin from me as you went to bed. Come, come, madam; it was a lucky day for you when you found me out.

Dorc. Lucky indeed! a fellow who eats everything I have. [some part on't.]

Greg. That happens to be a mistake, for I drink

Dorc. That has not even left me a bed to lie on.

Greg. You'll rise the earlier.

Dorc. And who from morning till night is eternally in an alehouse.

Greg. It's genteel—the squire does the same.

Dorc. Pray, sir, what are you willing I shall do with my family?

Greg. Whatever you please,

Dorc. My four little children that are continually crying for bread. [crying children.]

Greg. Give 'em a rod! best cure in the world for

Dorc. And do you imagine, sot—

Greg. Harkye, my dear; you know my temper is not over and above passive, and that my arm is extremely active. [solent fellow.]

Dorc. I laugh at your threats; poor, beggarly, in-

Greg. Soft object of my wishing eyes, I shall play with your pretty ears.

Dorc. Touch me if you dare, you insolent, impudent, dirty, lazy, rascally—

Greg. Oh, ho, ho! you will have it then, I find.

Dorc. O, murder! murder!

[Beats her].

SCENE II.—GREGORY, DORCAS, SQUIRE ROBERT

Rob. What's the matter here? Fie upon you, fie upon you, neighbour, to beat your wife in this scandalous manner. [and what then?]

Dorc. Well, sir, and I have a mind to be beat;

Rob. O dear madam! I give my consent with all my heart and soul. [business of yours?]

Dorc. What's that to you, saucebox? Is it any

Rob. No, certainly, madam.

Dorc. Here's an impertinent fellow for you, won't suffer a husband to beat his own wife!

AIR II. *Winchester Wedding*.

Go thrash your own rib, sir, at home,
Nor thus interfere with our strife;
May cuckoldom still be his doom
Who strives to part husband and wife!
Suppose I've a mind he should drub,
Whose bones are they, sir, he's to lick?
At whose expense is it, you scrub?
You are not to find him a stick.

Rob. Neighbour, I ask your pardon heartily; here, take and thrash your wife, beat her as you ought

Greg. No, sir, I won't beat her. [to do.]

Rob. O! sir, that's another thing.

Greg. I'll beat her when I please, and will not beat her when I do not please. She is my wife, and

Rob. Certainly. [not yours.]

Dorc. Give me the stick, dear husband.

Rob. Well, if ever I attempt to part husband and wife again, may I be beaten myself!

SCENE III.—GREGORY, DORCAS.

Greg. Come, my dear, let us be friends.

Dorc. What, after beating me so?

Greg. 'Twas but in jest.

Dorc. I desire you will crack your jests on your own bones, not on mine.

Greg. Pshaw! you know you and I are one; and I beat one half of myself when I beat you.

Dorc. Yes; but, for the future, I desire you will beat the other half of yourself.

Greg. Come, my pretty dear, I ask pardon; I am sorry for't. [for it.]

Dorc. For once I pardon you; but you shall pay

Greg. Pshaw! pshaw! child; these are only little affairs, necessary in friendship: four or five good blows with a cudgel between your very fond couples only tend to heighten the affections. I'll now to the wood, and I promise thee to make a hundred fagots before I come home again.

Dorc. If I am not revenged on those blows of yours! Oh, that I could but think of some method to be revenged on him! Hang the rogue!—he is quite insensible of cuckoldom.

AIR III. *Oh, London is a fine town*.

In ancient days, I've heard, with horns
The wife her spouse could fright,
Which now the hero bravely scorns,
So common is the sight.
To city, country, camp, or court,
Or wheresoe'er he go,
No horned brother dares make sport;
They're cuckolds all arow.

Oh, that I could find out some invention to get him well drubbed!

SCENE IV.—HARRY, JAMES, DORCAS.

Har. Were ever two fools sent on such a message as we are in quest of a dumb doctor?

James. Blame your own cursed memory that made you forget his name. For my part, I'll travel through the world rather than return without him; that were as much as a limb or two were worth.

Har. Was ever such a cursed misfortune? to lose the letter! I should not even know his name if I were to hear it.

Dorc. Can I find no invention to be revenged?—Hey-day! who are these?

James. Harkye, mistress; do you know where—where—where doctor What-d'ye-call-him lives?

Dorc. Doctor who?

James. Doctor—doctor—What's-his-name? [me?]

Dorc. Hey! what, has the fellow a mind to banter

Har. Is there no physician hereabouts famous for curing dumbness?

Dorc. I fancy you have no need of such a physician, Mr. Impertinence.

Har. Don't mistake us, good woman—we don't mean to banter you. We are sent by our master, whose daughter has lost her speech, for a certain physician who lives hereabouts. We have lost our direction, and 'tis as much as our lives are worth to return without him.

Dorc. There is one doctor Lazy lives just by; but he has left off practising. You would not get him a mile to save the lives of a thousand patients.

James. Direct us but to him. We'll bring him with us, one way or other, I warrant you.

Har. Ay, ay, we'll have him with us, though we carry him on our backs.

Dorc. Ha! Heaven has inspired me with one of the most admirable inventions to be revenged on my hangdog! [*Aside.*—I assure you, if you can get him with you, he'll do your young lady's business for her; he's reckoned one of the best physicians in the world, especially for dumbness.

Har. Pray tell us where he lives.

Dorc. You'll never be able to get him out of his own house; but, if you watch hereabouts, you'll certainly meet with him, for he very often amuses himself with cutting wood.

Har. A physician cut wood!

James. I suppose he amuses himself in searching after herbs, you mean.

Dorc. No; he's one of the most extraordinary men in the world: he goes dressed like a common clown; for there is nothing he so much dreads as to be known for a physician.

James. All your great men have some strange oddities about them.

Dorc. Why, he will suffer himself to be beat before he will own himself a physician; and I'll give you my word you'll never make him own himself one unless you both of you take a good cudgel and thrash him into it; 'tis what we are all forced to do when we have any need of him.

James. What a ridiculous whim is here!

Dorc. Very true; and in so great a man!

James. And is he so very skilful a man?

Dorc. Skilful! why he does miracles. About half a year ago a woman was given over by all her physicians—nay, she had been dead for some time—when this great man came to her. As soon as he saw her he poured a little drop of something down her throat. He had no sooner done it than she got out of her bed, and walked about the room as if there had been nothing the matter with her.

Both. Oh, prodigious!

Dorc. 'Tis not above three weeks ago that a child of twelve years old fell from the top of a house to the bottom, and broke its skull, its arms, and legs. Our physician was no sooner drubbed into making him a visit, than, having rubbed the child all over with a certain ointment, it got upon its legs, and ran away to play.

Both. Oh, most wonderful!

Har. Hey! Gad, James, we'll drub him out of a pot of this ointment.

James. But can he cure dumbness?

Dorc. Dumbness! why the curate of our parish's wife was born dumb; and the doctor, with a sort of wash, washed her tongue till he set it a going, so that in less than a month's time she out-talked her husband.

Har. This must be the very man we were sent after.

Dorc. Yonder is the very man I speak of.

James. What, that he, yonder? [up his bill.

Dorc. The very same. He has spied us, and taken

James. Come, Harry, don't let us lose one moment. Mistress, your servant; we give you ten thousand thanks for this favour.

Dorc. Be sure and make good use of your sticks.

James. He shan't want that.

SCENE V.—*Another part of the wood.*—JAMES, HARRY, GREGORY.

Greg. Pox on't! 'tis most confounded hot weather. Hey! who have we here?

James. Sir, your most obedient humble servant.

Greg. Sir, your servant.

James. We are mighty happy in finding you here—

Greg. Ay, like enough.

James. 'Tis in your power, sir, to do us a very great favour. We come, sir, to implore your assistance in a certain affair.

Greg. If it be in my power to give you any assistance, masters, I'm very ready to do it.

James. Sir, you are extremely obliging. But, dear sir, let me beg you'd be covered: the sun will hurt your complexion.

Har. For Heaven's sake, sir, be covered.

Greg. These should be footmen by their dress, but should be courtiers by their ceremony. [*Aside.*

James. You must not think it strange, sir, that we come thus to seek after you: men of your capacity will be sought after by the whole world.

Greg. Truly, gentlemen, though I say it that should not say it, I have a pretty good hand at a fagot.

James. O dear, sir!

Greg. You may, perhaps, buy fagots cheaper elsewhere; but, if you find such in all this country, you shall have mine for nothing. To make but one word then with you, you shall have mine for ten shillings a hundred.

James. Don't talk in that matter, I desire you.

Greg. I could not sell 'em a penny cheaper if 'twas to my father.

James. Dear, sir, we know you very well—don't jest with us in this manner.

Greg. Faith, master, I am so much in earnest, that I can't bate one farthing.

James. O pray, sir, leave this idle discourse.—Can a person like you amuse himself in this manner? Can a learned and famous physician like you try to disguise himself to the world, and bury such fine talents in the woods?

Greg. The fellow's a fool. [with us.

James. Let me entreat you, sir, not to dissemble

Har. It is in vain, sir; we know what you are.

Greg. Know what you are!—what do you know of me? [physician.

James. Why, we know you, sir, to be a very great

Greg. Physician in your teeth!—I a physician!

James. The fit is on him. Sir, let me beseech you to conceal yourself no longer, and oblige us to—you know what. [know this, that I'm no physician.

Greg. Devil take me if I know what, sir! but I

James. We must proceed to the usual remedy, I find. And so you are no physician?

Greg. No.

James. You are no physician?

Greg. No, I tell you.

James. Well, if we must, we must. [Beat him.

Greg. Oh! oh! gentlemen! gentlemen! what are you doing? I am—I am—whatever you please to have me. [lence?

James. Why will you oblige us, sir, to this vio-

Har. Why will you force us to this troublesome remedy? [of pain.

James. I assure you, sir, it gives me a great deal

Greg. I assure you, sir, and so it does me. But pray, gentlemen, what is the reason that you have a mind to make a physician of me?

James. What! do you deny your being a physician again?

Greg. And the devil take me if I am.

Harry. You are no physician?

Greg. May I be poked if I am! [They beat him. Oh! oh!—dear gentlemen: oh! for Heaven's sake, I am a physician, and an apothecary too, if you'll have me; I had rather be anything than be knocked o' the head.

James. Dear sir, I am rejoiced to see you come to your senses; I ask pardon ten thousand times for what you have forced us to.

Greg. Perhaps I am deceived myself, and am a physician without knowing it. But, dear gentlemen, are you certain I'm a physician?

James. Yes, the greatest physician in the world.

Greg. Indeed! [distempers.

Har. A physician that has cured all sorts of

Greg. The devil I have!

James. That has made a woman walk about the room after she was dead six hours.

Har. That set a child upon its legs immediately after it had broken 'em.

James. That made the curate's wife, who was dumb, talk faster than her husband.

Har. Look ye, sir, you shall have content; my master will give you whatever you will demand.

Greg. Shall I have whatever I will demand?

James. You may depend upon it.

Greg. I am a physician without doubt: I had forgot it, but I begin to recollect myself. Well, and what is the distemper I am to cure?

James. My young mistress, sir, has lost her tongue.

Greg. The devil take me if I have found it! But come, gentlemen, if I must go with you, I must have a physician's habit, for a physician can no more prescribe without a full wig than without a fee.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—DORCAS, sola.

I don't remember my heart has gone so pit-a-pat with joy a long while. Revenge is surely the most delicious morsel the devil ever dropped into the mouth of a woman. And this is a revenge which costs nothing, for, alack-a-day! to plant horns upon a husband's head is more dangerous than is imagined. Odd! I had a narrow escape when I met with this fool; the best of my market was over, and I began to grow almost as cheap as a cracked china cup.

AIR IV. *Pinks and lilies.*

A woman's ware, like china,
Now cheap, now dear is bought;
When whole, though worth a guinea,
When broke's not worth a groat.

A woman at St. James's,
With hundreds you obtain;
But stay 'till lost her fame is,
She'll be cheap in Drury-lane.

SCENE VII.—SIR JASPER'S house.—SIR JASPER, JAMES.

Jasp. Where is he?—where is he?

James. Only recruiting himself after his journey. You need not be impatient, sir; for, were my young lady dead, he'd bring her to life again. He makes no more of bringing a patient to life than other physicians do of killing him.

Jasp. 'Tis strange so great a man should have those unaccountable odd humours you mentioned.

James. 'Tis but a good blow or two, and he comes immediately to himself. Here he is.

SCENE VIII.—SIR JASPER, JAMES, GREGORY, HARRY.

Har. Sir, this is the doctor.

Jasp. Dear sir, you're the welcomest man in the world.

Greg. Hippocrates says we should both be cover'd.

Jasp. Ha! does Hippocrates say so?—in what chapter, pray?

Greg. In his chapter of hats.

Jasp. Since Hippocrates says so, I shall obey him.

Greg. Doctor, after having exceedingly travell'd in the highway of letters—

Jasp. Doctor! pray whom do you speak to?

Greg. To you, doctor.

Jasp. Ha, ha!—I am a knight, thank the king's grace for it; but no doctor.

Greg. What, you're no doctor?

Jasp. No, upon my word.

Greg. You're no doctor?

Jasp. Doctor! no.

Greg. There—'tis done.

[Beats him.

Jasp. Done, in the devil's name! What's done?

Greg. Why, now you're made a doctor of physic—I am sure it's all the degrees I ever took. [here?

Jasp. What devil of a fellow have you brought

James. I told you, sir, the doctor had strange whims with him.

Jasp. Whims, quotha!—Egad, I shall bind his physicianship over to his good behaviour, if he has any more of these whims.

Greg. Sir, I ask pardon for the liberty I have taken.

Jasp. Oh! it's very well, it's very well for once.

Greg. I am sorry for those blows—

Jasp. Nothing at all, nothing at all, sir.

Greg. Which I was obliged to have the honour of laying on so thick upon you.

Jasp. Let us talk no more of 'em, sir. My daughter, doctor, has fallen into a very strange distemper.

Greg. Sir, I am overjoyed to hear it; and I wish, with all my heart, you and your whole family had the same occasion for me as your daughter, to show the great desire I have to serve you.

Jasp. Sir, I am obliged to you.

Greg. I assure you, sir, I speak from the very bottom of my soul. [of mine.

Jasp. I do believe you, sir, from the very bottom

Greg. What is your daughter's name?

Jasp. My daughter's name is Charlot.

Greg. Are you sure she was christened Charlot?

Jasp. No, sir, she was christened Charlotta.

Greg. Hum! I had rather she should have been christened Charlotte. Charlotte is a very good name for a patient; and, let me tell you, the name is often of as much service to the patient as the physician is.

SCENE IX.—SIR JASPER, GREGORY, CHARLOT, MAID.

Jasp. Sir, my daughter's here.

Greg. Is that my patient? Upon my word she carries no distemper in her countenance—and I fancy a healthy young fellow would sit very well upon her.

Jasp. You make her smile, doctor.

Greg. So much the better; 'tis a very good sign where we can bring a patient to smile; it is a sign that the distemper begins to clarify, as we say.—Well, child, what's the matter with you? What's your distemper?

Charl. Han, hi, hon, han.

Greg. What do you say?

Charl. Han, hi, han, hon.

Greg. What, what, what?

Charl. Han, hi, hon.

Greg. Han! hon! honin ha!—I don't understand a word she says. Han! hi! hon! What the devil sort of a language is this?

Jasp. Why, that's her distemper, sir. She's become dumb, and no one can assign the cause—and this distemper, sir, has kept back her marriage.

Greg. Kept back her marriage! Why so?

Jasp. Because her lover refuses to have her till she's cured.

Greg. O lud! was ever such a fool, that would not have his wife dumb!—Would to heaven my wife was dumb! I'd be far from desiring to cure her.—Does this distemper, this Han, hi, hon, oppress her?

Jasp. Yes, sir. [very much?

Greg. So much the better. Has she any great

Jasp. Very great. [pains?

Greg. That's just as I would have it. Give me your hand, child. Hum—Ha—a very dumb pulse,

Jasp. You have guessed her distemper. [indeed.

Greg. Ay, sir, we great physicians know a distemper immediately: I know some of the college would call this the Boree, or the Coupee, or the Sinkee, or twenty other distempers; but I give you my word, sir, your daughter is nothing more than dumb—So I'd have you be very easy; for there is nothing else the matter with her.—If she were not dumb, she would be as well as I am.

Jasp. But I should be glad to know, doctor, from whence her dumbness proceeds?

Greg. Nothing so easily accounted for.—Her dumbness proceeds from her having lost her speech.

Jasp. But whence, if you please, proceeds her having lost her speech?

Greg. All our best authors will tell you it is the impediment of the action of the tongue.

Jasp. But, if you please, dear sir, your sentiments upon that impediment.

Greg. Aristotle has, upon that subject, said very fine things—very fine things.

Jasp. I believe it, doctor.

Greg. Ah! he was a great man, he was indeed, a very great man.—A man who upon that subject was a man that—But to return to our reasoning: I hold that this impediment of the action of the tongue is caused by certain humours which our great physicians call—humours—Ah! you understand Latin—

Jasp. Not in the least.

Greg. What, not understand Latin?

Jasp. No indeed, doctor.

Greg. Cabricius arci thuram cathalimus, singulariter nom. Hæc musa hic, hæc, hoc, genitivo hujus, hunc, hanc musæ. Bonus, bona, bonum. Estne oratio Latinus? Etiam. Quia substantivo et adjectivum concordat in generi numerum et casus sic dicunt, alunt, prædicant, clamitant, et similibus.

Jasp. Ah! Why did I neglect my studies?

Har. What a prodigious man is this!

Greg. Besides, sir, certain spirits passing from the left side, which is the seat of the liver, to the right, which is the seat of the heart, we find the lungs, which we call in Latin, Whiskerus, having communication with the brain, which we name in Greek, Jackbootos, by means of a hollow vein, which we call in Hebrew, Perriwiggus, meet in the road with the said spirits which fill the ventricles of the Omotaplasmus; and because the said humours have—you comprehend me well, sir? And because the said humours have a certain malignity—Listen seriously, I beg you.

Jasp. I do.

Greg. Have a certain malignity that is caused—

Jasp. I am. [Be attentive, if you please.

Greg. That is caused, I say, by the acrimony of the humours engendered in the concavity of the diaphragm; thence it arises that these vapours, Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur, mascula dicas, Ut sunt divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.—This, sir, is the cause of your daughter's being dumb.

Har. O that I had but his tongue!

Jasp. It is impossible to reason better, no doubt. But, dear sir, there is one thing—I always thought till now that the heart was on the left side, and the liver on the right.

Greg. Ay, sir, so they were formerly; but we have changed all that. The college at present, sir, proceeds upon an entire new method.

Jasp. I ask your pardon, sir.

Greg. O, sir! there's no harm; you're not obliged to know so much as we do.

Jasp. Very true. But, doctor, what would you have done with my daughter?

Greg. What would I have done with her? Why, my advice is, that you immediately put her into a bed warmed with a brass warming-pan; cause her to drink one quart of spring-water, mixed with one pint of brandy, six Seville oranges, and three ounces of the best double-refined sugar.

Jasp. Why, this is punch, doctor.

Greg. Punch, sir? ay, sir—And what's better than punch to make people talk?—Never tell me of your juleps, your gruels, your—your—this and that, and t'other, which are only arts to keep a patient in hand a long time.—I love to do business all at once.

Jasp. Doctor, I ask pardon; you shall be obeyed.

[Gives Money.

Greg. I'll return in the evening, and see what effect it has had on her. But hold; there's another young lady here that I must apply some little remedies to.

Maid. Who, me? I was never better in my life, I thank you, sir.

Greg. So much the worse, madam; so much the worse.—'Tis very dangerous to be very well—for when one is very well, one has nothing else to do but to take physic and bleed away.

Jasp. Oh, strange! What, bleed when one has no distemper?

Greg. It may be strange, perhaps, but 'tis very wholesome. Besides, madam, it is not your case, at present, to be very well; at least, you cannot possibly be well above three days longer; and it is always best to cure a distemper before you have it; or, as we say in Greek, Distemperum bestum est curare ante habestum.—What I shall prescribe you at present is, to take every six hours one of these boluses.

Maid. Ha, ha, ha! Why, doctor, these look exactly like lumps of loaf-gugar.

Greg. Take one of these boluses, I say, every six

hours, washing it down with six spoonful of the best Holland's Geneva.

Jasp. Sure you are in jest, doctor!—This wench does not show any symptoms of a distemper.

Greg. Sir Jasper, let me tell you, it were not amiss if you yourself took a little lenitive physic: I shall prepare something for you.

Jasp. Ha, ha, ha! No, no, doctor, I have escaped both doctors and distempers hitherto; and I am resolved the distemper shall pay me the first visit.

Greg. Say you so, sir? Why then, if I can get no more patients here, I must even seek 'em elsewhere; and so humbly beggo te domine domitii veniam goundi foras.

Jasp. Well, this is a physician of vast capacity, but of exceeding odd humours.

SCENE X.—*The street.*—LEANDER, *solus.*

Ah, Charlot! thou hast no reason to apprehend my ignorance of what thou endurest, since I can so easily guess thy torment by my own. Oh, how much more justifiable are my fears, when you have not only the command of a parent, but the temptation of fortune to allure you!

AIR V.

O cursed power of gold, For which all honour's sold, And honesty's no more!	By thee the fool and knave Transcend the wise and brave, So absolute they reign:
For thee we often find The great in leagues combin'd	Without some help of thine, The greatest beauties shine,
To trick and rob the poor.	And lovers plead in vain.

SCENE XI.—LEANDER, GREGORY.

Greg. Upon my word, this is a good beginning; and since—

Lean. I have waited for you, doctor, a long time. I'm come to beg your assistance.

Greg. Ah, you have need of assistance, indeed! What a pulse is here! What do you out o' your bed?

[*Feels his pulse.*]

Lean. Ha, ha, ha! Doctor, you're mistaken! I am not sick, I assure you.

Greg. How, sir! not sick! Do you think I don't know when a man is sick better than he does himself?

Lean. Well, if I have any distemper, it is the love of that young lady, your patient, from whom you just now come; and to whom if you can convey me, I swear, dear doctor, I shall be effectually cured.

[*cian for a pimp?*]

Greg. Do you take me for a pimp, sir? a physi-

Lean. Dear sir, make no noise. [*tinent fellow.*]

Greg. Sir, I will make a noise: you are an imper-

Lean. Softly, good sir!

Greg. I shall show you, sir, that I'm not such a sort of person, and that you are an insolent, saucy—[*LEANDER gives a purse*].—I'm not speaking to you, sir; but there are certain impertinent fellows in the world that take people for what they are not—which always puts me, sir, into such a passion, that—

[*taken.*]

Lean. I ask pardon, sir, for the liberty I have

Greg. O, dear sir! no offence in the least. Pray, sir, how am I to serve you?

Lean. This distemper, sir, which you are sent for to cure, is feigned. The physicians have reasoned upon it, according to custom, and have derived from the brain, from the bowels, from the liver, lungs, lights, and every part of the body; but the true cause of it is love, and is an invention of Charlot's to deliver her from a match which she dislikes.

Greg. Hum!—Suppose you were to disguise yourself as an apothecary?

Lean. I'm not very well known to her father; therefore believe I may pass upon him securely.

Greg. Go, then, disguise yourself immediately; I'll wait for you here.—Ha! methinks I see a patient.

[*Exit LEANDER.*]

SCENE XII.—GREGORY, JAMES, DAVY.

Greg. Gad, matters go swimmingly. I'll even continue a physician as long as I live.

James [*speaking to DAVY*]. Fear not; if he relapse into his humours, I'll quickly thrash him into the physician again. Doctor, I have brought you a patient.

Davy. My poor wife, doctor, has kept her bed these six months. [*GREGORY holds out his hand.*].—If your worship would find out some means to cure

Greg. What's the matter with her? [*her.*—

Davy. Why, she has had several physicians: one says 'tis the dropsy; another 'tis the what-d'ye-call-it? the tumpany; a third says 'tis a slow fever; a fourth says the rheumatiz; a fifth—

Greg. What are the symptoms?

Davy. Symptoms, sir!

Greg. Ay, ay, what does she complain of?

Davy. Why, she is always craving and craving for drink; eats nothing at all. Then her legs are swelled up as big as a good handsome post, and as cold they be as a stone.

Greg. Come to the purpose, speak to the purpose, my friend.

[*Holding out his hand.*]

Davy. The purpose is, sir, that I am come to ask what your worship pleases to have done with her.

Greg. Pshaw, pshaw, pshaw! I don't understand one word what you mean.

James. His wife is sick, doctor; and he has brought you a guinea for your advice. Give it the doctor, friend.

[*DAVY gives the guinea.*]

Greg. Ay, now I understand you; here's a gentleman explains the case. You say your wife is sick of the dropsy?

Davy. Yes, an't please your worship.

Greg. Well, I have made a shift to comprehend your meaning at last; you have the strangest way of describing a distemper! You say your wife is always calling for drink: let her have as much as she desires! she can't drink too much; and, d'ye hear? give her this piece of cheese.

Davy. Cheese, sir!

Greg. Ay, cheese, sir! The cheese of which this is a part has cured more people of a dropsy than ever had it.

Davy. I give your worship a thousand thanks; I'll go make her take it immediately.

[*Exit.*]

Greg. Go; and, if she dies, be sure to bury her after the best manner you can.

SCENE XIII.—GREGORY, DORCAS.

Dorc. I am like to pay severely for my frolic, if I have lost my husband by it.

Greg. O, physic and matrimony! my wife!

Dorc. For, though the rogue used me a little roughly, he was as good a workman as any in five miles of his head.

AIR VI. *Thomas, I cannot.*

A fig for the dainty civil spouse,
Who's bred at the court or France;
He treats his wife with smiles and bows,
And minds not the good main chance.
Be Gregory
The man for me,
Though given to many a maggot;
For he would work
Like any Turk;
None like him e'er handled a fagot, a fagot,
None like him e'er handled a fagot.

Greg. What evil stars, in the devil's name, have sent her hither? If I could but persuade her to take a pill or two that I'd give her, I should be a physi-

cian to some purpose.—Come hider, shild, letta me feela your pulse.

Dorc. What have you to do with my pulse?

Greg. I am de French physicion, my dear; and I am to feel a de pulse of the pation.

Dorc. Yes, but I am no pation, sir; nor want no physicion, good doctor Ragou.

Greg. Begar, you must be putta to bed, and take a de peel; me sal give you de litle peel dat sal cure you, as you have more distempre den evere were hered off.

Dorc. What's the matter with the fool? If you feel my pulse any more, I shall feel your ears for you.

Greg. Begar, you must taka de peel.

Dorc. Begar, I shall not taka de pecl.

Greg. I'll take this opportunity to try her. [*Aside.*]—Maye dear, if you will not letta me cura you, you sal cura me; you sal be my physicion, and I will give you de fee. [*Holds out a purse.*]

Dorc. Ay, my stomach does not go against those pills. And what must I do for your fee?

Greg. Oh! begar, me vill show you; me vill teacha you what you sal doe. You must come kissa me now; you must come kissa me.

Dorc. [*Kisses him.*] As I live, my very hang-dog! I've discovered him in good time, or he had discovered me. [*Aside.*]—Well, doctor, and are you cured now?

Greg. I shall make myself a cuckold presently. [*Aside.*]—Dis is not a propre place; dis is too public: for, sud any one pass by while I take dis physic, it vill preventa de operation.

Dorc. What physic, doctor?

Greg. In your ear dat. [*Whispers.*]

Dorc. And in your ear dat, sirrah. [*Hitting him a box.*]—Do you dare affront my virtue, you villain? Do you think the world should bribe me to part with my virtue—my dear virtue? There, take your

Greg. But where's the gold? [*purse again.*]

Dorc. The gold I'll keep as an eternal monument of my virtue.

Greg. Oh, what a happy dog am I to find my wife so virtuous a woman when I least expected it! Oh, my injured dear! behold your Gregory, your

Dorc. Ha! [*own husband!*]

Greg. Oh me! I'm so full of joy, I cannot tell thee more than that I am as much the happiest of men as thou art the most virtuous of women.

Dorc. And art thou really my Gregory? And hast thou any more of these purses?

Greg. No, my dear, I have no more about me; but 'tis probable in a few days I may have a hundred: for the strangest accident has happened to me.

Dorc. Yes, my dear; but I can tell you whom you are obliged to for that accident. Had you not beaten me this morning, I had never had you beaten into a physician. [*drubbing?*]

Greg. Oh, ho! then 'tis to you I owe all that

Dorc. Yes, my dear, though I little dreamt of the consequence. [*hush!*]

Greg. How infinitely I'm obliged to thee!—But

SCENE XIV.—GREGORY, HELLEBOR.

Hel. Are not you the great doctor just come to this town, so famous for curing dumbness?

Greg. Sir, I am he.

Hel. Then, sir, I should be glad of your advice.

Greg. Let me feel your pulse.

Hel. Not for myself, good doctor: I am myself, sir, a brother of the faculty—what the world calls a mad doctor. I have at present under my care a patient whom I can by no means prevail with to speak.

Greg. I shall make him speak, sir.

Hel. It will add, sir, to the great reputation you have already acquired; and I am happy in finding you.

Greg. Sir, I am as happy in finding you. You see that woman there; she is possessed with a more strange sort of madness, and imagines every man she sees to be her husband. Now, sir, if you will but admit her into your house—

Hel. Most willingly, sir.

Greg. The first thing, sir, you are to do, is to let out thirty ounces of her blood; then, sir, you are to shave off all her hair; all her hair, sir: after which you are to make a very severe use of your rod twice a day; and take particular care that she have not the least allowance beyond bread and water.

Hel. Sir, I shall readily agree to the dictates of so great a man; nor can I help approving of your method, which is exceeding mild and wholesome.

Greg. [*To his wife.*] My dear, that gentleman will conduct you to my lodging. Sir, I beg you will take a particular care of the lady.

Hel. You may depend on't, sir; nothing in my power shall be wanting: you have only to inquire for Dr. Hellebor.

Dorc. 'Twon't be long before I see you, husband?

Hel. Husband! This is as unaccountable a madness as any I have yet met with! [*Exit with DORCAS.*]

SCENE XV.—GREGORY, LEANDER.

Greg. I think I shall be revenged of you now, my dear. So, sir. [*now.*]

Lean. I think I make a pretty good apothecary

Greg. Yes, faith, you're almost as good an apothecary as I am a physician; and if you please I'll convey you to the patient. [*words.*]

Lean. If I did but know a few physical hard

Greg. A few physical hard words! why, in a few physical hard words consists the science. Would you know as much as the whole faculty in an instant, sir? Come along, come along. Hold, let me go first; the doctor must always go before the apothecary. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XVI.—SIR JASPER'S house.—SIR JASPER, CHARLOT, MAID, GREGORY, LEANDER.

Jasp. Has she made no attempt to speak yet?

Maid. Not in the least, sir; so far from it, that, as she used to make a sort of noise before, she is now quite silent.

Jasp. [*Looking on his watch.*] 'Tis almost the time the doctor promised to return. Oh! he is here. Doctor, your servant.

Greg. Well, sir, how does my patient?

Jasp. Rather worse, sir, since your prescription.

Greg. So much the better; 'tis a sign that it operates.

Jasp. Who is that gentleman, pray, with you?

Greg. An apothecary, sir. Mr. Apothecary, I desire you would immediately apply that song I pre-

Jasp. A song, doctor? prescribe a song! [*scribed.*]

Greg. Prescribe a song, sir! Yes, sir, prescribe a song, sir. Is there anything so strange in that? Did you never hear of pills to purge melancholy? If you understand these things better than I, why did you send for me? Sbud, sir, this song would make a stone speak. But if you please, sir, you and I will confer at some distance during the application; for this song will do you as much harm as it will do your daughter good. Be sure, Mr. Apothecary, to pour it down her ears very closely.

AIR VII.

Lean. Thus, lovely patient Charlot sees

Her dying patient kneel:

Soon cured will be your feign'd disease,

But what physician e'er can ease

The torments which I feel?

Think, skilful nymph, while I complain,

Ah, think what I endure;

All other remedies are vain;

The lovely cause of all my pain

Can only cause my cure.

Greg. It is, sir, a great and subtle question among the doctors, whether women are more easy to be cured than men. I beg you would attend to this, sir, if you please. Some say no; others say yes; and for my part I say both yes and no, forasmuch as the incongruity of the opaque humours that meet in the natural temper of women are the cause that the brutal part will always prevail over the sensible. One sees that the inequality of their opinions depends on the black movement of the circle of the moon; and as the sun, that darts his rays upon the concavity of the earth, finds— [opinion.]

Charl. No, I am not at all capable of changing my

Jasp. My daughter speaks! my daughter speaks! Oh, the great power of physic! Oh, the admirable physician! How can I reward thee for such a service?

Greg. This distemper has given me a most insufferable deal of trouble. [Traversing the stage in a great heat, the apothecary following.]

Charl. Yes, sir, I have recovered my speech; but I have recovered it to tell you that I never will have any husband but Leander. [Speaks with great eagerness, and drives Sir JASPER round the stage.]

Jasp. But—

[I have taken.]

Charl. Nothing is capable to shake the resolution

Jasp. What! [signify nothing.]

Charl. Your rhetoric is in vain, all your discourses

Jasp. I—

Charl. I am determined, and all the fathers in the world shall never oblige me to marry contrary to my

Jasp. I have— [inclinations.]

Charl. I never will submit to this tyranny; and, if I must not have the man I like, I'll die a maid.

Jasp. You shall have Mr. Dapper—

Charl. No, not in any manner, not in the least, not at all; you throw away your breath, you lose your time; you may confine me, beat me, bruise me, destroy me, kill me, do what you will, use me as you will, but I never will consent; nor all your threats, nor all your blows, nor all your ill-usage, never shall force me to consent; so far from giving him my heart, I never will give him my hand; for he is my aversion, I hate the very sight of him; I had rather see the devil, I had rather touch a toad; you may make me miserable any other way, but with him you shan't, that I'm resolved.

Greg. There, sir—there, I think, we have brought her tongue to a pretty tolerable consistency.

Jasp. Consistency, quotha! why, there is no stopping her tongue. Dear doctor, I desire you would make her dumb again.

Greg. That's impossible, sir; all that I can do to serve you is, I can make you deaf, if you please.

Jasp. And do you think—

Charl. All your reasoning shall never conquer my resolution.

Jasp. You shall marry Mr. Dapper this evening.

Charl. I'll be buried first.

Greg. Stay, sir, stay; let me regulate this affair; it is a distemper that possesses her, and I know what remedy to apply to it.

Jasp. It is impossible, sir, that you can cure the distempers of the mind.

Greg. Sir, I can cure anything. Hark ye, Mr. Apothecary, you see that the love she has for Leander is entirely contrary to the will of her father, and that there is no time to lose, and that an immediate remedy is necessary: for my part, I know of but one, which is a dose of purgative running-away, mixed with two drachms of pills matrimoniac, and three large handfuls of arbor vitæ; perhaps she will make some difficulty to take them; but as you are an able apothecary I shall trust you for the success:

go, make her walk in the garden: be sure you lose no time: to the remedy, quick, to the remedy specific.

SCENE XVII.—SIR JASPER, GREGORY.

Jasp. What drugs, sir, were those I heard you mention, for I don't remember I ever heard them spoke of before?

Greg. They are some, sir, lately discovered by the Royal Society.

Jasp. Did you ever see anything equal to her insolence? [headstrong.]

Greg. Daughters are indeed sometimes a little too

Jasp. You cannot imagine, sir, how foolishly fond she is of that Leander. [minds.]

Greg. The heat of blood, sir, causes that in young

Jasp. For my part, the moment I discovered the violence of her passion I have always kept her locked up.

Greg. You have done very wisely.

Jasp. And I have prevented them from having the least communication together, for who knows what might have been the consequence? Who knows but she might have taken it into her head to have run

Greg. Very true. [away with him.]

Jasp. Ay, sir, let me alone for governing girls; I think I have some reason to be vain on that head; I think I have shown the world that I understand a little of women—I think I have; and let me tell you, sir, there is not a little art required. If this girl had had some fathers, they had not kept her out of the hands of so vigilant a lover as I have done.

Greg. No, certainly, sir.

SCENE XVIII.—SIR JASPER, DORCAS, GREGORY.

Dorc. Where is this villain, this rogue, this pretended physician?

Jasp. Heyday! what, what, what's the matter now?

Dorc. Oh, sirrah! sirrah!—would you have destroyed your wife, you villain! Would you have been guilty of murder, dog?

Greg. Hoity, toity!—What mad woman is this?

Jasp. Poor wretch! for pity's sake cure her, doctor.

Greg. Sir, I shall not cure her unless somebody gives me a fee. If you will give me a fee, Sir Jasper, you shall see me cure her this instant.

Dorc. I'll fee you, you villain.—Cure me!

AIR VIII.

If you hope by your skill
To give Dorcas a pill,
You are not a deep politician;
Could wives but be brought
To swallow the draught,
Each husband would be a physician.

SCENE XIX.—SIR JASPER, GREGORY, DORCAS, JAMES.

James. Oh, sir! undone, undone! Your daughter is run away with her lover Leander, who was here disguised like an apothecary; and this is the rogue of a physician who has contrived all the affair.

Jasp. How! am I abused in this manner? Here, who is there? Bid my clerk bring pen, ink, and paper: I'll send this fellow to jail immediately.

James. Indeed, my good doctor, you stand a very fair chance to be hanged for stealing an heiress.

Greg. Yes, indeed, I believe I shall take my degrees now. [husband?]

Dorc. And are they going to hang you, my dear

Greg. You see, my dear wife. [consolation.]

Dorc. Had you finished the fagots it had been some

Greg. Leave me, or you'll break my heart.

Dorc. No, I'll stay to encourage you at your death—nor will I budge an inch till I've seen you hanged.

SCENE XX.—To them, LEANDER, CHARLOT.

Lean. Behold, sir, that Leander whom you had

forbid your house restores your daughter to your power, even when he had her in his. I will receive her, sir, only at your hands. I have received letters by which I have learned the death of an uncle, whose estate far exceeds that of your intended son-in-law.

Jasp. Sir, your virtue is beyond all estates, and I give you my daughter with all the pleasure in the world.

Lean. Now, my fortune makes me happy indeed, my dear Charlot. And, doctor, I'll make thy fortune too.

Greg. If you would be so kind to make me a physician in earnest, I should desire no other fortune.

Lean. Faith, doctor, I wish I could do that in return for your having made me an apothecary; but I'll do as well for thee, I warrant.

Dorc. So, so, our physician, I find, has brought about fine matters. And is it not owing to me, sirrah, that you have been a physician at all?

Jasp. May I beg to know whether you are a physician or not—or what the devil you are?

Greg. I think, sir, after the miraculous cure you have seen me perform, you have no reason to ask whether I am a physician or no. And for you, wife, I'll henceforth have you behave with all deference to my greatness.

Dorc. Why, thou puffed-up fool, I could have made as good a physician myself; the cure was owing to the apothecary, not the doctor.

AIR IX. *We've cheated the parson, &c.*

When tender young virgins look pale and complain,
You may send for a dozen great doctors in vain;
All give their opinion, and pocket their fees;
Each writes her a cure, though all miss her disease:

Powders, drops,
Juleps, slops,
A cargo of poison from physical shops.
Though they physic to death the unhappy poor maid,
What's that to the doctor—since he must be paid?
Would you know how you may manage her right?
Our doctor has brought you a nostrum to-night:
Never vary,
Nor miscarry,
If the lover be but the apothecary.

EPILOGUE.

WELL, ladies, pray how goes our Doctor down?
Shall he not ev'n be sent for up to town?
'Tis such a pleasant and audacious rogue,
He'd have a humming chance to be in vogue.
What though no Greek or Latin he command,
Since he can talk what none can understand;
Ah! there are many such physicians in the land,
And what though he has taken no degrees?
No doctor here can better take—his fees.
Let none his real ignorance despise,
Since he can feel a pulse, and—look extremely wise;
Though, like some quack, he shine out in newspapers,
He is a rare physician for the vapours.
Ah! ladies, in that case, he has more knowledge
Than all the ancient fellows of the college.
Besides, a double calling he pursues,
He writes you bills, and brings you—billets-doux.
Doctors with some are in small estimation,
But pimps, all own, are useful to the nation.
Physic now slackens, and now hastens death;
Pimping's the surest way of giving breath.
How many maids, who pine away their hours,
And droop in beauteous spring, like blasted flowers,
Had still surviv'd had they our Doctor known!
Widows who grieve to death for husbands gone,
And wives who die for husbands living on,
Would they our mighty Doctor's art essay,
I'd warrant he—would put 'em in a way.
Doctors, beware: should once this quack take root,
I'gad he'd force you all to walk on foot!

THE COVENT-GARDEN TRAGEDY.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE IN 1732.

—quæ amanti parcet, eadem sibi parcet parum.
Quasi piscis, itidem est amator lenæ: nequam est nisi recens.
Is habet succum; is suavitatem; eum quovis pacto condias;
Vel patinarium vel assum: verses, quo pacto lubet.
Is dare volt, is se aliquid posci, nam ubi de pleno promitur,

Neque ille scit, quid det, quid damni faciat; illi rei studet:
Vult placere sese amicæ, volt mihi, pedissequæ,
Vult famulis, volt etiam ancillis; et quoque catulo meo
Subblanditur novus amator, se ut quum videat, gaudeat.
PLAUTUS, *Asinar.*

PROLEGOMENA.

It hath been customary with authors of extraordinary merit to prefix to their works certain commendatory epistles in verse and prose, written by a friend, or left with the printer by an unknown hand; which are of notable use to an injudicious reader, and often lead him to the discovery of beauties which might otherwise have escaped his eye. They stand like champions at the head of a volume, and bid defiance to an army of critics.

As I have not been able to procure any such panegyrics on the following scenes from my friends, nor had leisure to write them myself, I have, in an unprecedented manner, collected such criticisms as I could meet with on this tragedy, and have placed them before it; but I must at the same time assure the reader that he may shortly expect an answer to them.

The first of these pieces, by its date, appears to be the production of some fine gentleman who plays the Critic for his diversion, though he has not spoiled his eyes with too much reading. The latter will be easily discovered to come from the hands of one of that club which hath determined to instruct the world in arts and sciences, without understanding any; who,

With less learning than makes felons 'scape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape,
are resolved,

—in spite
Of nature and their stars, to write.

"DEAR JACK,—Since you have left the town, and no rational creature except myself in it, I have applied myself pretty much to my books: I have, besides the 'Craftsman' and 'Grub-street Journals,' read a good deal in Mr. Pope's 'Rape of the Lock,' and several pages in the 'History of the King of Sweden,' which is translated into English; but fancy I should understand more of it if I had a better map, for I have not been able to find out Livonia in mine.

"I believe you will be surprised to hear I have not been twice at the playhouse since your departure. But, alas! what entertainment can a man of sense find there now? 'The Modern Husband,' which we hissed the first night, had such success, that I began to think it a good play, till the 'Grub-street Journal' assured me it was not. 'The Earl of Essex,' which you know is my favourite of all Shakspeare's plays, was acted the other night; but I was kept from it by a damned farce, which I abominate and detest so much that I have never either seen it or read it.

"Last Monday came out a new tragedy, called 'The Covent-Garden Tragedy,' which, I believe, I may affirm to be the worst that ever was written. I will not shock your good judgment by any quotations out of it. To tell you the truth, I know not what to make of it: one would have guessed from the audience it had been a comedy, for I saw more people laugh than cry at it. It adds a very strong confirmation to your opinion,—that it is impossible anything worth reading should be written in this age.—I am, &c.

"*St. James's Coffee-house.*"

A CRITICISM on the COVENT-GARDEN TRAGEDY, originally intended for The Grub-street Journal.

I HAVE been long sensible that the days of poetry are no more, and that there is but one of the moderns (who shall be nameless) that can write either sense, or English, or grammar. For this reason I have passed by unremarked, generally unread, the little, quaint, short-lived productions of my cotemporaries: for it is a maxim with my bookseller, that no criticism on any work can sell, when the work itself does not.

But when I observe an author growing into any reputation—when I see the same play which I had liberally hissed the first night advertised for a considerable number of nights together—I then begin to look about me, and to think it worth criticising on. A play that runs twelve nights will support a temperate critic as many days.

The success of "The Tragedy of Tragedies," and "The Modern

Husband" did not only determine me to draw my pen against those two performances, but hath likewise engaged my criticism on everything which comes from the hands of that author, of whatever nature it be,

Seu Græcum sive Latinum.

"The Covent-Garden Tragedy" bears so great an analogy to the tragedy of "Tom Thumb," that it needs not the author's name to assure us from what quarter it had its original. I shall beg leave, therefore, to examine this piece a little, even before I am assured what success it will meet with. Perhaps what I shall herein say may prevent its meeting with any.

I shall not here trouble the reader with a laborious definition of tragedy drawn from Aristotle or Horace; for which I refer him to those authors. I shall content myself with the following plain proposition: "That a tragedy is a thing of five acts, written dialoguewise, consisting of several fine similes, metaphors, and moral phrases, with here and there a speech upon liberty. That it must contain an action, characters, sentiments, diction, and a moral." Whatever falls short of any of these is by no means worthy the name of a tragedy.

*Quæ genus aut flexum variant, quæcunque novato
Ritu deficiunt superantve, heteroclitica sunt.*

I shall proceed to examine the piece before us on these rules; nor do I doubt to prove it deficient in them all.

Quæ sequitur manca est numero casuque propago.

As for an action, I have read it over twice, and do solemnly aver I can find none, at least none worthy to be called an action. The author, indeed, in one place, seems to promise something like an action, where Stormandra, who is enraged with Lovegirlo, sends Bilkum to destroy him, and, at the same time, threatens to destroy herself. But, alas! what comes of all this preparation? why, parturient montes, the audience is deceived, according to custom, and the two murdered people appear in good health. For all which great revolution of fortune we have no other reason given but that the one has been run through the coat, and the other has hung up her gown instead of herself.—Ridiculum!

The characters, I think, are such as I have not yet met with in tragedy. First, for the character of Mother Punchbowl; and, by the way, I cannot conceive why she is called Mother. Is she the mother of anybody in the play? No. From one line one might guess she was a bawd. Leathersides desires her to procure two whores, &c.; but then, is she not continually talking of virtue? How can she be a bawd? In the third scene of the second act she appears to be Stormandra's mother.

PUNCHB. Daughter, you use the captain too unkind.

But, if I mistake not, in the scene immediately preceding, Bilkum and she have mother'd and son'd it several times. Sure she cannot be mother to them both, when she would put them to bed together. Perhaps she is mother-in-law to one of them, as being married to her own child. But of this the poet should, I think, have given us some better assurance than barely intimating they were going to bed together, which people, in this our island, have been sometimes known to do without going to church together.

What is intended by the character of Gallono is difficult to imagine. Either he is taken from life or he is not. Methinks I could wish he had been left out of the dance,* nothing being more unnatural than to conceive so great a sot to be a lover of dancing; nay, so great a lover of dancing as to take that woman for a partner whom he had just before been abusing. As for the characters of Lovegirlo and Kissinda, they are poor imitations of the characters of Pyrrhus and Andromache in "The Distressed Mother," as Bilkum and Stormandra are of Orestes and Hermione.

— Sed qui morer istis.

As for Mr. Leathersides, he is indeed an original, and such a one as, I hope, will never have a copy. We are told (to set him off) that he has learned to read, has read play-bills, and writ "The Grub-street Journal." But how reading play-bills and writing Grub-street papers can qualify him to be a judge of plays, I confess I cannot tell.

The only character I can find entirely faultless is the Chairman: for first we are assured,

He asks but for his fare,

When the Captain answers him,

Thy fare be damn'd:

he replies, in the gentlest manner imaginable,

This is not acting like a gentleman.

The Captain, upon this, threatens to knock his brains out. He then answers, in a most intrepid and justifiable manner,

Oh! that with me, &c.

* The critic is out in this particular, it being notorious Gallono is not in the dance; but, to show how careful the author was to maintain his character throughout, the said Gallono, during the whole dance, is employed with his bottle and his pipe.

I cannot help wishing this may teach all gentlemen to pay their chairmen.

Proceed we now to the sentiments. And here, to show how inclined I am to admire rather than dislike, I shall allow the beautiful manner wherein this play sets out. The first five lines are a mighty pretty satire on our age, our country, statesmen, lawyers, and physicians. What did I not expect from such a beginning? But, alas! what follows? No fine moral sentences, not a word of liberty and property, no insinuations that courtiers are fools, and statesmen rogues. You have indeed a few similes, but they are very thin sown.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

The sentiments fall very short of politeness everywhere; but those in the mouth of Captain Bilkum breathe the true spirit of Billingsgate. The courtship that passes between him and Stormandra in the second act is so extremely delicate, sure the author must have served an apprenticeship there before he could have produced it. How unlike this was the beautiful manner of making love in use among the ancients, that charming simplicity of manners which shines so apparently in all the Tragedies of Plautus,* where,

— petit et prece blandus amicum.

But, alas! how should an illiterate modern imitate authors he has never read?

To say nothing of the meanness of the diction, which is, in some degrees, lower than I have seen in any modern tragedy, we very often meet with contradictions in the same line. The substantive is so far from showing the signification of its adjective, as the latter requires,

("An adjective requires some word to be joined to it to show its signification.")—*Vid. Accidence.*

that it very often takes away its meaning, as particularly "virtuous whore." Did it ever enter into any head before to bring these two words together? Indeed, my friend, I could as soon unite the idea of your sweet self and a good poet.

Forth from your empty head I'll knock your brains.

Had you had any brains in your own head, you never had writ this line—

Yet do not shock it with a thought so base.

Ten low words creep here in a line, indeed.

— Monosyllabla nomina quædam,

Sal, sol, ren et splen, car, ser, vir, vas.—

Virgal rod, grief stung soul, &c.

I would recommend to this author (if he can read) that whole some little treatise called *Gulielmi Lili Monita Pædagogica*, where he will find this instruction:

— Veluti scopulos barbara verba fuge.

Much may be said on both sides of this question.

Let me consider what the question is.

Mighty pretty, faith! resolving a question first, and then asking it.

— Thou hast a tongue

Might charm a bailiff to forego his hold.

Very likely, indeed! I fancy, sir, if ever you were in the hands of a bailiff, you have not escaped so easily.

Hanover-square shall come to Drury-lane.

Wonderful!

Thou shalt wear farms and houses in each ear.

Oh! Bavius! Oh! conundrum! is this true? Sure the poet exaggerates! What! a woman wear farms and houses in her ear—nay, in each ear, to make it still the more incredible! I suppose these are poetical farms and houses, which any woman may carry about her without being the heavier. But I pass by this, and many other beauties of the like nature, quæ lectio juxta docbit, to come to a little word which is worth the whole work.

Nor modesty, nor pride, nor fear, nor REP.

Quib sibi vult istud REP? I have looked over all my dictionaries, but in vain.

Nusquam reperitur in usu.

I find, indeed, such a word in some of the Latin authors; but, as it is not in the dictionary, I suppose it to be obsolete. Perhaps it is a proper name; if so, it should have been in Italics. I am a little inclined to this opinion, as we find several very odd names in this piece, such as Hackabouta, &c.

I am weary of raking in this dirt, and shall therefore pass on to the moral, which the poet very ingeniously tells us is—he knows not what; nor any one else, I dare swear. I shall, however, allow him this merit, that, except in the five lines above mentioned, I scarce know any performance more of a piece. Either the author never sleeps or never wakes throughout.

A S S† in præsentī perfectum format in avi.

* I suppose these are lost, there remaining now no more than his comedies.

† *Gal. Lilius* reads this word with a single S.

PROLOGUE. SPOKEN BY MR. THEOPHILUS CIBBER.

IN Athens first (as dictionaries write)
 The Tragic Muse was midwif'd into light;
 Rome knew her next, and next she took a dance,
 Some say to England, others say to France.
 But when or whence the tuneful goddess came,
 Since she is here, I think is much the same.
 Oft have you seen the king and hero rage,
 Oft has the virgin's passion fill'd the stage:
 To-night nor king nor hero shall you spy,
 Nor virgin's love shall fill the virgin's eye.
 Our poet, from unknown, untasted springs,
 A curious draught of tragic nectar brings.
 From Covent-garden culls delicious stores
 Of bullies, bawds, and sots, and rakes, and whores.
 Examples of the great can serve but few;
 For what are kings' and heroes' faults to you?
 But these examples are of general use.
 What rake is ignorant of King's coffee-house? *
 Here the old rake may view the crimes h'as known,
 And boys hence dread the vices of the town:
 Here nymphs seduced may mourn their pleasures past,
 And maids, who have their virtue, learn to hold it fast.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Captain Bilkum*, MR. MULLART; *Love-girlo*, MR. CIBBER, JUN.; *Gallono*, MR. PAGET; *Leathersides*, MR. ROBERTS; *Chairman*, MR. JONES; *Mother Punchbowl*, MR. BRIDGEWATER; *Kissinda*, MISS RAFTOR; *Stormandra*, MRS. MULLART; *Nonparel*, MISS MEARS.—SCENE, AN ANTE-CHAMBER, OR RATHER BACK-PARLOUR IN MOTHER PUNCHBOWL'S HOUSE.

ACT I.—SCENE I.—*An Antechamber*.—MOTHER PUNCHBOWL, LEATHERSIDES, NONPAREL, INDUSTRIOUS JENNY.

Moth. Who'd be a bawd in this degen'rate age?
 Who'd for her country unrewarded toil?
 Not so the statesman scrubs his plotful head,
 Not so the lawyer shakes his unfeed tongue,
 Not so the doctor guides the doleful quill.
 Say, Nonparel, Industrious Jenny, say,
 Is the play done, and yet no cull appears?

Non. The play is done: for from the pigeon-hole
 I heard them hiss the curtain as it fell. [damn'd.]

Moth. Ha, did they hiss? Why then the play is
 And I shall see the poet's face no more.
 Say, Leathersides, 'tis thou that best can tell,
 For thou hast learnt to read, hast playbills read,
 The Grub-street Journal thou hast known to write,
 Thou art a judge; say, wherefore was it damn'd?

Lea. I heard a tailor, sitting by my side,
 Play on his catcall, and cry out, "Sad stuff."
 A little farther an apprentice sat,
 And he too hiss'd, and he too cry'd, "'twas low."
 Then o'er the pit I downward cast my eye,
 The pit all hiss'd, all whistled, and all groan'd.

Moth. Enough. The poet's lost, and so's his bill.
 Oh! 'tis the tradesman's, not the poet's hurt:
 For him the washerwoman toils in vain,
 For him in vain the tailor sits cross-legg'd,—
 He runs away and leaves all debts unpaid.

Lea. The mighty captain Bilkum this way comes.
 I left him in the entry with his chairman,
 Wrangling about his fare.

Moth. Leathersides, 'tis well.
 Retire, my girls, and patient wait for culls.

SCENE II.—MOTHER PUNCE. BILKUM, CHAIRMAN.

Chair. Your honour, sir, has paid but half my fare.
 I ask but for my fare.

Bilk. Thy fare be damn'd!

Chair. This is not acting like a gentleman.

Bilk. Begone; or by the powers of dice I swear,
 Were there no other chairman in the world,
 From out thy empty head, I'd knock thy brains.

Chair. Oh, that with me all chairmen would con-
 No more to carry such sad dogs for hire, [spire]
 But let the lazy rascals straddle through the mire.

* A place in Covent-garden market well known to all gentlemen to whom beds are unknown.

SCENE III.—BILKUM, MOTHER PUNCHBOWL.

Moth. What is the reason, captain, that you make
 This noise within my house? Do you intend
 To arm reforming constables against me?
 Would it delight your eyes to see me dragg'd
 By base plebeian hands to Westminster,
 The scoff of serjeants and attorneys' clerks,
 And then exalted on the pillory,
 To stand the sneer of ev'ry virtuous whore?
 Oh! couldst thou bear to see the rotten egg
 Mix with my tears, and trickle down my cheeks,
 Like dew distilling from the full-blown rose;
 Or see me follow the attractive cart,
 To see the hangman lift the virgal rod—
 That hangman you so narrowly escap'd?

Bilk. Ha! that last thought has stung me to the
 Damnation on all laws and lawyers too! [soul:]
 Behold thee carted! Oh! forefend that sight!
 May Bilkum's neck be stretch'd before that day!

Moth. Come to my arms, thou best belov'd of sons;
 Forgive the weakness of thy mother's fears:
 O! may I never, never see thee hang'd!

Bilk. If born to swing, I never shall be drown'd.
 Far be it from me, with too curious mind,
 To search the office whence eternal Fate
 Issues her writs of various ills to men;
 Too soon arrested we shall know our doom.
 And now a present evil gnaws my heart,
 Oh! mother, mother—

Moth. Say, what would my son?

Bilk. Get me a wench, and lend me half a crown.

Moth. Thou shalt have both.

Bilk. Oh! goodness most unmatch'd!
 What are your 'Nelopes compar'd to thee?
 In vain we'd search the hundreds of the town,
 From where, in Goodman's-fields, the city dame
 Emboxed sits, for two times eighteen pence,
 To where, at midnight hours, the noble race
 In borrow'd voice and mimic habit squeak.
 Yet where, oh where is such a bawd as thou?

Moth. Oh! deal not praise with such a lavish
 If I excel all others of my trade, [tongue.]
 Thanks to those stars that taught me to excel.

SCENE IV.—MOTHER PUNCHBOWL, BILKUM,
 LEATHERSIDES.

Lea. A porter from Lovegirlo is arriv'd,
 If in your train one harlot can be found,
 That has not been a month upon the town,
 Her he expects to find in bed by two.

Moth. Thou, Leathersides, best know'st such
 nymphs to find;
 To thee their lodgings they communicate.
 Go, thou, procure the girl; I'll make the punch,
 Which she must call for when she first arrives.
 Oh! Bilkum, when I backward cast my thoughts,
 When I revolve the glorious days I've seen,
 (Days I shall see no more)—it tears my brain.
 When culls sent frequent, and were sent away,
 When col'nels, majors, captains, and lieutenants,
 Here spent the issue of their glorious toils;
 These were the men, my Bilkum, that subdu'd
 The haughty foe, and paid for beauty here.
 Now we are sunk to a low race of beaux,
 Fellows unfit for women or for war;
 And one poor cull is all the guests I have.

SCENE V.—LEATHERSIDES, MOTHER PUNCHBOWL,
 BILKUM.

Lea. Two whores, great madam, must be straight
 prepar'd,
 A fat one for the squire, and for my lord a lean.
Moth. Be that thy care. This weighty bus'ness done,
 A bowl of humming punch shall glad my son.

SCENE VI.—BILKUM, *solus*.

Oh! 'tis not in the power of punch to ease
My grief-stung soul, since Hecatissa's false,
Since she could hide a poor half-guinea from me.
Oh! had I search'd her pockets ere I rose,
I had not left a single shilling in them.
But, lo! Lovegirlo comes; I will retire.

SCENE VII.—LOVEGIRLO, GALLONO.

Gal. And wilt thou leave us for a woman thus?
Art thou Lovegirlo? Tell me, art thou he
Whom I have seen the saffron-colour'd morn
With rosy fingers beckon home in vain?
Than whom none oft'ner pull'd the pendent bell,
None oft'ner cried, "Another bottle bring;"
And canst thou leave us for a worthless woman?

Love. I charge thee, my Gallono, do not speak
Aught against woman; by Kissinda's smiles,
(Those smiles more worth than all the Cornwall
mines,)

When I drank most, 'twas woman made me drink;
The toast was to the wine an orange-peel.

Gal. Oh! would they spur us on to noble drink,
I too would be a lover of the sex.
And sure for nothing else they were designed.
Woman was only born to be a toast. [tongue?]

Love. What madness moves thy slander-hurling
Woman! what is there in the world like woman?
Man without woman is a single boot,
Is half a pair of sheers. Her wanton smiles
Are sweeter than a draught of cool small beer
To the scorch'd palate of a waking sot.
Man is a puppet which a woman moves
And dances as she will. Oh! had it not
Been for a woman, thou hadst not been here.

Gal. And were it not for wine, I would not be.
Wine makes a cobbler greater than a king;
Wine gives mankind the preference to beasts,
Thirst teaches all the animals to drink,
But drunkenness belongs to only man.

Love. If woman were not, my Gallono, man
Would make a silly figure in the world.

Gal. And without wine all humankind would be
One stupid, sniveling, sneaking, sober fellow.

Love. What does the pleasures of our life refine?
'Tis charming woman.

Gal. Wine.

Love. 'Tis woman.

Gal. Wine.

SCENE VIII.—BILKUM.

Much may be said on both sides of this question.
Let me consider what the question is:
If wine or woman be our greater good.
Wine is a good—and so is woman too: [tell.
But which the greater good [a long pause] I cannot
Either to other to prefer I'm loth,
But he does wisest who takes most of both.

SCENE IX.—LOVEGIRLO, KISSINDA.

Love. Oh! my Kissinda! Oh! how sweet art thou?
Not Covent-garden nor Stocks-market knows
A flower like thee; less sweet the Sunday rose
With which, in country church, the milkmaid decks
Her ruddy breast: ne'er wash'd the courtly dame
Her neck with honey-water half so sweet.
Oh! thou art perfume all; a perfume-shop.

Kis. Cease, my Lovegirlo: oh! thou hast a tongue
Might charm a bailiff to forego his hold.
Oh! I could hear thee ever, could with joy
Live a whole day upon a dish of tea,
And listen to the bagpipes in thy voice.

Love. Hear this, ye harlots, hear her and reform:
Not so the miser loves to see his gold,
Not so the poet loves to see his play,

Not so the critic loves to see a fault,
Not so the beauty loves to see herself,
As I delight to see Kissinda smile.

Kis. Oh! my Lovegirlo, I must hear no more;
Thy words are strongest poison to my soul;
I shall forget my trade and learn to dote.

Love. Oh! give a loose to all the warmth of love.
Love like a bride upon the second night;
I like a ravish'd bridegroom on the first.

Kis. Thou know'st too well a lady of the town,
If she give way to love, must be undone. [more;

Love. The town! thou shalt be on the town no
I'll take thee into keeping, take thee room
So large, so furnish'd, in so fine a street,
The mistress of a Jew shall envy thee.
By Jove, I'll force the sooty tribe to own
A Christian keeps a whore as well as they.

Kis. And wilt thou take me into keeping?

Love. Yes.

Kis. Then I am blest indeed—and I will be
The kindest, gentlest, and the cheapest girl.
A joint of meat a day is all I ask,

And that I'll dress myself: a pot of beer,
When thou din'st from me, shall be all my wine;
Few clothes I'll have, and those too second-hand;
Then when a hole within thy stocking's seen,
(For stockings will have holes,) I'll darn it for thee;
With my own hands I'll wash thy soapen'd shirt,
And make the bed I have unmade with thee.

Love. Do virtuous women use their husbands so?
Who but a fool would marry that can keep?
What is this virtue that mankind adore?
Sounds less the scolding of a virtuous tongue?
Or who remembers, to increase his joy,
In the last moments of excessive bliss,
The ring, the licence, parson, or his clerk?
Besides, whene'er my mistress plays me foul,
I cast her, like a dirty shirt, away.
But oh! a wife sticks like a plaster fast,
Like a perpetual blister to the poll.

Kis. And wilt thou never throw me off?

Love. Never,

'Till thou art soil'd.

Kis. Then turn me to the streets,
Those streets you took me from.

Love. Forbid it all
Ye powers propitious to unlawful love.
Oh! my Kissinda, by this kiss I swear,
(This kiss, which at a shilling is not dear,)
I would not quit the joys this night shall give
For all the virtuous wives or maids alive.
Oh! I am all on fire, thou lovely wench:
Torrents of joy my burning soul must quench,—
Reiterated joys!
Thus burning from the fire, the washer lifts
The red-hot iron to make smooth her shifts;
With arm impetuous rubs her shift amain,
And rubs, and rubs, and rubs it o'er again;
Nor sooner does her rubbing arm withhold
'Till she grows warm, and the hot iron cold.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—STORMANDRA, BILKUM.

Stor. Not, though you were the best man in the
land,

Should you, unpaid for, have from me a favour.
Therefore come down the ready, or I go.

Bilk. Forbid it, Venus, I should ever set
So cursed an example to the world:
Forbid the rake, in full pursuit of joy,
Required the unready ready to come down,
Should curse my name, and cry, "Thus Bilkum did;
To him this cursed precedence we owe."

Stor. Rather forbid that, bilk'd in after-time;

The chairless girl should curse Stormandra's name,
That, as she walks with draggled coats the street,
(Coats shortly to be pawn'd,) the hungry wretch
Should bellow out, "For this I thank Stormandra!"

Bilk. Trust me to-night, and never trust me more,
If I do not come down when I get up.

Stor. And dost thou think I have a soul so mean?
Trust thee! dost think I came last week to town,
The waggon-straws yet hanging to my tail?
Trust thee! oh! when I trust thee for a groat,
Hanover-square shall come to Drury-lane.

Bilk. Madam, 'tis well; your mother may perhaps
Teach your rude tongue to know a softer tone.
And see, she comes, the smiling brightness comes.

SCENE II.—MOTH. PUNCHB., BILKUM, STORM.

Stor. Oh! Mother Punchbowl, teach me how to
Oh! teach me to abuse this monstrous man. [rail;
Moth. What has he done?

Stor. Sure a design so base,
Turk never yet conceived.

Moth. Forbid it, virtue! [bilk'd me.

Stor. It wounds me to the soul—he would have

Moth. Ha! in my house! oh! Bilkum, is this true?
Who set thee on, thou traitor, to undo me!

Is it some envious sister? such may be;
For even bawds, I own it with a blush,
May be dishonest in this vicious age.
Perhaps thou art an enemy to us all,
Wilt join malicious justices against us.

Oh! think not thus to bribe the ungrateful tribe.
The hand to Bridewell which thy mother sends,
May one day send thee to more fatal gaol;
And oh! (avert the omen all ye stars!)
The very hemp I beat may hang my son.

Bilk. Mother, you know the passage to my heart,
But do not shock it with a thought so base.
Sooner Fleet-ditch like silver Thames shall flow,
The New-Exchange shall with the Royal vie,
Or Covent-garden's with St. Paul's great bell.
Give no belief to that ungrateful woman;
Gods! who would be a bully to a woman?
Canst thou forget—(it is too plain thou canst)—
When at the Rummer, at the noon of night,
I found thee with a base apprentice boxing?
And though none better dart the clinched fist,
Yet wast thou overmatch'd and on the ground.

Then, like a bull-dog in Hockleian holes,
Rush'd I tremendous on the snotty foe: [stairs.
I took him by the throat, and kick'd him down the

Stor. Dost thou recount thy services, base wretch,
Forgetting mine? Dost thou forget the time
When, shivering on a winter's icy morn,
I found thy coatless carcass at the roundhouse?
Did I not then forget my proper woes?
Did I not send for half a pint of gin
To warm th' ungrateful guts? Pull'd I not off
A quilted petticoat to clothe thy back?
That unskin'd back which rods had dress'd in red—
Thy only title to the name of captain?
Did I not pick a pocket of a watch—
A pocket pick for thee?

Bilk. Dost thou mention
So slight a favour? Have I not for thee
Fled from the featherbed of soft repose,
And, as the watch proclaim'd the approaching day,
Robb'd the stage-coach? Again, when puddings hot
And Well-fleet oysters cried, the evening come,
Have I not been a footpad for thy pride?

Moth. Enough, my children; let this discord cease:
Had both your merits had, you both deserve
The fate of greater persons. Go, my son,
Retire to rest—gentle Stormandra soon
Will follow you. See kind consent appear
In softest smiles upon her lovely brow.

Bilk. And can I think Stormandra will be mine?
Once more, unpaid for, mine? then I again
Am blest, am paid for all her former scorn.
So, when the doting henpeck'd husband long
Hath stood the thunder of his deary's tongue,
If, supper over, she attempt to toy,
And laugh and languish for approaching joy,
His raptured fancy runs her charms all o'er,
While transport dances jig through every pore,
He hears the thunder of her tongue no more. }

SCENE III.—STORMANDRA, MOTHER PUNCHBOWL.

Moth. Daughter, you use the captain too unkind.
Forbid it, virtue, I should ever think
A woman squeezes any cull too much;
But bullies never should be used as culls.
With caution still preserve the bully's love.
A house like this, without a bully left,
Is like a puppet-show without a Punch.
When you shall be a bawd, and sure that day
Is written in the almanac of fate,
You'll own the mighty truth of what I say.
So the gay girl whose head romances fill,
By mother married well against her will,
Once past the age that pants for love's delight,
Herself a mother, owns her mother in the right.

SCENE IV.

Stor. (sola.) What shall I do? Shall I unpaid to
Oh! my Lovegirlo! oh! that thou wert here, [bed?
How my heart dotes upon Lovegirlo's name!
For no one ever paid his girls like him.
She, with Lovegirlo who had spent the night,
Sighs not in vain for next day's masquerade,
Sure of a ticket from him—Ha! ye powers,
What is't I see? Is it a ghost I see?
It is a ghost—it is Lovegirlo's ghost.
Lovegirlo's dead; for, if he were not dead,
How could his living ghost be walking here?

SCENE V.—LOVEGIRLO, STORMANDRA.

Love. Surely this is some holiday in hell,
And ghosts are let abroad to take the air,
For I have seen a dozen ghosts to-night
Dancing in merry mood the winding hayes.
If ghosts all lead such merry lives as these,
Who would not be a ghost?

Stor. Art thou not one?

Love. What do I see, ye stars? Is it Stormandra?

Stor. Art thou Lovegirlo? Oh! I see thou art.
But tell me, I conjure, art thou not dead?

Love. No, by my soul, I am not.

Stor. May I trust thee?

Yet, if thou art alive, what dost thou here
Without Stormandra?—but thou need'st not say.
I know thy falsehood: yes, perfidious fellow,
I know thee false as water or as hell;
Falsar than anything but thyself—

Love. Or thee.

Dares thus the devil to rebuke our sin?
Dares thus the kettle say the pot is black?
Canst thou upbraid my falsehood; thou! who still
Art ready to obey the porter's call,
At any hour, to any sort of guest?
Thy person is as common as the dirt
Which Piccadilly leaves on ev'ry heel.

Stor. Can I hear this, ye stars? Injurious man!
May I be ever bilk'd;—may I ne'er fetch
My watch from pawn, if I've been false to you.

Love. Oh! impudence unmatch'd! canst thou deny
That thou hast had a thousand diff'rent men?

Stor. If that be falsehood, I indeed am false,
And never lady of the town was true;
But, though my person be upon the town,
My heart has still been fix'd on only you.

SCENE VI.—LOVEGIRLO, STORMANDRA, KISSINDA.

Kis. Where's my Lovegirlo? Point him out, ye
Restore him panting to Kissinda's arms. [stars;
Ha! do I see?

Stor. Hast thou forgot to rail?
Now call me false, perfidious and ingrate,
Common as air, as dirt, or as thyself.
Beneath my rage, hast thou forsaken me—
All my full meals of luscious love—to starve
At the lean table of a girl like that?

Kis. That girl you mention with so forced a scorn
Envies not all the large repasts you boast;
A little dish oft furnishes enough:
And sure enough is equal to a feast. [choose;

Stor. The puny wretch such little plates may
Give me the man who knows a stronger taste.

Kis. Sensual and base! to such as you we owe
That harlot is a title of disgrace,
The worst of scandals on the best of trades. [longs

Stor. That shame more justly to the wretch be-
Who gives those favours which she cannot sell.

Kis. But harder is the wretched harlot's lot,
Who offers them for nothing, and in vain.

Stor. Show me the man who thus accuses me.
I own I chose Lovegirlo, own I lov'd him;
But then I chose and lov'd him as a cull:
Therefore prefer'd him to all other men,
Because he better paid his girls than they.
Oh! I despise all love but that of gold:
Throw that aside, and all men are alike.

Kis. And I despise all other charms but love.
Nothing could bribe me from Lovegirlo's arms;
Him in a cellar would my love prefer
To lords in houses of six rooms a floor.
Oh! had I in the world a hundred pound,
I'd give him all. Or did he (fate forbid!)
Want three half-crowns his reckoning to pay,
I'd pawn my under-petticoat to lend them.

Love. Wouldst thou, my sweet? Now, by the
powers of love,
I'll mortgage all my lands to deck thee fine.
Thou shalt wear farms and houses in each ear,
Ten thousand load of timber shall embrace
Thy necklac'd neck. I'll make thy glitt'ring form
Shine through th' admiring Mall a blazing star.
Neglected virtue shall with envy die;
The town shall know no other toast but thee.
So have I seen, upon my lord mayor's day,
While coaches after coaches roll away,
The gazing crowd admire by turns, and cry,
"See such and such an alderman pass by:"
But when the mighty magistrate appears,
No other name is sounded in your ears;
The crowd all cry unanimous—"See there,
Ye citizens, behold the coach of the lord mayor."

SCENE VII.—STORMANDRA, BILKUM.

Bilk. Why comes not my Stormandra? Twice
and once
I've told the striking clock's increasing sound,
And yet unkind Stormandra stays away.

Stor. Captain, are you a man?

Bilk. I think I am.
The time has been when you have thought so too:
Try me again in the soft fields of love.

Stor. 'Tis war, not love, must try your manhood
By gin I swear ne'er to receive thee more [now.
Till curs'd Lovegirlo's blood has died thy sword.

Bilk. Lovegirlo! Whence this fury bent on him?

Stor. Ha! dost thou question, coward? Ask again,
And I will never call thee captain more.
Instant obey my purpose, or, by hemp,
Rods, all the horrors Bridewell ever knew,
I will arrest thee for the note of hand

Which thou hast given me for twice one pound;
But, if thou dost, I call my sacred honour
To witness, thy reward shall be my love.

Bilk. Lovegirlo is no more. Yet wrong me not;
It is your promise, not your threat, prevails.
So, when some parent of indulgence mild
Would to the nauseous potion bring the child,
In vain, to win or frighten to its good,
He cries "My dear," or lift the useless rod:
But if by chance the sugar-plum he shows,
The simp'ring child no more reluctance knows;
It stretches out its finger and its thumb,
It swallows first the potion, then the sugar-plum.

SCENE VIII.—STORMANDRA, *sola*.

Go, act my just revenge, and then be hang'd,
While I retire and gently hang myself.
May women be by my example taught,
Still to be good, and never to be naught;
Never from virtue's rules to go astray,
Nor ever to believe what man can say!
She who believes a man, I am afraid,
May be a woman long, but not a maid.
If such blest harvest my example bring,
The female world shall with my praises ring,
And say that when I hang'd myself I did a noble
thing.

SCENE IX.—MOTHER PUNCHBOWL, KISSINDA,
NONPAREL.

Moth. Oh! Nonparel, thou loveliest of girls,
Thou latest darling of thy mother's years;
Let thy tongue know no commerce with thy heart;
For if thou tellest truth thou art undone.

Non. Forgive me, madam, this first fault—hence-
I'll learn with utmost diligence to fib. [forth

Moth. Oh! never give your easy mind to love,
But poise the scales of your affection so
That a bare sixpence added to his scale
Might make the cit apprentice or the clerk
Outweigh a flaming col'nel of the guards.
Oh! never give your mind to officers,
Whose gold is on the outside of the pocket.
But fly a poet as the worst of plagues,
Who never pays with anything but words.
Oh! had Kissinda taken this advice,
She had not now been bilk'd.

Kis. Think me not so;
Some hasty business has Lovegirlo drawn
To leave me thus—but I will hold a crown
To eighteen pence, he's here within an hour.

SCENE X.—*To them*, LEATHERSIDES.

Moth. Oh! Leathersides, what means this news-
ful look?

Lea. Through the Piaches as I took my way
To fetch a girl, I at a distance view'd
Lovegirlo with great captain Bilkum fighting.
Lovegirlo push'd, the captain parried, thus;
Lovegirlo push'd, he parried again:
Oft did he push, and oft was push'd aside.
At length the captain, with his body thus,
Threw in a cursed thrust in flaconade.
'Twas then—oh! dreadful horror to relate!—
I at a distance saw Lovegirlo fall,
And look as if he cried—"Oh! I am slain."

[KISSINDA sinks into NONPAREL'S arms.

SCENE XI.—*To them* GALLONO.

Gal. Give me my friend, thou most accursed bawd;
Restore him to me drunken as he was
Ere thy vile arts seduced him from the glass.

Moth. Oh! that I could restore him—but, alas!
Or drunk or sober, you'll ne'er see him more,
Unless you see his ghost:—his ghost, perhaps,
May have escap'd from captain Bilkum's sword.

Gal. What do I hear? Oh damn'd accursed jade,
Thou art the cause of all!—With artful smiles
Thou did'st seduce him to go home ere morn.
Bridewell shall be thy fate! I'll give a crown
To some poor justice to commit thee thither,
Where I will come and see thee flogg'd myself.

Kis. One flogg'd as I am, can be flogg'd no more;
In her Lovegirlo Miss Kissinda liv'd:
The sword that pass'd through poor Lovegirlo's heart
Pass'd eke through mine; he was three-fifths of me.

SCENE XII.—*To them, BILKUM.*

Bilk. Behold the most accurs'd of human kind!
I for a woman with a man have fought;
She, for I know not what, has hang'd herself:
And now Jack Ketch may do the same for me.
Oh! my Stormandra!

Moth. What of her?

Bilk. Alas!

She's hang'd herself all to her curtain's rod!
I saw her swinging, and I ran away.
Oh! if you lov'd Stormandra, come with me;
Skin off your flesh, and bite away your eyes;
Lug out your heart, and dry it in your hands;
Grind it to powder, make it into pills,
And take it down your throat.

Moth. Stormandra's gone!
Weep all ye sister-harlots of the town;
Pawn your best clothes, and clothe yourselves in rags.
Oh! my Stormandra!

Kis. Poor Lovegirlo's slain.
Oh! give me way; come all you furies, come,
Lodge in th' unfurnish'd chambers of my heart:
My heart, which never shall be let again
To any guest but endless misery,
Never shall have a bill upon it more.
Oh! I am mad, methinks; I swim in air,
In seas of sulphur and eternal fire,
And see Lovegirlo too.

Gal. Ha! see him! Where?
Where is the much-lov'd youth?—Oh! never more
Shall I behold him. Ha! distraction wild
Begins to wanton in my unhing'd brain.
Methinks I'm mad, mad as a wild March hare;
My muddy brain is addled like an egg;
My teeth, like magpies, chatter in my head;
My reeling head! which aches like any mad.

Omnes. Oh!

Lea. Was ever such a dismal scene of woe?

SCENE the last.—*To them, LOVEGIRLO, STORM-
ANDRA, and a Fiddler.*

Love. Where's my Kissinda?—bear me to her
arms,
Ye winged winds—and let me perish there.

Kis. Lovegirlo lives! Oh! let my eager arms
Press him to death upon my panting breast.

Bilk. Oh! all ye powers of gin! Stormandra lives.

Stor. Nor modesty, nor pride, nor fear, nor rep,
Shall now forbid this tender chaste embrace.
Henceforth I'm thine as long as e'er thou wilt.

Gal. Lovegirlo!

Love. Oh, joy unknown! Gallono!

Moth. Come all at once to my capacious arms;
I know not where I shou'd th' embrace begin.
My children! oh! with what tumultuous joy
Do I behold your almost virtuous loves!
But say, Lovegirlo, when we thought you dead,
Say by what lucky chance we see you here?

Love. In a few words I'll satisfy your doubt;
I through the coat was, not the body, run.

Bilk. But say, Stormandra, did I not behold
Thee hanging to the curtains of thy bed?

Stor. No, my dear love, it was my gown, not me:
I did intend to hang myself; but, ere
The knot was tied, repented my design.

Kis. Henceforth, Stormandra, never rivals more;
By Bilkum you, I by Lovegirlo kept.

Love. Foreseeing all this sudden turn of joy,
I've brought a fiddler to play forth the same.

Moth. I too will shake a foot on this bless'd day.

Love. From such examples as of this and that,
We all are taught to know—I know not what.

EPILOGUE. SPOKEN BY MISS RAFTOR, WHO ACTED THE PARTS OF
ISABEL IN THE OLD DEBAUCHEES AND OF KISSINDA IN THIS
TRAGEDY.

In various lights this night you've seen me dress'd,
A virtuous lady, and a miss confess'd;
Pray tell me, sirs, in which you like me best?
Neither averse to love's soft joys you find;
'Tis hard to say which is the best inclin'd.
The priest makes all the diff'rence in the case;
Kissinda's always ready to embrace,
And Isabel stays only to say grace.
For several prices ready both to treat,
This takes a guinea, that your whole estate.
Gallants, believe our passions are the same,
And virtuous women, though they dread the shame,
Let 'em but play secure, all love the game.
For though some prude her lover long may vex,
Her coyness is put on, she loves your sex.
At you the pretty things their airs display;
For you we dance, we sing, we smile, we pray;
On you we dream all night, we think all day.
For you the Mall and Ring with beauties swarm;
You teach soft Senesino's airs to charm.
For thin would be th' assembly of the fair
At operas, were none but eunuchs there.
In short, you are the business of our lives:
To be a mistress kept the strumpet strives,
And all the modest virgins to be wives.
For prudes may cant of virtues and of vices,
But, faith, we only differ in our prices.

THE DEBAUCHEES; OR, THE JESUIT CAUGHT.

A COMEDY, AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE, IN 1732.

PROLOGUE SPOKEN BY MR. MILLS.

I wish with all my heart, the stage and town
Would both agree to cry all prologues down;
That we, no more obliged to say or sing,
Might drop this useless necessary thing;
No more with awkward strut, before the curtain,
Chant out some rhymes—there's neither good nor hurt in.

What is this stuff the poets make us deal in,
But some old worn-out jokes of their retailing:
From sages of our own, or former times,
Transvers'd from prose, perhaps transpos'd from rhymes?

How long the tragic muse her station kept,
How guilt was humbled, and how tyrants wept,
Forgetting still how often hearers slept.

Perhaps, for change, you, now and then, by fits,
Are told that critics are the bane of wits;

How they turn vampires, being dead and damn'd,
And with the blood of living bards are cramm'd:
That poets thus tormented die, and then
The devil gets in them, and they suck agen.

Thus modern bards, like Bayes, their prologues frame,
For this, and that, and every play the same,
Which you most justly neither praise nor blame.

As something must be spoke, no matter what;
No friends are now by prologues lost or got;
By such harangues we raise nor spleen nor pity—
Thus ends this idle, but important ditty.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Old Laroon*, MR. YATES; *Young Laroon*, MR. MOZEEN; *Father Martin*, MR. TASWELL; *Old Jourdain*, MR. NEALE; *Isabel*, MRS. RIDOUT; *Beatrice*, MISS ROYER.—SCENE, TOULON.

N. B. Those lines marked thus " are left out in the acting

ACT I.—SCENE I.—MR. JOURDAIN'S.—ISABEL, BEATRICE.

Isa.—A NUNNERY! Ha, ha, ha! and is it possible, my dear Beatrice, you can intend to sacrifice your youth and beauty, to go out of the world as soon as you come into it?

Bea. No one, my dear Isabel, can sacrifice too much, or too soon, to Heaven!

Isa. Pshaw! Heaven regards hearts and not faces, and an old woman will be as acceptable a sacrifice as a young one.

Bea. It is possible you may come to a better understanding, and value the world as little as I do.

Isa. As you say, it is possible, when I can enjoy it no longer, I may; nay, I do not care, if I promise you, when I grow old and ugly, I'll come and keep you company: but this I am positive, till the world is weary of me, I never shall be weary of the world." [world worth her valuing?

Bea. What can a woman of sense see in this

Isa. Oh! ten thousand pretty things! Equipage, cards, music, plays, balls, flattery, visits, and that prettiest thing of all pretty things, a pretty fellow.—

"I rather wonder what charms a woman of any spirit can fancy in a nunnery, in watching, working, praying, and sometimes, I am afraid, wishing for other company than that of an old fusty friar."—Oh! 'tis a delightful state, when every man one sees, instead of tempting us to sin, is to rebuke us for them!

Bea. Such sentiments as these would indeed make you very uneasy—but believe me, child, you would soon bring yourself to hate mankind; fasting and praying are the best cures in the world for these violent passions.

Isa. On my conscience I should want neither: if the continual sight of a set of dirty priests would not bring me to abhor mankind, I dare swear nothing could."

SCENE II.—OLD LAROON, ISABEL, BEATRICE.

Old L. Good morrow, my little wagtail, my grasshopper, my butterfly. Odso! you little baggage, you look as full of—as full of love, and sport and wantonness—I wish I was a young fellow again—Oh! that I was but five-and-twenty for thy sake! Where's my boy? What, has not he been with you? has not he serenaded you?—Odsheart! I never let his mother sleep for a month before I

Isa. Indeed! [married her.

Old L. No, madam, nor for a month afterwards neither. The young fellows of this age are nothing, mere butterflies, to those of ours. Odsheart! I remember the time when I could have taken a hop, step, and jump over the steeple of Notre Dame.

Bea. I fancy the sparks of your age had wings, sir.

Old L. Wings, you little baggage, no—but they had—they had limbs like elephants, and as strong they were as Samson, and as swift as—Why, I have myself run down a stag in a fair chase, and eat him afterwards for my dinner. But come, where is my old neighbour, my old friend, my old Jourdain?

Isa. At his devotions, I suppose; this is the hour he generally employs in them.

Old L. This hour! ay, all hours. I dare swear he spends more time in them than all the priests in Toulon. Well, give him his due, he was wicked as long as he could be so; and when he could sin no longer, why, he began to repent that he had sinned at all. Oh! there is nothing so devout as an old whoremaster.

Bea. I fancy then it will be shortly time for you to think of it, sir!

Old L. Ay, madam, about some thirty or forty years hence it may—Odsheart! I am but in the prime of my years yet: "And if it was not for a saucy young rascal, who looks me in the face and calls me father, might make a very good figure among the beaux. But though I am not so young in years, I am in constitution, as any of them;" and I don't question but to live to see a son and a great-grandson both born on the same day.

Isa. You will excuse this lady, Mr. Laroon, who is going to retire so much earlier— [I hope.

Old L. Retire!—Then it is with a young fellow,

Isa. Into a cloister, I assure you.

Old L. A cloister!—Why, madam, if you have a mind to hang yourself at the year's end, would it not be better to spend your time in matrimony than in a nunnery? Don't let a set of rascally priests put strange notions in your head. Take my word for it, and I am a very honest fellow, there are no raptures worth a louse but those in the arms of a brisk young cavalier. Of all the actions of my youth, there are none I reflect on with so much pleasure as having burnt half a dozen nunneries, and delivered several hundred virgins out of captivity.

Bea. Oh, villany! unheard-of villany!

Isa. Unheard-of till this moment, I dare swear.

Old L. Out of which number there are at present nine countesses, three duchesses, and a queen, who owe their liberty and their promotion to this arm.

SCENE III.—OLD LAROON, YOUNG LAROON, ISABEL, BEATRICE.

Old L. You are a fine spark, truly, to let your father visit your mistress before you—'Sdeath! I believe you are no son of mine. Where have you been, sir? What have you been doing, sir, hey?

Young L. Sir, I have been at my devotions.

Old L. At your devotions! nay, then you are no son of mine, that's certain. Is not this the shrine you are to offer up at, sirrah? Is not here the altar you are to officiate at?—Sirrah! you have no blood of mine in you. I believe you are the bastard of some travelling English alderman, and must have come into the world with a custard in your mouth.

Young L. I hope, madam, you will allow my excuse, though the old gentleman here will not.

Old L. Old gentleman! very fine! Sirrah! I'll convince you I am a young gentleman; I'll marry to-night, and make you a brother before you are a father; I'll teach you to thrust him out of the world that thrust you into it.—Madam, have no more to say to the ungracious dog.

Young L. That will be a sure way to quit all obligations between us; for the happiness I propose in this lady is the chief reason why I should thank you for bringing me into the world. [sir.

Old L. What's that you say, sir? Say that again,

Young L. I was only thanking you, sir, for desiring this lady to take from me all I esteem on earth.

Old L. Well enough that! I begin to think him my own again. I have made that very speech to half the women in Paris.

SCENE IV.—To them, MARTIN.

Mar. Peace be with you all, good people.

Old L. Peace cannot stay long in any place where a priest comes. [Aside.

Mar. Daughter, I am ready to receive your confession.

Old L. Ay, ay, she has a fine parcel of sinful thoughts to answer for, I warrant her.

Mar. Mr. Laroon, you are too much inclined to slander, I must reprove you for it. My daughter's thoughts are as pure as a saint's.

Old L. As any saint's in Christendom within a day of matrimony.

Mar. Within a day of matrimony! it is too quick. I have not yet had sufficient time to prepare her mind for that solemn sacrament.

Old L. Prepare her mind for a young fellow; prepare your mind for a bishopric.

Mar. Sir, there are ceremonies requisite; I shall be as expeditious as possible, but the church has rules.

Old L. Sir, you may be as expeditious or as slow as you please, but I will not have my boy disappointed of his happiness one day for all the rules in Europe.

SCENE V.—MARTIN, ISABEL.

Mar. I shall bring this haughtiness to a penance you may not like. Well, my dear daughter, I hope your account is not long. You have not many articles since our last reckoning.

Isa. I wish you do not think it so, father. First, telling nine lies at the opera the other night to Mr. Laroon; yesterday talked during the whole mass to a young cavalier. [*He groans.*] Nay, if you groan already, I shall make you groan more before I have done. Last night cheated at cards, scandalised three of my acquaintance, went to bed without saying my prayers, and dreamed of Mr. Laroon.

Mar. Oh!—Tell me the particulars of that dream.

Isa. Nay, father, that I must be excused.

Mar. Modesty at confession is as unseasonable as in bed; and your mind should appear as naked to your confessor as your person to your husband.

Isa. I thought he embraced me with the utmost tenderness.

Mar. But were you pleased therewith?

Isa. You know, father, a lie now would be the greatest of sins. I was not displeased, I assure you. But I have often heard you say there is no sin in love.

Mar. No, in love itself there is not: love is not *malum in se*: nor in the excess is there sometimes any; but then it must be rightly placed, must be directed to a proper object. The love a daughter bears her confessor is no doubt not only innocent, but extremely laudable. [know.]

Isa. Yes, but that—that is another sort of love, you

Mar. You are deceived; there is but one sort of love which is justifiable, or indeed desirable.

Isa. I hope my love for Laroon is that.

Mar. That I know not; I wish it may: however, I have some dispute as yet remaining with me concerning it; “till that be satisfied, it will be improper for you to proceed any farther in the affair.” All the penance, therefore, I shall enjoin you on this confession is to defer your marriage one week; by which time I shall have resolved within myself whether you shall marry him at all. [not in earnest.]

Isa. Not marry him at all? Sure, father, you are

Mar. I never jest on these occasions.

Isa. What reason can you have?

Mar. My reasons may not be so ripe for your ears at present. But, perhaps, better things are designed for you.

Isa. A fiddlestick! I tell you, father, better things cannot be designed for me. “I suppose you have found out some old fellow with twenty livres a-year more in his power; but I can assure you, if I marry not Laroon, I'll not marry any.”

“*Mar.* Perhaps you are not designed to marry any. Let me feel your pulse—Extremely feverish.”

“*Isa.* You are enough to put any one in a fever. I was to have been married to-morrow to a pretty fellow, and now I must defer my marriage till you have considered whether I shall marry at all or no.”

“*Mar.* Have you any more sins to confess?”

“*Isa.* Sins! You have put all my sins out of my head, I think.”

Mar. Benedicite!—[*Crossing himself.*] Daughter, you shall see me soon again, for great things are in agitation: at present I leave you to your prayers.

SCENE VI.—ISABEL alone.

Sure never poor maid had more need of prayers; but you have left me no great stomach to them. Great things are in agitation! What can he mean? “It must be so.—Some old liquorish rogue, with a title or a larger estate, hath a mind to supplant my dear Laroon.”

SCENE VII.—YOUNG LAROOON, ISABEL.

Young L. My Isabel, my sweet!—how painfully do I count each tedious hour till I can call you mine!

Isa. Indeed, you are like to count many more tedious hours than you imagine.

Young L. Ha! What means my love?

Isa. I would not have your wishes too impatient, that's all; but, if you will wait a week, you shall know whether I intend to marry you or not.

Young L. And is this possible? Can words like these fall from Isabel's sweet lips? can she be false, inconstant, perjured?

Isa. Oh, do not discharge such a volley of terrible names upon me before you are certain I deserve them; doubt only whether I can be obedient to my confessor, and guess the rest.

Young L. Can he have enjoined you to be perjured? By Heaven it would be sinful to obey him!

Isa. Be satisfied, if I prevail with myself to obey him in this week's delay, I will carry my obedience no farther.

“*Young L.* Oh! to what happiness have those dear words restored me! I am again myself; for, while the possession of thee is sure, though distant, there is in that dear hope more transport than any other actual enjoyment can afford.”

“*Isa.* Well, adieu! and, to cram you quite full with hope (since you like the food), I here promise you that the commands of all the priests in France shall not force me to marry another.” That is, sir, I will either marry you or die a maid; and I have no violent inclination to the latter, on the word of a virgin.

SCENE VIII.

Young Laroon (solus). Whether a violent hatred to my father or an inordinate love for mischief hath set the priest on this affair I know not. Perhaps it is the former—for the old gentleman hath the happiness of being universally hated by every priest in Toulon. Let a man abuse a physician, he makes another physician his friend; let him rail at a lawyer, another will plead his cause gratis; if he libel this courtier, that courtier receives him into his bosom; but let him once attack a hornet or a priest, the whole nest of hornets, and the whole regiment of blackguards, are sure to be upon him.

SCENE IX.—OLD LAROOON, *laughing*, YOUNG LAROOON.

Young L. You are merry, sir.

Old L. Merry, sir! Ay, sir! I am merry, sir. Would you have your father sad, you rascal? Have you a mind to bury him in his youth?

Young L. Pardon me, sir; I rather wish to know the happy occasion of your mirth.

Old L. The occasion of my mirth, sir, is the saddest sight that ever mortal beheld.

Young L. A very odd occasion indeed!

Old L. Very odd, truly. It is the sight of an

old honest whoremaster in a fit of despair, and a damned rogue of a priest riding him to the devil.

Young L. Ay, sir; but I have seen a more melan-

Old L. Ha! what can that be? [choly sight.

Young L. A fine young lady in a fit of love, and a priest keeping her from her lover.

Old L. How?

Young L. The explanation of which is, that father Martin hath put off our match for a week.

Old L. Put off your match with Isabel!

Young L. Even so, sir.

Old L. Well, I never made a hole in a gown yet—I never have tapped a priest; but if I don't let out some reverend blood before the sun sets, may I never see him rise again. I'll carbonade the villain—I'll make a ragout for the devil's supper of him.

Young L. Let me entreat you, sir, to do nothing rashly, as long as I am safe in the faith of my Isabel.

Old L. I tell you, sirrah, no man is safe in the faith of a mistress—no one is secure of a woman till he is in bed with her. "Had there been any security in the faith of a mistress, I had been at present married to half the duchesses in France." I no more rely on what a woman says out of a church than on what a priest says in it.

"*Young L.* Pardon, me, sir: but I should have very little appetite to marry the woman whom I had such an opinion of.

"*Old L.* You had an opinion of! What business have you to have any opinion? Is it not enough that I have an opinion of her, that is, of her fortune? But I suppose you are one of those romantic, whining coxcombs that are in love with a woman behind her back." Sirrah, I have had two women lawfully, and two thousand unlawfully, and never was in love in my life.

"*Young L.* Well, sir, then I am happy that we both agree in the same person: I like the woman, and you her fortune.

"*Old L.* Yes, you dog; and I'd have you secure her as soon as you can; for, if a greater fortune should be found out in Toulon, I'd make you marry her." So go find out your mistress, and stick close to her; and I'll go seek the priest, whom, if I can find, I will stick close to with a vengeance.

SCENE X.—*Another apartment.*—JOURDAIN, MARTIN.

Jour. Alas, father! there is one sin sticks by me more than any I have confessed to you. It is so enormous a one, my shame hath prevented my discovering it. I have often concealed my crimes from my confessor.

Mar. That is a damnable sin indeed. It seemeth to argue a distrust of the church, the greatest of all crimes; a sin, I fear, the church cannot forgive.

Jour. Oh! say not so, father!

Mar. I should have said will not, or not without difficulty; for the church can do all things.

Jour. That is some comfort again.

Mar. I hope, however, though you have not confessed them, you have not forgotten them; for they must be confessed before they can be forgiven.

Jour. I hope I shall recollect them—they are a black roll. I remember I was once the occasion of ruining a woman's reputation by showing a letter from her. [been no fault.

Mar. If you had shown it to the priest it had

Jour. Alas, sir! I wrote the letter to myself, and thus traduced the innocent. I afterwards commanded a company of grenadiers at the taking of a town, where I knocked a poor old gentleman on the head for the sake of his money, and ravished his daughter.

Mar. These are crying sins indeed! [pistoles.

Jour. At the same time I robbed a jesuit of two

Mar. Oh, damnable! Oh, execrable!

Jour. "Good father, have patience. I once borrowed five hundred livres of an honest citizen in Paris, and repaid him by lying with his wife; and, what sits nearest my heart, was forced to pay a young cavalier the same sum, by suffering him to lie with mine.

"*Mar.* Oh!

"*Jour.* And yet what are these to what I have done since I commenced merchant? What have I not done to get a penny? I insured a ship for a great value, and then cast it away." I broke when I was worth a hundred thousand livres, and went over to London. I settled there, renounced my religion, and was made a justice of peace.

Mar. Oh! that seat of heresy and damnation! that whore of Babylon!

Jour. With the whores of Babylon did I unite: I protected them from justice: gaming-houses and bawdy-houses did I license, nay, and frequent too: I never punished any vice but poverty; for, oh! I dread to name it—I once committed a priest to Newgate for picking pockets.

Mar. Oh! monstrous! horrible! dreadful! I'll hear no more. Thou art damned without reprieve.

Jour. Take pity, father, take pity on a penitent.

Mar. Pity! the church abhors it. 'Twere mercy to such a wretch to pray him into purgatory.

Jour. I'll give all my estate to the church; I'll found monasteries; I'll build abbeys.

Mar. All will not do, ten thousand masses will not deliver you.

Jour. Was ever such a miserable wretch!

Mar. Thou hast sins enough to damn thy whole family. Monstrous impiety! to lift up the hand of justice against the church!

Jour. Oh! speak some comfort to me: will no penance expiate my crime?

Mar. It is too grievous for a single penance. Go settle your estate on the church, and send your daughter to a nunnery; her prayers will avail more than yours: Heaven hears the young and innocent with pleasure. I will, myself, say four masses a-day for you; and all these, I hope, will purchase your forgiveness; at least your stay in purgatory will be short.

Jour. My daughter! she is to be married to-morrow, and I shall never prevail on her.

Mar. You must force her; your all depends on it.

Jour. But I have already sworn I will not force her.

Mar. The church absolves you from that oath, and it were now impiety to keep it. Go, lose not a moment; see her entered with the utmost expedition; she may put it out of your power.

Jour. What a poor miserable wretch am I!

SCENE XI.—MARTIN, *solus.*

Thou art a miserable wretch indeed! and it is on such miserable wretches depends our power: that superstition which tears thy bowels feeds ours. This nunnery is a masterpiece; let me but once shut up my dear Isabel from every other man, and the warmth of her constitution may be my very powerful friend. How far am I got already from the very brink of despair, by the despair of this old fool! Superstition. I adore thee—

Thou handle to the cheated layman's mind,

By which in fetters priestcraft leads mankind.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—JOURDAIN, ISABEL.

Jour. Have you no compassion for your father,

for him that gave you being? Could you bear to hear me howl in purgatory?

Isa. Lud! papa! Do you think your putting me into purgatory in this world will save you from purgatory in the next? "If you have any sins, you must repent of them yourself; for, I give you my word, I have enough to do to repent of my own."

"*Jour.* You will soon wipe off that score, and will be then in a place where you cannot contract a new one."

"*Isa.* Indeed, sir, to shut a woman out from sin is not so easy. But, dear sir, how can it enter into your head that my penance can be acceptable for your sin?" Take my word, one week's fasting will be of more service to you than this long fast you would enjoin me.

Jour. Alas! child, if fasting would do, I am sure I have not been wanting to my duty; I have fasted till I am almost worn away to nothing; I have almost fasted myself into purgatory, while I was fasting myself out of it.

Isa. But whence comes all this apprehension of your danger?

Jour. Whence should it come but from the church?

Isa. Oh! sir, I have thought of the most lucky thing. You know my cousin Beatrice is just going into a nunnery, and she will pray for you as much as you would have her.

Jour. Trifle not with so serious a concern. No prayers but yours will ever do me good.

Isa. Then you shall have them anywhere but in a nunnery.

Jour. They must be there too.

Isa. That will be impossible; for if I was there, instead of praying you out of purgatory, my prayers would be all bent to pray myself out of the nunnery again.

SCENE II.—OLD LAROON, JOURDAIN, ISABEL.

Old L. A dog! a villain! put off my son's match! Mr. Jourdain, your servant. Will you suffer a rogue of a jesuit to defer your daughter's marriage a whole week?

Jour. I am sorry, Mr. Laroon, for the disappointment, but her marriage will be deferred longer than

Old L. How, sir? [that.

Jour. She is intended for another marriage, sir; a much better match.

Old L. A much better match!

Isa. Yes, sir, I am to be sent to a nunnery, to pray my father out of purgatory.

Old L. Oh! Ho!—We'll make that matter very easy: he shall have no fear of purgatory, for I'll send him to the devil this moment. Come, sir, draw, draw.

Jour. Draw what, sir?

Old L. Draw your sword, sir.

Jour. Alas, sir, I have long since done with swords; I have broken my sword long since.

Old L. Then I shall break your head, you old rogue.

Jour. Heyday!—you are mad; what's the matter?

Old L. Oh! no matter, no matter; you have used me ill, and you are a son of a whore, that's all.

Jour. I would not, Mr. Laroon, have my conscience accuse me of using you ill: I would not have preferred any earthly match to your son, but if Heaven requires her—

Old L. I shall run mad.

Jour. I hope my daughter has grace enough to make an atonement for her father's sins.

Old L. And so you would atone for all your former rogueries by a greater, by perverting the design of nature! Was this girl intended for praying?

Harkee, old gentleman, let the young couple together, and they'll sacrifice their first fruits to the church.

Jour. It is impossible.

Old L. Well, sir, then I shall attempt to persuade you no longer; so, sir, I desire you would fetch your sword.

SCENE III.—YOUNG LAROON in a friar's habit, OLD LAROON, JOURDAIN.

Young L. Let peace be in this house—Where is the sinner Jourdain?

Jour. Here is the miserable wretch.

Old L. Death and the devil! another priest!

Young L. Then know I am thy friend, and am come to save thee from destruction.

Old L. That's likely enough.

Young L. St. Francis, the patron of our order, hath sent me on this journey, to caution thee that thou may not suffer thy sinful daughter to profane the holy veil. Such was, it seems, thy purpose; but the perdition that would have attended it I dread to think on. Rejoice, therefore, and prostrate thyself at the shrine of a saint who has not only sent thee this caution, but does himself intercede for all thy sins.

Old L. Agad! and St. Francis is a very honest fellow, and thou art the first priest that ever I liked in my whole life.

Jour. St. Francis honours me too much. I shall try to deserve the favour of that saint. But wherefore is my daughter denied the holy veil?

Young L. Your daughter, I am concerned to say it, is now with child by a young gentleman, one Mr.

Jour. Oh, Heavens! [Laroon.

Old L. What's that you say, sir? because I thought I heard somewhat of a damned lie come out of your mouth. [and he cannot be mistaken.

Young L. Sir, it is St. Francis speaks within me,

Old L. I can tell you, sir, if that young gentleman had heard you he would certainly have thrashed St. Francis out of you.

Young L. Sir, you have nothing to do now but to prepare the match with the utmost expedition.

Old L. This St. Francis must lie, or the boy would not be so eager upon the affair; no one is ever eager to sign articles when they have entered the town. Well, Master Jourdain, if the young dog has tripped up your daughter's heels in an unlawful way, as St. Francis says, why he shall make her amends, and—and do it in a lawful one. So I'll go see for my son, while you go and comfort the poor chicken that is pining for fear of a nunnery.—Odsheart! it would be very hard indeed, when a girl has once had her bellyfull, that she must fast all her life afterwards.

Young L. I have delivered my commission, and shall now return to my convent.—Farewell, and return thanks to St. Francis. [ciful saint art thou!

Jour. Oh! St. Francis! St. Francis! What a mer-
[Here begins the Second Act, as it is now played.]

SCENE IV.—Another apartment.—MARTIN, ISABEL.

Mar. Indeed, child, there are pleasures in a retired life which you are entirely ignorant of. Nay, there are indulgencies granted to people in that state which would be sinful out of it. "And, perhaps, the same liberties are permitted them with one person which are denied them with another." Come, put on a cheerful countenance: you don't know what you are designed for.

Isa. No, but I know what I am not designed for.

Mar. Let me feel your pulse. [suppose?

Isa. You are a physician as well as a priest, I

Mar. Have you never any odd dreams?

Isa. No.

Mar. Do you never find any strange emotions?

Isa. No. None but what I believe are very natural. [your sleep?

Mar. Strange that!—Did you never see me in

Isa. I never dream of a priest, I assure you.

Mar. Nay, nay; be candid, confess; perhaps there may be nothing so sinful in it. We cannot help what we are designed for. "We are only passive, and the sin lies not at our doors. While you are only passive I'll answer for your sins."

Isa. What do you mean?

Mar. That you must not yet know.—Great things are designed for you—very great things are designed for you.

Isa. Hum! I begin to guess what is designed for me. [Aside.

"*Mar.* Those eyes have a fire in them that scarce seems mortal. Come hither—give me a kiss—ha! there is a sweetness in that breath like what I have read of ambrosia. That bosom heaves like those priestesses of old when big with inspiration.

"*Isa.* Haity-tity!—Are you thereabouts, good father?" [Aside.

Mar. Let me embrace thee, my dear daughter; let me give thee joy of such promotion, such happiness as will attend you.

Isa. I'll try this reverend gentleman his own way. [Aside.

Mar. You must resign yourself up to my will—you must be passive in all things.

Isa. Oh! let me thus beg pardon on my knees, for an offence which modesty occasioned.

Mar. Ha! speak.

Isa. Oh! I see it is in vain to hide my secrets from you. What need have I to confess what you already know?

Mar. Confession was intended for the sake of the penitent, not the confessor; for to the church all things are revealed.

Isa. Oh! then I had a dream—I dreamt—I dreamt—oh! I can never tell you what I dreamt.

"*Mar.* Horrible!

"*Isa.* I dreamt—I dreamt—I dreamt"—

Mar. Oh! the strength of sin!

Isa. I dreamt I was brought to bed of the pope.

Mar. The very happiness I meant; let me embrace you—let me kiss you, my dear daughter: henceforth you may defy purgatory—the mother of a pope was never there. [father?

Isa. But how can that be when I am to be a nun,

Mar. Leave the means to me. Learn only to be passive, the church will work the rest. A pope is always the son of a nun. Go you to your chamber, wash yourself, then pray devoutly, shut every ray of light out, leave open the door, and expect the consequence.

Isa. Father, I shall be obedient—Oh! the villain!

Mar. Be passive and be happy.

SCENE V.—JOURDAIN, MARTIN, ISABEL.

Mar. Ha! Why this unseasonable interruption, while your daughter is at confession?

Jour. Oh, father, I have brought you news will make you happy—will rejoice your poor heart. My daughter is redeemed. [think to inform the church?

Mar. Out of purgatory—vain man! dost thou

Jour. I suppose St. Francis has been beforehand with me. Indeed I should have imagined that before; for we seldom hear anything from the saints but through the mouth of a priest.

Mar. What does he mean? [Aside.

Jour. Well, daughter, the thoughts of a nunnery now give you no uneasiness.

Mar. No, no, she is perfectly reconciled to it, and, I am confident, would not quit the nunnery for the bed of a prince. [forbid!

Jour. Ha! would not quit the nunnery? heaven

Mar. How! you are not mad?

Jour. Unless with joy. I thought you had known that I have received an order from St. Francis to marry my daughter immediately.

Mar. "Oh! folly!" to marry her immediately! why, ay, to marry her to the church, St. Francis means. You see into what errors the laity run, when they go without the leading-strings of the church, "and would interpret for themselves what they know nothing of."

Isa. I'll take this opportunity to steal off, and communicate a design of mine to young Laroon, which may draw this priest into a snare he little dreams of.

Jour. But I cannot see how that should be St. Francis's meaning; for though my daughter may be married to the church in a figurative sense, sure she cannot be with child by the church in a literal one.

Mar. I see the business now, unhappy man! I was in hopes to have prevented this—*Exorcizo te. Exorcizo te, Satan. Tom Dapamibominos prosephe podas oculus Achilleus.*

Jour. Bless us! what mean you?

Mar. You are possessed; the devil has taken possession of you; he is now within you, I saw him just now look out of your eyes.

Jour. O miserable wretch that I am!

SCENE VI.—OLD LARON, YOUNG LARON, JOURDAIN, MARTIN.

Old L. Mr. Jourdain, your servant. Where is my daughter-in-law? I'll warrant she will easily forgive one day's forwarding the match. Odso, it's an error of the right side. [possessed, I am possessed.

Jour. Talk not to me of my daughter: I am

Old L. Possessed!—what the devil are you possessed

Jour. I am possessed with the devil. [with?

Old L. You are possessed with a priest, and that's worse. Come, let's have the wedding, and at night we'll drive the devil out of you with a fiddle. The devil is a great lover of music. I have known half a dozen devils dance out of a man's mouth at the tuning a violin, then present the company with a hornpipe, and so dance a jig through the keyhole.

Mar. Thou art the devil's son; for he is the father of liars. [his proper livery.

Old L. Thou art the devil's footman, and wearest

Jour. Fie upon you, Mr. Laroon! fie upon you!

Mar. Mr. Laroon! O surprising effect of possession!—Here is nobody.

Jour. Can I not believe my eyes?

Mar. Can you not? no—you are to believe mine. The eyes of the laity may err; the eyes of a priest cannot.

Jour. And do I not see Mr. Laroon and his son?

Mar. You see neither. It is the spirit within you that represents to your eyes and ears what objects

Jour. Oh! miserable wretch. [it pleases.

Old L. Agad I'll try whether I am nobody or no, and whether I cannot make this priest sensible that I am somebody. [consequence.

Young L. For heaven's sake, sir, consider the

Old L. Consequence! do you think I'll suffer a rascal to prove me nothing at all to my face?

Jour. And is it possible all this is a vision?

Mar. Retire to rest—while I, by the force and battery of prayer, expel this dreadful guest.

Jour. Oh! what a miserable wretch am I!

SCENE VII.—OLD LARON, YOUNG LARON, MARTIN.

Old L. Harkee, sir; will you please to tell me

what this great impudence of yours means? and what you intend by annihilating me?

Mar. It were happy for such sinners that they could be annihilated. "It were worth you two hundred thousand masses, take my word for it."

"*Old L.* It were happy for such racals as you, sirrah, that all honesty was annihilated."

"*Young L.* But pray, father, what reasons have you for preventing my match with Isabel?"

"*Mar.* Reasons, young gentleman, that are not proper for your ears. Isabel is intended for a better bridegroom than you."

"*Old L.* How, sirrah! how! do you disparage my son? do you run down my boy?" Harkee, either make up affairs between them immediately, exert thyself in thy proper office, and hold the door, or I'll blow up thy convent; I'll burn your garrison, and disband such a set of black locusts, as shall rob and pillage all Toulon. [their ministers.]

Mar. I condemn thy threats. The saints defend

Old L. The saints defend their ministers! the laws defend them: St. Wheel, and St. Prison, and St. Gibbet, and St. Fagot; these are the saints that defend you. If you had no defence but from the saints in the other world, you'd few of you stay long in this. If you had no other arms than your beads, you'd have shortly no other food.

Mar. Oh slanderous! Oh impious! some judgment cannot be far off.

Old L. When a priest is so near—sirrah!

SCENE VIII.—ISABEL, to them.

Mar. Daughter, fly from this wicked place; the breath of sin has infected it, "and two gallons of holy water will scarce purify the air."

Isa. Oh! Heavens! what's the matter, father?

Old L. Why the matter is, this gentleman in black here, for reasons best known to himself and another gentleman in black, has thought fit to forbid your

Isa. What the saints please. [marriage.]

Old L. Hoity-toity! what, has he filled your head with the saints too?

Isa. Oh, sir! I have had such dreams!

Old L. Dreams? Ha, ha, ha! the devil's in it, if a girl just going to be married should not have dreams! But they were dreams the saints had nothing to do with, I warrant you.

Isa. Such visions of saints appearing to me, and advising me to a nunnery.

"*Old L.* Impossible! impossible! for I have had visions too: I have been ordered by half a dozen saints to see you married with the utmost expedition; and a very honest saint, whose name I forgot, came to me about an hour ago, and swore heartily if you were not married within this week he'd lead you to

"*Mar.* Oh! grievous! [purgatory in a fortnight.]

"*Isa.* Can there be such contradictions?"

"*Old L.* Pshaw! pshaw! Your's was a dream, and so to be understood backwards; mine a true vision, therefore to be believed. Why, child, I have been a famous seer of visions in my time. Would you believe it? While I was in the army there never was a battle but I saw it some time beforehand. I have had an intimate familiarity with the saints, I know them all: there is not one of them could be capable of saying such a thing."

Isa. Oh! sir, I saw, and heard, and must believe; for none but the church can contradict our senses.

Old L. So, so! the distemper's hereditary, I find: the daughter is as full of the church as the father. Come away, son, come away: I would not have thee marry into such a family; I should be grandfather to a race of greasy priests. 'Sdeath! this girl will be brought to bed of a pope one day or other.

Isa. 'Tis out, 'tis out.

Mar. Oh prodigious! that such a saint should prophesy truth through those lips whence the devil has been thundering so many lies!

Old L. What truth, sir? what truth?

Isa. Oh! sir, the blessing you mentioned has been promised me! I am to give a pope to the world.

Old L. Are you so, madam? He shall have no blood of mine in him: I'm resolved I'll never ask blessings of a grandson. Come away, Jack, come away, I say; let us leave the devil's son and the pope's mother together.

Young L. Remember, my Isabel, I only live in the hopes of seeing you mine.

SCENE IX.—MARTIN, ISABEL.

Mar. It were better thou shouldst howl in purgatory ten thousand years than ever see that day. Oh! that we had but an Inquisition in France! Burning four or five hundred such fellows in a morning would be the best way of deterring others. Religion loves to warm itself at the fire of a heretic.

Isa. Fire is as necessary to keep our minds warm as our bodies, father: and "burning a heretic is really a very great service done to himself; a fagot is a purge for a sick soul, and a heretic is obliged to the priest who applies it."

Mar. There spoke the spirit of zeal: let me embrace thee, my little saint, for such thou wilt be; let me kiss thee with the pure affection of a confessor—Ha! there is something divine in these lips; let me taste them again. Are you sure you have drank no holy-water this morning?

Isa. None, upon my word.

Mar. Let me smell a third time. There. *Nunero Deus impare gaudet.* Depend on it, child, very great happiness will attend you. But be sure to observe my directions in everything.

Isa. I shall, father. I did as you commanded me this morning.

Mar. Well, and did you perceive any great alterations in yourself? any extraordinary emotion?

Isa. I cannot say I did.

Mar. Hum! Spirits have their own times of operation, which must be diligently watched for. "Perhaps your good genius was at that time otherwise employed. Repeat the ceremony often, and my life on the success." Let me see;—about an hour hence will be a very good season. Be ready to receive him, and, I firmly believe, the spirit will come to you.

Isa. Oh lud! father, I shall be frightened out of my wits at the sight of a spirit.

Mar. You will see nothing frightful, take my word for it.

Isa. I hope he won't appear in any horrible shape.

Mar. Hum—That is to be averted by *Ave Maries.* As this is a very spirit, I dare say you may prevail on him to take what shape you please. Perhaps your father; or, if you cannot prevail for a layman, I dare swear you may at least pray him into the shape of your confessor: and, though I must suffer pain on that account, I am ready to undergo it for your service.

Isa. I am infinitely obliged to my dear father; I'll prepare myself for this vast happiness, and nothing shall be wanting on my part, I assure you.

Mar. And if anything be wanting on mine, may I never say mass again, or never be paid for masses I have not said! "Either this girl has extraordinary simplicity, or, what is more likely, extraordinary cunning; she does not seem averse to my kisses. Why should I not imagine she sees and approves my design? Well, I'll say this for the

sex; let a man but invent any excuse for the sin, and they are all ready to undertake it." How happy is a priest,

Who can the blushing maid's resistance smother,
With sin in one hand, pardon in the other!

ACT III.—SCENE I.—ISABEL'S apartment.

YOUNG LAROON, ISABEL.

Young L. Perdition seize the villain! may all the torments of twenty Inquisitions rack his soul!

Isa. Act your part well, and we shall not want his own weapons against him.

Young L. Sure it is impossible he can intend it.

Isa. Shall I make the experiment?

Young L. I shall never be able to forbear murdering him.

Isa. You shall promise not to commit any violence, you know too well what will be the consequence of that. "Let us sufficiently convict him, and leave his punishment to the law."

"*Young L.* And I know too well what will be the consequence of that. There seems to be a combination between priests and lawyers; the lawyers are to save the priests from punishment for their rogueries in this world, and the priests the lawyers in the next."

Isa. However, the same law that screens him for having injured you will punish you for having done justice to him. [*Knocking at the door.*]

Isa. Oh! Heavens! the priest is at the door. What shall we do?

Young L. Damn him! I'll stay here and confront him.

Isa. Oh! no, by no means; for once I'll attack him in his own way; so the moment he opens the door do you run out, and leave the rest to me.

[*She throws herself into a chair, and shrieks.*]

YOUNG LAROON overturns MARTIN.

SCENE II.—MARTIN, ISABEL.

Mar. I am slain, I am overlaid, I am murdered. Oh! daughter, daughter! is this your patient expectation of the spirit?

Isa. It has been here, it has been here.

Mar. What has been here?

Isa. Oh! the spirit, the spirit. It has been here this half hour; and just as you came in it vanished away in a clap of thunder, and I thought would have taken the room with it.

Mar. I thought it would have taken me with it, I am sure. Spirit, indeed! there are abundance of such spirits as these in Toulon. And pray, how have the spirit and you employed your time this half-hour?

Isa. Oh, don't ask me: it is impossible to tell you.

Mar. Ay, 'tis needless too: for I can give a shrewd guess. I suppose you like his company.

Isa. Oh! so well, that I could wish he would visit me ten times every day.

"*Mar.* Oh, oh! and in the same shape too?

"*Isa.* Oh! I should like him in any shape; and I dare swear he'll come in any shape too; for he is the purest, sweetest, most complaisant spirit! I could have almost sworn it had been Mr. Laroon himself.

"*Mar.* Was there ever such a —"

Isa. Nay, when it came in first, it behaved just like Mr. Laroon, and called itself by his name; but when it found I did not answer a word it took me by the hand, and cried, "Is it possible you can be angry with your Laroon?" I answered not a word; then it kissed me a hundred times; I said nothing still; it caught me in its arms, and embraced me passionately; I still behaved as you commanded me, very passive.

"*Mar.* Oh! the devil, the devil! Was ever man

so caught? And did you ever apprehend it to be Mr. Laroon himself?

"*Isa.* Heaven forbid I should have suffered Mr. Laroon in these familiarities, which you ordered me to allow the spirit."

Mar. I am caught, indeed. Damned drivelling idiot! [*Aside.*]

Isa. But, dear father, tell me, shall I not see it again quickly? for I long to see it again.

Mar. Oh! yes, yes——

Isa. I long to see it in the dark, methinks; for, you know, father, one sees spirits best in the dark.

Mar. Ay, ay, you'll see it in the dark, I warrant you; but be sure and behave as you did before.

Isa. And will he always behave as he did before, father?

Mar. Hum! Be in your chamber this evening at eight; take care there be no light in the room, and perhaps the spirit may pay you a second visit.

Isa. I'll be sure to be punctual.

Mar. And passive.

Isa. I'll obey you in everything.

Mar. Senseless oaf! But, though I have lost the first fruits by her extreme folly, yet am I highly delighted with it: and if I do not make a notable use of it, I am no priest.

SCENE III.

Jourdain (solus). Oh! purgatory! purgatory! what would I not give to escape thy flames! methinks I feel them already. Hark! what noise is that?—Nothing—Ha! what's that I see? Something with two heads—What can all this portend? "What a poor miserable wretch am I!"

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, a friar below desires to speak with you.

Jour. Why will you suffer a man of holy order to wait a moment at my door? Bring him in. "Perhaps he is some messenger of comfort. But, oh! I rather fear the reverse: for what comfort can a sinner like me expect?"

SCENE IV.—OLD LAROON in a friar's habit, JOURDAIN.

Old L. A plague attend this house, and all that
Jour. Oh! oh! [*are in it!*]

Old L. Art thou that miserable, sad, poor son of
Jour. Alas! alas! [*a whore, Jourdain?*]

Old L. If thou art he, I have a message to thee from St. Francis. The saint gives his humble service to you, and bid me tell you you are one of the saddest dogs that ever lived for having disobeyed his orders, and attempted to put your daughter into a nunnery: for which he has given me positive orders to assure you you shall lie in purgatory five hundred thousand years.

Jour. Oh! [*dread thousand years.*]

Old L. And I assure you it is a very warm sort of a place; for I called there as I came along to take lodgings for you.

Jour. Oh! Heavens! is it possible that you can have seen the dreadful horrors of that place?

Old L. Seen them! Ha, ha, ha! Why, I have been there half a dozen times "in a day. Why, how far do you take it to be to purgatory? Not above a mile and a half at farthest, and every step of the way down hill." Seen them! Ay, ay, I have seen them! and a pretty sight they are too, a pretty tragical sort of a sight if it were not for the confounded heat of the air—then there is the prettiest

Jour. Oh! Heavens! music! [*concert of music.*]

Old L. Ay, ay, groans, groans, a fine concert of groans; you would think yourself at an opera, if it were not for the great heat of the air, as I said before. Some spirits are shut up in ovens, some are chained to spits, some are scattered in frying-pans—and I have taken up a place for you on a gridiron.

Jour. Oh, I am scorched, I am scorched—For pity's sake, father, intercede with St. Francis for me: compassionate my case.

Old L. There is but one way; let me carry him the news of your daughter's marriage—that may perhaps appease him. Between you and I, St. Francis is a liquorish old dog, and loves to set people to work to his heart.

Jour. She shall be married this instant; the saint must know it is none of my fault. Had I rightly understood his will, it had been long since performed—But well might I misinterpret him, when even the church, when father Martin failed.”

Old L. I would be very glad to know where I should find that same father Martin. I have a small commission to him relating to a purgatory affair. St. Francis has sentenced him to lie in a frying-pan there just six hundred years, for his amour with your

Jour. My daughter! [daughter.

Old L. Are you ignorant of it, then? Did not you know that he had debauched your daughter?

Jour. Ignorant! Oh! Heavens! no wonder she is refused the veil.

Old L. I thought you had known it. I'll show you a sight worse than purgatory itself: you shall behold this disgrace to the church, a sight shall make you shudder. [villain?

Jour. Is it impossible a priest should be such a

Old L. Nothing's impossible to the church, you know.

Jour. And may I hope St. Francis will be appeased?

Old L. Hum! There is a great favourite of that saint who lives in this town; his name is Monsieur Laroon. If you could get him to say half a dozen bead-rolls for you, they might be of great service.

Jour. How! Can the saint regard so loose a liver?

Old L. Oh! St. Francis loves an honest merry fellow to his soul. And, harkee, I don't think it impossible for Mr. Laroon to bring you acquainted with the saint; for to my knowledge they very often crack a bottle together.

Jour. Can I believe it?”

Enter Servant.

Ser. Father Martin is below.

Old L. Son, behave civilly to him, nor mention a word of what I have told you—that we may entrap him more securely.

SCENE V.—MARTIN, to them.

Mar. Peace be with my son! Ha! a friar here! I like not this; I will have no partners in my plunder. Save you, reverend father!

Old L. Tu quoque!

Mar. This fellow should be a jesuit by his taciturnity. You see, father, the miserable state of our poor son.

Old L. I have advised him thereon.

Mar. Your advice is kind, though needless. He hath not wanted prayer, fasting, nor castigation, which are proper physic for him.

Old L. Or suppose, father, he was to go to a ball. What think you of a ball?

Mar. A ball?

Old L. Ay, or a wench now; suppose we were to procure him a wench?

Mar. Oh! monstrous! Oh! impious!

Old L. I only gave my opinion.

Mar. Thy opinion is damnable: and thou art some wolf in sheep's clothing. Thou art a scandal to thy order.

Old L. I wish thou art not more a scandal to thine, brother father, to abuse a poor old fellow in a fit of the spleen here, as thou dost, with a set of

ridiculous notions of purgatory and the devil knows what, when both you and I know there is no such thing.

Mar. That I should not know thee before! Don't you know this reverend father, son, your worthy neighbour Laroon?

Old L. Then farewell, hypocrisy! I would not wear thy cloak another hour for any consideration.

Jour. What do I see?

Old L. Why, you see a very honest neighbour of yours, that has tried to deliver you out of the claws of a roguish priest, whom you may see too; look in the glass, and you may see an old doting fool who is afraid of his own shadow.

Mar. Be not concerned at this, son. Perhaps one hour's suffering from this fellow may strike off several years of purgatory: I have known such instances.

Jour. Oh! father! didst thou know what I have been guilty of believing against thee from the mouth of this wicked man—

Old L. Death and the devil! I'll stay no longer here; for if I do I shall cut this priest's throat, though the rack was before my face.

SCENE VI.—MARTIN, JOURDAIN.

Mar. Son, take care of believing anything against the church: it is as sinful to believe anything against the church as to disbelieve anything for it. You are to believe what the church tells you, and no more.

Jour. I almost shudder when I think what I believed against you. I believed that you had seduced my daughter.

Mar. Oh! horrible! and did you believe it? think not you believed it. I order you to think you did not believe it, and it were now sinful to believe you did believe it.

Jour. And can I think so?

Mar. Certainly. I know what you believe better than you yourself do. However, that your mind may be cleansed from the least pollution of thought—go, say over ten bead-rolls immediately; go, and peace attend you!

Jour. I am exceedingly comforted within.

SCENE VII.—MARTIN, solus.

Go—while I retire and comfort your daughter. Was this a suspicion of Laroon's, or am I betrayed? I begin to fear. I'll act with caution: for I am not able yet to discover whether this girl be of prodigious simplicity or cunning. How vain is policy, when the little arts of a woman are superior to the wisdom of a conclave! A priest may cheat mankind, but a woman would cheat the devil.

SCENE VIII.—The Street.—“OLD LAROON and YOUNG LAROON meet.

Young L. Well, sir, what success?

Old L. Success! you rascal! if ever you offer to put me into a priest's skin again, I'll beat you out of your own.

Young L. What's the matter, sir?

Old L. Matter, sir! Why, I have been laughed at, have been abused. 'Sdeath! sir, I am in such a passion, that I do not believe I shall come to myself again these twenty years. That rascal Martin discovered me in an instant, and turned me into a jest.

Young L. Be comforted, sir; you may yet have the pleasure of turning him into one.

Old L. Nothing less than turning him inside out—nothing less than broiling his gizzard will satisfy me.

Young L. Come with me, and I dare swear I'll give your revenge content. We have laid a snare

for him, which I think it is impossible he should escape.

"*Old L.* A snare for a priest! a trap for the devil! you will as soon catch the one as the other.

"*Young L.* I am sure our bait is good—A fine woman is as good a bait for a priest-trap as toasted cheese is for a mouse-trap.

"*Old L.* Yes, but the rascal will nibble off twenty baits before you can take him. [success.

"*Young L.* Leave that to us. I'll warrant our

"*Old L.* Wilt thou? then I shall have more pleasure in taking this one priest than in all the other wild beasts I have ever taken."

SCENE IX.—JOURDAIN, ISABEL.

Isa. If I don't convince you he's a villain, renounce me for your daughter. Do not shut your ears against truth, and you shall want no other evidence.

Jour. Oh, daughter, daughter, some evil spirit is busy within you. The same spirit that visited me this morning is now in you.

Isa. I wish the spirit that is in me would visit you, you would kick this rogue out of doors.

Jour. The wicked reason of your anger is too plain. The priest won't let you have your fellow.

Isa. The priest would have me for himself.

Jour. Oh! wicked assertion! Oh! base return for the care he has taken of your poor sinful father, for the love he has shown for your soul.

Isa. He has shown more love for my body, believe me, sir. Nay, go but with me, and you shall believe your own eyes and ears.

Jour. Against the church! Heaven forbid!

Isa. Will not you believe your own senses, sir?

Jour. Not when the church contradicts them. Alas! how do we know what we believe without the church? Why, I thought I saw Mr. Laroon and his son to-day, when I saw neither. Alack-a-day, child, the church often contradicts our senses. But you owe these wicked thoughts to your education in England, that vile heretical country, where every man believes what religion he pleases, and most believe none.

Isa. Well, sir, if you will not be convinced, you shall be the only person in Toulon that is not.

Jour. I will go with thee, if it were only to see how far this wicked spirit will carry his imposition; for I am convinced the devil will leave no stone unturned to work my destruction.

Isa. I hope you will find us too hard for him and his ambassador too.

SCENE X.—*Another apartment.*—YOUNG LAROON in woman's clothes.

None ever waited with more impatience for her lover than I for mine. It is a delightful assignation, but I hope it is a prelude to one more agreeable. I shall have difficulty to refrain from beating the rascal before he has discovered himself. [Knocking at the door.] Who's there? [Softly.]

Bea. Isabel, Isabel.

Young L. Come in. What a soft voice the rogue caterwauls in!

SCENE XI.—YOUNG LAROON, BEATRICE.

Bea. What are you doing in the dark, my dear?

Young L. Hey-day! who the devil is this? I seem to be in a way of an assignation in earnest.

Bea. Isabel, where are you?

Young L. Here, child, give me your hand. Dear Mademoiselle Beatrice, is it you?

Bea. Oh Heavens! am I in a man's arms?

Young L. Hush! hush! Don't you know my voice?—I am Laroon.

Bea. Mr. Laroon! what business can you have here?

Young L. Ask me no questions; get but into a corner of the room and be silent, and you will perhaps see a very diverting scene—nay, do not be afraid, for I assure you it will be a very innocent one. Make haste, dear madam, you will do a very laudable action, by being an additional evidence to the discovery of a notorious villain.

Bea. I cannot guess your meaning, but would willingly assist on such an occasion.

Young L. Now for my desiring lover. Ha! I think I hear him.

SCENE XII.—YOUNG LAROON, MARTIN.

Mar. Isabel, Isabel, where are you?

Young L. Here.

Mar. Come to my arms, my angel.

Young L. I hope you are in no frightful shape.

Mar. I am in the shape of that very good man thy confessor, honest father Martin. Let me embrace thee, my love—my charmer.

Young L. Bless me! what do you mean?

Mar. The words even of a spirit cannot tell you what I mean. Lead me to thy bed, there shalt thou know my meaning—there will we repeat those pleasures which this day I gave thee in another shape. Tread softly, my dearest, sweetest! This night shall make thee mother to a pope.

[LAROON leads him out MARTIN.]

SCENE XIII.—*Another apartment.*—OLD LAROON, JOURDAIN, ISABEL, a Priest, YOUNG LAROON, MARTIN, BEATRICE.

Mar. Whither will you pull me?

Young L. Villain, I'll show thee whither.

Mar. Ha!

Young L. Down on thy knees! confess thyself the worst of villains, or I'll drive this dagger to thy heart.

Priest. He needs not confess; our ears are sufficient witnesses against him.

Old L. Huzza! huzza! the priest is caught! the priest is caught!

Jour. I am thunderstruck with amazement.

Old L. How durst thou attempt to debauch my son, you black rascal? I have a great mind to make an example of you for attempting to dishonour my family.

Priest. You shall be made a severe example of for having dishonoured your order.

Mar. I shall find another time to answer you.

Old L. Hold, sir—hold. I have too much charity not to cleanse you, as much as possible, from your pollution. So, who's there? [Enter Servants. Here, take this worthy gentleman, and wash him a little in a horse-pond, then toss him dry in a blanket.

1 Serv. We will wash him, with a vengeance.

All. Ay, ay, we'll wash him.

Mar. You may repent this, Mr. Laroon.

SCENE the last.—OLD LAROON, YOUNG LAROON, JOURDAIN, PRIEST, ISABEL, BEATRICE.

Priest. Though he deserves the worst, yet consider his order, Mr. Laroon.

Old Lar. Sir, he shall undergo the punishment, though I suffer the like afterwards. Well, master Jourdain, I hope you are now convinced that you may marry your daughter without going to purgatory for it.

Jourd. I hope you will pardon what is past, my good neighbour. And you, young gentleman, will, I hope, do the same. If my girl can make you any amends, I give you her for ever.

Young L. Amends! Oh! she would make me

large amends for twenty thousand times my sufferings.

Isa. Tell me so hereafter, my dear lover. "A woman may make a man amends for his sufferings before marriage; but can she make him amends for what he suffers after it?"

"*Young L.* Oh! think not that can ever be my fate with you.

"*Old L.* Pox o' your raptures! If you don't make her suffer before to-morrow morning thou art no son of mine; and if she does not make you suffer within this twelvemonth, blood! she is no woman. Come, honest neighbour, I hope thou hast discovered thy own folly and the priest's roguery together, and thou wilt return and be one of us again.

"*Jour.* Mr. Laroon, if I have erred on one side, you have erred as widely on the other. Let me tell you, a reflection on the sins of your youth would not be unwholesome.

"*Old L.* 'Sblood, sir! but it would. Reflection is the most unwholesome thing in the world. Besides, sir, I have no sins to reflect on but those of an honest fellow. If I have loved a whore at five-and-twenty, and a bottle at forty, why I have

done as much good as I could in my generation; and that, I hope, will make amends."

Isa. Well, my dear Beatrice, and are you positively bent on a nunnery still?

Bea. Hum! I suppose you will laugh at me if I should change my resolution; but I have seen so much of a priest to-day, that I really believe I shall spend my life in the company of a layman.

Old L. Why, that is bravely said, madam!—'Sbud! I like you, and if I had not resolved, for the sake of this rascal here, never to marry again, 'Sbud! I might take you into my arms, and I can tell you they are as warm as any young fellow's in Europe. Come, master Jourdain, this night you and I will crack a bottle together, and to-morrow morning we will employ this honest gentleman here to tack our son and daughter together, and then I don't care if I never see a priest again as long as I live.

Isa. [to *Young L.*] Well, sir, you see we have got the better of all difficulties at last. The fears of a lover are very unreasonable when he is once assured of the sincerity of his mistress.

For when a woman sets herself about it,

Nor priest nor devil can make her go without it.

THE MISER;

A COMEDY. TAKEN FROM PLAUTUS AND MOLIERE. AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN

DRURY-LANE, 1732.

Servorum ventres modio castigat iniquo,
Ipse quoque esuriens: neque enim omnia sustinet unquam
Mucida cœrulei panis consumere frusta,
Hesternum solitus medio servare minutal
Septembri; nec non differre in tempora cœnæ
Alterius, conchem æstivi cum parte lacerti

Signatam, vel dimidio putrique siluro,
Filâque sectivi numerata includere porri.
Invitatus ad hæc aliquis de ponte negabit.
Sed quò divitias hæc per tormenta coactas;
Cum furor haud dubius, cum sit manifesta phrenesis,
Ut locuples moriaris, egenti vivere fato?—Juv.

TO HIS GRACE CHARLES DUKE OF RICHMOND AND LENOX.

MY LORD,

As there is scarce any vanity more general than that of desiring to be thought well received by the great, pardon me if I take the first opportunity of boasting the countenance I have met with from one who is an honour to the high rank in which he is born. The Muses, my lord, stand in need of such protectors; nor do I know under whose protection I can so properly introduce Molière as that of your grace, to whom he is as familiar in his own language as in ours.

The pleasure which I may be supposed to receive from an extraordinary success in so difficult an undertaking must be indeed complete by your approbation. The perfect knowledge which your grace is known to have of the manners, habits, and taste of that nation whence this play was derived, makes you the properest judge wherein I have judiciously kept up to, or departed from, the original. The theatre hath declared loudly in favour of the *Miser*; and you, my lord, are to decide what share the translator merits in the applause.

I shall not grow tedious by entering into the usual style of dedications, for my pen cannot accompany my heart when I speak of your grace; and I am now writing to the only person living to whom such a panegyric would be displeasing. Therefore I shall beg leave to conclude with the highest on myself, by affirming that it is my greatest ambition to be thought, my lord, your grace's most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

PROLOGUE. WRITTEN BY A FRIEND, SPOKEN BY MR. BRIDGEWATER.

Too long the slighted Comic Muse has mourn'd,
Her face quite a'ter'd, and her heart o'erturn'd;
That force of nature now no more she sees
With which so well her Jonson knew to please.
No characters from nature now we trace;
All serve to empty books of commonplace:
Our modern bards, who to assemblies stray,
Frequent the park, the visit, or the play,
Regard not what fools do, but what wits say. }
Just they retail each quibble to the town,
That surely must admire what is its own.
Thus, without characters from nature got,
Without a moral, and without a plot,
A dull collection of insipid jokes,
Some stole from conversation, some from books,
Provided lords and ladies gave 'em vent,
We call high comedy, and seem content.

But to regale with other sort of fare,
To-night our author treats you with Molière.
Molière, who nature's inmost secrets knew;
Whose justest pen, like Kneller's pencil, drew;
In whose strong scenes all characters are shown,
Not by low jests, but actions of their own.
Happy our English bard if your applause
Grant h'as not injur'd the French author's cause.
From that alone arises all his fear;
He must be safe, if he has saved Molière.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. — *Lovegold*, the miser, MR. GRIFFIN; *Frederick*, his son, MR. BRIDGEWATER; *Clermont*, MR. MILLS, jun.; *Ramilie*, servant to Frederick, MR. CIBBER, jun.; *Mr. Decoy*, a broker, MR. OATES; *Mr. Furnish*, an upholsterer, MR. FIELDING; *Mr. Sparkle*, a jeweller, MR. BERRY; *Mr. Sattin*, a mercer, MR. GREY; *Mr. List*, a tailor, MR. OATES; *Charles Bubbleboy*, MR. MULLART; a lawyer, MR. MULLART; *Harriet*, daughter to *Lovegold*, MRS. BUTLER; *Mrs. Wisely*, MRS. GRACE; *Mariana*, MRS. HORTON; *Lappet*, maid to *Harriet*, MRS. RAFTOR; *Whoodle*, maid to *Mariana*, MRS. MULLART.—Servants, &c.—SCENE, LONDON.

ACT I.—SCENE I.—*LOVEGOLD'S house*.—LAPPET, RAMILIE.

Lap. I'll hear no more. Perfidious fellow! Have I for thee slighted so many good matches? Have I for thee turned off sir Oliver's steward, and my lord Landy's butler, and several others, thy betters, and all to be affronted in so public a manner?

Ram. Do but hear me, madam.

Lap. If thou would'st have neglected me, was there nobody else to dance a minuet with but Mrs. Susan Cross-stich, whom you know to be my utter aversion?

Ram. Curse on all balls! henceforth I shall hate the sound of a violin.

Lap. I have more reason, I am sure, after having been the jest of the whole company: what must they think of me when they see you, after I have

countenanced your addresses in the eye of the world, take out another lady before me?

Ram. I'm sure the world must think worse of me, did they imagine, madam, I could prefer any other to you.

Lap. None of your wheedling, sir; that won't do. If you ever hope to speak to me more, let me see you affront the little minx in the next assembly you meet her.

Ram. I'll do it: and luckily, you know, we are to have a ball at my lord Landy's the first night he lies out of town, where I'll give your revenge ample satisfaction.

Lap. On that condition I pardon you this time; but if ever you do the like again——

Ram. May I be banished for ever from those dear eyes, and be turned out of the family while you live in it!

SCENE II.—LAPPET, WHEEDLE, RAMILIE.

Whe. Dear Mrs. Lappet!

Lap. My dear, this is extremely kind.

Whe. It is what all your acquaintance must do that expect to see you. It is in vain to hope for the favour of a visit.

Lap. Nay, dear creature, now you are barbarous; my young lady has staid at home so much, I have not had one moment to myself; the first time I had gone out, I am sure, madam, would have been to wait on Mrs. Wheedle.

Whe. My lady has staid at home too pretty much lately. Oh! Mr. Ramilie, are you confined too? your master does not stay at home, I am sure; he can find the way to our house though you can't.

Ram. That is the only happiness, madam, I envy him; but, faith! I don't how it is in this parliament time, one's whole days are so taken up in the court of request, and one's evenings at quadrille, the deuce take me if I have seen one opera since I came to town. Oh! now I mention operas, if you have a mind to see Cato, I believe I can steal my master's silver ticket; for I know he is engaged to-morrow with some gentlemen who never leave their bottle for music.

Lap. Ah, the savages!

Whe. No one can say that of you, Mr. Ramilie; you prefer music to everything——

Ram.——But the ladies. [*Bell rings.*] So, there 's my summons.

Lap. Well, but shall we never have a party of quadrille more?

Whe. O, don't name it. I have worked my eyes out since I saw you; for my lady has taken a whim of flourishing all her old cambric pinnars and handkerchiefs; in short, my dear, no journeywoman sempstress is half so much a slave as I am.

Lap. Why do you stay with her?

Whe. La, child, where can one better oneself? all the ladies of our acquaintance are just the same. Besides, there are some little things that make amends; my lady has a whole train of admirers.

Ram. That, madam, is the only circumstance wherein she has the honour of resembling you. [*Bell rings louder.*] You hear, madam, I am obliged to leave you. [*Bell rings.*] So, so, so: would the bell were in your guts!

SCENE III.—LAPPET, WHEEDLE.

Lap. Oh! Wheedle! I am quite sick of this family; the old gentleman grows more covetous every day he lives. Every thing is under lock and key: I can scarce ask you to eat or drink.

Whe. Thank you, my dear; but I have drank half a dozen dishes of chocolate already this morning.

Lap. Well; but, my dear, I have a whole budget

of news to tell you. I have made some notable discoveries.

Whe. Pray let us hear them. I have some secrets of our family too, which you shall know by and by. What a pleasure there is in having a friend to tell these things to!

Lap. You know, my dear, last summer my young lady had the misfortune to be overset in a boat between Richmond and Twickenham, and that a certain young gentleman, plunging immediately into the water, saved her life at the hazard of his own. Oh! I shall never forget the figure she made at her return home, so wet, so draggled——ha, ha, ha!

Whe. Yes, my dear, I know how all your fine ladies look when they are never so little disordered—they have no need to be so vain of themselves.

Lap. You are no stranger to my master's way of rewarding people. When the poor gentleman brought miss home, my master meets them at the door, and, without asking any question, very civilly shuts it against him. Well, for a whole fortnight afterwards I was continually entertained with the young spark's bravery, and gallantry, and generosity, and beauty.

Whe. I can easily guess; I suppose she was rather warmed than cooled by the water. These mistresses of ours, for all their pride, are made of just the same flesh and blood as we are.

Lap. About a month ago my young lady goes to the play in an undress, and takes me with her. We sat in Burton's box, where, as the devil would have it, whom should we meet with but this very gentleman! her blushes soon discovered to me who he was; in short, the gentleman entertained her the whole play, and I much mistake if ever she was so agreeably entertained in her life. Well, as we were going out, a rude fellow thrusts his hand into my lady's bosom; upon which her champion fell upon him, and did so maul him!——My lady fainted away in my arms; but as soon as she came to herself——had you seen how she looked on him! Ah! sir, says she, in a mighty pretty tone, sure you were born for my deliverance: he handed her into a hackney-coach, and set us down at home. From this moment letters began to fly on both sides.

Whe. And you took care to see the post paid, I hope?

Lap. Never fear that.—And now what do you think we have contrived among us? We have got this very gentleman into the house in the quality of my master's clerk!

Whe. So! here's fine billing and cooing, I warrant; miss is in a fine condition.

Lap. Her condition is pretty much as it was yet. How long it will continue so I know not. I am making up my matters as fast as I can; for this house holds not me after the discovery.

Whe. I think you have no great reason to lament the loss of a place where the master keeps his own keys.

Lap. The devil take the first inventor of locks, say I! but come, my dear, there is one key which I keep, and that, I believe, will furnish us with some sweetmeats; so, if you will walk in with me, I'll tell you a secret which concerns your family. It is in your power, perhaps, to be serviceable to me; I hope, my dear, you will keep these secrets safe; for one would not have it known that one publishes all the affairs of a family, while one stays in it. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A garden. CLERMONT, HARRIET.

Cler. Why are you melancholy, my dear Harriet? do you repent that promise of yours which has made me the happiest of mankind?

Har. You little know my heart if you can think it capable of repenting anything I have done towards your happiness; if I am melancholy, it is that I have it not in my power to make you as happy as I would.

Cler. Thou art too bounteous. Every tender word from those dear lips lays obligations on me I never can repay; but if to love, to dote on you more than life itself, to watch your eyes that I may obey your wishes before you speak them, can discharge me from any part of that vast debt I owe you, I will be punctual in the payment.

Har. It were ungenerous in me to doubt you; and when I think what you have done for me, believe me, I must think the balance on your side.

Cler. Generous creature! and dost thou not for me hazard the eternal anger of your father, the reproaches of your family, the censures of the world, who always blame the conduct of the person who sacrifices interest to any consideration?

Har. As for the censures of the world, I despise them while I do not deserve them: folly is forwarder to censure wisdom than wisdom folly. I were weak indeed not to embrace real happiness, because the world does not call it so.

Cler. But see, my dearest, your brother is come into the garden.

Har. Is it not safe, think you, to let him into our secret?

Cler. You know, by outwardly humouring your father, in railing against the extravagance of young men, I have brought him to look on me as his enemy: it will be first proper to set him right in that point. Besides, in managing the old gentleman, I shall still be obliged to a behaviour which the impatience of his temper may not bear; therefore I think it not advisable to trust him, at least yet—he will observe us. Adieu, my heart's only joy!

Har. Honest creature! what happiness may I propose in a life with such a husband! what is there in grandeur to recompense the loss of him? Parents choose as often ill for us as we for ourselves. They are too apt to forget how seldom true happiness lives in a palace, or rides in a coach and six.

SCENE V.—FREDERICK, HARRIET.

Fred. Dear Harriet, good-morrow; I am glad to find you alone, for I have an affair to impart to you that I am ready to burst with.

Har. You know, brother, I am a trusty confidant.

Fred. As ever wore petticoats; but this is an affair of such consequence—

Har. Or it were not worth your telling me.

Fred. Nor your telling again: in short, you never could discover it; I could afford you ten years to guess it in. I am—you will laugh immoderately when you know it. I am—it is impossible to tell you. In a word—I am in love.

Har. In love!

Fred. Violently, to distraction! so much in love, that, without more hopes than I at present see any possibility of obtaining, I cannot live three days.

Har. And has this violent distemper, pray, come upon you of a sudden?

Fred. No, I have bred it a long time. It hath been growing these several weeks. I stifled it as long as I could; but it is now come to a crisis, and I must either have the woman, or you will have no brother.

Har. But who is this woman? for you have concealed it so well that I can't even guess.

Fred. In the first place, she is a most intolerable coquette.

Har. That is a description I shall never find her

out by. There are so many of her sisters, you might as well tell me the colour of her complexion.

Fred. Secondly, she is almost eternally at cards.

Har. You must come to particulars. I shall never discover your mistress till you tell me more than that she is a woman and lives in this town.

Fred. Her fortune is very small.

Har. I find you are enumerating her charms.

Fred. Oh! I have only shown you the reverse; but were you to behold the medal on the right side, you would see beauty, wit, genteelness, politeness—in a word, you would see Mariana.

Har. Mariana! ha, ha, ha! you have started a wild-goose chase, indeed! But, if you could ever prevail on her, you may depend on it, it is an arrant impossibility to prevail on my father, and you may easily imagine what success a disinherited son may likely expect with a woman of her temper.

Fred. I know 'tis difficult, but nothing's impossible to love, at least nothing's impossible to woman; and therefore, if you and the ingenious Mrs. Lappet will but lay your heads together in my favour, I shall be far from despairing; and in return, sister, for this kindness—

Har. And in return, brother, for this kindness, you may perhaps have it in your power to do me a favour of pretty much the same nature.

Love. [without.] Rogue! villain!

Har. So! what's the matter now? what can have thrown my father into this passion?

Fred. The loss of an old slipper, I suppose, or something of equal consequence. Let us step aside into the next walk, and talk more of our affairs.

SCENE VI.—LOVEGOLD, RAMILIE.

Love. Answer me not, sirrah; but get you out of my house.

Ram. Sir, I am your son's servant, and not yours, sir; and I won't go out of the house, sir, unless I am turned out by my proper master, sir.

Love. Sirrah, I'll turn your master out after you, like an extravagant rascal as he is; he has no need of a servant while he is in my house; and here he dresses out a fellow at more expense than a prudent man might clothe a large family at: it's plain enough what use he keeps you for; but I will have no spy upon my affairs, no rascal continually prying into all my actions, devouring all I have, and hunting about in every corner to see what he may steal.

Ram. Steal! a likely thing, indeed, to steal from a man who locks up everything he has, and stands sentry upon it day and night.

Love. I'm all over in a sweat lest this fellow should suspect something of my money. [Aside.]—Harkee, rascal, come hither; I would advise you not to run about the town and tell everybody you meet that I have money hid.

Ram. Why, have you any money hid, sir?

Love. No, sirrah, I don't say I have; but you may raise such a report, nevertheless.

Ram. 'Tis equal to me whether you have money hid or no, since I cannot find it.

Love. D'ye mutter, sirrah? Get you out of my house, I say, get you out this instant.

Ram. Well, sir, I am going.

Love. Come back; let me desire you to carry nothing away with you.

Ram. What should I carry?

Love. That's what I would see. These boot-sleeves were certainly intended to be the receivers of stolen goods, and I wish the tailor had been hanged who invented them. Turn your pockets inside out, if you please; but you are too practised a rogue to put anything there. These damned bags have had many a good thing in them, I warrant you.

Ram. Give me my bag, sir; I am in the most danger of being robbed. [thou hast taken from me.]

Love. Come, come, be honest, and return what

Ram. Ay, sir, that I could do with all my heart, for I have taken nothing from you but some boxes on the ear.

Love. And hast thou really stolen nothing?

Ram. No really, sir. [and go to the devil.]

Love. Then get out of my house while 'tis all well,

Ram. Ay, anywhere from such an old covetous curmudgeon.

Love. So, there's one plague gone; now I will go pay a visit to my dear casket.

SCENE VII.—LOVEGOLD, FREDERICK, HARRIET.

Love. In short, I must find some safer place to deposit those three thousand guineas in which I received yesterday: three thousand guineas are a sum—O Heavens! I have betrayed myself! my passion has transported me to talk aloud, and I have been overheard. How now! What's the matter?

Fred. The matter, sir?

Love. Yes, the matter, sir; I suppose you can repeat more of my words than these; I suppose you have overheard—

Fred. What, sir?

Love. That—

Fred. Sir!

Love. What I was just now saying.

Har. Pardon me, sir, we really did not.

Love. Well, I see you did overhear something, and so I will tell you the whole: I was saying to myself, in this great scarcity of money, what a happiness it would be to have three thousand guineas by one; I tell you this that you might not misunderstand me, and imagine that I said I had three thousand guineas!

Fred. We enter not into your affairs, sir.

Love. Ah! would I had those three thousand

Fred. In my opinion— [guineas!]

Love. It would make my affairs extremely easy.

Fred. Then it is very easily in your power to raise them, sir; that the whole world knows.

Love. I raise them! I raise three thousand guineas easily! My children are my greatest enemies, and will, by their way of talking, and by the extravagant expenses they run into, be the occasion that, one of these days, somebody will cut my throat, imagining me to be made up of nothing but guineas.

Fred. What expense, sir, do I run into?

Love. How! have you the assurance to ask me that, sir? when, if one was but to pick those fine feathers of yours off, from head to foot, one might purchase a very comfortable annuity out of them: a fellow here, with a very good fortune upon his back, wonders that he is called extravagant. In short, sir, you must rob me to appear in this manner.

Fred. How, sir! rob you? [extravagance?]

Love. Ay, rob me; or how could you support this

Fred. Alas, sir! there are fifty young fellows of my acquaintance that support greater extravagancies, and no one knows how. Ah, sir, there are ten thousand pretty ways of living in this town without robbing one's father.

Love. What necessity is there for all that lace on your coat? and all bought at the first hand too, I warrant you. If you will be fine, is there not such a place as Monmouth-street in this town, where a man may buy a suit for the third part of the sum which his tailor demands? And then, periwigs! what need has a man of periwigs when he may wear his own hair? I dare swear a good perwig can't cost less than fifteen or twenty shillings. Hey-

day! what, are they making signs to one another which shall pick my pocket?

Har. My brother and I, sir, are disputing which shall speak to you first, for we have both an affair of consequence to mention to you.

Love. And I have an affair of consequence to mention to you both. Pray, son, you who are a fine gentleman, and converse much among the ladies, what think you of a certain young lady

Fred. Mariana, sir! [called Mariana?]

Love. Ay, what do you think of her?

Fred. Think of her, sir! [do you think of her?]

Love. Why do you repeat my words? Ay, what

Fred. Why, I think her the most charming woman in the world.

Love. Would she not be a desirable match?

Fred. So desirable that, in my opinion, her husband will be the happiest of mankind. [housewife?]

Love. Does she not promise to make a good

Fred. Oh! the best housewife upon earth.

Love. Might not a husband, think ye, live very easy and happy with her?

Fred. Doubtless, sir.

Love. There is one thing I'm a little afraid of; that is, that she has not quite as much fortune as one might fairly expect.

Fred. Oh, sir! consider her merit, and you may easily make an abatement in her fortune: for Heaven's sake, sir, don't let that prevent your design. Fortune is nothing in comparison with her beauty and merit.

Love. Pardon me there; however, there may be some matters found, perhaps, to make up some little deficiency; and if you would, to oblige your father, retrench your extravagancies on this occasion, perhaps the difference, in some time, might be made up.

Fred. My dearest father, I'll bid adieu to all extravagance for ever.

Love. Thou art a dutiful, good boy; and, since I find you have the same sentiments with me, provided she can but make out a pretty tolerable fortune, I am even resolved to marry her.

Fred. Ha! you resolved to marry Mariana?

Love. Ay, to marry Mariana.

Har. Who, you, you, you?

Love. Yes, I, I, I.

Fred. I beg you will pardon me, sir; a sudden dizziness has seized me, and I must beg leave to retire.

SCENE VIII.—LOVEGOLD, HARRIET.

Love. This, daughter, is what I have resolved for myself; as for your brother, I have a certain widow in my eye for him; and you, my dear, shall marry our good neighbour, Mr. Spindle.

Har. I marry Mr. Spindle!

Love. Yes; he is a prudent, wise man, not much above fifty, and has a great fortune in the funds.

Har. I thank you, my dear papa, but I had rather not marry, if you please. [Curtsying.]

Love. [Mimicking her curtsy.] I thank you, my good daughter, but I had rather you should marry

Har. Pardon me, dear sir. [him, if you please.]

Love. Pardon me, dear madam. [to it.]

Har. Not all the fathers on earth shall force me

Love. Did ever mortal hear a girl talk in this manner to her father?

Har. Did ever father attempt to marry his daughter after such a manner? In short, sir, I have ever been obedient to you; but, as this affair concerns my happiness only, and not yours, I hope you will give me leave to consult my own inclination.

Love. I would not have you provoke me; I am resolved upon the match.

SCENE IX.—LOVEGOLD, CLERMONT, HARRIET.

Cler. Some people, sir, upon justice-business, desire to speak with your worship.

Love. I can attend to no business, this girl has so perplexed me. Hussy, you shall marry as I would have you, or—

Cler. Forgive my interposing; dear sir, what's the matter? Madam, let me entreat you not to put your father into a passion.

Love. Clermont, you are a prudent young fellow. Here's a baggage of a daughter, who refuses the most advantageous match that ever was offered, both to her and to me. A man of a vast estate offers to take her without a portion.

Cler. Without a portion! Consider, dear madam; can you refuse a gentleman who offers to take you without a portion?

Love. Ay, consider what that saves your father.

Har. Yes, but I consider what I am to suffer.

Cler. That's true, indeed; you will think on that, sir. Though money be the first thing to be considered in all affairs of life, yet some little regard should be had in this case to inclination.

Love. Without a portion.

Cler. You are in the right, sir; that decides the thing at once; and yet I know there are people who, on this occasion, object against a disparity of age and temper, which too often make the married state utterly miserable.

Love. Without a portion.

Cler. Ah! there is no answering that. Who can oppose such a reason as that? And yet there are several parents who study the inclinations of their children more than any other thing, that would by no means sacrifice them to interest, and who esteem, as the very first article of marriage, that happy union of affections which is the foundation of every blessing attending on a married state, and who—

Love. Without a portion.

Cler. Very true; that stops your mouth at once. Without a portion! Where is the person who can find an argument against that?

Love. Ha! is not that the barking of a dog? Some villains are in search of my money. Don't stir from hence; I'll return in an instant.

Cler. My dearest Harriet, how shall I express the agony I am in on your account?

Har. Be not too much alarmed, since you may depend on my resolution. It may be in the power of fortune to delay our happiness, but no power shall force me to destroy your hopes by any other match.

Cler. Thou kindest, lovely creature.

Love. Thank Heaven, it was nothing but my fear.

Cler. Yes, a daughter must obey her father; she is not to consider the shape, or the air, or the age of a husband; but when a man offers to take her without a portion, she is to have him, let him be what he will.

Love. Admirably well said, indeed.

Cler. Madam, I ask your pardon if my love for yourself and your family carries me a little too far. Be under no concern, I dare swear I shall bring her to it. [To LOVEGOLD.]

Love. Do, do; I'll go in and see what these people want with me. Give her a little more now, while she's warm; you will be time enough to draw the warrant.

Cler. When a lover offers, madam, to take a daughter without a portion, one should inquire no farther; everything is contained in that one article; and "without a portion," supplies the want of beauty, youth, family, wisdom, honour, and honesty.

Love. Gloriously said! spoke like an oracle. [Exit.]

Cler. So, once more we are alone together. Be-

lieve me, this is a most painful hypocrisy; it tortures me to oppose your opinion, though I am not in earnest, nor suspected by you of being so. Oh, Harriet! how is the noble passion of love abused by vulgar souls, who are incapable of tasting its delicacies! When love is great as mine,

None can its pleasures, or its pains declare;

We can but feel how exquisite they are. [Exit.]

ACT II.—SCENE I.—FREDERICK, RAMILIE.

Fred. What is the reason, sirrah, you have been out of the way when I gave you orders to stay here?

Ram. Yes, sir, and here did I stay, according to your orders, till your good father turned me out; and it is, sir, at the extreme hazard of a cudgel that I return back again.

Fred. Well, sir, and what answer have you brought touching the money?

Ram. Ah, sir! it is a terrible thing to borrow money; a man must have dealt with the devil to deal with a scrivener.

Fred. Then it won't do, I suppose.

Ram. Pardon me, sir, Mr. Decoy, the broker, is a most industrious person; he says he has done everything in his power to serve you, for he has taken a particular fancy to your honour. [I?]

Fred. So then, I shall have the five hundred, shall

Ram. Yes, sir; but there are some trifling conditions which your honour must submit to before the affair can be finished.

Fred. Did he bring you to the speech of the person that is to lend the money?

Ram. Ah, sir! things are not managed in that manner; he takes more care to conceal himself than you do; there are greater mysteries in these matters than you imagine: why, he would not so much as tell me the lender's name; and he is to bring him to-day to talk with you in some third person's house, to learn from your own mouth the particulars of your estate and family. I dare swear the very name of your father will make all things easy.

Fred. Chiefly the death of my mother, whose jointure no one can hinder me of.

Ram. Here, sir, I have brought the articles; Mr. Decoy told me he took them from the mouth of the person himself. Your honour will find them extremely reasonable; the broker was forced to stickle hard to get such good ones. In the first place, the lender is to see all his securities; and the borrower must be of age, and heir apparent to a large estate, without flaw in the title, and entirely free from all incumbrance; and, that the lender may run as little risk as possible, the borrower must insure his life for the sum lent; if he be an officer in the army, he is to make over his whole pay for the payment of both principal and interest, which, that the lender may not burthen his conscience with any scruples, is to be no more than 30 per cent.

Fred. Oh, the conscientious rascal!

Ram. But, as the said lender has not by him at present the sum demanded, and that to oblige the borrower he is himself forced to borrow of another at the rate of 4 per cent., he thinks it but reasonable that the first borrower, over and above the 30 per cent. aforesaid, shall also pay this 4 per cent., since it is for his service only that the sum is borrowed.

Fred. Oh the devil! what a Jew is here!

Ram. You know, sir, what you have to do—he can't oblige you to these terms.

Fred. Nor can I oblige him to lend me the money without them; and you know that I must have it, let the conditions be what they will.

Ram. Ay, sir, why that was what I told him.

Fred. Did you so, rascal? No wonder he insists

on such conditions if you laid open my necessities to him.

Ram. Alas! sir, I only told it to the broker, who is your friend, and has your interest very much at heart. [reasonable articles?

Fred. Well; is this all, or are there any more

Ram. Of the five hundred pounds required, the lender can pay down in cash no more than four hundred; and for the rest, the borrower must take in goods, of which here follows the catalogue.

Fred. What, in the devil's name, is the meaning of all this?

Ram. *Imprimis*, One large yellow camblet bed, lined with satin, very little eaten by the moths, and wanting only one curtain. Six stuffed chairs of the same, a little torn, and the frames worm-eaten, otherwise not in the least the worse for wearing. One large pier-glass, with only one crack in the middle. One suit of tapestry hangings, in which are curiously wrought the loves of Mars and Venus, Venus and Adonis, Cupid and Psyche, with many other amorous stories, which make the hangings very proper for a bedchamber.

Fred. What the devil is here?

Ram. *Item*, One suit of drugget, with silver buttons, the buttons only the worse for wearing. *Item*, Two muskets, one of which only wants the lock. One large silver watch, with 'Tompion's name to it. One snuff-box, with a picture in it, bought at Mr. Deard's; a proper present for a mistress. Five pictures without frames; if not originals, all copies by good hands; and one fine frame without a picture.

Fred. Oons! what use have I for all this?

Ram. Several valuable books; amongst which are all the journals printed for these five years last past, handsomely bound and lettered.—The whole works in divinity of——

Fred. Read no more: confound the cursed extortioner! I shall pay 100 per cent.

Ram. Ah, sir! I wish your honour would consider of it in time.

Fred. I must have money. To what straits are we reduced by the cursed avarice of fathers! Well may we wish them dead, when their death is the only introduction to our living.

Ram. Such a father as yours, sir, is enough to make one do something more than wish him dead. For my part, I have never had any inclination towards hanging; and, I thank Heaven, I have lived to see whole sets of my companions swing out of the world, while I have had address enough to quit all manner of gallantries the moment I smelt the halter; I have always had an utter aversion to the smell of hemp; but this rogue of a father of yours, sir—sir, I ask your pardon—has so provoked me, that I have often wished to rob him, and rob him I shall in the end, that's certain.

Fred. Give me that paper, that I may consider a little these moderate articles.

SCENE II.—LOVEGOLD, DECOY, RAMILIE, FREDERICK.

Dec. In short, sir, he is a very extravagant young fellow, and so pressed by his necessities, that you may bring him to what terms you please.

Love. But do you think, Mr. Decoy, there is no danger? Do you know the name, the family, and the estate of the borrower?

Dec. No, I cannot give you any perfect information yet, for it was by the greatest accident in the world that he was recommended to me; but you will learn all these from his own lips; and his man assured me you would make no difficulty, the moment you knew the name of his father. All that I can

tell you is, that his servant says the old gentleman is extremely rich; he called him a covetous old rascal.

Love. Ay, that is the name which these spend-thrifts, and the rogues their servants, give to all honest prudent men who know the world and the value of their money.

Dec. This young gentleman is an only son, and is so little afraid of any future competitors, that he offers to be bound, if you insist on it, that his father shall die within these eight months.

Love. Ay, there's something in that; I believe then I shall let him have the money. Charity, Mr. Decoy, charity obliges us to serve our neighbour, I say, when we are no losers by so doing.

Dec. Very true indeed.

Ram. Heyday! what can be the meaning of this? our broker talking with the old gentleman!

Dec. So, gentlemen! I see you are in great haste: but who told you, pray, that this was the lender? I assure you, sir, I neither discovered your name nor your house: but, however, there is no great harm done; they are people of discretion, so you may freely transact the affair now.

Love. How!

Dec. This, sir, is the gentleman that wants to borrow the five hundred pounds I mentioned to you.

Love. How! rascal, is it you that abandon yourself to these intolerable extravagancies?

Fred. I must even stand buff, and outface him.

[*Aside.*] And is it you, father, that disgrace yourself by these scandalous extortions?

[RAMILIE and DECOY sneak off.]

Love. Is it you that would ruin yourself by taking up money at such interest?

Fred. Is it you that would enrich yourself by lending at such interest? [face?

Love. How dare you after this appear before my

Fred. How dare you after this appear before the face of the world? [of my sight.

Love. Get you out of my sight, villain; get out

Fred. Sir, I go; but give me leave to say——

Love. I'll not hear a word. I'll prevent your attempting any thing of this nature for the future. Get out of my sight, villain. I am not sorry for this accident; it will make me henceforth keep a strict eye over his actions. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—An apartment in LOVEGOLD's house. HARRIET, MARIANA.

Mar. Nay, Harriet, you must excuse me; for of all people upon earth you are my greatest favourite: but I have had such an intolerable cold, child, that it is a miracle I have recovered; for, my dear, would you think it? I have had no less than three doctors.

Har. Nay, then it is a miracle you recovered indeed!

Mar. O! child, doctors will never do me any harm; I never take anything they prescribe: I don't know how it is, when one's ill one can't help sending for them; and you know, my dear, my mamma loves physic better than she does anything but cards.

Har. Were I to take as much of cards as you do, I don't know which I should nauseate most.

Mar. Oh! child, you are quite a tramontane; I must bring you to like dear spadille. I protest, Harriet, if you'd take my advice in some things, you would be the most agreeable creature in the world.

Har. Nay, my dear, I am in a fair way of being obliged to obey your commands.

Mar. That would be the happiest thing in the world for you; and I dare swear you would like

them extremely, for they would be exactly opposite to every command of your father's.

Har. By that, now, one would think you were married already.

Mar. Married, my dear!

Har. Oh, I can tell you of such a conquest: you will have such a lover within these four-and-twenty hours.

Mar. I am glad you have given me timely notice of it, that I may turn off somebody to make room for him; but I believe I have listed him already. Oh, Harriet! I have been so plagued, so pestered, so fatigued, since I saw you with that dear creature, your brother—In short, child, he has made arrant downright love to me; if my heart had not been harder than adamant itself, I had been your sister by this time.

Har. And if your heart be not harder than adamant, you will be in a fair way of being my mother shortly, for my good father has this very day declared such a passion for you——

Mar. Your father!

Har. Ay, my dear. What say you to a comely old gentleman, of not much above threescore, that loves you so violently? I dare swear he will be constant to you all his days.

Mar. Ha! ha! ha! I shall die. Ha! ha! ha! You extravagant creature! how could you throw away all this jest at once? it would have furnished a prudent person with an annuity of laughter for life. Oh! I am charmed with my conquest; I am quite in love with him already. I never had a lover yet above half his age.

Har. Lappet and I have laid a delightful plot, if you will but come into it, and counterfeit an affection for him.

Mar. Why, child, I have a real affection for him: Oh! methinks I see you on your knees already——Pray, mamma, please to give me your blessing. Oh! I see my loving bridegroom in his threefold night-cap, his flannel shirt; methinks I see him approach me with all the lovely gravity of age; I hear him whisper charming sentences of morality in my ear, more instructive than all my grandmother ever taught me. Oh! I smell him sweeter; oh! sweeter than even hartshorn itself. Ha, ha, ha! See, child, how beautiful a fond imagination can paint a lover! would not any one think now we had been a happy couple together, Heaven knows how long?

Har. Well, you dear mad creature! but do you think you can maintain any of this fondness to his face? for I know some women who speak very fondly of a husband to other people, but never say one civil thing to the man himself.

Mar. Oh! never fear it! one can't indeed bring oneself to be civil to a young lover; but as for those old fellows, I think one may play as harmlessly with them as with one another. Young fellows are perfect bears, and must be kept at a distance; the old ones are mere lapdogs; and, when they have agreeable tricks with them, one is equally fond of both.

Har. Well, but now I hope you will give me leave to speak a word or two seriously in favour of my poor brother.

Mar. Oh! I shall hate you if you are serious. Ah! see what your wicked words have occasioned; I protest you are a conjurer, and certainly deal with the devil.

SCENE IV.—FREDERICK, MARIANA, HARRIET.

Har. Oh, brother! I am glad you are come to plead your own cause; I have been your solicitor in your absence.

Fred. I am afraid, like other clients, I shall plead much worse for myself than my advocate has done.

Mar. Persons who have a bad cause should have very artful counsel.

Fred. When the judge is determined against us all, art will prove of no effect.

Mar. Why then, truly, sir, in so terrible a situation, I think the sooner you give up the cause the better.

Fred. No, madam, I am resolved to persevere; for, when one's whole happiness is already at stake, I see nothing more can be hazarded in the pursuit. It might be, perhaps, a person's interest to give up a cause wherein part of his fortune was concerned; but when the dispute is about the whole, he can never lose by persevering.

Mar. Do you hear him, Harriet? I fancy this brother of yours would have made a most excellent lawyer. I protest, when he is my son-in-law, I'll even send him to the Temple; though he begins a little late, yet diligence may bring him to be a great man.

Fred. I hope, madam, diligence may succeed in love as well as law; sure, Mariana is not a more crabbed study than Coke upon Littleton?

Mar. Oh, the wretch! he has quite suffocated me with his comparison: I must have a little air: dear Harriet, let us walk in the garden.

Fred. I hope, madam, I have your leave to attend you?

Mar. My leave! no, indeed, you have no leave of mine; but if you will follow me, I know no way to hinder you?

Har. Ah, brother, I wish you had no greater enemy in this affair than your mistress.

SCENE V.—RAMILIE, LAPPET.

Lap. This was, indeed, a most unlucky accident; however, I dare lay a wager I shall succeed better with him, and get some of those guineas you would have borrowed.

Ram. I am not, madam, now to learn Mrs. Lappet's dexterity; but if you get anything out of him I shall think you a match for the devil. Sooner than to extract gold from him, I would engage to extract religion from a hypocrite, honesty from a lawyer, health from a physician, sincerity from a courtier, or modesty from a poet. I think, my dear, you have lived long enough in this house to know that gold is a very dear commodity here.

Lap. Ah! but there are some certain services which will squeeze it out of the closest hands; there is one trade, which, I thank Heaven, I am no stranger to, wherein all men are dabblers; and he who will scarce afford himself either meat or clothes, will still pay for the commodities I deal in.

Ram. Your humble servant, madam; I find you don't know our good master yet; there is not a woman in the world, who loves to hear her pretty self talk never so much, but you may easier shut her mouth, than open his hands: as for thanks, praises, and promises, no courtier upon earth is more liberal of them; but for money, the devil a penny: there's nothing so dry as his caresses, and there is no husband who hates the word wife half so much as he does the word give; instead of saying I give you a good-morrow, he always says I lend you a good-morrow.

Lap. Ah! sir, let me alone to drain a man; I have the secret to open his heart, and his purse too.

Ram. I defy you to drain the man we talk of of his money; he loves that more than anything you can procure him in exchange; the very sight of a dun throws him into convulsions; 'tis piercing him

in the only sensible part; 'tis touching his heart, tearing out his vitals, to ask him for a farthing. But here he is, and if you get a shilling out of him I'll marry you without any other fortune.

SCENE VI.—LOVEGOLD, LAPPET.

Love. All's well, hitherto; my dear money is safe. Is it you, Lappet?

Lap. I should rather ask if it be you, sir; why, you look so young and vigorous——

Love. Do I? do I?

Lap. Why, you grow younger and younger every day, sir; you never looked half so young in your life, sir, as you do now. Why, sir, I know fifty young fellows of five-and-twenty that are older than you are.

Love. That may be, that may be, Lappet, considering the lives they lead; and yet I am a good ten years above fifty.

Lap. Well, and what's ten years above fifty? 'tis the very flower of a man's age. Why, sir, you are now in the very prime of your life.

Love. Very true, that's very true, as to understanding; but I am afraid, could I take off twenty years, it would do me no harm with the ladies, Lappet. How goes on our affair with Mariana? Have you mentioned anything about what her mother can give her? For, now-a-days, nobody marries a woman unless she bring something with her besides a petticoat.

Lap. Sir! why, sir, this young lady will be worth to you as good a thousand pounds a-year as ever was told.

Love. How! a thousand pounds a-year!

Lap. Yes, sir: there's in the first place the article of a table; she has a very little stomach, she does not eat above an ounce in a fortnight; and then, as to the quality of what she eats, you'll have no need of a French cook upon her account: as for sweetmeats, she mortally hates them; so there is the article of deserts wiped of all at once. You'll have no need of a confectioner, who would be eternally bringing in bills for preserves, conserves, biscuits, comfits, and jellies, of which half a dozen ladies would swallow you ten pounds' worth at a meal: this, I think, we may very moderately reckon at two hundred pounds a-year at least. *Item,* For clothes, she has been bred up at such a plainness in them, that, should we allow but for three birth-night suits a-year saved, which are the least a town-lady would expect, there go a good two hundred pounds a-year more. For jewels (of which she hates the very sight), the yearly interest of what you must lay out in them would amount to one hundred pounds. Lastly, she has an utter detestation for play, at which I have known several moderate ladies lose a good two thousand pounds a-year: now let us take only the fourth part of that, which amounts to five hundred; to which, if we add two hundred pounds on the table account, two hundred pounds in clothes, and one hundred pounds in jewels, there is, sir, your thousand pounds a-year in hard money.

Love. Ay, ay, these are pretty things, it must be confessed, very pretty things; but there's nothing real in 'em.

Lap. How, sir! is it not something real to bring you in marriage a vast store of sobriety, the inheritance of a great love for simplicity of dress, and a vast acquired fund of hatred for play?

Love. This is downright raillery, Lappet, to make me up a fortune out of the expenses she won't put me to. I assure you, madam, I shall give no acquittance for what I have not received: in short, Lappet, I must touch, touch, touch something real.

Lap. Never fear, you shall touch something real: I have heard them talk of a certain country where she has a very pretty freehold, which shall be put into your hands.

Love. Nay, if it were a copyhold I should be glad to touch it; but there is another thing that disturbs me. You know this girl is young, and young people generally love one another's company: it would ill agree with a person of my temper to keep an assembly for all the young rakes and flaunting girls in town.

Lap. Ah, sir, how little do you know of her! This is another particularity that I had to tell you of: she has a most terrible aversion for all young people, and loves none but persons of your years. I would advise you, above all things, to take care not to appear too young; she insists on sixty at least. She says that fifty-six years are not able to content her.

Love. This humour is a little strange, methinks.

Lap. She carries it farther, sir, than can be imagined; she has in her chamber several pictures; but what do you think they are? None of your smock-faced young fellows, your Adonises, your Cephaluses, your Parises, and your Apollos. No, sir, you see nothing there but your handsome figures of Saturn, king Priam, old Nestor, and good father Anchises upon his son's shoulders.

Love. Admirable! This is more than I could have hoped. To say the truth, had I been a woman, I should never have loved young fellows.

Lap. I believe you. Pretty sort of stuff, indeed, to be in love with your young fellows! Pretty masters, indeed, with their fine complexions and their fine feathers! Now, I should be glad to taste the savour that is in any of them. [rable?]

Love. And do you really think me pretty tolerable?

Lap. Tolerable! you are ravishing! If your picture was drawn by a good hand, sir, it would be invaluable! Turn about a little, if you please: there, what can be more charming? Let me see you walk; there's a person for you—tall, straight, free, and dégagée! Why, sir, you have no fault about you.

Love. Not many; hem, hem! not many, I thank Heaven; only a few rheumatic pains now and then, and a small catarrh that seizes me sometimes.

Lap. Ah, sir, that's nothing; your catarrh sits very well upon you, and you cough with a very good grace. [person?]

Love. But tell me, what does Mariana say of my

Lap. She has a particular pleasure in talking of it; and I assure you, sir, I have not been backward, on all such occasions, to blazon forth your merit, and to make her sensible how advantageous a match you will be to her. [you.]

Love. You did very well, and I am obliged to

Lap. But, sir, I have a small favour to ask of you. I have a law-suit depending which I am on the very brink of losing for want of a little money. [He looks gravely.] And you could easily procure my success, if you had the least friendship for me. You can't imagine, sir, the pleasure she takes in talking of you. [He looks pleased.] Ah! how you will delight her! how your venerable mien will charm her! She will never be able to withstand you. But indeed, sir, this law-suit will be of a terrible consequence to me. [He looks grave again.] I am ruined if I lose it, which a very small matter might prevent. Ah, sir, had you but seen the raptures with which she has heard me talk of you! [He resumes his gaiety.] How pleasure sparkled in her eyes at the recital of your good qualities. In short, to discover a secret to you, which I promised to conceal, I have worked up her imagination till

she is downright impatient of having the match concluded.

Love. Lappet, you have acted a very friendly part; and I own that I have all the obligations in the world to you.

Lap. I beg you would give me this little assistance, sir. [*He looks serious.*] It will set me on my feet, and I shall be eternally obliged to you.

Love. Farewell! I'll go and finish my despatches.

Lap. I assure you, sir, you could never assist me in a greater necessity. [ticular affair.

Love. I must go give some orders about a par-

Lap. I would not importune you, sir, if I was not forced by the last extremity.

Love. I expect the tailor about turning my coat. Don't you think his coat will look well enough turned, and with new buttons, for a wedding-suit?

Lap. For pity's sake, sir, don't refuse me this small favour; I shall be undone, indeed, sir. If it were but so small a matter as ten pounds, sir.

Love. I think I hear the tailor's voice.

Lap. If it were but five pounds, sir; but three pounds, sir; nay, sir, a single guinea would be of service for a day or two. [*As he offers to go out on either side, she intercepts him.*

Love. I must go; I can't stay. Hark there; somebody calls me. I'm very much obliged to you; indeed, I am very much obliged to you.

Lap. Go to the gallows, to the devil, like a covetous good-for-nothing villain, as you are! Ramilie is in the right: however, I shall not quit the affair: for, though I get nothing out of him, I am sure of my reward from the other side.

Fools only to one party will confide;
Good politicians will both parties guide,
And, if one fails, they're feed on t'other side. }

ACT III.—SCENE I.—HARRIET, FREDERICK, CLERMONT.

Fred. I think, sir, you have given my sister a very substantial proof of your affection. I am sorry you could have had such a suspicion of me as to imagine I could have been an enemy to one who has approved himself a gentleman and a lover.

Cler. If anything, sir, could add to my misfortunes, it would be to be thus obliged, without having any prospect of repaying the obligation.

Fred. Every word you speak is a farther conviction to me that you are what you have declared yourself; for there is something in a generous education which it is impossible for persons who want that happiness to counterfeit: therefore, henceforth I beg you to believe me sincerely your friend.

Har. Come, come, pray, a truce with your compliments; for I hear my father's cough coming this way.

SCENE II.—LOVEGOLD, FREDERICK, CLERMONT, HARRIET.

Love. So, so, this is just as I would have it. Let me tell you, children, this is a prudent young man, and you cannot converse too much with him. He will teach you, sir, for all you hold your head so high, better sense than to borrow money at fifty per cent. And you, madam, I dare say he will infuse good things into you too, if you will but hearken to him. [instructor.

Fred. While you live, sir, we shall want no other

Love. Come hither, Harriet. You know to-night I have invited our friend and neighbour Mr. Spindle. Now, I intend to take this opportunity of saving the expense of another entertainment, by inviting Mariana and her mother; for I observe that, take what care one will, there is always more victuals provided

on these occasions than is ate; and an additional guest makes no additional expense.

Cler. Very true, sir; besides, though they were to rise hungry, no one ever calls for more at another person's table.

Love. Right, honest Clermont; and to rise with an appetite is one of the wholesomest things in the world. Harriet, I would have you go immediately and carry the invitation: you may walk thither, and they will bring you back in a coach.

Har. I shall obey you, sir.

Love. Go, that's my good girl. And you, sir, I desire you would behave yourself civilly at supper.

Fred. Why should you suspect me, sir?

Love. I know, sir, with what eyes such sparks as you look upon a mother-in-law; but, if you hope for my forgiveness of your late exploit, I would advise you to behave to her in the most affectionate manner imaginable.

Fred. I cannot promise, sir, to be overjoyed at her being my mother-in-law: but this I will promise you, I will be as civil to her as you could wish. I will behold her with as much affection as you can desire me; that is an article upon which you may be sure of a most punctual obedience.

Love. That, I think, is the least I can expect.

Fred. Sir, you shall have no reason to complain.

SCENE III.—LOVEGOLD, CLERMONT, JAMES.

Jas. Did you send for me, sir?

Love. Where have you been? for I have wanted you above an hour.

Jas. Whom, sir, did you want? your coachman or your cook? for I am both one and t'other.

Love. I want my cook, sir.

Jas. I thought, indeed, it was not your coachman; for you have had no great occasion for him since your last pair of geldings were starved.—But your cook, sir, shall wait on you in an instant.

[*Puts off his coachman's great coat, and appears as a cook.*

Love. What's the meaning of this folly?

Jas. I am ready for your commands, sir.

Love. I am engaged this evening to give a supper.

Jas. A supper, sir! I have not heard the word this half-year. I have, indeed, now and then heard of such a thing as a dinner; but, for a supper, I have not dressed one so long, that I am afraid my hand is out.

Love. Leave off your saucy jesting, sirrah, and see that you provide me a good supper. [of money.

Jas. That may be done, sir, with a good deal

Love. What! is the devil in you? Always money. Can you say nothing else but money, money, money? All my servants, my children, my relations, can pronounce no other word than money.

Cler. I never heard so ridiculous an answer. Here's a miracle for you, indeed, to make a good supper with a good deal of money! Is there anything so easy? Is there any one who can't do it? Would a man show himself to be a good cook, he must make a good supper out of a little money.

Jas. I wish you would be so good, sir, as to show us that art, and take my office of cook upon yourself.

Love. Peace, sirrah, and tell me what we can have.

Jas. There's a gentleman, sir, who can furnish you out a good supper with a little money.

Love. Answer me yourself.

Jas. Why, sir, how many will there be at table?

Love. About eight or ten; but I will have a supper dressed but for eight: for if there be enough for eight, there is enough for ten.

Jas. Suppose, sir, you have at one end of the table a good handsome soup; at the other a fine

Westphalia ham and chickens ; on one side a fillet of veal roasted ; and on the other a turkey, or rather a bustard, which, I believe, may be bought for a guinea, or thereabouts—

Love. What ! is the fellow providing an entertainment for my lord mayor and the court of aldermen ?

Jas. Then, sir, for the second course a leash of pheasants, a leash of fat poulards, half a dozen partridges, one dozen of quails, two dozen of ortolans, three dozen—

Love. [*Putting his hand before JAMES's mouth.*] Ah, villain ! you are eating up all I am worth.

Jas. Then a ragout—

Love. [*Stopping his mouth again.*] Hold your extravagant tongue, sirrah.

Cler. Have you a mind to burst them all ? Has my master invited people to cram them to death ? Or do you think his friends have a mind to eat him up at one supper ? Such servants as you, Mr. James, should be often reminded of that excellent saying of a very wise man, "We must eat to live, and not live to eat."

Love. Excellently well said, indeed ! it is the finest sentence I ever heard in my life. "We must live to eat, and not eat to—" No, that is not it ; how did you say ? [*eat.*]

Cler. That "we must eat to live, and not live to

Love. Extremely fine ; pray, write them out for me : for I'm resolved to have 'em done in letters of gold, or black and white rather, over my hall chimney. [*ple talk enough of you already.*]

Jas. You have no need to do any more, sir ; peo-

Love. Pray, sir, what do people say of me ?

Jas. Ah, sir, if I could but be assured that you would not be angry with me—

Love. Not at all ; so far from it, you will very much oblige me ; for I am always very glad to hear what the world says of me.

Jas. Well, sir, then since you will have it, I will tell you freely that they make a jest of you everywhere ; nay, of your very servants, upon your account. They make ten thousand stories of you : one says that you have always a quarrel ready with your servants at quarter-day, or when they leave you, in order to find an excuse to give them nothing. Another says that you were taken one night stealing your own oats from your own horses ; for which your coachman very handsomely belaboured your back. In a word, sir, one can go nowhere, where you are not the byword ; you are the laughing-stock of all the world, and you are never mentioned but by the names of covetous, scraping, stingy—

Love. Impertinent, impudent rascal ! Beat him for me, Clermont. [*your master this language ?*]

Cler. Are not you ashamed, Mr. James, to give

Jas. What's that to you, sir ? I fancy this fellow's a coward ; if he be, I will handle him.

Cler. It does not become a servant to use such language to his master.

Jas. Who taught you, sir, what becomes ? If you trouble your head with my business, I shall thresh your jacket for you. If I once take a stick in hand, I shall teach you to hold your tongue for the future, I believe. If you offer to say another word to me, I'll break your head for you. [*Drives CLERMONT to the farther end of the stage.*]

Cler. How, rascal ! break my head !

Jas. I did not say I'd break your head.

[*CLERMONT drives him back again.*]

Cler. Do you know, sirrah, that I shall break yours for this impudence ?

Jas. I hope not, sir ! I give you no offence, sir.

Cler. That I shall show you the difference between

Jas. Ha, ha, ha ! sir, I was but in jest. [*us.*]

Cler. Then I shall warn you to forbear these jests for the future. [*Kicks him off the stage.*]

Jas. Nay, sir, can't you take a jest ? Why, I was but in jest all the while.

Love. How happy am I in such a clerk !

Cler. You may leave the ordering of the supper to me, sir ; I will take care of that.

Love. Do so ; see and provide something to cloy their stomachs : let there be too great dishes of soup-meagre, a good large suet-pudding, some dainty fat pork pie or pasty, a fine small breast of mutton, not too fat ; a salad, and a dish of artichokes ; which will make plenty and variety enough.

Cler. I shall take a particular care, sir, to provide everything to your satisfaction.

Love. But be sure there be plenty of soup, be sure of that. This is a most excellent young fellow ; but now I will go and pay a visit to my money.

SCENE IV.—*The street.*—RAMILIE and LAPPET, meeting.

Ram. Well, madam, what success ? Have I been a false prophet, and have you come at the old hunch's purse ? or have I spoke like an oracle, and is he as closefisted as usual ?

Lap. Never was a person of my function so used. All my rhetoric availed nothing : while I was talking to him about the lady he smiled and was pleased, but the moment I mentioned money to him his countenance changed, and he understood not one word that I said. But now, Ramilie, what do you think this affair is that I am transacting ?

Ram. Nay, Mrs. Lappet, now you are putting too severe a task upon me. How is it possible, in the vast variety of affairs which you honour with taking into your hands, that I should be able to guess which is so happy to employ your immediate thoughts ?

Lap. Let me tell you then, sweet sir, that I am transacting an affair between your master's mistress

Ram. What affair, prithee ? [*and his father.*]

Lap. What should it be but the old one, matrimony ? In short, your master and his father are rivals. [*tleman success, with all my heart.*]

Ram. I am glad on't ; and I wish the old gen-

Lap. How ! are you your master's enemy ?

Ram. No, madam, I am so much his friend, that I had rather he should lose his mistress than his humble servant ; which must be the case, for I am determined against a married family. I will never be servant to any man who is not his own master.

Lap. Why, truly, when one considers the case thoroughly, I must be of an opinion that it would be more your master's interest to be this lady's son-in-law than her husband ; for, in the first place, she has but little fortune, and, if she was once married to his son, I dare swear the old gentleman would never forgive the disappointment of his love.

Ram. And is the old gentleman in love ?

Lap. Oh, profoundly ! delightfully ! Oh that you had but seen him as I have ! with his feet tottering, his eyes watering, his teeth chattering ! His old trunk was shaken with a fit of love, just as if it had been a fit of an ague. [*lieve.*]

Ram. He will have more cold fits than hot, I be-

Lap. Is it not more advantageous for him to have a mother-in-law that should open his father's heart to him than a wife that should shut it against him ? Besides, it will be the better for us all : for if the husband were as covetous as the devil, he could not stop the hands of an extravagant wife. She will always have it in her power to reward them who keep her secrets ; and when the husband is old enough to be the wife's grandfather, she has always secrets that are worth concealing, take my word for it : so, faith,

I will even set about that in earnest which I have hitherto intended only as a jest.

Ram. But do you think you can prevail with her? Will she not be apt to think she loses that by the exchange which he cannot make her amends for?

Lap. Ah! Ramilie! the difficulty is not so great to persuade a woman to follow her interest. We generally have that more at heart than you men imagine; besides, we are extremely apt to listen to one another; and whether you would lead a woman to ruin, or preserve her from it, the surest way of doing either is by one of her own sex. We are generally decoyed into the net by birds of our own feathers.

Ram. Well, if you do succeed in your undertaking, you will allow this, I hope, that I first put it into your head.

Lap. Yes, it is true, you did mention it first; but I thought of it first; I am sure I must have thought of it: but I will not lose a moment's time; for, notwithstanding all I have said, young fellows are devils. Besides, this has a most plausible tongue, and, should he get access to Mariana, may do in a few minutes what I shall be never able to undo as long as I live.

[Exit.

Ram. There goes the glory of all chambermaids. The jade has art, but it is quite overshadowed by her vanity. She will get the better of every one but the person who will condescend to praise her; for, though she be a most mercenary devil, she will swallow no bribe half so eagerly as flattery. The same pride which warms her fancy serves to cool her appetites; and, therefore, though she have neither virtue nor beauty, her vanity gives her both. And this is my mistress, with a pox to her! Pray, what am I in love with? But that is a question so few lovers can answer, that I shall content myself with thinking I am in love with *le je ne sais quoi*.

SCENE V.—LOVEGOLD'S house.—LOVEGOLD, FREDERICK, HARRIET, MRS. WISELY, MARIANA.

Love. You see, madam, what it is to marry extremely young. Here are a couple of tall branches for you, almost the age of man and woman; but ill weeds grow apace.

Mrs. W. When children come to their age, Mr. Lovegold, they are no longer any trouble to their parents; what I have always dreaded was to have married into a family where there were small children.

Love. Pray give me leave, young lady; I have been told you have no great aversion to spectacles: it is not that your charms do not sufficiently strike the naked eye, or that they want addition; but it is with glasses we look at the stars, and I'll maintain you are a star of beauty that is the finest, brightest, and most glorious of all stars. [seous, filthy fellow!

Mar. Harriet, I shall certainly burst. Oh! nau-
Love. What does she say to you, Harriet?

Har. She says, sir, if she were a star, you would be sure of her kindest influence. [me?

Love. How can I return this great honour you do

Mar. Auh! what an animal! what a wretch!

Love. How vastly am I obliged to you for these kind sentiments!

Mar. I shall never be able to hold it out unless you keep him at a greater distance.

Love. [Listening.] I shall make them both keep their distance, madam. Harkee, you Mr. Spendall, why don't you come and make this lady some acknowledgment for the great honour she does your father?

Fred. My father has indeed, madam, much reason to be vain of his choice. You will be doubtless

a very great honour to our family. Notwithstanding which, I cannot dissemble my real sentiments so far as to counterfeit any joy I shall have in the name of son-in-law; nor can I help saying that, if it were in my power, I believe I should make no scruple of preventing the match.

Mar. I believe it; indeed, were they to ask the leave of their children, few parents would marry twice.

Love. Why, you ill-bred blockhead, is that the compliment you make your mother-in-law?

Fred. Well, sir, since you will have me talk in another style—suffer me, madam, to put myself in the place of my father; and believe me when I swear to you I never saw any one half so charming; that I can imagine no happiness equal to that of pleasing you; that to be called your husband would be, to my ears, a title more blessed, more glorious, than that of the greatest of princes. The possession of you is the most valuable gift in the power of fortune. That is the lovely mark to which all my ambition tends; there is nothing which I am not capable of undertaking to attain so great a blessing; all difficulties, when you are the prize in pursuit—

Love. Hold, hold, sir; softly, if you please.

Fred. I am only saying a few civil things, sir, for you to this lady.

Love. Your humble servant, sir; I have a tongue to say civil things with myself. I have no need of such an interpreter as you are, sweet sir.

Mar. If your father could not speak better for himself than his son can for him, I am afraid he would meet with little success.

Love. I don't ask you, ladies, to drink any wine before supper, lest it should spoil your stomachs.

Fred. I have taken the liberty to order some sweetmeats, sir, and tokay, in the next room; I hope the ladies will excuse what is wanting.

Mrs. W. There was no necessity for such a collation.

Fred. [To MARIANA.] Did you ever see, madam, so fine a brilliant as that on my father's finger?

Mar. It seems, indeed, to be a very fine one.

Fred. You cannot judge of it, madam, unless you were to see it nearer. If you will give me leave, sir. [Takes it off from his father's finger, and gives it to MARIANA.] There is no seeing a jewel while it is on the finger. [one.

Mrs. W. and Mar. It is really a prodigious fine

Fred. [Preventing MARIANA, who is going to return it.] No, madam, it is already in the best hands. My father, madam, intends it as a present to you; therefore I hope you will accept it.

Love. Present! I!

Fred. Is it not, sir, your request to this lady that she would wear this bauble for your sake?

Love. [To his son.] Is the devil in you?

Fred. He makes signs to me that I would entreat you to accept it.

Mar. I shall not, upon my word.

Fred. He will not receive it again.

Love. I shall run stark staring mad.

Mar. I must insist on returning it.

Fred. It would be cruel in you to refuse him; let me entreat you, madam, not to shock my poor father to such a degree. [often.

Mrs. W. It is ill-breeding, child, to refuse so

Love. Oh! that the devil would but fly away with this fellow!

Fred. See, madam, what agonies he is in, lest you should return it. It is not my fault, dear sir; I do all I can to prevail with—but she is obstinate. For pity's sake, madam, keep it.

Love. [To his son.] Infernal villain!

Fred. My father will never forgive me, madam, unless I succeed; on my knees I entreat you.

Love. The cut-throat!

Mrs. W. Daughter, I protest you make me ashamed of you; come, come, put up the ring, since Mr. Lovegold is so uneasy about it.

Mar. Your commands, madam, always determine me, and I shall refuse no longer.

Love. I shall be undone; I wish I was buried while I have one farthing left.

SCENE VI.—*To them, JAMES.*

Jas. Sir, there is a man at the door who desires to speak with you.

Love. Tell him I am busy; bid him come another time; bid him leave his business with you.

Jas. Must he leave the money he has brought with him, sir?

Love. No, no, stay; tell him I come this instant. I ask pardon, ladies, I'll wait on you again immediately.

Fred. Will you please, ladies, to walk into the next room, and taste the collation I was mentioning?

Mar. I have eat too much fruit already this afternoon.

Mrs. W. Really, sir, this is an unnecessary trouble; but, since the tokay is provided, I will taste one.

Har. I'll wait on you, madam. [glass.]

SCENE VII.—*FREDERICK, MARIANA.*

Mar. That is a mighty pretty picture over the door, Harriet. Is it a family-piece, my dear? I think it has a great deal of you in it. Are not you generally thought very like it? Heyday! where is my mamma and your sister gone?

Fred. They thought, madam, we might have some business together, and so were willing to leave us alone.

Mar. Did they so? but as we happen to have no business together we may as well follow them.

Fred. When a lover has no other obstacles to surmount but those his mistress throws in his way, she is in the right not to become too easy a conquest; but, were you as kind as I could wish, my father would still prove a sufficient bar to our happiness; therefore it is a double cruelty in you.

Mar. Our happiness! how came your happiness and mine to depend so on one another, pray, when that of the mother and son-in-law are usually so very opposite?

Fred. This is keeping up the play behind the curtain. Your kindness to him comes from the same spring as your cruelty to me.

Mar. Modest enough! then, I suppose, you think both fictitious.

Fred. Faith, to be sincere, I do without arrogance, I think; I have nothing in me so detestable as should make you deaf to all I say, or blind to all I suffer. This I am certain, there is nothing in him so charming as to captivate a woman of your sense in a moment.

Mar. You are mistaken, sir; money, money, the most charming of all things; money, which will say more in one moment than the most elegant lover can in years. Perhaps you will say a man is not young; I answer he is rich. He is not genteel, handsome, witty, brave, good-humoured; but he is rich, rich, rich, rich, rich; that one word contradicts everything you can say against him; and if you were to praise a person for a whole hour, and end with, "But he is poor," you overthrow all you have said; for it has long been an established maxim that he who is rich can have no vice, and he that is poor can have no virtue.

Fred. These principles are foreign to the real sen-

timents of Mariana's heart. I vow, did you but know how ill a counterfeit you are, how awkwardly ill-nature sits upon you, you'd never wear it. There is not one so abandoned but that she can affect what is amiable better than you can what is odious. Nature has painted in you the complexion of virtue in such lively colours, that nothing but what is lovely can suit you, or appear your own.

SCENE VIII.—*MARIANA, FREDERICK, HARRIET.*

Har. I left your mamma, Mariana, with Mr. Clermont, who is showing her some pictures in the gallery. Well, have you told him?

Mar. Told him what?

Har. Why, what you told me this afternoon; that you loved him.

Mar. I tell you I loved him!—Oh! barbarous falsehood!

Fred. Did you? could you say so? Oh! repeat it to my face, and make me blessed to that degree.

Har. Repeat it to him, can't you? How can you be so ill-natured to conceal anything from another which would make him happy to know?

Mar. The lie would choke me, were I to say so.

Har. Indeed, my dear, you have said you hated him so often that you need not fear that. But, if she will not discover it to you herself, take my word for it, brother, she is your own without any possibility of losing. She is full as fond of you as you are of her. I hate this peevish, foolish coyness in women, who will suffer a worthy lover to languish and despair, when they need only put themselves to the pain of telling truth to make them easy.

Mar. Give me leave to tell you, Miss Harriet, this is a treatment I did not expect from you, especially in your own house, madam. I did not imagine I was invited hither to be betrayed, and that you had entered into a plot with your brother against my reputation.

Har. We form a plot against your reputation! I wish you could see, my dear, how prettily these airs become you. Take my word for it, you would have no reason to be in love with your fancy.

Mar. I should indeed have no reason to be in love with my fancy if it were fixed where you have insinuated it to be placed.

Har. If you have any reason, madam, to be ashamed of your choice, it is from denying it. My brother is every way worthy of you, madam; and give me leave to tell you, if I can prevent it, you shall not render him as ridiculous to the town as you have some other of your admirers.

Fred. Dear Harriet, carry it no further; you will ruin me for ever with her.

Har. Away! you do not know the sex. Her vanity will make you play the fool "till she despises you, and then contempt will destroy her affection for you—It is a part she has often played."

Mar. I am obliged to you, however, madam, for the lesson you have given me, how far I may depend on a woman's friendship. It will be my own fault if ever I am deceived hereafter.

Har. My friendship, madam, naturally cools when I discover its object less worthy than I imagined her. I can never have any violent esteem for one who would make herself unhappy to make the person who dotes on her more so; the ridiculous custom of the world is a poor excuse for such a behaviour. And, in my opinion, the coquette, who sacrifices the ease and reputation of as many as she is able to an ill-natured vanity, is a more odious, I am sure she is a more pernicious creature, than the wretch whom fondness betrays to make her lover happy at the expense of her own reputation.

SCENE IX.—*To them, MRS. WISELY, CLERMONT.*

Mrs. W. Upon my word, sir, you have a most excellent taste for pictures.

Mar. I can bear this no longer: if you have been base enough to have given up all friendship and honour, good breeding should have restrained you from using me after this inhuman, cruel, barbarous manner.

Mrs. W. Bless me! child, what's the matter?

Har. Let me entreat you, Mariana, not to expose yourself; you have nothing to complain of on his side; and therefore pray let the whole be a secret.

Mar. A secret! no, madam. The whole world shall know how I have been treated. I thank Heaven I have it in my power to be revenged on you; and if I am not revenged on you—

Fred. See, sister, was I not in the right? Did I not tell you you would ruin me? and now you have done it.

Har. Courage! all will go well yet. You must not be frightened at a few storms. These are only blasts that carry a lover to his harbour.

SCENE X.—*To them, LOVEGOLD.*

Love. I ask your pardon; I have despatched my business with all possible haste.

Mrs. W. I did not expect, Mr. Lovegold, when we were invited hither, that your children intended to affront us.

Love. Has any one affronted you, madam?

Mrs. W. Your children, sir, have used my poor girl so ill, that they have brought tears into her eyes. I can assure you we are not used to be treated in this manner. My daughter is of as good a family—

Love. Out of my sight, audacious, vile wretches! and let me never see you again.

Fred. Sir, I—

Love. I won't hear a word, and I wish I may never hear you more. Was ever such impudence, to dare, after what I have told you—

Har. Come, brother; perhaps I may give you some comfort.

Fred. I fear you have destroyed it for ever.

SCENE XI.—*LOVEGOLD, MRS. WISELY, MARIANA, CLERMONT.*

Love. How shall I make you amends for the rudeness you have suffered? Poor, pretty creature! had they stolen my purse, I would almost as soon have pardoned them.

Mrs. W. The age is come to a fine pass, indeed, if children are to control the wills of their parents. If I would have consented to a second match, I would have been glad to have seen a child of mine oppose it.

Love. Let us be married immediately, my dear; and if after that they ever dare to offend you, they shall stay no longer under my roof.

Mrs. W. Lookee, Mariana; I know your consent will appear a little sudden, and not altogether conform to those nice rules of decorum of which I have been all my life so strict an observer: but this is so prudent a match, that the world will be apt to give you a dispensation. When women seem too forward to run away with idle young fellows, the world is, as it ought to be, very severe on them; but when they only consult their interest in their consent, though it be never so quickly given, we say, La! who suspected it? it was mighty privately carried on.

Mar. I resign myself entirely over to your will, madam, and am at your disposal.

Mrs. W. Mr. Lovegold, my daughter is a little shy on this occasion; you know your courtship has not been of any long date; but she has considered your great merit, and I believe I may venture to give you her consent.

Love. And shall I? hey! I begin to find myself the happiest man upon earth. Od! madam, you shall be a grandmother within these ten months. I am a very young fellow.

Mar. If you were five years younger I should utterly detest you.

Love. The very creature she was described to be. No one, sure, ever so luckily found a mass of treasure as I have. My pretty sweet, if you will walk a few minutes in the garden I will wait on you; I must give some necessary orders to my clerk.

Mrs. W. We shall expect you with impatience.

SCENE XII.—*LOVEGOLD, CLERMONT.*

Love. Clermont, come hither: you see the disorder my house is likely to be in this evening. I must trust everything to your care. See that matters be managed with as small expense as possible. My extravagant son has sent for fruit, sweetmeats, and tokay. Take care what is not eat or drank be returned to the tradespeople. If you can save a bottle of the wine, let that be sent back too, and put up what is left; if part of a bottle, in a pint: that I will keep for my own drinking when I am sick. Be sure that the servants of my guests be not asked to come farther than the hall for fear some of mine should ask them to eat. I trust everything to you.

Cler. I shall take all the care possible, sir. But there is one thing in this entertainment of yours which gives me inexpressible pain.

Love. What is that, prithee?

Cler. That is the cause of it. Give me leave, sir, to be free on this occasion. I am sorry a man of your years and prudence should be prevailed on to so indiscreet an action as I fear this marriage will be called.

Love. I know she has not quite so great a fortune as I might expect.

Cler. Has she any fortune, sir?

Love. Oh! yes, yes, I have been very well assured that her mother is in very good circumstances; and you know she is her only daughter. Besides, she has several qualities which will save a fortune; and a penny saved is a penny got. Since I find I have great occasion for a wife, I might have searched all over this town and not have got one cheaper.

Cler. Sure, you are in a dream, sir; she save a fortune!

Love. In the article of a table at least two hundred pounds a year.

Cler. Sure, sir, you do not know—

Love. In clothes two hundred more.

Cler. There is not, sir, in the whole town—

Love. In jewels, one hundred; play, five hundred; these have been all proved to me; besides all that her mother is worth. In short, I have made a very prudent choice.

Cler. Do but hear me, sir.

Love. Take a particular care of the family, my good boy. Pray, let there be nothing wasted.

SCENE XIII.—*CLERMONT, alone.*

How vainly do we spend our breath while passion shuts the ears of those we talk to! I thought it impossible for anything to have surmounted his avarice, but I find there is one little passion which reigns triumphant in every mind it creeps into; and whether a man be covetous, proud, or cowardly, it is in the power of woman to make him liberal, humble, and brave. Sure this young lady will not let her fury carry her into the arms of a wretch she despises; but, as she is a coquette, there is no answering for any of her actions. I will hasten to acquaint Frederick with what I have heard. Poor man! how little satisfaction he finds in his mistress

compared to what I meet in Harriet! Love to him is misery; to me perfect happiness. Women are always one or the other; they are never indifferent. Whoever takes for better and for worse [curse. Meets with the greatest blessing or the greatest

ACT IV.—SCENE I.—*A hall in LOVEGOLD'S house.*—FREDERICK, RAMILIE.

Fred. How! Lappet my enemy! and can she attempt to forward Mariana's marriage with my father?

Ram. Sir, upon my honour it is true. She told it me in the highest confidence—a trust, sir, which nothing but the inviolable friendship I have for you could have prevailed with me to have broken.

Fred. Sir, I am your most humble servant; I am infinitely obliged to your friendship.

Ram. Oh! sir; but really I did withstand pretty considerable offers; for, would you think it, sir? the jade had the impudence to attempt to engage me too in the affair. I believe, sir, you would have been pleased to have heard the answer I gave her. Madam, says I, do you think, if I had no more honour, I should have no greater regard to my interest. It is my interest, madam, says I, to be honest; for my master is a man of that generosity, that liberality, that bounty, that I am sure he will never suffer any servant of his to be a loser by being true to him. No, no, says I; let him alone for rewarding a servant when he is but once assured of his fidelity.

Fred. No demands now, Ramilie; I shall find a time to reward you.

Ram. That was what I told her, sir. Do you think, says I, this old rascal (I ask your pardon, sir), that this Hunks, my master's father, will live for ever?—and then, says I, do you think my master will not remember his old friends?

Fred. Well, but, dear sir, let us have no more of your rhetoric—go and fetch Lappet hither. I'll try if I can't bring her over.

Ram. Bring her over! a fig for her, sir! I have a plot worth fifty of yours. I'll blow her up with your father. I'll make him believe just the contrary of every word she has told him.

Fred. Can you do that?

Ram. Never fear it, sir; I'll warrant my lies keep even pace with hers. But, sir, I have another plot; I don't question but before you sleep I shall put you in possession of some thousands of your father's money.

Fred. He has done all in his power to provoke me to it; but I am afraid that will be carrying the jest too far.

Ram. Sir, I will undertake to make it out that robbing him is a downright meritorious act. Besides, sir, if you have any qualms of conscience, you may return it him again. Your having possession of it will bring him to any terms.

Fred. Well, well. I believe there is little danger of thy stealing anything from him. So about the first affair. It is that only which causes my present pain. [friend.

Ram. Fear nothing, sir, whilst Ramilie is your

SCENE II.—FREDERICK, CLERMONT.

Fred. If impudence can give a title to success, I am sure thou hast a good one.

Cler. Oh! Frederick, I have been looking for you all over the house. I have news for you, which will give me pain to discover, though it is necessary you should know it. In short, Mariana has determined to marry your father this evening.

Fred. How! Oh, Clermont! is it possible? cursed be the politics of my sister; she is the innocent oc-

casion of this. And can Mariana from a pique to her throw herself away? Dear Clermont, give me some advice; think on some method by which I may prevent, at least defer, this match; for that moment which gives her to my father will strike a thousand daggers in my heart.

Cler. Would I could advise you: but here comes one who is more likely to invent some means for your deliverance.

Fred. Ha! Lappet!

SCENE III.—LAPPET, FREDERICK, CLERMONT.

Lap. Heyday! Mr. Frederick, you stand with your arms across, and look as melancholy as if there was a funeral going on in the house, instead of a wedding.

Fred. This wedding, madam, will prove the occasion of my funeral; I am obliged to you for being instrumental to it.

Lap. Why, truly, if you consider the case rightly, I think you are. It will be much more to your interest to—

Fred. Mistress, undo immediately what you have done; prevent this match which you have forwarded, or by all the devils which inhabit that heart of yours— [kill me!

Lap. For Heaven's sake, sir, you do not intend to

Fred. What could drive your villany to attempt to rob me of the woman I dote on more than life? What could urge thee, when I trusted thee with my passion, when I have paid the most extravagant usury for money to bribe thee to be my friend, what could sway thee to betray me?

Lap. As I hope to be saved, sir, whatever I have done was intended for your service.

Fred. It is in vain to deny it; I know thou hast used thy utmost art to persuade my father into this match.

Lap. If I did, sir, it was all with a view towards your interest; if I have done anything to prevent your having her, it was because I thought you would do better without her.

Fred. Would'st thou, to save my life, tear out my heart? And dost thou, like an impudent inquisitor, while thou art destroying me, assert it is for my own sake?

Lap. Be but appeased, sir, and let me recover out of this terrible fright you have put me into, and I will engage to make you easy yet.

Cler. Dear Frederick, adjourn your anger for a while at least; I am sure Mrs. Lappet is not your enemy in her heart; and whatever she has done, if it has not been for your sake, this I dare confidently affirm, it has been for her own. And I have so good an opinion of her, that, the moment you show her it will be more her interest to serve you than to oppose you, you may be secure of her friendship.

Fred. But has she not already carried it beyond retrieval?

Lap. Alas! sir, I never did anything yet so effectually, but that I have been capable of undoing it; nor have I ever said anything so positively, but that I have been able as positively to unsay it again. As for truth, I have neglected it so long, that I often forget which side of the question it is of. Besides, I look on it to be so very insignificant towards success, that I am indifferent whether it is for me or against me.

Fred. Let me entreat you, dear madam, to lose no time in informing us of your many excellent qualities, but consider how very precious our time is, since the marriage is intended this very evening.

Lap. That cannot be.

Cler. My own ears were witnesses to her consent.

Lap. That indeed may be—but for the marriage it cannot be, nor it shall not be.

Fred. How! how will you prevent it?

Lap. By an infallible rule I have. But, sir, Mr. Clermont was mentioning a certain little word called interest, just now. I should not repeat it to you, sir, but that really one goes about a thing with so much a better will, and one has so much better luck in it too, when one has got some little matter by it.

Fred. Here, take all the money I have in my pocket, and on my marriage with Mariana thou shalt have fifty more.

Lap. That is enough, sir; if they were half married already I would unmarry them again. I am impatient till I am about it. Oh! there is nothing like gold to quicken a woman's capacity.

SCENE IV.—FREDERICK, CLERMONT.

Fred. Dost thou think I may place any confidence in what this woman says?

Cler. Faith! I think so. I have told you how dexterously she managed my affairs. I have seen such proofs of her capacity, that I am much easier on your account than I was.

Fred. My own heart is something lighter too. Oh, Clermont! how dearly do we buy all the joys which we receive from women!

Cler. A coquette's lover generally pays very severely indeed. His game is sure to lead him a long chase, and if he catches her at last she is hardly worth carrying home—You will excuse me.

Fred. It does not affect me; for what appears a coquette in Mariana, is rather the effects of sprightliness and youth than any fixed habit of mind; she has good sense and good nature at the bottom.

Cler. If she has good nature, it is at the bottom indeed; for I think she has never discovered any to you.

Fred. Women of her beauty and merit have such a variety of admirers, that they are shocked to think of giving up all the rest by fixing on one. Besides, so many pretty gentlemen are continually attending them, and whispering soft things in their ears, who think all their services well repaid by a curtsy or a smile, that they are startled, and think a lover a most unreasonable creature who can imagine he merits their whole person.

Cler. They are of all people my aversion; they are a sort of spaniels, who, though they have no chance of running down the hare themselves, often spoil the chase. I have known one of these fellows pursue half the fine women in town, without any other design than of enjoying them all in the arms of a strumpet. It is pleasant enough to see them watching the eyes of a woman of quality half an hour to get an opportunity of making a bow to her.

Fred. Which she often returns with a smile, or some other extraordinary mark of affection, from a charitable design of giving pain to her real admirer, who, though he can't be jealous of the animal, is concerned to see her condescend to take notice of him.

SCENE V.—HARRIET, FREDERICK, CLERMONT.

Har. I suppose, brother, you have heard of my good father's economy, that he has resolved to join two entertainments in one, and prevent giving an extraordinary wedding-supper.

Fred. Yes, I have heard it—and I hope have taken measures to prevent it.

Har. Why, did you believe it then?

Fred. I think I had no longer room to doubt.

Har. I would not believe it if I were to see them in bed together.

Fred. Heaven forbid it!

Har. So say I too. Heaven forbid I should have such a mother-in-law! But I think, if she were wedded into any other family, you would have no reason to lament the loss of so constant a mistress.

Fred. Dear Harriet, indulge my weakness.

Har. I will indulge your weakness with all my heart, but the men ought not; for they are such lovers as you, who spoil the women. Come, if you will bring Mr. Clermont into my apartment, I'll give you a dish of tea, and you shall have some sal volatile in it, though you have no real cause for any depression of your spirit; for I dare swear your mistress is very safe. And I am sure, if she were to be lost in the manner you apprehend, she would be the best loss you ever had in your life.

Cler. Oh, Frederick! if your mistress were but equal to your sister, you might be well called the happiest of mankind. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—MARIANA, LAPPET.

Lap. Ha, ha, ha! and so you have persuaded the old lady that you really intend to have him.

Mar. I tell you I do really intend to have him.

Lap. Have him! ha, ha, ha! For what do you intend to have him? [marry him?

Mar. Have I not told you already that I will

Lap. Indeed, you will not.

Mar. How, Mrs. Impertinence! has your mistress told you so? and did she send you hither to persuade me against the match?

Lap. What should you marry him for? As for his riches, you might as well think of going hungry to a fine entertainment, where you are sure of not being suffered to eat. The very income of your own fortune will be more than he will allow you. Adieu fine clothes, operas, plays, assemblies; adieu dear quadrille! And to what have you sacrificed all these? Not to a husband—for whatever you make of him, you will never make a husband of him, I'm sure.

Mar. This is a liberty, madam, I shall not allow you; if you intend to stay in this house you must leave off these pretty airs you have lately given yourself. Remember you are a servant here, and not the mistress, as you have been suffered to affect.

Lap. You may lay aside your airs too, good madam, if you come to that; for I shall not desire to stay in this house when you are the mistress of it.

Mar. It will be prudent in you not to put on your usual insolence to me; for, if you do, your master shall punish you for it.

Lap. I have one comfort, he will not be able to punish me half so much as he will you. The worst he can do to me is to turn me out of the house—but you he can keep in it. Wife to an old fellow! laugh!

Mar. If miss Harriet sent you on this errand you may return, and tell her her wit is shallower than I imagined it; and since she has no more experience, I believe I shall send my daughter-in-law to school again. [Exit.

Lap. Hum! you will have a schoolmaster at home. I begin to doubt whether this sweet-tempered creature will not marry in spite at last. I have one project more to prevent her, and that I will about instantly.

SCENE VII.—The garden.—LOVEGOLD, MRS. WISELY.

Love. I cannot be easy. I must settle something upon her.

Mrs. W. Believe me, Mr. Lovegold, it is unnecessary; when you die you will leave your wife very well provided for.

Love. Indeed, I have known several lawsuits happen on these accounts; and sometimes the whole has been thrown away in disputing to which party it belonged. I shall not sleep in my grave while a set of villanous lawyers are dividing the little money I have among them.

Mrs. W. I know this old fool is fond enough now to come to any terms; but it is ill trusting him: violent passions can never last long at his years. [*Aside.*

Love. What are you considering?

Mrs. W. Mr. Lovegold, I am sure, knows the world too well to have the worse opinion of any woman from her prudence: therefore I must tell you, this delay of the match does not at all please me. It seems to argue your inclinations abated, and so it is better to let the treaty end here. My daughter has a very good offer now, which were she to refuse on your account, she would make a very ridiculous figure in the world after you had left her.

Love. Alas! madam, I love her better than anything almost upon the face of the earth; this delay is to secure her a good jointure: I am not worth the money the world says; I am not indeed.

Mrs. W. Well, sir, then there can be no harm, for the satisfaction of both her mind and mine, in your signing a small contract, which can be prepared immediately.

Love. What signifies signing, madam? [*diately.*

Mrs. W. I see, sir, you don't care for it. So there is no harm done; and really this offer is so very advantageous an offer, that I don't know whether I shall not be blamed for refusing him on any account. [*have me sign?*

Lov. Nay, but be not in haste; what would you

Mrs. W. Only to perform your promise of marriage. [*and mine shall look over it.*

Love. Well, well, let your lawyer draw it up then,

Mrs. W. I believe my lawyer is in the house; I'll go to him, and get it done instantly; and then we will give this gentleman a final answer. I assure you he is a very advantageous offer. [*Exit.*

Love. As I intend to marry this girl, there can be no harm in signing the contract; her lawyer draws it up, so I shall be at no expense; for I can get mine to look it over for nothing. I should have done very wisely indeed to have entitled her to a third of my fortune—whereas I will not make her jointure above a tenth. I protest it is with some difficulty that I have prevailed with myself to put off the match. I am more in love, I find, than I suspected.

SCENE VIII.—LAPPET, LOVEGOLD.

Lap. Oh! unhappy, miserable creature that I am! What shall I do?—whither shall I go?

Love. What's the matter, Lappet?

Lap. To have been innocently assisting in betraying so good a man! so good a master! so good a

Love. Lappet, I say! [*friend!*

Lap. I shall never forgive myself; I shall never outlive it; I shall never eat, drink, sleep—

[*Runs against him.*

Love. One would think you were walking in your sleep now. What can be the meaning of this?

Lap. Oh, sir!—you are undone, sir; and I am undone. [*Have I lost anything?*

Love. How!—what!—has any one robbed me?

Lap. No, sir; but you have got something.

Love. What? what?

Lap. A wife, sir.

Love. No, I have not yet. But why—

Lap. How, sir! are you not married?

Love. No.

[*come out of your mouth.*

Lap. That is the happiest word I ever heard

Love. I have, for some particular reasons, put off the match for a few days.

Lap. Yes, sir; and, for some particular reasons, you shall put off the match for a few years.

Love. What do you say?

Lap. Oh, sir! this affair has almost determined me never to engage in matrimonial matters again. I have been finely deceived in this lady. I told you, sir, she had an estate in a certain country; but I find it is all a cheat, sir. The devil of any estate has she.

Love. How! not any estate at all! How can she live, then? [*people in this town live.*

Lap. Nay, sir, Heaven knows how half the

Love. However, it is an excellent good quality in a woman to be able to live without an estate. She that can make something out of nothing will make a little go a great way. I am sorry she has no fortune; but, considering all her saving qualities, Lappet—

Lap. All an imposition, sir. She is the most extravagant wretch up earth.

Love. How! how! Extravagant? [*gance itself.*

Lap. I tell you, sir, she is downright extra-

Love. Can it be possible, after what you told me?

Lap. Alas, sir! that was only a cloak thrown over her real inclinations. [*in her?*

Love. How was it possible for you to be so deceived

Lap. Alas, sir! she would have deceived any one upon earth, even you yourself: for, sir, during a whole fortnight since you have been in love with her, she has made it her whole business to conceal her extravagance, and appear thrifty.

Love. That is a good sign, though—Lappet, let me tell you, that is a good sign. Right habits, as well as wrong, are got by affecting them. And she who could be thrifty a whole fortnight gives lively hopes that she may be brought to be so as long as she lives.

Lap. She loves play to distraction. It is the only visible way in the world she has of living.

Love. She must win, then, Lappet; and play, when people play the best of the game, is no such very bad thing. Besides, as she plays only to support herself, when she can be supported without it she may leave it off.

Lap. To support her extravagance, in dress particularly. Why, don't you see, sir, she is dressed out to-day like a princess?

Love. It may be an effect of prudence in a young woman to dress, in order to get a husband. And, as that is apparently her motive, when she is married that motive ceases; and, to say the truth, she is in discourse a very prudent young woman.

Lap. Think of her extravagance.

Love. A woman of the greatest modesty!

Lap. And extravagance.

Love. She has really a very fine set of teeth.

Lap. She will have all the teeth out of your head.

Love. I never saw finer eyes.

Lap. She will eat you out of house and home.

Love. Charming hair.

Lap. She will ruin you.

Love. Sweet kissing lips, swelling breasts, and the finest shape that ever was embraced.

[*Catching LAPPET in his arms.*

Lap. Oh, sir! I am not the lady.—Was ever such an old goat!—Well, sir, I see you are determined on the match; and so I desire you would pay me my wages. I cannot bear to see the ruin of a family in which I have lived so long that I have contracted as great a friendship for it as if it was my own: I can't bear to see waste, riot, and extravagance; to see all the wealth a poor, honest, industrious gentleman has been raising all his lifetime squandered away in a year or two in feasts, balls, music, cards, clothes, jewels. It would break my heart to see my poor old master eat out by a set of singers, fiddlers, milliners, mantua-makers, mercers, toymen, jewellers,

fops, cheats, rakes. To see his guineas fly about like dust; all his ready money paid in one morning to one tradesman; his whole stock in the funds spent in one half-year; all his land swallowed down in another; all his old gold—nay, the very plate which he has had in his family time out of mind—which has descended from father to son ever since the flood—to see even that disposed of. What will they have next, I wonder, when they have had all that he is worth in the world, and left the poor old man without anything to furnish his old age with the necessaries of life—will they be contented then, or will they tear out his bowels, and eat them too? [*Both burst into tears.*] The laws are cruel to put it in the power of a wife to ruin her husband in this manner. And will any one tell me that such a woman as this is handsome? What are a pair of shining eyes, when they must be bought with the loss of all one's shining gold?

Love. Oh! my poor old gold.

Lap. Perhaps she has a fine set of teeth.

Love. My poor plate, that I have hoarded with so much care! [*shape.*]

Lap. Or I'll grant she may have a most beautiful

Love. My dear land and tenements.

Lap. What are the roses on her cheeks, or lilies in her neck? [*and a half per cent.*]

Love. My poor India bonds, bearing at least three

Lap. A fine excuse, indeed, when a man is ruined by his wife, to tell us he has married a beauty!

SCENE IX.—LAWYER, LOVEGOLD, LAPPET.

Law. Sir, the contract is ready; my client has sent for the counsel on the other side, and he is now below examining it.

Love. Get you out of my doors, you villain, you and your client too; I'll contract you, with a pox.

Law. Hey-day! sure you are non compos mentis!

Love. No, sirrah, I had like to have been non compos mentis; but I have had the good luck to escape it. Go and tell your client I have discovered her: bid her take her advantageous offer; for I shall sign no contracts. [*in my whole course of practice.*]

Law. This is the strangest thing I have met with

Love. I am very much obliged to you, Lappet; indeed, I am very much obliged to you.

Lap. I am sure, sir, I have a very great satisfaction in serving you, and I hope you will consider of that little affair that I mentioned to you to-day about my lawsuit.

Love. I am very much obliged to you.

Lap. I hope, sir, you won't suffer me to be ruined when I have preserved you from it.

Love. Hey! [*Appearing deaf.*]

Lap. You know, sir, that in Westminster-hall money and right are always on the same side.

Love. Ay, so they are; very true; so they are; and therefore, no one can take too much care of his money. [*me an infinite service.*]

Lap. The smallest matter of money, sir, would do

Love. Hey! what? [*a great kindness.*]

Lap. A small matter of money, sir, would do me

Love. Oho! I have a very great kindness for you; indeed, I have a very great kindness for you.

Lap. Pox take your kindness! I'm only losing time: there's nothing to be got out of him. So I'll even to Frederick, and see what the report of my success will do there. Ah! would I were married to thee myself!

Love. What a prodigious escape have I had! I cannot look at the precipice without being giddy.

SCENE X.—RAMILIE, LOVEGOLD.

Love. Who is that? Oh, is it you, sirrah? How dare you enter within these walls?

Ram. Truly, sir, I can scarcely reconcile it to

myself; I think, after what has happened, you have no great title to my friendship. But I don't know how it is, sir, there is something or other about you which strangely engages my affections, and which, together with the friendship I have for your son, won't let me suffer you to be imposed upon; and to prevent that, sir, is the whole and sole occasion of my coming within your doors. Did not a certain lady, sir, called Mrs. Lappet, depart from you just

Love. What if she did, sirrah? [*now?*]

Ram. Has she not, sir, been talking to you about a young lady whose name is Mariana?

Love. Well, and what then?

Ram. Why, then, sir, every single syllable she has told you has been neither more nor less than a most confounded lie; as is, indeed, every word she says: for I don't believe, upon a modest calculation, she has told six truths since she has been in the house. She is made up of lies: her father was an attorney, and her mother was chambermaid to a maid of honour. The first word she spoke was a lie, and so will be the last. I know she has pretended a great affection for you, that's one lie; and everything she has said of Mariana is another.

Love. How! how! are you sure of this?

Ram. Why, sir, she and I laid the plot together; that one time, indeed, I myself was forced to deviate a little from the truth; but it was with a good design: the jade pretended to me that it was out of friendship to my master; that it was because she thought such a match would not be at all to his interest; but alas! sir, I know her friendship begins and ends at home, and that she has friendship for no person living but herself. Why, sir, do but look at Mariana, sir, and see whether you can think her such a sort of woman as she has described her to you.

Love. Indeed, she has appeared to me always in a different light. I do believe what you say. This jade has been bribed by my children to impose upon me. I forgive thee all that thou hast done for this one service. I will go deny all that I said to the lawyer, and put an end to everything this moment. I knew it was impossible she could be such a sort of a woman. [*Exit.*]

Ram. And I will go find out my master, make him the happiest of mankind, squeeze his purse, and then get drunk for the honour of all party-coloured politicians.

SCENE XI.—*The hall.*—FREDERICK, LAPPET.

Fred. Excellent Lappet! I shall never think I have sufficiently rewarded you for what you have done.

Lap. I have only done half the business yet. I have, I believe, effectually broke off the match with your father. Now, sir, I shall make up the matter between you and her. [*into guineas.*]

Fred. Do but that, dear girl, and I'll coin myself

Lap. Keep yourself for your lady, sir; she will take all that sort of coin, I warrant her: as for me, I shall be much more easily contented.

Fred. But what hopes canst thou have? for I, alas! see none.

Lap. Oh, sir! it is more easy to make half a dozen matches than to break one, and, to say the truth, it is an office I myself like better. There is something, methinks, so pretty in bringing young people together that are fond of one another. I protest, sir, you will be a mighty handsome couple. How fond will you be of a little girl the exact picture of her mother! and how fond will she be of a boy to put her in mind of his father! [*gination.*]

Fred. Death! you jade, you have fired my ima-

Lap. But, methinks, I want to have the hurricane begin, hugely; I am surprised they are not altogether by the ears already!

SCENE XII.—RAMILIE, FREDERICK, LAPPET.

Ram. Oh! madam, I little expected to have found you and my master together, after what has happened; I did not think you had the assurance—

Fred. Peace, Ramilie, all is well, and Lappet is the best friend I have in the world.

Ram. Yes, sir, all is well, indeed—no thanks to her; happy is the master that has a good servant—a good servant is certainly the greatest treasure in this world. I have done your business for you, sir; I have frustrated all she has been doing, denied all she has been telling him—in short, sir, I observed her ladyship in a long conference with the old gentleman, mightily to your interest, as you may imagine. No sooner was she gone than I steps in and made the old gentleman believe every single syllable she had told him to be a most confounded lie; and away he is gone, fully determined to put an end to the affair. [ruined without reprieve.

Lap. And sign the contract; so now, sir, you are
Fred. Death and damnation! fool! villain!

Ram. Hey-day! what is the meaning of this?—have I done any more than you commanded me?

Fred. Nothing but my cursed stars could have contrived so damned an accident. [happened.

Ram. You cannot blame me, sir, whatever has

Fred. I don't blame you, sir, nor myself, nor any one: fortune has marked me out for misery. But I will be no longer idle; since I am to be ruined I will meet my destruction.

SCENE XIII.—LAPPET, RAMILIE.

[*They stand some time silent, looking at each other.*]

Lap. I give you joy, sir, of the success of your negociation; you have approved yourself a most able person, truly; and I dare swear, when your skill is once known, will not want employment.

Ram. Do not triumph, good Mrs. Lappet; a politician may make a blunder; I am sure no one can avoid it that is employed with you, for you change sides so often that 'tis impossible to tell at any time which side you are on.

Lap. And pray, sirrah, what was the occasion of your betraying me to your master, for he has told me all?

Ram. Conscience, conscience, Mrs. Lappet, the great guide of all my actions; I could not find in my heart to let him lose his mistress.

Lap. Your master is very much obliged to you, indeed, to lose your own in order to preserve his; for henceforth I forbid all your addresses, I disown all obligations, I revoke all promises: henceforth I would advise you never to open your lips to me, for if you do, it will be in vain; I shall be deaf to all your little, false, mean, treacherous, base insinuations. I would have you know, sir, a woman injured as I am never can nor ought to forgive. Never see my face again. [Exit.

Ram. Huh! now would some lovers think themselves very unhappy; but I, who have had experience in the sex, am never frightened at the frowns of a mistress, nor ravished with her smiles; they both naturally succeed one another, and a woman, generally, is as sure to perform what she threatens as she is what she promises. But now I'll to my lurking-place. I'm sure this old rogue has money hid in the garden; if I can but discover it, I shall handsomely quit all scores with the old gentleman, and make my master a sufficient return for the loss of his mistress.

SCENE XIV.—Another apartment.—FREDERICK, MRS. WISELY, MARIANA.

Fred. No, madam, I have no words to upbraid you with nor shall I attempt it.

Mrs. W. I think, sir, a respect to your father should keep you now within the rules of decency; as for my daughter, after what has happened, I think she cannot expect it on any other account.

Mar. Dear mamma, don't be serious, when I dare say Mr. Frederick is in jest.

Fred. This exceeds all you have done: to insult the person you have made miserable is more cruel than having made him so.

Mar. Come, come, you may not be so miserable as you expect. I know the word mother-in-law has a terrible sound, but perhaps I may make a better than you imagine. Believe me, you will see a change in this house which will not be disagreeable to a man of Mr. Frederick's gay temper.

Fred. All changes to me are henceforth equal. When Fortune robbed me of you, she made her utmost effort; I now despise all in her power.

Mrs. W. I must insist, sir, on your behaving in a different manner to my daughter. The world is apt to be censorious. Oh, heavens! I shudder at the apprehensions of having a reflection cast on my family, which has hitherto past unblemished.

Fred. I shall take care, madam, to shun any possibility of giving you such a fear; for from this night I never will behold those dear, those fatal eyes again.

Mar. Nay, that I am sure will cast a reflection on me. What a person will the world think me to be, when you could not live with me!

Fred. Live with you! Oh, Mariana! those words bring back a thousand tender ideas to my mind. Oh! had that been my blest fortune!

Mrs. W. Let me beg, sir, you would keep a greater distance. The young fellows of this age are so rampant, that even degrees of kindred can't restrain them.

Fred. There are yet no such degrees between us. Oh, Mariana! while it is in your power, while the irrevocable wax remains unstamped, consider, and do not seal my ruin.

Mrs. W. Come with me, daughter; you shall not stay a moment longer with him—a rude fellow.

SCENE XV.—RAMILIE, FREDERICK.

Ram. Follow me, sir; follow me this instant.

Fred. What's the matter? [the business is done.

Ram. Follow me, sir; we are in the right box;

Fred. What done?

Ram. I have it under my arm, sir,—here it is!

Fred. What? what?

Ram. Your father's soul, sir; his money.—Follow me, sir, this moment, before we are overtaken.

Fred. Ha! this may preserve me yet.

SCENE XVI.

Love. (*in the utmost distraction.*) Thieves! thieves! assassination! murder! I am undone! all my money is gone! Who is the thief? where is the villain? where shall I find him? Give me my money again, villain. [*Catching himself by the arm.*] I am distracted! I know not where I am, nor what I am, nor what I do. Oh! my money, my money! Ha! what say you? Alack-a-day! here is no one. The villain must have watched his time carefully; he must have done it while I was signing that d—ned contract. I will go to a justice, and have all my house put to their oaths, my servants, my children, my mistress, and myself too; all the people in the house, and in the street, and in the town: I will have them all executed; I will hang all the world; and if I don't find my money I will hang myself afterwards.

ACT V.—SCENE I.—The Hall. Several Servants.

Jas. There will be rare doings now; madam's an excellent woman, faith! Things won't go as they

have done ; she has ordered something like a supper ; here will be victuals enough for the whole town.

Tho. She's a sweet-humoured lady, I can tell you that. I have had a very good place on't with her. You will have no more use for locks and keys in this house now.

Jas. This is the luckiest day I ever saw ; as soon as supper is over I will get drunk to her good health, I am resolved ; and that's more than ever I could have done before.

Tho. You shan't want liquor, for here are ten hogsheads of strong beer coming in.

Jas. Bless her heart ! good lady ! I wish she had a better bridegroom.

Tho. Ah ! never mind that, he has a good purse ; and for other things let her alone, master James.

Whe. Thomas, you must go to Mr. Mixture's the wine-merchant, and order him to send in twelve dozen of his best champagne, twelve dozen of burgundy, and twelve dozen of hermitage ; and you must call at the wax-chandler's and bid him send in a chest of candles ; and at Mr. Lambert's, the confectioner in Pall Mall, and order the finest dessert he can furnish ; and you, Will, must go to Mr. Grey's, the horse-jockey, and order him to buy my lady three of the finest geldings for her coach to-morrow morning ; and, here, you must take this roll, and invite all the people in it to supper ; then you must go to the playhouse in Drury-lane, and engage all the music, for my lady intends to have a ball.

Jas. Oh brave, Mrs. Wheedle ! here are fine times !

Whe. My lady desires that supper may be kept back as much as possible ; and if you can think of anything to add to it, she desires you would.

Jas. She is the best of ladies.

Whe. So you will say when you know her better : she has thought of nothing ever since matters have been made up between her and your master but how to lay out as much money as she could ; we shall have all rare places.

Jas. I thought to have given warning to-morrow morning, but I believe I shall not be in haste now.

Whe. See what it is to have a woman at the head of a house. But here she comes. Go you into the kitchen, and see that all things be in the nicest order.

Jas. I am ready to leap out of my skin for joy.

SCENE II.—*MARIANA, WHEEDLE, Upholsterer, MRS. WISELY.*

Mar. Wheedle, have you despatched the servants according to my orders ?

Whe. Yes, madam.

Mar. You will take care, Mr. Furnish, and let me have those two beds with the utmost expedition ?

Uphol. I shall take a particular care, madam. I shall put them both in hand to-morrow morning ; I shall put off some work, madam, on that account.

Mar. That tapestry in the dining-room does not at all please me.

Uphol. Your ladyship is very much in the right, madam ; it is quite out of fashion ; no one hangs a room now with tapestry.

Mar. Oh ! I have the greatest fondness for tapestry in the world ! you must positively get me some of a newer pattern.

Uphol. Truly, madam, as you say, tapestry is one of the prettiest sorts of furniture for a room that I know of. I believe I can show you some that will please you. [for this alteration.]

Mrs. W. I protest, child, I can't see any reason

Mar. Dear mamma, let me have my will. There is not one thing in the whole house that I shall be able to leave in it, everything has so much of antiquity about it ; and I cannot endure the sight of anything that is not perfectly modern.

Uphol. Your ladyship is in the right, madam ; there is no possibility of being in the fashion without new furnishing a house at least once in twenty years ; and indeed to be at the very top of the fashion, you will have need of almost continual alterations.

Mrs. W. That is an extravagance I would never submit to. I have no notion of destroying one's goods before they are half worn out, by following the ridiculous whims of two or three people of quality.

Uphol. Ha ! ha ! madam, I believe her ladyship is of a different opinion. I have many a set of goods entirely whole, that I would be very loth to put into your hands.

SCENE III.—*To them, Mercer, Jeweller.*

Mar. Oh, Mr. Sattin ! have you brought those gold stuffs I ordered you ?

Mer. Yes, madam, I have brought your ladyship some of the finest patterns that were ever made.

Mar. Well, Mr. Sparkle, have you the necklace and earrings with you ?

Jew. Yes, madam ; and I defy any jeweller in town to show you their equals : they are, I think, the finest water I ever saw ; they are finer than the duchess of Glitter's, which have been so much admired. I have brought you a solitaire too, madam ; my lady Raffle bought the fellow of it yesterday.

Mar. Sure, it has a flaw in it, sir.

Jew. Has it, madam ? then there never was a brilliant without one ; I am sure, madam, I bought it for a good stone, and if it be not a good stone you shall have it for nothing.

SCENE IV.—*LOVEGOLD, MARIANA, MRS. WISELY, Jeweller, Mercer, Upholsterer.*

Love. It's lost, it's gone, it's irrecoverable ; I shall never see it more ! [necklace and earrings ?]

Mar. And what will be the lowest price of the

Jew. If you were my sister, madam, I could not 'bate you one farthing of three thousand guineas.

Love. What do you say of three thousand guineas, villain ? Have you my three thousand guineas ?

Mrs. W. Bless me, Mr. Lovegold ! what's the matter ?

Love. I am undone ! I am ruined ! my money is stolen ! my dear three thousand guineas, that I received but yesterday, are taken away from the place I had put them in, and I never shall see them again !

Mar. Don't let them make you uneasy, you may possibly recover them ; or, if you should not, the loss is but a trifle ! [guineas a trifle ?]

Love. How ! a trifle ! Do you call three thousand

Mrs. W. She sees you so disturbed that she is willing to make as light of your loss as possible, in order to comfort you.

Love. To comfort me ! Can she comfort me by calling three thousand guineas a trifle ! But, tell me what were you saying of them ? Have you seen them ?

Jew. Really, sir, I do not understand you ; I was telling the lady the price of a necklace and a pair of earrings, which were as cheap at three thousand

Love. How ! What ? What ? [guineas as—]

Mar. I can't think them very cheap. However, I am resolved to have them ; so let him have the money, sir, if you please.

Love. I am in a dream.

Mar. You will be paid immediately, sir. Well, Mr. Sattin, and pray what is the highest priced gold stuff you have brought ?

Mere. Madam, I have one of twelve pounds a-yard.

Mar. It must be pretty at that price. Let me have a gown and petticoat cut off.

Love. You shall cut off my head first. What are you doing ? Are you mad ?

Mar. I am only preparing a proper dress to appear in as your wife.

Love. Sirrah, offer to open any of your pickpocket trinkets here and I'll make an example of you.

Mar. Mr. Lovegold, give me leave to tell you this is a behaviour I don't understand. You give me a fine pattern before marriage of the usage I am to expect after it.

Love. Here are fine patterns of what I am to expect after it.

Mar. I assure you, sir, I shall insist on all the privileges of an English wife. I shall not be taught to dress by my husband. I am myself the best judge of what you can afford; and if I do stretch your purse a little it is for your own honour, sir. The world will know it is your wife that makes such a figure.

Love. Can you bear to hear this, madam?

Mrs. W. I should not countenance my daughter in any extravagance, sir; but the honour of my family, as well as yours, is concerned in her appearing handsomely. Let me tell you, Mr. Lovegold, the whole world is very sensible of your fondness for money; I think it a very great blessing to you that you have met with a woman of a different temper—one who will preserve your reputation in the world whether you will or no. Not that I would insinuate to you that my daughter will ever run you into unnecessary expenses; so far from it, that if you will but generously make her a present of five thousand pounds, to fit herself out at first in clothes and jewels, I dare swear you will not have any other demand on those accounts—I don't know when.

Mar. No, unless a birthnight suit or two, I shall scarce want anything more this twelvemonth.

Love. I am undone, plundered, murdered! However, there is one comfort; I am not married yet.

Mar. And free to choose whether you will marry at all or no.

Mrs. W. The consequence, you know, will be no more than a poor ten thousand pound, which is all the forfeiture of the breach of contract.

Love. But, madam, I have one way yet. I have not bound my heirs and executors; and so if I hang myself I am off the bargain. In the mean while I'll try if I cannot rid my house of this nest of thieves. Get out of my doors, you cutpurses.

Jew. Pay me for my jewels, sir, or return them me.

Love. Give him his baubles; give them him.

Mar. I shall not, I assure you. You need be under no apprehension, sir; you see Mr. Lovegold is a little disordered at present; but if you will come to-morrow you shall have your money.

Jew. I'll depend on your ladyship, madam.

Love. Who the devil are you? What have you to do here?

[new furnish your house.

Uphol. I am an upholsterer, sir, and am come to

Love. Out of my doors this instant, or I will dis-furnish your head for you; I'll beat out your brains.

Mrs. W. Sure, sir, you are mad.

Love. I was when I signed the contract. Oh! that I had never learnt to write my name!

SCENE V.—CHARLES BUBBLEBOY, LOVEGOLD, MARIANA, MRS. WISELY.

Cha. Your most obedient servant, madam.

Love. Who are you, sir? What do you want here?

Cha. Sir, my name is Charles Bubbleboy.

Love. What's your business?

Cha. Sir, I was ordered to bring some snuff-boxes and rings. Will you please, sir, to look at that snuff-box? there is but one person in England, sir, can work in this manner. If he was but as diligent as he is able, he would get an immense estate, sir; if he had an hundred thousand hands, I could keep them all employed. I have brought you a pair of the new-invented snuffers too, madam. Be pleased

to look at them: they are my own invention; the nicest lady in the world may make use of them.

Love. Who the devil sent for you, sir?

Mar. I sent for him, sir,

Cha. Yes, sir, I was told it was a lady sent for me: will you please, madam, to look at the snuff-boxes or rings first? [or shall I send you?

Love. Will you please to go to the devil, sir, first,

Cha. Sir?

Love. Get you out of my house this instant, or I'll break your snuff-boxes, and your bones too.

Cha. Sir, I was sent for, or I should not have come. Charles Bubbleboy does not want custom. Madam, your most obedient servant.

SCENE VI.—MARIANA, MRS. WISELY, LOVEGOLD, WHEEDLE.

Mar. I suppose, sir, you expect to be finely spoken of abroad for this: you will get an excellent character in the world by this behaviour.

Mrs. W. Is this your gratitude to a woman who has refused so much better offers on your account?

Love. Oh! would she had taken them! Give me up my contract, and I will gladly resign all right and title whatsoever.

Mrs. W. It is too late now, the gentlemen have had their answers: a good offer, once refused, is not to be had again.

[for is come.

Whe. Madam, the tailor whom your ladyship sent

Mar. Bid him come in. This is an instance of the regard I have for you. I have sent for one of the best tailors in town to make you a new suit of clothes, that you may appear like a gentleman; for as it is for your honour that I should be well dressed, so it is for mine that you should. Come, madam, we will go in and give farther orders concerning the entertainment.

SCENE VII.—LOVEGOLD, LIST.

Love. Oh, Lappet, Lappet! the time thou hast prophesied of is come to pass.

List. I am your honour's most humble servant. My name is List. I presume I am the person you sent for—the laceman will be here immediately. Will your honour be pleased to be taken measure of first, or look over the patterns? if you please, we will take measure first. I do not know, sir, who was so kind as to recommend me to you, but I believe I shall give you entire satisfaction. I may defy any tailor in England to understand the fashion better than myself; the thing is impossible, sir. I always visit France twice a year; and though I say it, that should not say it—Stand upright, if you please, sir—

Love. I'll take measure of your back, sirrah! I'll teach such pickpockets as you are to come here! Out of my doors, you villain!

List. Hey-day! sir; did you send for me for this, sir?—I shall bring you in a bill without any clothes.

SCENE VIII.—LOVEGOLD, JAMES, PORTER.

Love. Where are you going? What have you there?

Jas. Some fine wine, sir, that my lady sent for to Mr. Mixture's.—But, sir, it will be impossible for me to get supper ready by twelve, as it is ordered, unless I have more assistance. I want half a dozen kitchens too. The very wildfowl that my lady has sent for will take up a dozen spits.

Love. Oh! Oh! it is in vain to oppose it; her extravagance is like a violent fire, that is no sooner stopped in one place than it breaks out in another. [Drums beat without.] Ha! what is the meaning of this? Is my house besieged? Would they would set it on fire, and burn all in it!

Drum. [Without.] Heavens bless your honour! squire Lovegold, madam Lovegold; long life and happiness and many children attend you!—and so God save the king!

[Drums beat.

[*Love. goes out, and soon after the drums cease.*]

Jas. So, he has quieted the drums, I find. This is the roguery of some well-wishing neighbours of his. Well, we shall soon see which will get the better, my master or my mistress. If my master does, away go I; if my mistress, I'll stay while there is any housekeeping, which can't be long; for the riches of my lord-mayor will never hold it out at this rate.

SCENE IX.—LOVEGOLD, JAMES.

Love. James! I shall be destroyed; in one week I shall not be worth a groat upon earth. Go, send all the provisions back to the tradesmen; put out all the fires; leave not so much as a candle burning.

Jas. Sir, I don't know how to do it; madam commanded me, and I dare not disobey her.

Love. How! not when I command thee?

Jas. I have lost several places, sir, by obeying the master against the mistress, but never lost one by obeying the mistress against the master. Besides, sir, she is so good and generous a lady, that it would go against my very heart to offend her.

Love. The devil take her generosity!

Jas. And I don't believe she has provided one morsel more than will be eat. Why, sir, she has invited above five hundred people to supper; within this hour your house will be as full as Westminster-hall the last day of term—But I have no time to lose.

Love. Oh! oh! What shall I do?

SCENE X.—LAPPET, LOVEGOLD.

Lap. Where is my poor master? Oh, sir! I cannot express the affliction I am in to see you devoured in this manner. How could you, sir, when I told you what a woman she was—how could you undo yourself with your eyes open? [been happy.]

Love. Poor Lappet! had I taken thy advice I had

Lap. And I too, sir; for, a-lack-day, I am as miserable as you are; I feel every thing for you, sir; indeed I shall break my heart upon your account.

Love. I shall be much obliged to you if you do, Lappet. [in so precipitate a manner?

Lap. How could a man of your sense, sir, marry

Love. I am not married; I am not married.

Lap. Not married!

Love. No, no, no. [he is married.]

Lap. All's safe yet. No man is quite undone till

Love. I am, I am undone. Oh, Lappet! I cannot tell it thee. I have given her a bond, a bond, a bond of ten thousand pound to marry her.

Lap. You shall forfeit it—

Love. Forfeit what? my life and soul, and blood,

Lap. You shall forfeit it— [and heart?

Love. I'll be buried alive sooner; no, I am determined I'll marry her first, and hang myself afterwards to save my money.

Lap. I see, sir, you are undone; and if you should hang yourself, I could not blame you.

Love. Could I but save one thousand by it, I would hang myself with all my soul. Shall I live to die not worth a groat?

Lap. Oh! my poor master! my poor master!

[Crying.]

Love. Why did I not die a year ago? what a deal had I saved by dying a year ago! [A noise without.] Oh! oh! dear Lappet, see what it is; I shall be undone in an hour—Oh!

SCENE XI.—LOVEGOLD, CLERMONT richly dressed.

Love. What is here? Some of the people who are to eat me up?

Cler. Don't you know me, sir?

Love. Know you! Ha! What is the meaning of this?—Oh! it is plain, it is too plain; my money has paid for all this finery. Ah! base wretch! could I

have suspected you of such an action, of lurking in my house to use me in such a manner?

Cler. Sir, I come to confess the fact to you; and if you will but give me leave to reason with you, you will not find yourself so much injured as you imagine. [my blood!]

Love. Not injured! when you have stolen away

Cler. Your blood is not fallen into bad hands; I am a gentleman, sir.

Love. Here's impudence! a fellow robs me, and tells me he is a gentleman. Tell me who tempted

Cler. Ah, sir! need I say—Love? [you to it?

Love. Love!

Cler. Yes, love, sir. [guineas.]

Love. Very pretty love, indeed! the love of my

Cler. Ah, sir! think not so. Do but grant me the free possession of what I have, and, by Heaven, I'll never ask you more! [so modest a request?

Love. Oh, most unequalled impudence! was ever

Cler. All your efforts to separate us will be vain; we have sworn never to forsake each other; and nothing but death can part us.

Love. I don't question, sir, the very great affection on your side; but I believe I shall find methods to recover—

Cler. By Heavens! I'll die in defending my right: and, if that were the case, think not, when I am gone, you ever could possess what you have robbed me of.

Love. Ha! that's true; he may find ways to prevent the restoring it. Well, well, let me delight my eyes at least; let me see my treasure, and perhaps I may give it you; perhaps I may.

Cler. Then I am blessed! Well may you say treasure, for to possess that treasure is to be rich indeed.

Love. Yes, truly, I think three thousand pounds may be well called a treasure. Go, go, fetch it hither; perhaps I may give it you; fetch it hither.

Cler. To show you, sir, the confidence I place in you, I will fetch hither all that I love and adore. [Exit.]

Love. Sure never was so impudent a fellow; to confess his robbery before my face, and to desire to keep what he has stolen, as if he had a right to it.

SCENE XII.—LOVEGOLD, LAPPET.

Love. Oh, Lappet! what's the matter?

Lap. Oh, sir! I am scarce able to tell you. It is spread about the town that you are married, and your wife's creditors are coming in whole flocks. There is one single debt for five thousand pounds, which an attorney is without to demand.

Love. Oh! oh! oh! let them cut my throat.

Lap. Think what an escape you have had; think if you had married her—

Love. I am as bad as married to her.

Lap. It is impossible, sir; nothing can be so bad: what, you are to pay her ten thousand pounds! Well, and ten thousand pounds are a sum—they are a sum, I own it—they are a sum; but what is such a sum compared with such a wife? Had you married her, in one week you would have been in a prison, sir. [take that from me.]

Love. If I am, I can keep my money; they can't

Lap. Why, sir, you will lose twice the value of your contract before you know how to turn yourself; and, if you have no value for liberty, yet consider, sir, such is the great goodness of our laws that a prison is one of the dearest places you can live in. [I'll be hanged.]

Love. Ten thousand pounds! No; I'll be hanged,

Lap. Suppose, sir, it were possible (not that I believe it is)—but suppose it were possible to make her abate a little; suppose one could bring her to eight thousand—

Love. Eight thousand devils take her!

Lap. But, dear sir, consider; nay, consider immediately; for every minute you lose, you lose a sum. Let me beg you, entreat you, my dear good master, let me prevail on you not to be ruined. Be resolute, sir; consider every guinea you give saves a score.

Love. Well, if she will consent to—to—to eight hundred. But try, do, try if you can make her 'bate anything of that; if you can, you shall have a twentieth part of what she 'bates for yourself.

Lap. Why, sir, if I could get you off at eight thousand, you ought to leap out of your skin for joy.

Love. Would I were out of my skin!

Lap. You will have more reason to wish so when you are in the hands of bailiffs for your wife's debts.

Love. Why was I begotten? Why was I born? Why was I brought up? Why was I not knocked o' the head before I knew the value of money?

[*Knocking without.*]

Lap. So, so, more duns, I suppose. Go but into the kitchen, sir, or the hall, and it will have a better effect on you than all I can say.

Love. What have I brought myself to? What shall I do? part with eight thousand pounds! Misery, destruction, beggary, prisons! But then, on the other side, are wife, ruin, chains, slavery, torment! I shall run distracted either way!

Lap. Ah! would we could once prove you so, you old covetous good-for-nothing!

SCENE XIII.—*MARIANA, LAPPET.*

Mar. Well, what success?

Lap. It is impossible to tell; he is just gone into the kitchen, where, if he is not frightened into our design, I shall begin to despair. They say, fear will make a coward brave, but nothing can make him generous; the very fear of losing all he is worth will scarce bring him to part with a penny.

Mar. And have you acquainted neither Frederick nor Harriet with my intentions?

Lap. Neither, I assure you. Ah, madam, had I not been able to have kept a secret, I had never brought about those affairs that I have. Were I not secret, lud have mercy upon many a virtuous woman's reputation in this town.

Mar. And don't you think I have kept my real intentions very secret?

Lap. From every one but me, I believe you have. I assure you I knew them long before you sent for me this afternoon to discover them to me.

Mar. But could you bring him to no terms, no proposals? Did he make no offer? [are by.]

Lap. It must be done all at once, and while you

Mar. So you think he must see me to give anything to be rid of me.

Lap. Hush, hush, I hear him coming again.

SCENE XIV.—*LOVEGOLD, LAPPET, MARIANA.*

Love. I am undone! I am undone! I am eat up! I am devoured! I have an army of cooks in my house.

Lap. Dear madam, consider; I know eight thousand pounds are a trifle; I know they are nothing; my master can very well afford them; they will make no hole in his purse; and, if you should stand out, you will get more.

Love. [*Putting his hand before LAPPET's mouth.*] You lie, you lie, you lie, you lie, you lie! She never could get more, never should get more; it is more than I am worth; it is an immense sum; and I will be starved, drowned, shot, hanged, burnt, before I part with a penny of it.

Lap. For Heaven's sake, sir, you will ruin all. Madam, let me beg you, intreat you, to 'bate these two thousand pounds. Suppose a lawsuit should be the consequence, I know my master would be

cast, I know it would cost him an immense sum of money, and that he would pay the charges of both in the end; but you might be kept out of it a long time. Eight thousand pounds now are better than ten five years hence.

Mar. No; the satisfaction of my revenge on a man who basely departs from his word will make me amends for the delay; and, whatever I suffer, as long as I know his ruin will be the consequence, I shall be easy.

Love. Oh, bloody-minded wretch!

Lap. Why, sir, since she insists on it, what does it signify? You know you are in her power, and it will be only throwing away more money to be compelled to it at last; get rid of her at once; what are two thousand pounds? Why, sir, the court of Chancery will eat it up for a breakfast. It has been given for a mistress, and will you not give it to be rid of a wife?

SCENE XV.—*THOMAS, JAMES, MARIANA, LOVEGOLD, LAPPET.* [*LOVEGOLD and LAPPET talk apart.*]

Tho. Madam, the music is come which your ladyship ordered; and most of the company will be here immediately.

Jas. Where will your ladyship be pleased the servants shall eat? for there is no room in the house that will be large enough to entertain them.

Mar. Then beat down the partition, and turn two rooms into one. [the dessert, madam.]

Jas. There is no service in the house proper for

Mar. Send immediately to the great china-shop in the Strand for the finest that is there.

Love. How! and will you swear a robbery against her? that she has robbed me of what I shall give her?

Lap. Depend on it, sir. [the more likely.]

Love. I'll break open a bureau, to make it look

Lap. Do so, sir; but lose no time: give it her this moment. Madam, my master has consented, and, if you have the contract, he is ready to pay the money. Be sure to break open the bureau, sir.

Mar. Here is the contract. [in the world.]

Love. I'll fetch the money. It is all I am worth

SCENE XVI.—*MARIANA, LAPPET.*

Mar. Sure, he will never be brought to it yet.

Lap. I warrant him. But you are to pay dearer for it than you imagine; for I am to swear a robbery against you. What will you give me, madam, to buy off my evidence? [consent to such a villany!]

Mar. And is it possible that the old rogue would

Lap. Ay, madam; for half that sum he would hang half the town. But truly, I can never be made amends for all the pains I have taken on your account. Were I to receive a single guinea a lie for every one I have told this day, it would make me a pretty tolerable fortune. Ah! madam, what a pity it is that a woman of my excellent talents should be confined to so low a sphere of life as I am! Had I been born a great lady, what a deal of good should I have done in the world!

SCENE XVII.—*MARIANA, LAPPET, LOVEGOLD.*

Love. Here, here they are—all in bank-notes—all the money I am worth in the world.—(I have sent for a constable; she must not go out of sight before we have her taken into custody.)

[*Aside to LAP.*]

Lap. [*To LOVE.*] You have done very wisely.

Mar. There, sir, is your contract. And now, sir, I have nothing to do but to make myself as easy as I can in my loss.

SCENE XVIII.—*LOVEGOLD, FREDERICK, CLERMONT, MARIANA, LAPPET, HARRIET.*

Love. Where is that you promised me? where is my treasure?

Cler. Here, sir, is all the treasure I am worth—a treasure which the whole world's worth should not purchase.

Love. Give me the money, sir, give me the money; I say give me the money you stole from me.

Cler. I understand you not. [treasure?]

Love. Did you not confess you robbed me of my

Cler. This, sir, is the inestimable treasure I meant! Your daughter, sir, has this day blessed me by making me her husband.

Love. How! Oh, wicked, vile wretch! to run away thus with a pitiful mean fellow, thy father's clerk!

Cler. Think not your family disgraced, sir. I am at least your equal born; and though my fortune be not so large as for my dearest Harriet's sake I wish, still it is such as will put it out of your power to make us miserable.

Love. Oh! my money, my money, my money!

Fred. If this lady does not make you amends for the loss of your money, resign over all pretensions in her to me, and I will engage to get it restored to you.

Love. How, sirrah! are you a confederate? Have you helped to rob me? [guineas again.]

Fred. Softly, sir, or you shall never see your

Love. I resign her over to you entirely, and may you both starve together. So, go fetch my gold.

Mar. You are easily prevailed upon, I see, to resign a right which you have not. But were I to resign over myself, it would hardly be the man's fortune to starve whose wife brought him ten thousand pounds.

Love. Bear witness, she has confessed she has the money; and I shall prove she stole it from me. She has broke open my bureau; Lappet is my evidence.

Lap. I hope I shall have all your pardons, and particularly yours, madam, whom I have most injured.

Love. A fig for her pardon; you are doing a right action.

Lap. Then, if there was any robbery, you must have robbed yourself. This lady can be only a receiver of stolen goods; for I saw you give her the money with your own hands.

Love. How! I! you! What! what!

Lap. And I must own it, with shame I must own it—that the money you gave her in exchange for the contract, I promised to swear she had stole from you.

Cler. Is it possible Mr. Lovegold could be capable of such an action as this?

Love. I am undone, undone, undone!

Fred. No sir, your three thousand guineas are safe yet! depend upon it, within an hour, you shall find them in the same place they were first deposited. I thought to have purchased a reprieve with them; but I find my fortune has of itself bestowed that on me.

Love. Give 'em me, give 'em me, this instant—but then the ten thousand, where are they?

Mar. Where they ought to be, in the hands of one who I think deserves them. [Gives them to FREDERICK.] You see, sir, I had no design to the prejudice of your family. Nay, I have proved the best friend you ever had; for I presume you are now thoroughly cured of your longing for a young wife.

Love. Sirrah, give me my notes, give me my notes.

Fred. You must excuse me, sir; I can part with nothing I receive from this lady.

Love. Then I will go to law with that lady, and you, and all of you; for I will have them again, if law, or justice, or injustice, will give them me.

Cler. Be pacified, sir; I think the lady has acted nobly in giving that back again into your family which she might have carried out of it.

Love. My family be hanged! if I am robbed, I don't care who robs me. I would as soon hang my son as another; and I will hang him if he does

not restore me all I have lost, for I would not give half the sum to save the whole world: I will go and employ all the lawyers in town; for I will have my money again, or never sleep more.

Fred. I am resolved we will get the better of him now. But oh, Mariana! your generosity is much greater in bestowing this sum than my happiness in receiving it. I am an unconscionable beggar, and shall never be satisfied while you have anything to

Mar. Do you hear him? [bestow.]

Har. Yes, and begin to approve him; for your late behaviour has convinced me—

Mar. Dear girl, no more; you have frightened me already so much to-day, that rather than venture a second lecture I would do whatever you wished; so, sir, if I do bestow all on you, here is the lady you are to thank for it.

Har. Well, this I will say, when you do a good-natured thing, you have the prettiest way of doing it. And now, Mariana, I am ready to ask your pardon for all I said to-day. [I deserved.]

Mar. Dear Harriet, no apologies: all you said

SCENE the last.—LAPPET, RAMILIE, FREDERICK, MARIANA, CLERMONT, HARRIET.

Lap. Treaties are going on on both sides, while you and I seem forgotten.

Ram. Why, have we not done them all the service we can? What farther have they to do with us? Sir, there are some people in masquerading habits without.

Mar. Some I sent for to assist in my design on your father: I think we will give them admittance, though we have done without 'em.

All. Oh! by all means.

Fred. Mrs. Lappet, be assured I have a just sense of your favours; and both you and Ramilie shall find my gratitude. [Dance here.]

Fred. Dear Clermont, be satisfied I shall make no peace with the old gentleman in which you shall not be included. I hope my sister will prove a fortune equal to your great deserts.

Cler. While I am enabled to support her in an affluence equal to her desires I shall desire no more. From what I have seen lately, I think riches are rather to be feared than wished; at least, I am sure, avarice, which too often attends wealth, is a greater evil than any that is found in poverty. Misery is generally the end of all vice; but it is the very mark at which avarice seems to aim: the miser endeavours to be wretched.

He hoards eternal cares within his purse;

And what he wishes most proves most his curse.

EPILOGUE. WRITTEN BY COLLEY CIBBER, ESQ.; SPOKEN BY MISS RAFTOR.

OUR author's sure bewitch'd! The senseless rogue
Insists no good play wants an epilogue.
Suppose that true, said I, what's that to this?
Is yours a good one?—No, but Molière's is, }
He cried, and zounds! no epilogue was tack'd to his.
Besides, your modern epilogues, said he,
Are but ragouts of smut and ribaldry.
Where the false jests are dwindled to so few,
There's scarce one *double entendre* left that's new.
Nor would I in that lovely circle raise
One blush, to gain a thousand coxcombs' praise.
Then for the threadbare joke of cit and wit,
Whose foreknown rhyme is echo'd from the pit, }
'Till of their laugh the galleries are bit.
Then to reproach the critics with ill-nature,
And charge their malice to his stinging satire:
And thence appealing to the nicer boxes,
Though talking stuff might dash the Drury doxies;
If these, he cried, the choice ingredients be
For epilogues, they shall have none for me.
Lord, sir, says I, the gallery will so bawl;
Let 'em, he cried, a bad one's worse than none at all.
Madam, these things than you I'm more expert in, }
Nor do I see no epilogue much hurt in.
Zounds! when the play is ended—drop the curtain.

THE INTRIGUING CHAMBERMAID.

A COMEDY OF TWO ACTS. AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE, 1733.

Majores nusquam ronchi; juvenesque senesque
Et pueri nasum Rhinocerotis habent.—MARTIAL.

AN EPISTLE TO MRS. CLIVE.

MADAM,—If addresses of this nature (notwithstanding the base purposes to which they have been perverted) were originally intended to express the gratitude of the author for some favour received, or to celebrate the merit of some particular friend, I think you have a very just title to this.

Dedications, and indeed most panegyrics, have been generally confined to persons in high life; not that good qualities are so; but, as the praise which most authors bestow comes not from the heart, nor is the effect of their gratitude for past favours, but of their necessity of future, it is not so much their business to inquire who best deserves praise as who can best pay for it. And thus we often see an epistle crammed with such gross, false, and absurd flattery, as the poet ought to be ashamed of writing, and the patron of accepting.

But while I hold the pen it will be a maxim with me, that vice can never be too great to be lashed, nor virtue too obscure to be commended; in other words, that satire can never rise too high, nor panegyric stoop too low.

It is your misfortune to bring the greatest genius for acting on the stage at a time when the factions and divisions among the players have conspired with the folly, injustice, and barbarity of the town, to finish the ruin of the stage, and sacrifice our own native entertainments to a wanton affected fondness for foreign music; and when our nobility seem eagerly to rival each other in distinguishing themselves in favour of Italian theatres, and in neglect of our own.

However, the few who have yet so much English taste and good-nature left as sometimes to visit that stage where you exert your great abilities, never fail to receive you with the approbation you deserve; nay, you extort, by the force of your merit, the applause of those who are languishing for the return of Cuzzoni.

And here I cannot help reflecting, with some pleasure, that the town, that part of it at least which is not quite Italianised, have one obligation to me, who made the first discovery of your great capacity, and brought you earlier forward on the theatre than the ignorance of some and the envy of others would have otherwise permitted. I shall not here dwell on anything so well known as your theatrical merit, which one of the finest judges and the greatest man of his age hath acknowledged to exceed in humour that of any of your predecessors in his time.

But, as great a favourite as you at present are with the audience, you would be much more so were they acquainted with your private character; could they see you laying out great part of the profits which arise to you from entertaining them so well in the support of an aged father; did they see you, who can charm them on the stage with personating the foolish and vicious characters of your sex, acting in real life the part of the best wife, the best daughter, the best sister, and the best friend.

The part you have maintained in the present dispute between the players and the patentees is so full of honour, that, had it been in higher life, it would have given you the reputation of the greatest heroine of the age. You looked on the cases of Mr. Highmore and Mrs. Wilks with compassion, nor could any promises or views of interest sway you to desert them; nor have you scrupled any fatigue (particularly the part which at so short a warning you undertook in this farce) to support the cause of those whom you imagined injured and distressed; and for this you have been so far from endeavouring to exact an exorbitant reward from persons little able to afford it, that I have known you offer to act for nothing, rather than the patentees should be injured by the dismissal of the audience.

In short, if honour, good-nature, gratitude, and good sense, joined with the most entertaining humour, wherever they are found, are titles to public esteem, I think you may be sure of it; at least I am sure they will always recommend you to the sincere friendship of, madam, your most obliged humble servant,
HENRY FIELDING.

TO MR. FIELDING: OCCASIONED BY THE REVIVAL OF "THE AUTHOR'S FARCE."—SENT TO THE AUTHOR BY AN UNKNOWN HAND.

While wit like persecution reigns, and all
Must in the furious inquisition fall,
Untried, unheard; while guiltless crowds expire,
Martyrs to spleen, in each poetic fire;
Nor characters, nor worth, nor sex, nor age,
Nor sacred majesty escapes her rage;
Against example who shall dare commend,
Avow good-nature or confess the friend?

Hard is the task, in such a soil, to raise
From her decay the long-lost art of praise;
Where the sharp thistle springs t' implant the corn,
Or graft the rose upon the spiny thorn.

Willing, yet weak, and fearful of the fight,
In vain I mourn th' abuse I cannot right;
Yet this remains—with cheerful warmth to pay
To real worth this tributary lay.

Accept then, Fielding! from a heart sincere,
A gift commended by its being rare,
Unfeign'd applause! by no mean motive sway'd,
Nor yet to thee, but to thy merit, paid.

Long have I seen, with sorrow and surprise,
Unhelp'd, unheeded, thy strong genius rise,
To form our manners and amend our laws,
And aid, with artful hand, the public cause.

When modern crimes, to elder times unknown,
With worse than Sodom's guilt pollute this town,
Tied to old rules, though Westminster must aid,
The shame and scandal of the nuptial bed,
Thy equitable Muse asserts her claim,
To mark the monster with eternal shame;
The brute appears, in thy most just decree,
Triumphant only in his infamy.

But see! the politician mounts the stage,
The bane and weakness of our clime and age!
Who can unmov'd behold th' instructive scene,
Indulge his laughter, or contain his spleen,
When he reflects that such grave heads, so late
Controll'd our senate, and inflamed our state?

O! had the Muse a due attention found,
Her flights encouraged, and her labours crown'd,
Each busy knave had felt her vengeful hand,
And laughter branded whom the laws should brand!

In vain we wish! and the compliant bard
The public taste must sway, that must reward;
To that conforming, he must fill the scene
With puppets, players, Henley, harlequin;
Farce, mask, and opera, Grub-street and the court,
Link'd of nonsense must club to make us sport.

Yet here, even here, what sense! with how much art
He courts the head, since we deny the heart!
Mark in his mirth how innocent he plays!
And, while he mimes, the mimic hurts not Bayes;
Though much provok'd, no base ill-nature stains
With murd'rous die his unpolluted strains.

Proceed, even thus proceed, bless'd youth! to charm,
Divert our hearts, and civil rage disarm,
Till fortune, once not blind to merit, smile
On thy desert, and recompense thy toil;
Or Walpole, studious still of Britain's fame,
Protect thy labours, and prescribe the theme
On which, in ease and affluence, thou may'st raise
More noble trophies to thy country's praise.

PROLOGUE: UPON THE REVIVAL OF "THE AUTHOR'S FARCE."—
SPOKEN BY MRS. CLIVE.

As when some ancient hospitable seat,
Where plenty oft has giv'n the jovial treat,
Where in full bowls each welcome guest has drown'd
All sorrowing thoughts while mirth and joy went round,
Is by some wanton worthless heir destroy'd,
Its once full rooms grown a deserted void;
With sighs each neighbour views the mournful place,
With sighs each recollects what once it was.

So does our wretched theatre appear,
For mirth and joy once kept their revels here.
Here, the beau-monde in crowds repair'd each day,
And went well pleas'd and entertain'd away.
While Oldfield here hath charm'd the list'ning age,
And Wilks adorn'd, and Booth hath fill'd the stage,
Soft eunuchs warbled in successful strain,
And tumblers show'd their little tricks in vain;
Those boxes still the brighter circles were,
Triumphant toasts received their homage there.

But now, alas! how alter'd is our case!
I view with tears this poor deserted place;
None to our boxes now in pity stray,
But poets free o' th' house, and beaux who never pay.
No longer now we see our crowded door
Send the late comer back again at four.
At seven now into our empty pit
Drops from his counter some old prudent cit,
Contented with twelve pennyworth of wit.

Our author, of a generous soul possess'd,
Hath kindly aim'd to succour the distress'd;
To-night, what he shall offer in our cause
Already hath been bless'd with your applause;
Yet this his muse maturer hath revised,
And added more to that which once so much you prized.

We sue, not mean to make a partial friend,
But without prejudice at least attend.
If we are dull, e'en censure; but we trust
Satire can ne'er displease you when 'tis just;
Nor can we fear a brave, a generous town
Will join to crush us when we are almost down.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Goodall*, Mr. JONES; *Valentine*, Mr. STOPPELAER; *Lord Pride*, Mr. HEWSON; *Lord Puff*, Mr. CHARLES JONES; *Colonel Bluff*, Mr. MECKLIN; *Oldcastle*, Mr. NORRIS; *Rakeit*, Mr. MULLART; *Marquis*, MAD. GROGNET; *Slap*, Mr. TOPHAM; *Trick*, Mr. HALLAM; *Security*, Mr. GILES; *Mrs. Highman*, Mrs. MULLART; *Charlotte*, Mrs. ATHERTON; *Lettice*, Mrs. CLIVE. Ladies, Constables, Servants, &c.—
SCENE, LONDON.

ACT I.—SCENE I.—*Covent-garden*.—MRS. HIGHMAN, LETTICE.

Mrs. H. OH! Mrs. Lettice, is it you? I am extremely glad to see you; you are the very person I would meet.

Let. I am much at your service, madam.

Mrs. H. Oh! madam, I know very well that, and at every one's service, I dare swear, that will pay you for it. But all the service, madam, that I have for you is to carry a message to your master. I desire, madam, that you would tell him from me that he is a very great villain, and that I entreat him never more to come near my doors; for if I find him within 'em I will turn my niece out of them.

Let. Truly, madam, you must send this by another messenger; but pray what has my master done to deserve it should be sent at all?

Mrs. H. He has done nothing yet, I believe; I thank Heaven and my own prudence; but I know what he would do. [gentleman, I am confident.

Let. He would do nothing but what becomes a

Mrs. H. Oh! I dare swear, madam, debauching a young lady is acting like a very fine gentleman; but I shall keep my niece out of the hands of such fine gentlemen.

Let. You wrong my master, madam, cruelly; I know his designs on your niece are honourable.

Mrs. H. You know!

Let. Yes, madam, no one knows my master's heart better than I do. I am sure, were his designs otherwise, I would not be accessory to 'em: I love your niece too much, madam, to carry on an amour in which she should be a loser. But as I know that my master is heartily in love with her, and that she is heartily in love with my master, and as I am certain they will be a very happy couple, I will not leave one stone unturned to bring them together.

Mrs. H. Rare impudence! Hussy, I have another match for her; she shall marry Mr. Oldcastle.

Let. Oh! then, I find it is you that have a dishonourable design on your niece.

Mrs. H. How, sauciness?

Let. Yes, madam, marrying a young lady who is in love with a young fellow to an old one whom she hates is the surest way to bring about I know what, that can possibly be taken.

AIR I.—*Soldier laddy*.

When a virgin in love with a brisk jolly lad
You match to a spark more fit for her dad,
'Tis as pure, and as sure, and secure as a gun,
The young lover's business is happily done:
Though it seems to her arms he takes the wrong route,
Yet my life for a farthing,
Pursuing his wooing,
The young fellow finds, though he go round about,
It's only to come the nearest way home.

Mrs. H. I can bear this no longer. I would advise you, madam, and your master both, to keep from my house, or I shall take measures you won't like. [Exit.

Let. I defy you; we have the strongest party, and I warrant we'll get the better of you. But here comes the young lady herself.

SCENE II.—LETTICE, CHARLOTTE.

Char. So, Mrs. Lettice!

Let. 'Tis pity you had not come a little sooner, madam; your good aunt is but just gone, and has left positive orders that you should make more frequent visits at our house.

Char. Indeed!

Let. Yes, madam! for she has forbid my master ever visiting at yours, and I know it will be impossible for you to live without seeing him. [then?

Char. I assure you! Do you think me so fond

Let. Do I? I know you are; you love nothing else, think of nothing else all day; and, if you will confess the truth, I dare lay a wager that you dream of nothing else all night.

Char. Then, to show you, madam, how well you know me—the devil take me—if you are not in the right.

Let. Ah! madam, to a woman practised in love, like me, there is no occasion for confession: for my part, I don't want words to assure me of what the eyes tell me. Oh! if the lovers would but consult the eyes of their mistresses, we should not have such sighing, languishing, and despairing as we have.

AIR II.—*Bush of Boon*.

What need he trust your words precise,

Your soft desires denying.

When, oh! he reads within your eyes

Your tender heart complying?

Your tongue may cheat,

And with deceit

Your softer wishes cover;

But, oh! your eyes

Know no disguise,

Nor ever cheat your lover.

SCENE III.—LETTICE, CHARLOTTE, VALENTINE.

Val. My dearest Charlotte! this is meeting my wishes, indeed! for I was coming to wait on you.

Let. It's very lucky that you do meet her here; for her house is forbidden ground: you have seen your last of that, Mrs. Highman swears.

Val. Ha! not go where my dear Charlotte is? What danger could deter me? What difficulty prevent me? Not cannon, nor plagues, nor all the most frightful forms of death, should keep me from her arms.

Char. Nay, by what I can find, you are not to put your valour to any proof; the danger is to be mine: I am to be turned out of doors if ever you are seen in them again.

Val. The apprehensions of your danger would, indeed, put it to the severest proof. But why will my dearest Charlotte continue in the house of one who threatens to turn her out of it? Why will she not know another home, one where she would find a protector from every kind of danger?

Char. How can you pretend to love me, Valentine, and ask me that in our present desperate circumstances?

Let. Nay, nay, don't accuse him wrongfully. I won't indeed insist that he gives you any great instance of his prudence by it; but I'll swear it is a very strong one of his love; and such an instance, as when a man has once shown, no woman of any honesty, or honour, or gratitude, can refuse him any longer. For my part, if I had ever found a lover who had not wicked mercenary views upon my fortune, I should have married him, whatever he had been.

Char. Thy fortune?

Let. My fortune! Yes, madam, my fortune. I was worth fifty-six pounds before I put into the lottery; what it will be now I can't tell; but you know somebody must get the great lot, and why not I?

Val. Oh, Charlotte! would you had the same sentiments with me! For, by Heavens! I apprehend no danger but that of losing you; and, believe me, love will sufficiently reward us for all the hazards we run on this account.

AIR III.—*Fanny, blooming fair, &c.*

Let bold ambition lie
Within the warrior's mind;
False honours let him buy
With slaughter of mankind:
To crowns a doubtful right
Lays thousands in their
grave;
While wretched armies fight
Which master shall enslave.
Love took my heart with storm,
Let him there rule alone,
In Charlotte's charming form
Still sitting on his throne.

How will my soul rejoice
At his commands to fly,
If spoken in that voice,
Or look'd from that dear
eye!
To universal sway
Love's title is the best;
Well, shall we him obey
Who makes his subjects
blest?
If Heaven for human good
Did empire first design,
Love must be understood
To rule by right divine.

Let. Hist! hist! get you both about your business. Mr. Oldcastle is just turned the corner; and if he should see you together, you are undone.

[*Exeunt VAL. and CHARL.*]

Now will I banter this old coxcomb severely: for I think it is a most impertinent thing in these old fumlbers to interpose in young people's sport.

SCENE IV.—LETTICE, OLDCASTLE.

Old. Hem, hem! I profess it is a very severe easterly wind; and, if it was not to see a mistress, I believe I should scarce have stirred abroad all day.

Let. Mr. Oldcastle, your very humble servant.

Old. Your humble servant, madam: I ask your pardon, but I profess I have not the honour of knowing you.

Let. Men of your figure, sir, are known by more than they are themselves able to remember. I am a poor handmaid of a young lady of your acquaintance, Miss Charlotte Highman.

Old. Oh! your very humble servant, madam; I hope your lady is well. [message to you.]

Let. Hum! so, so. She sent me, sir, of a small

Old. I am the happiest man in the world.

Let. To desire a particular favour of you.

Old. She honours me with her commands.

Let. She begs, if you have the least affection for her, that she may never see you here again.

Old. What! what!

Let. She is a very well-bred, civil, good-natured lady, and does not care to send a rude message; therefore only bids me tell you she hates you, scorns you, detests you more than any creature upon the earth; that, if you are resolved to marry, she would recommend to you a certain excellent dry nurse, who might possibly be brought by your money to do anything but go to bed with you; and lastly, she bids me tell you in this cold weather never to go to bed without a good warm posset, and never to lie without at least a pair of flannel shirts.

Old. Hold your impertinent, saucy tongue.

Let. Nay, sir, don't be angry with me, I only deliver my message; and that too in as civil and concise a manner as possible.

Old. Your mistress is a pert young hussy, and I shall tell her mother of her.

Let. That will never do; you had better trust to her own good-nature; 'tis I am your friend, and, if we can get over three little obstacles, I don't despair of marrying you to her, yet.

Old. What are those obstacles?

Let. Why, sir, there is, in the first place, your great age; you are at least some sixty-six.

Old. It's a lie! I want several—months of it.

Let. If you did not, I think we may get over this: one half of your fortune makes a very sufficient amends for your age.

Old. We shan't fall out about that.

Let. Well, sir, then there is, in the second place, your terrible ungenteel air: this is a grand obstacle with her, who is dotingly fond of everything that is fine and foppish; and yet I think we may get over

this too, by the other half of your fortune. And now there remains but one, which if you can find anything to set aside, I believe I may promise you you shall have her; and that is, sir, that horrible face of yours, which it is impossible for any one to see without being frightened. [I'll have you turned off.]

Old. Ye impudent baggage! I'll tell your mistress,

Let. That will be well repaying me, indeed, for all the services I have done you.

Old. Services!

Let. Services! yes, sir, services; and, to let you see I think you fit for a husband, I'll have you myself! Who can be more proper for a husband than a man of your age and taste? for I think you could not have the conscience to live above a year, or a year and half at most: and I think a good plentiful jointure would make amends for one's enduring you as long as that; provided we live in separate parts of the house, and one had a good handsome groom of the chambers to attend one.

AIR IV.—*Hark, hark, the cock crows.*

When a lover like you
Does a woman pursue,
She must have little wit in her brain, sir,
If for better and worse
She takes not the purse,
Alas, with her sighing poor swain, sir;
Though hugg'd to her wishes,
Amidst empty dishes,
Much hunger her stomach may prove, sir;
But a pocket of gold,
As full as 'twill hold,
Will still find her food for her love, sir.

Old. You are an impertinent, impudent baggage! and I have a mind to—I am out of breath with passion; and I shall not recover it this half hour.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—LETTICE, RAKEIT.

Let. A very pretty lover for a young lady, indeed!

Rak. Your servant, Mrs. Lettice; what have you and the great squire Oldcastle been entertaining one another with?

Let. With his passion for your young mistress, or rather her passion for him. I have been bantering him till he is in such a rage, that I actually doubt whether he will not beat her or no.

Rak. Will you never leave off your frolics, since we must pay for them? You have put him out of humour; now he will go and put my lady out of humour; and then we may be all beaten for aught I know.

Let. Well, sirrah! and do you think I had not rather twenty such as you should be beaten to death than my master should be robbed of his mistress?

Rak. Your humble servant, madam; you need not take any great pains to convince me of your fondness for your master. I believe he has more mistresses than what are in our house; but hang it, I am too polite to be jealous; and if he has done me the favour with you, why perhaps I may return it one day with somebody else. I am not the first gentleman of the party-coloured regiment who has been even with his master.

Let. Not with such gentlemen as Mr. Valentine. Indeed with your little, pert, skipping beaux, I don't know what may happen. Such masters and their men are often, both in dress and behaviour, so very like one another, that a woman may be innocently false, and mistake the one for the other. Nay, I don't know whether such a change as you mention may not be sometimes for the better.

AIR V.—*As down in a meadow, &c.*

See John and his master as together they pass,
Or see them admiring themselves in the glass:
Each cocks fierce his bat, each struts and looks big,
Both have lace on their coat, and a bag to their wig.

Both swear, and both rattle, both game, and both drink,
When neither can write, or can read, or e'er think.
Say then where the difference lies if you can:
Faith! widows, you'd give it on the side of the man.

Rak. But, my dear Lettice, I do not approve this
Let. Why so? [match in our families.]

Rak. You know how desperate his circumstances
are, and she has no fortune.

Let. She hath indeed no fortune of her own, but
her aunt Highman is very rich.

Rak. She will be little the better for't.

Let. Then there's the chance of both her brothers'
death; besides an uncle in Yorkshire, who hath five
children only, one of which hath never had the small-
pox: nay, there are not above sixteen or seventeen
between her and an Irish barony.

Rak. Ay, this lady would make a fine fortune after
two or three good plagues. In short, I find there is
but little hopes on our side, and if there be no more
on yours——

Let. Oh, yes, there are hopes enough on ours.
There is hopes of my young master's growing bet-
ter, for I am sure there is no possibility of his grow-
ing worse. Hopes of my old master's staying abroad.
Hopes of his being drowned if he attempts coming
home. Hopes of the stars falling——

Rak. Dear Mrs. Lettice, do not jest with such se-
rious things as hunger and thirst. Do you seriously
think that all your master's entertainments are at an
end?

Let. So far from it, that he is this day to give a
grand entertainment to your mistress and about a
dozen more gentlemen and ladies.

Rak. My chops begin to water. I find your mas-
ter is a very honest fellow, and it is possible may
hold out two or three weeks longer.

Let. You are mistaken, sir; there will be no dan-
ger of his giving any more entertainments; for there
is a certain gentleman called an upholsterer, who
the moment that the company is gone is to make his
entrance into the house, and carry everything out on't.

Rak. A very good way, faith, of furnishing a
house to receive a wife in; your master has set me
a very good pattern against you and I marry, Mrs.
Lettice.

Let. Sauce-box! Do you think I'll have you?

Rak. Unless I can provide better for myself.

Let. Well, that I am fond of thee I am certain,
and what I am fond of I can't imagine, unless it be
thy invincible impudence.

Rak. Why, faith, I think I have the impudence of
a gentleman, and there is nothing better to succeed
with the ladies.

AIR VI.

When modesty sues for a favour,
What answers the politic lass?

Let. That she mightily likes his behaviour,
And thinks in her heart he's an ass;
And thinks in her heart he's an ass.

Rak. But when bolder impudence rushes,
And manfully seizes her charms?

Let. Lard! you're rude, sir, she cries, then she blushes,
And folds the brisk youth in her arms.
And folds, &c. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—VALENTINE, TRICK.

Val. You say I owe you five hundred pounds
principal and interest?

Trick. Yes, sir; you will please to cast it up your-
self, and I believe our accounts will correspond.

Val. I'll take your word for it, sir; and if you
please to let me have five hundred more I shall
owe you a thousand.

Trick. Sir, the money was none of my own, I had
it from another; and it must be paid, sir; he hath
called it in.

Val. He may call as long as he pleases; but till

I call it in, it will signify not much, sir. I have
thought of an expedient, if the money you lent me
was another's, and he be impatient for it; you may
pay him off: lay me down the other five hundred,
and take the whole debt upon yourself.

Trick. I am quite out of cash, sir, or you know
you might command me, and therefore I hope you
will not put off the payment any longer.

Val. I am extremely busy to-day, and beg you
would call another time.

Trick. I have called so often, that I am quite
weary of calling; and if I am not paid within these
three days I shall send a lawyer for my money—
and so your servant. [Exit.]

SCENE VII.—VALENTINE, TRUSTY.

Val. So, honest Trusty, what success?

Trus. I went to the jeweller's with the ring which
your honour told me cost an hundred pound, but he
refused to give me any more than fifty for it, so I

Val. Very well. [e'en took that.]

Trus. As for the old silver bowl which your father
valued at fourscore pounds, Mr. Whiting said there
was so much reckoned for the fashion, and that it
was so old and ungenteel that he offered me but
twenty: but I knew your honour wanted money,

Val. Very well. [and so I took it.]

Trus. The gold repeating watch I carried to the
maker, and told him he had received fifty odd guineas
for it two years ago; but he said it was much the
worse for wearing; and that the nobility and gentry
run so much into pinchbeck that he had not disposed
of two gold watches this month. However he said
he would give half; and I thought that better than
nothing, so I let him have it.

Val. Very well.

Trus. But this was nothing to that rogue in Mon-
mouth-street, who offered me but sixteen pounds for
the two suits of fine clothes, that I dare swear stood
your honour in above an hundred pounds. I flew
into a great passion with him, and have brought them
back again.

Val. You should have taken the money.

Trus. One piece of surprising good fortune was
the saving of your medals, which just as I was going
to dispose of, a gentleman whispered in my ear
that a certain knight that would be in town in a
fortnight would give six times as much for them.

Val. A fortnight! what of a fortnight? A fort-
night's an age. I would not give a shilling for the
reversion of an estate so long to come. Here, give
me what money you have brought, and go and dis-
pose of the rest immediately.

Trus. But, sir, I wish your honour would consi-
der: for my part, I dread my old master's coming
home; and yet, if he does not, what you will do any
longer, Heaven knows.

Val. Don't trouble thyself about that; but go
execute my commands. [Exit TRUSTY.]

AIR VII.—Excuse me.

Let misers with sorrow to- day, Lay up for to-morrow's array, Like Tantalus thirsty, who craves Drink, up to his chin in the waves. But Fortune, like women, to- day may be kind, And yield to your mind;	To-morrow she goes, And on others bestows The blessing. The lover who yields to the fair one's delays Oft loses the day. Then fly to her arms, For we are sure of her charms When possessing.
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SCENE VIII.—Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, a gentleman in mourning desires to see
you.

Val. Show him in. [Exit Servant.] Would my
dear Charlotte were here!

SCENE IX.—VALENTINE, SLAP.

Val. Your most obedient servant, sir; I have not the honour of knowing you, sir.

Slap. I believe you do not, sir; I ask pardon, but I have a small writ against you.

Val. A writ against me!

Slap. Don't be uneasy, sir; it is only for a trifle, sir; about two hundred pounds.

Val. What must I do, sir?

Slap. Oh, sir! whatever you please; only pay the money, or give bail, which you please.

Val. I can do neither of them this instant, and I expect company every moment. I suppose, sir, you'll take my word till to-morrow morning?

Slap. Oh yes, sir, with all my heart. If you will be so good as to step to my house hard by, you shall be extremely well used, and I'll take your word.

Val. Your house! 'sdeath, you rascal!

Slap. Nay, sir, 'tis in vain to bully.

Val. Nay, then!—who's there—my servants. [*Enter Servants.*] Here, kick this fellow down stairs.

Slap. This is a rescue, remember that—a rescue, sir; I'll have my lord chief justice's warrant.

[*Slap is forced off by the Servants.*]

SCENE X.—VALENTINE, CHARLOTTE.

Char. Oh, Valentine! what's the matter? I am frightened to death. Swords drawn! Oh, my heart! you are not hurt?

Val. By none but you, my love; I have no wounds but those you can cure. [*casion of this bustle?*]

Char. Heaven be praised! But what was the oc-

Val. Nothing, my dear, but a couple of fencing-masters. I happened to turn about, and one of them cut me on the back; that's all.

Char. You see the dangers I run on your account; should my aunt know of my being here, I should be undone for ever. Nay, and what the rest of the company will think when they see me here before them I dread to imagine.

Val. You know you have it in your power to silence the tongues of the world whenever you please: and oh, Charlotte! I wish you would this day consent to make this house your reputable home.

Char. Press me not, Valentine: for, whatever be the consequence, if you should, I feel I cannot deny you.

AIR VIII.—*Spring's a coming.*

Virgins wary

Would ne'er miscarry,

If lovers would take a denial or two:

If he pursues her still,

Can she refuse him still,

What she herself hath a mind to do?

Val. Turtles, though with each other they die,

Shall be less constant and fond than I:

For April's soft showers,

Nor June's sweet flowers,

In softness and sweetness with thee can vie.

Char. Turtles, though, &c.

Char. Could I be assured of your constancy—could I find you always fond and endearing as now—believe me, it would not be in the power of fortune to make me miserable.

Val. If thou canst place any confidence in vows, I know not how to bind myself faster to you than I have done already; but you have a better, which is in your own merit. Believe me, Charlotte, men are more constant than you imagine. He that marries for money is constant to the love of his wife's money. He that marries for beauty is commonly constant while that beauty lasts; and a love that's fixed on merit, as mine, will be constant while that endures.

Char. Well, we must all run a risk, believe me; as to the point of fortune, it is the least of my thoughts. A woman, who can carry her prudence

so far as that, cheats you when she pretends to love. Love reigns alone in every breast it inhabits, and, in my opinion, makes us amends for the absence of Madam Prudence, and all her train. [*thine.*]

Val. Thou dearest girl, this night shall make me

AIR IX.—*Polworth on the green.*

Come, Charlotte, let's be gay,

Let's enjoy ourselves to-day;

To-morrow's in the hands of the powers,

To-day alone is ours.

Let fools for wealth

Spend time and health,

While we, more happy, try,

In each soft kiss,

Transporting bliss,

Which treasures ne'er can buy.

Char. Let age grave lessons preach

'Gainst what she cannot reach;

Let prudes condemn what they esteem,

All fools our joys impeach.

Both. Let fools, &c.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—VALENTINE and company, seated as after dinner.

Val. Call in the dancers. I hope, ladies, your good nature will make you as kind to this part of the entertainment as it hath to the other.

Mar. Je vous félicite de votre gout ravissant, Monsieur Valentine; mais allons! dançons nous-

Val. My father arrived, say you? [*mêmes.*]

Let. Yes, sir, and will be here instantly.

Val. Death and hell! what shall I do, Lettice? I must trust to the contrivance of thy brain, or I am undone.

Let. Well, I will do the best I can for you; in the mean time be not chagrined; enjoy your friends, and take no notice of it. I will lie perdue for him, and meet him at the door. Be sure to keep close garri-son, and after I am gone out open the doors to none.

Val. Send thee good luck, my best wench! Come, gentlemen and ladies, what say you? are you for cards

All. Hazard, hazard. [*or hazard?*]

Mar. Hazard! ma voix est toujours pour hazard!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—GOODALL, LETTICE, and Servant with a portmanteau.

Good. This cursed stage-coach from Portsmouth hath fatigued me more than my voyage from the Cape of Good Hope: but, Heaven be praised, I am once more arrived within sight of my own doors. I cannot help thinking how pleased my son will be to see me returned a full year sooner than my intention.

Let. He would be much more pleased to hear you were at the Cape of Good Hope yet. [*Aside.*]

Good. I hope I shall find my poor boy at home; I dare swear he will die with joy to see me.

Let. I believe he is half dead already; but now for you, my good master. [*Aside.*] Bless me! what

Good. Lettice! [*do I see? an apparition?*]

Let. Is it my dear master Goodall returned, or is it the devil in his shape? Is it you, sir? is it positively you yourself?

Good. Even so. How do you, Lettice?

Let. Much at your honour's service. I am heartily glad to see your honour in such good health. Why, the air of the Indies hath agreed vastly with you. Indeed, sir, you ought to have stayed a little longer there for the sake of your health—and our quiet. [*Aside.*]

Good. Well, but how does my son do? And how hath he behaved himself in my absence? I hope he hath taken great care of my affairs.

Let. I'll answer for him, he hath put your affairs into a condition that will surprise you, take my word for it.

Good. I warrant you he is every day in the Alley

Stocks have gone just as I imagined; and if he followed my advice he must have amassed a vast sum
Let. Not a farthing, sir. [of money.]

Good. How, how, how!

Let. Sir, he hath paid it out as fast as it came in.

Good. How!

Let. Put it out, sir, I mean, to interest, to interest, sir; why, our house hath been a perfect fair ever since you went, people coming for money every hour of the day.

Good. That's very well done, and I long to see my dear boy. [To Lettice.] Knock at the door.

Let. He is not at home, sir—and if you have such a desire to see him—

SCENE III.—SECURITY, GOODALL, LETTICE.

Sec. Your servant, Mrs. Lettice.

Let. Your servant, Mr. Security. Here's a rogue of a usurer who hath found a very proper time to ask for his money in.

Sec. Do you know, Mrs. Lettice, that I am weary of following your master day after day in this manner without finding him; and that if he does not pay me to-day I shall sue out an execution directly? A thousand pounds are a sum—

Good. What, what, what's this I hear?

Let. I'll explain it to you by and by, sir.

Good. Does my son owe you a thousand pounds?

Sec. Your son, sir!

Good. Yes, sir, this woman's young master, who lives at that house, Mr. Valentine Goodall, is my son.

Sec. Yes, sir, he does; and I am very glad you are returned to pay it me.

Good. There go two words though to that bargain.

Let. I believe, sir, you will do it with a great deal of joy, when you know that his owing this money is purely an effect of his good conduct.

Good. Good conduct! Owing money good conduct?

Let. Yes, sir, he hath bought a house of the price of two thousand pounds, which every one says is worth more than four; and this he could not have done without borrowing this thousand pounds. I am sure, sir, I and he, and Trusty, ran all over the town to get the money that he might not lose so good a bargain. I believe there will not go many words to the payment on't now. [Aside.]

Good. I am overjoyed at my son's behaviour.—Sir, you need give yourself no pain about the money; return to-morrow morning, and you shall receive it.

Sec. Sir, your word is sufficient for a much greater sum; and I am your very humble servant. [Exit.]

Good. Well, but tell me a little; in what part of the town hath my son bought this house?

Let. In what part of the town?

Good. Yes, there are, you know, some quarters better than others—as for example, this here—

Let. Well, and it is in this that it stands.

Good. What, not the great house yonder, is it?

Let. No, no, no; do you see that house yonder—where the windows seem to have been just cleaned?

Good. Yes.

Let. It is not that—and a little beyond you see another very large house, higher than any other

Good. I do. [in the square?

Let. But it is not that—Take particular notice of the house opposite to it, a very handsome house, is

Good. Yes, indeed is it. [it not?

Let. That is not the house—but you may see one with great gates before it, almost opposite to another that fronts a street, at the end of which stands the house which your son hath bought.

Good. There is no good house in that street, as I remember, but Mrs. Highman's.

Let. That's the very house.

Good. That is a very good bargain, indeed; but how comes a woman in her circumstances to sell her house?

Let. It is impossible, sir, to account for people's actions; besides, she is out of her senses.

Good. Out of her senses!

Let. Yes, sir, her family hath taken out a commission of lunacy against her; and her son, who is a most abandoned prodigal, hath sold all she had for half its value. [went away.]

Good. Son! why she was not married when I

Let. No, sir; but to the great surprise of every one, and to the great scandal of all our sex, there appeared all of a sudden a very lusty young fellow of the age of three-and-twenty, whom she owned to have been her son, and that his father was a grenadier in the first regiment of guards.

Good. Oh, monstrous!

Let. Ah, sir! if every child in this city knew his own father, if children were to inherit only the estates of those who begot them, it would cause a great confusion in inheritances.

AIR X.—Pierrot's dance.

Were all women's secrets known,

Did each father know his own,

Many a son now bred to trade

Then had shined in rich brocade;

Many cits

Had been wits,

In estate, though not in sense;

Many beaux

Birth-day clothes

Had not worn at cit's expense.

For did our women, wise indeed,

Contrive no way to mend the breed,

Our sparks such pretty masters grow,

So spruce, so taper, and so low;

From Britons tall,

Our heroes shall

Be Lilliputians all.

Good. Well, but I stand here talking too long: knock at the door.

Let. What shall I do?

[Aside.]

Good. You seem in a consternation! No accident hath happened to my son, I hope!

Let. No, sir, but—

[in my absence?

Good. But! but what? Hath any one robbed me

Let. No, sir; not absolutely robbed you, sir.—What shall I say?

Good. Explain yourself: speak.

Let. Oh, sir! I can withhold my tears no longer. Enter not, I beseech you, sir, your house, sir; your dear house, that you and I and my poor young master loved so much, within these six months—

Good. What of my house within these six months?

Let. Hath been haunted, sir, with the most terrible apparitions that were ever heard or beheld!—You'd think the devil himself had taken possession of it! Nay, I believe he hath too: all the wild noises in the universe; the squeaking of pigs, the grinding of knives, the whetting of saws, the whistling of winds, the roaring of seas, the hooting of owls, the howling of wolves, the braying of asses, the squalling of children, and the scolding of wives, all put together, make not so hideous a concert. This I myself have heard; nay, and I have seen such sights! One with about twenty heads, and a hundred eyes, and mouths, and noses in each.

Good. Hey-day! the wench is mad. Stand from before the door: I'll see whether the devil can keep me out from my own house. Haunted, indeed!

Let. Sir, I have a friendship for you; and you shall not go in.

Good. How! not go into my house?

Let. No, sir, not till the devil is driven out on't; there are two priests at work upon him now. Hark,

I think the devils are dancing. Nay, sir, you may listen yourself, and get in too, if you can.

[*Laughing within.*]

Good. Ha! by all that's gracious, I hear a noise.

Let. I have nothing but his monstrous superstition to rely on.

Good. Oh, heavens! what monstrous squalling is that?

[*Shriek within.*]

Let. Why, sir, I am surprised you should think I would impose upon you. I assure you, your house is haunted by a whole legion of devils. Your whole family hath been driven out of it; and this was one reason why your son bought Madam Highman's house, not being able to live any longer in this.

Good. I am in a cold sweat! What, my son left this house!

Let. Oh, sir! I am sure, had you known the terrors we underwent for a whole fortnight, especially poor I, sir, who lay every night frightened with the sight of the most monstrous large things, fearing every minute what they would do to me—

Good. Can all this be true, or are you imposing on me? I have indeed heard of such things as apparitions on just causes, and believe in them; but why they should haunt my house I can't imagine.

Let. Why, sir, they tell me, before you bought the house there was a murder committed in it.

Good. I must inquire into all these things: but, in the mean time, I must send this portmanteau to my son's new house.

Let. No, sir, that's a little improper at present.

Good. What, is that house haunted? Hath the devil taken possession of that house too?

Let. No, sir, but madam Highman hath not yet quitted possession of it. I told you before, sir, that she was out of her senses; and, if any one does but mention the sale of her house to her, it throws her into the most violent convulsions. [her madness.]

Good. Well, well, I shall know how to humour

Let. I wish, sir, for a day or two—

Good. You throw me out of all manner of patience; I am resolved I will go thither this instant.

Let. Here she is herself: but pray remember the condition she is in, and don't do anything to chagrin her.

SCENE IV.—LETTICE, GOODALL, MRS. HIGHMAN.

Mrs. H. What do I see! Mr. Goodall returned?

Let. Yes, madam, it is him; but alas! he's not himself—he's distracted; his losses in this voyage have turned his brain, and he's become a downright lunatic. [tune. Poor gentleman!]

Mrs. H. I am heartily concerned for his misfortune.

Let. If he should speak to you by chance, have no regard to what he says; we are going to shut him up in a mad-house with all expedition.

Mrs. H. [*Aside.*] He hath a strange wandering in his countenance.

Good. [*Aside.*] How miserably she is altered! She hath a terrible look with her eyes!

Mrs. H. Mr. Goodall, your very humble servant. I am glad to see you returned, though I am sorry for your misfortune.

Good. I must have patience, and trust in heaven, and in the power of the priests, who are now endeavouring to lay those wicked spirits with which my house is haunted.

Mrs. H. His house haunted; poor man! But I must not contradict him; that would make him worse.

Good. In the mean time, Mrs. Highman, I should be obliged to you if you would let me order my portmanteau to your house.

Mrs. H. My house is at your service; and I desire you would use it in the same manner as your own.

Good. I would not, madam, on any account, insult your unfortunate condition—Lettice, this lady does not carry any marks of madness about her.

Let. She has some lucid intervals, sir; but her fit will soon return.

Good. I am extremely sorry for your misfortune, Mrs. Highman; which, indeed, had I not been so well assured of, I could never have believed. But I have known some in your way who, during the intervals of their fits, have talked very reasonably; therefore, give me leave to ask you the cause of your phrenzy. For I much question whether this commission of lunacy that has been taken out against you be not without sufficient proof.

Mrs. H. A commission of lunacy against me! Me!

Good. Lettice, I see she is worse than I imagined.

Mrs. H. However, if you are not more mischievous than you at present seem, I think it is wrong in them to confine you in a mad-house.

Good. Confine me! Ha, ha, ha! This is turning the tables upon me, indeed! But, Mrs. Highman, I would not have you be uneasy that your house is sold; at least, it is better for you that my son hath bought it than another; for you shall have an apartment in it still, in the same manner as if it was still your own, and you were in your senses.

Mrs. H. What's all this? As if I was still in my senses! Let me tell you, Mr. Goodall, you are a poor distracted wretch, and ought to have an apartment in a dark room, and clean straw.

Good. Since you come to that, madam, I shall show you the nearest way out of doors; and I give you warning to take away your things, for I shall fill all the rooms with goods within these few days.

SCENE V.—LETTICE, GOODALL, MRS. HIGHMAN, SLAP, Constable and Assistants.

Slap. That's the door, Mr. Constable.

Let. What's to be done now, I wonder?

Const. Open the door, in the king's name, or I shall break it open.

Good. Who are you, sir, in the devil's name? And what do you want in that house?

Slap. Sir, I have a prisoner there; and I have my lord chief justice's warrant against him. [peace?]

Good. For what sum, sir? Are you a justice of

Slap. I am one of his majesty's officers, sir; and this day I arrested one Mr. Valentine Goodall, who lives in this house, for two hundred pounds: his servants have rescued him; and I have a judge's warrant for the rescue.

Good. What do I hear? But hearkee, friend, that house you are going to break open is haunted; and there is no one in it but a couple of priests, who are laying the devil.

Slap. I warrant you I lay the devil better than all the priests in Europe. Come, Mr. Constable, do your office; I have no time to lose. Sir, I have several other writs to execute before night.

Let. I have defended my pass as long as I can; and now I think it is no cowardice to steal off. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.—COL. BLUFF, MARQUIS, SLAP, GOODALL, Constable.

Bluff. What, in the devil's name, is the meaning of this riot? What is the reason, scoundrels, that you dare disturb gentlemen who are getting as drunk as lords?

Slap. Sir, we have authority for what we do.

Bluff. Damn your authority, sir! if you don't go about your business I shall show you my authority, and send you all to the devil.

Slap. It is he! I have a warrant against him too; I wish it was in my pocket.

Const. Mr. Slap, shall we knock him down?

Slap. Sir, I desire you would give us leave to enter the house, and seize our prisoner.

Bluff. Not I, upon my honour, sir.

Mar. Que veut dire cette bruit? quelle vilain Anglois! quelle pouscon ventre bleu! Allons, Monsieur le colonel! allons! frappons! [to force.

Slap. If you oppose us any longer I shall proceed

Bluff. If you love force I'll show you the way, you dogs. [BLUFF drives them off.

Good. I find I am distracted! I am stark raving mad! I am undone, ruined, cheated, imposed on! But, please heaven, I'll go see what's in my house.

Bluff. Hold, sir; you must not enter here.

Good. Not enter into my own house, sir?

Bluff. No, sir; if it be yours you must not come

Mar. Il ne faut pas entrer ici. [within it.

Good. Gentlemen, I only beg to speak with the master of the house.

Bluff. Sir, the master of the house desires to speak with no such fellows as you are: you are not fit company for any of the gentlemen in this house.

Good. Sir, the master of this house is my son.

Bluff. Sir, your most obedient humble servant: I am overjoyed to see you returned. Give me leave, sir, to introduce you to this gentleman. Monsieur le Marquis Quelquechose, le père de Monsieur Valentine.

Mar. Ah, monsieur, que je suis ravi de vous voir.

Good. Gentlemen, your most obedient humble servant.

Bluff. Give me leave to tell you, sir, you have the honour of being father to one of the finest gentlemen of the age: a man so accomplished, so well bred, and so generous, that I believe he never would part with a guest while he had a shilling in his pocket; nor, indeed, while he could borrow one.

Good. I believe it, indeed, sir; therefore you can't wonder if I am impatient to see him.

Bluff. Be not in such haste, dear sir; I want to talk with you about your affairs. I hope you have had good success in the Indies; have cheated the company handsomely, and made an immense fortune.

Good. I have no reason to complain.

Bluff. I am glad on't, sir, and so will your son, I dare swear: and, let me tell you, it will be very opportune; he began to want it. You can't imagine sir, what a fine life he has led since you went away. It would do your heart good if you was but to know what an equipage he has kept, what balls and entertainments he has made: he is the talk of the whole town, sir; a man would work with pleasure for such a son. He is a fellow with a soul, damn me! Your fortune won't be thrown away upon him; for, get as much as you please, my life he spends every farthing.

Good. Pray, gentlemen, let me see this miracle of a son of mine.

Bluff. That you should sir, long ago; but really, sir, the house is a little out of order at present; there is but one room furnished in it, and that is so full of company that I am afraid there would be a small deficiency of chairs. You can't imagine, sir, how opportune you are come; there was not any one thing left in the house to raise any money upon.

Good. What, all my pictures gone?

Bluff. He sold them first, sir: he was obliged to sell them for the delicacy of taste: he certainly is the modestest young fellow in the world, and has complained to me a hundred times of the indecent liberty painters take in exposing the breasts and limbs of women. You had, indeed, sir, a very scandalous collection, and he was never easy while they were in the house.

SCENE VII.—VALENT., BLUFF, GOODALL, MARQ.

Val. My father returned! Oh, let me throw my-

self at his feet; and believe me, sir, I am at once overjoyed and ashamed to see your face.

Bluff. I told you, sir, he was one of the modestest young fellows in England.

Good. You may very well be ashamed; but come, let me see the inside of my house; let me see that both sides of my walls are standing.

Val. Sir, I have a great deal of company within of the first fashion, and beg you would not expose me before them.

Good. Oh, sir, I am their very humble servant; I am infinitely obliged to all the persons of fashion, that they will so generously condescend to eat a poor citizen out of house and home. [in a blanket?

Bluff. Harkye, Val; shall we toss this old fellow

Val. Sir, I trust in your good-nature and forgiveness; and will wait on you in.

Good. Oh, that ever I should live to see this day!

Mar. Pardi! voilà homme extraordinaire. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—A dining-room.—LORD PRIDE, LORD PUFF, &c.

Pride. I told you, my lord, it would never hold long; when once the chariot disappeared I thought the master would soon follow. [day at piquet.

Puff. I helped him on with a small lift the other

Pride. Did you do anything considerable?

Puff. A mere trifle, my lord: it would not have been worth mentioning if it had been of any other; but I fancy, in his present circumstances, it cut pretty deep.

Pride. Damn me! there's a pleasure in ruining these little mechanical rascals, when they presume to rival the extravagant expenses of us men of quality.

Puff. That ever such plebeian scoundrels, who are obliged to pay their debts, should presume to engage with us men of quality, who are not!

SCENE IX.—GOODALL, VALENTINE, CHARLOTTE, COL. BLUFF, MARQUIS, PRIDE, PUFF, &c.

Val. Gentlemen and ladies, my father, being just arrived from the Indies, desires to make one of this good company.

Good. My good lords (that I may affront none by calling him beneath his title), I am highly sensible of the great honour you do myself and my son by filling my poor house with your noble persons, and your noble persons with my poor wine and provisions. I dare swear you have been all highly instrumental in the extravagancies of my son; for which I am very much obliged to you, and humbly hope that I shall never see him or any of your faces again.

Pride. Brother Puff, what does the fellow mean?

Puff. Curse me if I know.

Good. I am very glad that my son hath ruined himself in so good a company; that when I disinherit him he can't fail of being provided for. I promise myself that your interest will help him to places and preferments in abundance. [command.

Pride. Sir, anything in my power he may always

Puff. Or mine.

Pride. But let me whisper a word in your ear. Your son is a very extravagant fellow.

Good. That's very true, sir; but I hope you will consider you assisted him in it; and therefore will help his necessities with a brace of thousands.

Pride. I don't understand you, sir.

Good. Why then, sir, that you may understand me, I must tell you in plain words that he owes his ruin to entertaining such fine gentlemen as yourself,

Pride. Me, sir! Rat me! I would have you know, I think I do you too much honour in entering into your doors: but I am glad you have taught me at what distance to keep such mechanics for the future.

Come, Puff, let's to the opera: I see, if a man hath not good blood in his veins, riches won't teach him to behave like a gentleman.

Puff. Canaille! [*Exeunt PRIDE and PUFF.*]

Good. S'bodikins! I am in a rage; that ever a fellow should upbraid me with good blood in his veins, when, Odsheart! the best blood in his veins hath run through my bottles.

1 *Lady.* My lord Pride and my lord Puff gone! Come, my dear, the assembly is broke up; let us make haste away, or we shall be too late for any other.

2 *Lady.* With all my heart, for I am heartily sick of this.

3 *Lady.* Come, come; away, away! [*Ex. Ladies.*]

Mar. Allons, quittons le bourgeois.

Bluff. Sir, you are a scrub; and if I had not a friendship for your son I'd show you how you ought to treat people of fashion. [*Exeunt BLUFF and MAR.*]

Char. Poor Valentine! how tenderly I feel his misfortunes!

Good. Why don't you follow your companions, sir?

Val. Ah! sir, I am so sensible of what I have done, that I could fly into a desert from the apprehensions of your just wrath; nay, I will, unless you can forgive me.

Good. Who are you madam, that stay behind the rest of your company? There is no more mischief to be done here, so there is no more business for a fine lady.

Char. Sir, I stay to entreat you to forgive your poor unhappy son, who will otherwise sink under the weight of your displeasure.

Good. Ah, madam, if that be all the business, you may leave this house as soon as you please; for him I am determined to turn directly out on't.

Char. Then, sir, I am determined to go with him. Be comforted, Valentine; I have some fortune which my aunt cannot prevent me from; and it will make us happy for a while at least; and I prefer a year, a month, a day with the man I love, to a whole stupid age without him.

Val. O, my dear love! and I prefer an hour with thee, to all that heaven can give me. Oh! I am so blessed, that fortune cannot make me miserable.

AIR XI.—*The lass of Patie's Mill.*

Thus when the tempest high	Each spreads its tender wings
Roars dreadful from above,	And hovers o'er its mate;
The constant turtles fly	They kiss, they coo, and sing,
Together to the grove:	And love, in spite of fate.

AIR XII.

My tender heart me long be-	Base passions, like base metals,
guiled,	cold, [same!]
I first my passions proved:	With true may seem the
Had fortune on you ever smiled	But would you know true love
I'd known not how I loved.	and gold,
	Still try them in the flame.

SCENE X.—GOODALL, VALENTINE, CHARLOTTE, OLDCASTLE, MRS. HIGHMAN.

Old. Here, madam, now you may trust your own eyes, if you won't believe mine.

Mrs. H. What do I see! My niece in the very arms of her betrayer, and his father an abettor of the injustice!—Sir, give me leave to tell you, your madness is a poor excuse for this behaviour.

Good. Madam, I ask your pardon for what I said to you to-day. I was imposed on by a vile wretch, who, I dare swear, misrepresented each of us to the other. I assure you, I am not mad, nor do I believe you so.

Mrs. H. Thou vile wretch! thou dishonour of thy family! how dost thou dare to appear before my face?

Char. Madam, I have done nothing to be ashamed of; and I dare appear before any one's face,

Good. Is this young lady a relation of yours?

Mrs. H. She was, before your son had accomplished his base designs on her.

Char. Madam, you injure him; his designs on me have been still honourable; nor hath he said anything which the most virtuous ears might not have heard. [that head.]

Val. To-morrow shall silence your suspicions on

Mrs. H. What, Mr. Goodall, do you forgive your son's extravagance?

Good. Is this lady your heiress?

Mrs. H. I once intended her so.

Good. Why then, madam, I like her generous passion for my son so much, that, if you will give her a fortune equal to what I shall settle on him, I shall not prevent their happiness.

Mrs. H. Won't you? And I see she is so entirely his in her heart, that, since he hath not dared to think dishonourably of her, I shall do all in my power to make it a bargain,

Val. Eternal blessings on you both! Now, my Charlotte, I am blessed indeed.

Old. And pray, madam, what's to become of me?

Mrs. H. That, sir, I cannot possibly tell; you know I was your friend; but my niece thought fit to dispose of herself another way.

Old. Your niece has behaved like a—Bodikin! I am in a passion; and for her sake I'll never make love to any woman again, I am resolved. [*Exit in a pet.*]

Mrs. H. No imprudent resolution.

Good. I hope, Valentine, you will make the only return in your power to my paternal tenderness in forgiving you; and let the misery you so narrowly escaped from in your former extravagancies be a warning to you for the future.

Val. Sir, was my gratitude to your great goodness insufficient to reclaim me, I am in no danger of engaging in any vice whereby this lady might be a sufferer:—

Single, I'd suffer fate's severest dart
Unmov'd; but who can bear the double smart,
When sorrow preys upon the fair one's heart?

EPILOGUE, SPOKEN BY MRS. CLIVE.

A poet should, unless his fate he guest,
Write for each play two epilogues at least:
For how to empty benches can we say,
"What means this mighty crowding here to-day?"
Or, should the pit with flattery be cramm'd,
How can we speak it when the play is damn'd?
Damn'd, did I say?—He surely need not fear it;
His play is safe—when none will come to hear it.
English is now below this learned town,
None but Italian warblers will go down.
Tho' courts were more polite, the English ditty
Could heretofore at least content the city:
That for Italian now has let us drop,
And Dimi Cara rings through ev'ry shop.
What glorious thoughts must all our neighbours nourish
Of us, where rival operas can flourish.
Let France win all their towns, we need not fear
But Italy will send her singers here;
We cannot buy 'em at a price too dear.
Let us receive them to our peaceful shore,
While in their own the angry cannons roar:
Here they may sing in safety, we reward 'em;
Here no Visconti threatens to bombard 'em.

Orpheus drew stones with his enchanting song;
These can do more, they drew our gold along.
But, though our angry poets rail in spite,
Ladies, I own I think your judgments right:
Satire, perhaps, may wound some pretty thing;
Those soft Italian warblers have no sting.
Tho' your soft hearts the tuneful charm may win,
You're still secure to find no harm within.
Wisely from those rude places you abstain
Where satire gives the wounded hearer pain.
'Tis hard to pay them who our faults reveal,
As boys are forced to buy the rods they feel.
No, let 'em starve, who dare to lash the age,
And, as you've left the pulpit, leave the stage.

DON QUIXOTE IN ENGLAND.

A COMEDY. AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE NEW THEATRE IN THE HAYMARKET, 1733.

—facile quis
Speret idem, sudet multum, frustra que laboret,
Ausus idem—

HOR.

TO THE RT. HON. PHILIP EARL OF CHESTERFIELD, KNIGHT OF THE GARTER.

MY LORD,—However unworthy these scenes may be of your lordship's protection, the design with which some of them were written cannot fail of recommending them to one who hath so gloriously distinguished himself in the cause of liberty, to which the corruption I have here endeavoured to expose may one day be a very fatal enemy.

The freedom of the stage is, perhaps, as well worth contending for as that of the press. It is the opinion of an author well known to your lordship, that examples work quicker and stronger on the minds of men than precepts.

This will, I believe, my lord, be found truer with regard to politics than to ethics: the most ridiculous exhibitions of luxury or avarice may likewise have little effect on the sensualist or the miser; but I fancy a lively representation of the calamities brought on a country by general corruption might have a very sensible and useful effect on the spectators.

Socrates, who owed his destruction greatly to the contempt brought on him by the comedies of Aristophanes, is a lasting instance of the force of theatrical ridicule: here, indeed, this weapon was used to an ill purpose; but, surely, what is able to bring wisdom and virtue into disrepute, will, with great facility, lay their opposites under a general contempt. There are among us who seem so sensible of the danger of wit and humour, that they are resolved to have nothing to do with them; and indeed they are in the right on't; for wit, like hunger, will be with great difficulty restrained from falling on, where there is great plenty and variety of food.

But while the powerful sons of dulness shed all their influence on their inferior brethren, be you, my lord, who are the most favourite offspring of the British muses, the patron of their younger children; whom your lordship has as much reason to love as others to fear: for you must have seen that to be celebrated by them, and applauded by the more discerning and worthy, are the only rewards which true patriotism (a word scandalously ridiculed by some) can surely expect. And here I am pleading the cause of others; for the only title I have to enrol myself in the number of those I have recommended to your favour is by being, with the most perfect admiration and respect, my lord, your lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

PREFACE.

THIS Comedy was begun at Leyden in the year 1728; and, after it had been sketched out into a few loose scenes, was thrown by, and for a long while no more thought of. It was originally writ for my private amusement; as it would, indeed, have been little less than Quixotism itself to hope any other fruits from attempting characters wherein the inimitable Cervantes so far excelled. The impossibility of going beyond, and the extreme difficulty of keeping pace with him, were sufficient to infuse despair into a very adventurous author.

I soon discovered too that my too small experience in, and little knowledge of, the world, had led me into an error. I soon found it infinitely more difficult than I imagined to vary the scene, and give my knight an opportunity of displaying himself in a different manner from that wherein he appears in the romance. Human nature is everywhere the same: and the modes and habits of particular nations do not change it enough sufficiently to distinguish a Quixote in England from a Quixote in Spain.

In these sentiments Mr. Booth and Mr. Cibber concurred with me, who, upon seeing the aforesaid sketch, both dissuaded me from suffering it to be represented on the stage; and accordingly it was remanded back to my shelf, where probably it would have perished in oblivion, had not the solicitations of the distressed actors in Drury-lane prevailed on me to revise it, at the same time that it came into my head to add those scenes concerning our elections.

Being thus altered, it was often rehearsed on that theatre, and a particular day appointed for its action; but the giant Cajanus, of a race who were always enemies to our poor Don, deferred his appearance so long, that the intervention of the actors' benefits would have put it off till the next season had I not brought it on where it now appears.

I have troubled the reader thus long to account for this Comedy's appearing as it now does, and that he might distinguish those parts of it which were the production of this season from those which were written in my more juvenile years, and before most of the pieces with which I have endeavoured to entertain the public.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Don Quixote*, MR. ROBERTS; *Sancho*, MR. MULLART; *Sir Thomas Loveland*, MR. MACHEN; *Squire Badger*, MR. MACKLIN; *Fairlove*, MR. WARWELL; *Mayor*, MR. TURBUTT; *Voter*, MR. MACHEN; *Guzzle*, MR. JONES; *John*, MR. HEWSON; *Brief*, a lawyer, MR. TOPHAM; *Dr. Drench*, a physician, MR. HALLAM; *Mr. Sneak*, MR. HICKS; *Dorothea*, MISS ATHERTON; *Jezabel*, MRS. HIDE; *Mrs. Guzzle*, MRS. MARTIN; *Mrs. Sneak*, MRS. EGERTON; *Miss Sneak*, MISS JONES; Stage-coachman and Mob.—SCENE, an INN in a COUNTRY BOROUGH.

INTRODUCTION.

Manager, Author.

Man. No prologue, sir! The audience will never bear it. They will not bate you anything of their due.

Auth. I am the audience's very humble servant; but they cannot make a man write a prologue whether he can or no.

Man. Why, sir, there is nothing easier. I have known an author bring three or four to the house with one play, and give us our choice which we would speak.

Auth. Yes, sir, and I have now three in my pocket written by friends, of which I choose none should be spoke.

Man. How so? [twenty times over.

Auth. Because they have been all spoke already

Man. Let me see them, pray.

Auth. They are written in such damned cramp hands, you will never be able to read them; but I will tell you the substance of them. One of them begins with abusing the writings of all my contemporaries, lamenting the fallen state of the stage; and, lastly, assuring the audience that this play was written with a design to restore true taste, and their approving it is the best symptom they can give of their having any.

Man. Well, and a very good scheme.

Auth. May be so; but it hath been the subject of almost every prologue for these ten years last past. The second is in a different cast: the first twelve lines inveigh against all indecency on the stage, and the last twenty lines show you what it is.

Man. That would do better for an epilogue. But what is the third?

Auth. Why the third has some wit in it; and, would have done very well but for a mistake.

Man. Ay! what mistake?

Auth. Why, the author never read my play; and taking it for a regular comedy of five acts, hath fallen very severely on farce. However, it is a pretty good one, and will do very well for the first genteel comedy you bring on the stage.

Man. But don't you think a play with so odd a title as yours requires to be a little explained? May they not be too much surprised at some things?

Auth. Not at all. The audience, I believe, are all acquainted with the characters of *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*. I have brought them over into England, and introduced them to an inn in the country, where I believe no one will be surprised that the knight finds several people as mad as himself. This I could have told them in forty dull lines, if I would; but I rather chose to let it alone; for, to tell you the truth, I can draw but one conclusion from the prologues I have ever seen, that the authors are so sensible of the demerits of their plays, that

they desire to set the audience asleep before they begin. But of what real use is a bill of fare to any entertainment, where the guests are not left to their choice what part they will pick at, but are obliged to swallow the whole indifferently?

Enter a Player.

Play. Sir, the audience make such a noise with their canes, that, if we don't begin immediately, they will beat the house down before the play begins; and it is not advisable to put them out of humour: for there are two or three of the loudest catcalls in the gallery that ever were heard.

Auth. Be not frightened at that; those are only some particular friends of mine, who are to put on the face of enemies at first, and be converted at the end of the first act.

Man. Order them to play away the overture immediately. Come, sir, what do you do with yourself?

Auth. I shall dispose of myself in some part of the house, where I shall see and not be seen. And I can assure you, sir, if the audience are but half as well entertained with this play as I shall be myself, it will go off with universal applause.

ACT I.—SCENE I.—*An Inn.*—GUZZLE, SANCHE.

Guz. Never tell me, sir, of Don Quixote or Don Beelzebub; here's a man comes into my house, and eats me out on't, and then tells me he's a knight-errant; he is an arrant rogue, and if he does not pay me my bill I'll have a warrant for him.

San. My master fears no warrant, friend; had you ever been in Spain, you would have known that men of his order are above the law.

Guz. Tell me not of Spain, sir; I am an Englishman, where no one is above the law, and if your master does not pay me I shall lay his Spaniardship fast in a place which he will find it as difficult to get out of as your countrymen have found it to get into Gibraltar.

San. That's neither here nor there, as the old saying is; many are shut into one place and out of another. Men bar houses to keep rogues out, and jails to keep them in. He that's hanged for stealing a horse to-day has no reason to buy oats for him to-morrow.

Guz. Sirrah, your horse nor your ass neither shall have any more oats at my expense; never were masters and their beasts so like one another. The Don is just such another lean ramscallion as his—what d'ye call him—his Rozinante; and thou art just such another squat bag of guts as thy Dapple. Send my house and my stable once well emptied of you, and if ever I suffer a Spaniard to enter my doors again may I have a whole company of soldiers quartered on me; for, if I must be eaten up, I had rather suffer by my own country rogues than foreign ones. *[Exit.]*

AIR I.

San. Rogues there are of each nation,
Except among the divines;
And vinegar, since the creation,
Hath still been made of all wines.
Against one lawyer Lurch
A country scarce can guard;
One parson does for a church,
One doctor for a churchyard.

SCENE II.—DON QUIXOTE, SANCHE.

Quix. Sancho!

San. An't please your honour—

Quix. Come hither, Sancho; I smell an adventure.

San. And so do I, an't please your worship; the landlord of the house swears bitterly that he will have a warrant against us.

Quix. What landlord? what house? Wilt thou never be in thy senses? Are we not in a castle?

San. No, marry are we not; but we are in a fair way

Quix. What dost thou mean, oaf? *[to be in one.]*

San. I mean that I shall see your honour in a gaol within these two days.

Quix. Me in a gaol! ha! caitiff!

San. Ay, sir; we are got into a terrible country. A man's quality here can't defend him if he breaks the laws.

Quix. Then, indeed, knight-errantry were of no use; but I tell thee, caitiff, gaols in all countries are only habitations for the poor, not for men of quality. If a poor fellow robs a man of fashion of five shillings, to gaol with him; but the man of fashion may plunder a thousand poor, and stay in his own house. But know, thou base squire of the great Don Quixote de la Mancha, that an adventure now presents itself, not only worthy me, but the united force of all the knights upon earth.

San. Ah, poor Sancho! there's an end of thee; a leg or an arm will not suffice this bout.

Quix. There is now arrived in this castle one of the most accursed giants that ever infested the earth. He marches at the head of his army, that howl like Turks in an engagement.

San. Oh lud! oh lud! this is the country squire at the head of his pack of dogs.

Quix. What dost thou mutter, varlet?

San. Why, sir, this giant that your worship talks of is a country gentleman who is going a courting, and his army is neither more nor less than his kennel of fox-hounds.

Quix. Oh, the prodigious force of enchantment! Sirrah, I tell thee this is the giant Toglogmoglogog, lord of the island of Gogmogog, whose belly hath been the tomb of above a thousand strong men.

San. Of above a thousand hogsheads of strong beer, I believe.

Quix. This must be the enchanter Merlin, I know him by his dogs. But, thou idiot! dost thou imagine that women are to be hunted like hares, that a man would carry his hounds with him to visit his mistress?

San. Sir, your true English squire and his hounds are as inseparable as the Spaniard and his Toledo. He eats with his hounds, drinks with his hounds, and lies with his hounds; your true arrant English squire is but the first dog-boy in his house.

Quix. 'Tis pity then that fortune should contradict the order of nature. It was a wise institution of Plato to educate children according to their minds, not to their births; these squires should sow that corn which they ride over. Sancho, when I see a gentleman on his own coach-box, I regret the loss which some one has had of a coachman: the man who toils all day after a partridge or a pheasant might serve his country by toiling after a plough; and when I see a low, mean, tricking lord, I lament the loss of an excellent attorney. *[Singing within.]* But, hark, some courteous lady in the castle prepares an entertainment for my ears.

AIR II. *Tweed-side.*

Oh! think not the maid whom you scorn
With riches delighted can be!
Had I a great princess been born,
My Billy had dear been to me.
In grandeur and wealth we find woe,
In love there is nothing but charms;
On others your treasures bestow,
Give Billy alone to these arms.
In title and wealth what is lost
In tenderness oft is repaid;
Too much a great fortune may cost;
Well purchas'd may be the poor maid,
Let gold's empty show cheat the great;
We more real pleasures will prove;
While they in their palaces hate,
We in our poor cottage will love.

SCENE III.—DON QUIXOTE, GUZZLE, SANCHE.

Quix. Most illustrious and most mighty lord, how shall I sufficiently pay you for those sounds with which I have been ravished?

Guz. Sir, I desire no other payment but of this small bill; your worship's cattle are saddled, and it is a charming day for travelling.

Quix. Nothing, my lord, shall ever tempt me to leave you, till what I have this day seen within the castle-walls be utterly demolished.

Guz. So! he has seen the sirloin of beef at the fire, I find.—[*Aside.*] But if your worship intends to stay any longer, I hope you design to satisfy this small matter here; I am in great necessity, I assure you.

Quix. To what mean actions does necessity force men! that ever a mighty lord should be obliged to borrow money!

Guz. I am ashamed to ask your worship so often for this trifle, but—

Quix. My lord, I see you are; I see the generous confusion which spreads your face.

Guz. I am so poor, an't please your honour, that it will be quite charity in you. It is the same as if you gave it me.

Quix. My lord, I am more confused than you; but do not think it a gift, since I see you so backward to receive it in that light. And since, my lord, everything I have, saving to the charming Dulcinea del Toboso her fixed and unalterable right, be justly yours, give me leave to call it a debt, my lord.—Sancho, pay his lordship a thousand English guineas.

San. If your lordship will please to tell me where I shall get them; but there's no paying with an empty hand; where nothing is, nothing can come on't. Twelve lawyers make not one honest man.

Quix. Cease thy impertinence, and pay the money immediately.

San. If I have seen the colour of gold this fortnight, may I never see Teresa Pancha again.

Quix. I am confounded, my lord, at the extravagance of my squire, who, out of the spoils of so many giants he hath plundered, should not have reserved enough to oblige your lordship with such a trifle; but if you know any one who will disburse that sum, or any other, I will sell him the reversion of the next island I conquer.

Guz. Do you make a jest of me, sir?

Quix. Be not incensed; I am sorry I am not able to give it you.

Guz. Sorry, forsooth! a pretty way of paying debts, truly! I fancy if I was to tell the exciseman and my brewer I was sorry I could not pay them, they would send me and my sorrow to gaol together; in short, sir, I must and will have my money.

San. You must get the philosopher's stone before you can make any money of us.

Guz. You shall neither eat nor drink any more in my house till I am paid, that I'm resolved. [*Exit.*]

San. I wish your worship would think of changing your quarters; if it must be a blanketing, why let it be a blanketing. I have not eat anything these twelve hours; and I don't find I am like to fare much better for the next twelve; and by that time I shall be so light, you may as well toss a feather in a blanket. [*my ambassador.*]

Quix. Sancho, come hither; I intend to make thee

San. Why truly, sir, that's a post I should like hugely well; your bassadours lead rare fat lives, they say; and I should make a very good bassadour, I can assure your worship.

Quix. Thou shalt go my ambassador to the court of Dulcinea del Toboso.

San. I suppose it is equal to your worship what court you send me to; and, to say the truth, I had rather go to some other; for though my lady Dulcinea be a very good woman, yet she has got such a woundy trick of being charnted, and I fancy your bassadours fare but ill at your charnted courts.

Quix. Reptile! reply not, on thy life, but go and prepare thyself for thy journey; then come to me and receive farther instructions, for thou shalt set out this very evening.—But, ha! the charming voice begins again.

AIR III. *Why will Florella, &c.*

[*Dorothea sings within.*]

The pain which tears my throbbing breast,
What language can deplore;
For how should language have express'd
A pain ne'er felt before?
In other virgin wounded hearts,
Love's cruel sport we see;
But the most cruel of his darts
He has reserv'd for me.

Quix. Unhappy princess!

Dor. Thy curse, O Tantalus! I'd prize;
Thy curse a bliss would prove.
Ah! Heaven were kind, if with my eyes
I could enjoy my love.
Enchanted thus, romances tell
The moans poor virgins make;
But where is found the powerful spell
Can this enchantment break?

Quix. In this arm 'tis found. Look forth, most adorable, though most unhappy princess; look forth, and behold whom fate hath sent to your relief; the most renowned knight of the Woeful Figure, the invincible Don Quixote de la Mancha, for whose victorious arm alone this adventure is reserved. Oh, cursed enchanter! dost thou keep this charming princess invisible to my eyes? Open the castle-gates, open them this instant, whoever is on the guard, or you shall feel the force of my attack. You shall find, caitiffs, that one single knight is too many for you all. [*He attacks the walls, and breaks the windows.*]

SCENE IV.—DON QUIXOTE, GUZZLE, and Mob.

Guz. Hey-day! What, in the devil's name, are you doing? what, do you intend to beat down my house?

Quix. Thou most uncourteous lord, deliver the princess whom thou so unjustly dost detain, or think not that all the enchanters on earth shall preserve thee from my vengeance.

Guz. Don't tell me of princesses and lords. I'm no lord, I am an honest man; and I can tell you you may be a gentleman, but you don't act like one, to break a poor man's windows in this manner.

Quix. Deliver the princess, caitiff.

Guz. Pay me my bill, sir, and go out of my house, or I'll fetch a warrant for you; I'll see whether a man is to have his victuals eat up, and drink drank out, and windows broke, and his walls shattered, and his guests disturbed, for nothing.

Quix. Ungracious knight! who so often throwest in my teeth that small entertainment which thou art obliged to give men of my heroic profession.

Guz. I believe, indeed, your profession does oblige people sometimes to give whether they will or no.

Quix. It is too plain, thou wretch, why thou wouldest have me gone; thou knowest the delivering of this high lady thou dost detain is reserved for me alone; but deliver her this moment, with all her attendants, all her plate and jewels which thou hast robbed her of.

Guz. Hear this, neighbours; I am accused of stealing plates and jewels, when everybody knows I have but five dozen of plates, and those I bought and paid for honestly; and as for jewels, the devil of any jewels are there in this house but two bobs

that my wife wears in her ears, which were given her by Sir Thomas Loveland at his last election.

Quix. Cease thy equivocations, and deliver them this instant, or thou shalt find how vainly thou dost trust to all those giants at thy heels. [*The mob laugh.*] Do you mock me, caitiffs? Now, thou most incomparable Dulcinea del Toboso, assist thy valiant knight. [*He drives them off, and exit.*]

SCENE V.—*A chamber.*—DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

Dor. Ha, ha, ha! in spite of all my misfortunes, I cannot help laughing at the pleasant adventure of the knight of the Woeful Figure.

Jez. Do you think, madam, this is the very same Don—what d'ye call him, whom your father saw in Spain, and of whom he has told us such pure pleasant stories?

Dor. The same; it can be no other. Oh, Jezebel! I wish my adventures may end as happily as those of my namesake Dorothea's did; I am sure they are very near as romantic; but have I not reason to blame Fairlove for suffering me to be here before him? The lover that does not outfly his mistress's desires is slow indeed.

Jez. And let me tell you, madam, he must be very swift who does.

AIR IV.

Dor. Oh hasten my lover, dear Cupid,
Wing hither the youth I admire;
The wretch is too lazy and stupid
Who leaves me but time to desire.
Let prudes, who leave lovers in anguish,
Themselves in their fonder fits stay;
But leave not the virgin to languish
Who meets her true lover half way.

Well, I'm a mad girl: don't you think this husband of mine, that is to be, will have a delightful task to tame me? [*to be tamed himself.*]

Jez. By what I can see, he's in a pretty fair way

SCENE VI.—SANCHO, DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

San. Pray, ladies, which of you is the chanted princess; or are you both chanted princesses?

Jez. What is it to you what we are, saucebox?

Dor. Peace, dear Jezebel—this must be the illustrious Sancho himself.—I am the princess Indocalambria.

San. My master, the knight of the Woeful Figure, (and a woeful figure he makes, sure enough,) sends your ladyship his humble service, and hopes you will not take it amiss that he has not been able to knock all the people in the house on the head; however, he has made it pretty well up in breaking the windows; your ladyship will lie pure and cool, for the devil a whole pane is there in all your apartment: if the glazier had hired him he could not have done better.

Dor. Thou mighty squire of the most mighty knight upon earth, give my grateful thanks to your master for what he has undertaken upon my account; but tell him not to get his precious bones bruised any more, for I am sufficiently assured this adventure is reserved for some other knight.

San. Nay, nay, like enough; all men cannot do all things; one man gets an estate by what another gets a halter. All is not fish that swims. Many a man wants a wife, but more want to get rid of one. Two cuckolds see each other's horns, when neither of them can see his own. Money is the fruit of evil, as often as the root of it. Charity seldom goes out of her own house; and ill-nature is always a rambling abroad. Every woman is a beauty if you will believe her own glass; and few if you will believe her neighbours.

Dor. Ha, ha, ha! Pray, Mr. Sancho, might not one hope to see your illustrious master?

San. Nothing would rejoice his heart so much, madam, unless he were to see my lady Dulcinea herself. Ah, madam, might I hope your ladyship would speak a good word for me?

Dor. Name it, and be assured of anything in my power, honest Sancho.

San. If your princess-ship could but prevail on my master that I might not be sent home after my lady Dulcinea; for, to tell you the truth, madam, I am so fond of the English roast beef and strong beer that I don't intend ever to set my foot in Spain again if I can help it: give me a slice of roast beef before all the rarities of Camacho's wedding.

Dor. Bravely said, noble squire.

AIR V. *The king's old courtier.*

When mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food,
It ennobled our hearts, and enriched our blood;
Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good:
Oh the roast beef of old England,
And old England's roast beef!
Then, Britons, from all nice dainties refrain,
Which effeminate Italy, France, and Spain;
And mighty roast beef shall command on the main.
Oh the roast beef, &c.

San. Oh the roast beef, &c.

Dor. I have been told, noble squire, that you once imposed a certain lady for Dulcinea on your master; now what think you if this young lady here should personate that incomparable princess?

Jez. Who, I?

San. Adod your princess-ship has hit it; for he has never seen this Dulcinea, nor has anybody else that I can hear of; and who my lady Dulcinea should be I don't know, unless she be one of your chanted ladies: the curate of our parish, and Mr. Nicholas the barber, have often told me there was no such woman, and that my master was a madman; and sometimes I am half at a loss to guess whether he be mad or no. I'm sure, if it was not for the sake of a little island that I am to govern, I should not have followed his errandries so long.

Dor. Fie! do not entertain such unworthy thoughts of that most glorious knight.

San. Nay, madam, I can't find in my heart to think him mad neither; for he will talk sometimes—'twould do one good to hear him talk; he will talk ye three hours, and I shan't understand one word he says. Our curate was a fool to 'en; and yet he has talked what I could not understand neither; but that's neither here nor there; an empty purse causes a full heart; an old woman's a very bad bribe, but a very good wife; conscience often stops at a molehill and leaps over a mountain; the law guards us from all evil but itself; what's vice to-day is virtue to-morrow; 'tis not only plums that make a pudding; physic makes you first sick and then well; wine first makes you well and then sick.

Jez. And your proverbs would make the devil sick.

Dor. Lose no time, good Sancho, but acquaint the most invincible knight that the lady Dulcinea is in the castle; we'll manage the matter so dexterously, you shall be in no danger of a discovery.

San. Since my bringing the last Dulcinea to him, I do not fear that; he that can swallow a goose will hardly keck at a gander; the bear may well dance when the ass plays on the fiddle. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

Dor. Ha, ha, ha! Well, for the future, I will never disbelieve a traveller; the knight and his squire are full as ridiculous as they were described: we shall have rare diversion.

Jez. Poor Fairlove! thou art quite forgotten.

Dor. I've rather reason to think Dorothea so! I am sure, when a lover suffers his mistress to come first to the place of appointment, he cannot blame

any innocent amusement with which she would shorten his absence; and, to confess a truth to you, while I am still under apprehensions of the match my father intends for me, I have too great cause to try to divert my grief.

AIR VI. *From Aberdeen to Edinburgh.*

Happy the animals who stray
In freedom through the grove;
No laws in love they e'er obey,
But those prescrib'd by love:
While we, confin'd to parents' rules,
Unfortunate, are told,
None follow love's sweet laws but fools;
The wise are slaves to gold.

SCENE VIII.—*The street.*—Mayor, Voter.

May. Well, neighbour, what's your opinion of this strange man that is come to town, Don Quixote, as he calls himself? [should I think?

Vot. Think? why, that he's a madman. What

May. 'Ecod! it runs in my head that he is come to stand for parliament-man. [he's a Spaniard?

Vot. How can that be, neighbour; they tell me

May. What's that to us? let him look to his qualifications when we have chose him. If he can't sit in the house that's his fault.

Vot. Nay, nay, he can't be chose if he should stand; for, to my certain knowledge, the corporation have promised sir Thomas Loveland and Mr. Bouncer.

May. Pugh! all promises are conditional; and let me tell you, Mr. Retail, I begin to smoke a plot. I begin to apprehend no opposition, and then we're sold, neighbour.

Vot. No, no, neighbour; then we shall not be sold, and that's worse: but, rather than it should come to that, I would ride all over the kingdom for a candidate; and if I thought sir Thomas intended to steal us in this manner he should have no vote of mine I assure you. I shall vote for no man who holds the corporation cheap.

May. Then suppose we were to go in a body and solicit sir Don Quixote to stand? As for his being mad, while he's out of Bedlam, it does not signify.

Vot. But there is another objection, neighbour, which I am afraid the corporation will never get over.

May. What's that, prithee? [him.

Vot. They say he has brought no money with

May. Ay, that indeed: but though he hath no money with him here, I am assured by his servant that he hath a very large estate: and so, if the other party come down handsomely with the ready, we may trust him; for you know at last we have nothing to do but not to choose him, and then we may recover all he owes us.

Vot. I do not care to be sold, neighbour.

May. Nor I neither, neighbour, by any but myself. I think that is the privilege of a free Briton.

SCENE IX.—GUZZLE, Mayor, RETAIL.

Guz. Mr. Mayor, a good-morrow to you, sir; are you for a whet this morning?

May. With all my heart; but what's become of the gentleman, the traveller?

Guz. He's laid down to sleep, I believe, pretty well tired with work. What the devil to do with him I can't tell.

May. My neighbour and I have a strange thought come into our heads. You know, Mr. Guzzle, we are like to have no opposition, and that I believe you will feel the want of as much as any man. Now, d'ye see, we have taken it into consideration whether we should not ask this sir Don to represent us.

Guz. With all my heart, if either of you will hang out a sign and entertain him; but he is far enough in my books already.

May. You are too cautious, Master Guzzle; I make no doubt but he is some very rich man who pretends to be poor in order to get his election the cheaper; he can have no other design in staying among us. For my part, I make no doubt but that he is come to stand on the court interest.

Guz. Nay, nay, if he stands at all, it is on the court side, no doubt; for he talks of nothing but kings, and princes, and princesses, and emperors, and empresses.

May. Ay, ay, an officer in the army too, I warrant him, if we knew but the bottom. [free-quarter.

Guz. He seems, indeed, to be damnably fond of

Ret. But if you think he intends to offer himself, would it not be wiser to let him, for then you know if he spends never so much we shall not be obliged to choose him?

May. Brother alderman, I have reprov'd you already for that way of reasoning; it savours too much of bribery. I like an opposition, because otherwise a man may be obliged to vote against his party; therefore when we invite a gentleman to stand we invite him to spend his money for the honour of his party; and when both parties have spent as much as they are able, every honest man will vote according to his conscience.

Guz. Mr. Mayor talks like a man of sense and honour, and it does me good to hear him.

May. Ay, ay, Mr. Guzzle, I never gave a vote contrary to my conscience. I have very earnestly recommended the country interest to all my brethren; but before that I recommended the town interest, that is, the interest of this corporation; and, first of all, I recommended to every particular man to take a particular care of himself. And it is with a certain way of reasoning that he that serves me best will serve the town best; and he that serves the town best will serve the country best.

Guz. See what it is to have been at Oxford; the parson of the parish himself can't out-talk him.

May. Come, landlord, we'll have one bottle; and drink success to the corporation: these times come but seldom, therefore we ought to make the best of them. Come along. [Exeunt.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—*A chamber in the inn.*—
DON QUIXOTE, SANCHE.

Quix. Thou hast by this time fully perceived, Sancho, the extreme difficulties and dangers of knight-errantry. [your worship.

San. Ay, and of squire-errantry too, an't please

Quix. But virtue is its own reward.

San. Your worship may have a relish for these rewards, perhaps; but, to speak truly, I am a poor plain man, and know nothing of these fine things; and for any reward I have hitherto got, I had much rather have gone without it. As for an island, I believe I could relish it as well as another; but a man may catch cold while his coat is making: and since you may provide for me in a much easier way, if I might be so bold as to speak—

Quix. Thou knowest I will deny thee nothing which is fit for me to give or thee to take.

San. Then, if your worship would be so good as to set me up in an inn, I should make a rare landlord; and it is a very thriving trade among the English.

Quix. And couldst thou descend so low, ignoble wretch?

San. Anything to get an honest livelihood, which is more than I find we are like to do in the way we are going on: for, if I durst speak it—

Quix. Speak fearlessly—I will only impute it to thy ignorance.

San. Why then I find, sir, that we are looked on

here to be neither more nor less, better nor worse, than a couple of madmen.

Quix. Sancho, I am not concerned at the evil opinion of men. Indeed, if we consider who are their favourites, we shall have no reason to be so fond of their applause. Virtue, Sancho, is too bright for their eyes, and they dare not behold her. Hypocrisy is the deity they worship. Is not the lawyer often called an honest man, when for a sneaking fee he pleads the villain's cause, or attempts to extort evidence to the conviction of the innocent? Does not the physician live well in his neighbourhood while he suffers them to bribe his ignorance to their destruction? But why should I mention those whose profession 'tis to prey on others? Look through the world. What is it recommends men but the poverty, the vice, and the misery of others? This, Sancho, they are sensible of: and therefore, instead of endeavouring to make himself better, each man endeavours to make his neighbour worse. Each man rises to admiration by treading on mankind. Riches and power accrue to the one by the destruction of thousands. These are the general objects of the good opinion of men: nay, and that which is professed to be paid to virtue is seldom anything more than a supercilious contempt of our neighbour. What is a good-natured man? Why, one who, seeing the want of his friend, cries, he pities him! Is this real? No: if it was he would relieve him. His pity is triumphant arrogance and insult: it arises from his pride, not from his compassion. Sancho, let them call me mad; I'm not mad enough to court their approbation.

San. Oh! good your worship, proceed: I could fast an hour longer to hear your discourse.

SCENE II.—GUZZLE, DON QUIXOTE, SANCHE.

Guz. An't please your honour, the mayor of the town is come to wait on you.

Quix. Give him admittance. This is the chief magistrate of the place, who comes, I suppose, to congratulate me on my arrival; he might have come sooner; but the neglect of his duty is better than the total omission. In the mean while, Sancho, post thou away this instant to Toboso; and heaven prosper thy embassy!

San. Prosperity may travel with me without tiring itself. *[Aside.]*

SCENE III.—MAYOR, DON QUIXOTE.

May. I am your honour's most humble servant.

Quix. Sir, I am glad to see you; I think you are the chief officer of the town.

May. Yes, an't please your honour, I am Mr. Mayor of this town. I should have done myself the pleasure to have waited on you sooner, but I was quite ignorant of the design with which you came hither.

Quix. Be seated, sir; you are a worthy man, and, to your praise be it spoken, the first that has done his duty since my arrival.

May. I can't answer for the whole town; but the corporation is as well affected a corporation as any in all England, and I believe highly sensible of the honour you intend them. No man knows his strength till he tries it; and, notwithstanding what you might have heard of the knight of the Long Purse, if you oppose him briskly I dare answer for your success.

Quix. Is there a knight on earth I dare not oppose? Though he had as many hands as Briareus, as many eyes as Argus, I should not fear him.

May. This is a special stick of wood, I find.—A benefit ticket, adod. *[Aside.]*

Quix. I see the reason of your apprehension; you

have heard of my ill success in my last adventure—that was not my fault! *[Sighing.]*

May. I see he has been thrown out at some place already. I don't in the least, sir, apprehend it was your fault; but there is nothing to be done without bleeding freely on these occasions.

Quix. Ah! do you think I fear to bleed?

May. Be not so passionate, sir; this I assure you, you will do your business with less than any other. I suppose, sir, it may lie in your power to do some services to this town.

Quix. Be assured it does. I will, for your sake, preserve it for ever from any insults. No armies shall ever do you any harm.

May. I assure you, sir, that will recommend you very much: if you can keep soldiers from quartering upon us we shall make very little difficulty in the affair; but I hope your honour will consider that the town is very poor, sir: a little circulation of money amongst us would—

Quix. Sir, you make me concerned that it is not now in my power to give whatever you desire; but rest secure of this,—there is not one whom you shall recommend that shall not within this twelvemonth be governor of an island.

May. This is a courtier, I find, by his promises. *[Aside.]*

Quix. But who is this knight whom I am to encounter? Is he now in the castle?

May. Yes, sir, he is now at Loveland castle, a seat of his about ten miles off. He was here the very day before your honour came to town, randying for a knight of his acquaintance, with no less than six hundred freeholders at his heels.

Quix. Hump! those are a sort of soldiers I never heard of in Spain.—How are they armed?

May. Armed, sir?

Quix. Ay; with carbines, with muskets, spears, pistols, swords, or how? I ask, that I may choose proper weapons to encounter them.

May. Ha! ha! your honour is pleased to be merry: why truly, sir, they were pretty well armed when they went out of town: every man had four or five bottles in his head at least.

Quix. Base-born cowards! who owe their courage to the spirit of their wine! But be easy, sir; within these two days not one of them shall be alive.

May. Marry, heaven forbid! some of them are as honest gentlemen as any in the county.

Quix. Ha! honest! and in the train of the knight of the Long Purse! Do I not know him to be a deflowerer of virgins, a destroyer of orphans, a spoiler of widows, a debaucher of wives?—

May. Who, sir Thomas Loveland, sir? Why, you don't know him. He's as good-natured, civil a gentleman, as a man may say—

Quix. Why then do you petition me against him?

May. Nay, sir, for that matter, let him be as civil as he pleases, one man's money is as good as another's. You seem to be a civil gentleman too; and if you stand against him, I don't know which would carry it: but this, I believe, you guess already, that he who spends most would not have the least chance.

Quix. Ha! caitiff! dost thou think I would condescend to be the patron of a place so mercenary? If my services cannot procure me the election, dost thou think that my money should make me their knight? What should I get by undertaking the protection of this city and castle, but dangers, difficulties, toils, and enchantments? Hence from my sight! or by the peerless Dulcinea's eyes, thy blood shall pay the affront thou hast given my honour. Was it for this that I was chosen in full senate the patron of La Mancha? Gods! to what will mankind de-

generate, where not only the vile necessities of life, but even honours, which should be the reward of virtue only, are to be bought with money?

SCENE IV.—*Another chamber, BADGER, SCUT his huntsman, GUZZLE.*

Bad. That's it, honeys; Oh! that's it. What, have you no company in the house, landlord? Could not you find out an honest lad, one that could take a hearty pot?

Guz. Faith, noble squire, I wish you had spoke a little sooner; Mr. Permit the officer is just gone out of the house; your worship would have liked him hugely; he is rare good company.

Bad. Well, but hang it! hast thou nobody?

Guz. I have not one guest in the house, sir, but a young lady and her maid, and a madman, and a squire, as he calls himself.

Bad. Squire! Who, prithee?

Guz. Squire—It is a cursed hard name, I never can remember. Squire Pancho Sancho he calls himself.

Bad. Prithee, what is he, a Whig or a Tory?

Guz. Sir, I don't know what he is: his master and he have been here in my house this month, and I can't tell what to make of them; I wish the devil had 'em before I had seen 'em, the squire and his master.

Bad. What, has the squire a master? [both.]

Guz. I don't know which is master nor which is man, not I; sometimes I think one is master, and then again I think it is t'other. I am sure I had rather be the squire, for he sleeps most and eats most; he is as bad as a greyhound in a house; there is no laying down anything eatable, but, if you turn your back, slap he has it up. As for the knight, as he calls himself, he has more to pay for breaking windows than eating: would I were well rid of him! He will sit you sometimes in the yard, to guard the castle as he calls it; but I am afraid his design is to rob the house if he could catch an opportunity. I don't understand one word in ten of what he says; he talks of giants, and castles, and queens, and princesses, and chanters, and magicians, and Dulcineas; he has been a mighty traveller, it seems.

Bad. A comical dog, I fancy; go, give my service to him, and tell him I should be glad of his company; go.

Guz. I am afraid he is not in any of the best humours, for he was most confoundedly drubbed just now.

Bad. Well, prithee go and call him; here is some of the best physic for him. Come, Scut, sit down and sing that song once more.

AIR VII. *Mother, quoth Hodge, &c.*

Scut. The doctor is feed for a dangerous draught,
Which cures half a dozen and kills half a score;
Of all the best drugs the dispensaries taught,
'Twere well could each cure one disease, and no more.
But here's the juice
Of sovereign use;

'Twill cure your distempers, whatever they be:
In body or spirit,
Wherever you bear it;

Take of this a large dose, and it soon sets you free.
By cunning directors, if trick'd of your pelf,
Your losses a dose of good claret can heal;
Or if you have been a director yourself,

'Twill teach you no loss of your honour to feel.
Stocks fall or rise,
Tell truth or lies,

Your fame and your fortune here remedy find;
If Silvia be cruel,
Take this water-gruel;

'Twill soon cure the fever that burns up your mind.

SCENE V.—DON QUIXOTE, GUZZLE, SCUT, BADGER.

Quix. Most illustrious and mighty knight, I'm proud to kiss your hands.

Bad. Your servant, sir, your servant—A devilish odd figure this! [Aside.]

Quix. To meet a person of your distinction is a happiness I little expected; for I am much mistaken but you are either the knight of the Sun, or of the Black Helmet.

Bad. Or of the Black Cap, sir, if you please.

Quix. Sir knight of the Black Cap, I rejoice in meeting you in this castle; and I wish the achievement of this glorious adventure, in which I have been, by the cursed power of enchantment, foiled, may be reserved for you.

Bad. This is honest cousin Tom, faith, as mad as a March-hare. [Aside.]

Quix. Would you guess, sir knight of the Black Cap, that this uncourteous person, the lord of this castle, should detain within his walls the most beautiful princess in the universe?

Bad. The devil he does!

Quix. Enchanted; and, if I mistake not, by that enchanter Merlin. I humbly suppose the delivery of this princess was the design with which you came to this castle?

Bad. Ay, ay! sir, I'll deliver her I warrant you: but come, sir,—pray, sir, may I crave the honour of your name?

Quix. I am known, sir, in chivalry, by the name of the knight of the Woeful Figure.

Bad. Sir knight of the Woeful Figure, will you please to sit down? Come, sir, here's to you. Landlord, draw your chair. How long, sir knight of the Woeful Figure, have you been in those parts?

Quix. It is not, sir knight of the Black Cap, the business of a knight-errant to number time, like the inferior part of mankind, by the days which he lives, but by the actions he performs; perhaps you may have sojourned longer here than I. Are there many knights in this kingdom?

Bad. Oh! numberless!—There are your knights and baron knights, and knights of the post; and then there are your blue knights, and your red knights, and your green knights.

Quix. Well may this kingdom be said to be happy, when so many knights conspire for its safety.

Bad. Come, let us be merry; we'll have a hunting song. Sir knight, I should be glad to see you at my country seat. Come, Scut, sing away:

AIR VIII. *There was a jovial beggar.*

Scut. The dusky night rides down the sky,

And ushers in the morn:

The hounds all join in jovial cry,

The huntsman winds his horn:

And a hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws

Her arms, and begs his stay;

My dear, it rains, and hails, and snows;

You will not hunt to-day.

But a hunting we will go.

A brushing fox in yonder wood

Secure to find we seek;

For why? I carried, sound and good,

A cartload there last week.

And a hunting we will go.

Away he goes, he flies the rout,

Their steeds all spur and switch;

Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,

And some thrown in a ditch:

But a hunting we will go.

At length, his strength to faintness worn,

Poor Reynard ceases flight;

Then hungry homeward we return,

To feast away the night:

Then a drinking we will go.

Bad. Ha! ha! ha! sir knight of the Woeful Figure; this is the life, sir, of most of our knights in England.

Quix. Hunting is a manly exercise, and therefore a proper recreation. But it is the business of a

knight-errant to rid the world of other sorts of animals than foxes.

Bad. Here is my dear Dorothea to you, the most beautiful woman in the world.

Quix. Ha! caitiff! dost thou dare say that in my presence, forgetting that the peerless Dulcinea yet lives? Confess thy fault this instant, and own her inferior to Dulcinea, or I will make thee a dreadful example to all future knights who shall dare dispute the incomparableness of that divine lady.

Bad. Throw by your spit, sir; throw by your spit, and I don't fear you. 'Sbud! I'll beat your lantern jaws into your throat, you rascal.

[*Offers to strike DON QUIXOTE.*]

Guz. Oh, that this fellow were at the devil! dear squire, let him alone.

Quix. Ha! have I discovered thee, impostor? Thanks, most incomparable lady, that hast not suffered thy knight to pollute his hands with the base blood of that impostor squire.

SCENE VI.—DON QUIXOTE, SANCHE, BADGER.

San. Oh, sir, I have been seeking your honour; I have such news to tell you!

Quix. Sancho, uncase this instant, and handle that squire as he deserves.

San. My lady Dulcinea, sir—

Quix. Has been abused, has been injured, by the slanderous tongue of that squire.

San. But, sir—

Quix. If thou expectest to live a moment, answer me not a word till that caitiff hath felt thy fist.

San. Nay, sir, with all my heart, as far as a cuff or two goes.—I hate your squire-errants that carry arms about them.

Bad. I'll box you first one hand, second with both. Sirrah, I am able to beat a dozen of you. If I don't lamb thee!— [They both strip.]

San. May be not, brother squire, may be not; threatened folks live long; high words break no bones; many walk into a battle, and are carried out on't; one ounce of heart is better than many a stone of flesh; dead men pay no surgeons; safer to dance after a fiddle than a drum, though not so honourable; a wise man would be a soldier in time of peace, and a parson in time of war.

SCENE VII.—MRS. GUZZLE, BADGER, SANCHE.

Mrs. G. What in the devil's name is the matter with you? Get you and your master out of my house, for a couple of pickpockets as you are. Sir, I hope your worship will not be angry with us.

Bad. Stand away, landlord, stand away. If I don't lick him!—

San. Come along out into the yard, and let me have fair play, and I don't fear you—I don't fear you.

Mrs. G. Get you out, you rascal, get you out, or I'll be the death of you; I'll teach you to fight with your betters, you villain, you; I'll curry you, sirrah!

SCENE VIII.—FAIRLOVE, BADGER.

Fair. I am sorry to see a gentleman insulted, sir. What was the occasion of this fray?

Bad. I hope you are no knight-errant, sir.

Fair. Sir! [sir?]

Bad. I say, sir, I hope you are no knight-errant,

Fair. You are merry, sir.

Bad. Ay, sir, and you would have been merry too, had you seen such a sight as I have. Here is a fellow in this inn that outdoes all the shows I ever saw. He was going to knock my brains out for drinking my mistress's health.

Fair. Perhaps he is your rival, sir?

Bad. Odd! that's like enough, now I think on't.

Who knows but this may be that son of a whore Fairlove, whom I have been told on?

Fair. Ha!

Bad. As sure as a gun, this is he! Odsbodlikins! Mrs. Dorothea, you have a very strange sort of a taste I can tell you that.

Fair. Do you travel towards London, sir? because I shall be glad of your company.

Bad. No, sir; I have not above fifteen short miles to go, and quite across the country.

Fair. Perhaps you are going to sir Thomas Loveland's.

Bad. Do you know sir Thomas then, sir?

Fair. Very intimately well, sir.

Bad. Give me your hand, sir. You are an honest cock, I warrant you. Why, sir, I am going to fall in love with sir Thomas's daughter.

Fair. You can't avoid that, sir, if you see her; for she is the most agreeable woman in the world.

Bad. And then she sings like a nightingale! Now that is a very fine quality in a wife; for you know the more she sings, the less she'll talk. Some folks like women for their wit: Odsbodlikins! it is a sign they have none of their own; there is nothing a man of good sense dreads so much in a wife as her having more sense than himself.

AIR IX. *Lillibulero.*

Like gold to a miser, the wit of a lass
More trouble than joy to her husband may bring.

Fair. The fault's in the miser, and not in the mass;
He knows not to use so precious a thing.

Bad. Wit teaches how
To arm your brow;

A price for that treasure some husbands have paid.

Fair. But wit will conceal it;
And, if you don't feel it,

A horn's but a pimple scarce seen on your head.

SCENE IX.—FAIRLOVE, BADGER, JOHN.

John. Sir, sir!

Fair. Well, what now? [*John whispers.*] How! here?

John. I saw her, sir, upon my honour.

Fair. I am the happiest of mankind. [*Aside.*] Brother traveller, farewell.

Bad. What, shan't we drink together?

Fair. Another time, sir; I am in a little haste at present.—[*Aside.*] Hark ye, John; I leave you with my rival; I need say no more. Dear Dorothea, ten thousand raptures are in the dear name. [*Exit.*]

SCENE X.—JOHN, BADGER, DON QUIXOTE.

Bad. Hark ye, mister; what is your master's name, pray?

John. Master, sir?

Bad. I say, your master's name.

John. What do you see in me that should make you ask my master's name? I suppose you would take it very ill of me if I were to ask you what your master's name is? Do I look so little like a gentleman as to stand in need of a master?

Bad. Oh, sir, I ask your pardon; your dress, sir, was the occasion of my mistake.

John. Probable enough; among you country gentlemen, and really in town, gentlemen and footmen dress so very like one another, that it is somewhat difficult to know which is which.

Bad. May be, sir, then you are only an acquaintance of this gentleman's.

John. A travelling acquaintance.

Bad. May I crave his name, sir?

John. Oh, sir, his name, his name, sir, is sir Gregory Nebuchaddonnessar. He is a very rich Jew, an Italian by birth, born in the city of Cork. He is a-going into Cornwall to take possession of a small estate of twenty thousand pounds a-year, left him the other day by a certain Dutch merchant's mistress

with whom he had an intrigue. He is a gentleman, sir, universally esteemed in the beau monde.

Bad. Beau monde! Pray, what's that?

John. Beau monde, sir, is as much as to say, a man of figure: when you say he is a man of the beau monde, you mean just such another person as I am.

Bad. You will pardon the ignorance of a country gentleman. [offended at ignorance.]

John. Oh, sir! we of the beau monde are never

Quix. [Within.] Avaunt, caitiffs!—Think not, thou most accursed giant, ever to enter within this castle, to bring any more captive princesses hither.

Bad. Hey-day! what's the matter now?

Coachman. [Within.] Open the gates, will you? Are you mad? [be opened at your peril.]

Quix. You, my lord of the castle, suffer them to

John. One might think, by this noise, that we were at the outside of the Opera-house at a ridotto.

SCENE XI.—MRS. GUZZLE, JOHN, BADGER.

Mrs. G. For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, come and assist us; this mad Don Quixote will ruin my house: he won't suffer the stage-coach to come into the yard. Dear, good gentlemen, come and speak to him.—Oh! that ever I should live to see him!

John. I am too much a gentleman not to assist a lady in distress.—Come, sir.

Bad. After you, sir; I am not quite unbred.

John. O, dear sir.

SCENE XII.—A yard.—DON QUIXOTE, armed cap-à-pie, his lance in his hand; SANCHE, GUZZLE, BADGER, JOHN, MRS. GUZZLE.

Coachman. [Within.] If you don't open the gates this instant I'll go to another inn.

Brief. [Within.] Sir, I'll have your house indicted; I'll have your sign taken down.

Guz. Gentlemen, here is a madman in the yard.—Will you let me open the gates or no, sir?

Quix. Open them, and I will show thee that I want no walls to secure me.—Open them, I say.—You shall see the force of one single knight.

Mrs. G. Dear gentlemen, will nobody knock his brains out?

John. This is the most comical dog I ever saw in my life. [Aside.]

Bad. If I have anything to say to him while he has that thing in his hand, may I have it in my guts

Guz. There, the gates are open. [that moment!]

Quix. Now, thou peerless princess Dulcinea. [Exit.]

Coach. Gee, gee, boys, hup! [Exeunt SANCHE, &c.]

SCENE XIII.—MRS. GUZZLE, BRIEF, DRENCH, SNEAK, MRS. and MISS SNEAK; Maid with candles.

Mrs. S. Don't be frightened, my dear; there is no danger now.

Sneak. That's owing to me, my dear; if we had not got out of the coach, as I advised, we had been in a fine condition. [all this rout?]

Brief. Who is this fellow, woman, that has caused

Mrs. G. Oh! dear Mr. Counsellor, I am almost frightened out of my wits: he is the devil I think. I can't get him out of my house.

Brief. What, have you no justice of the peace near you? You should apply to a justice of peace. The law provides a very good remedy for these sort of people; I'll take your affair into my hands. Dr. Drench, do you know no neighbouring justice?

Drench. What, do you talk of a justice? The man is mad, and physic is properer for him than law. I'll take him in hand myself after supper.

Mrs. S. I wish, Mr. Sneak, you would go into the kitchen, and see what we can have for supper.

Sneak. Yes, my dear. [Exit.]

Brief. Ay, do; the fresh air of the Downs, I protest, has got me an appetite.—Ladies, how do you do after your fright? Doctor, I fancy a dram of that cordial you carry in your pocket would do the ladies no harm. [Come, child.]

Mrs. S. You are a merry man, Mr. Counsellor.

Mrs. G. This way, ladies. [Exeunt women.]

SCENE XIV.—BRIEF, DRENCH, DON QUIXOTE, SANCHE, BADGER, JOHN.

Bad. Huzza! Hark! hark!—Agad, he has routed the coach and horses bravely! My landlord and the coachman won't overtake them one while, I warrant.

Quix. Most illustrious and high lords, it is with great pleasure that I congratulate you on your delivery, which you owe only to the peerless Dulcinea. I desire therefore no other return but that you both repair immediately to Toboso, and render yourselves at her feet.

Drench. Poor man! poor man! he must be put to bed. I shall apply some proper remedies. His frenzy is very high; but I hope we shall be able to take it off.

Brief. His frenzy! His roguery. The fellow's a rogue; he is no more mad than I am; and the coachman and landlord both have very good actions at law against him.

Quix. Sancho, do you attend those princes to the richest and most beautiful apartments. Most illustrious princes, the governor of this castle is an enchanter; but be not alarmed at it, for all the powers of hell shall not hurt you. I will myself keep on the guard all this night for your safety; and to-morrow I expect you set forward for Toboso.

Drench. Galen calls this frenzy the phrenabracum. [number of common cheats.]

Brief. My lord Coke brings these people into the

Drench. I shall order him bleeding, glistening, vomiting, purging, blistering, and cupping.

Brief. He may, besides an action of assault and battery, be indicted in the crown; he may also have an action of damages and trespasses laid on him. In short, if he be worth five thousand pounds, I don't question but to action him out on't.—Come, doctor, if you please, we will attend the ladies. [Exeunt.]

Bad. Why, Mr. Quixote, do you know who these people were you called princes?

Quix. One of them I take to be the prince of Sarmatia, and the other of the Five Mountains.

Bad. One of them is a lawyer, and t'other a physician.

Quix. Monstrous enchantment! what odd shapes this Merlin transforms the greatest people into! But knight-errantry will be too hard for him at last. [Exit.]

John. Ha, ha, ha! a comical dog!

Bad. If you will accept of one bottle of stout, brother traveller, it is at your service.

John. With all my heart, sir. I'm afraid this fellow has no good champagne in his house. [Exeunt.]

San. Hey! is the coast cleared? Where, in the devil's name, has this mad master of mine disposed himself? for mad he is now, that's certain; this last adventure has put it past all manner of dispute. Ah, poor Sancho, what will become of thee? Would it not be the wisest way to look out for some new master, while thou hast any whole bones in thy skin? And yet I can't find in my heart to forsake my old one, at least till I have got this small island; and then perhaps, when I have it, I shall lose it again, as I did my former government. Well, if ever I do lay my fingers on an island more, I'll act like other wise governors—fall to plundering as fast as I can; and when I have made my fortune, why, let them turn me out if they will.

AIR X. *Black joke.*

The more we see of human kind,
The more deceits and tricks we find
In every land as well as Spain;
For, would he ever hope to thrive,
Upon the mountains he must live;
For nought but rogues in vales remain.
The miser and the man will trick,
The mistress and the maid will nick;
For rich and poor
Are rogue and whore,
There's not one honest man in a score,
Nor woman true in twenty-four.

ACT III.—SCENE I.—*A room.*—FAIRLOVE, DOROTHEA, MRS. GUZZLE.

Fair. Depend on it you shall be made amends for your damage you have sustained from this heroic knight and his squire.

Mrs. G. You look like a very honourable gentleman, sir; and I would take your word for a great deal more than he owes me.

Dor. But pray, Mrs. Guzzle, how came you by this fine dress, in which the lady Dulcinea is to be exhibited?

Mrs. G. About a month ago, madam, there was a company of stage-players here, and they staid for above a fortnight acting their shows: but I don't know how it happened, the gentry did not give them much encouragement; so at last they all ran away, except the queen, whom I made bold to strip of her finery, which is all that I have to show for their whole reckoning. [cess!]

Dor. Ha, ha, ha! poor queen! poor travelling prin-

Mrs. G. The devil travel with her to the world's end, so she travel not hither. Send me anything but stage-players and knight-errants. I'm sure fifty pounds won't make me whole again; would your ladyship think it, madam? beside other articles, she ran in tick twenty shillings for thunder and lightning.

SCENE II.—JEZEBEL, SANCHE, FAIRLOVE, DOROTHEA, MRS. GUZZLE.

Dor. Behold the peerless princess! Ha, ha, ha! Oh, I shall die! Ha, ha, ha!

San. Zooks! she'll put the real Dulcinea out of countenance, for no such gorgeous fine lady have I seen in all Toboso. [approach of his mistress?]

Fair. Is the knight apprised, Mr. Sancho, of the

San. Yes, sir; it had like to have cost me dear, I'm sure; for when I told him of it he gave me such a hug that I thought I should never have fetched breath any more in this world. I believe he took me for the lady Dulcinea herself.

Dor. But why booted and spurred, Mr. Sancho? Are you going a journey?

San. Yes, madam; your ladyship knows I was ordered to go for my lady Dulcinea; so what does me—I—but rides into the kitchen? where I whipped and spurred about a sirloin of roast-beef for a full half-hour. Then slap I returned to my master, whom I found leaning on his spear, with his eyes lifted up to the stars, calling out upon my Toboso lady, as if the devil were in his guts. As soon as he sees me, "Sancho," says he, with a voice like a great gun, "wilt thou never have sufficiently stuffed thy wallet?—wilt thou never set out for Toboso?" "Heavens bless your honour's worship, and keep you in your senses," says I; "I am just returned from thence. I am sure, if you felt half the weariness in your bones that I do, you'd think you set out with a vengeance." "Truly then, Sancho, thou must have travelled by chantment." "I don't know whether I travelled by chantment, but this I know, that about five miles off I met my lady Dulcinea." "How!" says he, and gave such a spring, I thought he would have leapt over the wall. "Ay," says I; "sure I know her ladyship. He that has stood in the pillory

ought to know what wood it is made of; and a woman who walks the streets ought to know whether they are paved or not."

Jez. I hope he won't offer to be rude.

San. Your ladyship need not fear that. I dare swear he loves your ladyship so much he would not take a hundred pound to come within a yard of you: he's one of your high-bred sort of gentry, and knows his distance.

Jez. Should he offer to touch me, I should faint.

San. If your ladyship pleases, I'll convey you to a proper place, where you may see my master, and then I'll go and prepare him a little more for your arrival.

Mrs. G. I'll go see this show, I am resolved; and, faith, I begin to doubt which of my guests is the maddest.

SCENE III.—FAIRLOVE, DOROTHEA.

Dor. Shall we follow to the window and see the sport? [this time?]

Fair. How can my Dorothea think of trifling at

Dor. Had I found you at my first arrival I should scarce have invented this design; but I cannot see any retardment 'twill be to our purpose.

Fair. Why should we not fly away this instant? who knows but you may be pursued? I shall have no easy moment till you are mine beyond any possibility of losing you.

Dor. The morning will be time enough; for I have taken such measures I shall not be missed till then. Besides, I think there was something so lucky in your coming hither without having received my letter, that I cannot suspect the happy success of our affair. Ah, Fairlove! would I were as sure it would be always in your will as it will be in your power to make me happy: but when I reflect on your former life, when I think what a rover you have been, have I not a just occasion then for fear?

Fair. Unkind Dorothea!

AIR XI. *Have you heard of a frolicsome ditty?*

Would fortune, the truth to discover,
Of him you suspect as a rover,
Bid me be to some princess a lover,
No princess would Billy pursue.

Dor. Would Heaven but grant me the trial,
A monarch should meet my denial;
And while other lovers I'd fly all,
I'd fly, my dear Billy, to you.

Fair. Whole ages my Dolly enjoying
Is a feast that could never be cloying;
With thee while I'm kissing and toying,
Kind fortune can give me no more.

Dor. With thee I'm so bless'd beyond measure,
I laugh at all offers of treasure;
I laugh at all offers of pleasure;
Thou art all my joy and my store.

Both. With thee, &c.

SCENE IV.—*Servants with lights before* SIR THOMAS and GUZZLE.

Sir Tho. Landlord, how fares it? You seem to drive a humming trade here.

Guz. Pretty well, considering the hardness of the times, an't please your honour.

Sir Tho. Better times are a coming; a new election is not far off.

Guz. Any, sir; if we had but an election once a year, a man might make a shift to pick up a livelihood.

Sir Tho. Once a year! why, thou unconscionable rogue! the kingdom would not be able to supply us with malt. But prithee, whom hast thou in thy house? any honest fellows? Ha!

Guz. Here's lawyer Brief, sir, and Dr. Drench; and there's Mr. Sneak and his wife; and there's one squire Badger, of Somersetshire.

Sir Tho. Oho! give my service to him instantly; tell him I should be very glad to see him.

Guz. Yes, an't please your honour. [Exit.

Sir Tho. This fellow is not quite of a right kidney; the dog is not sound at the bottom; however, I must keep well with him till after the next election. Now for my son-in-law that is to be, whom I long mightily to see; I'm sure his estate makes him a very advantageous match for my daughter, if she can but like his person; and, if he be described right to me, I don't see how she can fail of doing that.

SCENE V.—SIR THOMAS, BADGER, GUZZLE, JOHN.

Guz. Here's the squire, an't please your honour.

Sir Tho. Mr. Badger, I'm your most humble servant; you're welcome into this country; I've done myself the honour, sir, to meet you thus far, in order to conduct you to my daughter.

Bad. I suppose, sir, you may be sir Thomas Love-

Sir Tho. At your service, sir. [land.

Bad. Then I wish, when you had been about it, you had brought your daughter along with you.

Sir Tho. Ha, ha! you are merry, sir.

Bad. Ay, sir; and you would have been merry if you had been in such company as I have been in. My lord! 'Sbud! where's my lord? 'Sbud! sir Thomas, my lord Slang is one of the merriest men you ever knew in your life; he has been telling me a parcel of such stories!

John. I protest, sir, you are so extremely well-bred you put me out of countenance; Sir Thomas, I am your most obedient humble servant.

Sir Tho. I suppose this lord can't afford to keep a footman, and so he wears his own livery.

Bad. I wish, my lord, you would tell sir Thomas the story about you and the duchess of what-d'ye-call-her. Odsheart! it is one of the pleasantest stories! about how she met him in the dark at a masquerade, and about how she gave him a letter; and then about how he carried her to a—to a——

John. To a bagnio, to a bagnio.

Bad. Ay, to a bagnio. 'Sbud, sir, if I was not partly engaged in honour to court your daughter, I'd go to London along with my lord, where women are, it seems, as plenty as rabbits in a warren. Had I known as much of the world before as I do now, I believe I should scarce have thought of marrying. Who'd marry, when my lord says here a man may have your great sort of ladies only for wearing a brodered coat, telling half a dozen lies, and making a bow? [ye against your inclination.

Sir Tho. I believe, sir, my daughter won't force

Bad. Force me! no; I believe not, icod! I should be glad to see a woman that should force me. If you come to that, sir, I'm not afraid of you nor your daughter neither.

Sir Tho. This fellow's a great fool; but his estate must not be lost. [Aside.] You misunderstand me, sir; I believe you will have no incivility to complain of from either me or my daughter.

Bad. Nay, sir, for that matter, when people are civil to me I know how to be civil to them again; come, father-in-law of mine that is to be, what say you to a cherishing cup? and you shall hear some of my lord's stories. [not exceed.

Sir Tho. As far as one bottle, squire, but you must

Bad. Nay, nay, you may e'en sneak off when you please: my lord and I here are very good company by ourselves. Pray, my lord, go first; I'd have you think I have got some manners. [Exeunt.

Sir Tho. A very hopeful spark this! But he has a great estate; and I have no notion of refusing an estate, let the man be what he will.

SCENE VI.—The yard.—DON QUIXOTE, SANCHE.

Quix. How far do you think the advanced guards are yet from the castle?

San. Sir!

Quix. But perhaps she may choose to travel incognita, and may, for the greater expedition, have left those cursed, useless, heavy troops, her horseguards, to follow a month or two hence. How many coaches didst thou number?

San. Truly, sir, they were so many I could not number them. I dare swear there were a good round baker's dozen at least.

Quix. Sancho, thou wilt never leave debasing the greatest things in thy vile phrases. Wilt thou eternally put my patience to the test? Take heed, unworthy squire, when thou art talking of this incomparable and peerless princess, thou dost it not in any of thy low ribaldry; for if thou dost, by all the powers of this invincible arm—

San. Oh, spare me, spare me!—And if ever I offend your worship any more—if ever I crack a jest on my lady Dulcinea—

Quix. Proceed! What knights attend her presence?

San. They make such a glittering, sir, 'tis impossible to know one from the other; they look for all the world at a distance like a flock of sheep.

Quix. Ha! again!

San. Nay, sir, if your worship won't let a man talk in his own language, he must e'en hold his tongue. Every man is not bred at a varsity; who looks for a courtier's tongue between the teeth of a clown? An ill phrase may come from a good heart. Many men, many minds; many minds, many mouths; many mouths, many tongues; many tongues, many words.

Quix. Cease thy torrent of impertinence, and tell me is not the knight of the Black Eagle there?

San. Ay, marry is he, sir; and he of the Black Ram too. On they trot, sir, cheek by jole, sir, for all the world like two butter-women to market; then comes my lady Dulcinea all rampant in her coach, with half a score dozen maids of honour; 'twould have done your heart good to see her, she looks e'en just like—— [of crows.

Quix. Like a milk-white dove amongst a flight

San. To all the world like a new half-crown-piece amongst a heap of old brass farthings.

SCENE VII.—Drawer with a light, BRIEF, DON QUIXOTE, SANCHE.

Draw. This way, sir; take care how you tread.

Quix. Ha! she approaches! the torches are already arrived at the gate; the great Fulgoran is alighted. O thou most welcome of all knights, let me embrace thee.

Brief. Let me alone prithee, fellow, or I shall have you laid by the heels; what, do you mean to rob me, hey? [not know me?

Quix. Is it possible the mighty Fulgoran should

Brief. Know ye! 'tis not to your advantage, I believe, to be known. Let me tell you, sirrah, you may be tried on the black act for going about disguised in this manner; and, but that I shall go a better way to work with you, as good an indictment would lie on that act——

Quix. Behold, sir, my lady Dulcinea herself.

Brief. Light on, boy; the next justice ought to be indicted for not putting the laws in execution against such fellows.

SCENE VIII.—DON QUIXOTE, SANCHE, JEZEBEL.

Quix. O most illustrious and most mighty princess, with what look shall I behold you? With what words shall I thank you for this infinite goodness to

Jez. Rise, sir. [your unworthy knight?

Quix. Do not overwhelm me with too much goodness; though to see you be inexpressible happiness, yet to see you here gives me some uneasiness;

for, O most adorable princess, this castle is enchanted; giants and captive ladies inhabit only here.

Jez. Could I but be assured of your constancy, I should have no fear; but, alas! there are so many instances of perjured men.

AIR XII. *Cold and raw, &c.*

A virgin once was walking along,
In the sweet month of July,
Blooming, beautiful, and young,
She met with a swain unruly;
Within his arms the nymph he caught,
And swore he'd love her truly;
The maid remember'd, the man forgot,
What pass'd in the month of July.

Quix. Eternal curses light on all such perjured wretches!

Jez. But though you may be constant at first, when we have been married a great while, and have had several children, you may leave me, and then I should break my heart.

Quix. Rather may the universal frame of nature be dissolved; perish first all honesty, honour, virtue, nay, knight-errantry itself, that quintessence of all.

Jez. Could I always remain young as I am now!—but, alack-a-day, I shall grow old, and then you will forsake me for some younger maiden; I know it is the way of all you men—you all love young flesh. You all sing—

AIR XIII. *Gimignano's minuet.*

Sweet's the little maid
That has not learn'd her trade,
Fears, yet languishes to be taught;
Though she's shy and coy,
Still she'll give you joy,
When she's once to compliance brought.
Women full of skill
Sooner grant your will;
But often purchas'd are good for nought.
Sweet's the little maid, &c.

Quix. Oh, most divine princess! whose voice is infinitely sweeter than the nightingale: Oh, charm my ears no more with such transporting melody, lest I find my joy too exquisite for sense to bear.

SCENE IX.—DON QUIXOTE, SANCHE, FAIRLOVE, DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

Dor. Pity, illustrious knight; oh, pity an unhappy princess, who has no hopes of safety but from your victorious arm. This instant I am pursued by a mighty giant.

Quix. Oh, most adorable Dulcinea! unless some affair of your own forbid, permit your knight to undertake this adventure.

Jez. You can't oblige me more.

San. Nor me less; Oh! the devil take all giant adventures! now shall I have my bones broke. I'd give an arm or two to secure the rest with all my heart; I'll e'en sneak off if I can, and preserve the whole.

Quix. Sancho, come here! Stand thou in the front and receive the first onset of the enemy; that so I may wait a proper opportunity, while the giant is aiming at thy head, to strike off his.

San. Ah, sir, I have been a squire-errant to some purpose truly, if I don't know better than to stand before my master. Besides, sir, every man in his way. I am the worst man in the world at the beginning of the battle, but a very devil at the end of it.

SCENE X.—JOHN, FAIRLOVE, DON QUIXOTE, DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

John. Oh, sir, undone, ruined! Sir Thomas himself is in the inn; you are discovered, and here he comes with an hundred and fifty people to fetch away Madam Dorothea.

Fair. We know it, we know it.

Quix. And were he to bring as many thousand—I'll show him one single knight may be too many for them all.

Fair. Ten thousand thanks, great knight; by Heavens! I'll die by your side before I'll lose her.

Quix. Now, thou most adorable princess Dulcinea del Toboso, now shine with all thy influence upon me.

Sir Tho. [Within.] Where is my daughter, villains? where is my daughter?

Quix. Oh, thou cursed giant Tergilicombo, too well I know thy voice; have at thee, caitiff.

Dor. Dear Jezebel, I am frightened out of my wits; my father or Mr. Fairlove will be destroyed. I am resolved I'll rush into the middle of them, and with my own danger put an end to the fray.

Jez. Do so; and in the mean time I'll into the closet, and put an end to a small bottle I have there; I protest I am horribly frightened myself.

SCENE XI.—SANCHE, *solus.*

There they are at it pell-mell; who will be knocked on the head I know not; I think I'm pretty sure it won't be Sancho. I have made a shift to escape this bout, but I shall never get out of this fighting country again as safe as I came into it. I shall leave some pounds of poor Sancho behind me; if this be the effect of English beef and pudding, would I were in Spain again! I begin to think this house or castle is charmed; nay, I fancy the devil lives in it, for we have had nothing but battles since we have been here. My bones are not the bones they were a fortnight ago, nor are they in the same places. As to my skin, the rainbow is a fool to it for colours; it is like—what is it like? Ecod, 'tis like nothing but my master's. Well, master of mine, if you do get the day, you deserve it; I'll say that for you; and if you get well drubbed, why, you deserve that too. What had we to do with the princess, and be hanged to her? Besides, I very believe she's no more a princess than I am. No good ever comes of minding other men's matters. I seldom see any meat got by winding up another man's jack. I'll e'en take this opportunity, and, while all the rest are knocking one another on the head, I'll into the pantry and stuff both guts and wallet as long as they'll hold.

SCENE XII.—SIR THOMAS, DOROTHEA.

Sir Tho. See, ungracious girl, see what your cursed inclinations have occasioned!

Dor. I'm sure they are the cause of my misery: if Fairlove be destroyed, I never shall enjoy a moment's quiet more.

Sir Tho. Perhaps it were better for him if he were; I shall handle him in such a manner that the rest of his life shall not be much worth wishing for.

Dor. Thus on my knees, sir, I entreat you, by all the tenderness you ever professed to me! by all the joy you have so often said I gave you! by all the pain I now endure! do not attempt to injure Fairlove. You can inflict no punishment upon him but I must feel much more than half. Is it not enough to pull me, tear me bleeding from his heart? Is it not enough to rob my eyes of what they love more than light or than themselves? to hinder me from all those scenes of bliss I'd painted to myself? Oh, hear me, sir, or kill me, and do not make this life you gave a curse.

Sir Tho. Away, you're no child of mine.

Dor. Would you keep me from him, try to make him happy; that thought would be some comfort in his absence. I might perhaps bear to be no partaker of his happiness, but not so of his sufferings! Were he in a palace, you might keep me wretched

alone; but were he in a prison, not all the powers on earth should keep me from him.

SCENE XIII.—GUZZLE, MRS. GUZZLE, SIR THOMAS, Constable, DON QUIXOTE, FAIRLOVE, JOHN.

Guz. We have made a shift, an't please your worship, to secure this mad fellow at last; but he has done us more mischief than ever it will be in his power to make us reparation for.

Mrs. G. Our house is ruined for ever; there is not one whole window in it; the stage-coachman swears he'll never bring company to it again. There's Miss Sneak above in fits; and Mr. Sneak, poor man, is crying; and Madam Sneak, she's a swearing and stamping like a dragoon.

Sir Tho. Mr. Fairlove, you shall answer for this. As for that poor fellow there, I suppose you have hired him. Harkee, fellow; what did this gentleman give you to do all this mischief?

Quix. It is your time now, and you may use it. I perceive this adventure is not reserved for me, therefore I must submit to the enchantment.

Sir Tho. Do you banter me, you rascal?

Quix. Poor wretch! I scorn to retort thy injurious words. [I will so.]

Sir Tho. I'll make you know who I am presently,

Quix. Dost thou then think I know thee not to be the giant Tergilicombo? Yet think not, because I submit to my fortune, that I fear thee; no, the time will come when I shall see thee the prey of some more happy knight.

Sir Tho. I'll knight you, you dog, I will.

Mrs. G. Do you hear, husband? I suppose you won't doubt whether he be mad any longer or no; he makes no more of his worship, than if he were talking to a fiddler.

Guz. I wish your worship would send him to gaol; he seems to look most cursedly mischievous. I shall never think myself safe till he is under lock and key.

Fair. Sir Thomas, I do not deserve this usage at your hands; and though my love to your daughter hath made me hitherto passive, do not carry the thing too far; for be assured, if you do, you shall answer for it.

Sir Tho. Ay, ay, sir, we are not afraid of that.

SCENE XIV.—BADGER, SIR THOMAS, DOROTHEA, FAIRLOVE, DON QUIXOTE, MRS. GUZZLE.

Bad. Oons! what's the matter with you all? Is the devil in the inn, that you won't let a man sleep? I was as fast on the table as if I had been in a feather-bed. 'Sbud, what's the matter? Where's my lord Slang?

Sir Tho. Dear squire, let me entreat you would go to bed; you are a little heated with wine.

Bad. Oons, sir! do you say that I am drunk? I say, sir, that I am as sober as a judge; and if any man says that I am drunk, sir, he's a liar, and a son of a whore. My dear, an't I—sober now?

Dor. O nauseous, filthy wretch!

Bad. 'Fore George, a good pretty wench! I'll have a kiss; I'll warrant she's twice as handsome as my wife that is to be.

Sir Tho. Hold, dear sir; this is my daughter.

Bad. Sir, I don't care whose daughter she is.

Dor. For Heaven's sake! somebody defend me from him.

Fair. Let me go, dogs! Villain! thou hadst better eat thy fingers than lay 'em rudely on that lady.

Sir Tho. Dear Mr. Badger, this is my daughter, the young lady to whom you intended your addresses.

Bad. Well, sir, and an't I making addresses to her, sir, hey?

Sir Tho. Let me beseech you, sir, to attack her in no rude manner.

Bad. Prithee, dost thou know who I am? I fancy, if thou didst know who I was, thou would'st not talk to me so; if thou dost any more, I shall lend thee a knock. Come, madam, since I have promised to marry you, since I can't be off with honour, as they say, why, the sooner it's done the better; let us send for a parson and be married, now I'm in the humour. 'Sbodlikins! I find there's nothing in making love when a man's but once got well into't. I never made a word of love before in my life; and yet it is as natural, seemingly, as if I had been bound 'prentice to it.

Quix. Sir, one word with you, if you please: I suppose you look upon yourself as a reasonable sort of a person.

Sir Tho. What?

Quix. That you are capable of managing your affairs; that you don't stand in need of a governor.

Sir Tho. Hey?

Quix. And if this be true of you, is it possible you can prefer that wretch, who is a scandal to his very species, to this gentleman, whose person and parts would be an honour to the greatest of it?

Sir Tho. Has he made you his advocate? Tell him I can prefer three thousand to one.

Quix. The usual madness of mankind! Do you marry your daughter for her sake or your own? If for her's, sure 'tis something whimsical to make her miserable in order to make her happy. Money is a thing well worth considering in these affairs; but parents always regard it too much, and lovers too little. No match can be happy which love and fortune do not conspire to make so. The greatest addition of either illy supplies the entire absence of the other; nor would millions a year make that beast, in your daughter's eye, preferable to this youth with a thousand.

Sir Tho. What have we here? A philosophical pimp! I can't help saying but the fellow has some truth on his side.

Dor. You are my eternal aversion.

Bad. Lookye, madam; I can take a joke, or so; but if you are in earnest—

Dor. Indeed I am; I hate and despise you in the most serious earnest.

Bad. Do you? Then you may kiss—'Sbud, I can hate as well as you. Your daughter has affronted me here. Sir, what's your name, and I'll have satisfaction.

Quix. Oh, that I were disenchanted for thy sake!

Bad. Sir, I'll have satisfaction.

Sir Tho. My daughter, sir—

Bad. Sir, your daughter, sir, is a son of a whore, sir. 'Sbud, I'll go find my lord Slang. A fig for you and your daughter too; I'll have satisfaction. [Exit.]

Quix. A Turk would scarce marry a Christian slave to such a husband.

Sir Tho. How this man was misrepresented to me! Fellows, let go your prisoner. Mr. Fairlove, can you forgive me? Can I make you any reparation for the injustice I have shown you on this wretch's account?

Fair. and *Dor.* Ha!

Sir Tho. If the immediate executing all my former promises to you can make you forget my having broken them; and if, as I have no reason to doubt, your love for my daughter will continue; you have my consent to consummate as soon as you please; hers, I believe, you have already.

Fair. Oh transport! Oh blessed moment!

Dor. No consent of mine can ever be wanting to make him happy.

AIR XIV.

Fair. Thus the merchant, who with pleasure,
Long adventur'd on the main,
Hugging fast his darling treasure
Gaily smiles
On past toils,
Well repaid for all his pain.

Dor. Thus the nymph whom death affrighting
With her lover's death alarms,
Wakes with transports all delighting;
Madly bless'd,
When caress'd,
In his warm entwining arms.

Mrs. G. Lard bless 'em! Who could have parted them that hadn't a heart of oak?

Quix. Here are the fruits of knight-errantry for you. This is an instance of what admirable service we are to mankind. I find some adventures are reserved for Don Quixote de la Mancha.

Sir Tho. Don Quixote de la Mancha! Is it possible that you can be the real Don Quixote de la Mancha?

Quix. Truly, sir, I have had so much to do with enchanters, that I dare not affirm whether I am really myself or no.

Sir Tho. Sir, I honour you much. I have heard of your great achievements in Spain. What brought you to England, noble Don?

Quix. A search of adventures, sir; no place abounds more with them. I was told there was a plenteous stock of monsters; nor have I found one less than I expected.

SCENE XV.—DON QUIXOTE, SIR THOMAS, FAIR-LOVE, DOROTHEA, GUZZLE, MRS. GUZZLE, BRIEF, DRENCH.

Brief. I'll have satisfaction; I won't be used after this manner for nothing, while there is either law, or judge, or justice, or jury, or crown-office, or actions of damages, or on the case, or trespasses, or assaults and batteries.

Sir Tho. What's the matter Mr. Counsellor?

Brief. Oh, sir Thomas! I am abused, beaten, hurt, maimed, disfigured, defaced, dismembered, killed, massacred, and murdered, by this rogue, robber, rascal, villain. I shan't be able to appear at Westminster-hall the whole term. It will be as good a three hundred pounds out of my pocket as ever was taken.

Drench. If this madman be not blooded, cupped, sweated, blistered, vomited, purged, this instant, he will be incurable. I am well acquainted with this sort of frenzy; his next paroxysm will be six times as strong as the former.

Brief. Pshaw! the man is no more mad than I am. I should be finely off if he could be proved *non compos mentis*; 'tis an easy thing for a man to pretend madness *ex post facto*.

Drench. Pretend madness! Give me leave to tell you, Mr. Brief, I am not to be pretended with; I judge by symptoms, sir.

Brief. Symptoms! Gad, here are symptoms for you, if you come to that. [think.]

Drench. Very plain symptoms of madness, I

Brief. Very fine, indeed! very fine doctrine! very fine, indeed! A man's beating another is a proof of madness. So that, if a man be indicted, he has nothing to do but to plead *non compos mentis*, and he's acquitted of course; so there's an end of all actions of assaults and battery at once.

SCENE the last.—SIR THOMAS, COOK, DON QUIXOTE, FAIRLOVE, DRENCH, SERVANTS *hauling in* SANCHE.

Sir Tho. Heyday! what's the matter now?

Cook. Bring him along, bring him along. Ah, master, no wonder you have complained so long of missing your victuals; for all the time we were out

in the yard this rogue has been stuffing his guts in the pantry. Nay, he has not only done that, but everything he could not eat he has crammed into that great sack there, which he calls a wallet.

Quix. Thou scandal to the name of squire! wilt thou eternally bring shame on thy master by these little pilfering tricks?

San. Nay, nay, you have no reason to talk, good master of mine; the receiver's as bad as the thief: and you'd have been glad, let me tell you, after some of your adventures, to see the inside of the wallet, as well as I. What a pox, are these your errantry tricks, to leave your friends in the lurch?

Quix. Slave! caitiff!

Sir Tho. Dear knight, be not angry with the trusty Sancho: you know, by the laws of knight-errantry, stuffing the wallet has still been the privilege of the squire. [he would make me his squire.]

San. If this gentleman be a knight-errant, I wish

Quix. I'm pacified.

Fair. Landlord, be easy; whatever you may have suffered by Mr. Sancho or his illustrious master, I'll see you paid.

Sir Tho. If you will honour my house, noble knight, and be present at my daughter's wedding with this gentleman, we will do the best in our power for your entertainment.

Quix. Sir, I accept your offer; and, unless any immediate adventure of moment should intervene, will attend you.

San. Oh rare Sancho! this is brave news, i'faith! Give me your wedding-adventures; the devil take all the rest. [madman home with you to your house?]

Drench. Sure, sir Thomas, you will not take a

Quix. I have heard thee, thou ignorant wretch, throw that word in my face, with patience. For, alas! could it be proved, what were it more than almost all mankind in some degrees deserve? Who would doubt the noisy boisterous squire who was here just now to be mad? Must not this noble knight here have been mad, to think of marrying his daughter to such a wretch? You, doctor, are mad too, though not so mad as your patients. The lawyer here is mad, or he would not have gone into a scuffle, when it is the business of men of his profession to set other men by the ears, and keep clear themselves.

Sir Tho. Ha! ha! ha! I don't know whether this knight, by and by, may not prove us all to be more mad than himself. [point.]

Fair. Perhaps, sir Thomas, that is no such difficult

AIR XV. *Country bumpkin.*

All mankind are mad, 'tis plain;

Some for places,

Some embraces;

Some are mad to keep up gain,

And others mad to spend it.

Courtiers we may madmen rate,

Poor believers

In deceivers;

Some are mad to hurt the state,

And others mad to mend it.

Dor. Lawyers are for Bedlam fit,

Or they never

Could endeavour

Half the rogueries to commit

Which we're so mad to let 'em.

Poets madmen are no doubt,

With projectors,

And directors;

Fair. Women are all mad throughout,

And we more mad to get 'em.

Since your madness is so plain,

Each spectator

Of good-nature

With applause will entertain

His brother of La Mancha:

With applause will entertain

Don Quixote and squire Sancho.

AN OLD MAN TAUGHT WISDOM; OR, THE VIRGIN UNMASKED.

A FARCE, AS IT WAS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS, 1734.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Goodwill*, Mr. SHEPARD; *Blister*, an apothecary, Mr. HARPER; *Coupee*, a dancing-master, Mr. LAGUERRE; *Quaver*, a singing-master, Mr. SALWAY; *Wormwood*, a lawyer, Mr. MACKLIN; *Mr. Thomas*, a footman, Mr. ESTE; *Lucy*, *Goodwill's* daughter, Mrs. CLIVE.—SCENE, A HALL in *GOODWILL'S* HOUSE in the COUNTRY.

GOODWILL, solus.

WELL! it is to me surprising, that, out of the multitudes who feel a pleasure in getting an estate, few or none should taste a satisfaction in bestowing it. Doubtless, a good man must have vast delight in rewarding merit, nor will I believe it so difficult to be found. I am at present, I thank Heaven and my own industry, worth a good ten thousand pound and an only daughter, both of which I have determined to give to the most worthy of my poor relations. The transport I feel from the hope of making some honest man happy makes me amends for the many weary days and sleepless nights my riches have cost me. I have sent to summon them. The girl I have bred up under my own eye; she has seen nothing, knows nothing, and has consequently no will but mine. I have no reason to doubt her consent to whatever choice I shall make. How happily must my old age slide away, between the affection of an innocent and dutiful child and the grateful return I may expect from a so much obliged son-in-law! I am certainly the happiest man on earth. Here she comes.

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. Did you send for me, papa?

Good. Yes, come hither, child. I have sent for you to mention an affair to you which you, I believe, have not yet thought of. [school, papa.

Lucy. I hope it is not to send me to a boarding-

Good. I hope my indulgence to you has been such, that you have reason to regard me as the best of fathers. I am sure I have never denied you anything but for your own good: indeed, I have consulted nothing else. It is that for which I have been toiling these many years; for which I have denied myself every comfort in life; and from which I have, from renting a farm of five hundred a-year, amassed the sum of ten thousand pounds.

Lucy. I am afraid you are angry with me, papa.

Good. Be not frightened, my dear child, you have done nothing to offend me. But answer me one question—What does my little dear think of a hus-

Lucy. A husband, papa! O la! [band?

Good. Come, it is a question a girl in her sixteenth year may answer. Should you like to have a husband, Lucy?

Lucy. And am I to have a coach? [band?

Good. No, no: what has that to do with a hus-

Lucy. Why you know, papa, sir John Wealthy's daughter was carried away in a coach by her husband; and I have been told by several of our neighbours that I was to have a coach when I was married. Indeed, I have dreamt of it a hundred times. I never dreamt of a husband in my whole life that I did not dream of a coach. I have rid about in one all night in my sleep, and methought it was the purest thing!

Good. Lock up a girl as you will, I find you cannot keep her from evil counsellors. [*Aside.*—I tell you, child, you must have no coach with a husband.

Lucy. Then let me have a coach without a husband. [husband?

Good. What, had you rather have a coach than a

Lucy. Hum—I don't know that. But, if you'll get me a coach, let me alone, I'll warrant I'll get me a husband.

AIR I. *Thomas, I cannot.*

Do you, papa, but find a coach,

And leave the other to me, sir;

For that will make the lover approach,

And I warrant we shan't disagree, sir;

No sparks will talk

To girls that walk,

I've heard it, and I confide in't:

Do you then fix

My coach and six,

I warrant I get one to ride in't, to ride in't.

I warrant, &c.

Good. The girl is out of her wits, sure. Hussy! who put these thoughts into your head? You shall have a good sober husband that will teach you better things.

Lucy. Ay, but I won't though, if I can help it; for Miss Jenny Flantit says a sober husband is the worst sort of husband in the world.

Good. I have a mind to sound the girl's inclinations. Come hither, Lucy; tell me now, of all the men you ever saw, whom should you like best for a

Lucy. O fie, papa, I must not tell. [husband?

Good. Yes, you may your father.

Lucy. No, Miss Jenny says I must not tell my mind to any man whatever. She never tells a word of truth to her father.

Good. Miss Jenny is a wicked girl, and you must not regard her. Come, tell me the truth, or I shall be angry.

Lucy. Why then, of all the men I ever saw in my whole lifetime, I like Mr. Thomas, my lord Pounce's footman, the best, a hundred thousand times.

Good. Oh, fie upon you! like a footman?

Lucy. A footman! he looks a thousand times more like a gentleman than either squire Foxchase, or squire Tankard, and talks more like one, ay, and smells more like one too. His head is so prettily dressed, done all down upon the top with sugar, like a frosted cake, with three little curls on each side, that you may see his ears as plain! and then his hair is done up behind just like a fine lady's, with a little hat, and a pair of charming white stockings, as neat and as fine as any white-legged fowl; and he always carries a great swingeing stick in his hand, as big as himself, that he would knock any dog down with who was to offer to bite me. A footman, indeed! why Miss Jenny likes him as well as I do; and she says all the fine young gentlemen that the ladies in London are so fond of are just such persons as he is.—Icod, I should have had him before now, but that folks told me I should have a man with a coach, and that methinks I had rather have a great deal.

Good. I am amazed! but I abhor the mercenary temper in the girl worse than all.—What, child, would you have any one with a coach? would you have Mr. Achum?

Lucy. Yes, indeed, would I, for a coach.

Good. Why, he is a cripple, and can scarce walk across the room.

Lucy. What signifies that?

AIR II. *Wally Honey.*

When he in a coach can be carried,
 What need has a man to go?
 That women for coaches are married,
 I'm not such a child but I know.
 But if the poor crippled elf
 In coach be not able to roam,
 Why then I may go by myself,
 And he may e'en stay at home.

Enter BLISTER.

Blist. Mr. Goodwill, your humble servant. I have rid twelve long miles in little more than an hour. I am glad to see you so well; I was afraid by your message—

Good. That I had wanted your advice, I suppose; truly, coz, I sent for you on a better account.—Lucy, this is a relation of yours you have not seen a great while, my cousin Blister, the apothecary.

Lucy. O la! I hope that great huge man is not to be my husband.

Blist. My cousin is well grown, and looks healthy. What apothecary do you employ? He deals in good drugs, I warrant you. [what she deals in.

Good. Plain wholesome food and exercise are

Blist. Plain wholesome food is very proper at some time of the year, with gentle physic between whiles. [talk with your cousin.

Good. Leave us a little, my dear Lucy, I must

Lucy. Yes, papa, with all my heart.—I hope I shall never see that great thing again. [Exit.

Good. I believe you begin to wonder at my message, and will perhaps more, when you know the occasion of it. In short, without more preface, I begin to find myself going out of the world, and my daughter very eager to come into it. I have therefore resolved to see her settled without farther delay. I am far from thinking vast wealth necessary to happiness; wherefore, as I can give her a sufficient competency, I have determined to marry her to one of my own relations. It will please me that the fruits of my labour should not go out of the family. I have sent to several of my kinsmen, of whom she shall take her choice; and as you are the first here, if you like my proposal, you shall make the first application.

Blist. With all my heart, cousin; and I am very much obliged to you. Your daughter seems an agreeable young woman, and I have no aversion to marriage. But pray, why do you think yourself going out of the world? Proper care might continue you in it a considerable while. Let me feel your pulse. [health.

Good. To oblige you; though I am in very good

Blist. A little feverish.—I would advise you to lose a little blood, and take an emulsion, with a gentle emetic and cathartic.

Good. No, no, I will send my daughter to you; but pray keep your physic to yourself, dear cousin. [Exit.

Blist. This man is near seventy, and I have heard never took any physic in his life; and yet he looks as well as if he had been under the doctor's hands all his lifetime. 'Tis strange; but if I marry his daughter, the sooner he dies the better. It is an odd whim of his to marry her in this manner; but he is very rich, and so, so much the better.—What a strange dowdy 'tis! No matter, her fortune is never the worse.

AIR III. *Round, round the mill.*

In women we beauty or wit may admire;
 Sing, Trol, lerol:
 But sure as we have them, as surely they'll tire;
 Oh ho, will they so?
 Abroad for these dainties the wise therefore roam,
 Sing Trol, lerol:
 And frugally keep but a plain dish at home;
 Oh ho, do they so?

Who marries a beauty must hate her when old;
 Sing Trol, lerol:
 But the older it grows, the more precious the gold.
 Oh ho, is it so?

Enter LUCY.

Oh, here comes my mistress: what a pox shall I say to her? I never made love in my life.

Lucy. Papa has sent me hither; but if it was not for fear of a boarding-school, I am sure I would not have come: but they say I shall be whipped there, and a husband can't whip me, let me do what I will; that's one good thing.

Blist. Won't you please to sit down, cousin?

Lucy. Yes, thank you, sir.—Since I must stay with you, I may as well sit down as not. [Aside.

Blist. Pray, cousin, how do you find yourself?

Lucy. Find myself?

Blist. Yes, how do you do? Let me feel your pulse. How do you sleep o'nights?

Lucy. How? why upon my back generally.

Blist. But I mean do you sleep without interruption? Are you not restless?

Lucy. I tumble and toss a good deal sometimes.

Blist. Hum! pray how long do you usually sleep?

Lucy. About ten or eleven hours.

Blist. Is your stomach good? Do you eat with an appetite? How often do you find in a day any inclination to eat?

Lucy. Why, a good many times; but I don't eat a great deal, unless it be at breakfast, dinner, and supper, and afternoon's nunchion.

Blist. Hum! I find you have at present no absolute need of an apothecary.

Lucy. I am glad to hear that; I wish he was gone with all my heart.

Blist. I suppose, cousin, your father has mentioned to you the affair I am come upon; may I hope you will comply with him in making me the happiest man upon earth? [what he bids me.

Lucy. You need not ask me; you know I must do

Blist. May I then hope you will make me your

Lucy. I must do what he'll have me. [husband?

Blist. What makes you cry, miss? Pray tell me what is the matter. [you.

Lucy. No, you will be angry with me if I tell

Blist. I angry! it is not in my power; I can't be angry with you; I am to be afraid of your anger, not you of mine; I must not be angry with you, whatever you do. [what I will?

Lucy. What, must not you be angry, let me do

Blist. No, my dear.

Lucy. Why then, by goles! I will tell you—I hate you, and I can't abide you.

Blist. What have I done to deserve your hate?

Lucy. You have done nothing; but you are such a great ugly thing, I can't bear to look at you; and if my papa was to lock me up for a twelvemonth I should hate you still.

Blist. Did not you tell me just now you would make me your husband?

Lucy. Yes, so I will for all that.

AIR IV. *Now ponder well, &c.*

Ah, be not angry, good dear sir,
 Nor do not tell papa;
 For though I can't abide you, sir,
 I'll marry you—O la!

Blist. Well, my dear, if you can't abide me I can't help that, nor you can't help it; and if you will not tell your father, I assure you I will not; besides, my dear, as for liking me, do not give yourself any trouble about that, it is the very best reason for marrying me; no lady now marries any one but whom she hates; hating one another is the chief end of matrimony. It is what most couples do before they are married, and all after it. I fancy you have

not a right notion of a married life. I suppose you imagine we are to be fond, and kiss, and hug one another as long as we live.

Lucy. Why, an't we?

Blist. Ha, ha, ha! an't we? no! How ignorant it is! [*Aside.*—Marrying is nothing but living in the same house together, and going by the same name; while I am following my business you will be following your pleasure; so that we shall rarely meet but at meals, and then we are to sit at opposite ends of the table and make faces at each other.

Lucy. I shall like that prodigiously.—Ah, but there is one thing though—an't we to lie together?

Blist. A fortnight—no longer. [*be over.*

Lucy. A fortnight! that's a long time: but it will

Blist. Ay, and then you may have any one else.

Lucy. May I?—then I'll have Mr. Thomas, by goles! Why, this is pure! La! they told me other stories. I thought when I had been married I must never have liked any one but my husband, and that if I should he would kill me; but I thought one thing though with myself—that I could like another man without letting him know it; and then a fig for him.

Blist. Ay, ay, they tell children strange stories. I warrant they have told you you must be governed

Lucy. My papa tells me so. [*by your husband.*

Blist. But all the married women in England will tell you another story.

Lucy. So they have already; for they say I must not be governed by a husband; and they say another thing too, that you will tell me one story before marriage and another afterwards—for that marriage alters a man prodigiously.

Blist. No, child; I shall be just the same creature I am now, unless in one circumstance: I shall have a huge pair of horns upon my head.

Lucy. Shall you? that's pure. Ha, ha! what a comical figure you will make! But how will you make 'em grow?

Blist. It is you that will make 'em grow.

Lucy. Shall I? By goles! then I'll do't as soon as ever I can; for I long to see 'em! Do tell me how I shall do it.

Blist. Every other man you kiss, I shall have a pair of horns grow.

Lucy. By goles, then, you shall have horns enough; but I fancy you are joking now.

AIR V. *Buff coat.*

Ah, sir! I guess

You are a fibbing creature.

Blist. Because, dear miss,

You know not human nature.

Lucy. Married men, I'll be sworn,

I have seen without horn.

Blist. Ah, child! you want art to unlock it:

The secret here lies,—

Men now are so wise

To carry their horns in their pocket.

Lucy. But you shall wear yours on your head; for I shall like them better than any other thing about you.

Blist. Well then, miss, I may depend upon you.

Lucy. And may I depend upon you?

Blist. Yes, my dear. [*call me so.*

Lucy. Ah, but don't call me so; I hate you should

Blist. O, child, all married people call one another my dear, let 'em hate one another as much as they will.

Lucy. Do they? Well, then, my dear—Hum!—I think there is not any great matter in the word, neither.

Blist. Why, amongst your fine gentry, there is scarce any meaning in anything they say. Well, I'll go to your papa, and tell him we have agreed upon matters, and have the wedding instantly.

Lucy. The sooner the better.

Blist. Your servant, my pretty dear. [*Exit.*

Lucy. Your servant, my dear. Nasty, greasy, ugly fellow! Well, marriage is a charming thing, though; I long to be married more than ever I did for anything in my life. Since I am to govern, I'll warrant I'll do it purely. By goles, I'll make him know who is at home. Let me see—I'll practise a little. Suppose that chair was my husband; and, ecod! by all I can find, a chair is as proper for a husband as anything else. Now, says my husband to me, "How do you do, my dear?" "Lard! my dear, I don't know how I do! not the better for you." "Pray, my dear, let us dine early to-day." "Indeed, my dear, I can't." "Do you intend to go abroad to-day?" "No, my dear." "Then you will stay at home?" "No, my dear." "Shall we ride out?" "No, my dear." "Shall we go a visiting?" "No, my dear."—I will never do anything I am bid—that I am resolved; and then, Mr. Thomas—O, good! I am out of my wits.

AIR VI. *Bessy Bell.*

La! what swingeing lies some people will tell!

I thought, when another I'd wedded,

I must have bid poor Mr. Thomas farewell,

And none but my husband have bedded.

But I find I'm deceived;—for, as Michaelmas-day

Is still the fore-runner of Lammas,

So wedding another is but the right way

To come at my dear Mr. Thomas.

Enter COUPEE.

Heyday! what fine gentleman is this?

Coup. Cousin, your most obedient and devoted humble servant.

Lucy. I find this is one of your fine gentry, by his not having any meaning in his words.

Coup. I have not the honour to be known to you, cousin; but your father has been so kind to give me admission to your fair hands.

Lucy. O, Gemini Cancer! what a fine charming man this is!

Coup. My name, madam, is Coupee; and I have the honour to be a dancing-master.

Lucy. And are you come to teach me to dance?

Coup. Yes, my dear, I am come to teach you a very pretty dance. Did you never learn to dance?

Lucy. No, sir, not I; only Mr. Thomas taught me one, two, three.

Coup. That is a very great fault in your education, and it will be a great happiness for you to amend it by having a dancing-master for your husband.

Lucy. Yes, sir, but I am not to have a dancing-master. My papa says I am to have a nasty stinking apothecary.

Coup. Your papa says! What signifies what your papa says? [*says?*

Lucy. What—must I not mind what my papa

Coup. No, no; you are to follow your own inclinations.—I think, if she has any eyes, I may venture to trust 'em. [*Aside.*—Your father is a very comical, queer old fellow—a very odd kind of a silly fellow—and you ought to laugh at him. I ask pardon, though, for my freedom.

Lucy. You need not ask my pardon, for I am not at all angry; for, between you and I, I think him as odd, queer a fellow as you can do for your life. I hope you won't tell him what I say.

Coup. I tell him! I hate him for his barbarous usage of you. To lock up a young lady of beauty, wit, and spirit, without ever suffering her to learn to dance! Why, madam, not learning to dance is absolute ruin to a young lady. I suppose he took care enough you should learn to read?

Lucy. Yes, I can read very well, and spell too.

Coup. Ay, there it is; why now, that's more than I can do. All parents take care to instruct their children in low mechanical things, while the genteel sciences are neglected. Forgive me, madam, at least, if I throw myself at your feet, and vow never to rise till lifted up with the elevating fire of your smiles.

Lucy. Lard, sir! I don't know what to say to these fine things.—He's a pure man. [*Aside.*]

Coup. Might I hope to obtain the least spark of your love—the least spark, madam, would blow up a flame in me that nothing ever could quench. O, hide those lovely eyes, nor dart their fiery rays upon me, lest I am consumed. Shall I hope you will think of me?

Lucy. I shall think of you more than I will let you know. [*Aside.*]

Coup. Will you not answer me? [what to say.]

Lucy. La! you make me blush so, I know not

Coup. Ay, that is from not having learnt to dance; a dancing-master would have cured you of that. Let me teach you what to say, that I may hope you will condescend to make me your husband.

Lucy. No, I won't say that; but—

AIR VII. *Tweed side.*

O press me not, sir, to be wife
To a man whom I never can hate;
So sweet a fine gentleman's life
Should never be sour'd with that fate.
But soon as I married have been,
Ungrateful I will not be named;
Oh, stay but a fortnight; and then,
And then you shall—Oh, I'm ashamed.

Coup. A fortnight! bid me live to the age of—of—Mr. What's-his-name, the oldest man that ever lived; live a fortnight after you are married! No, unless you resolve to have me, I will resolve to put an end to myself.

Lucy. O, do not do that. But, indeed, I can never hate you; and the apothecary says no woman marries any man she does not hate.

Coup. Ha, ha, ha! Such mean fellows as those every fine lady must hate; but, when they marry fine gentlemen, they love them as long as they live.

Lucy. O, but I would not have you think I love you. I assure you I don't love you. I have been told I must not tell any man I love him. I don't love you; indeed I don't.

Coup. But may I not hope you will?

Lucy. Lard, sir, I can't help what you hope; it is equal to me what you hope. Miss Jenny says I must always give myself airs to a man I like. [*Aside.*]

Coup. Hope, madam, at least, you may allow me; the cruellest of your sex, the greatest tyrants, deny not hope.

Lucy. No, I won't give you the least crumb of hope. Hope, indeed! What do you take me for? I'll assure you! No, I would not give you the least bit of hope, though I was to see you die before my face.—It is a pure thing to give oneself airs. [*Aside.*]

Coup. Since nothing but my death will content you, you shall be satisfied, even at that price. [*Pulls out his kit.*] Ha! cursed fate! I have no other instrument of death about me than a sword which won't draw. But I have thought of a way: within the orchard there is an apple-tree; there—there, madam! you shall see me hanging by the neck.

There shall you see your dancing-master die;

As Bateman hang'd for love—e'en so will I.

Lucy. O, stay! La, sir! you are so hasty.—Must I tell you the first time I see you? Miss Jenny Flantit has been courted these two years by half-a-dozen men, and nobody knows which she'll have yet: and must not I be courted at all? I will be courted—indeed, so I will.

Coup. And so you shall. I will court you after

Lucy. But will you indeed? [we are married.]

Coup. Yes, indeed; but, if I should not, there are others enough that would.

Lucy. But I did not think married women had ever been courted, though.

Coup. That's all owing to your not learning to dance. Why, there are abundance of women who marry for no other reason; as there are several men who never court any but married women.

Lucy. Well, then, I don't much care if I do marry you. But hold; there is one thing—but that does not much signify.

Coup. What is it, my dear?

Lucy. Only I promised the apothecary just now; that's all. [in readiness?]

Coup. Well, shall I fly then, and put everything

Lucy. Ay, do; I'm ready.

Coup. One kiss before I go, my dearest angel! And now one, two, three, and away. [*Exit.*]

Lucy. Oh! dear, sweet man! He's as handsome as an angel, and as fine as a lord. He's handsomer than Mr. Thomas, and, i'cod, almost as well dressed. I see now why my father would never let me learn to dance. For, by goles, if all dancing-masters be such fine men as this, I wonder every woman does not dance away with one. O, la! now I think on't, he pulled out his fiddling thing, and I did not ask him to play a tune upon 't. But, when we are married, I'll make him play upon 't; i'cod, he shall teach me to dance too. He shall play, and I'll dance; that will be pure. O, la! what's here? Another beau?

Enter QUAVER.

Quav. Madam, your servant. I suppose my cousin Goodwill has told you of the happiness he designs me.

Lucy. No, sir, my papa has not told me anything about you. Who are you, pray?

Quav. I have the honour of being a distant relation of yours, and I hope to be a nearer one. My name is Quaver, madam: I have the honour to teach some of the first quality to sing.

Lucy. And are you come to teach me to sing?

Quav. I like her desire to learn to sing; it is a proof of an excellent understanding. [*Aside.*]—Yes, madam, I will be proud to teach you anything in my power; and do believe I shall not yield to any one in the science of singing.

Lucy. Well, and I shall be glad to learn; for I have been told I have a tolerable voice, only I don't know the notes.

Quav. That, madam, may be acquired—a voice cannot. A voice must be the gift of nature; and it is the greatest gift nature can bestow. All other perfections, without a voice, are nothing at all. Music is allowed by all wise men to be the noblest of the sciences. Whoever knows music knows everything.

Lucy. Come, then, begin to teach me; for I long to learn.

Quav. Hereafter I shall have time enough. But, at present, I have something of a different nature to say to you.

Lucy. What have you to say?

AIR VIII. *Dimi Caro.*

Quav. Dearest charmer!
Will you then bid me tell
What you discern so well,
By my expiring sighs,
My doating eyes,
My doating eyes?
Look through th' instructive grove,
Each object prompts to love;
See how the turtles play;
Each object prompts to love:
All nature tells you what I'd say.

Lucy. O charming! delightful!
Quav. May I hope you'll grant—
Lucy. Another song, and I'll do anything.

Quav. Dearest creature,
Pride of nature!
All your glances
Gave me trances.
Dearest, &c.

Lucy. Oh, I melt, I faint, I swoon, I die!

Quav. May I hope you'll be mine?

Lucy. Will you charm me so every day?

Quav. And every night, too, my angel.

Enter COUPEE.

Coup. Heyday! what do I see? my mistress in another man's arms? Sir, will you do me the favour to tell me what business you have with that lady?

Quav. Pray, sir, be so good as to tell me what business you have to ask?

Coup. Sir!

Quav. Sir!

Coup. Sir, this lady is my mistress.

Quav. I beg to be excused for that, sir.

Coup. Sir!

Quav. Sir!

AIR IX. *Of all the simple, &c.*

Coup. Excuse me, sir; zounds! what d'ye mean?
I hope you don't give me the lie.

Quav. Sir, you mistake me quite and clean;
Indeed, good sir, not I.

Coup. Zounds, sir, if you had I'd been mad;
But I'm very glad that you don't.

Quav. Do you challenge me, sir?

Coup. Not I, indeed, sir.

Quav. Indeed, sir, I'm very glad on't.

Lucy. Pray, gentlemen, what's the matter? I beseech you speak to me one of you. [his arms?]

Coup. Have I not reason? Did I not find you in

Quav. And have I not reason? Did he not say you was his mistress to my face?

AIR X. *Molly Mog.*

Lucy. Did mortal e'er see two such fools?
For nothing they're going to fight;

I begin to find men are but tools,
And both with a whisper I'll bite.

With you I am ready to go, sir;
I'll give t'other fool a rebuff.

Stay you but a fortnight or so, sir,
I warrant I'll grant you enough.

[To COUPEE.]

[To QUAYER.]

Quav. Damnation!

Coup. Hell and confusion!

[They draw; LUCY runs out.]

Enter BLISTER.

Blist. For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, what's the matter? I profess I am afraid you are both disordered. Pray, sir, give me leave to feel your pulse: I wish you are not light-headed!

Coup. What is it to you, sir, what I am?

Quav. How dare you interfere between gentlemen, sirrah? [about your head, you dog!]

Coup. I have a great mind to break my sword

Quav. I have a great mind to run you through the body, you rascal!

Coup. Do you know who we are? [do with?]

Quav. Ay, ay, do you know whom you have to

Blist. Dear gentlemen; pray, gentlemen. I wish I had nothing to do with you—I meant no harm.

Coup. So much the worse, sirrah; so much the worse. [men?]

Quav. Do you know what it is to anger gentle-

Enter GOODWILL.

Good. Heyday! what, are you fencing here, gentlemen? [me out of my senses, I am sure.]

Blist. Fencing, quotha? They have almost fenced

Coup. I shall take another time.

Quav. And so shall I.

Good. I hope there is no anger between you! You are nearer relations than you imagine to each

other. Mr. Quaver, you was sent out of England young; and you, Mr. Coupee, have lived all your lifetime in London; but I assure you you are cousins-german. Let me introduce you to each other.

Coup. Dear cousin Quaver.

Quav. Dear cousin Coupee. [I find.]

Blist. It's but a blow and a kiss with these sparks,

Coup. I thought there was something about him I could not hurt.

Good. Here is another relation, too, whom you do not know. This is Mr. Blister, son to your uncle Blister, the apothecary.

Coup. I hope you will excuse our ignorance.

Blist. Yes, cousin, with all my heart, since there is no harm come on't; but if you will take my advice, you shall both immediately lose some blood, and I will order each of you a gentle purge.

Enter WORMWOOD.

Worm. Your servant, cousin Goodwill. How do you do, Master Coupee? How do you do, Master Blister? The roads are very dirty, but I obey your summons you see.

Good. Mr. Quaver, this is your cousin Wormwood, the attorney.

Worm. I am very glad to see you, sir. I suppose, by so many of our relations being assembled, this is a family lawsuit I am come upon. I shall be glad to have my instructions as soon as possible; for I must carry away some of your neighbours' goods with executions by and by.

Good. I sent for you on the account of no lawsuit this time. In short, I have resolved to dispose of my daughter to one of my relations: if you like her, cousin Wormwood, with ten thousand pounds, and you should happen to be her choice—

Blist. That's impossible; for she has promised me already.

Coup. And me!

Quav. And me!

Worm. How! has she promised three of you? Why, then the two that miss her will have very good actions against him that has her.

Good. Her own choice must determine; and if that fall on you, Mr. Blister, I must insist on your leaving off your trade, and living here with me.

Blist. No, sir, I cannot consent to leave off my trade. [able?]

Good. Pray, gentlemen, is not the request reasonable? [indeed!]

Coup. Ten thousand pounds to an apothecary,

Quav. Not leave off his trade!

Coup. If I had been an apothecary, I believe I should not have made many words.

Good. I dare swear you will not, cousin, if sh should make choice of you.

Coup. There is some difference though between us: mine is a genteel profession, and I shall not leave it off on any account.

Good. I'll be judged by Mr. Quaver here, who has been abroad and seen the world.

Quav. Very reasonable, very reasonable. This man, I see, has excellent sense, and can distinguish between arts and sciences.

Good. I am confident it would not be easy to prevail on you to continue the ridiculous art of teaching people to sing.

Quav. Ridiculous art of teaching to sing! Do you call music an art, which is the noblest of all sciences? I thought you a man of sense, but I find—

Coup. And I find too—

Blist. And so do I.

Worm. Well, it is surprising that men should be such fools that they should hesitate at leaving off their professions for ten thousand pounds.

Good. Cousin Wormwood, you will leave off your practice I am sure.

Worm. Indeed, sir, but I will not. I hope you don't put me upon a footing with fiddlers and dancing-masters. No man need be ashamed of marrying his daughter to a practitioner of the law. What would you do without lawyers? Who'd know his own property? [he was well?]

Blist. Or, without physicians, who'd know when

Coup. If it was not for dancing-masters, men might as well walk upon their heads as their heels.

Quav. And if it was not for singing-masters, they might as well have been all born dumb.

Good. Ha! confusion! what do I see? my daughter in the hands of that fellow!

Enter LUCY and THOMAS.

Lucy. Pray, papa, give me your blessing; I hope you won't be angry with me, but I am married to Mr. Thomas. [make to my fatherly fondness?]

Good. Oh, Lucy! Lucy! is this the return you

Lucy. Dear papa, forgive me; I won't do so any more—indeed, I should have been perjured if I had not had him. And I had not had him neither, but that he met me when I was frightened and did not know what I did.

Good. To marry a footman!

Tho. Why, look ye, sir, I am a footman, 'tis true, but I have a good acquaintance in life. I have kept very good company at the hazard-table; and when I have other clothes on, and money in my pocket, they will be very glad to see me again.

Worm. Hark ye, Mr. Goodwill; your daughter is an heiress. I'll put you in a way to prosecute this fellow.

Blist. Did you not promise me, madam?

Coup. Ay, did not you promise me, madam?

Quav. And me too?

Lucy. You have none of you any reason to complain; if I did promise you all I promised him first.

Worm. Look ye, gentlemen; if any of you will employ me I'll undertake we shall recover part of her fortune.

Quav. If you had given your daughter a good education, and let her learnt music, it would have put softer things into her head.

Blist. This comes of your contempt of physic. If she had been kept in a diet, with a little gentle bleeding, and purging, and vomiting, and blistering, this had never happened.

Worm. You should have sent her to town a term or two, and taken lodgings for her near the Temple, that she might have conversed with the young gentlemen of the law, and seen the world.

AIR XI. Bush of Boon.

Lucy. Oh, dear papa! don't look so grum;

Forgive me, and be good:

For, though he's not so great as some,
He still is flesh and blood.

What though he's not so fine as beaux,
In gold and silver gay;
Yet he, perhaps, without their clothes,
May have more charms than they.

Tho. Your daughter has married a man of some learning, and one who has seen a little of the world, and who, by his love to her and obedience to you, will try to deserve your favours. As for my having worn a livery, let not that grieve you: as I have lived in a great family, I have seen that no one is respected for what he is, but for what he has; the world pays no regard at present to anything but money; and if my own industry should add to your fortune, so as to entitle any of my posterity to grandeur, it will be no reason against making my son or grandson a lord, that his father or grandfather was a footman.

Good. Ha! thou talk'st like a pretty sensible fellow, and I don't know whether my daughter has not made a better choice than she could have done among her booby relations. I shall suspend my judgment at present, and pass it hereafter according to your behaviour.

Tho. I will try to deserve it should be in my favour.

Worm. I hope, cousin, you don't expect I should lose my time. I expect six-and-eightpence for my journey.

Good. Thy profession, I see, has made a knave of whom nature meant a fool. Well, I am now convinced 'tis less difficult to raise a fortune than to find one worthy to inherit it.

AIR XII. The Yorkshire ballad.

Blist. Had your daughter been physie'd well, sir, as she ought,
With bleeding, and blist'ring, and vomit, and draught,
This footman had never been once in her thought,
With his Down, down, &c.

Coup. Had pretty miss been at a dancing-school bred,
Had her feet but been taught the right manner to tread,
Gad's curse! 'twould have put better things in her head
Than his Down, down, &c.

Quav. Had she learnt, like fine ladies, instead of her prayers,
To languish and die at Italian soft airs,
A footman had never thus tickled her ears
With his Down, down, &c.

Lucy. You may physic, and music, and dancing enhance,
In one I have got them all three by good chance,
My doctor he'll be, and he'll teach me to dance,
With his Down, down, &c.

And though soft Italians the ladies control,
He swears he can charm a fine lady, by Gole!
More than an Italian can do for his soul,
With his Down, down, &c.

My fate then, spectators, hangs on your decree;
I have brought kind papa here, at least to agree;
If you'll pardon the poet, he will pardon me,
With my Down, down, &c.

Let not a poor farce then nice critics pursue,
But like honest-hearted good-natur'd men do,
And clap to please us who have sweat to please you,
With our Down, down, &c.

CHORUS.

Let not a poor farce then, &c.

THE UNIVERSAL GALLANT;

OR, THE

DIFFERENT HUSBANDS.

A COMEDY. FIRST ACTED IN 1734.

Infelix habitum temporis hujus habe.—OVID.

TO HIS GRACE CHARLES DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

MY LORD,—The unhappy fate which these scenes have met with may to some make my presumption in offering them to your protection appear extravagant; but distress puts on a different face in your grace's eye, with whom I know it will plead in their favour that, though they do not merit so great a patron, they at least want him.

To join the torrent of success, to smile with fortune, and applaud with the world, are within the limits of an inferior name and narrower capacity. It has been the glory of a duke of Marlborough to support the falling, to protect the distressed, to raise a sinking cause, and (I will venture on the expression) to direct Fortune, instead of being directed by her.

But these are laurels, my lord, which will to latest ages flourish in the historian and the epic poet. Comedy looks no farther than private life, where we see you acting with the same spirit of humanity that fired your noble ancestor in public. Poverty has imposed chains on mankind equal with tyranny; and your grace has shown as great an eagerness to deliver men from the former as your illustrious grandfather did to rescue them from the latter.

Those who are happier than myself in your intimacy will celebrate your other virtues; the fame of your humanity, my lord, reaches at a distance, and it is a virtue which never reigns alone; nay, which seldom enters into a breast that is not rich in all other.

I am sure I give a convincing proof in how high a degree I am persuaded you possess this virtue, when I hope your pardon for this presumption. But I will trespass no farther on it than to assure you that I am, with great respect, my lord, your grace's most obedient, most devoted humble servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

Buckingham-street, Feb. 12.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE cruel usage this poor play hath met with may justly surprise the author who in his whole life never did an injury to any one person living. What could incense a number of people to attack it with such an inveterate prejudice, it is not easy to determine; for prejudice must be allowed, be the play good or bad, when it is condemned unheard.

I have heard that there are some young gentlemen about this town who make a jest of damning plays; but did they seriously consider the cruelty they are guilty of by such a practice, I believe it would prevent them. Every man who produces a play on the stage must propose to himself some acquisition either of pleasure, reputation, or profit, in its success: for, though perhaps he may receive some pleasure from the first indulgence of the itch of scribbling, yet the labour and trouble he must undergo before his play comes on the stage must set the prospect of some future reward before him, or I believe he would decline the undertaking. If pleasure or reputation be the reward he proposes, it is sure an inexcusable barbarity in any uninjured or unprovoked person to defeat the happiness of another: but if his views be of the last kind, if he be so unfortunate to depend on the success of his labours for his bread, he must be an inhuman creature, indeed, who would out of sport and wantonness prevent a man from getting a livelihood in an honest and inoffensive way, and make a jest of starving him and his family.

Authors whose works have been rejected at the theatres are of all persons, they say, the most inveterate; but of all persons I am the last they should attack, as I have often endeavoured to procure the success of others, but never assisted at the condemnation of any one.

PROLOGUE SPOKEN BY MR. QUIN.

BOLD is the attempt in this nice-judging age
To try at fame by pleasing on the stage.
So eager to condemn as you are grown,
Writing seems war declar'd against the town.
Whichever way the poet seeks applause,
The critic's ready still to damn his cause.
If for new characters he hunts abroad,
And boldly deviates from the beaten road,
In monsters then unnatural he deals;
If they are known and common, then he steals.

If wit he aims at, you the traps can show;
If serious, he is dull; if humorous, low.
Some would maintain one laugh throughout a play;
Some would be grave, and bear fine things away.
How is it possible at once to please
Tastes so directly opposite as these?
Nor be offended with us if we fear,
From us some seek not entertainment here.
'Tis not the poet's wit affords the jest,
But who can catcall, hiss, or whistle best!
Can then another's anguish give you joy?
Or is it such a triumph to destroy?
We, like the fabled frogs, consider thus:
This may be sport to you, but it is death to us.
If any base ill-nature we disclose,
If private characters these scenes expose,
Then we expect—for then we merit—foes. }
But if our strokes be general and nice,
If tenderly we laugh you out of vice,
Do not your native entertainments leave;
Let us, at least, our share of smiles receive;
Nor, while you censure us, keep all your boons
For soft Italian airs and French buffoons.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Mr. Mondish*, MR. QUIN; *Mr. Gay-lone*, MR. W. MILLS; *Captain Spark*, MR. CIBBER; *Sir Simon Raffer*, MR. GRIFFIN; *Colonel Raffer*, MR. HARPER; *Lady Raffer*, MRS. BUTLER; *Mrs. Raffer*, MRS. HERON; *Clarinda*, MISS HOLLIDAY.—SCENE, LONDON.

ACT I.—SCENE I.—MONDISH'S apartment.—
MONDISH, with a letter in his hand, speaking
to a Servant.

Mon. Here, carry this letter to Mrs. Raffer.

Serv. Must I bring an answer, sir?

Mon. Yes, sir, if you receive any— [*Exit. Serv.*
And now let me read thee again, thou picture of
womankind. [*Reads.*

"SIR,—I suppose you will be surprised that a woman who hath been guilty of so imprudent a passion should so suddenly and calmly reclaim it; but I am at length happily convinced that you are the falsest of mankind. Be assured, it is not in your power to persuade me any longer to the contrary; wherefore I desire that henceforth all familiarity may cease between us. And, as you know me sensible how good a friend you are to Mrs. Raffer, you may easily believe the fewest visits in the world at this house will be welcome to me. Farewell for ever."

This coldness is not the resentment of an incensed mistress, but the slight of an indifferent one. I am supplanted by some other in her favour. Rare woman, faith! the sex grow so purely inconstant, that a gallant will shortly be as little able to keep a woman to himself as a husband.

Enter another Servant.

Serv. Sir, colonel Raffer has sent to know whether you are at home.

Mon. Yes, yes,—his visit is opportune enough. I may likely learn from him who this successful rival is, by knowing who has visited his wife most lately—nay, or by finding who is his chief favourite; for he is one of those wise men to whose friendship you must have his wife's recommendation, and, so far from being jealous of your lying with her, that he is always suspicious you don't like her.

Enter COL. RAFFLER.

Dear colonel, good-morrow.

Col. Oh, you're a fine gentleman! a very fine

gentleman indeed! when we had sent after you all over the town, not to leave your bottle for a party at quadrille with the ladies! You have a rare reputation among 'em, I assure you; there is an irreconcilable quarrel with my wife. I have strict orders never to mention your name to her.

Mon. Ha, ha, ha! that is pleasant enough, colonel; your wife's orders to you, who have the most obedient wife in Christendom! [house.]

Col. Yes, I thank heaven, I am master of my own

Mon. Then I hope you will lay your commands on her to forgive me.

Col. Well, well, I don't know but I may, since you ask it. I am glad I have brought you to that. I believe I have made up an hundred quarrels between you, and could never bring you to it before.

Mon. And yet I had reason on my side: had you been with us yourself, you would not have left us for cards.

Col. No, I hate 'em of all things in the world—that's half my quarrel to you, for I was forced to supply your place.

Mon. I pity you heartily.

Col. Ay, and with my wife.

Mon. True, a wife often makes one's pleasure distasteful; what is in itself disagreeable she must make very damnable indeed. But I wonder you, who are master of your own house, colonel, don't banish cards out of it, since you dislike 'em so much.

Col. Why, that I have attempted to do, but then it puts my wife so plaguily out of humour, and that I can't bear; besides, Mr. Mondish, let me tell you a matrimonial secret. Let a man be never so much the master of his house, if his wife be continually in an ill humour, he leads but an uneasy life in't.

Mon. But methinks so good a lady as yours should now and then give in to the sentiments of her husband.

Col. Oh, no one readier; but, then, you know, she can't help her temper: and if she complies against her will, you know it is the more obliging in her; and then you know, if her complaisance makes her unhappy, and out of humour, and in the vapours, a man must be the greatest of brutes to persist. Besides, my wife is the most unfortunate person in the world: for, though she loves me of all things, and knows that seeing her in the vapours makes me miserable, yet I never denied her any one thing in the world but, slap, it immediately threw her into 'em. If it was not for those cursed vapours, we should be the happiest couple living.

Mon. Nay, faith, I believe you are.

Col. Truly, I believe we may; at least we have such a picture of the contrary before our eyes.

Mon. Who, sir Simon and his lady?

Col. Ay, sir Simon; call him anything but my brother—he's not a-kin to me, I am sure; for, next to mine, he has the best wife in the world, and yet he never suffers her to have an easy hour from his cursed jealousy. I intend to part families, for there is no possibility of living together any longer. He affronted a gentleman t'other day for taking up his lady's glove; and it was no longer ago than yesterday that my wife and she were gone only to an auction (where, by the by, they did not go to throw away their money neither, for they bought nothing), when this cursed brother of mine finds 'em out, exposes 'em both, and forced 'em away home. My house is an arrant garrison in time of war, no one enters or goes out without being searched; and if a laced coat passes by the window, his eye is never off him till he is out of the street.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir Simon Raffer, sir.

Col. Oh, the devil! I'll be gone.

Mon. No, colonel, that's unkind.

Enter SIR SIMON.

Sir Simon, your most obedient servant.

Sir S. Mr. Mondish, good-morrow! Oh, brother, are you here?

Col. How do you, brother? I hope your lady's well this morning?

Sir S. Must you always ask impertinent questions? A husband is a proper person, indeed, to inquire of about his wife. If you ask your own, when you see her next, she will inform you, for I suppose they are gadding together.

Col. Sir Simon, you may behave to your own lady as you please; but I desire you not to reflect on mine.

Sir S. And you may let your wife behave as she pleases; but I desire she may be no pattern to mine. I think one enough in a family.

Col. One! I don't know what you mean—I don't understand you.

Mon. Oh, dear gentlemen, let me beg there may be none of this misunderstanding in my house. You are both too hot, indeed.

Col. I am appeased. But let me tell you, brother—

Mon. Dear colonel, no more. Well, sir Simon, what news have you in town?

Sir S. Nothing but cuckoldom, sir; cuckoldom everywhere. Women run away from their husbands—actions brought in Westminster-hall. I expect shortly to see it made an article in the newspapers, and "cuckolds since our last list" as regularly inserted as bankrupts are now.

Col. Oh lud! oh lud! poor man! poor man! You make me sick, brother, indeed you do.

Sir S. And you'll make me mad, brother, indeed you will.

Mon. Come, come, gentlemen, let me reconcile this thing between you. Colonel, you know the excessive jealousy of sir Simon's temper, and I wonder a man of your excellent sense will think it worth your while to argue with him. [*Aside to Col.* RAFF.]

Col. Mondish is certainly a fellow of the best sense in the world. [*Aside.*]

Mon. Sir Simon, you know the colonel's easy temper so well that I am surprised one of your good understanding will reason with a man who will defend his wife's running about this town every day. [*Aside to Sir S.*]

Sir S. This man has a most excellent understanding. [*Aside.*]

Mon. Come, come, gentlemen, shake hands and be friends, and let us have no more animosities.

Col. With all my heart.

Sir S. And mine. And now, gentlemen, we are amongst ourselves, I believe I have my honour, I am sure of it, I don't suspect I have it not, but I think it ought to be valued.

Mon. Doubtless, doubtless, sir Simon.

Sir S. I am not one of those jealous people that are afraid of every wind that blows. A woman may sit by a man once at a play without any design, and once a-year may go to court, or an assembly, nay, and may speak to one of her husband's he-friends there—if he be a relation, indeed, I should like it better. But why all those curtsies to every fellow she knows? Why always running to that church where the youngest parson is?

Mon. Why fond of operas, masquerades?

Sir S. I almost swoon at the name.

Col. I shall, I'm sure, if I stay any longer—so your servant.

Mon. Then those cursed rendezvous of the sexes, which are called auctions.

Sir S. I thank heaven there are none to-day; I have searched all the advertisements.

Mon. But there are shops—shops, sir Simon.

Sir S. I wish they were shut up with all my heart! especially those brothels the milliners' shops, in which cuckoldom is the chief trade that is carried on.

Mon. Hey-day! is the colonel gone?

Sir S. I am glad of it, for truly I take no pleasure in his company. Mr. Mondish, you are a man of honour, and my friend; and as you are intimate in the family must, I dare swear, have observed with concern the multitude of idle young fellows that swarm at our house. There is one particularly, who almost lives there continually, and has, no doubt, behaved before this like a thorough fine gentleman and a man of gallantry.

Mon. Who is he, pray?

Sir S. Oh, a fellow who is never out of lace and embroidery—a tall, strapping, well-looking, ill-looking rascal! whom I would as soon admit into my family as a wolf into a sheepfold.

Mon. What is his name?

Sir S. Gaylove, I think they call him: my blood runs cold when I think of him.

Mon. Sir Simon, you need be under no apprehension; for my lady Raffer is a woman of that prudence and discretion—

Sir S. Yes, sir; but very prudent and discreet women have made very odd monsters of their husbands. I had rather trust to my own prudence than hers, I thank you.

Mon. Was I married to that woman, I should be the most contented man alive; for, on my honour, I think she surpasses the rest of womankind as much in virtue as beauty.

Sir S. Ha! what!

Mon. Nay more, in my opinion—for to tell you a truth (which I know you will excuse me for), I do not think her so handsome as the rest of the world think her.

Sir S. Nor I neither—I am glad to hear you don't; I began to be in a heat. But, dear Mondish, though my wife be as you say, a virtuous woman, and I know she is—I am sure of it, and was never jealous of her in my life; yet I take virtue to be that sort of gold in a wife, which, the less it is tried, the brighter it shines; besides, you know there is a trouble in resisting temptation, and I am willing to spare my wife all the trouble I can.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, captain Spark to wait you.

Sir S. Who is he, pray?

Mon. A relation of mine, a courtier, and so fine a gentleman, that (if you will believe him) he has had all the fine women in town.

Enter CAPT. SPARK.

Spark. Dear cousin Mondish, your very humble servant: I only call to ask you how you do—for I cannot stay ten minutes with you. I have just left some ladies, whom I have promised to meet in the park. Hark'ye.

[*Whispers Mon.*]

Sir S. I hope my wife is not one of them. A very impudent-looking fellow, this courtier, and has, I warrant, as many cuckolds in the city as that has debtors at court.

Spark. The devil take me if it is not the very woman! but pray take her: I dangled after her long enough too. You must know the last time I saw her was at an assembly.

Sir S. That is another name for a bawdy-house.

[*Aside.*]

Spark. And there I piqued her most confoundedly, so that she vowed she'd never speak to me again;

and indeed she kept her word, till yesterday I met her at an auction—there was another lady with her: at first she put on an air of indifference. O ho! thinks I, are you at that sport? I'll fit you, I warrant. So, sir, I goes up to the other lady, who happened to be her sister and an intimate acquaintance of mine—But I ask pardon; this is a dull entertainment to you, sir.

[*To Sir S.*]

Sir S. Far from it, sir: but I beg I may not be thought impertinent if I ask whether this lady was

Spark. A short woman, sir.

[*short or tall?*]

Sir S. Then I am safe. [*Aside*—But perhaps some people think her tall.

Spark. Yes, sir; I know several who think her so.

Sir S. I am on the rack. [*Aside*—Sir, I ask ten thousand pardons; but was she a brown or a fair woman?

Spark. Oh, sir! no harm. She was a brown

Sir S. Rather inclining to fair?

[*woman, sir.*]

Spark. Yes, a good deal inclining to fair.

Sir S. I am undone! if I was to ask her name I should hear my own. I will go tear her eyes out. Mr. Mondish, your servant! your servant!

Mon. Be not in such a hurry, sir Simon.

Sir S. I am in a great hurry, sir: your humble servant!

[*Exit.*]

Spark. Prithee, dear coz, what queer fellow is that? Gad, I began to think he suspected me with some relation of his.

Mon. Faith, probable enough—for he would suspect a more unlikely man than you.

Spark. Ha, ha! George, I believe I am suspected in town. I believe there are women I say no more; but I believe there are women, I say—no more.

Mon. And upon my soul, I believe thou can't say no more on thy own knowledge.

[*Aside.*]

Spark. Here, here, you must not ask to see the name. [*Pulls out several letters.*] May I be curst if this be not from a woman of the first distinction—Nay, if he is here, I must put it up again.

Enter GAYLOVE.

Gay. Good morrow, George! Ha! monsieur Le Spark!

Spark. My dear Gaylove, how long hast thou been

Gay. About a fortnight, sir.

[*in town?*]

Spark. Mondish, this is the best friend I have in the world; if it had not been for him, I had died of the spleen in country quarters—I made his house my own.

Gay. Upon my honour he did, and so entirely, that, if he had not been ordered away, I believe I should shortly have given it him.

Spark. Thou art a pleasant fellow! but prithee how do all the girls? How do Miss Flirt, and Miss Flareit, Miss Caper, Miss Lisp, and my dear Jenny Thumpfloor?

Gay. All at your service, sir; but methinks you should have asked after your dear Clarinda.

Spark. O! ay, Clarinda! how does she do? upon my soul I was fond of that wench; but she grew so fond again, that the world began to take notice of us, and yet, if ever anything passed between us, at least anything that ought not, may I be—But what signifies swearing. Come, I know you are a suspicious rogue.

Gay. Far from it—I have always defended you both. For, as I am confident she would not grant anything dishonourable, so I am confident thou wouldst not take it.

Mon. And if you will be evidence for the lady, I will for the gentleman.

Spark. Your servant, your servant, my dear friends; you have made me a compliment at a cheap rate: I shall not risk your consciences; yet, in my

sense of the word dishonourable, you might swear it; for I positively think nothing dishonourable can pass between man and woman.

Mon. Excellent doctrine indeed!

Gay. I am not of your opinion: for I think it very dishonourable in a fine gentleman to solicit favours from a lady, and refuse accepting 'em when she would grant 'em.

Spark. O! a sad dog! ha, ha, ha!

Mon. Unless it be not in his power to accept 'em, Gaylove. The bravest fellow may be beaten, you know, without loss of honour.

Spark. Well, well; you may suspect what you please.—You poor devils, that never had anything above a sempstress, make such a rout about the reputation of a woman a little above the ordinary rank: you make as much noise in town about a man's having a woman of quality as they would in the country if one had run away with a justice of peace's eldest daughter. Now, to me, women of quality are like other women.

Gay. Thou know'st no difference, I dare swear.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my lady Fop-hunter's coach is at the door.

Spark. She has sent it for me; I am to call on her at lady Sightly's—damn her! I wish she had forgot the appointment. Gaylove, will you go with me?

Gay. No, excuse me.

Spark. Well, gentlemen, I hope you will excuse me too—so I am your very humble servant. [*Exit.*]

Mon. I wish thou hadst been here sooner, I have had some rare diversion this morning: here have been sir Simon and the colonel, and have quarrelled about their wives. But, what is better still, the noble captain just now departed hath sent sir Simon away fully persuaded that he has an affair with his wife.

Gay. Then we shall have it in the afternoon at Mrs. Raffler's tea-table.

Mon. I think you live there, Gaylove.

Gay. I have pretty much lately; for, to let you into a secret, George, I have a mistress there.

Mon. What, has the captain infected you, that you are so open-hearted? or is this a particular mark of your confidence in me?

Gay. Neither. It is impossible it should be a secret long, and I am not ashamed of having an honourable passion for a woman, from which I hope to reap better fruits than the captain usually proposes from his amours.

Mon. I rather fear thou wilt find worse. These sort of gentlemen are the only persons who engage with women without danger. The reputation of an amour is what they propose, and what they generally effect: for, as they indulge their vanity at the price of all that is dear to a woman, the world is good-natured enough to make one person ridiculously happy, at the expense of making another seriously miserable.

Gay. Hang 'em! I believe they screen more reputations than they hurt. I fancy women, by an affected intimacy with these fellows, have diverted the world from discovering a good substantial amour in another place.

Mon. Do you think so? then I would advise you to introduce my kinsman here to Mrs. Raffler.

Gay. Are there reputations there, then, that want

Mon. Ha, ha, ha! [*cloaks?*]

Gay. Nay, prithee tell me seriously, for the deuce take me if these two years' retirement hath not made me such a stranger to the town—

Mon. Then, seriously, I think there is no cloak wanted; for a fond, credulous husband is the best cloak in the world. And if a man will put his

horns in his pocket, none will ever pick his pocket of them. If he will be so good as to be very easy under being a cuckold, the good-natured world will suffer his wife to be easy under making him one.

Gay. A word to the wise, George. But, faith! thou hast informed me of what I did not suspect before. [*of what they knew before.*]

Mon. The wise do not want a word to inform them

Gay. What dost thou mean?

Mon. Then, in a word, my close friend, this mighty secret, which you have discovered to me, I knew some time before. Nay, and I can tell you another thing—the world knows it.

Gay. Let them know it. I am so far from being ashamed of my passion, that I'm vain of my choice.

Mon. Ha, ha, ha! this is excellent in a fellow of thy sense! I shall begin shortly to look on the captain as no extraordinary character. Vain of your choice! Ha, ha, ha! now am I vain of my good-nature—for I could so reduce that vanity of yours!

Gay. I suppose thou art prepared with some cool lecture of modern economy. I know thee to be one of those who are afraid to be happy out of the road of right wisdom: I tell thee, George, let the world say what they will, there is more true happiness in the folly of love than in all the wisdom of philosophy.

Mon. Ha, ha, ha!

Gay. It is the fashion of the world to laugh at a man who owns his passion, and thou art a true follower of the world.

Mon. Thou art a follower of the world, I am sure. You must be modest, indeed, to be ashamed of your passion, since you have such multitudes to keep you in countenance.

Gay. So much the better. Rivals keep a man's passion up; it gives continual new pleasure in the arms of a mistress to think half the coxcombs in the town are sighing for what you are in possession of.

Mon. Ay, faith, and the gallant has a pleasure sometimes to think a husband is in possession of what he is weary of.

Gay. How the happy man triumphs in his heart when he sees his woman walking through a crowd of fellows in the mall or a drawing-room, some sighing, some ogling, all envying him; and retiring immediately to toast her at the next tavern.

Mon. When he wishes himself, as heartily as they do themselves, with her, which perhaps some of them are in their turn. And I would not have you too sure that may not be your case.

Gay. Pugh! you have heard Spark talk of her, I suppose, or heard her talked of for Spark. I should be no more jealous of her with him than with one of her own sex. Now, in my own opinion, a squirrel is a more dangerous rival than a beau; for he is more liable to share her heart, and—

Mon. Why, this is a good credulous marriageable opinion, and would sit well on a husband.

Gay. Well! and I see no terrors in that name.

Mon. Nor I neither. I think it a good, harmless name. Besides, the colonel is a rare instance of the contrary. If a man can be happy in marriage, I dare swear he is: his wife is young, handsome, witty, and constant—in his opinion.

Gay. And that is the same as if she were so in reality; for if a man be happy in his own opinion, I see little reason why he should trouble himself about the world's.

Mon. Or suppose she were inconstant, if she is fond of you while you are with her, why should you like her the less! I don't see why he is not as selfish who would love by himself as he who would drink by himself. Sure he is a nice and a dull sot who

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quarrels with his wine because another drinks out of the same cask. Nay, perhaps it were better to have two or three companions in both, and would prevent the glass coming round too fast.

Gay. Thou art in a strange whimsical humour to-day. I fancy something has disturbed you.

Mon. No, faith! though something has happened which might have disturbed another: I have been discarded this morning. Here's my discharge, do you know the hand? [Giving the letter.]

Gay. Hum—"I suppose you will be surprised—woman—imprudent—a passion—convinced—falsest of mankind"—

Mon. His countenance does not alter.—He does not know her hand, sure. [Aside.]

Gay. [Reading.] "Friend you are to Mrs. Raffler"—the devil!

Mon. What think you now?

Gay. Think! that thou art a happy man.

Mon. I hope, then, you will not interfere with my happiness.

Gay. Not I, upon my honour.

Mon. Thou art an obliging, good-natured fellow; and now I will wait on you where you please to dinner.

Gay. I have a short visit to make, but will meet you anywhere at three.

Mon. At the Key and Garter, if you please. [Exit.]

Gay. I will be there: adieu.

Mon. This cool reception of my letter ill agrees with the warm professions he made before. Nor did he show a sufficient surprise—she certainly had acquainted him with it: it is natural to suppose her fear that I might discover it to him might set her on trying to be beforehand. And yet this behaviour in Gaylove is not agreeable to his nature, which I know to be rather too open. I will find the bottom of this out—I will see her in the afternoon myself—damn her! I was weary of the affair, and she has found out the only way to renew my eagerness. The whole pleasure of life is pursuit:

Our game though we are eager to embrace,
The pleasure's always over with the chase.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—SIR SIMON'S house.—Enter LADY RAFFLER and MRS. RAFFLER.

Lady R. Never tell me, sister; it is notorious that a woman of my virtue, and discretion, and prudence, should be eternally tormented with the suspicions of a jealous-pated husband.

Mrs. R. I own it, but I only propose to you the best method to quiet them. You cannot alter his nature, and if you would condescend to flatter it a little you would make your life much easier.

Lady R. I flatter it! I assure you I shan't. If my virtue be not clear enough of itself I shall use no art to make it so. Must I give a husband an account of all my words and actions? must I satisfy his groundless fears? I am no such poor-spirited wretch; and I solemnly declare, if I knew any one thing that would make him more jealous than another, I would do it.

Mrs. R. Then you would do wrong, my dear, and only revenge your husband's jealousy on yourself.

Lady R. Sister, sister, don't preach up any of your maxims to me. If the colonel was of sir Simon's temper you would lead a worse life than I do.

Mrs. R. Indeed you are mistaken; if my husband was as jealous and as cunning as the devil, I would engage to make an arrant ass of him. [of him.]

Lady R. You would make another sort of a beast

Mrs. R. I don't tell you that. But if I should, he had better be so than suspect it; his horns would hurt him less on his forehead than in his eyes.

Lady R. I wonder you can talk such stuff to me; I can't bear to hear it; the very name of whore makes me swoon; if any set of words could ever raise the devil, that single word would do more than all.

Mrs. R. Dear sister, don't be so outrageously virtuous.

Lady R. It would be well for you if the colonel had a little of sir Simon's temper. I can't help telling you there are some actions of your life which I am far from approving.

Mrs. R. Come, don't be censorious. I never refused giving my husband an account of any of my actions, when he desires it; and that is more than you can say.

Lady R. My actions give an account of themselves, I am not afraid of the world's looking into 'em.

Mrs. R. Take my word for it, child, pure nature won't do; the world will easily see your faults, but your virtues must be shown artfully, or they will not be discovered. Art goes beyond nature; and a woman who has only virtue in her face will pass much better through the world than she who has it only in her heart.

Lady R. I don't know what you mean, madam; I am sure my conduct has been always careful of appearances; but as for the suspicions of my husband I despise, and neither can nor will give myself any trouble about them.

Mrs. R. Soh! here he comes, and I suppose we shall have the usual dialogue.

Enter SIR SIMON.

Sir S. Your servant, ladies? why, you are at home early to-day. What, could you find no diversions in town? is there no opera rehearsal, no auctions, no mall?

Lady R. No, none: besides, my sister had a mind [to be at home.]

Sir S. You need not have said that, my dear; I should not have suspected you.

Lady R. I think I seldom give you reason of suspecting my fondness for my own house.

Sir S. No, nor of anything else. I am not jealous of you, my dear. [you was.]

Lady R. It would give me no uneasiness if Sir S. I am not jealous even of captain Spark.

Lady R. Captain Spark! who is he?

Sir S. Though he is a very pretty gentleman, and is very agreeable company.

Lady R. I long to see him mightily. Won't you invite him hither, my dear?

Sir S. Why should I invite him when you can meet him at an auction as well? Besides, it seems, he is not proper company for me, or you would not have shuffled him away yesterday when I came. You need not have taken such care to hide him; I should not have been jealous of him, my dear.

Mrs. R. This must be some strange chimera of his own: no such person was with us. [Aside.]

Lady R. No, my dear, I know you would not, though he is a very pretty fellow.

Sir S. The devil take all such pretty fellows! with all my heart and soul. [Aside.]

Lady R. Don't you know, sister, he is the most witty, most entertaining creature in the world?

Mrs. R. Think whom so? [name?]

Lady R. Oh, the captain; captain—what's his

Sir S. Captain Spark, madam. I'll assist you.

Lady R. Ay, captain Spark.

Mrs. R. I know no captain Spark, nor was any such person with us yesterday.

Lady R. Don't believe her, my dear.

Sir S. No, my dear, I shall not, I assure you. But do you think this right, my dear?

Lady R. What right?

Sir S. Why, being particular with an idle, rake-helly young fellow.

Lady R. Sir Simon, I shall not have my company prescribed to me by any one. I will keep what company I please; I shall answer to the world for my actions.

Sir S. Yes, madam, I am to answer to the world for your actions too: I am most concerned to see that you act right, since I must bear the greater part of the shame if you don't.

Lady R. Sir, this is a usage I can't bear, nor I won't bear! trouble not me with your base, groundless suspicions: I believe the whole world is sensible how unworthy you are of a woman of my virtue; but, henceforth, whenever any of these chimeras are raised in your head, I shall leave you to lay them at your leisure. *[Exit.]*

Sir S. Is not this intolerable? is not this insufferable? this is the comfortable state that a man is wished joy of by his friends; and yet no man wishes a man joy of being condemned, or of getting the plague. But when a man is married, Give you joy, sir, cries one fool, I wish you joy, says another; and thus the wretch is ushered into the galleys with the same triumph as he could be exalted with to the empire of the Great Mogul.

Mrs. R. You yourself make it so, brother: if you had less jealousy in your temper, or lady Raffer more complaisance, you might be very happy. You torment yourself with groundless fears, and she depends on her own innocence, and will not quiet them. This was the case just now: for, whatever put this captain Spark into your head, I will take my oath she spoke to no such man at the auction.

Sir S. You are a trusty confidant, I find—but I had it from his own mouth.

Mrs. R. What had you from his own mouth?

Sir S. What! why, that my wife was a tall woman. *[lous, indeed.]*

Mrs. R. Ha, ha, ha! a very good reason to be jealous.

Sir S. Yes, madam, and that she was a fair woman.

Mrs. R. Well, and—Ha, ha, ha!

Sir S. Look ye, sister, if he had told me this at first, I should not have regarded it: but I pumped it out of him. He is a very close fellow, and proper to be trusted with a secret, I can tell you; for he told me just the contrary; but truth will out, sister; besides, did you not hear my wife confess it?

Mrs. R. That was only in revenge, to plague you.

Sir S. A very charitable good sort of a lady, truly.

Mrs. R. I wish she was of my temper, brother, and would give you satisfaction in everything. For my part, I own, if I was your wife, your jealousy would give me no pain, and I should take a pleasure in quieting it: I should never be uneasy at your inquiring into any of my actions—I should rather take it for a proof of your love, and be the fonder of you for it.

Sir S. Yes, madam, but I do not desire my wife should be like you, neither.

Mrs. R. Why so, brother? what do you dislike in me?

Sir S. Truly, madam, that rendezvous of fellows you continually keep at your house, and which, if your husband was of my mind—

Mrs. R. He would be jealous of, I suppose.

Sir S. Particularly that tall fellow who breakfasts here, dines here, sups here, and I believe lies here, or will lie here very shortly.

Mrs. R. Hold, brother, I desire you would not grow scurrilous; no wonder my sister can't bear with this cursed temper of yours.

Sir S. What can a married woman mean by an intimacy with any other but her husband?

Mrs. R. What's that to you, brother? who made

you the inquisitor of my actions? Do you think to call me to an account as you do your wife? Oh! if I was married to such a jealous—If I did not give him enough of his jealousy in one week—if I did not make him heartily weary on't—

Sir S. Oh rare! this is the woman that would take a pleasure in stifling her husband's doubts.

Mrs. R. Look ye, sir Simon, your temper is so intolerable that you are the by-word of every one; the whole town compassionates my sister's case; and if I was she, if a virtuous woman could not content you, you should have your content another way. If you would have an account of everything I did, I would do something worth giving you an account of.

Sir S. I believe it, I easily believe it. It is very plain who is my wife's counsellor. But I shall take care to get some better advice; for I will not be a cuckold if I can help it, madam.

Enter CLARINDA.

Cla. There's my poor lady Raffer within in the most terrible way. She has taken a whole bottle of hartshorn to keep up her spirits. It has thrown me into the vapours to see her in such a condition, and she won't tell me what's the matter with her.

Mrs. R. Can you have lived a fortnight in the house and want to know it? Sir Simon has abused her in the most barbarous manner. You are a wicked man. *[the world.]*

Cla. I am sure she is one of the best women in

Mrs. R. Any one but a brute might be happy with such a wife. *[woman.]*

Cla. He that can't I am sure can be happy with no

Mrs. R. Oh! that I had but a jealous husband for one month.

Cla. Heaven forbid I should ever have one.

Sir S. So the enemy is reinforced, and bravery can hold out no longer. *[and ask her pardon.]*

Cla. Dear uncle, you shall go and comfort her,

Mrs. R. She is too good if she forgives such base suspicions.

Cla. I am sure she never gave you any reason for them. I don't believe she would do anything to bring her conduct into question for the world.

Mrs. R. She is too cautious. If I was in her case, I'd make the house too hot for him.

Sir S. So it is already. Who's there? bring my chariot this instant, or, if that be not ready, get me a chair, get me anything that will convey me away.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, Mr. Gaylove desires to know if you are at home.

Mrs. R. Yes, I shall be glad to see him.

Sir S. Heaven be praised, my wife is not in a condition to see company. *[Exit.]*

Mrs. R. Here's a picture of matrimony for you, dear Clarinda: what say you now to a coach and six with such a husband? *[of my life.]*

Cla. That I had rather walk on foot all the days

Mrs. R. What difference is there between Mr. Gaylove's temper and your uncle's! how happy would a woman be with him!

Cla. I am not sure of that. Men often appear before marriage different creatures from what they are after it. Besides, there is something in him so—something so—In short, something in him I don't like, and of all women in the world I shall never envy Mrs. Gaylove.

Mrs. R. That's a lie, I am sure *[Aside]*. Nay, the man is agreeable enough, he is genteel.

Cla. I don't think so.

Mrs. R. He has a great deal of wit. *[himself.]*

Cla. Then he has wisdom enough to keep it to

Mrs. R. And the best-natured creature in the world.

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Cla. It is very good-natured in you to think him so.
Mrs. R. Ha, ha, ha! Indeed, and so it would. For I have been only telling you the opinion of the world. In my own he has none of these qualities: and I wonder how the world came ever to give them to him.

Cla. So do I if he does not deserve them; for the world seldom errs on that side the question.

Mrs. R. And yet it does in him. For to me he is the most disagreeable creature on earth.

Cla. Well, I cannot be of your opinion: there is somewhat in his countenance when he smiles so extremely good-humoured; I love dearly to see him smile, and you know he's always a smiling—and his eyes laugh so comically, and have so much sweetness in them. Then he is the most entertaining creature upon earth, and I have heard some very good-natured actions of his too. The world, I dare swear, does not think one whit better of him than he deserves.

Mrs. R. Oh, say you so, madam?

Enter GAYLOVE and MONDISH.

Oh! here he is. Are you there too?

Gay. Ladies, your servant. To find Mrs. Raffer at home, and without company at this high visiting season, is so surprising—

Mrs. R. Lard, I suppose you think us like those country ladies you have lately conversed with, who never owe a visit at the week's end to any of their husbands' tenants' wives. Do you think we have nothing else to do in this sweet town but to ride about the streets to see if the knockers of the people's doors are fast? Indeed you have here and there a country gentlewoman (her husband being sent up to parliament for the sake of his country and the destruction of his family) who drives regularly round the town to see the streets and her acquaintance and relations, that she may know when she may be sure of meeting some one to courtship to at the drawing-room; and once a-week very charitably gives her horses rest at the expense of her wax candles; when she sits in her own dining-room, chair-woman of a committee of fools, to criticise on fashions and register the weather.

Gay. But I think it is a pity so good a custom is left off, if it were only for the better propagation of scandal.

Mrs. R. What signifies scandal when no one is ashamed of doing what they have a mind to?

Gay. Yes, there is some pleasure in spreading it, when it is not true. For though no one is ashamed of doing what they have a mind to, they may be ashamed of being supposed to do what they have no mind to. [of anything.]

Mrs. R. I know very few people who are ashamed

Mon. I believe, madam, none of your acquaintance have any reason for that passion.

Mrs. R. Are you sure of that?

Mon. None who have at present that honour at least: for I have that good opinion of you, that such a discovery would soon banish them from it.

Mrs. R. That, I believe, you have seen a very late instance of.

Cla. Well, since you are so solicitous about the song, if you will go with me to the spinnet you shall hear it. My playing, madam, I am sure is not worth your hearing; but since this creature will not let me be at quiet—

Mrs. R. Lard, child, I believe you do not want so much entreaty. I think one can never be at quiet for you and your music.

Cla. Madam, I ask your pardon. Come, Mr. Gaylove. [Exeunt.]

Mon. I received a letter from you this morning,

madam, but of a nature so different from some I have had from you, that I could wish your hand had been counterfeited.

Mrs. R. To save you the trouble of a long speech, I sent you a letter, and the last I ever intend to send you; since I find it has not the effect I desired, which was to prevent my ever seeing your face again.

Mon. So cruel a banishment, so sudden, and so unexpected, ought surely to have some reasons given for it. [em to you.]

Mrs. R. Ask your own heart that can suggest

Mon. My heart is conscious of no other than what is too often a reason to your sex for exercising all manner of tyranny over us—too much fondness.

Mrs. R. Fondness! impudence! to pretend fondness to a woman after a week's neglect. Did I not meet you at an assembly, where you made me a bow as distant as if we had been scarce acquainted, or rather, as if we were weary of our acquaintance?

Mon. Was not that hundred-eyed monster of jealousy, sir Simon, with you? Do you object my care of your reputation to want of fondness?

Mrs. R. The old excuse for indifference. I wonder men have not contrived to make it scandalous for their wives to be seen with 'em, that they might have an excuse to them too. 'Tis likely, indeed, that you should have more care of my reputation than I myself! It was not the jealousy of my husband, but my rival, you was aware of; and yet you was not so tender of her reputation, but that I discovered her.

Mon. Excellent justice! for since I am to be punished for your falsehood, it is but just I should be convicted of it. My sweet! what would I give to believe what you are endeavouring to persuade me! Come, I will assist you with all my force of credulity; for, was your opinion of my falsehood real, I would give you such convincing proofs to the contrary.—But your love to another is no more a secret to me than it is that I owe to that your slights, your letter, and your cruel, unjust accusation.

Mrs. R. Insupportable insolence! A husband may plead a title to be jealous; our love is his due—but a wretch who owes his happiness to our free gift—

Mon. Faith, I think otherwise. Love to a husband is a tradesman's debt, the law gives him the security of your person for it; but love to a gallant is a debt of honour, which every gentlewoman is obliged to pay. It would be a treasure indeed finely bestowed on such a husband as yours.

Mrs. R. I am henceforth resolved to give it to no other. I am so much obliged to his good opinion, I should hate myself if I did not try to deserve it—and by thinking me honest he shall keep me so.

Mon. He must know less than I who is so imposed on. But you shall not keep my rival a secret from me, be assured you shall not; I'll haunt you with that constant assiduity, you shall not speak to a man without my knowledge. You shall find that the jealousy of twenty husbands is not equal to that of one abused gallant.

Mrs. R. Villain! was it not you that ruined me, that deceived me, that robbed me of my virtue?

Mon. How have I robbed you? How deceived you? Have I not paid you the price of your virtue—eternal constancy? Have I not met your passion still with fresh desires? Has not each stolen meeting been a scene of joy, which eager bridegrooms might envy? What have I done to disoblige you; or what has another done to oblige you more? Have I been outbid in fondness? Has some fresh

lover burnt with warmer passion? Has some beau dressed himself into your heart, or some wit talked himself into it? Be generous, and confess what has ruined me in that dear bosom, and do not cruelly throw it on a poor harmless husband.

Mrs. R. Good manners should oblige you to mention him with more civility to me.

Mon. And after what has passed between us, I think you should mention him to me with less. Besides, I think you have sometimes been of my opinion.

Mrs. R. Women, you know, are subject to change, and I may think better of him, as well as worse of you.

Mon. This is trifling with my passion, the cruellest insult you can put upon it.—But I will find out my rival, and will be revenged.

Mrs. R. Revenged! ha! ha!

Enter COL. RAFFLER.

Mon. Death and torments!

Col. Heyday! What, are they acting a tragedy?

Mrs. R. And how will you be revenged, sweet sir, if you should find him out? or why should you desire it? The man acts like a man, and does by you as you have done by another.

Mon. This usage would justify anything. My own honour secures me, madam.

Mrs. R. I hope you would not tell my husband—but he would not believe it if you did.

Mon. Harkye, madam, the town will—

Col. Hold, hold, I must interpose. If you will quarrel, let it be at a distance. What will I not believe? I'll tell you what I believe—that you are in the wrong. [sure.]

Mrs. R. Ay, ay; you will take his part, to be

Col. Mr. Mondish is a friend of mine, and it is strange that you are eternally quarrelling with all my friends.

Mrs. R. I desire then, sir, you would keep your friends to yourself, for I shall not endure their impertinence: so I'll leave you together. But I must tell your friend one thing before I go—that I desire I may never see his face again. [Exit.]

Col. All this a man must bear that is married.

Mon. Ay, and a great deal more than this too.

Col. Why, it is true—and yet have a good wife. I have the best wife in the world, but women have humours.

Mon. Pox take their humours! let their husbands bear 'em. Must we pay the price of another's folly?—In short, colonel, I am the most unfit person in the world for that gentle office you have assigned me, of entertaining your lady in your absence. Besides, I'll tell you a secret—it is impossible to be very intimate and well with a woman without making love to her.

Col. Well; and why don't you make love to her? Ha, ha! make love to her, indeed! She'd love you, I believe; she'd give you enough of making love!

Mon. Why, do you think no one has made love to her, then?

Col. I think nothing; I am sure no one ever has; for I am sure, if they had, she would have told me. Perhaps that's a secret you don't know, that she never kept one secret from me in her life. I am certain, if it were possible for her to make me a cuckold, she would tell me on't; and it is an excellent thing to have such a security that one is not one. Dear Mondish, do make love to my wife, I beseech you.

Mon. Excuse me, dear colonel—but I'll do as well; I'll recommend one to you that shall.

Col. Ay, who is he?

Mon. What think you of Mr. Gaylove? Beside, I believe it will please your lady better.

Col. Ha, ha, ha! I could die with laughing: ha, ha, ha! This is the man now that knows the world, and mankind, and womankind. You have happened to name the very man whom she detests of all men breathing. She told me so this very morning.

Mon. Then I am satisfied. Damnation and hell! Now can I scarce forbear telling this fellow he is a cuckold to his face. 'Sdeath! I have hit of a way. [Aside.] Hark'e, colonel, you have put a very pleasant conceit into my head. I think I have heard you say that you have great pleasure in seeing the disdain your lady shows to all mankind: now I have the same pleasure: suppose therefore it was possible to work up Gaylove to make his addresses to her, and you and I could convey ourselves where we might see her treat him as he deserves?

Col. I like it vastly: how I shall hug myself all the while! I know exactly how she will behave to him. I shall certainly die with pleasure. Let me tell you, my dear sir, let me tell you, there is a great deal of pride in having a virtuous wife.

Mon. If brilliants were not scarce they would not be valuable: and virtue in a wife perhaps may be valued for the same reason.

Col. But do you think he can be brought to it?

Mon. I warrant him, he has vanity enough to be easily persuaded that a woman may be fond of him, and gallantry enough not to let her fondness be thrown away.

Col. I am charmed with the contrivance. But he must never know that I knew anything of the matter. I shan't know how to behave to him if he should.

Mon. You may learn from half your acquaintance. How many husbands do we see caressing men whose intrigues with their wives they must be blinder than darkness itself not to see! It is a civil communicative age we live in, colonel. And it is no more a breach of friendship to make use of your wife than of your chariot.

Col. It is a devilish cuckolding age, that's the truth on't; and heaven be praised I'm out of fashion.

Mon. Ay, there's the glory; wealth, power, everything is known by comparison: were all women virtuous, you would not taste half of your blessing. The joy, the pride, the triumph is to see

The ills a neighbour in a wife endures,
And have a wife as good and chaste as yours.

ACT III.—SCENE I.—A street.—MONDISH, GAYLOVE.

Gay. And art thou really in earnest? and art thou perfectly sure she has this passion for me?

Mon. Thou art blind thyself, or thou must have discovered it; all her looks, words, actions, betray it.

Gay. Thou art a nice observer, George, and perhaps in this case your own passion may heighten your suspicion; I know thy temper is inclined to jealousy.

Mon. Far from it; I never doubt the affections of a woman while she is kind, nor ever think any more of 'em when she grows otherwise. Women undoubtedly are blessings to us, if we do not ourselves make 'em otherwise. I have just love enough to assist 'em in giving me pleasure, but not to put it in their power to give me pain; and I could with as much ease see thee in the arms of Mrs. Raffler as of any woman in town.

Gay. Wouldst thou? She's young, handsome, and

witty ; and, faith ! I could almost as soon wish myself there. 'Tis true, I have an honourable engagement ; but a man's having settled his whole estate should not prevent his being charitable, George.

Mon. Especially when what he bestows does not hurt his estate.

Gay. Very true ; therefore, if I was sure the lady was in necessity, I don't know how far my good-nature might carry me ; for the devil take me if I am not one of the best-natured creatures in the world.

Mon. I think I am acting a very good-natured part too ; a man is obliged in honour to provide for a cast mistress, but I do more, I provide for a mistress who has cast me off.

Gay. I begin to suspect thou hast some design of making me an instrument in your reconciliation ; I don't see how my addresses can be of any use to you ; but if they can, they are at your service.

Mon. I thank you with all my heart ; they serve me at least so far as to discover whether you are my innocent rival, or whether I am to seek for him elsewhere : besides, if you are really the person, and don't care to be charitable, as you call it, by playing captain Spark with her, you may pique her back

Gay. Ha, ha, ha ! [again to me.]

Mon. Prithee, what dost thou laugh at ?

Gay. To see so cool a lover as thou art, who carest for a woman no longer than she is kind, take such pains to get her again after she has jilted you.

Mon. Pshaw ! that—I—well—

Gay. Ha, ha, ha !

Mon. You are merry, sir.—But I would not have you think that I have any love for her. She has hurt my pride ; 'tis that, and not my love, that I want to cure. Damn her ! if I had her but in my power, could I but triumph over her, I should have the end of my desires ; and then, if her husband, or the town, or the devil had her, it would give me no pain.

Gay. I dare swear thou wilt use thy power very gently. I shall sup there this evening, and if I have an opportunity with her I'll do thee all the service I can, though I can't promise to behave exactly up to the character of captain Spark if she should be very kind. [please.]

Mon. Well, make use of your victory as you

Gay. But methinks you take a preposterous way. Would it not be better to alarm her with another mistress ?

Mon. That, perhaps, I intend too.

Gay. I have overstaid my time with you,—besides, I see one coming for whose company I have no great relish ; so your servant. [Exit.]

Mon. Whom ? O, sir Simon. I'll avoid him too.

Enter SIR SIMON.

Sir S. Mr. Mondish, Mr. Mondish—is there anything frightful in me, that you run away from me ? I fancy my horns are out, and people think I shall butt at 'em. As for that handsome gentleman, who sneaked off so prettily, I shall not go after him ; and I wish I may have seen the last of him, with all my heart. Is he an acquaintance of yours, pray ? for I saw you speak to him.

Mon. Ay, sir Simon. [such company.]

Sir S. I am sorry for it ; I am sorry you keep

Mon. How so, sir Simon ? he's a man of honour, I hope.

Sir S. Oh, a man of very nice honour, I dare answer for him, and one who lies with every man's wife he comes near.

Mon. Indeed I fear he has been guilty of some small offences that way.

Sir S. Small offences ! and yet to break open a house and rob on the highway are great offences. A man that robs me of five shillings is a rogue, and

to be hanged ; but he that robs me of my wife is a fine gentleman and a man of honour. [sions.]

Mon. The laws should be severer on these occasions.

Sir S. The laws should give us more power over our wives. If a man was to carry his treasure about openly among thieves, I believe the laws would be very little security to him.

Mon. And as to prevent robbing, they have put down all night-houses, and other places of rendezvous ; so to prevent cuckoldom, we should put down all assemblies, balls, operas, plays—in short, all the public places.

Sir S. Ay, ay ; public places, as they call 'em, are intended only to give people an opportunity of getting acquainted, and appointing to meet in private places.

Mon. An assembly, sir Simon, is an exchange for cuckoldom, where the traders meet, and make their bargains, and then adjourn to a private room to sign and seal.

Sir S. Mr. Mondish, I know you are my friend ; there has been a long acquaintance and friendship between our families ; I shall tell you, therefore, what I would not tell any other living. I have not the least jealousy in my temper, but I have a wife that would make the devil jealous—Oh, here comes the man I have been looking after.

Mon. Sir Simon, your humble servant.

Sir S. Nay, but stay a moment.

Mon. I have business of consequence, and can't possibly. Your humble servant. [Exit.]

Sir S. Well, your servant.

Enter CAPT. SPARK.

What in the name of mischief is he reading ? A letter from my wife, I suppose.

Spark. Sir, your most humble servant. I think I had the honour of seeing you at my cousin Mondish's this morning.

Sir S. Yes, sir,—and I should be glad to have the honour of seeing you hanged this afternoon. [Aside.]

Spark. Pray, sir, what's o'clock ? because I have an engagement at six.

Sir S. Oh, sir, it wants considerably of that ; but perhaps your engagement is with a lady, and that makes the time longer.

Spark. Why, faith ! to be sincere with you, it is ; but I beg you would not mention that to anybody ; though, if you should, as long as you don't know her name, there's no reputation hurt.

Sir S. I suppose, captain, it is she whom you met at the auction.

Spark. How the devil came you to guess that ?

Sir S. Well, but I have guessed right ?

Spark. I am not obliged to tell—but this I will tell you, sir, you have a very good knack at guessing. And yet I will show you her christian name, and lay you a wager you don't find out her surname.

Sir S. Anne—the devil ! It is not my wife's hand, but it is her name.

Spark. Hold, sir, that is not fair. [surname.]

Sir S. Let me but see the two first letters of her

Spark. To oblige you, you shall—but if you should guess afterwards, you are a man of honour.

Sir S. Sir, I am satisfied—I am the happiest man in the world. Dear captain, I give you ten thousand thanks. You have quieted my curiosity. I thought, by your description this morning, you had meant

Spark. Whom did you think ? [another lady.]

Sir S. Really I thought the lady's name was Raffer, whom you described.

Spark. Mrs. Raffer, indeed ! ha, ha !

Sir S. Why, do you know Mrs. Raffer ?

Spark. Know her, ay ; who the devil does not know her ?

Sir S. What, what, what do you know of her?

Spark. Pugh, know of her! ha, ha! Lard help you, know of her indeed!—and with a grave face, as if you had never heard anything of us two.

Sir S. My brother is an arrant downright cuckold. I never was better pleased with any news in my life.

Spark. Is she a relation of yours, that you are so anxious?

Sir S. No, sir, no, no relation of mine, upon my honour. I have some acquaintance with a lady of her name, one lady Raffler.

Spark. Ay, that's a good one too.

Sir S. What, do you know my lady Raffler?

Spark. Yes, I think I do. Ha, ha, ha!—faith, I remember that woman a very fine woman; nay she's well enough still: I can't help saying I like her better than her sister.

Sir S. I suppose you have had them both.

Spark. Who I? ha, ha, ha! no, no, neither of them; you are the most suspicious person—though I believe the world has talked pretty freely. But, ha, ha! the world you know is a censorious world, and yet, pox take the women! they owe more discoveries to their own imprudence. I never had a woman fond of me in my life that was able to conceal it; if I had had her, it might have been a secret for me.

Sir S. Well, sir, it is no secret, I assure you—Ten thousand devils take 'em both! [*Aside.*]

Spark. I defy any one to say he ever heard me brag of my amours, and yet I have had a few.

Sir S. And you have had lady Raffler then?

Spark. No, that's too much to own.

Sir S. Not at all; no one is ashamed to own their amours now. Fine gentlemen talk of women of quality in the same manner as of their laundresses. Besides, it is known already; you may own it, especially to me; for it shall go no farther, I assure you.

Spark. Well then, in confidence that you are a man of honour, I will own it to you; yes, yes, I have, I have had her.

Sir S. Would the devil had had you! Now, if I had the spirit of a worm, I would beat this fellow to death; but I think I have spirit enough to beat my wife. She shall pay for all; and that immediately. Your servant.

Spark. I hope you won't discover a word, since I place such confidence in you.

Sir S. Never fear me, sir—I am much beholden to your confidence; I am very much beholden to you. Cuckolds! horns! daggers! fire and furies!

[*Exit.*]

Spark. The gentleman seems in a passion. Now don't I know what in the world to do with myself. Hum, hum! I hear Clarinda's in town, I'll go try if I can't find her out. If I follow her but one fortnight here, the world will give me her for ever. [*Exit.*]

Scene changes to SIR SIMON'S house.—Enter GAY-LOVE, CLARINDA.

Cla. And so you have told captain Spark I am in town; I am very much obliged to you.

Gay. It shows you, at least, I am not of sir Simon's temper, not inclined to jealousy.

Cla. No, people are never jealous of what's indifferent to them.

Gay. Faith, I have no notion of being so at all; for if there can be no jealousy without fondness, I am sure I could never be fond of any woman who would give me reason to be jealous.

Cla. Yes, but some men are jealous without reason.

Gay. And some men are fond without any reason. The lover who can be the one gives you shrewd cause of suspicion that he may afterwards prove the other.

Cla. Well, then, I think I may suspect you will one day or other prove the most jealous husband in the universe.

Gay. I'll suffer you to speak what you don't think of yourself, since you just now spoke what you don't think of me, at least, what if I was assured you did think of me, I should be the most miserable creature breathing.

Cla. Hum! that may be my case too, I am afraid. [*Aside.*]

Gay. I hope my actions hitherto have convinced you of the contrary; but if they have not, I desire no greater happiness than to complete your conviction by an undeniable one; nor do I see any reason, if indifference be not on your side, why you any longer deny the opportunity of giving it you.

Cla. I see you have a mind to divert yourself.

Gay. Oh, Clarinda! Diversion is too poor a word for my desires, they aim at such a height of happiness, such transcendent joys, yet none but what this dear breast should be a partaker of.

Enter LADY RAFFLER and MRS. RAFFLER.

Lady R. Heyday! what, are you at romps, good people! I desire none of these games may be carried on in my house: if you have been bred up in the country to suffer these indecent familiarities, I desire you would leave 'em off now you are under my roof.

Gay. I hope, madam, I shall under no roof offer anything which this lady may not justifiably suffer.

Lady R. Give me leave, sir, to be judge what she ought to suffer. There's no good ever comes of romping and palming: I never gave my hand to any man without a glove, except Sir Simon.

Mrs. R. I wonder, Gaylove, how you can bear girls' company. Your wit is thrown away upon 'em; but all you creatures are so fond of green fruit.

Gay. So, I think she has given me my cue. [*Aside.*]

Cla. Lard, madam! I know some girls that are as good company as any women in England.

Mrs. R. Indeed, Mrs. Pert! are you attempting to show your wit?

Gay. She shows her bravery, madam, in attacking the very woman of her sex that has the most.

Mrs. R. I fancy, then, she has more bravery than you have, sir.

Gay. Gad, I am afraid so too. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. R. Fie, fie, that a man celebrated for his wit should put his wit to a girl!

Cla. I am no such girl, madam: I don't see why a man should not put his wit to a girl as well as to any one. As contemptuously as you speak of girls, I have known some girls that have wit enough to be too hard for most men.

Mrs. R. Upon my word, madam, you seem to come on finely; I don't know but you may be a very good match for him.

Lady R. Upon my word, if I mistake not, you come both very finely on—Well, the forwardness of some women! [*Aside.*]

Mrs. R. Look ye, sir, I am too generous to insult a man who already appears to have been vanquished; but if you dare meet me another time this will give you instructions where I am to be found.

[*Aside. Giving him a letter.*]

Cla. I am astonished at her impudence!—I can't bear it. To take him away from me before my face!—I hate him too. He might be rude to her; he must be sure it would have pleased me.

Lady R. I desire the conversation may be more general—here's such whispering! Sister, I am surprised at you. This particularity with a young fellow is very indecent.

Enter SIR SIMON.

Sir S. Your servant, ladies, your very humble ser-

vant. What, but one poor gentleman amongst you all? And he too of our own family, for I think he does us the honour of making this house his own.

Gay. I have indeed, sir, lately done myself that honour.

Sir S. Oh, sir, you are too obliging—you are too complaisant indeed—you misplace the obligation. We are infinitely beholden to you, that you will take up with such entertainment as this poor house can afford—And I assure you you are very welcome to everything in it—everything.

Gay. Sir, I know not how to return this favour; but I assure you there is that in it that will make me the happiest of mankind.

Sir S. That's my wife, I suppose—I shall have him ask her of me in a very little time; and he is a very civil fellow if he does—for most of the rascals about this town take our wives without asking us.

Lady R. I hope, my dear, you are in a better humour than when you went out to-day.

Sir S. Oh, my dear, I am in a pure good humour: I am quite satisfied in my mind.

Enter Servant who whispers GAYLOVE.

Gay. Mr. Mondish, say you?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Mrs. R. Mr. Gaylove, you sup here, I hope.

Gay. There's no fear, madam, of my failing so agreeable an engagement. *[Exit.]*

Sir S. Yes, my dear, I am so happy, so easy, so satisfied; the colonel himself does not go beyond me. I have not the least doubt or jealousy; and if I was to see you and your sister in two hackney-coaches with each a young fellow, I should think no more harm than I do now.

Lady R. Indeed, my dear, I shall never give you the trial.

Sir S. Indeed I believe thee, my dear, thou art too prudent.

Lady R. How happy shall I be if this change in your temper continue! But pray what has wrought it so suddenly?

Sir S. What satisfies every reasonable man—I am convinced I have found it out.

Lady R. What, my dear?

Sir S. Why, my dear, that I am a very honest, sober, fashionable gentleman, very fit to have a handsome wife, and to keep civil company. And that you are a very fine, fashionable, good-humoured lady, fit to be married to a good honest husband, and mighty proper for any company whatsoever.

Mrs. R. This begins to have an ill aspect.

Lady R. I don't understand you.

Sir S. Nor captain Spark neither, I dare swear.

Lady R. What do you tell me of captain Spark for?

Sir S. You don't know him, I warrant you.

Lady R. Perhaps I do, what then?

Sir S. Nay, it is but grateful in you not to deny your acquaintance with a gentleman who is so fond of owning an acquaintance with you.

Lady R. I hope I am acquainted with no gentleman who is ashamed of owning it.

Sir S. Look ye, madam, he has told me all that ever passed between you.

Lady R. Indeed! then he has a much better memory than I have, for he has told you more than I remember.

Mrs. R. Brother, this is some cursed suspicion of yours; she has no such acquaintance I am confident; if she had I must have known it.

Lady R. There is no occasion for your denying it, sister; I think captain Spark a very civil, well-behaved man, and I shall converse with him, in spite of any jealous husband in England.—Though I never saw this fellow in my life I am resolved

not to deny his acquaintance were I to be hanged for it. *[Aside.]*

Cla. If all persons have my opinion of him I think there is not more innocent company upon earth.

Sir S. Oh, oh, you are acquainted with him too! and I dare swear, if I had asked him, he has had you too.

Mrs. R. In short, sir Simon, you are a monster to abuse the best of wives thus! the town shall ring of you for it. *[my word for it.]*

Sir S. And Westminster-hall shall ring too, take

Enter COL. RAFFLER.

Col. How now? What's the matter?

Mrs. R. The matter! the matter, my dear, is that sir Simon is a brute, and has abused my poor sister for her intimacy with a man whom she never saw.

Sir S. Nor you never saw neither! *[saved.]*

Mrs. R. Never to my knowledge, as I hope to be

Sir S. You never saw captain Spark?

Mrs. R. No, never.

Col. Who gives you authority to inquire, pray?

Sir S. The care of your honour, sir,—nay, don't look stern at me, sir, for we are both—

Col. What! what are we both?

Sir S. Captain Spark's very humble servants—a couple of useful persons which no fine gentleman should be without. *[know him?]*

Col. Who is this captain Spark, sister? do you

Lady R. Look ye, brother, since you ask me, I will do that to satisfy you which he never should have extorted from me. Upon my honour I do

Mrs. R. Nor I, upon mine. *[not know him.]*

Col. Now are you not ashamed of yourself? Can you ever look the world in the face again if this were known in it? If you was not my own brother I should know how to deal with you for your suspicions of my wife. However, I insist on it you immediately ask her pardon, and, if you have any honour, you will do the same to your own.

Sir S. I ask their pardon!

Col. Ay, are you not fully convinced of being in the wrong? Have they not both solemnly attested that they know no such person?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Ladies, captain Spark's below.

Sir S. Who? who? who? *[very eagerly.]*

Serv. Captain Spark.

Sir S. Tol, lol, lol! brother, your servant—Ladies, your servant—I ask pardon, I ask a thousand pardons—Tol, lol, lol! I believe I am at this moment the merriest cuckold in the universe.

Cla. Pray, desire the captain to walk in.

Sir S. Now, brother, I am a jealous-pated fool; I suppose I am in the wrong—I am convicted—they don't know him. If a woman was to tell me the sun shone at noon-day, I would not believe it.

Col. Well, here's a gentleman come to wait upon my niece, and what of that?

Enter CAPT. SPARK.

Sir S. 'Tis he, 'tis he! tol, lol, lol!

Spark. Miss Clarinda, your most obedient servant. Ladies, your most humble servant.—Oh, sir, I did not expect to meet you here.

Sir S. No, I believe you did not. *[Aside.]*

Spark. If I had known you had been in town sooner, madam, I should have done myself the honour before. *[to the ladies.]*

Cla. And now perhaps this visit is not to me, but

Spark. Really, madam, these ladies I have not the honour to be acquainted with.

Col. Oh, your servant, brother, I ask your pardon—who is convicted now? *[seen you there.]*

Lady R. Unless at an auction, captain; I have

Spark. Madam, you do me too much honour; yes, madam, I have indeed had the happiness—though the devil take me if I know when or where.

Sir S. Oh, I thought they would know one another by and by.

Lady R. I think you laid out a great deal of money that morning, captain.—You bid for almost everything.

Spark. Yes, madam, I am a pretty good customer to 'em generally.—Either I have a damned short memory, or this lady wants a good one.

Mrs. R. I think, captain, I ought to be affronted you don't remember me too, for I was at the same place with my sister.

Spark. Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons. Your most obedient servant, madam. Harkee, sir, will you be so good as to tell me what these ladies' names are? for I have possibly forgot.

Sir S. I am surprised at that, sir; why, sir, that is my good lady—my lady Raffler, for your favours to whom I am very much obliged to you; and the other, sir, is Mrs. Raffler, wife to that gentleman, who is as much obliged to you for your civilities to her.

Spark. Soh, I'm in a fine way, faith!—Oh, curse on my lying tongue! If I get well out of this amour, I will never have another as long as I live.

Sir S. Look ye, sir; as for me, I'm an honest, sober citizen, and shall take my revenge another way; but my brother here is a fighting man, and will return your favour as fighting men generally do return favours, by cutting your throat. Harkee, brother; you don't deserve it of me, yet I must let you know that this gentleman assured me to-day that he had done you the favour with your wife.

Mrs. R. With me!

Col. What favour?

Sir S. The favour, the only favour which fine gentlemen do such sort of people as us; but be not dejected, brother, I am your fellow-sufferer; he has had my wife too; he confessed it to my face.

Spark. Not I, upon my soul, sir—a likely thing I should say that I had an amour with a woman that I never saw before to my knowledge!

Sir S. And have you the assurance to deny to my face—

Spark. I think, sir, your assurance is greater, to assert a thing to my face which I never said; I never named either of the ladies in my life.

Sir S. What, sir! did you not mention Mrs. Raffler's name?

Spark. Mrs. Raffler! Oh, then it is out—What a confusion had the mistake of a name like to have occasioned! Ladies, I am under the greatest concern that I should be even the innocent occasion of the least uneasiness to you. But I believe, sir, I shall end yours when I have put myself to the blush, by confessing that it was only a Dutch lady of pleasure, whom I knew in Amsterdam, that caused your jealousy.

Sir S. What! and did you not name my lady Raffler too?

Spark. Yes, sometimes she is called Mrs. Raffler, and sometimes my lady Raffler.

Col. An impudent jade! ha, ha, ha! ay, it's common enough with 'em to have several names and titles.—Come, come, brother, all you have to do is to ask pardon of the gentleman and your wife and mine. Are not you ashamed to put all the company into this confusion, because there is a woman of the town who wears the same name with your own wife?

Sir S. A man has some reason for confusion, though, let me tell you, when a gentleman who does not know him tells him to his face that he has lain

with a woman, who wears the same name with his wife. And I think he may be excused if he thinks she wears the same clothes too. [should happen.]

Col. Sir, I am very sorry anything of this nature

Spark. Oh, sir, things of this nature are so usual with me, I beg no apology.

Sir S. Please Heaven! I'll make a voyage to Holland, and search all the bawdy-houses in Amsterdam, but I will find out whether there be such a woman or no.

Col. Come, brother, ask the gentleman's pardon—I am ashamed of you.

Sir S. Well, sir! (I don't know how to do it) If I have injured you, I ask your pardon; and yet I can't help thinking still it was my lady Raffler you mentioned, and I believe you spoke truth too.

Spark. Sir, I can easily forgive you suspecting me to be the happiest person upon earth; if you have this lady's pardon, you have mine.

Sir S. What, is the rascal making love to her before my face? But I won't give him an opportunity of cutting my throat before her; for I would not willingly give her so much pleasure.

Col. I believe, madam, the captain will make a fourth at quadrille.

Spark. You honour me too much, madam; but if you will bear with a very bad player—

Lady R. Though I hate cards, I will play with him, if it be only to torment my husband.

Mrs. R. This is opportune enough—I will set 'em together, and shall soon get some one to hold my cards, while I go to a better appointment. Come, if you will follow me, I'll conduct you to the cards.

[Exeunt.]

Manent SIR SIMON and COL. RAFFLER.

Sir S. This is mighty pretty, mighty fine, truly! This is a rare country, and a rare age we live in, where a man is obliged to put his horns in his pocket, whether he will or no.

Col. Fie upon you, brother, fie upon you! For you, who have one of the most virtuous women in the world to your wife, to be thus tormenting yourself and her, your friends and every one, with those groundless suspicions, such unheard-of jealousies!

Sir S. Sir, you injure me if you call me jealous; I have not a grain of jealousy within me. I am not indeed so foolishly blind as you are.

Col. And you injure me if you think I am not jealous: I am all over jealousy; and if there was but the least occasion to show it—

Sir S. Occasion! why is not your wife at this very instant at cards with a young fellow?

Col. Well, sir, and is not your wife with her?

Sir S. Sore against my will, I assure you. What, I suppose you are one of those wise men who think one woman is a guard upon another. Now, it is my opinion that a plurality of women only tend to the making a plurality of cuckolds. Thieves indeed discover one another, because the discoverer often saves his life by it; but women do not save their reputation after the same manner, and therefore every woman keeps her neighbour's secret in order to have her own kept.

Col. Pshaw, sir! I don't rely upon this, nor that, nor t'other—I rely upon my wife's virtue.

Sir S. Why truly, sir, that is not relying upon this, nor that, nor t'other, for it is relying upon nothing at all.

Col. How, sir! don't you think my wife virtuous?—Now, sir, to show you, to your confusion, what an excellent creature this is: I gave her leave once to go to a masquerade, and I followed her thither myself, where, though I knew her dress, I did not

find her,—and where do you think she was? where do you think this good creature was? but at supper in private with a poor female relation of hers, who keeps a milliner's shop at St. James's.

Sir S. O lud! O lud! O lud! And are you, brother, really wise enough to think she was there? Or if she was there, do you think she was alone with this poor female relation? who is a relation of mine too, I thank Heaven; and is, I dare swear, as useful a woman as any in the parish of St. James's.

Col. Brother, you are——

Sir S. What am I, brother?

Col. I can bear this no longer. You are—I need not tell you; you know what you are.

Sir S. And I know what you are too: you are a cuckold, and so am I, I dare swear, notwithstanding this evasion of the captain's. However, it shall not rest so. If I am what I think, I will make an ample discovery of it; though if I was to find them in one another's arms, the poor husband would always be found in the wrong.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.—SIR SIMON'S house.—MONDISH, COL. RAFFLER.

Col. Ha, ha, ha! This is excellent, this is delightful! And so the poor dog fell into the trap at once, and is absolutely persuaded my wife is fond of him.

Mon. That he is, I'll be answerable for him.

Col. How purely she'll use him! I would not be in his coat for a considerable sum; my only one is that she'll do him a mischief.—Lord! Lord! how far the vanity of young men will carry them! Methinks, too, he is not acting the handsomest part by me all this while: I think I ought to cut his throat seriously.

Mon. Oh, fie, colonel! don't think of anything of that nature: you know we have drawn him into it; and really Mrs. Raffler is so fine a woman, that such a temptation is not easily resisted.

Col. That's true, that's true; she is a fine woman, a very fine woman; I am not a little vain of her.

Mon. And so chaste, so constant, and so virtuous a woman, colonel.

Col. They are blessings, indeed, very great blessings! I beg this thing may be kept a severe secret; for I should never be able to look her in the face again if she should discover it: she would never forgive me.

Mon. For my own sake, colonel, you may depend upon my keeping it a secret. [*Looks on his watch.*] Ay, it is now the hour of appointment, so if you will, we will go round the other way to the closet.

Col. With all my heart; I can't help hugging myself with the thought.

Mon. You will see more people hugged beside yourself, I believe. This is not the most generous action that I am about, but she has piqued my pride, and, whatever be the consequence, I am resolved to be revenged of her. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Another apartment in SIR SIMON'S house. Enter GAYLOVE.

Gay. How happy would some men think themselves to have so agreeable an engagement upon their hands! But the deuce take me if I have any great stomach to it; and, considering I have another mistress in the house, I think it is bravely done. Yet I could not find in my heart to refuse the invitation. Well, what pleasure women find in denying I can't imagine; for the devil take me if ever I could deny a fine woman in my life. [*Enter MRS. RAFFLER.*] Oh, here she comes; now hang me if I know what

to say. Whether shall I address her at a distance, or boldly fall on at once? [*ment.*]

Mrs. R. So, sir, you are punctual to the appoint-

Gay. Faith, madam, I have a strange oddity in my temper that inclines me to be extremely eager after happiness.

Mrs. R. If you had proposed any such happiness in my conversation, I believe you know you might have had it oftener.

Gay. You wrong me if you impute my fear of disobliging you to want of passion. By those dear eyes, by that dear hand, and all those thousand joys which you can bestow—

Mrs. R. Hold, sir, what do you mean? I am afraid you think otherwise of this assignation than it was meant.

Gay. I think nothing, but that I am the happiest of my sex, and you the most charming and best-natured of yours.

Mrs. R. Come, sir, this is no way of showing your wit; I invited you to make a trial of that, which is seldom shown in compliments; those are foreign to our purpose.

Gay. I think so too, and therefore, without any further compliment, my dear lovely angel—

Mrs. R. Lud, what do you mean?

Gay. I mean, madam, to take immediate possession of all the raptures which this lovely person can give me.

Mrs. R. O heavens! you will not make any bad use of the confidence I have reposed in you; if you offer anything rude, I will never trust myself along with you again. [*tunity.*]

Gay. Then I must make the best of this oppor-

Mrs. R. I'll die before I'll consent; I'll—

Gay. I must trust to your good-nature.

LADY RAFFLER at the door.

Lady R. Sister, sister! what! have you locked yourself in?

Mrs. R. Let me go. Oh, my dear, is it you? I have ordered this vile lock to be mended—the bolt is so apt to fall down of its own accord.—Is your pool out?

Lady R. No, sister, no; I came to see what was the matter with you. I was afraid you was ill, that you left us. But I see you have company with you.

Mrs. R. I was just coming back to you, but—

Gay. I cannot be of opinion that that is an original picture of Hannibal Carraccio. I ask pardon for differing from you.—Oh, is your ladyship there? pray, which opinion are you of?

Lady R. Don't apply to me, sir, I am no judge of pictures.

Gay. Most great connoisseurs are shy of owning their skill; but if your ladyship pleases to observe, there is not that boldness. There is, indeed, a great deal of the master—and I never saw more spirit in a copy. But, alas! there is so much difference between a copy and an original.—I hope your ladyship will excuse the freedom I take.

Lady R. My sister will excuse your freedom, and that is full as well. [*card-table?*]

Mrs. R. Come, my dear, will you return to the

Lady R. I wish this gentleman—would be so kind to hold my cards a few minutes; I have a word or two to speak with you.

Gay. You will have a bad deputy, madam, but I will do the best I can. [*Exit.*]

Lady R. Sister, I am ashamed of you, to be locked up alone with a young fellow.

Mrs. R. Lard, child, can I help it if the bolt falls down of its own accord?

Lady R. But you was not looking at pictures before I came into the room; I saw you closer together

—I saw you in his arms, and heard you cry out:—this I'll swear.

Mrs. R. Well, and can I help this? I own he was a little frolicsome, and offered to kiss me—that's all.

Lady R. All—monstrous! that's all! if an odious fellow was to offer to kiss me I'd tear his eyes out.

Mrs. R. Yes, and so would I, if it was an odious fellow. [thing, and the least breath sullies it.

Lady R. The honour of a woman is a very nice

Mrs. R. So it seems, indeed, if it be to be hurt by a kiss. [venture to take more.

Lady R. The man to whom you give that will

Mrs. R. Well, and it's time enough to cry out, you know, when he does venture to take more.

Lady R. I don't like jesting with serious things.

Mrs. R. What, is a kiss a serious thing, then? now, on my conscience, you are fonder of it than I am. I believe, my dear, you are very confident I could do nothing contrary to the rules of honour; but I hate being solicitous about trifles.

Lady R. Sister, it behoves a garrison to take care of its out-works: for my part I am resolved to stand buff at the first entrance; nor will I ever give an inch of ground to an assailant. And let me tell you that the woman and the soldier who do not defend the first pass will never defend the last.

Mrs. R. Well, well, good, dear, military sister, pray defend yourself, and do not come to my assistance till you are called. I thank heaven I have no such governor as yours. I should fancy myself besieged indeed, had I a continual alarm ringing in my ears. I have taken a strict resolution to be virtuous as long as my husband thinks me so. It is a complaisance I owe to his opinion; but you may value yourself upon your virtue as much as you please; Sir Simon every day tells you you have none; and how can she be a good wife who is continually giving the lie to her husband? [think so serious?

Lady R. Why will you thus rally on a subject I

Mrs. R. And why will you be so serious on a subject I think so ridiculous?—but if you don't like my raillery let us go back to our cards, and that will stop both our mouths.

Lady R. I wish any odious fellow durst kiss me! [Exeunt.

Enter COL. RAFFLER, MONDISH.

Col. Now, Mr. Mondish, now; what think you now? am not I the happiest man in the world in a wife?

Mon. Ay, faith are you; so happy, that was I possessed of the same talent for happiness I would marry to-morrow.

Col. Why, why don't you? you will have just such a wife as mine, to be sure; oh, they are very plenty—ay, ay, very plenty: you can't miss of just such another: they grow in every garden about town.

Mon. I believe they grow in most houses about town.

Col. Oh—ay, ay, ay,—here was one here just now; my lady Raffler is just such another, a damn'd, infamous, suspicious prude, every whit as bad as her husband. If you had not held me, Mondish, I am afraid I could scarce have kept my hands off from her. But hold, hold; there is one thing which shall go down in my pocket-book—"I have taken a strict resolution to be virtuous as long as my husband thinks me so." Then thou shalt be virtuous till doomsday, my sweet angel. Here is a woman for you, who puts her virtue into her husband's keeping.—Oh, Mondish! if that lady Raffler had not come in—

Mon. Ay, if she had not come in, colonel—

Col. She would have handled him—we should have seen him handled—we should have seen handling; Mondish, we should have seen handling.

Mon. Indeed I believe we should. Deuce take the interruption! [Aside.

Col. But what an age do we live in though, sincerely, Mr. Mondish! why, we shall have our wives ravished shortly in the middle of the streets: an impudent, saucy rascal! and when she told him that she would cry out—

Mon. That he should not believe her.—But then her art, colonel, in giving in to his evasion about the pictures. Methinks, there was something so generous in her sudden forgiveness—something so nobly serene in her resolving herself so soon from a most abandoned fright into a perfect tranquillity.

Col. Ay, now, that is your highest sort of virtue,—that is as high as virtue can go.

Mon. Why should not calm virtue be admired in a woman as well as calm courage in a general, colonel? Your lady is a perfect heroine: she laid about her most furiously during the attack,—but the moment the foe retired became all gentle and mild again.

Col. But come, as all things are safe, we will go, my dear Mondish, and drink my wife's health in one bottle of Burgundy. Ah, she's an excellent woman! [Exeunt.

Enter SIR SIMON with a letter.

Sir S. Here it is—the plot is so well laid now, that, unless fortune conspire with a thousand devils against me, I shall discover myself to be a rank cuckold. Have I not watched her with as much care as ever miser did his gold? and yet I am, I am, an arrant, downright—a—as any little sneaking courtier or subaltern officer in the kingdom; and what an unhappy rascal am I, that have not been able to find it out—not to convict her fairly in ten long years' marriage! If I could but discover it, it were some satisfaction. Well, this letter will I send to captain Spark—no hand was ever better counterfeited: if he had seen never so many quires of her writing, he will not be able to find any difference. If after all this I should not discover her, I must be the most miserable dog that ever wore horns. [Exit.

Enter LADY RAFFLER and CLARINDA.

Lady R. I tell you, niece, you have suffered too great freedoms from Mr. Gaylove; I can't bear those monstrous indecorums which the young women of this age give into: the first time a woman's hand should be touched is in the church.

Cla. Lud, madam, I can't conceive any harm in letting any one touch my hand.

Lady R. Yes, madam, but I can. Besides, I think I caught you in one another's arms. I hope you conceive some harm in that.

Cla. I can confide in Mr. Gaylove's honour, and if his passion hurried him—

Lady R. His passion! what passion? he has never declared any honourable passion for you to your uncle.

Cla. No, I should have hated him if he had.

Lady R. Give me leave to tell you, miss, that is the proper way of applying to you. Then, if his circumstances were found convenient, sir Simon would have mentioned it to you; and so it would have come properly. A woman of any prudence and decency gives her consent to her relations, not to her husband. For it should be still supposed that you endure matrimony, to be dutiful to them only. I hope you would not appear to have any fondness for a fellow.

Cla. I hope I should have fondness for a fellow I would make a husband of.

Lady R. Child, you shock me! [sir Simon?

Cla. Why, pray, madam, had you no fondness for

Lady R. No, I defy the world to say it.

Cla. How came you to marry him then?

Lady R. Out of obedience to my father; he thought it a proper match.

Cla. And ought not a woman to be fond of a man after she is married to him?

Lady R. No, she ought to have friendship and esteem, but no fondness; it is a nauseous word, and I detest it. A woman must have vile inclinations before she can bring herself to think of it.

Cla. Now, I am resolved never to marry any man whom I have not these vile inclinations for.

Lady R. O, monstrous!

Cla. Whom I do not love to such distraction as to place my whole happiness in pleasing him, to which I would give my thoughts up so entirely, that on my ever losing that power I should become indifferent to everything else.

Lady R. Infamous! I desire you would prepare to return into the country immediately. For I will not live in the house with you any longer: but I will inform you of one thing, that the man you have placed this violent affection on is a villain, and has designs on your aunt.

Cla. What, on your ladyship?

Lady R. On me! on me! I wish I could see the man that dared—I thank Heaven, the awe of my virtue has still protected me.

Cla. I ask your pardon, madam; on the good colonel's lady then.—That there have been designs between them, I am not ignorant, though I am not quite so confident they are on his side; and to say the truth, my aunt is an agreeable woman, and I don't expect a man of his years to be proof against all temptations. But pray, whom do you mean? for I—lud, whom am I defending? I know not—somebody—who is it that your ladyship means? for I am sure I should not know him by the marks you set on him.

Lady R. Oh! madam, you seem to want no marks, I think; but if you have a mind to hear his name, 'tis Gaylove.

Cla. Mr. Gaylove!

Lady R. Mr. Gaylove! yes, Mr. Gaylove—I'll repeat it to you to oblige you.

Cla. What's Mr. Gaylove to me?

Lady R. That you know best—I believe he is, or will be, to you, what he should not be.

Cla. If I had any affection for him, I should neither be afraid of his designs upon me, nor jealous of his designs on any other.

Lady R. Look ye, child, you may deny your affection for him, if you please; nay, I commend you for it. It is an affection you may well be ashamed of.

Cla. According to your ladyship's opinion, we ought to be ashamed of all affection—but really, if one might be indulged in any, I think Mr. Gaylove might keep it in countenance as well as another.

Lady R. It is easy enough to keep you in countenance, you don't seem to be easily put out of it. [*Gaylove laughs within.*] Oh, that's his laugh—He's coming, I am sure—I'll get out o' the way. Niece, I would have you prepare yourself for returning into the country. If you will ruin yourself, I'll not be witness to it—nor will I ever live in the house with a woman that can own herself capable of being fond of a fellow.

Cla. Then let me go as soon as I will, I find I am not likely to lose much good company.

Enter CAPT. SPARK, GAYLOVE, MRS. RAFFLER.

Spark. No, that's too much, Gaylove, too much—I hope you don't believe him, madam,—prithee—hang it! this is past a jest.

Mrs. R. Upon my word, I think so, especially with regard to the reputation of the ladies.

Spark. Yes, madam, that's it. Upon their account, methinks, he should forbear. Deuce take me, you will force me to be serious.

Gay. Nay, prithee don't affect concealing what is publicly known. Miss Clarinda here shall be my evidence whether at his last quarters he was not talked of for the whole place.

Cla. He was an universal contagion; not one woman escaped.

Mrs. R. This is a conviction, captain.

Spark. Gaylove, this is your doing now—all might have been a secret in town, but for you—country towns, madam, are censorious; I don't deny, indeed, but that they had some reason; but when they say all, they mistake, they do indeed—and yet perhaps it was my own fault that I had not all.

Mrs. R. I think it is too hard, indeed, to insist on

Gay. Well, but confess now, how many? [all.

Spark. Well, then, I will confess two dozen.

Lady R. and Mrs. R. Two dozen! [fellow.

Gay. That's pretty fair, and thou art an honest

Mrs. R. He is so happy a one, that I wonder he escapes being destroyed by the men as a monopoliser.

Cla. No, I think the men are obliged to him, for he has found out more beauties for 'em than I ever heard of there.

Spark. Pray, let's turn the discourse.

Gay. I am trifling with this fool, when I might employ my time better. Miss Clarinda, you know you was interrupted to-day. You promised me the first opportunity.

Cla. I am a strict observer of a promise. Aunt, you are not fond of music; I won't invite you to so dull an entertainment.

Mrs. R. I think I am in a humour to hear it—at least I am not in a humour to leave you alone together. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Servant with a letter, whispers SPARK.

Spark. Ladies, I'll follow in the twinkling of an eye.—What's here? a woman's hand, by Jupiter!—some damned milliner's dun or other,—though I think it will pass for an assignation well enough with the ladies that are just gone—Ha! Raffer! “Sir—As sir Simon will be abroad this evening, I shall have an opportunity of seeing you alone”—hum!—“If you please, therefore, it shall be in the dining-room at nine—there is a couch will hold us both.” The devil there is—“The company will be all assembled in the parlour, and you will be very safe with your humble servant, MARY RAFFLER.” Pooh! pox, what shall I do? I would not give a farthing for her—Ha! can't I contrive to be surprised together? That ridiculous dog, Mondish, sups here—If I could but convince him of this amour, he will believe all I ever told him. Now if he could but see this letter some way without my showing it him—Egad, I'll find him out, and drop it before him. By good luck here he is.

Enter MONDISH.

Mon. So, I have made one man extremely happy—the colonel is most nobly intoxicated with wine and his wife. This bottle of Burgundy has a little elevated me too. Now if I could but find my dear inconstant alone—Ha, Spark! what the devil art thou dodging after here? In quest of some amour or other, I know thee to be—

Spark. What do you know me to be? I know thou art a damned incredulous fellow, and think'st every woman virtuous that puts a grave face upon the matter. Now, George, take my word for it, every woman in England is to be had.

Mon. What, hast thou had them all then, that I must take thy word for it? [laughter.]

Spark. Ha, ha, ha! thou wilt kill me with

Mon. Then I must leave you to die by yourself.

Spark. Nay, but dear George—harkee, but stay.

[Draws MONDISH over the letter.]

Mon. I am in haste—besides, I keep you from some intrigue or other.

Spark. I might perhaps have visited my lady Loller—but damn her! I believe e'en you know I am almost tired of her—besides, I have a mind to stay with you. [with you.]

Mon. But I positively neither can nor will stay

Spark. The devil is in it if he has not seen it by this time. Well, if you have a desire to leave me, I'll disappoint you, for I'll leave you: so your servant. [Exit.]

Mon. A letter dropped! To captain Spark—The rogue counterfeits a woman's hand exceeding well. But he could not counterfeit her hand so exactly, without having seen letters from her—Why then may not this be from her? Is she not a woman, a prude?—the devil can say no more.

Enter GAYLOVE.

Gay. Mondish, your servant, where have you bestowed yourself this afternoon?

Mon. Where I fancy I fared better than you—I have been entertained with Burgundy and the colonel, while you have been loitering with sir Simon and the ladies.

Gay. Faith, I am afraid thou art in the right on't; for, to say truth, I grew weary of their company, and have left the gallant Mr. Spark to entertain them.

Mon. Well, what success in your amour?

Gay. Oh, success that would make humility vain—success that has made me think thy happiness not so extraordinary; in a word, had not my lady Raffer come in and raised the siege, I believe I should have been able, before now, to have given thee a pretty good account of the citadel. Pox take all virtuous women for me!—they are of no other use but to spoil others' sport.

Mon. Yes, faith! such virtuous women as her ladyship will sometimes condescend to make sport as well as spoil it. There, read that, and then give me thy opinion if thou think'st there is one such woman in the world as thou hast mentioned.

Gay. To captain Spark—sir Simon—abroad this evening—in the dining-room—couch will hold us both. Ha! ha!—the captain improves—safe with your humble servant—Mary Raffer. Well said, my little spark! now, from this moment, shall I have a very great opinion of thee: thou art a genius—a hero—to forge a letter from a woman, and drop it in her own house. There is more impudence thrown away on this fellow than would have made six court pages, and as many attorneys. He is an errant walking contagion on women's reputations, and was sent into the world as a judgment on the sex.

Mon. By all that's infamous, 'tis her own hand!

Gay. By all that is not infamous, I would scarce have believed my own eyes had they seen her write it!

Mon. Excellent! thou art as incredulous as the colonel. What, I suppose you have heard her rail against wicked women, and declaim in praise of chastity. Does a good sermon from the pulpit persuade thee that a parson is a saint? or a charge from the bench that the judge is incorrupt? If thou wilt believe in professions, thou wilt find scarce one fool that is not wise, one rogue that is not honest, one courtier that is not fit to make a friend, or one whore that is not fit to make a wife.

Gay. But common sense would preserve her from

an affair with a fellow who, she is sure, will publish it to the whole world.

Mon. I am not sure of that: perhaps she does not know his character, or if she does she may think herself safe in the world's knowing it; besides, if he is believed in the bragging of his amours, I know no man breathing so likely to debauch the whole sex,—for amours increase with a man of pleasure as money does with a man of business; and women are most ready to trust their reputations, as we our cash, with him that has most business.

Gay. It is most natural to suppose he best understands his business. But still this letter of lady Raffer's staggers me.

Mon. Are you so concerned for her reputation?

Gay. Hum! I should at least wish well to a family I intend to take a wife out of.

Mon. A wife out of?

Gay. Why, are you surprised? did I not tell you this morning I had a mistress in the house?

Mon. Yes; but they are two things, I think. Heaven forbid we should be obliged to take a wife out of every house in this town wherein we have had a mistress.

Gay. You, I think, George, take good care to make that impossible, by making mistresses of other men's wives.

Mon. Why, it is my opinion that in our commerce with the other sex it will be pretty difficult to avoid either making mistresses of other men's wives or wives of other men's mistresses; so I choose the former. But when am I to wish you joy, friend? Methinks I long to see thee wedded—I am as impatient on thy behalf as if I was principally concerned myself.

Gay. I see thou art planting the battery of railing, so I shall run off before you can hit me. [Exit.]

Mon. We shall be able to hit your wife I hope, and that will do as well. Here's another friend's wife will shortly want to be provided for; if my friends marry so fast, I shall be obliged to be deficient in a very main point of friendship, and leave them their wives on their own hands. I think my suspicions relating to Mrs. Raffer are now fully cleared up on his side, and fully fixed on hers.

Enter MRS. RAFFLER.

Your most humble servant, madam! he is but just

Mrs. R. Who gone?

[gone.]

Mon. Mr. Gaylove.

Mrs. R. What's Mr. Gaylove to me?

Mon. Nothing—he is a very good judge of pic-

Mrs. R. Ha!—what do you mean? [tures.]

Mon. Nothing.

Mrs. R. I will know.

Mon. You cannot know more of me than you do already, nor I of you: and I hope shortly your knowledge will be as comprehensive in another branch of your favourite science.

Mrs. R. I don't understand you.

Mon. "I cannot be of opinion that that is an original picture of Hannibal Carracci; for if you please to observe, there is not that boldness; there is, indeed, a great deal of the master, and I never saw more spirit in a copy: but, alas! there is so much difference between a copy and an original"—

Mrs. R. I believe the colonel bought it as an original. [knew no more than one instance of it.]

Mon. The colonel may be deceived—I wish I

Mrs. R. Gaylove must be a villain, and have discovered me. [Aside.]

Mon. It may be, perhaps, some people's interest to wish all persons as easily deceived as the colonel; what pity 'tis a gallant should not be as blind as a husband!

Mrs. R. Mr. Mondish, I will not bear this: it would be foolish to dissemble understanding you any longer: be as blind or as watchful as you will, it is equal to me. I will be no slave to your jealousy, for, if I have more gallants, be assured I will have but one husband.

Mon. Spoken so bravely, that I am at least in love with your spirit still: and to convince you I have that affection and no other, deal sincerely with me, and I will be so far from troubling you any longer with my own passion that I will assist you in the pursuit of another.

Mrs. R. Then, to deal sincerely with you;—lud, it is a terrible hard thing to do.

Mon. Ay, come, struggle a little—a woman must undergo some trouble to be delivered of truth.

Mrs. R. Then, to deal sincerely with you, I am in love with another.

Mon. With Gaylove—I'll assist you—out with it!

Mrs. R. Well, ay, perhaps; but now I must insist on truth from you—how came you to suspect him? and who put the picture into your head?

Mon. I'll tell you some other time.

Mrs. R. Resolve me this only—was it he?

Mon. No, upon my honour.

Mrs. R. Then it must have been my sister!

Mon. Ha!

Mrs. R. Nay, don't hesitate: it is vain to deny it.

Mon. I do not deny it.

Mrs. R. Now may the united curses of age, disease, ugliness, vain desire, and infamy overtake her!

Mon. It works rarely.

Mrs. R. Revenge, revenge! Mr. Mondish, my reputation is in your hands. I know you to be a man of honour, and am easy: but to have it in the power of a woman must be an eternal rack. We know one another too well to be easy when we are in one another's power—against her tongue there is no safeguard.

Mon. Yes, one.

Mrs. R. What?

Mon. To have her reputation in your power.

Mrs. R. That is impossible to hope. She will take care of her reputation, for it is on that alone she supports her pride, her malice, her ill-nature: these have raised her a train of watchful enemies that would catch her at the first trip—but she has neither warmth nor generosity enough to make it. Oh! I know her too well: she will keep her virtue, if it be only to enable her to be a continual plague to her husband.

Mon. Well, whatever difficulty there be in the attempt, I have resolution enough under your conduct to begin. Perhaps I am of an opinion which you may excuse, that no woman's virtue is proof against the attacks of a resolute lover.

Mrs. R. But her fear, her self-love, her coldness, and her vanity may.

Mon. I can give you more substantial reasons for our hope than you imagine; but may I depend upon your assistance?

Mrs. R. If I fail you, may my husband be jealous of me, or may I lose the power or inclination to give him cause?

Mon. That's nobly, generously said; and now, methinks, you and I appear like a man and wife to each other—at least, it would be better for the world if they all acted as wise a part; and, instead of lying, and whining, and canting with virtue and constancy, instead of fatiguing an irrecoverable dying passion with jealousies and upbraidings, kindly let it depart from one breast to be happy in another.

Thus the good mother of the savage brood,
Whose breasts no more afford her infants food,

Leads them abroad, and teaches them to roam,
For what no longer they can find at home.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.—SCENE I.—*A chamber.*—*Enter* SIR SIMON and COL. RAFFLER.

Sir S. I desire but this trial; if I do not convince you I have reason for my jealousy, I will be contented all my life after to wear my horns in my pocket, and be as happy and submissive a husband as any within the sound of Bow-bell.

Col. A good reasonable penalty you will undergo truly, to be the happy husband of a virtuous wife.

Sir S. And perhaps penalty enough too, if it was so: a virtuous wife may have it in her power to play very odd tricks with her husband. A virtuous woman may contradict him, may tease him, may expose him, nay, ruin him; and such virtuous wives as some people have may cuckold him into the bargain.

Col. Well, on condition that, if your suspicions be found to be groundless, you never presume to suspect her or my wife hereafter, but suffer them peaceably to enjoy their innocent freedoms; and, on condition that you give me leave to laugh at you one whole hour, I am content to do what you desire.

Sir S. Ay, ay, anything if my suspicions be found true, brother.

Col. Why then, brother, you will find yourself to be a cuckold, and may laugh at me twenty hours if you will.

Sir S. I think you will be a little confounded.

Col. Faith! brother, you are a very unhappy fellow, faith; you are.

Sir S. Why so, pray?

Col. To marry a wife that you have not been able to find any fault in in ten years' time. If you had good luck in your choice you might have been a cuckold in half the time—you might indeed.

Sir S. Well, it is your time to laugh now, and I will indulge you.

Col. But suppose, brother, it should be as you say; suppose you should find out what you have a desire to find; don't you think you are entirely indebted to yourself?

Sir S. I don't understand you.

Col. Why, to your own suspicions. Can a wife give so good a reason for going astray as the suspicions of her husband? They are a terrible thing; and my own wife has told me she could not have answered for herself with a suspicious husband.

Sir S. But it wants now a little more than a quarter of eight; so pray away to the closet; we shall have the rascal before his time else, and be disappointed.

Col. So I find you suspect the amour to be but of a short date. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter LADY RAFFLER and MRS. RAFFLER.

Lady R. Lud, sister, you are grown as great a plague to me as my husband. I know not whether he teases me more for doing what I should not than you for doing what I should.

Mrs. R. A woman never acts as she should but when she acts against her husband. He is a prince who is ever endeavouring to grow absolute, and it should be our constant endeavour to restrain him. You are a member of the commonwealth of women, and when you give way to your husband you betray the liberty of your sex.

Lady R. You are always for turning everything into ridicule: but I am not that poor-spirited creature you would represent me; nor did I ever give way to my husband in any one thing in my life, contrary to my own opinion. I would not have you

think I do not resent his suspicions of me, and I defy you to say I ever submitted to any method of quieting 'em. All that I am solicitous about is, not to give the world an opportunity of suspecting me.

Mrs. R. But, as the world is a witness of his suspecting you, were I in your case, I should think my honour engaged to let the world be witness of my revenge.

Lady R. Then the world would condemn me, as it now does him. Had I a mind to be as ludicrous as you, I might tell you that a woman who parts with her virtue makes her husband absolute, and betrays the liberty of her sex. Sister, sister, believe me, it is in the power of one honest woman to be a greater plague to her husband than all the vile vicious creatures upon earth.

Mrs. R. Give me your hand, my dear, for I find we are agreed upon the main point—that is, enmity to a husband. I proceed now to the second point, which every good woman ought to consider, namely, the rewarding a deserving gallant.

Lady R. That is a subject on which I am afraid we shall eternally differ.

Mrs. R. I hope we shall, my dear; that is, I hope we shall never desire to reward the same.

Lady R. I desire we may never discourse more on this head; for I shall be inclined to say things which you will not like; and, as I fear they will be of no service to you, I desire to avoid it.

Mrs. R. Oh, yes, they will be of great service to me; they will make me laugh immoderately. Come, confess honestly—I know you suspect me with Gaylove.

Lady R. If you put me to it, I cannot call your conduct unquestionable. If I should suspect, it would not be without reason.

Mrs. R. Nay, if you allow reason, I have reason to suspect you with not half so pretty a fellow.

Lady R. Me! I defy you; pure virtue will confront suspicion.

Mrs. R. Pure virtue seems to have a pretty good front indeed. Let us try the cause fairly between us: you found me and a young fellow alone together; and very comical things may happen, I own, between a man and a woman alone together. But when a lady sends an assignation to a gentleman to meet her in the dark on a couch, then, if nothing comical happens to pure virtue, they must be a comical couple indeed.

Lady R. You are such a laughing, giggling creature, I don't know what you drive at.

Mrs. R. Read that; and I believe it will explain what both of us drive at. Now I shall see how far a prude can carry it. Not one blush yet: I find blushing is one of the things which pure virtue can't do.

Lady R. I am amazed and confounded! Where had you this?

Mrs. R. From a very good friend of yours, in whose hands your reputation will be safer than in the captain's, where you placed it.

Lady R. What, do you then believe—

Mrs. R. Nothing but my own eyes. You will not deny it is your own hand?

Lady R. Some devil has counterfeited it. I beseech you tell me how you came by it.

Mrs. R. Mondish gave it me.

Lady R. Then he writ it.

Mrs. R. Nay, the captain, by what I hear of him, is a more likely person to have counterfeited it. But it is well done, and sure whoever did it must have seen your writing.

Lady R. I'll search all the depths of hell but I'll find it out. Have I for this had a guard upon every

look, word, and action of my life? for this shunned even speaking to any woman in public of the least doubtful character? for this been all my life the forwardest to censure the imprudence of others? have I defended my reputation in the face of the sun, to have it thus undermined in the dark?

Mrs. R. Most women's reputations are undermined in the dark. You see, child, how foolish it is to take so much care about what is so easily lost; at least, I hope, you will learn to take care of no one's reputation but your own.

Lady R. It wants but little of the appointed hour: sister, will you go with me?

Mrs. R. Oh! no; two to one will not be fair.—If you had appointed him to have brought his second indeed—

Lady R. I see you are incorrigible; but I will go find my niece, or my brother, or sir Simon himself. I will raise the world, and the dead, and the devil, but I will find out the bottom of this affair.

[Exit.

Mrs. R. Hugh! what a terrible combustion is pure virtue in! Now will I convey myself, if possible, into the closet, and be an humble spectator of the battle. Well, a virtuous wife is a most precious jewel: but if all jewels were as easily counterfeited, he would be an egregious ass who would venture to lay out his money in them.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—Another room in SIR SIMON'S house.—

Enter SIR SIMON, in women's clothes.

Sir S. My evidence is posted, the colonel is in the closet, and can overhear all. The time of appointment draws near. I am strangely pleased with my stratagem. If I can but counterfeit my wife's voice as well as I have her hand, I may defy him to discover me, for there is not a glimpse of light. I am as much delighted as any young whoremaster can be in expectation of meeting another man's wife. And yet I am afraid I shall not discover myself to be what I fear, neither; and if I should not I will hang myself incontinently. Oh! thou damned couch! thou art not ten years old, and yet what cuckoldom hast thou been witness of! I will be revenged on thee; for I will burn thee this evening in triumph, please Heaven!—Hush, hush! here he comes.

[Lies on a couch.

Enter MONDISH.

Mon. This is the field of battle. If I know anything of the captain, he will not be in haste; and if she comes here before him I think she will not have the impudence to deny any favour to one who knows as much as I do. It is as dark as hell! let a prude alone for contriving a proper place for an assignation. Poor sir Simon—faith! thou hast more cause for thy jealousy than I imagined.

Sir S. Ay, or than I imagined either. I am over head and ears in it—I am the arrantest cuckold in town.

[Aside.

Mon. 'Sdeath! I shall never be able to find this couch out—sure it used to be somewhere hereabouts. It has been the scene of my happiness too often for me to forget it.

Sir S. Oh! it has? Oh! thou damned villain! I wish thou could'st feel torments, that I might be an age in burning thee.

[Aside.

Mon. Ha! I hear a door open—it is a woman's tread. I know the dear, dear trip of a soft foot.

Enter MRS. RAFFLER, who falls into MONDISH'S arms.

Mrs. R. In the name of goodness who are you?

Mon. An evil spirit. I find you are used to meet them in the dark, by your readiness in speaking to 'em.

Mrs. R. Mr. Mondish?

Sir S. Here will be rare caterwauling. [*Aside.*]

Mon. What do you do here?

Mrs. R. Trouble not yourself about that, I will not spoil your sport.

Mon. But tell me, have you seen your sister?

Mrs. R. Yes.

Mon. Well, and how?

Mrs. R. Oh, she raves like a princess in a tragedy, and swears that some devil has contrived it.

Mon. Then she persists in her innocence?

Mrs. R. Yes, and will after conviction—nay, even after execution.

Mon. A very hardened criminal indeed! But pray what is your opinion of my success?

Mrs. R. Oh! thou wicked seducer! it would be hard indeed that I should think you not able to succeed, after such a one as you have described the captain to be, when you prevailed on my innocent heart, and triumphed over what I imagined an impregnable fortress.

Mon. And was I really thy first seducer?

Mrs. R. By heavens! the only one that ever has yet injured my husband.

Sir S. What do I hear?

Mon. Why do I not still enjoy that happiness singly? What have I done to forfeit one grain of your esteem?

Mrs. R. To your fresh game, sportsman; and I wish you a good chace.

Mon. Whither are you going?

Mrs. R. Concern not yourself with me: your new mistress will soon be with you. [*Exit.*]

Sir S. This is better than my hopes! This is killing two birds with one stone. My brother will be rewarded for the pains he takes on my account—Ha! there's a light—I think I shall be secure behind the couch.

Enter LADY RAFFLER with a candle.

Lady R. I think there is some plot laid against me; the whole family are run out of the house. But virtue will protect her adherents. Ha! who's that?

Mon. Be not startled, madam; it is one from whom you have nothing to fear.

Lady R. I know not that, sir; I shall always think I have just reason to fear one who lurks privately about in dark corners. Persons who have no ill design never seek hiding-places: but, however, you are the person I desired to meet.

Mon. That would make me happy indeed!

Lady R. Whence, sir, had you that letter which you this day gave my sister, and which was signed with my name?

Mon. The letter, madam?

Lady R. Yes, sir, the letter! with that odious assignation which I detest the apprehension of. My reputation shall be cleared, and I will know the author of this infamous forgery, whatever be the consequence!

Mon. Be mistress of yourself, madam, and be assured nothing in my power shall be ever left undone to vindicate your reputation or detect any calumny against it. The letter was dropped by the person to whom it was directed, dropped on purpose that I should take it up; which I did, and delivered it to your sister. Indeed, I even then suspected it a forgery. I thought I knew my lady Raffer too well to fear her capable of placing her affections unworthily.

Lady R. And you know no more?

Mon. I do not, upon my honour.

Lady R. Well, sir, whatever care you shall take of my reputation, sir Simon shall thank you for it.

Mon. Alas! madam, could I have any merit in

such a service, I should hope to have another rewarder than the very last person on whom I would confer an obligation.

Lady R. How, sir?

Mon. I ask pardon, madam; I know how tender the subject is to your ears; yet I hope the excess of tenderness which I have for you will plead—

Lady R. Tenderness for me? [*Angrily.*]

Mon. For your reputation, madam.

[*She looks pleased.*]

Lady R. That, I think, I may suffer.

Mon. Pardon me, madam, if that tenderness which I have for—your reputation, madam, will not permit me to be easy while I see it lavished on a man so worthless, so ungrateful, so insensible. And yet, madam, can even you, the best, the most reserved of wives, can you deny but that his jealousy is plain to you and to the whole world? Could he show more had he married one of the wanton coquets who encourage every man who addresses 'em, nay, who are continually throwing out their lures for men who do not? Had he married one of these, nay, had he married a common avowed prostitute—

Lady R. Hold, you shock me.

Mon. And I shall shock myself. But the wounds must be laid open to be cured.

Lady R. What can I do?

Mon. Hate him.

Lady R. That, I think, virtue will allow me to do.

Mon. Justice commands you to do it: nay, more, it commands you to revenge—you ought for example sake. Pardon me, madam, if the love I have for you—I should rather say if the friendship I have contracted for your virtue—carries me too far: but I will undertake to prove that it is not only meritorious to fulfil his suspicions, but it would be criminal not to do it. Virtue requires it; the virtue you adore, you possess, requires it; it is not you, it is your virtue he injures; that demands a justification—that obliges you to—

Lady R. To hate him, to despise him: that a virtuous woman may do.

Mon. Oh! I admire, I adore a virtuous woman.

Lady R. Virtue is her greatest jewel.

Mon. Oh, 'tis a nice and tender thing—it will not bear suspicion; she would be a poor creature indeed who could bear to have her virtue suspected without revenge.

Lady R. What can she do?

Mon. Everything: part with it.

Lady R. Ha!

Mon. Not from her heart—I hope you don't think I mean that; but true virtue is no more concerned in punishing a husband than true mercy in punishing a criminal.

Lady R. But I have the comfort to think he is sufficiently punished in the torments of his own mind. Oh, I should be the most miserable creature alive if I could but even suspect he had an easy moment. Mr. Mondish, it would be ridiculous to affect hiding from you, who are so intimate in the family, my knowledge of his base, unjust suspicions; nor would I have you think me so poor-spirited a wretch not to hate and despise him for them. How unjust they are the whole world can evidence, for no woman upon earth could be more delicate in her conduct. Therefore, for Heaven's sake, assist me in the discovery of this letter.

Mon. I could not, I am sure, suspect you of so indiscreet a passion, though your hand is excellently forged.

Lady R. It must be by some one who has seen it: sure it could not be my sister?

Mon. Was it not sir Simon himself?

Lady R. Ha! it cannot be; he could not be such a villain. [give him.]

Mon. If he were, I think you ought not to for-

Lady R. Could I but prove it—

Mon. If I prove it for you, what shall be my reward? [good.]

Lady R. The greatest—the consciousness of doing

Mon. What good shall I do in discovering the criminal, unless you will punish him?

Lady R. I will do all in my power to punish him, and to reward you.

Mon. Your power is infinite, as is almost the happiness I now taste. O my fair injured creature, hadst thou been the lot of one who had truly known the value of virtue— [Kissing her hand.]

Lady R. Let me go; if you would preserve my good opinion of you—if you have a regard for me, show it in immediately vindicating my reputation.

Mon. I'll find out sir Simon; if he be the forger, I shall get it out of him. One earnest more. [Kissing her hand.]

Lady R. Away! we shall be overseen, and then I shall hate you for ever. [Exeunt.]

Sir S. Heaven be praised, they are parted this time. I was afraid it would have come to action. Why, if a husband had a hundred thousand eyes, he would have use for them all. A wife is a garrison without walls: while we are running to the defence of one quarter, she is taken at another. But what a rogue is this fellow, who not only attempts to cuckold his friend, but has the impudence to insist on it as a meritorious action! The dog would persuade her that virtue obliges her to it. Why, what a number of ways are there by which a man may be made a cuckold! One goes to work with his purse, and buys my wife; a second brings his title—he is a lord forsooth, and has a patent to cuckold all mankind. A third shows a garter, a fourth a riband, a fifth a laced coat. One rascal has a smooth face, another a smooth tongue, another makes smooth verses; this sings, that dances; one wheedles, another flatters; one applies to her ambition, another to her avarice, another to her vanity, another to her folly; this tickles her eyes, that her ears, another—in short, all her five senses and five thousand follies have their addressers. And that she may be safe on no side, here's a rascal comes and applies himself to the very thing that should defend her, and tries to make a bawd of her very virtue. He has the impudence to tell her that she can't be a woman of virtue without cuckolding her husband.—Hark! I hear a noise!—The captain, I suppose, or somebody else after my wife.

Enter CAPT. SPARK.

Spark. I am sure Mondish took up the letter, and it is now a full quarter of an hour after the time appointed. I know him so well that I could lay a wager he is listening somewhere hereabouts. Madam, madam! [Tread softly for Heaven's sake.]

Sir S. That is the rascal's voice—Is it you, captain?

Spark. Yes, and I wish I may tread surely too; for it is as dark as hell. Where are you, madam?

Sir S. Here sir, here on the couch.

Spark. Quite punctual to the place of assignation, I find. Where the devil can Mondish be? [Aside.] There, madam, there; I am safe now, I thank you. I don't know, madam, how to thank you enough, for that kind note your ladyship was so good as to

Sir S. O lard! sir. [send me.]

Spark. I assure you, madam, I think myself the happiest of mankind. I am, madam, upon my honour, so in my own opinion. Pray, madam, was not your ladyship at the last ridotto?

Sir S. No, sir.—I find he has had her 'till he is weary of her. [Aside.]

Spark. I think you are a great lover of country-dancing.

Sir S. Yes, I think it will do very well, when one can have nothing else to entertain one.

Spark. Very true, madam; quadrille is very much before it, in my opinion.

Sir S. You and I have seen better entertainments than that before now.

Spark. Oh, yes, yes, madam—I am very fond of the entertainments at the new house. I never go there for anything else. Pray, which is your ladyship's favourite? Most ladies are fond of Perseus and Andromeda.—What the devil is become of Mondish? [Aside.] But I think the operas are so far beyond all those things—Do you go to the drawing-room to-night, lady Raffler? [I have done.]

Sir S. I hope to pass my time better with you, as

Spark. I should be proud to make one of a party at quadrille; but, upon my honour, I am the most unfortunate person in the world, for I am engaged.

Sir S. Engaged!

Spark. I know what you think now—If one does but name an engagement, to be sure—I protest, one would think there was but one sort of engagement in the world—and I don't know how it comes to my share to be always suspected. To be sure, I have had some affairs in my life; that I don't deny; that I believe every one knows—and therefore I am not obliged to deny—

Sir S. But you was not obliged to confess it to sir Simon to-day.

Spark. Yes, ha! ha! The mistake of a name had like to have occasioned some confusion; I am heartily sorry for it, upon my word.

Sir S. And was it not me that you meant?

Spark. You are pleased to rally. You know it was impossible I should confess what never happened.

Sir S. What, did nothing ever pass between us?

Spark. Either you have a mind to be merry with your humble servant, or I shall begin to suspect there is some likeness of mine happier than myself. For your ladyship and sister were both pleased to mention something about an auction; and I never care to contradict a lady. Upon my soul, compliments aside, I never had the honour to see your face till this afternoon! [this afternoon!]

Sir S. How, how! did you never see my wife till

Spark. Your wife? [what I say.]

Sir S. Lord! I'm delirious I think; I know not

Spark. I hope you are not subject to fits: I shall be frightened out of my senses. For Heaven's sake let me call somebody—Lights! lights there! help! help!

Sir S. Hush! consider my reputation.

Spark. You had better lose your reputation than your life. Lights! lights! help there! my lady faints.

Sir S. What shall I do?

Spark. Will nobody hear? Help! help!

Enter MONDISH and LADY RAFFLER, with a light.

Lady R. What's the matter here?

Spark. For Heaven's sake bring some lights hither, somebody! my poor lady Raffler is fallen into a fit.

Mon. My lady Raffler!

Lady R. What can this mean?

Spark. Ha! bless me, madam, are you there? then who the devil is this?

Mon. Sir Simon!

Spark. Why, there's no masquerade to-night.

Sir S. It has happened just as I feared. There's some damned planet which attends all husbands, and will never let them be in the right. [Aside.]

Lady R. Monster! how have you the assurance to look in my injured face?

Mon. Death and hell! I hope he did not overhear what passed between me and his wife. [*Aside.*

Sir S. What injury have I done you, my dear?

Lady R. Can you ask it? Have you not laid a plot against my reputation? Have you not counterfeited my hand? Did you not write this letter? look at it.

Sir S. No, my dear, no.

Lady R. How came it sealed then with this seal, which was only in your possession? Oh, I have no name bad enough.

Mon. Come, come, sir Simon, confess all; it is the only amends you can make your lady.

Sir S. Oh, sir, if you will endeavour to get it out of me, it will be in vain to deny—

Enter COL. RAFFLER.

Col. Ay, indeed will it, for I will be evidence against you. Why, sure, you would not attempt to hold out any longer. If she forgives you, you have the most merciful as well as the most virtuous wife in the world. Come, come; in the first place ask your wife's pardon for having ever suspected her; for having counterfeited an assignation from her, and being the occasion of the confusion which she is at present in. In the second place, ask this gentleman's pardon for having ever suspected him. In the next place—

Sir S. Hold, hold, brother! not so fast. I own myself in the wrong! and, sir, I ask your pardon—I do with all my heart. [*your offence.*

Spark. That is sufficient: though I don't know

Sir S. And, my dear, I ask your pardon; I am convinced of your virtue, I am indeed.

Lady R. But what amends can you make me for your wicked jealousy? Do you think it is nothing for me, who have ever abhorred the very name, even the very thought of wantonness, to have had my name traduced? What devil could tempt you to write an assignation in my name to this gentleman?

Spark. Ha! [*who writ to you, ha, ha!*

Mon. Even so, faith! Captain, this was the lady

Spark. How, sir?

Col. Nay, sir, don't put on your angry face, good brother soldier; I do not perceive your expectations have been at all disappointed, and my brother seemed as proper to carry on the amour with you, as his wife; for in the method you proceeded, you would scarce ever have found out the difference.

Spark. I don't understand—

Mon. Nay, nay, no passion; here is nothing but raillery, no harm meant.

Spark. Is not there? Oh, 'tis very well if there is not.

Col. Why, what a ridiculous figure do you make here—ha, ha, ha! You know I am to have my fill of laughing. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir S. Nay, nay, I have more reason to laugh than you; for if I am convinced of my wife's virtue, I think you may be convinced—

Col. Of what? Come, I'll bring up my *corps de reserve*, and put all your suspicions to flight at once. Come forth, my dear, come forth, and with the brightness of thy virtue dispel those clouds that would eclipse it.

Enter MRS. RAFFLER.

I desire you would throw yourself at this gentleman's feet, and give him a thousand thanks for the hand he has had in your affair.

Sir S. He would have had a hand in my affair, I thank him. Yes, I am damnably obliged to him, indeed.

Col. Yes, sir, that you are—for he knew you were

listening, sir. And all that love which you overheard him make to your wife, sir, was intended to convince you of her virtue, sir: it was a plot laid between my wife and him. Was it not, my dear.

Mrs. R. Yes, indeed was it.

Mon. Though I am afraid this lady will find some difficulty to forgive me, I am obliged to own the truth.

Lady R. I can pardon anything where the intention was good; though I confess I do not like such jests.

Col. Come, come, you shall like 'em, and pardon 'em too; and you shall thank him for them. And, then, sir, you shall ask my pardon.

Sir S. For what?

Col. Why, for being the occasion of my wife's imagining me as jealous-pated a fool as yourself: for you must know, sir, that she imagined that I was in the closet with the same design with which you disguised yourself in that pretty masquerade habit. Perhaps, though, you did not guess that she knew I was in the closet all the time.

Sir S. No, upon my word.

Col. Oh! you did not?—But that she did happen to know, sir; and so did this gentleman too. Mr. Mondish, you are a wag to put your friend into a sweat: but it was kindly meant, and I thank you for it with all my heart.

Sir S. And so do I too, for having given me warning to keep my wife out of your clutches.

[*Aside.*

Mon. Gentlemen, your humble servant. If I have served my friends, the action carries its reward with it. [*To Mrs. R. aside.*] Excellent creature! I am now more in love with your wit than I ever was with your beauty.

Sir S. And are you really, brother, wise enough to believe such a notable story as this? and are you thoroughly convinced?

Col. Why, are not you convinced?

Sir S. Yes, brother, I am.

Col. Oh! it is well.

Sir S. That you are an arrant English cuckold, and our friend an arrant rascal! [*Aside.*

Enter GAYLOVE and CLARINDA.

Gay. Your servant, good people!

Lady R. Oh! niece, where have you been, pray?

Cla. Nay, that I'll give you a twelvemonth to guess.

Lady R. Indeed, miss, it would have become you better to have told us before you went.

Gay. The resolution was too sudden, madam; we scarce knew ourselves till we put it in execution: but your niece, madam, has been in very good company, for we have been at the opera.

Lady R. You do well, madam, to make good use of your time; for, please Heaven, you shall go into the country next week. [*gentleman's leave for.*

Cla. That, madam, you and I both must ask this

Gay. Upon my word, madam, I have the honour to be this lady's protector, and shall take care henceforward she shall require no leave but her own for any of her actions. To-morrow, madam, she has promised to make me the happiest of men, in calling her mine for ever. [*no worse an end.*

Lady R. I am glad her indiscretion is come to

Sir S. But methinks, sir, as my niece is under my protection, you should have asked my consent. For now I do not know whether I will give it you or no—I am sure I do not much care to have you in the family. [*Aside.*

Col. Indeed, sir, but you shall give it him, and so shall your lady, and so shall my wife, and so will I. Mr. Gaylove, I think the family is much honoured

by your alliance. Adod! the girl is happy in her choice. [colonel.

Gay. I am infinitely obliged to your good opinion,

Mon. Be not dismayed; this will only put back your affair a little, you must only stand out the first game of the pool, that's all.

Col. Come, come, gentlemen and ladies, I hear the bell ring to supper; let us go all down stairs and be as merry as—as wit and good-humour can make us. I can't help saying my blood ran a little cold at one time, but I now defy appearances, and am convinced that jealousy is the foolishlest thing in the world, and that it is not in the power of mankind to hurt me with my wife.

Sir S. That captain's likeness sticks still in my stomach: if I was sure there was nothing in that, I think I should be a little easy; but that is not to be hoped. I am convinced now that I am a cuckold, and shall never find it out.

Mon. Sir Simon, here, shall be the merriest of us all. Believe me, knight, if it be the last day of your jealousy, it is the first of your happiness.

You husbands grow from these examples wise,
View your wives' conduct still with partial eyes.
If your opinions err, they better stray
In the good colonel's than sir Simon's way.
At ease still sleeps the credulous husband's breast;
Spite of his wife, within himself he's bless'd.
The jealous their own miseries create,
And make themselves the very thing they hate.

EPILOGUE. SPOKEN BY MRS. HERRON.

THE play being done, according to our laws,
I come to plead with you our author's cause.
As for our smart gallants, I know they'll say,
"Damn him! There's one sad character in's play.
What! on a couch, alone, and in the dark!
Ladies, there's no such fellow as this SPARK.
What can he mean in such an age as this is,
When scarce a beau but keeps a brace of misses?
They keep! why, gentlemen, perhaps, 'tis true,
So do our sweet Italian singers too.
What can one think of all the beaux in town,
When with the ladies such gallants go down?
Th' Italian dames, should this report grow common,
Will surely pity us poor English women.
By the vast sums we pay them for their strains,
They'll think, perhaps, we don't abound in brains.
But should they hear their singers turn gallants,
Beaux, faith! they'll think brains not your only wants.
Now for the wits—but they so nice are grown,
French only with their palates will go down.
French plays applause have, like French dishes, got,
Only because you understand them not.
Happy old England, in those glorious days,
When good plain English food and sense could please;
When men were dress'd like men, nor curl'd their hair
Instead of charming, to out-charm the fair.
They knew by manly means soft hearts to move,
Nor ask'd an eunuch's voice to melt their nymphs to love.
Ladies, 'tis yours to reinstate that age:
Do you assist the satire of the stage;
Teach foreign mimics by a generous scorn
You're not asham'd of being Britons born.
Make it to your eternal honour known
That men must bear your frowns whenever shown,
That they prefer all countries to their own.

PASQUIN; A DRAMATIC SATIRE ON THE TIMES:

BEING

THE REHEARSAL OF TWO PLAYS: VIZ,

A COMEDY CALLED THE ELECTION, AND

A TRAGEDY CALLED THE LIFE AND DEATH OF COMMON SENSE.

FIRST ACTED IN APRIL, 1736.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Trapwit, Fustian* (authors), MR. ROBERTS, MR. LACY; *Sneerwell* (a critic), MR. MACHEN; several Players and Prompter.—Persons in the Comedy: *Lord Place, Colonel Promise, Sir Henry Fox-Chace, Squire Tankard* (candidates), MRS. CHARKE, MR. FREEMAN, MR. TOPHAM, MR. SMITH; *Mayor*, MR. JONES; *Aldermen, Voters, &c.*; *Mrs. Mayoress*, MRS. EGERTON; *Miss Mayoress*, MISS J. JONES; *Miss Stitch*, MISS BURGESS; *Servants, Mob, &c.*—Persons in the Tragedy: *Queen Common-Sense*, MRS. EGERTON; *Queen Ignorance*, MR. STRENSHAM; *Firebrand* (Priest of the Sun), MR. ROBERTS; *Law*, MR. YATES; *Physic*, MR. JONES; *Ghost of Tragedy*, MR. PULLEN; *Ghost of Comedy*, MR. JONES; *Third Ghost*, MR. WALLIS; *Harlequin*, MR. PULLEN; *Officer*, MR. PULLEN; *Messenger*, MR. WALLIS; *Drummer*, MR. LOWDER; *Attendants on Ignorance*; *Maids of Honour, &c.*—SCENE, THE PLAY-HOUSE.

ACT I.—SCENE I.—*Enter several Players.*1 *Play.* When does the rehearsal begin?

2 *Play.* I suppose we shall hardly rehearse the comedy this morning, for the author was arrested as he was going home from King's coffee-house; and, as I heard it was for upward of four pound, I suppose he will hardly get bail.

1 *Play.* Where's the tragedy-author then? I have a long part in both, and it's past ten o'clock.

Wom. P. Ay, I have a part in both too; I wish any one else had them, for they are not seven lengths put together. I think it is very hard a woman of

my standing should have a short part put upon her. I suppose Mrs. Merit will have all our principal parts now, but I am resolved I'll advertise against her. I'll let the town know how I am injured.

1 *Play.* Oh! here comes our tragedy-poet.*Enter FUSTIAN.*

Fust. Gentlemen, your servant; ladies, yours. I should have been here sooner, but I have been obliged, at their own requests, to wait upon some half-dozen persons of the first quality with tickets: upon my soul I have been chid for putting off my play so long. I hope you are all quite perfect, for the town will positively stay for it no longer. I think I may very well put upon the bills, *At the particular desire of several ladies of quality*, the first night.

Enter Prompter.

Prompt. Mr. Fustian, we must defer the rehearsal of your tragedy, for the gentleman who plays the first ghost is not yet up; and when he is, he has got such a churchyard-cough he will not be heard to the middle of the pit.

1 *Play.* I wish you could cut the ghost out, sir; for I am terribly afraid he'll be damned if you don't.

Fust. Cut him out, sir! He is one of the most considerable persons in the play.

Prompt. Then, sir, you must give the part to somebody else; for the person is so lame he can hardly walk the stage.

Fust. Then he shall be carried, for no man in England can act a ghost like him. Sir, he was born a ghost—he was made for the part—and the part writ for him.

Prompt. Well, sir, then we hope you will give us leave to rehearse the comedy first.

Fust. Ay, ay, you may rehearse it first, if you please, and act it first too. If it keeps mine back above three nights, I am mistaken. I don't know what friends the author may have; but if ever such stuff, such damned, incoherent, senseless stuff, was ever brought on any stage—if the audience suffer it to go through three acts—Oh! he's here.

Enter TRAPWIT.

Dear Mr. Trapwit! your most humble servant, sir; I read your comedy over last night, and a most excellent one it is: if it runs as long as it deserves you will engross the whole season to yourself.

Trap. Sir, I am glad it met with your approbation, as there is no man whose taste and judgment I have a better opinion of. But pray, sir, why don't they proceed to the rehearsal of your tragedy? I assure you, sir, I had much difficulty to get hither so early.

2 Play. Yes, faith, I believe you had. [*Aside.*

Fust. Sir, your comedy is to be rehearsed first.

Trap. Excuse me, sir, I know the deference due to tragedy better.

Fust. Sir, I would not have you think I give up the cause of tragedy; but my ghost, being ill, sir, cannot get up without danger, and I would not risk the life of my ghost on any account.

Trap. You are in the right on't, sir; for a ghost is the soul of tragedy.

Fust. Ay, sir, I think it is not amiss to remind people of those things which they are now-a-days too apt to disbelieve; besides, we have lately had an act against witches, and I don't question but shortly we shall have one against ghosts. But come, Mr. Trapwit, as we are for this once to give the precedence to comedy, e'en let us begin.

Trap. Ay, ay, with all my heart. Come, come, where's the gentleman who speaks the prologue? This prologue, Mr. Fustian, was given me by a friend, who does not care to own it till he tries whether it succeeds or no.

Enter Player for the Prologue.

Come, sir, make a very low bow to the audience; and show as much concern as possible in your looks.

PROLOGUE.

As crafty lawyers, to acquire applause,
Try various arts to get a doubtful cause;
Or, as a dancing master in a jig,
With various steps instructs the dancing prig;
Or as a doctor writes you different bills;
Or as a quack prescribes you different pills;
Or as a fiddler plays more tunes than one;
Or as a baker bakes more bread than brown;
Or as a tumbler tumbles up and down;
So does our author, rummaging his brain,
By various methods try to entertain;
Brings a strange group of characters before you,
And shows you here at once both Whig and Tory;
Or court and country party you may call 'em:
But without fear and favour he will maul 'em.
To you, then, mighty sages of the pit—

Trap. Oh! dear sir, seem a little more affected, I beseech you; advance to the front of the stage, make a low bow, lay your hand upon your heart, fetch a deep sigh, and pull out your handkerchief: To you, then, mighty sages of the pit—

Prol. To you, then, mighty sages of the pit,
Our author humbly does his cause submit.
He tries to please—oh! take it not amiss:
And though it should be dull, oh! do not hiss;
Laugh, if you can—if you cannot laugh, weep:
When you can wake no longer—fall asleep.

Trap. Very well! very well, sir! You have affected me, I am sure. [*them.*

Fust. And so he will the audience, I'll answer for

Trap. Oh, sir, you're too good-natured; but, sir, I do assure you I had writ a much better prologue of my own; but, as this came gratis, have reserved it for my next play—a prologue saved is a prologue got, brother Fustian. But come, where are your actors? Is Mr. Mayor and the Aldermen at the table?

Prompt. Yes, sir, but they want wine, and we can get none from the quaker's cellar without ready money.

Trap. Rat him! can't he trust till the third night? Here, take sixpence, and fetch two pots of porter, put it into bottles, and it will do for wine well enough.

Fust. Ay, faith, and the wine will be as good as the wit, I'll answer for it. [*Aside.*

Trap. Mr. Fustian you'll observe I do not begin this play, like most of our modern comedies, with three or four gentlemen who are brought on only to talk wit; for, to tell you the truth, sir, I have very little, if any, wit in this play. No, sir, this is a play consisting of humour, nature, and simplicity. It is written, sir, in the exact and true spirit of Molière; and this I will say for it, that, except about a dozen, or a score, or so, there is not one impure joke in it. But come, clear the stage, and draw the back scene: Mr. Fustian, if you please to sit down by me.

Mayor and Aldermen discovered.

Fust. Pray, sir, who are these characters?

Trap. Sir, they are Mr. Mayor of the town and his brethren, consulting about the election.

Fust. Are they all of a side, sir?

Trap. Yes, sir, as yet; for you must know, sir, that all the men in this borough are very sensible people, and have no party principles for which they cannot give a good reason; Mr. Mayor, you begin the play.

May. Gentlemen, I have summoned you together to consider of proper representatives for this borough: you know the candidates on the court side are my lord Place and colonel Promise; the country candidates are sir Henry Fox-chace and squire Tankard; all worthy gentlemen, and I wish with all my heart we could choose them all four.

1 Ald. But since we cannot, Mr. Mayor, I think we should stand by our neighbours; gentlemen whose honesty we are witnesses of, and whose estates in our own neighbourhood render them not liable to be bribed.

Fust. This gentleman, Mr. Trapwit, does not seem so unbiassed in his principles as you represented him.

Trap. Pugh, sir! you must have one fool in a play; beside, I only writ him to set off the rest.

May. Mr. Alderman, you have a narrow way of thinking; honesty is not confined to a country; a man that lives an hundred miles off may be as honest as him who lives but three.

All. Ay, ay, ay, ay. [*Shaking their heads.*

May. Besides, gentlemen, are we not more obliged to a foreigner for the favours he does us than to one of our own neighbours who has obligations to us? I believe, gentlemen, there is not one of us who does not eat and drink with sir Harry at least twenty times in a twelvemonth; now, for my part, I never saw or heard of either my lord or the colonel till within this fortnight; and yet they are as obliging,

and civil, and familiar, as if we had been born and bred together.

1 *Ald.* Nay, they are very civil, well-bred men, that is the truth on't; but won't they bring a standing army upon us?

May. Mr. Alderman, you are deceived; the country party will bring a standing army upon us; whereas, if we choose my lord and the colonel, we shan't have a soldier in town. But, mum! here are my lord and the colonel.

Enter LORD PLACE and COL. PROMISE.

Place. Gentlemen, your most humble servant; I have brought the colonel to take a morning's whet with you.

May. Your lordship and the colonel do us great honour; pray, my lord, be pleased to sit down; pray, colonel, be pleased to sit. More wine here.

Fust. I wish, Mr. Trapwit, your actors don't get drunk in the first act.

Trap. Dear sir, don't interrupt the rehearsal.

Place. Gentlemen, prosperity to the corporation!

Fust. Sir, I am a well-wisher to the corporation, and, if you please, will pledge his lordship:—success to your comedy, Mr. Trapwit. [*Drinks.*]

Trap. Give me a glass—sir, here's to your tragedy. Now, pray, no more interruption; for this scene is one continual joke, and if you open your lips in it you will break the thread of the jest.

May. My lord, we are sensible of your great power to serve this corporation, and we do not doubt but we shall feel the effect on't.

Place. Gentlemen, you may depend on me; I shall do all in my power. I shall do you some services which are not proper at present to mention to you; in the mean time, Mr. Mayor, give me leave to squeeze you by the hand, in assurance of my sincerity.

Trap. You, Mr., that act my lord, bribe a little more openly, if you please, or the audience will lose that joke, and it is one of the strongest in my whole play. [*table.*]

Place. Sir, I cannot possibly do it better at the

Trap. Then get all up, and come forward to the front of the stage. Now, you gentlemen that act the mayor and aldermen, range yourselves in a line; and you, my lord and the colonel, come to one end and bribe away with right and left.

Fust. Is this wit, Mr. Trapwit?

Trap. Yes, sir, it is wit; and such wit as will run all over the kingdom.

Fust. But, methinks, colonel Promise, as you call him, is but ill-named; for he is a man of very few words.

Trap. You'll be of another opinion before the play is over; at present his hands are too full of business; and you may remember, sir, I before told you this is none of your plays wherein much is said and nothing done. Gentlemen, are you all bribed?

Omn. Yes, sir.

Trap. Then, my lord and the colonel, you must go off, and make room for the other candidates to come on and bribe too. [*Exeunt PLACE and PROMISE.*]

Fust. Is there nothing but bribery in this play of yours, Mr. Trapwit?

Trap. Sir, this play is an exact representation of nature; I hope the audience will date the time of action before the bill of bribery and corruption took place; and then I believe it may go down; but now, Mr. Fustian, I shall show you the art of a writer, which is, to diversify his matter, and do the same thing several ways. You must know, sir, I distinguish bribery into two kinds, the direct and the indirect: the first you have seen already; and now,

sir, I shall give you a small specimen of the other. Prompter, call sir Harry and the squire. But, gentlemen, what are you doing? How often shall I tell you that the moment the candidates are gone out you are to retire to the table, and drink and look wise; you, Mr. Mayor, ought to look very wise.

Fust. You'll take care he shall talk foolish enough, I warrant you. [*Aside.*]

May. Come, here's a round to my lord and the colonel's health; a Place and a Promise, I say; they may talk of the pride of courtiers, but I am sure I never had a civiller squeeze by the hand in my life.

Trap. Ay, you have squeezed that out pretty well; but show the gold at these words, sir, if you please.

May. I have none.

Trap. Pray, Mr. Prompter, take care to get some counters against it is acted.

Fust. Ha, ha, ha! upon my word the courtiers have topped their part; the actor has outdone the author; this bribing with an empty hand is quite in the character of a courtier.

Trap. Come, enter sir Harry and the squire. Where are they?

1 *Play.* Sir, Mr. Soundwell has been regularly summoned, but he has refused to act the part.

Trap. Has he been writ to?

1 *Play.* Yes, sir, and here's his answer.

Trap. Let both the letters be produced before the audience. Pray, Mr. Prompter, who shall we have to act the part?

1 *Play.* Sir, I like the part so well that I have studied it in the hope of some time playing it.

Trap. You are an exceeding pretty young fellow, and I am very glad of the exchange.

Sir H. Halloo, hark forwards; hark, honest Ned, good-morrow to you; how dost, master Mayor? What, you are driving it about merrily this morning? Come, come, sit down; the squire and I will take a pot with you. Come, Mr. Mayor, here's—liberty and property and no excise.

May. Sir Harry, your health. [*drink no excise!*]

Sir H. What, won't you pledge me? Won't you

May. I don't love party healths, sir Harry.

All Ald. No, no; no party healths, no party healths.

Sir H. Say ye so, gentlemen? I begin to smoke you; your pulses have been felt I perceive: and will you be bribed to sell your country? Where do you think these courtiers get the money they bribe you with, but from you yourselves? Do you think a man who will give a bribe won't take one? If you would be served faithfully, you must choose faithfully, and give your vote on no consideration but merit; for my part, I would as soon suborn an evidence at an assize as a vote at an election.

May. I do believe you, sir Harry.

Sir H. Mr. Mayor, I hope you received those three bucks I sent you, and that they were good.

May. Sir Harry, I thank you for them; but 'tis so long since I eat them that I have forgot the taste.

Sir H. We'll try to revive it—I'll order you three more to-morrow morning.

May. You will surfeit us with venison: you will indeed; for it is a dry meat, sir Harry, a very dry meat.

Sir H. We'll find a way to moisten it, I'll warrant you, if there be any wine in town. Mr. Alderman Stitch, your bill is too reasonable; you certainly must lose by it: send me in half a dozen more great coats, pray; my servants are the dirtiest dogs! Mr. Damask, I believe you are afraid to trust me, by those few yards of silk you sent my wife; she likes the pattern so extremely she is resolved to hang her rooms with it: pray let me have a hundred yards of it; I shall want more of you. Mr. Timber, and you, Mr. Iron, I shall get into your books too.

Fust. Would not that getting into books have been more in the character of the courtier, Mr. Trapwit?

Trap. Go on, go on, sir.

Sir H. That gentleman interrupts one so.—Oh, now I remember—Mr. Timber, and you Mr. Iron, I shall get into your books too; though if I do, I assure you I won't continue in them long.

Trap. Now, sir, would it have been more in the character of a courtier? But you are like all our modern critics, who damn a man before they have heard a man out; when, if they would but stay till the joke came—

Fust. They would stay to hear your last words, I believe. [*Aside.*]

Sir H. For you must know, gentlemen, that I intend to pull down my old house, and build a new one.

Trap. Pray, gentlemen, observe all to start at the word *house*. Sir Harry, that last speech again, pray.

Sir H. For you, &c.—Mr. Mayor, I must have all my bricks of you.

May. And do you intend to rebuild your house, sir Harry?

Sir H. Positively.

May. Gentlemen, methinks sir Harry's toast stands still; will nobody drink liberty and property, and no excise? [*They all drink and huzza.*]

Sir H. Give me thy hand, mayor; I hate bribery and corruption: if this corporation will not suffer itself to be bribed, there shall not be a poor man in it.

May. And he that will deserves to be poor; for my part, the world should not bribe me to vote against my conscience.

Trap. Do you take that joke, sir?

Fust. No, faith, sir.

Trap. Why, how can a man vote against his conscience who has no conscience at all?

1 Ald. Come, gentlemen, here's a Fox-chase and a Tankard!

Omnes. A Fox-chase and a Tankard! huzza!

Sir H. Come, let's have one turn in the market-place, and then we'll to dinner.

May. Let's fill the air with our repeated cries
Of liberty, and property, and no excise.

[*Exeunt Mayor and Aldermen.*]

Trap. How do you like that couplet, sir?

Fust. Oh! very fine, sir!

Trap. This is the end of the first act, sir.

Fust. I cannot but observe, Mr. Trapwit, how nicely you have opposed squire Tankard to colonel Promise; neither of whom have yet uttered one syllable.

Trap. Why you would not have every man a speaker, would you? One of a side is sufficient; and let me tell you, sir, one is full enough to utter all that the party has to say for itself.

Fust. Methinks, sir, you should let the audience know they can speak, if it were but an *ay* or a *no*.

Trap. Sir, the audience must know that already; for if they could not say *ay* and *no*, they would not be qualified for candidates.

Fust. Oh! your humble servant, I am answered; but pray, sir, what is the action of this play?

Trap. The action, sir?

Fust. Yes sir, the fable, the design?

Trap. Oh! you ask who is to be married? Why, sir, I have a marriage; I hope you think I understand the laws of comedy better than to write without marrying somebody.

Fust. But is that the main design to which every-

Trap. Yes, sir. [thing conduces?]

Fust. Faith, sir, I can't for the soul of me see

how what has hitherto passed can conduce at all to that end.

Trap. You can't? indeed, I believe you can't; for that is the whole plot of my play: and do you think I am like your shallow writers of comedy, who publish the bans of marriage between all the couples in their play in the first act? No, sir, I defy you to guess my couple till the thing is done, slap all at once; and that too by an incident arising from the main business of the play, and to which everything conduces.

Fust. That will, indeed, surprise me.

Trap. Sir, you are not the first man my writings have surprised. But what's become of all our players?—Here, who begins the second act?—Prompter!

Enter 1st Player.

1 Play. Sir, the prompter and most of the players are drinking tea in the green-room.

Trap. Mr. Fustian, shall we drink a dish of tea with them? Come, sir, as you have a part in my play, you shall drink a dish with us.

1 Play. Sir, I dare not go into the green-room; my salary is not high enough: I shall be forfeited if I go in there.

Trap. Pshaw! come along; your sister has merit enough for herself and you too: if they forfeit you, I'll warrant she'll take it off again.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—*Enter TRAPWIT, FUSTIAN, Prompter, LORD PLACE, Mrs. and Miss Mayoress.*

Trap. I am afraid, Mr. Fustian, you have hitherto suspected that I was a dabbler in low comedy; now, sir, you shall see some scenes of politeness and fine conversation among the ladies. Come, my lord, come, begin. [this lace cost a-yard?]

Place. Pray, Mrs. Mayoress, what do you think

Fust. A very pretty beginning of polite conversation, truly.

Trap. Sir, in this play I keep exactly up to nature, nor is there anything said in this scene that I have not heard come out of the mouths of the finest people of the age. Sir, this scene has cost me ten shillings in chair-hire, to keep the best company, as it is called. [than ten pounds a-yard.]

Mrs. M. Indeed, my lord, I cannot guess it at less

Place. Pray, madam, was you at the last ridotto?

Fust. Ridotto! the devil! a country mayoress at a ridotto! Sure, that is out of character, Mr. Trapwit!

Trap. Sir, a conversation of this nature cannot be carried on without these helps; besides, sir, this country mayoress, as you call her, may be allowed to know something of the town; for you must know, sir, that she has been woman to a woman of quality.

Fust. I am glad to hear that.

Mrs. M. Oh, my lord! mention not those dear ridottos to me, who have been confined these twelve long months in the country; where we have no entertainment but a set of hideous strolling players; nor have I seen any one human creature till your lordship came to town. Heaven send us a controverted election! then I shall go to that dear delightful place once more.

Miss M. Yes, mamma, and then we shall see Fari-belly, the strange man-woman that they say is with child; and the fine pictures of Merlin's cave at the playhouses; and the rope-dancing and the tumbling.

Fust. By miss's taste I believe she has been bred up under a woman of quality too.

Place. I cannot but with pleasure observe, madam, the polite taste miss shows in her choice of entertainments; I dare swear she will be much admired

in the *beau monde*, and I don't question but will be soon taken into keeping by some man of quality.

Miss M. Keeping, my lord!

Place. Ay, that surprise looks well enough in one so young, that does not know the world; but, miss, every one now keeps and is kept; there are no such things as marriages now a-days, unless merely Smithfield contracts, and that for the support of families; but then the husband and wife both take into keeping within a fortnight.

Mrs. M. My lord, I would have my girl act like other young ladies; but she does not know any men of quality who shall introduce her to 'em!

Place. That, madam, must be your part; you must take a house and see company; in a little while you may keep an assembly, and play at cards as high as you can; and almost all the money that is won must be put into the box, which you must call *paying for the cards*; though it is indeed paying for your candles, your clothes, your lodgings, and, in short, everything you have. I know some persons who make a very considerable figure in town, whose whole estate lies in their card-box.

Mrs. M. And have I been so long contented to be the wife of a poor country tradesman, when I might have had all this happiness?

Fust. How comes this lady, Mr. Trapwit, considering her education, to be so ignorant of all these things?

Trap. 'Gad, that's true; I had forgot her education, faith, when I writ that speech; it's a fault I sometimes fall into—a man ought to have the memory of a devil to remember every little thing; but come, go on, go on—I'll alter it by and by.

Place. Indeed, madam, it is a miserable state of life; I hope we shall have no such people as tradesmen shortly; I can't see any use they are of: if I am chose, I'll bring in a bill to extirpate all trade out of the nation.

Mrs. M. Yes, my lord, that would do very well amongst people of quality who don't want money.

Fust. Again! Sure Mrs. Mayoress knows very little of people of quality, considering she has lived amongst them.

Trap. Lord, sir, you are so troublesome. Then she has not lived amongst people of quality, she has lived where I please; but suppose we should suppose she had been woman to a lady of quality, may we not also suppose she was turned away in a fortnight, and then what could she know, sir? Go on, go on.

Place. Alack-a-day, madam, when I mention trade, I only mean low, dull, mechanic trade, such as the canaille practise; there are several trades reputable enough, which people of fashion may practise; such as gaming, intriguing, voting, and running in debt.

Trap. Come, enter a servant, and whisper my lord. [*Enter a Servant.*] Pray, sir, mind your cue of entrance. [*Exit Servant.*]

Place. Ladies, a particular affair obliges me to lose so good company. I am your most obedient servant. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. M. He is a prodigious fine gentleman.

Miss M. But must I go into keeping, mamma?

Mrs. M. Child, you must do what's in fashion.

Miss M. But I have heard that's a naughty thing.

Mrs. M. That can't be if your betters do it: people are punished for doing naughty things, but people of quality are never punished; therefore they never do any naughty things. [*racter.*]

Fust. An admirable syllogism, and quite in character.

Trap. Pshaw, dear sir! don't trouble me with character; it's a good thing; and if it's a good thing,

what signifies who says it?—Come, enter the mayor drunk.

Enter Mayor.

May. Liberty and property, and no excise, wife.

Mrs. M. Ah! filthy beast, come not near me.

May. But I will though; I am for liberty and property; I'll vote for no courtiers, wife.

Mrs. M. Indeed, but you shall, sir.

Miss M. I hope you won't vote for a nasty stinking Tory, papa.

May. What a pox! are you for the courtiers too?

Miss M. Yes, I hope I am a friend to my country; I am not for bringing in the pope.

May. No, nor I an't far a standing army.

Mrs. M. But I am for a standing army, sir; a standing army is a good thing: you pretend to be afraid of your liberties and your properties—you are afraid of your wives and daughters: I love to see soldiers in the town; and you may say what you will, I know the town loses nothing by 'em.

May. The women don't, I believe.

Mrs. M. And I'll have you know, the women's wants shall be considered, as well as yours. I think my lord and the colonel do you too much honour in offering to represent such a set of clownish, dirty, beggarly animals—Ah! I wish we women were to choose. [*then, indeed.*]

May. Ay, we should have a fine set of members

Mrs. M. Yes, sir, you would have none but pretty gentlemen—there should not be one man in the house of commons without a laced coat.

Miss M. O la! what a delicate, fine, charming sight that would be! Well, I like a laced coat; and if ever I am taken into keeping, it shall be by a man in a laced coat. [*you say?*]

May. What's that you say, minx? What's that

Mrs. M. What's that to you, sir? [*daughter?*]

May. Why, madam, must not I speak to my own

Mrs. M. You have the greater obligation to me, sir, if she is: I am sure, if I had thought you would have endeavoured to ruin your family, I would have seen you hanged before you should have had any

May. I ruin my family! [*by me.*]

Mrs. M. Yes, I have been making your fortune for you with my lord; I have got a place for you, but you won't accept on't.

Miss M. You shall accept on't.

Mrs. M. You shall vote for my lord and the colonel.

Miss M. They are the finest men—

Mrs. M. The prettiest men—

Miss M. The sweetest men—

Mrs. M. And you shall vote for them.

May. I won't be bribed.

Mrs. M. A place is no bribe—ask the parson of the parish if a place is a bribe.

May. What is the place?

Mrs. M. I don't know what the place is, nor my lord does not know what it is, but it is a great swingeing place.

May. I will have the place first. I won't take a bribe, I will have the place first; liberty and property! I'll have the place first. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. M. Come, my dear, follow me; I'll see whether he shall vote according to his conscience or mine.

I'll teach mankind, while policy they boast,

They bear the name of power, we rule the roast.

Trap. There ends act the second. [*Exeunt Mrs. and Miss Mayoress.*] Mr. Fustian, I inculcate a particular moral at the end of every act; and therefore, might have put a particular motto before every one, as the author of *Cæsar* in Egypt has done: thus, sir, my first act sweetly sings, Bribe all, bribe all; and the second gives you to understand that we

are all under petticoat-government; and my third will—but you shall see. Enter my lord Place, colonel Promise, and several voters. My lord, you begin the third act.

Enter LD. PLACE, COL. PROMISE, and several Voters.

Place. Gentlemen, be assured I will take care of you all; you shall all be provided for as fast as possible; the customs and the excise afford a great number of places. [at court?

1 *Voter.* Could not your lordship provide for me

Place. Nothing easier: what sort of a place would you like?

1 *Voter.* Is not there a sort of employment, sir, called—beef-eating?—If your lordship please to make me a beef-eater,—I would have a place fitted for my capacity.

Place. Sir, I will be sure to remember you.

2 *Voter.* My lord, I should like a place at court too; I don't much care what it is, provided I wear fine clothes, and have something to do in the kitchen or the cellar; I own I should like the cellar, for I am a devilish lover of sack. [laureat.

Place. Sack, say you? Odso, you shall be poet-

2 *Voter.* Poet! no, my lord, I am no poet, I can't make verses. [make odes.

Place. No matter for that,—you'll be able to

2 *Voter.* Odes, my lord! what are those?

Place. Faith, sir, I can't tell well what they are; but I know you may be qualified for the place without being a poet.

Trap. Now, my lord, do you file off, and talk apart with your people; and let the colonel advance.

Fust. Ay, faith, I think it is high time for the colonel to be heard.

Prom. Depend upon it, sir; I'll serve you.

Fust. Upon my word the colonel begins very well; but has not that been said already?

Trap. Ay, and if I was to bring an hundred courtiers into my play, they should all say it—none of them do it.

3 *Voter.* An't please your honour, I have read in a book called *Fog's Journal* that your honour's men are to be made of wax; now, sir, I have served my time to a wax work-maker, and desire to make your honour's regiment.

Prom. Sir, you may depend on me.

3 *Voter.* Are your officers to be made of wax too, sir? because I would prepare a finer sort for them.

Prom. No, none but the chaplain.

3 *Voter.* O! I have a most delicate piece of black wax for him.

Trap. You see, sir the colonel can speak when military affairs are on the carpet. Hitherto, Mr. Fustian, the play has gone on in great tranquillity; now you shall see a scene of a more turbulent nature. Come, enter the mob of both sides, and cudgel one another off the stage. Colonel, as your business is not to fight at present, I beg you would go off before the battle comes on; you and your brother candidate come into the middle of the stage; you voters range yourselves under your several leaders. [*The mob attempt to break in.*] Pray, gentlemen, keep back; mind, the colonel's going off is the cue for the battle to enter. Now, my lord, and the colonel, you are at the head of your parties—but hold, hold, hold! you beef-eater, go you behind my lord, if you please; and you soldier-maker, come you behind the colonel: now, gentlemen, speak.

Place. and *Prom.* Gentlemen, we'll serve you.

[*My lord and the colonel file off at different doors, the parties following.*]

Enter mob on each side of the stage, crying out promiscuously, Down with the Rump! No courtiers! No jacobites! Down with the pope! No excise! A

Place and a Promise! A Foxchase and a Tankard! At last they fall together by the ears, and cudgel one another off the stage.

Enter SIR HARRY, SQUIRE TANKARD, and Mayor.

Sir H. Bravely done, my boys, bravely done; faith, our party has got the day.

May. Ay, sir Harry, at dry blows we always come off well; if we could but disband the army, I warrant we carried all our points. But faith, sir, I have fought a hard battle on your account; the other side have secured my wife; my lord has promised her a place, but I am not to be gulled in that manner: I may be taken like a fish in the water, by a bait; but not like the dog in the water, by a shadow. [your country.

Sir H. I know you are an honest man, and love

May. Faith, that I do, sir Harry, as well as any man; if my country will but let me live by it, that's all I desire. [very suddenly.

Fust. Mr. Mayor seems to have got himself sober

Trap. Yes, so would you too, I believe, if you had been scolded at by your wife as long as he has; but if you think that is not reason enough, he may be drunk still, for any reason I see to the contrary: pray, sir, act this scene as if you was drunk.

Fust. Nay, I must confess, I think it quite out of character the mayor to be once sober during the whole election.

Tank. [*drunk.*] A man that won't get drunk for his country is a rascal.

May. So he is, noble squire; there's no honesty in a man that won't be drunk—A man that won't drink is an enemy to the trade of the nation.

Sir H. Those were glorious days when honest English hospitality flourished; when a country gentleman could afford to make his neighbours drunk, before your damned French fashions were brought over. Why, Mr. Mayor, would you think it? there are many of these courtiers who have six starved footmen behind a coach, and not half a hogshead of wine in their house; why, how do you think all the money is spent?

May. Faith, I can't tell.

Sir H. Why, in houses, pictures, lace, embroidery, nick-nacks, Italian singers, and French tumblers; and those who vote for them will never get a dinner of them after the election is over.

May. But there is a thought comes often into my head, which is this; if these courtiers be turned out, who shall succeed them?

Sir H. Who? why we!

Tank. Ay, we!

Sir H. And then we may provide for our friends. I love my country, but I don't know why I may not get something by it as well as another; at least to reimburse me.—And I do assure you, though I have not bribed a single vote, my election will stand me in a good five thousand pounds.

Tank. Ay, and so will mine me: but if ever we should get uppermost, sir Harry, I insist upon immediately paying off the debts of the nation.

Sir H. Mr. Tankard, that shall be done with all convenient speed.

Tank. I'll have no delay in it, sir.

May. There spoke the spirit of a true Englishman: ah! I love to hear the squire speak; he will be a great honour to his country in foreign parts.

Sir H. Our friends stay for us at the tavern; we'll go and talk more over a bottle.

Tank. With all my heart; but I will pay off the debts of the nation.

May. Come to the tavern then:—

There, while brisk wine improves our conversation, We at our pleasure will reform the nation.

Trap. There ends act the third.

[*Exeunt* SIR HARRY, TANKARD, and Mayor.

Fust. Pray, sir, what's the moral of this act?

Trap. And you really don't know?

Fust. No, really.

Trap. Then I really will not tell you; but come, sir, since you cannot find that out, I'll try whether you can find out the plot; for now it is just going to begin to open, it will require a very close attention, I assure you; and the devil take me if I give you any assistance.

Fust. Is not the fourth act a little too late to open the plot, Mr. Trapwit?

Trap. Sir, 'tis an error on the right side: I have known a plot open in the first act, and the audience, and the poet too, forget it before the third was over: now, sir, I am not willing to burden either the audience's memory or my own; for they may forget all that is hitherto past, and know full as much of the plot as if they remembered it.

Prompt. Call Mr. Mayor, Mrs. Mayoress, and Miss.

Enter Mayor, Mrs. and Miss Mayoress.

Mrs. M. O! have I found you at last, sir? I have been hunting for you this hour.

May. Faith, my dear, I wish you had found me sooner; I have been drinking to the good old cause with sir Harry and the squire: you would have been heartily welcome to all the company.

Mrs. M. Sir, I shall keep no such company; I shall converse with no clowns or country squires.

Miss M. My mamma will converse with no jacobites.

May. But, my dear, I have some news for you; I have got a place for myself now. [at last?

Mrs. M. O ho! then you will vote for my lord

May. No, my dear; sir Harry is to give me a place.

Mrs. M. A place in his dog-kennel?

May. No, 'tis such a one as you never could have got me from my lord; I am to be made an ambassador.

Mrs. M. What, is sir Harry going to change sides then, that he is to have all this interest?

May. No, but the sides are going to be changed; and sir Harry is to be—I don't know what to call him, not I—some very great man; and as soon as he is a very great man I am to be made an ambassador of.

Mrs. M. Made an ass of! Will you never learn of me that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush?

May. Yes, but I can't find that you had the bird in hand; if that had been the case I don't know what I might have done; but I am sure any man's promise is as good as a courtier's.

Mrs. M. Look'ye, Mr. Ambassador that is to be; will you vote as I would have you or no? I am weary of arguing with a fool any longer; so, sir, I tell you you must vote for my lord and the colonel, or I'll make the house too hot to hold you; I'll see whether my poor family is to be ruined because you have whims.

Miss M. I know he is a jacobite in his heart.

Mrs. M. What signifies what he is in his heart? have not a hundred, whom everybody knows to be as great jacobites as he, acted like very good whigs? What has a man's heart to do with the lips? I don't trouble my head with what he thinks; I only desire him to vote. [woman.

Miss M. I am sure mamma is a very reasonable

Mrs. M. Yes, I am too reasonable a woman, and have used gentle methods too long; but I'll try others. [*Goes to a corner of the stage, and takes a stick.*

May. Nay, then, liberty and property, and no excise!

[*Runs off.*

Mrs. M. I'll excise you, you villain!

[*Runs after him.*

Miss M. Hey ho! I wish somebody were here now. Would the man that I love best in the world were here, that I might use him like a dog!

Fust. Is not that a very odd wish, Mr. Trapwit?

Trap. No, sir; don't all the young ladies in plays use all their lovers so? Should we not lose half the best scenes in our comedies else?

Prompt. Pray, gentlemen, don't disturb the rehearsal so: where is this servant? [*Enter* Servant.] Why don't you mind your cue?

Serv. O, ay, dog's my cue. Madam, here's Miss Stitch, the tailor's daughter, come to wait on you.

Miss M. Show her in. What can the impertinent flirt want with me? She knows I hate her too for being of the other party: however, I'll be as civil to her as I can.

Enter MISS STITCH.

Dear miss! your servant; this is an unexpected favour.

Miss S. I am sure, madam, you have no reason to say so; for, though we are of different parties, I have always coveted your acquaintance. I can't see why people may not keep their principles to themselves. [*Aside.*

Miss M. Pray, miss, sit down. Well, have you any news in town?

Miss S. I don't know, my dear, for I have not been out these three days; and I have been employed all that time in reading one of the Crafts-men: 'tis a very pretty one; I have almost got it by heart.

Miss M. [*Aside.*] Saucy flirt! she might have spared that to me when she knows that I hate the paper. [you never read it.

Miss S. But I ask your pardon, my dear; I know

Miss M. No, madam, I have enough to do to read the "Daily Gazetteer." My father has six of 'em sent him every week for nothing; they are very pretty papers, and I wish you would read them, miss. [writ by an old woman?

Miss S. Fie upon you! how can you read what's

Miss M. An old woman, miss?

Miss S. Yes, miss, by Mrs. Osborne. Nay, it is in vain to deny it to me.

Miss M. I desire, madam, we may discourse no longer on this subject; for we shall never agree on it.

Miss S. Well, then, pray let me ask you seriously—are you thoroughly satisfied with this peace?

Miss M. Yes, madam, and I think you ought to be so too.

Miss S. I should like it well enough if I were sure the queen of Spain was to be trusted.

Miss M. [*Rising.*] Pray, miss, none of your insinuations against the queen of Spain.

Miss S. Don't be in a passion, madam.

Miss M. Yes, madam, but I will be in a passion, when the interest of my country is at stake.

Miss S. [*Rising.*] Perhaps, madam, I have a heart as warm in the interest of my country as you can have; though I pay money for the papers I read, madam, and that's more than you can say.

Miss M. Miss, miss, my papers are paid for too by somebody, though I don't pay for them; I don't suppose the old woman, as you call her, sends 'em about at her own expense; but I'd have you to know, miss, I value my money as little as you in my country's cause; and rather than have no army, I would part with every farthing of these sixteen shillings to maintain it.

Miss S. And if my sweetheart was to vote for the colonel, though I like this fan of all the fans I

ever saw in my life, I would tear it all to pieces, because it was his Valentine's gift to me. Oh, heavens! I have torn my fan; I would not have torn my fan for the world! Oh! my poor dear fan! I wish all parties were at the devil, for I am sure I shall never get a fan by them.

Miss M. Notwithstanding all you have said, madam, I should be a brute not to pity you under this calamity: comfort yourself, child, I have a fan the exact fellow to it; if you bring your sweetheart over to vote for the colonel you shall have it.

Miss S. And can I sell my country for a fan? What's my country to me? I shall never get a fan by it. And will you give it me for nothing?

Miss M. I'll make you a free present of it.

Miss S. I am ashamed of your conquest, but I'll take the fan.

Miss M. And now, my dear, we'll go and drink a dish of tea together.

And let all parties blame me if they can,
Who're bribed by honours trifling as a fan,

[*Exeunt Misses.*]

Trap. There ends act the fourth. If you want to know the moral of this, the devil must be in you. Faith, this incident of the fan struck me so strongly that I was once going to call this comedy by the name of *The Fan*. But come, now for act the fifth.

Prompt. Sir, the player who is to begin it is just stepped aside on some business; he begs you would stay a few minutes for him.

Trap. Come, Fustian, you and I will step into the green-room, and chat with the actresses meanwhile.

[*persons to talk of parties?*]

Fust. But don't you think these girls improper?

Trap. Sir, I assure you it is not out of nature: and I have often heard these affairs canvassed by men who had not one whit more understanding than these girls.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.—SCENE I.—*Enter TRAPWIT, FUSTIAN, and SNEERWELL.*

Trap. Fie upon't, fie upon't! make no excuses.

Sneer. Consider, sir, I am my own enemy.

Trap. I do consider that you might have passed your time, perhaps, here as well as in another place.

Sneer. But I hope I have not transgressed much.

Trap. All's over, sir, all's over; you might as well have stayed away entirely; the fifth act's beginning, and the plot's at an end.

Sneer. What's the plot at an end before the fifth act is begun?

Trap. No, no, no, no, I don't mean at an end; but we are so far advanced in it that it will be impossible for you to comprehend or understand anything of it.

Fust. You have too mean an opinion of Mr. Sneerwell's capacity; I'll engage he shall understand as much of it as I, who have heard the other four.

Trap. Sir, I can't help your want of understanding or apprehension; 'tis not my fault if you cannot take a hint, sir: would you have a catastrophe in every act? Oons and the devil! have not I promised you you should know all by and by? but you are so impatient!

Fust. I think you have no reason to complain of my want of patience. Mr. Sneerwell, be easy; 'tis but one short act before my tragedy begins; and that I hope will make you amends for what you are to undergo before it. Trapwit, I wish you would begin.

[*members in their chairs?*]

Trap. I wish so too. Come, prompter! are the

Prompt. Yes, sir.

Trap. Then carry them over the stage: but, hold,

hold, hold! where is the woman to strew the flowers? [*The members are carried over the stage.*] Halloo, mob, halloo, halloo! Oons, Mr. Prompter! you must get more mob to halloo, or these gentlemen will never be believed to have had the majority.

Prompt. Sir, I can get no more mob; all the rest of the mob are gone to St. James's-park to see the show.

[*men in the chairs?*]

Sneer. Pray, Mr. Trapwit, who are these gentle-

Trap. Ay, sir, this is your staying away so long; if you had been here the first four acts you would have known who they were.

Fust. Dear Sneerwell, ask him no more questions; if you inquire into every absurdity you see we shall have no tragedy to-day.

Trap. Come, Mr. Mayor and Mrs. Mayoress.

Enter Mayor and Mrs. Mayoress.

May. So, now you have undone yourself your own way; you have made me vote against my conscience and interest too, and now I have lost both parties.

Mrs. M. How have you lost both parties?

May. Why, my lord will never remember my voting for him, now he has lost the day; and sir Harry, who has won it, will never forgive my voting against him: let which side will be uppermost, I shall have no place till the next election.

Mrs. M. It will be your own fault then, sir; for you have it now in your power to oblige my lord more than ever; go and return my lord and the colonel as duly elected, and I warrant you I do your business with him yet.

May. Return 'em, my dear? Why there was a majority of two or three score against 'em.

Mrs. M. A fig for a majority of two or three score! if there had been a majority of as many hundred, you'll never be called to an account for returning them; and when you have returned 'em, you'll have done all in your power. How can you expect that great men should do anything to serve you if you stick at anything to serve them?

May. My conscience boggles at this thing—but yet it is impossible I should ever get anything by the other side.

Mrs. M. Ay, let that satisfy your conscience, that it is the only way to get anything.

May. Truly, I think it has.

Sneer. I think, Mr. Trapwit, interest would be a better word there than conscience.

Trap. Ay, interest or conscience, they are words of the same meaning; but I think conscience rather politer of the two, and most used at court.

Mrs. M. Besides, it will do a service to your town, for half of them must be carried to London at the candidates' expense; and I dare swear there is not one of them, whatever side he votes of, but would be glad to put the candidate to as much expense as he can in an honest way.

[*Exit Mayor.*]

Enter Miss Mayoress, crying.

Miss M. Oh, mamma, I have grieved myself to death at the court party's losing the day; for if the others should have a majority in the house, what would become of us? alas, we should not go to London!

Mrs. M. Dry up your tears, my dear, all will be well; your father shall return my lord and the colonel, and we shall have a controverted election, and we will go to London, my dear.

Miss M. Shall we go to London? then I am easy; but if we had staid here I should have broke my heart for the love of my country.—Since my father returns them, I hope justice will find some friends above, where people have sense enough to know the right side from the left; however, happen what will, there is some consolation in going to London.

Mrs. M. But I hope you have considered well what my lord told you, that you will not scruple going into keeping: perhaps, you will have it in your power to serve your family, and it would be a great sin not to do all you can for your family.

Miss. I have dreamt of nothing but coaches and six, and balls, and treats, and shows, and masquerades ever since.

Fust. Dreamt, sir? why, I thought the time of your comedy had been confined to the same day, Mr. Trapwit?

Trap. No, sir, it is not; but suppose it was, might she not have taken an afternoon's nap? [do.]

Sneer. Ay, or dreamt waking, as several people

Enter LORD PLACE and COL. PROMISE.

Place. Madam, I am come to take my leave of you; I am very sensible of my many obligations to you, and shall remember them till the next election, when I will wait on you again; nay, I don't question but we shall carry our point yet, though they have given us the trouble of a petition.

Mrs. M. No, no, my lord, you are not yet reduced to that; I have prevailed on my husband to return you and the colonel.

Place. To return us, madam?

Mrs. M. Yes, my lord, as duly elected; and when we have returned you so, it will be your own fault if you don't prove yourself so.

Place. Madam, this news has so transported my spirits, that I fear some ill effect unless you instantly give me a dram.

Mrs. M. If your lordship please to walk with me into my closet, I'll equip your lordship. [Exit.]

Trap. How do you like that dram, sir?

Sneer. Oh! most excellent!

Fust. I can't say so, unless I tasted it.

Trap. Faith, sir, if it had not been for that dram my play had been at an end.

Fust. The devil take the dram with all my heart!

Trap. Now, Mr. Fustian, the plot, which has hitherto been only carried on by hints, and opened itself like the infant spring by small and imperceptible degrees to the audience, will display itself like a ripe matron, in its full summer's bloom; and cannot, I think, fail with its attractive charms, like a loadstone, to catch the admiration of every one like a trap, and raise an applause like thunder, till it makes the whole house like a hurricane. I must desire a strict silence through this whole scene. Colonel, stand you still on this side of the stage; and, miss, do you stand on the opposite.—There, now look at each other. [A long silence here.]

Fust. Pray, Mr. Trapwit, is nobody ever to speak again?

Trap. Oh! the devil! You have interrupted the scene; after all my precautions the scene's destroyed; the best scene of silence that ever was penned by man. Come, come, you may speak now; you may speak as fast as you please.

Prom. Madam, the army is very much obliged to you for the zeal you show for it; me, it has made your slave for ever; nor can I ever think of being happy unless you consent to marry me.

Miss M. Ha! and can you be so generous to forgive all my ill usage of you?

Fust. What ill usage, Mr. Trapwit? For, if I mistake not, this is the first time these lovers spoke to one another.

Trap. What ill usage, sir? a great deal, sir.

Fust. When, sir? where, sir?

Trap. Why, behind the scenes, sir. What, would you have everything brought upon the stage? I intend to bring ours to the dignity of the French stage; and I have Horace's advice on my side. We

have many things both said and done in our comedies which might be better performed behind the scenes: the French, you know, banish all cruelty from their stage; and I don't see why we should bring on a lady in ours practising all manner of cruelty upon her lover: besides, sir, we do not only produce it, but encourage it; for I could name you some comedies, if I would, where a woman is brought in for four acts together, behaving to a worthy man in a manner for which she almost deserves to be hanged; and in the fifth, forsooth, she is rewarded with him for a husband: now, sir, as I know this hits some tastes, and am willing to oblige all, I have given every lady a latitude of thinking mine has behaved in whatever manner she would have her. [have the scene.]

Sneer. Well said, my little Trap! but pray let us

Trap. Go on, miss, if you please.

Miss M. I have struggled with myself to put you to so many trials of your constancy; nay, perhaps have indulged myself a little too far in the innocent liberties of abusing you, tormenting you, coquetting, lying, and jilting; which as you are so good to forgive, I do faithfully promise to make you all the amends in my power, by making you a good wife.

Trap. That single promise, sir, is more than any of my brother authors had ever the grace to put into the mouth of any of their fine ladies yet; so that the hero of a comedy is left in a much worse condition than the villain of a tragedy, and I would choose rather to be hanged with the one than married with the other. [in the right on't.]

Sneer. Faith, Trapwit, without a jest, thou art

Fust. Go on, go on, dear sir, go on.

Prom. And can you be so generous, so great, so good? Oh! load not thus my heart with obligations, lest it sink beneath its burden! Oh! could I live a hundred thousand years, I never could repay the bounty of that last speech! Oh! my paradise!

Eternal honey drops from off your tongue!

And when you spoke, then Farinelli sung!

Trap. Open your arms, miss, if you please; remember you are no coquet now: how pretty this looks! don't it? [Mimicking her.] Let me have one of your best embraces, I desire: do it once more, pray—There, there, that's pretty well; you must practise this behind the scenes.

[Exeunt Miss M. and PROM.]

Sneer. Are they gone to practice, now, Mr. Trapwit? [joker.]

Trap. You're a joker, Mr. Sneerwell; you're a

Enter LORD PLACE, Mayor, and Mrs. Mayoress.

Place. I return you my hearty thanks, Mr. Mayor, for this return! and in return of the favour, I will certainly do you a very good turn very soon.

Fust. I wish the audience don't do you an ill turn, Mr. Trapwit, for that last speech. [or two.]

Sneer. Yes, faith, I think I would cut out a turn

Trap. Sir, I'll sooner cut off an ear or two: sir, that's the very best thing in the whole play. Come, enter the colonel and Miss—married. [peditious.]

Sneer. Upon my word, they have been very ex-

Trap. Yes, sir; the parson understands his business, he has plied several years at the Fleet.

Enter COL. PROMISE and Miss Mayoress.

Prom. and Miss (kneeling). Sir, and madam, your

Mrs. M. and May. Ha! [blessing.]

Prom. Your daughter, sir and madam, has made me the happiest of mankind.

Mrs. M. Colonel, you know you might have had my consent; why did you choose to marry without it? However, I give you both my blessing.

May. And so do I.

Place. Then call in my brother candidates; we will spend this night in feast and merriment.

Fust. What has made these two parties so suddenly friends, Mr. Trapwit?

Trap. What? why the marriage, sir; the usual reconciler at the end of a comedy. I would not have concluded without every person on the stage for the world.

Place. Well, colonel, I see you are setting out for life, and so I wish you a good journey.

And you, gallants, from what you've seen to-night, If you are wrong, may set your judgments right; Nor, like our misses, about bribing quarrel, When better herring is in neither barrel.

[*Manent FUST., TRAP., and SNEER.*]

Trap. Thus ends my play, sir.

Fust. Pray, Mr. Trapwit, how has the former part of it conduced to this marriage?

Trap. Why, sir, do you think the colonel would ever have had her but on the prospect her father has from this election?

Sneer. Ay, or to strengthen his interest with the returning officer?

Trap. Ay, sir, I was just going to say so.

Sneer. But where's your epilogue?

Trap. Faith, sir, I can't tell what I shall do for an epilogue.

Sneer. What! have you writ none?

Trap. Yes, faith, I have writ one, but—

Sneer. But what?

Trap. Faith, sir, I can get no one to speak it; the actresses are so damn'd difficult to please. When first I writ it they would not speak it, because there were not double-entendres enough in it; upon which I went to Mr. Watt's and borrowed all his plays; went home, read over all the epilogues, and crammed it as full as possible; and now, forsooth, it has too many in it. Oons! I think we must get a pair of scales and weigh out a sufficient quantity of that same. [if you please.]

Fust. Come, come, Mr. Trapwit, clear the stage,

Trap. With all my heart; for I have overstayed my time already; I am to read my play to-day to six different companies of quality. [hope?]

Fust. You'll stay and see the tragedy rehearsed, I

Trap. Faith, sir, it is my great misfortune that I can't; I deny myself a great pleasure, but cannot possibly stay—to hear such damn'd stuff as I know it must be. [Aside.]

Sneer. Nay, dear Trapwit, you shall not go. Consider, your advice may be of some service to Mr. Fustian; besides, he has stayed the rehearsal of your play—

Fust. Yes, I have—and kept myself awake with much difficulty. [Aside.]

Trap. Nay, nay, you know I can't refuse you—though I shall certainly fall asleep in the first act. [Aside.]

Sneer. If you'll let me know who your people of quality are, I'll endeavour to bring you off.

Trap. No, no, hang me if I tell you, ha, ha, ha! I know you too well.—But prithee, now, tell me, Fustian, how dost thou like my play? dost think it will do?

Fust. 'Tis my opinion it will.

Trap. Give me a guinea, and I'll give you a crown a night as long as it runs.

Sneer. That's laying against yourself, Mr. Trapwit.

Trap. I love a hedge, sir.

Fust. Before the rehearsal begins, gentlemen, I must beg your opinion of my dedication: you know, a dedication is generally a bill drawn for value therein contained; which value is a set of nauseous fulsome compliments which my soul abhors and

scorns; for I mortally hate flattery, and therefore have carefully avoided it.

Sneer. Yes, faith, a dedication without flattery will be worth the seeing.

Fust. Well, sir, you shall see it. Read it, dear Trapwit; I hate to read my own works.

Trap. [*Reads.*] "My Lord, at a time when nonsense, dullness, lewdness, and all manner of profaneness and immorality are daily practised on the stage, I have prevailed on my modesty to offer to your lordship's protection a piece which, if it has no merit to recommend it, has at least no demerit to disgrace it; nor do I question at this, when every one else is dull, you will be pleased to find one exception to the number."

"I cannot indeed help assuming to myself some little merit from the applause which the town has so universally conferred upon me."

Fust. That you know, Mr. Sneerwell, may be omitted, if it should meet with any ill-natured opposition; for which reason, I shall not print off my dedication till after the play is acted.

Trap. [*Reads.*] "I might here indulge myself with a delineation of your lordship's character; but as I abhor the least imputation of flattery, and as I am certain your lordship is the only person in this nation that does not love to hear your praises, I shall be silent—only this give me leave to say, That you have more wit, sense, learning, honour, and humanity, than all mankind put together; and your person comprehends in it everything that is beautiful; your air is everything that is graceful, your look everything that is majestic, and your mind is a storehouse where every virtue and every perfection are lodged: to pass by your generosity, which is so great, so glorious, so diffusive, that like the sun it eclipses, and makes stars of all your other virtues—I could say more—"

Sneer. Faith, sir, that's more than I could.

Trap. "But shall commit a violence upon myself, and conclude with assuring your lordship, that I am, my lord, your lordship's most obedient, most devoted, most obsequious, and most obliged humble servant."

Fust. There you see it, sir, concise, and not fulsome.

Sneer. Very true, sir, if you had said less it would not have done.

Fust. No, I think less would have been downright rude, considering it was to a person of the first quality.

Sneer. Prithee, Trapwit, let's see yours.

Trap. I have none, sir.

Fust. How, sir? no dedication?

Trap. No, sir, for I have dedicated so many plays, and received nothing for them, that I am resolved to trust no more; I'll let no more flattery go out of my shop without being paid beforehand.

Fust. Sir, flattery is so cheap, and every man of quality keeps so many flatterers about him, that egad our trade is quite spoil'd; but if I am not paid for this dedication, the next I write shall be a satirical one; if they won't pay me for opening my mouth, I'll make them pay me for shutting it. But since you have been so kind, gentlemen, to like my dedication, I'll venture to let you see my prologue. Sir, I beg the favour of you to repeat the prologue, if you are perfect in it. [To a Player.]

Play. Sir, I'll do it to the best of my power.

Fust. This prologue was writ by a friend.

PROLOGUE.

When Death's sharp scythe has mow'd the hero down,
The muse again awakes him to renown;
She tells proud Fate that all her darts are vain,
And bids the hero live and strut about again:
Nor is she only able to restore,
But she can make what ne'er was made before;
Can search the realms of Fancy, and create
What never came into the brain of Fate.

Forth from these realms, to entertain to-night,
She brings imaginary kings and queens to light,
Bids Common Sense in person mount the stage,
And Harlequin to storm in tragic rage.
Britons, attend; and decent reverence show
To her, who made th' Athenian bosoms glow;
Whom the undaunted Romans could revere,
And who in Shakspeare's time was worshipp'd here;

If none of these can her success presage,
Your hearts at least a wonder may engage:
Oh! love her like her sister monsters of the age.

Sneer. Faith, sir, your friend has writ a very fine prologue.

Fust. Do you think so? Why then, sir, I must assure you, that friend is no other than myself. But come, now for the tragedy. Gentlemen, I must desire you all to clear the stage, for I have several scenes which I could wish it was as big again for.

2d Player enters and whispers TRAPWIT.

2 Play. Sir, a gentlewoman desires to speak to *Trap.* Is she in a chair? [you.

2 Play. No, sir, she is in a riding-hood, and says she has brought you a clean shirt. [Exit.

Trap. I'll come to her.—Mr. Fustian, you must excuse me a moment; a lady of quality hath sent to take some boxes. [Exit.

Prompt. Common Sense, sir, desires to speak with *Fust.* I'll wait upon her. [you in the green-room.

Sneer. You ought, for it is the first message, I believe, you ever received from her. [Aside.

Exeunt FUS. and SNEER.

Enter a Dancer.

Danc. Look'e, Mr. Prompter, I expect to dance first goddess; I will not dance under Miss Minuet; I am sure I show more to the audience than any lady upon the stage.

Prompt. Madam, it is not my business.

Danc. I don't know whose business it is; but I think the town ought to be the judges of a dancer's merit; I am sure they are on my side; and if I am not used better, I'll go to France; for now we have got all their dancers away, perhaps they may be glad of some of ours.

Prompt. Heyday! what's the matter?

[A noise within.

Enter Player.

Play. The author and Common Sense are quarrelling in the green-room.

Prompt. Nay, then, that's better worth seeing than anything in the play. [Exit Prompt.

Danc. Hang this play, and all plays; the dancers are the only people that support the house; if it were not for us they might act their Shakspeare to empty benches.

ACT IV.—SCENE I. *Enter FUSTIAN and SNEERWELL.*

Fust. These little things, Mr. Sneerwell, will sometimes happen. Indeed a poet undergoes a great deal before he comes to his third night; first with the muses, who are humorous ladies, and must be attended; for if they take it into their head at any time to go abroad and leave you, you will pump your brain in vain: then, sir, with the master of a playhouse to get it acted, whom you generally follow a quarter of a year before you know whether he will receive it or no; and then, perhaps, he tells you it won't do, and returns it to you again, reserving the subject, and perhaps the name, which he brings out in his next pantomime; but if he should receive the play, then you must attend again to get it writ out into parts and rehearsed. Well, sir, at last, the rehearsals begin; then sir, begins another scene of trouble with the actors, some of whom don't like their parts, and all are continually plaguing you with alterations: at length, after having waded through all these difficulties, his play appears on the stage, where one man hisses out of resentment to the author, a second out of dislike to the house, a third out of dislike to the actor, a fourth out of dislike to the play, a fifth for the joke sake, a sixth to keep all the rest in company. Enemies abuse

him, friends give him up, the play is damned, and the author goes to the devil: so ends the farce.

Sneer. The tragedy rather, I think, Mr. Fustian. But what's become of *Trapwit*?

Fust. Gone off, I suppose; I knew he would not stay; he is so taken up with his own performances, that he has no time to attend any others. But come, *Prompter*, will the tragedy never begin?

Enter Prompter.

Prompt. Yes, sir, they are all ready; come, draw up the curtain.

FIREBRAND, LAW, and PHYSIC discovered.

Sneer. Pray, Mr. Fustian, who are these personages?

Fust. That in the middle, sir, is *Firebrand*, priest of the Sun; he on the right represents *Law*, and he on the left *Physic*.

Fireb. Avert these omens, ye auspicious stars!

Fust. What omens? where the devil is the thunder and lightning?

Prompt. Why don't you let go the thunder there, and flash your rosin? [Thunder and lightning.

Fust. Now, sir, begin if you please. I desire, sir, you will get a larger thunderbowl and two pennyworth more of lightning against the representation. Now, sir, if you please.

Fireb. Avert these omens, ye auspicious stars!

Oh *Law*! oh *Physic*! As last, even late,
I offer'd sacred incense in the temple,
The temple shook—strange prodigies appear'd;
A cat in boots did dance a rigadoon,
While a huge dog play'd on the violin;
And whilst I trembling at the altar stood,
Voices were heard i' th' air, and seem'd to say,
"Awake, my drowsy sons, and sleep no more:"
They must mean something!—

Law. Certainly they must.

We have our omens too! The other day
A mighty deluge swam into our hall,
As if it meant to wash away the law:
Lawyers were forced to ride on porters' shoulders:
One, O prodigious omen! tumbled down,
And he and all his briefs were sous'd together.
Now, if I durst my sentiments declare,
I think it is not hard to guess the meaning.

Fireb. Speak boldly; by the powers I serve, I
You speak in safety, even though you speak [swear
Against the gods, provided that you speak
Not against priests.

Law. What then can the powers

Mean by these omens, but to rouse us up
From the lethargic sway of Common Sense?
And well they urge, for while that drowsy queen
Maintains her empire, what becomes of us?

Phys. My lord of *Law*, you speak my sentiments;
For though I wear the mask of loyalty,
And outward show a reverence to the queen,
Yet in my heart I hate her: yes, by heaven,
She stops my proud ambition! keeps me down
When I would soar upon an eagle's wing,
And thence look down, and dose the world below.

Law. Thou know'st, my lord of *Physic*, I had
Been privileged by custom immemorial, [long
In tongues unknown, or rather none at all,
My edicts to deliver through the land; [abridged
When this proud queen, this Common Sense,
My power, and made me understood by all. [court

Phys. My lord, there goes a rumour through the
That you descended from a family
Related to the queen; Reason is said
T' have been the mighty founder of your house.

Law. Perhaps so; but we have raised ourselves so
And shook this founder from us off so far, [high,
We hardly deign to own from whence we came.

Fireb. My lords of Law and Physic, I have heard
With perfect approbation all you've said ;
And since I know you men of noble spirit,
And fit to undertake a glorious cause,
I will divulge myself: know, through this mask,
Which to impose on vulgar minds I wear,
I am an enemy to Common Sense ;
But this not for Ambition's earthly cause,
But to enlarge the worship of the Sun ;
To give his priests a just degree of power,
And more than half the profits of the land.
Oh! my good lord of Law, would'st thou assist,
In spite of Common Sense it may be done.

Law. Propose the method.

Fireb. Here, survey this list.
In it you'll find a certain set of names,
Whom well I know sure friends to Common Sense ;
These it must be our care to represent
The greatest enemies to the gods and her.
But hush! the queen approaches.

Enter QUEEN COMMON SENSE, attended by two
Maids of Honour.

Fust. What! but two maids of honour?

Prompt. Sir, a jew carried off the other, but I
shall be able to pick up some more against the play
is acted. [morning;

Q. C. S. My lord of Law, I sent for you this
I have a strange petition given to me.

Two men, it seems, have lately been at law
For an estate, which both of them have lost,
And their attorneys now divide between them.

Law. Madam, these things will happen in the law.

Q. C. S. Will they, my lord? then better we
had none:

But I have also heard a sweet bird sing,
That men unable to discharge their debts
At a short warning, being sued for them,
Have, with both power and will their debts to pay,
Lain all their lives in prison for their costs.

Law. That may, perhaps, be some poor person's
Too mean to entertain your royal ear. [case,

Q. C. S. My lord, while I am queen I shall not
One man too mean or poor to be redress'd. [think
Moreover, lord, I am informed your laws
Are grown so large, and daily yet increase,
That the great age of old Methusalem
Would scarce suffice to read your statutes out.

Fireb. Madam, a more important cause demands
Your royal care; strange omens have appear'd,
Sights have been seen, and voices have been heard,
The gods are angry, and must be appeas'd;
Nor do I know to that a readier way
Than by beginning to appease their priests,
Who groan for power, and cry out after honour.

Q. C. S. The gods, indeed, have reason for their
anger.

And sacrifices shall be offer'd to them;
But would you make 'em welcome, priest, be meek,
Be charitable, kind, nor dare affront
The Sun you worship, while yourselves prevent
That happiness to men you ask of him.

Enter an Officer.

Q. C. S. What means this hasty message in your
looks?

Offic. Forgive me, madam, if my tongue declares
News for your sake, which most my heart abhors;
Queen Ignorance is landed in your realm,
With a vast power from Italy and France
Of singers, fiddlers, tumblers, and rope-dancers.

Q. C. S. Order our army instantly to get
Themselves in readiness; ourself will head 'em.
My lords, you are concerned as well as we
To oppose this foreign force, and we expect
You join us with your utmost levies straight.

Go, priest, and drive all frightful omens hence;
To fright the vulgar they are your pretence,
But sure the gods will side with Common Sense.

[Exit cum suis.

Fireb. They know their interest better; or at least
Their priests do for 'em, and themselves. Oh! lords,
This Queen of Ignorance, whom you have heard
Just now described in such a horrid form,
Is the most gentle and most pious queen;
So fearful of the gods, that she believes
Whate'er their priests affirm. And by the Sun,
Faith is no faith if it falls short of that.
I'd be infallible; and that, I know,
Will ne'er be granted me by Common Sense:
Wherefore I do disclaim her, and will join
The cause of Ignorance. And now, my lords,
Each to his post. The rostrum I ascend;
My lord of Law, you to your courts repair;
And you, my good lord Physic, to the queen;
Handle her pulse, potion and pill her well.

Phys. Oh! my good lord, had I her royal ear,
Would she but take the counsel I would give,
You'd need no foreign power to overthrow her:
Yes, by the gods! I would with one small pill
Unhinge her soul, and tear it from her body;
But to my art and me a deadly foe,
She has averr'd, ay, in the public court,
That Water Gruel is the best physician;
For which, when she's forgiven by the college,
Or when we own the sway of Common Sense,
May we be forced to take our own prescriptions!

Fireb. My lord of Physic, I applaud thy spirit.
Yes, by the Sun, my heart laughs loud within me,
To see how easily the world's deceived;
To see this Common Sense thus tumbled down
By men whom all the cheated nations own
To be the strongest pillars of her throne.

[Exeunt FIREB., LAW, and PHYS.

Fust. Thus ends the first act, sir.

Sneer. This tragedy of yours, Mr. Fustian, I ob-
serve to be emblematical; do you think it will be
understood by the audience?

Fust. Sir, I cannot answer for the audience;
though I think the panegyric intended by it is very
plain and very seasonable.

Sneer. What panegyric?

Fust. On our clergy, sir, at least the best of them,
to show the difference between a heathen and a
christian priest. And, as I have touched only on
generals, I hope I shall not be thought to bring
anything improper on the stage, which I would care-
fully avoid. [somewhat too general?

Sneer. But is not your satire on law and physic

Fust. What is said here cannot hurt either an
honest lawyer or a good physician; and such may
be, nay, I know such are: if the opposites to these
are the most general I cannot help that; as for the
professors themselves, I have no great reason to be
their friend, for they once joined in a particular

Sneer. Ay, how so? [conspiracy against me.

Fust. Why, an apothecary brought me in a long
bill, and a lawyer made me pay it.

Sneer. Ha, ha, ha! a conspiracy, indeed!

Fust. Now, sir, for my second act; my tragedy
consists but of three. [tragedy.

Sneer. I thought that had been immethodical in

Fust. That may be; but I spun it out as long as
I could keep Common Sense alive; ay, or even her
ghost. Come, begin the second act.

The scene draws and discovers QUEEN COMMON
SENSE asleep.

Sneer. Pray, sir, who's that upon the couch there?

Fust. I thought you had known her better, sir;
that's Common Sense asleep.

Sneer. I should rather have expected her at the head of her army.

Fust. Very likely, but you do not understand the practical rules of writing as well as I do; the first and greatest of which is protraction, or the art of spinning, without which the matter of a play would lose the chief property of all other matter, namely, extension; and no play, sir, could possibly last longer than half an hour. I perceive, Mr. Sneerwell, you are one of those who would have no character brought on but what is necessary to the business of the play.—Nor I neither—But the business of the play, as I take it, is to divert, and therefore every character that diverts is necessary to the business of the play.

Sneer. But how will the audience be brought to conceive any probable reason for this sleep?

Fust. Why, sir, she has been meditating on the present general peace of Europe, till by too intense an application, being not able thoroughly to comprehend it, she was overpowered and fell fast asleep. Come, ring up the first ghost. [*Ghost arises.*] You know that ghost? [*acquaintance with him.*]

Sneer. Upon my word, sir, I can't recollect any

Fust. I am surprised at that, for you must have seen him often: that's the ghost of Tragedy, sir; he has walked all the stages of London several years; but why are not you floured?—What the devil is become of the barber?

Ghost. Sir, he's gone to Drury-lane playhouse to shave the Sultan in the new entertainment.

Fust. Come, Mr. Ghost, pray begin.

Ghost. From the dark regions of the realms below
The ghost of Tragedy has ridden post;
To tell thee, Common Sense, a thousand things,
Which do import thee nearly to attend: [*Cock crows.*]
But, ha! the cursed cock has warn'd me hence;
I did set out too late, and therefore must
Leave all my business to some other time.

[*Ghost descends.*]

Sneer. I presume this is a character necessary to divert; for I can see no great business he has fulfilled.

Fust. Where's the second ghost?

Sneer. I thought the cock had crowed.

Fust. Yes, but the second ghost need not be supposed to have heard it. Pray, Mr. Prompter, observe, the moment the first ghost descends the second is to rise: they are like the twin stars in that. [*2 Ghost rises.*]

2 Ghost. Awake, great Common Sense, and sleep no more.

Look to thyself; for then, when I was slain,
Thyself was struck at; think not to survive
My murder long; for while thou art on earth,
The convocation will not meet again.

The lawyers cannot rob men of their rights;
Physicians cannot dose away their souls;
A courtier's promise will not be believed;
Nor broken citizens again be trusted.

A thousand newspapers cannot subsist
In which there is not any news at all.
Playhouses cannot flourish, while they dare
To nonsense give an entertainment's name.
Shakspeare, and Jonson, Dryden, Lee, and Rowe,
Thou wilt not bear to yield to Sadler's Wells;
Thou wilt not suffer men of wit to starve,
And fools, for only being fools, to thrive.

Thou wilt not suffer eunuchs to be hired
At a vast price, to be impertinent. [*3 Ghost rises.*]

3 Ghost. Dear ghost, the cock has crow'd; you cannot get

Under the ground a mile before 'tis day.

2 Ghost. Your humble servant then, I cannot stay. [*Ghost descends.*]

Fust. Thunder and lightning! thunder and lightning! Pray don't forget this when it is acted.

Sneer. Pray, Mr. Fustian, why must a ghost always rise in a storm of thunder and lightning? for I have read much of that doctrine and don't find any mention of such ornaments.

Fust. That may be, but they are very necessary: they are indeed properly the paraphernalia of a ghost.

Sneer. But, pray, whose ghost was that?

Fust. Whose should it be but Comedy's? I thought, when you had been told the other was Tragedy, you would have wanted no intimation who this was. Come, Common Sense, you are to awake and rub your eyes.

Q. C. S. [*Waking.*] Who's there?—

Enter Maid of Honour.

Did you not hear or see some wond'rous thing?

Maid. No, may it please your majesty, I did not.

Q. C. S. I was a-dream'd I overheard a ghost.

Maid. In the next room I closely did attend,
And had a ghost been here I must have heard him.

Enter FIREBRAND.

Q. C. S. Priest of the Sun, you come most oppor-
For here has been a dreadful apparition: [*tune,*
As I lay sleeping on my couch, methought
I saw a ghost. [*open.*]

Sneer. Then I suppose she sleeps with her eyes

Fust. Why, you would not have Common Sense see a ghost, unless in her sleep, I hope.

Fireb. And if such toleration

Be suffer'd as at present you maintain,
Shortly your court will be a court of ghosts.

Make a huge fire and burn all unbelievers:
Ghosts will be hang'd ere venture near a fire.

Q. C. S. Men cannot force belief upon themselves,
And shall I then by torture force it on them?

Fireb. The sun will have it so.

Q. C. S. How do I know that?

Fireb. Why I, his priest infallible, have told you.

Q. C. S. How do I know you are infallible?

Fireb. Ha! do you doubt it? nay, if you doubt that,
I will prove nothing. But my zeal inspires me,
And I will tell you, madam, you yourself
Are a most deadly enemy to the Sun;
And all his priests have greatest cause to wish
You had been never born.

Q. C. S. Ha! sayst thou, priest?

Then know, I honour and adore the Sun!
And when I see his light, and feel his warmth,
I glow with flaming gratitude towards him;
But know, I never will adore a priest,
Who wears pride's face beneath religion's mask,
And makes a pick-lock of his piety
To steal away the liberty of mankind:
But while I live, I'll never give thee power.

Fireb. Madam, our power is not derived from you,
Nor any one: 'twas sent us in a box
From the great Sun himself, and carriage paid:
Phaëton brought it when he overturn'd
The chariot of the Sun into the sea.

Q. C. S. Show me the instrument and let me read it. [*thrown*]

Fireb. Madam, you cannot read it, for, being
Into the sea, the water has so damaged it
That none but priests could ever read it since.

Q. C. S. And do you think I can believe this tale?

Fireb. I order you to believe it, and you must.

Q. C. S. Proud and imperious man, I can't be-
Religion, law, and physic, were design'd [*lieve it.*]
By heaven the greatest blessings on mankind;
But priests, and lawyers, and physicians, made
These general goods to each a private trade;
With each they rob, with each they fill their purses,
And turn our benefits into our curses. [*Exit.*]

Fust. Law and Physic. Where's Law?

Enter PHYSIC.

Phys. Sir, Law, going without the playhouse passage, was taken up by a lord chief-justice's warrant.

Fireb. Then we must go on without him.

Fust. No, no, stay a moment; I must get somebody else to rehearse the part. Pox take all warrants for me! if I had known this before I would have satirised the law ten times more than I have.

ACT V.—SCENE I.—*Enter* FUSTIAN, SNEERWELL, Prompter, FIREBRAND, LAW, PHYSIC.

Fust. I am glad you have made your escape; but I hope you will make the matter up before the day of action: come, Mr. Firebrand, now if you please go on; the moment Common Sense goes off the stage Law and Physic enter.

Fireb. Oh! my good lords of Physic and of Law, Had you been sooner here you would have heard The haughty queen of Common Sense throw out Abuses on us all.

Law. I am not now
To learn the hatred which she bears to me.
No more of that—for now the warlike queen
Of Ignorance, attended with a train
Of foreigners, all foes to Common Sense,
Arrives at Covent-garden; and we ought
To join her instantly with all our force.
At Temple-bar some regiments parade;
The colonels, Clifford, Thavies, and Furnival,
Through Holborn lead their powers to Drury-lane,
Attorneys all completely armed in brass:
These, bailiffs and their followers will join,
With justices, and constables, and watchmen.

Phys. In Warwick-lane my powers expect me
A hundred chariots with a chief in each, [now:
Well-famed for slaughter, in his hand he bears
A feather'd dart that seldom errs in flight.
Next march a band of choice apothecaries,
Each arm'd with deadly pill; a regiment
Of surgeons terrible maintain the rear,
All ready first to kill, and then dissect.

Fireb. My lords, you merit greatly of the queen,
And Ignorance shall well repay your deeds;
For I fortell that by her influence
Men shall be brought (what scarce can be believed)
To bribe you with large fees to their undoing.
Success attend your glorious enterprise;
I'll go and beg it earnest of the Sun:
I, by my office, am from fight debarr'd,
But I'll be with you ere the booty's shared.

[*Exeunt* FIREBRAND, LAW, and PHYSIC.]

Fust. Now, Mr. Sneerwell, we shall begin my third and last act; and I believe I may defy all the poets who have ever writ, or ever will write, to produce its equal: it is, sir, so crammed with drums and trumpets, thunder and lightning, battles and ghosts, that I believe the audience will want no entertainment after it: it is as full of show as Merlin's cave itself; and for wit—no rope-dancing or tumbling can come near it. Come, begin.

[*A ridiculous march is played.*]

Enter QUEEN IGNORANCE, attended with Singers, Fiddlers, Rope-dancers, Tumblers, &c.

Q. Ign. Here fix our standard; what is this place called?

1 Att. Great madam, Covent-garden is its name.

Q. Ign. Ha! then methinks we have ventured too
Too near those theatres where Common Sense [far,
Maintains her garrisons of mighty force;
Who, should they sally on us ere we're joined
By Law and Physic, may offend us much.

[*Drum beats within.*]

But ha! what means this drum?

1 Att. It beats a parley, not a point of war.

Enter HARLEQUIN.

Harl. To you, great queen of Ignorance, I come
Ambassador from the two theatres;
Who both congratulate you on your arrival;
And to convince you with what hearty meaning
They sue for your alliance, they have sent
Their choicest treasure here as hostages,
To be detain'd till you are well convinced
They're not less foes to Common Sense than you.

Q. Ign. Where are the hostages?

Harl. Madam, I have brought
A catalogue, and all therein shall be
Deliver'd to your order; but consider,
Oh mighty queen! they offer you their all;
And gladly for the least of these would give
Their poets and their actors in exchange.

Q. Ign. Read the catalogue.

Harl. (*Reads.*) "A tall man, and a tall woman, hired at a vast price. A strong man exceeding dear. Two dogs that walk on their hind legs only, and personate human creatures so well, they might be mistaken for them. A human creature that personates a dog so well that he might almost be taken for one. Two human cats. A most curious set of puppies. A pair of pigeons. A set of rope-dancers and tumblers from Sadler's-wells."

Q. Ign. Enough, enough; and is it possible
That they can hold alliance with my friends
Of Sadler's-wells? then are they foes indeed
To Common Sense, and I'm indebted to 'em.
Take back their hostages, for they may need 'em;
And take this play, and bid 'em forthwith act it;
There is not in it either head or tail.

Harl. Madam, they will most gratefully receive it.
The character you give would recommend it,
Though it had come from a less powerful hand.

Q. Ign. The Modish Couple is its name; myself
Stood gossip to it, and I will support
This play against the town.

1 Att. Madam, the queen
Of Common Sense advances with her powers.

Q. Ign. Draw up my men, I'll meet her as I ought;
This day shall end the long dispute between us.

Enter QUEEN COMMON SENSE with a Drummer.

Fust. Hey-day! where's Common Sense's army?

Prompt. Sir, I have sent all over the town, and
could not get one soldier for her, except that poor
drummer, who was lately turned out of an Irish
regiment.

Drum. Upon my shoul but I have been a drummer
these twenty years, master, and have seen no
wars yet; and I was willing to learn a little of my
trade before I died. [not in your part.]

Fust. Hush, sirrah! don't you be witty; that is

Drum. I don't know what is in my part, sir; but
I desire to have something in it; for I have been
tired of doing nothing a great while.

Fust. Silence! [bring

Q. C. S. What is the reason, madam, that you
These hostile arms into my peaceful realm? [sion

Q. Ign. To ease your subjects from that dire oppres-
They groan beneath, which longer to support
Unable, they invited my redress. [wrong?

Q. C. S. And can my subjects then complain of
Base and ungrateful! what is their complaint?

Q. Ign. They say you do impose a tax of thought
Upon their minds, which they're too weak to bear.

Q. C. S. Wouldst thou from thinking then absolve
mankind? [wretched;

Q. Ign. I would, for thinking only makes men
And happiness is still the lot of fools.

Why should a wise man wish to think, when thought
Still hurts his pride? in spite of all his art,
Malicious fortune, by a lucky train

Of accidents, shall still defeat his schemes,
And set the greatest blunderer above him.

Q. C. S. Urgest thou that against me, which thyself
Has been the wicked cause of? Which thy power,
Thy artifice, thy favourites have done?
Could Common Sense bear universal sway,
No fool could ever possibly be great.

Q. Ign. What is this folly, which you try to paint
In colours so detestable and black?

Is't not the general gift of fate to men?

And though some few may boast superior sense,
Are they not call'd odd fellows by the rest?

In any science, if this sense peep forth,
Show men the truth, and strive to turn their steps
From ways wherein their gross forefathers err'd,
Is not the general cry against them straight?

Sneer. This Ignorance, Mr. Fustian, seems to
know a great deal.

Fust. Yes, sir, she knows what she has seen so
often; but you find she mistakes the cause, and
Common Sense can never beat it into her.

Q. Ign. Sense is the parent still of fear; the fox,
Wise beast, who knows the treachery of men,
Flies their society, and skulks in woods,
While the poor goose, in happiness and ease,
Fearless grows fat within its narrow coop,
And thinks the hand that feeds it is its friend;
Then yield thee, Common Sense, nor rashly dare
Try a vain combat with superior force. [cause

Q. C. S. Know, queen, I never will give up the
Of all these followers: when at the head
Of all these heroes I resign my right,
May my cursed name be blotted from the earth!

Sneer. Methinks, Common Sense, though, ought
to give it up, when she has no more to defend it.

Fust. It does indeed look a little odd at present;
but I'll get her an army strong enough against it's
acted. Come, go on.

Q. Ign. Then thus I hurl defiance at thy head.
Draw all your swords.

Q. C. S. And, gentlemen, draw yours.

Q. Ign. Fall on; have at thy heart. [A fight.

Q. C. S. And have at thine.

Fust. Oh, fie upon't, fie upon't! I never saw a
worse battle in all my life upon any stage. Pray,
gentlemen, come some of you over to the other side.

Sneer. These are Swiss soldiers, I perceive, Mr.
Fustian; they care not which side they fight of.

Fust. Now, begin again, if you please, and fight
away; pray fight as if you were in earnest, gentle-
men. [They fight.] Oons, Mr. Prompter! I fancy
you hired these soldiers out of the trained bands—
they are afraid to fight even in jest. [They fight again.]
There, there—pretty well. I think, Mr. Sneerwell,
we have made a shift to make out a good sort of a
battle at last.

Sneer. Indeed I cannot say I ever saw a better.

Fust. You don't seem, Mr. Sneerwell, to relish
this battle greatly.

Sneer. I cannot profess myself the greatest ad-
mirer of this part of tragedy; and I own my imagin-
ation can better conceive the idea of a battle from a
skilful relation of it than from such a representation;
for my mind is not able to enlarge the stage into a
vast plain, nor multiply half a score into several
thousands.

Fust. Oh; your humble servant! but if we write
to please you and half a dozen others, who will pay
the charges of the house? Sir, if the audience will
be contented with a battle or two, instead of all
the raree-fine shows exhibited to them in what they
call entertainments—

Sneer. Pray, Mr. Fustian, how came they to give the
name of entertainments to their pantomimical farces?

Fust. Faith, sir, out of their peculiar modesty;
intimating that after the audience had been tired
with the dull works of Shakspeare, Jonson, Van-
brugh, and others, they are to be entertained with
one of these pantomimes, of which the master of the
playhouse, two or three painters, and half a score
dancing-masters are the compilers. What these
entertainments are, I need not inform you, who have
seen 'em; but I have often wondered how it was
possible for any creature of human understanding,
after having been diverted for three hours with the
production of a great genius, to sit for three more
and see a set of people running about the stage after
one another, without speaking one syllable, and
playing several juggling tricks, which are done at
Fawks's after a much better manner; and for this,
sir, the town does not only pay additional prices,
but loses several fine parts of its best authors, which
are cut out to make room for the said farces.

Sneer. 'Tis very true; and I have heard a hundred
say the same thing, who never failed being present
at them.

Fust. And while that happens, they will force any
entertainment upon the town they please, in spite
of its teeth. [Ghost of COMMON SENSE rises.] Oons,
and the devil, madam! what's the meaning of this?
You have left out a scene. Was ever such an ab-
surdity as for your ghost to appear before you are
killed?

Q. C. S. I ask pardon, sir; in the hurry of the
battle I forgot to come and kill myself.

Fust. Well, let me wipe the flour off your face
then. And now, if you please, rehearse the scene;
take care you don't make this mistake any more
though, for it would inevitably damn the play if you
should. Go to the corner of the scene, and come in
as if you had lost the battle. [appears.

Q. C. S. Behold the ghost of Common Sense

Fust. 'Sdeath, madam, I tell you you are no ghost
—you are not killed.

Q. C. S. Deserted and forlorn, where shall I fly?
The battle's lost, and so are all my friends.

Enter a Poet.

Poet. Madam, not so; still you have one friend

Q. C. S. Why, what art thou? [left.

Poet. Madam, I am a poet.

Q. C. S. Whoe'er thou art, if thou'rt a friend to
Know Common Sense disclaims thee. [misery,

Poet. I have been damn'd

Because I was your foe, and yet I still
Court'd your friendship with my utmost art.

Q. C. S. Fool! thou wert damn'd because thou
didst pretend

Thyself my friend; for hadst thou boldly dared,
Like Hurllothumbo, to deny me quite,
Or, like an opera or pantomime,
Profess'd the cause of Ignorance in public,
Thou might'st have met with thy desired success;
But men can't bear even a pretence to me.

Poet. Then take a ticket for my benefit night.

Q. C. S. I will do more—for Common Sense will
stay

Quite from your house, so may you not be damn'd.

Poet. Ha! say'st thou? By my soul, a better play
Ne'er came upon a stage; but, since you dare
Contemn me thus, I'll dedicate my play
To Ignorance, and call her Common Sense:
Yes, I will dress her in your pomp, and swear
That Ignorance knows more than all the world.

[Exit.

Enter FIREBRAND.

Fireb. Thanks to the Sun for this desired en-
counter. [o'erthrown—

Q. C. S. Oh, priest! all's lost; our forces are

Some gasping lie, but most are run away.

Fireb. I knew it all before, and told you too
The Sun has long been out of humour with you.

Q. C. S. Dost thou, then, lay upon the Sun the faults

Of all those cowards who forsook my cause?

Fireb. Those cowards all were most religious men :
And I beseech thee, Sun, to shine upon them.

Q. C. S. Oh, impudence! and darest thou to my face?—

Fireb. Yes, I dare more; the Sun presents you this, [Stabs her.

Which I, his faithful messenger, deliver.

Q. C. S. Oh, traitor! thou hast murder'd Common Sense.

Farewell, vain world! to Ignorance I give thee.

Her leaden sceptre shall henceforward rule.

Now, priest, indulge thy wild ambitious thoughts;

Men shall embrace thy schemes, till thou hast drawn

All worship from the Sun upon thyself:

Henceforth all things shall topsy-turvy turn;

Physic shall kill, and Law enslave the world;

Cits shall turn beaux, and taste Italian songs,

While courtiers are stock-jobbing in the city.

Places requiring learning and great parts

Henceforth shall all be hustled in a hat,

And drawn by men deficient in them both.

Statesmen—but oh! cold death will let me say

No more—and you must guess *et cætera*. [Dies.

Fireb. She's gone! but ha! it may beseem me ill

T' appear her murderer. I'll therefore lay

This dagger by her side; and that will be

Sufficient evidence, with a little money,

To make the coroner's inquest find self-murder.

I'll preach her funeral sermon, and deplore

Her loss with tears, praise her with all my art.

Good Ignorance will still believe it all. [Exit.

Enter QUEEN IGNORANCE, &c.

Q. Ign. Beat a retreat; the day is now our own;

The powers of Common Sense are all destroy'd;

Those that remain are fled away with her.

I wish, Mr. Fustian, this speech be common sense.

Sneer. How the devil should it, when she's dead?

Fust. One would think so, when a cavil is made

against the best thing in the whole play; and I

would willingly part with anything else but those

two lines. [lies.

Harl. Behold! where welt'ring in her blood she

I wish, sir, you would cut out that line, or alter it,

if you please.

Fust. That's another line that I won't part with;

I would consent to cut out anything but the chief

beauties of my play.

Harl. Behold the bloody dagger by her side,

With which she did the deed.

Q. Ign. 'Twas nobly done!

I envy her her exit, and will pay

All honours to her dust. Bear hence her body,

And let her lie in state in Goodman's-fields.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Madam, I come an envoy from Crane-court.

The great society that there assemble

Congratulate your victory, and request

That firm alliance henceforth may subsist

Between your majesty's society

Of Grub-street and themselves: they rather beg

That they may be united both in one.

They also hope your majesty's acceptance

Of certain curiosities, which in

That hamper are contain'd; wherein you'll find

A horse's tail, which has an hundred hairs

More than are usual in it; and a tooth

Of elephant full half an inch too long;

With turnpike-ticket like an ancient coin.

Q. Ign. We gratefully accept their bounteous gifts,
And order they be kept with proper care,
Till we do build a place most fit to hold
These precious toys: tell your society
We ever did esteem them of great worth,
And our firm friends: and tell 'em 'tis our pleas
They do prepare to dance a jig before us.

[Exit Messenger.

My lords of Law and Physic, you shall find

I will not be ungrateful for your service:

To you, good Harlequin, and your allies,

And you, Squeekaronelly, I will be

A most propitious queen—But ha!

[Music under the stage.

What hideous music or what yell is this?

Sure 'tis the ghost of some poor opera tune.

Sneer. The ghost of a tune, Mr. Fustian?

Fust. Ay, sir, did you never hear of one before?

I had once a mind to have brought the apparition

of Music in person upon the stage, in the shape of

an English opera. Come, Mr. Ghost of the Tune,

if you please to appear in the sound of soft music,

and let the ghost of Common Sense rise to it.

[Ghost of COMMON SENSE rises to soft music.

Ghost. Behold the ghost of Common Sense appears.

Caitiffs, avaunt! or I will sweep you off,

And clean the land from such infernal vermin.

Q. Ign. A ghost! a ghost! a ghost! haste, scamper off,

My friends; we've kill'd the body, and I know

The ghost will have no mercy upon us.

Omn. A ghost! a ghost! a ghost! [Run off.

Ghost. The coast is clear, and to her native realms

Pale Ignorance with all her host is fled,

Whence she will never dare invade us more.

Here, though a ghost, I will my power maintain,

And all the friends of Ignorance shall find

My ghost, at least, they cannot banish hence;

And all henceforth, who murder Common Sense,

Learn from these scenes that, though success you boast,

You shall at last be haunted with her ghost.

Sneer. I am glad you make Common Sense get

the better at last; I was under terrible apprehensions for your moral.

Fust. Faith, sir, this is almost the only play

where she has got the better lately. But now for

my epilogue: if you please to begin, madam.

EPILOGUE.—GHOST.

THE play once done, the epilogue, by rule,
Should come and turn it all to ridicule;
Should tell the ladies that the tragic bards,
Who prate of Virtue and her vast rewards,
Are all in jest, and only fools should heed 'em;
For all wise women flock to mother Needham.

This is the method epilogues pursue,
But we to-night in everything are new.

Our author then, in jest throughout the play,
Now begs a serious word or two to say.

Banish all childish entertainments hence;
Let all that boast your favour have pretence,

If not to sparkling wit, at least to sense.

With soft Italian notes indulge your ear;

But let those singers, who are bought so dear,

Learn to be civil for their cheer at least,

Nor use like beggars those who give the feast.

And though while Music for herself may carve,

Poor Poetry, her sister-art, must starve;

Starve her at least with show of approbation,

Nor slight her, while you search the whole creation

For all the tumbling-scum of every nation.

Can the whole world in science match our soil?

Have they a LOCKE, a NEWTON, or a BOYLE?

Or dare the greatest genius of their stage

With SHAKESPEARE or immortal BEN engage?

Content with nature's bounty, do not crave

The little which to other lands she gave;

Nor like the cock a barley-corn prefer

To all the jewels which you owe to her.

THE
HISTORICAL REGISTER
FOR THE YEAR 1736,

AS ACTED AT THE NEW THEATRE IN THE HAYMARKET. FIRST ACTED IN MAY, 1737.

PREFACE TO THE DEDICATION.

As no man hath a more stern and inflexible hatred to flattery than myself, it hath been usual with me to send most of my performances into the world without the ornament of those epistolary prefaces commonly called dedications; a custom, however, highly censured by my bookseller, who affirms it a most unchristian practice: a patron is, says he, a kind of god-father to a book, and a good author ought as carefully to provide a patron to his works, as a good parent should a god-father to his children: he carries this very far, and draws several resemblances between those two offices (for having, in the course of his trade with dramatic writers, purchased, at a moderate computation, the fee-simple of one hundred thousand similes, he is perhaps the most expert in their application, and most capable of showing likenesses in things utterly unlike, of any man living). What, says he, does more service to a book, or raises curiosity in the reader, equal with—Dedicated to his grace the duke of—or the right honourable, the earl of—in an advertisement? I think the patron here may properly be said to give a name to the book; and if he gives a present also, what doth he less than a godfather? which present, if the author applies to his own use, what doth the other than the parent? He proceeds to show how a bookseller is a kind of dry nurse to our works, with other instances which I shall omit, having already said enough to prove the exact analogy between children and books, and of the method of providing for each; which I think affords a sufficient precedent for throwing the following piece on the public, it having been usual for several very prudent parents to act by their children in the same manner.

DEDICATION TO THE PUBLIC.

I HOPE you will pardon the presumption of this Dedication, since I really did not know in what manner to apply for your leave, and since I expect no present in return (the reason I conceive which first introduced the ceremony of asking leave among dedicators); for surely it is somewhat absurd to ask a man leave to flatter him; and he must be a very impudent or simple fellow, or both, who will give it. Asking leave to dedicate, therefore, is asking whether you will pay for your dedication, and in that sense I believe it is understood by both authors and patrons.

But farther, the very candid reception which you have given these pieces pleads my excuse. The least civility to an author or his works hath been held, time immemorial, a just title to a dedication, which is perhaps no more than an honest return of flattery, and in this light I am certain no one ever had so great (I may call it) an obligation as myself, seeing that you have honoured this my performance with your presence every night of its exhibition, where you have never failed showing the greatest delight and approbation; nor am I less obliged to you for those eulogiums which you have been heard in all places to—but hold! I am afraid this is an ingenious way which authors have discovered to convey inward flattery to themselves, while outwardly they address it to their patron: wherefore I shall be silent on this head, having more reasons to give why I chose you to patronise these pieces; and

First, The design with which they are writ; for though all dramatic entertainments are properly calculated for the public, yet these, I may affirm, more particularly belong to you: as your diversion is not merely intended by them, their design being to convey some hints which may, if you please, be of infinite service in the present state of that theatrical world whereof they treat, and which is I think at present so far from flourishing as one could wish, that I have with concern observed some steps lately taken, and others too justly apprehended, that may much endanger the constitution of the British theatre: for though Mr.—be a very worthy man and my very good friend, I cannot help thinking his manner of proceeding somewhat too arbitrary, and his method of buying actors at exorbitant prices to be of ill consequence: for the town must reimburse him these expenses, on which account those advanced prices so much complained of must be always continued; which though the people in their present flourishing state of trade and riches may very well pay, yet in worse times (if such can be supposed) I am afraid they may fall too heavy, the consequence of which I need not mention. Moreover, should any great genius produce a piece of most exquisite contrivance, and which would be highly relished by the public, though perhaps not agreeable to his own taste or private interest: if he

should buy off the chief actors, such play, however excellent, must be unavoidably sunk, and the public lose all the benefit thereof. Not to trouble the reader with more inconveniences arising from this *argumentum argentarium*, many of which are obvious enough, I shall only observe that corruption has the same influence on all societies, all bodies, which it hath on corporeal bodies, where we see it always produce an entire destruction and total change: for which reason, whoever attempteth to introduce corruption into any community doth much the same thing, and ought to be treated in much the same manner, with him who poisoneth a fountain, in order to disperse a contagion, which he is sure every one will drink of.

The last excuse I shall make for this presumption is the necessity I have of so potent a patron to defend me from the iniquitous surmises of a certain anonymous dialogous author, who in the *Gazetteer* of the 17th instant has represented the *Historical Register* as aiming, in conjunction with the *Miller of Mansfield*, the overthrow of the m—y. If this suggestion had been inserted in the *Craftsman*, or *Common Sense*, or any of those papers which nobody reads, it might have passed unanswered; but as it appears in a paper of so general a reception as the *Gazetteer*, which lies in the window of almost every post-house in England, it behoves me I think in the most serious manner to vindicate myself from aspersions of so evil a tendency to my future prospects. And here I must observe that, had not mankind been either very blind or very dishonest, I need not have publicly informed them that the *Register* is a ministerial pamphlet, calculated to infuse into the minds of the people a great opinion of their ministry, and thereby procure an employment for the author, who has been often promised one whenever he would write on that side. And first,

Can anything be plainer than the first stanza of the ode?—

This is a day,* in days of yore,
Our fathers never saw before;
This is a day, 'tis one to ten,
Our sons will never see again.

Plainly intimating that such times as these never were seen before, nor will ever be seen again; for which the present age are certainly obliged to their ministry.

What can be meant by the scene of politicians but to ridicule the absurd and inadequate notions persons among us, who have not the honour to know 'em, have of the ministry and their measures? nay, I have put some sentiments into the mouths of these characters which I was a little apprehensive were too low even for a conversation at an ale-house. I hope the *Gazetteer* will not find any resemblance here, as I hope he will not make such a compliment to any m—y, as to suppose that such persons have been ever capable of the assurance of aiming at being at the head of a great people, or to any nation, as to suspect 'em contentedly living under such an administration.

The eagerness which these gentlemen express at applying all manner of evil characters to their patrons brings to my mind a story I have somewhere read: as two gentlemen were walking the street together, the one said to the other, upon spying the figure of an ass hung out—"Bob, Bob, look yonder, some impudent rascal has hung out your picture on a sign-post:" the grave companion, who had the misfortune to be extremely shortsighted, fell into a violent rage, and, calling for the master of the house, threatened to prosecute him for exposing his features in that public manner. The poor landlord, as you may well conceive, was extremely astonished, and denied the fact; upon which the witty spark, who had just mentioned the resemblance, appeals to the mob now assembled together, who soon smoked the jest, and agreed with him that the sign was the exact picture of the gentleman. At last a good-natured man, taking compassion of the poor figure, whom he saw the jest of the multitude, whispered in his ear—"Sir, I see your eyes are bad, and that your friend is a rascal and imposes on you; the sign hung out is the sign of an ass nor will your picture be here unless you draw it yourself."

But I ask pardon for troubling the reader with an impertinent story, which can be applied only in the above-mentioned instance to my present subject.

I proceed in my defence to the scene of the patriots; a scene which I thought would have made my fortune, seeing that the favourite scheme of turning patriotism into a jest is

* For day in the first and third line you may read was if you please.

so industriously pursued; and I will challenge all the ministerial advocates to show me, in the whole bundle of their writings, one passage where false patriotism (for I suppose they have not the impudence to mean any other) is set in a more contemptible and odious light than in the aforesaid scene. I hope too it will be remarked that the politicians are represented as a set of blundering blockheads rather deserving pity than abhorrence, whereas the others are represented as a set of cunning, self-interested fellows, who for a little paltry bribe would give up the liberties and properties of their country. Here is the danger, here is the rock on which our constitution must, if ever it does, split. The liberties of a people have been subdued by the conquest of valour and force, and have been betrayed by the subtle and dexterous arts of refined policy: but these are rare instances; for geniuses of this kind are not the growth of every age; whereas, if a general corruption be once introduced, and those who should be the guardians and bulwarks of our liberty once find, or think they find, an interest in giving it up, no great capacity will be required to destroy it: on the contrary, the meanest, lowest, dirtiest fellow, if such a one should ever have the assurance in future ages to mimic power and browbeat his betters, will be as able as Machiavel himself could have been, to root out the liberties of the bravest people.

But I am aware I shall be asked, who is this Quidam, that turns the patriots into ridicule, and bribes them out of their honesty? Who but the devil could act such a part? Is not this the light wherein he is everywhere described in scripture and the writings of our best divines? Gold hath been always his favourite bait wherewith he fisheth for sinners; and his laughing at the poor wretches he seduceth is as diabolical an attribute as any. Indeed it is so plain who is meant by this Quidam, that he who maketh any wrong application thereof might as well mistake the name of Thomas for John, or old Nick for old Bob.

I think I have said enough to assure every impartial person of my innocence against all malicious insinuations; and farther to convince them that I am a ministerial writer (an honour I am highly ambitious of attaining), I shall proceed now to obviate an opinion entertained by too many, that a certain person is sometimes the author, often the corrector of the press, and always the patron, of the Gazetteer. To show the folly of this supposition, I shall only insist that all persons, though they should not afford him any extraordinary genius, nor any (the least) taste in polite literature, will grant me this datum, that the said certain person is a man of an ordinary capacity, and a moderate share of common sense: which if allowed, I think it will follow that it is impossible he should either write or countenance a paper written, not only without the least glimmering of genius, the least pretension to taste, but in direct opposition to all common sense whatever.

If any one should ask me, How then is it carried on? I shall only answer with my politicians, I cannot tell, unless by the assistance of the old gentleman just before mentioned, who would, I think, alone protect or patronise, as I think, indeed, he is the only person who could invent some of the schemes avowed in that paper; which, if it does not immediately disappear, I do intend shortly to attempt conjuring it down, intending to publish a paper in defence of the m—y against the wicked, malicious, and sly insinuations conveyed in the said paper.

You will excuse a digression so necessary to take off surmises which may prove so prejudicial to my fortune; which, however, if I should not be able to accomplish, I hope you will make me some amends for what I suffer by endeavouring your entertainment. The very great indulgence you have shown my performances at the little theatre these two last years have encouraged me to the proposal of a subscription for carrying on that theatre, for beautifying and enlarging it, and procuring a better company of actors. If you think proper to subscribe to these proposals, I assure you no labour shall be spared on my side to entertain you in a cheaper and better manner than seems to be the intention of any other. If nature hath given me any talents at ridiculing vice and imposture, I shall not be indolent nor afraid of exerting them while the liberty of the press and stage subsists, that is to say, while we have any liberty left among us. I am, to the public, a most sincere friend and devoted servant.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Medley*, MR. ROBERTS; *Sourwit*, MR. LACEY; *Lord Dapper*, MR. WARD; *Ground-Ivy*, MR. JONES; *Hen*, the auctioneer, MRS. CHARKE; *Apollo's Bastard Son*, MR. BLAKES; *Pistol*, MR. DAVIS; *Quidam*, MR. SMITH; *Politicians*, MESSRS. JONES, TOPPING, WOODBURN, SMITH, MACHEN; *Patriots*, MESSRS. TOPPING, MACHEN, PULLEN, WOODBURN; *Banter*, MR. SMITH; *Dangle*, MR. LOWTHER; *Mrs. Screen*, MRS. HAYWOOD; *Mrs. Barter*, MISS KAWER; *Ladies*, MESDAMES CHARKE, HAYWOOD, LACEY, MISS JONES; *Prompter, Actors, &c.*

ACT I.—SCENE I.—*The playhouse.—Enter several Players.*

1 *Play*. Mr. Emphasis, good morrow; you are early at the rehearsal this morning.

Emph. Why faith, Jack, our beer and beef sat but ill on my stomach, so I got up to try if I could not walk it off.

1 *Play*. I wish I had anything in my stomach to walk off; if matters do not get better with us shortly, my teeth will forget their office.

2 *Play*. These are poor times, indeed, not like the days of Pasquin.

1 *Play*. Oh! name 'em not! those were glorious days, indeed, the days of beef and punch; my friends, when come there such again?

2 *Play*. Who knows what this new author may produce? Faith, I like my part very well.

1 *Play*. Nay, if variety will please the town, I am sure there is enough of it; but I could wish, methinks, the satire had been a little stronger, a little

2 *Play*. Now I think it is plain enough. [plainer.

1 *Play*. Hum! Ay, it is intelligible; but I would have it downright; 'gad, I fancy I could write a thing to succeed myself. [write on?

2 *Play*. Ay; prithee, what subject wouldst thou

1 *Play*. Why no subject at all, sir; but I would have a humming deal of satire, and I would repeat in every page that courtiers are cheats and don't pay their debts, that lawyers are rogues, physicians blockheads, soldiers cowards, and ministers——

2 *Play*. What, what, sir?

1 *Play*. Nay, I'll only name 'em, that's enough to set the audience a hooting.

2 *Play*. Zounds, sir! here is wit enough for a whole play in one speech.

1 *Play*. For one play! why, sir, it's all I have extracted out of above a dozen.

2 *Play*. Who have we here? [the rehearsal.

1 *Play*. Some gentlemen, I suppose, come to hear

Enter SOURWIT and LORD DAPPER.

Dap. Pray, gentlemen, don't you rehearse the 'Historical Register' this morning?

1 *Play*. Sir, we expect the author every minute.

Sour. What is this "Historical Register?" is it a tragedy or a comedy?

1 *Play*. Upon my word, sir, I can't tell.

Sour. Then I suppose you have no part in it?

1 *Play*. Yes, sir, I have several; but—O, here is the author himself; I suppose he can tell, sir.

Sour. Faith, sir, that's more than I suppose.

Enter MEDLEY.

Med. My lord, your most obedient servant; this is a very great and unexpected favour indeed, my lord. Mr. Sourwit, I kiss your hands; I am very glad to see you here. [perhaps.

Sour. That's more than you may be by-and-by,

Dap. We are come to attend your rehearsal, sir; pray when will it begin?

Med. This very instant, my lord: gentlemen, I beg you would be all ready, and let the prompter bring me some copies for these gentlemen.

Sour. Mr. Medley, you know I am a plain speaker, so you will excuse any liberties I take.

Med. Dear sir, you can't oblige me more.

Sour. Then I must tell you, sir, I am a little staggered at the name of your piece; doubtless, sir, you know the rules of writing, and I can't guess how you can bring the actions of a whole year into the circumference of four-and-twenty hours.

Med. Sir, I have several answers to make to your objection: in the first place, my piece is not of a nature confined to any rules, as being avowedly irregular; but if it was otherwise, I think I could quote you precedents of plays that neglect them; besides, sir, if I comprise the whole actions of the year in half an hour, will you blame me, or those who have done so little in that time? My Register is not to be filled, like those of vulgar news-writers.

with trash for want of news; and therefore, if I say little or nothing, you may thank those who have done little or nothing.

Enter Prompter with books.

Oh, here are my books.

Sour. In print already, Mr. Medley?

Med. Yes, sir, it is the safest way, for if a man stays till he is damned it is possible he never may get into print at all; the town is capricious, for which reason always print as fast as you write, that, if they damn your play, they may not damn your copy too.

Sour. Well, sir, and pray what is your design, your plot?

Med. Why, sir, I have several plots, some pretty deep, and some but shallow. [design.

Sour. I hope, sir, they all conduce to the main

Med. Yes, sir, they do.

Sour. Pray, sir, what is that?

Med. To divert the town and bring full houses.

Sour. Pshaw! you misunderstand me; I meant what is your moral, your, your, your—

Med. Oh! sir, I comprehend you. Why, sir, my design is to ridicule the vicious and foolish customs of the age; and that in a fair manner, without fear, favour, or ill-nature, and without scurrility, ill-manners, or commonplace; I hope to expose the reigning follies in such a manner that men shall laugh themselves out of them before they feel that they are touched.

Sour. But what thread or connexion can you have in this history? For instance, how is your political connected with your theatrical?

Med. O very easily. When my politics come to a farce, they very naturally lead me to the play-house, where, let me tell you, there are some politicians too, where there is lying, flattering, dissembling, promising, deceiving, and undermining, as well as in any court in christendom.

Enter a Player.

Play. Won't you begin your rehearsal, sir?

Med. Ay, ay, with all my heart; is the music ready for the prologue?

Sour. Music for the prologue!

Med. Ay, sir, I intend to have everything new. I had rather be the author of my own dulness than the publisher of other men's wit; and really, Mr. Sourwit, the subjects for prologues are utterly exhausted: I think the general method has been either to frighten the audience with the author's reputation, or to flatter them to give their applause, or to beseech them to it, and that in a manner that will serve for every play alike: now, sir, my prologue will serve for no play but my own, and to that I think nothing can be better adapted; for, as mine is the history of the year, what can be a properer prologue than an ode to the new year?

Sour. An ode to the new year? [begin, begin.

Med. Yes, sir, an ode to the new year. Come,

Enter Prompter.

Prompt. Sir, the prologue is ready.

Sour. Dear Medley, let me hear you read it; possibly it may be sung so fine, I may not understand a word of it.

Med. Sir, you can't oblige me more.

ODE TO THE NEW YEAR.

This is a day, in days of yore, Our fathers never saw before; This is a day, 'tis one to ten, Our sons will never see again.	When the sun shall be gay, And the moon shall be bright. The sun shall rise All in the skies; The moon shall go All down below.
Then sing the day, And sing the song, And thus be merry All day long.	Then sing the day, And sing the song, And thus be merry All day long.
This is the day, And that's the night,	

Ay, ay, come on, and sing it away.

Enter Singers, who sing the Ode.

Med. There, sir, there's the very quintessence and cream of all the odes I have seen for several years last past.

Sour. Ay, sir, I thought you would not be the publisher of another man's wit?

Med. No more I a'nt, sir; for the devil of any wit did I ever see in any of them.

Sour. Oh! your most humble servant, sir.

Med. Yours, sir, yours; now for my play; prompter, are the politicians all ready at the table?

Prompt. I'll go and see, sir. [Exit.

Med. My first scene, Mr. Sourwit, lies in the island of Corsica, being at present the chief scene of politics of all Europe.

Enter Prompter.

Prompt. Sir, they are ready.

Med. Then draw the scene, and discover them.

Scene draws, and discovers five Politicians sitting at a table.

Sour. Here's a mistake in the print, Mr. Medley; I observe the second politician is the first person who speaks.

Med. Sir, my first and greatest politician never speaks at all; he is a very deep man, by which you will observe I convey this moral, that the chief art of a politician is to keep a secret. [mean.

Sour. To keep his politics a secret, I suppose you

Med. Come, sir, begin.

2 *Polit.* Is king Theodore returned yet?

3 *Polit.* No.

2 *Polit.* When will he return?

3 *Polit.* I cannot tell. [little of the matter.

Sour. This politician seems to me to know very

Med. Zounds, sir! would you have him a prophet as well as a politician? You see, sir, he knows what's past, and that's all he ought to know: 'sblood, sir, would it be in the character of a politician to make him a conjurer? Go on, gentlemen: pray, sir, don't interrupt their debates, for they are of great consequence.

2 *Polit.* These mighty preparations of the Turks are certainly designed against some place or other; now, the question is, what place they are designed against? And that is a question which I cannot answer.

3 *Polit.* But it behoves us to be upon our guard.

4 *Polit.* It does, and the reason is, because we know nothing of the matter.

2 *Polit.* You say right; it is easy for a man to guard against dangers which he knows of, but to guard against dangers which nobody knows of requires a very great politician. [knows anything.

Med. Now, sir, I suppose you think that nobody

Sour. Faith, sir, it appears so.

Med. Ay, sir, but there is one who knows; that little gentleman yonder in the chair, who says nothing, knows it all.

Sour. But how do you intend to convey this knowledge to the audience?

Med. Sir, they can read it in his looks: 'sblood, sir, must not a politician be thought a wise man without his giving instances of his wisdom?

5 *Polit.* Hang foreign affairs! let us apply our-
Omnes. Ay, ay, ay. [selves to money.

Med. Gentlemen, that over again—and be sure to snatch hastily at the money; you're pretty politicians truly! [selves to money.

5 *Polit.* Hang foreign affairs! let us apply our-
Omnes. Ay, ay, ay.

2 *Polit.* All we have to consider relating to money is how we shall get it.

3 *Polit.* I think we ought first to consider whe-

ther there is any to be got, which, if there be, I do readily agree that the next question is, how to come

Omnes. Hum! [at it.]

Sour. Pray, sir, what are these gentlemen in Corsica?

Med. Why, sir, they are the ablest heads in the kingdom, and consequently the greatest men; for you may be sure all well-regulated governments, as I represent this of Corsica to be, will employ in their greatest posts men of the greatest capacity.

2 *Polit.* I have considered the matter, and I find it must be by a tax.

3 *Polit.* I thought of that, and was considering what was not taxed already. [learning.]

2 *Polit.* Learning; suppose we put a tax upon

3 *Polit.* Learning, it is true, is a useless commodity, but I think we had better lay it on ignorance; for learning being the property but of a very few, and those poor ones too, I am afraid we can get little among them; whereas ignorance will take in most of the great fortunes in the kingdom.

Omnes. Ay, ay, ay. [Exeunt Politicians.]

Sour. Faith, it's very generous in these gentlemen to tax themselves so readily.

Med. Ay, and very wise too, to prevent the people's grumbling, and they will have it all among themselves.

Sour. But what is become of the politicians?

Med. They are gone, sir, they're gone; they have finished the business they met about, which was to agree on a tax; that being done, they are gone to raise it; and this, sir, is the full account of the whole history of Europe, as far as we know of it, comprised in one scene.

Sour. The devil it is! Why you have not mentioned one word of France, or Spain, or the emperor.

Med. No, sir, I turn those over to the next year, by which time we may possibly know something what they are about; at present our advices are so very uncertain I know not what to depend on; but come, sir, now you shall have a council of ladies.

Sour. Does this scene lie in Corsica too?

Med. No, no, this lies in London. You know, sir, it would not have been quite so proper to have brought English politicians (of the male kind I mean) on the stage, because our politics are not quite so famous; but in female politicians, to the honour of my countrywomen I say it, I believe no country can excel us: come, draw the scene and discover the ladies.

Prompt. Sir, they are not here; one of them is practising above stairs with a dancing-master, and I can't get her down.

Med. I'll fetch 'em, I warrant you. [Exit.]

Sour. Well, my lord, what does your lordship think of what you have seen?

Dap. Faith, sir, I did not observe it; but it's damned stuff, I am sure.

Sour. I think so, and I hope your lordship will not encourage it. They are such men as your lordship who must reform the age: if persons of your exquisite and refined taste will give a sanction to politer entertainments, the town will soon be ashamed of laughing at what they do now.

Dap. Really this is a very bad house.

Sour. It is not indeed so large as the others, but I think one hears better in it.

Dap. Pox of hearing! one can't see—oneself I mean; here are no looking-glasses; I love Lincoln's-inn-fields for that reason better than any house in town.

Sour. Very true, my lord; but I wish your lordship would think it worth your consideration, as the

morals of a people depend, as has been so often and well proved, entirely on the public diversions, it would be of great consequence that those of the sublimest kind should meet with your lordship's and the rest of the nobility's countenance.

Dap. Mr. Sourwit, I am always ready to give my countenance to anything of that kind which might bring the best company together; for as one does not go to see the play but the company, I think that's chiefly to be considered; and therefore I am always ready to countenance good plays.

Sour. No one is a better judge what is so than your lordship.

Dap. Not I, indeed, Mr. Sourwit; but as I am one half of the play in the green-room talking to the actresses, and the other half in the boxes talking to the women of quality, I have an opportunity of seeing something of the play, and perhaps may be as good a judge as another.

Enter MEDLEY.

Med. My lord, the ladies cannot begin yet; if your lordship will honour me in the green-room, there you will find it pleasanter than upon this cold stage.

Dap. With all my heart. Come, Mr. Sourwit.

Sour. I attend your lordship. [Exeunt.]

Prompt. Thou art a sweet judge of plays, indeed! and yet it is in the power of such sparks as these to damn an honest fellow both in his profit and reputation. [Exit.]

ACT II.—SCENE I.—Enter MEDLEY, LORD DAPPER, SOURWIT, and Prompter.

Med. Come, draw the scene and discover the ladies in council: pray, my lord, sit.

[The scene draws and discovers four Ladies.]

Sour. What are these ladies assembled about?

Med. Affairs of great importance, as you will see. Please to begin all of you. [night?]

All Ladies. Was you at the opera, madam, last

2 Lady. Who can miss an opera while Farinello stays?

3 Lady. Sure he's the charmingest creature.

4 Lady. He's everything in the world one could wish.

1 Lady. Almost everything one could wish.

2 Lady. They say there's a lady in the city has a

All Ladies. Ha, ha, ha! [child by him.]

1 Lady. Well, it must be charming to have a child by him. [day with three.]

3 Lady. Madam, I met a lady in a visit the other

All Ladies. All Farinello's?

3 Lady. All Farinello's; all in wax.

1 Lady. O gemini? who makes them? I'll send and bespeak half a dozen to-morrow morning.

2 Lady. I'll have as many as I can cram into a coach with me. [be invention.]

Sour. Mr. Medley, sir, is this history? this must

Med. Upon my word, sir, it's fact, and I take it to be the most extraordinary accident that has happened in the whole year, and as well worth recording. Faith, sir, let me tell you I take it to be ominous, for if we go on to improve in luxury, effeminacy, and debauchery, as we have done lately, the next age, for aught I know, may be more like the children of squeaking Italians than hardy Britons.

All Ladies. Don't interrupt us, dear sir. [be.]

1 Lady. What mighty pretty company they must

2 Lady. Oh, the prettiest company in the world.

3 Lady. If one could but teach them to sing like their father!

4 Lady. I am afraid my husband won't let me keep them, for he hates I should be fond of anything but himself.

All Ladies. O the unreasonable creature!

1 Lady. If my husband was to make any objection to my having 'em I'd run away from him, and take the dear babies with me.

Med. Come, enter beau Dangle.

Enter DANGLE.

Dang. Fie upon it, ladies! what are you doing here? Why are you not at the auction? Mr. Hen has been in the pulpit this half-hour.

1 Lady. Oh, dear Mr. Hen, I ask his pardon, I never miss him.

2 Lady. What's to be sold to-day?

1 Lady. Oh, I never mind that; there will be all the world there.

Dang. You'll find it almost impossible to get in.

All Ladies. Oh! I shall be quite miserable if I don't get in.

Dang. Then you must not lose a moment.

All Ladies. O! not a moment for the world.

[Exeunt Ladies.]

Med. There, they are gone.

Sour. I am glad on it with all my heart.

Dap. Upon my word, Mr. Medley, that last is an exceeding good scene, and full of a great deal of politeness, good sense, and philosophy.

Med. It's nature, my lord, it's nature.

Sour. Faith, sir, the ladies are much obliged to you.

Med. Faith, sir, it's more than I desire such ladies as I represent here should be: as for the nobler part of the sex, for whom I have the greatest honour, their characters can be no better set off than by ridiculing that light, trifling, giddy-headed crew, who are a scandal to their own sex and a curse on ours.

Prompt. Gentlemen, you must make room, for the curtain must be let down to prepare the auction-room.

Med. My lord, I believe you will be best before the curtain, for we have but little room behind, and a great deal to do.

Sour. Upon my word, Mr. Medley, I must ask you the same question which one of your ladies did just now; what do you intend to sell at this auction; the whole stock in trade of some milliner or mercer who has left off business?

Med. Sir, I intend to sell such things as were never sold in any auction before, nor ever will again: I can assure you, Mr. Sourwit, this scene, which I look on as the best in the whole performance, will require a very deep attention: sir, if you should take one pinch of snuff during the whole scene, you will lose a joke by it, and yet they lie pretty deep too, and may escape observation from a moderate understanding, unless very closely attended to.

Sour. I hope, however, they don't lie as deep as the dumb gentleman's politics did in the first act; if so, nothing but an inspired understanding can come at 'em.

Med. Sir, this scene is writ in allegory, and though I have endeavoured to make it as plain as possible, yet all allegory will require a strict attention to be understood, sir.

Prompt. Sir, everything is ready.

Med. Then draw up the curtain. Come, enter Mrs. Screen and Mrs. Barter.

SCENE—Auction-room; pulpit and forms placed; people walking about.—Enter MRS. SCREEN and MRS. BARTER.

Mrs. S. Dear Mrs. Barter!

Mrs. B. Dear madam, you are early to-day!

Mrs. S. Oh, if one does not get near the pulpit one does nothing, and I intend to buy a great deal to-day; I believe I shall buy the whole auction; at least if things go cheap: you won't bid against me?

Mrs. B. You know I never bid for anything.

Enter BANTER and DANGLE.

Bant. That's true, Mrs. Barter, I'll be your evidence.

Mrs. S. Are you come? Now I suppose we shall have fine bidding; I don't expect to buy cheaper than at a shop.

Bant. That's unkind, Mrs. Screen; you know I never bid against you: it would be cruel to bid against a lady who frequents auctions only with a design one day or other to make one great auction of her own. No, no, I will not prevent the filling your warehouse; I assure you I bid against no haberdashers of all wares.

Mrs. B. You are a mighty civil person, truly.

Bant. You need not take up the cudgels, madam, who are of no more consequence at an auction than a mayor at a sessions; you only come here, where you have nothing to do, to show people you have nothing to do anywhere else. [world, as you do.]

Mrs. B. I don't come to say rude things to all the

Bant. No, the world may thank Heaven, that did not give you wit enough to do that.

Mrs. S. Let him alone, he will have his jest.

Mrs. B. You don't think I mind him, I hope; but pray, sir, of what great use is your friend Mr. Dangle here?

Bant. Oh, he is of very great use to all women of understanding.

Dang. Ay, of what use am I, pray?

Bant. To keep 'em at home, that they may not hear the silly things you say to 'em.

Mrs. S. I hope, Mr. Banter, you will not banish all people from places where they are of no consequence! you will allow 'em to go to an assembly or masquerade, without either playing, dancing, or intriguing; you will let people go to an opera without any ear, to a play without any taste, and to a church without any religion?

Enter HEN (bowing).

Mrs. S. Oh! dear Mr. Hen, I am glad you are come; you are horrible late to-day.

Hen. Madam, I am just mounting the pulpit: I hope you like the catalogue, ladies?

Mrs. S. There are some good things here, if you are not too dilatory with your hammer.

Bant. Boy, give me a catalogue.

Hen. [In the pulpit.] I dare swear, gentlemen and ladies, this auction will give general satisfaction; it is the first of its kind which I ever had the honour to exhibit, and I believe I may challenge the world to produce some of the curiosities which this choice cabinet contains:—a catalogue of curiosities which were collected by the indefatigable pains of that celebrated virtuoso, Peter Humdrum, esq., which will be sold by auction by Christopher Hen, on Monday, the 21st day of March, beginning at lot 1. Gentlemen and ladies, this is lot 1.—A most curious remnant of political honesty. Who puts it up, gentlemen? It will make you a very good cloak; you see it's both sides alike; so you may turn it as often as you will. Come, five pounds for this curious remnant: I assure you several great men have made their birthday-suits out of the same piece. It will wear for ever, and never be the worse for wearing. Five pounds is bid. Nobody more than five pounds for this curious piece of political honesty? Five pounds—no more? [knocks]—Lord Both-sides. Lot 2.—A most delicate piece of patriotism, gentlemen—who bids? Ten pounds for this piece of patriotism?

1 Court. I would not wear it for a thousand pounds.

Hen. Sir, I assure you several gentlemen at court have worn the same: it's quite a different thing within to what it is without.

1 *Court*. Sir, it is prohibited goods; I shan't run the risk of being brought into Westminster-hall for wearing it.

Hen. You take it for the old patriotism, whereas it is indeed like that in nothing but the cut; but, alas! sir, there is a great difference in the stuff. But, sir, I don't propose this for a town-suit; this is only proper for the country: consider, gentlemen, what a figure this will make at an election. Come, five pounds—one guinea? Put patriotism by.

Bant. Ay, put it by, one day or other it may be in fashion.

Hen. Lot 3. Three grains of modesty. Come, ladies, consider how scarce this valuable commodity is.

Mrs. S. Yes, and out of fashion too, Mr. Hen.

Hen. I ask your pardon, madam, it is true French, I assure you, and never changes colour on any account. Half-a-crown for all this modesty! Is there not one lady in the room who wants any modesty?

1 *Lady*. Pray, sir, what is it? for I can't see it at this distance.

Hen. It cannot be seen at any distance, madam, but it is a beautiful powder which makes a fine wash for the complexion.

Mrs. S. I thought you said it was true French, and would not change the colour of the skin?

Hen. No, it will not, madam; but it serves mighty well to blush behind a fan with, or to wear under a lady's mask at a masquerade. What! nobody bid? Well, lay modesty aside. Lot 4—One bottle of courage, formerly in the possession of lieutenant-colonel Ezekiel Pipkin, citizen, alderman and tallow-chandler. What, is there no officer of the trained-bands here? Or it will serve an officer of the army as well in time of peace, nay, even war, gentlemen; it will serve all of you who sell out.

1 *Off*. Is the bottle whole? is there no crack in it?

Hen. None, sir, I assure you; though it has been in many engagements in Tothill-fields; nay it has served a campaign or two in Hyde-park, since the alderman's death: it will never waste while you stay at home, but it evaporates immediately if carried abroad.

1 *Off*. Damn me, I don't want it; but a man can't have too much courage. Three shillings for it.

Hen. Three shillings are bid for this bottle of cou-

1 *Beau*. Four. [rage.]

Bant. What do you bid for courage for?

1 *Beau*. Not for myself, but I have a commission to buy it for a lady.

1 *Off*. Five.

Hen. Five shillings, five shillings for all this courage; nobody more than five shillings? [knocks.] Your name, sir?

1 *Off*. Macdonald O'Thunder.

Hen. Lot 5 and lot 6.—All the wit lately belonging to Mr. Hugh Pantomime, composer of entertainments for the playhouses, and Mr. William Goose-quill, composer of political papers in defence of a ministry. Shall I put up these together?

Bant. Ay, it is a pity to part them: where are they?

Hen. Sir, in the next room, where any gentleman may see them, but they are too heavy to bring in; they are near three hundred volumes in folio.

Bant. Put them by. Who the devil would bid for them unless he was the manager of some house or other? The town has paid enough for their works already.

Hen. Lot 7.—A very clear conscience, which has been worn by a judge and a bishop.

Mrs. S. Is it as clean as if it was new?

Hen. Yes, no dirt will stick to it, and pray observe how capacious it is; it has one particular quality, put as much as you will into it, it is never

full: come, gentlemen, don't be afraid to bid for this, for whoever has it will never be poor.

Beau. One shilling for it.

Hen. O fie, sir! I am sure you want it, for if you had any conscience you would put it up at more than that: come, fifty pound for this conscience.

Bant. I'll give fifty pound to get rid of my conscience with all my heart.

Hen. Well, gentlemen, I see you are resolved not to bid for it, so I'll lay it by: come, lot 8.—A very considerable quantity of interest at court; come, a hundred pound for this interest at court.

Omnes. For me, Mr. Hen! [places, gentlemen.]

Hen. A hundred pound is bid in a hundred

Beau. Two hundred pound.

Hen. Two hundred pound, two hundred and fifty, three hundred pound, three hundred and fifty, four hundred, five hundred, six hundred, a thousand; a thousand pound is bid, gentlemen, nobody more than a thousand pounds for this interest at court? nobody more than one thousand? [knocks.] Mr. Littlewit. [it for less.]

Bant. Damn me, I know a shop where I can buy

Dap. Egad, you took me in, Mr. Medley, I could not help bidding for it.

Med. It's a sure sign it's nature, my lord, and I should not be surprised to see the whole audience stand up and bid for it too.

Hen. All the cardinal virtues, lot 9. Come, gentlemen, put in these cardinal virtues.

Gent. Eighteen pence.

Hen. Eighteen pence is bid for these cardinal virtues; nobody more than eighteen pence? Eighteen pence for all these cardinal virtues! nobody more? All these virtues, gentlemen, are going for eighteen pence; perhaps there is not so much more virtue in the world as here is, and all going for eighteen pence. [knocks.] Your name, sir?

Gent. Sir, here's a mistake; I thought you had said a cardinal's virtues. 'Sblood, sir, I thought to have bought a pennyworth! here's temperance and chastity, and a pack of stuff that I would not give three farthings for.

Hen. Well, lay 'em by. Lot 10, and lot 11.—A great deal of wit, and a little common sense.

Bant. Why do you put up these together? they have no relation to each other.

Hen. Well, the sense by itself then. Lot 10.—A little common sense.—I assure you, gentlemen, this is a very valuable commodity; come, who puts it in?

Med. You observe, as valuable as it is, nobody bids? I take this, if I may speak in the style of a great writer, to be a most emphatical silence; you see, Mr. Sourwit, no one speaks against this lot, and the reason nobody bids for it is because every one thinks he has it.

Hen. Lay it by, I'll keep it myself. Lot 12.

[Drum beats.]

Sour. Heyday! What's to be done now, Mr.

Med. Now, sir, the sport begins. [Medley?]

Enter a Gentleman laughing. (Huzza within.)

Bant. What's the matter.

Gent. There's a sight without would kill all mankind with laughing: Pistol is run mad, and thinks himself a great man, and he's marching through the streets with a drum and fiddles.

Bant. Please Heaven, I'll go and see this sight. [Exit.]

Omnes. And so will I. [Exeunt.]

Hen. Nay, if every one else goes, I don't know why I should stay behind.

Dap. Mr. Sourwit, we'll go too.

Med. If your lordship will have but a little patience till the scene be changed, you shall see him on the stage.

Sour. Is not this jest a little over acted?

Med. I warrant we don't over act him half so much as he does his parts; though 'tis not so much his acting capacity which I intend to exhibit as his ministerial.

Sour. His ministerial?

Med. Yes, sir; you may remember I told you before my rehearsal that there was a strict resemblance between the states political and theatrical; there is a ministry in the latter as well as the former; and I believe as weak a ministry as any poor kingdom could ever boast of; parts are given in the latter to actors with much the same regard to capacity as places in the former have sometimes been—in former ages I mean; and though the public damn both, yet while they both receive their pay they laugh at the public behind the scenes; and if one considers the plays that come from one part, and the writings from the other, one would be apt to think the same authors were retained in both.—But, come, change the scene into the street, and then enter Pistol *cum suis*.—Hitherto, Mr. Sourwit, as we have had only to do with inferior characters, such as beaux and tailors, and so forth, we have dealt in the prosaic; now we are going to introduce a more considerable person our muse will rise in her style: now, sir, for a taste of the sublime; come, enter Pistol. [Drum beats and fiddles play.

Enter PISTOL and Mob.

Pist. Associates, brethren, countrymen, and friends, Partakers with us in this glorious enterprise, Which for our consort we have undertaken; It grieves us much, yes, by the gods it does! That we, whose great ability and parts Have raised us to this pinnacle of power, Entitling us prime minister theatrical— That we should with an upstart of the stage Contend successful on our consort's side; But though by just hereditary right We claim a lawless power, yet for some reasons, Which to ourself we keep as yet conceal'd, Thus to the public deign we to appeal. Behold how humbly the great Pistol kneels. Say then, Oh Town, is it your royal will That my great consort represent the part Of Polly Peachum in the Beggar's Opera? [Mob hiss.

Thanks to the town, that hiss speaks their assent; Such was the hiss that spoke the great applause Our mighty father met with when he brought His Riddle on the stage; such was the hiss Welcomed his Cæsar to the Egyptian shore; Such was the hiss in which great John should have expired:

But, wherefore do I try in vain to number Those glorious hisses, which from age to age Our family has borne triumphant from the stage?

Med. Get thee gone for the prettiest hero that ever was shown on any stage. [Exit PISTOL.

Sour. Short and sweet, faith; what, are we to have no more of him? [breath.

Med. Ay, ay, sir: he's only gone to take a little

Dap. If you please, sir, in the mean time, we'll go take a little fire, for 'tis confounded cold upon the stage.

Med. I wait upon your lordship: stop the rehearsal a few moments, we'll be back again instantly. [Exeunt.

ACT III.—SCENE I.—*Enter MEDLEY, SOURWIT, and LORD DAPPER.*

Med. Now, my lord, for my modern Apollo: come, make all things ready, and draw the scene as soon as you can.

Sour. Modern, why modern? You commonplace

satirists are always endeavouring to persuade us that the age we live in is worse than any other has been, whereas mankind have differed very little since the world began; for one age has been as bad as another.

Med. Mr. Sourwit, I do not deny that men have been always bad enough; vice and folly are not the invention of our age: but I will maintain that what I intend to ridicule in the following scene is the whole and sole production and invention of some people now living; and faith, let me tell you, though perhaps the public may not be the better for it, it is an invention exceeding all the discoveries of every philosopher or mathematician from the beginning of the world to this day.

Sour. Ay; pray, what is it?

Med. Why, sir, it is a discovery, lately found out, that a man of great parts, learning, and virtue, is fit for no employment whatever; that an estate renders a man unfit to be trusted; that being a blockhead is a qualification for business; that honesty is the only sort of folly for which a man ought to be utterly neglected and contemned. And— But here is the inventor himself.

Scene draws and discovers APOLLO in a great chair surrounded by Attendants.

Come, bring him forward, that the audience may see and hear him: you must know, sir, this is a bastard of Apollo, begotten on that beautiful nymph Moria, who sold oranges to Thespis's company, or rather cart-load, of comedians: and, being a great favourite of his father's, the old gentleman settled upon him the entire direction of all our playhouses and poetical performances whatever.

Apol. Prompter!

Prompt. Sir.

Apol. Is there anything to be done?

Prompt. Yes, sir, this play to be cast.

Apol. Give it me. The life and death of king John, written by Shakspeare: who can act the king? [scenes.

Prompt. Pistol, sir; he loves to act it behind the

Apol. Here are a parcel of English lords.

Prompt. Their parts are but of little consequence; I will take care to cast them.

Apol. Do; but be sure you give them to actors who will mind their cues. Faulconbridge—What sort of a character is he?

Prompt. Sir, he is a warrior; my cousin here will do him very well.

1 Play. I do a warrior! I never learned to fence.

Apol. No matter, you will have no occasion to fight; can you look fierce, and speak well?

1 Play. Boh!

Apol. I would not desire a better warrior in the house than yourself.—Robert Faulconbridge—What is this Robert?

Prompt. Really, sir, I don't well know what he is; his chief desire seems to be for land, I think; he is no very considerable character; anybody may do him well enough; or, if you leave him quite out, the play will be little the worse for it.

Apol. Well, I'll leave it to you. Peter of Pomfret, a prophet. Have you anybody that looks like a prophet?

Prompt. I have one that looks like a fool.

Apol. He'll do. Philip of France.

Prompt. I have cast all the French parts except the ambassador.

Apol. Who shall do it? His part is but short; have you never a good genteel figure, and one that can dance? For, as the English are the politest people in Europe, it will be mighty proper that the

ambassador should be able, at his arrival, to entertain them with a jig or two.

Prompt. Truly, sir, here are abundance of dancing-masters in the house, who do little or nothing for their money.

Apol. Give it to one of them: see that he has a little drollery though in him, for Shakspeare seems to have intended him as a ridiculous character, and only to make the audience laugh.

Sour. What's that, sir? do you affirm that Shakspeare intended the ambassador Chatillon a ridiculous character?

Med. No, sir, I don't.

Sour. Oh, sir, your humble servant, then I misunderstood you; I thought I had heard him say so.

Med. Yes, sir, but I shall not stand to all he says.

Sour. But, sir, you should not put a wrong sentiment into the mouth of the god of wit.

Med. I tell you he is the god only of modern wit, and he has a very just right to be god of most of the modern wits that I know; of some who are liked for their wit; of some who are preferred for their wit; of some who live by their wit; of those ingenious gentlemen who damn plays, and those who write them too perhaps. Here comes one of his votaries; come, enter, enter. Enter Mr. Ground-Ivy.

Enter GROUND-IVY.

Ground. What are you doing here?

Apol. I am casting the parts in the tragedy of King John.

[gedy that won't do.

Ground. Then you are casting the parts in a tra-

Apol. How, sir! was it not written by Shakspeare, and was not Shakspeare one of the greatest geniuses that ever lived?

Ground. No, sir; Shakspeare was a pretty fellow, and said some things which only want a little of my licking to do well enough. King John, as now writ, will not do. But a word in your ear; I will make

Apol. How?

[him do.

Ground. By alteration, sir; it was a maxim of mine, when I was at the head of theatrical affairs, that no play, though ever so good, would do without alteration. For instance, in the play before us, the bastard Faulconbridge is a most effeminate character, for which reason I would cut him out, and put all his sentiments in the mouth of Constance, who is so much properer to speak them. Let me tell you, Mr. Apollo, propriety of character, dignity of diction, and emphasis of sentiment, are the things I chiefly consider on these occasions.

Prompt. I am only afraid, as Shakspeare is so popular an author, and you, asking your pardon, so unpopular—

Ground. Damn me, I'll write to the town and desire them to be civil, and that in so modest a manner that an army of Cossacs shall be melted: I'll tell them that no actors are equal to me, and no authors ever were superior; and how do you think I can insinuate that in a modest manner?

Prompt. Nay, faith, I can't tell.

Ground. Why, I'll tell them that the former only tread on my heels, and that the greatest among the latter have been damned as well as myself; and after that what do you think of your popularity? I can tell you, Mr. Prompter, I have seen things carried in the house against the voice of the people before to-day.

Apol. Let them hiss, let them hiss and grumble as much as they please, as long as we get their money.

Med. There, sir, is the sentiment of a great man, and worthy to come from the great Apollo himself.

Sour. He's worthy his sire, indeed, to think of this gentleman for altering Shakspeare.

Med. Sir, I will maintain this gentleman as proper as any man in the kingdom for the business.

Sour. Indeed!

Med. Ay, sir; for, as Shakspeare is already good enough for people of taste, he must be altered to the palates of those who have none; and if you will grant that, who can be properer to alter him for the worse? But if you are so zealous in old Shakspeare's cause, perhaps you may find by-and-by all this come to nothing. Now for Pistol.

Pistol enters, and overturns his Father.

Ground. Pox on't! the boy treads close on my heels in a literal sense.

Pist. Your pardon, sir, why will you not obey Your son's advice, and give him still his way?

For you, and all who will oppose his force,

Must be o'erthrown in his triumphant course.

Sour. I hope, sir, your Pistol is not intended to burlesque Shakspeare.

Med. No, sir, I have too great an honour for Shakspeare to think of burlesquing him, and, to be sure of not burlesquing him, I will never attempt to alter him, for fear of burlesquing him by accident, as perhaps some others have done.

Dap. Pistol is the young captain.

Med. My lord, Pistol is every insignificant fellow in town, who fancies himself of great consequence, and is of none; he is my lord Pistol, captain Pistol, counsellor Pistol, alderman Pistol, beau Pistol, and—and—odso, what was I going to say? Come, go on.

Apol. Prompter, take care that all things well go We will retire, my friend, and read King John.

[*Exeunt.*

Sour. To what purpose, sir, was Mr. Pistol introduced?

Med. To no purpose at all, sir; it's all in character, sir, and plainly shows of what mighty consequence he is. And there ends my article from the theatre.

[*Pollys?*

Sour. Heyday! What's become of your two

Med. Damned, sir, damned; they were damned at my first rehearsal, for which reason I have cut them out; and, to tell you the truth, I think the town has honoured 'em enough with talking of 'em for a whole month; though, faith, I believe it was owing to their having nothing else to talk of. Well, now for my patriots. You will observe, Mr. Sour-wit, that I place my politicians and my patriots at opposite ends of my piece, which I do, sir, to show the wide difference between them. I begin with my politicians, to signify that they will always have the preference in the world to patriots; and I end with patriots, to leave a good relish in the mouths of my audience.

Sour. Ay; by your dance of patriots, one would think you intended to turn patriotism into a jest.

Med. So I do. But don't you observe I conclude the whole with a dance of patriots? which plainly intimates that, when patriotism is turned into a jest, there is an end of the whole play: come, enter four patriots. You observe I have not so many patriots as politicians; you will collect from thence that they are not so plenty.

Sour. Where does the scene lie now, sir?

Med. In Corsica, sir, all in Corsica.

Enter four Patriots from different doors, who meet in the centre and shake hands.

Sour. These patriots seem to equal your greatest politicians in their silence.

Med. Sir, what they think now cannot well be spoke, but you may conjecture a great deal from their shaking their heads; they will speak by-and-by, as soon as they are a little heated with wine: you cannot, however, expect any great speaking in

this scene, for, though I do not make my patriots politicians, I don't make them fools.

Sour. But, methinks, your patriots are a set of shabby fellows.

Med. They are the cheaper dressed; besides, no man can be too low for a patriot, though perhaps it is possible he may be too high.

1 *Pat.* Prosperity to Corsica!

2 *Pat.* Liberty and property!

3 *Pat.* Success to trade! [shop.

4 *Pat.* Ay, to trade—to trade—particularly to my

Sour. Why do you suffer that actor to stand laughing behind the scenes, and interrupt your rehearsal?

Med. O, sir, he ought to be there, he's a laughing in his sleeve at the patriots; he's a very considerable character, and has much to do by-and-by.

Sour. Methinks the audience should know that, or perhaps they may mistake him as I did, and hiss him.

Med. If they should, he is a pure impudent fellow, and can stand the hisses of them all; I chose him particularly for the part. Go on, patriots.

1 *Pat.* Gentlemen, I think this our island of Corsica is in an ill state; I do not say we are actually in war, for that we are not; but however we are threatened with it daily, and why may not the apprehension of a war, like other evils, be worse than the evil itself? For my part, this I will say, this I will venture to say, that let what will happen I will drink a health to peace.

Med. This gentleman is the noisy patriot, who drinks and roars for his country, and never does either good or harm in it. The next is the cautious patriot.

2 *Pat.* Sir, give me your hand; there's truth in what you say, and I will pledge you with all my soul, but remember it is all under the rose.

3 *Pat.* Lookye, gentlemen, my shop is my country: I always measure the prosperity of the latter by that of the former. My country is either richer or poorer, in my opinion, as my trade rises or falls; therefore, sir, I cannot agree with you that a war would be disserviceable: on the contrary, I think it the only way to make my country flourish; for, as I am a sword-cutler it would make my shop flourish: so here's to war.

Med. This is the self-interested patriot; and now you shall hear the fourth and last kind, which is the indolent patriot, one who acts as I have seen a prudent man in company, fall asleep at the beginning of a fray, and never wake till the end on't.

4 *Pat.* [Waking.] Here's to peace or war, I do not care which.

Sour. So, this gentleman being neutral, peace has it two to one.

Med. Perhaps neither shall have it, perhaps I have found a way to reconcile both parties: but go on.

1 *Pat.* Can any one who is a friend to Corsica wish for war in our present circumstances?—I desire to ask you all one question—Are we not a set of miserable poor dogs?

Omnes. Ay, ay. [will deny.

3 *Pat.* That we are sure enough, that nobody

Enter QUIDAM.

Quid. Yes, sir, I deny it. [All start.] Nay, gentlemen, let me not disturb you; I beg you will all sit down, I am come to drink a glass with you.—Can Corsica be poor while there is this in it? [Lays a purse on the table.]—Nay, be not afraid of it, gentlemen, it is honest gold I assure you; you are a set of poor dogs you agree; I say you are not, for this is all yours: there, [Pours it on the table] take it among you.

1 *Pat.* And what are we to do for it?

Quid. Only say you are rich, that's all.

Omnes. Oh, if that be all!

[They snatch up the money.

Quid. Well, sir, what is your opinion now? tell me freely.

1 *Pat.* I will; a man may be in the wrong through ignorance, but he's a rascal who speaks with open eyes against his conscience.—I own I thought we were poor, but, sir, you have convinced me that we

Omnes. We are all convinced. [are rich.

Quid. Then you are all honest fellows, and here is to your healths; and since the bottle is out, hang sorrow, cast away care, e'en take a dance, and I will play you a tune on the fiddle.

Omnes. Agreed.

1 *Pat.* Strike up when you will, we are ready to attend your motions. [Dance here; QUIDAM

dances out, and they all dance after him.

Med. Perhaps there may be something intended by this dance which you don't take.

Sour. Ay; what, prithee?

Med. Sir, every one of these patriots have a hole in their pockets, as Mr. Quidam the fiddler there knows; so that he intends to make them dance till all the money is fallen through, which he will pick up again, and so not lose one halfpenny by his generosity; so far from it, that he will get his wine for nothing, and the poor people, alas! out of their own pockets, pay the whole reckoning. This, sir, I think is a very pretty pantomime trick, and an ingenious burlesque on all the fourberies which the great Lun has exhibited in all his entertainments: and so ends my play, my farce, or what you please to call it: may I hope it has your lordship's approbation?

Dap. Very pretty, indeed, it's very pretty.

Med. Then, my lord, I hope I shall have your encouragement; for things in this town do not always succeed according to their merit; there is a vogue, my lord, which if you will bring me into, you will lay a lasting obligation on me: and you, Mr. Sourwit, I hope, will serve me among the critics, that I may have no elaborate treatise writ to prove that a farce of three acts is not a regular play of five. Lastly, to you, gentlemen, whom I have not the honour to know, who have pleased to grace my rehearsal; and you, ladies, whether you be Shakespeare's ladies, or Beaumont and Fletcher's ladies, I hope you will make allowances for a rehearsal,

And kindly all report us to the town:

No borrow'd nor no stolen goods we've shown;
If witty, or if dull, our play's our own.

EURYDICE,

A FARCE.

AS IT WAS D—MN'D AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL DRURY-LANE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Pluto, Orpheus, Charon, Proserpine, Eurydice, Ghosts, &c.*

[*The music-bell rings.*] *Enter the Author in a hurry. A Critic following.*

Auth. Hold, hold, Mr. Chetwood; don't ring for the overture yet, the devil is not dressed. He has but just put on his cloven foot.

Crit. Well, sir, how do you find yourself? In what state are your spirits?

Auth. Oh! never better. If the audience are but in half so good a humour, I warrant for the success of my farce.

Crit. I wish it may succeed; but as it is built (you say) on so ancient a story as that of Orpheus and Eurydice, I fear some part of the audience may not be acquainted with it. Would it not have been advisable to have writ a sheet or two by a friend, addressed to the spectators of Eurydice, and let them a little into the matter?

Auth. No, no; any man may know as much of the story as myself, only by looking at the end of Littleton's dictionary, whence I took it. Besides, sir, the story is vulgarly known. Who has not heard that Orpheus went down to the shades after his wife who was dead, and so enchanted Proserpine with his music, that she consented he should carry her back, with a proviso he never turned to look on her in his way, which he could not refrain from, and so lost her?—Dear sir, every school-boy knows it.

Crit. But for the instruction of those beaux who never were at school—

Auth. They may learn it from those who have. If you will secure me from the critics, I don't fear the beaux.

Crit. Why, sir, half the beaux are critics.

Auth. Ay! 'sgad, I should as soon have suspected half the Dutchmen to be dancing-masters. If I had known this, I would have spared them a little. I must leave out the first scene, I believe.

Crit. Why that?

Auth. Why, it is a scene between the ghosts of two beaux. And if the substance of a beau be such an unsubstantial thing as we see it, what must the shadow of that substance be?

Crit. Ha, ha, ha! Ridiculous!

Auth. Ay, I think so. I think we do come up to the ridiculous in our farce, and that is what a farce ought to be, and all it ought to be: for, as your beaux set up for critics, so these critics on farces may set up for beaux. But come, I believe by this the devil and the ghosts are ready; so now, Mr. Chetwood, you may ring away. Sir, if you please to sit down with me between the scenes, I shall be glad of your opinion of my piece.

[*They sit: the overture is played.*]

Crit. Pray, sir, who are these two gentlemen that stand ready to rush on the stage? Are they the two ghosts you mention?

Auth. Yes, sir, they are. Mr. Spindle and captain Weazle: the one belongs to the court, the other to the army; and they are the representatives of their several bodies. You must know, farther, the one has been dead some time, the other but just departed; but hush! they are gone on.

Enter CAPTAIN WEAZLE, MR. SPINDLE.

Weaz. Mr. Spindle, your very humble servant. You are welcome, sir, on this side the river Styx. I am glad to see you dead, with all my heart.

Spin. Captain Weazle, I thank you. I hope you are well.

Weaz. As well as a dead man can be, my dear.

Spin. And faith! that's better than any living man can be, at least any living beau. Dead men (they say) feel no pain; and I am sure we beaux, while alive, feel little else: but however, at last, thanks to a little fever and a great doctor, I have shaken off a bad constitution; and now I intend to take one dear swing of raking, drinking, whoring, and playing the devil, as I have done in the other world.

Weaz. I suppose then you think this world exactly like that you have left?

Spin. Why you have whores here, have you not?

Weaz. Oh, in abundance.

Spin. Give me a buss for that, my dear. And some of our acquaintance, fine ladies, are there not?

Weaz. Ay, scarce any other.

Spin. Thou dear dog! Well, and how dost thou lead thy life, thy death, I should say, among 'em.

Weaz. Faith! Jack, even as I led my life—between cards, dice, music, taverns, wenches, masquerades.

Spin. Masquerades! Have you those too?

Weaz. Those? Ay, they were borrowed hence.

Spin. What a delicious place this hell is!

Weaz. Sir, it is the only place a fine gentleman ought to be in. [other world!]

Spin. How it was misrepresented to us in the

Weaz. Pshaw! that hell did not belong to our religion; for you and I, Jack, you know, and most of our acquaintance, were always heathens.

Spin. Well, but what sort of a fellow is the old gentleman, the devil, hey?

Weaz. Is he? Why a very pretty sort of a gentleman, a very fine gentleman; but, my dear, you have seen him five hundred times already. The moment I saw him here I remembered to have seen him shuffle cards at White's and George's; to have met him often on the Exchange and in the Alley, and never missed him in or about Westminster-hall. I will introduce you to him.

Spin. Ay, do; and tell him I was hanged; that will recommend me to him.

Weaz. No, hanged, no; then he will take you for a poor rogue, a sort of people he abominates so that there are scarce any of them here. No, if you would recommend yourself to him, tell him you deserved to be hanged, and was too great for the law.

Spin. Won't he find me out?

Weaz. If he does, nothing pleases him so much as lying; for which reason he is so fond of no sort of people as the lawyers.

Spin. Methinks he might, for the same reason, be fond of us courtiers too. [reception.]

Weaz. Sir, we have no cause to complain of our

Spin. But have you no news here, Jack?

Weaz. Yes, truly, we have some, and pretty remarkable news too. Here is a man come hither after his wife. [of her, that she may not come back again?]

Spin. What! to desire the devil to take great care

Weaz. No, really, to desire her back again; and 'tis thought he will obtain his request.

Spin. Ay; he must be a hard-hearted devil indeed, to deny a man such a request as that.

Weaz. Did you never hear of him in the other world? He is a very fine singer, and his name is Orpheus.

Spin. Oh, ay! he's an Italian. Signior Orpheo—I have heard him sing in the opera in Italy. I suppose, when he goes back again, they will have him in England. But who have we here?

Weaz. This is the woman I spoke of—Madam Eurydice.

Spin. Faith! she is handsome; and if she had been anybody's wife but my own I would have come hither for her with all my heart.

Auth. That sentiment completes the character of my courtier, who is so complaisant that he sins only to comply with the mode; and goes to the devil, not out of any inclination, but because it is the fashion. Now for Madam Eurydice, who is the fine lady of my play: and a fine lady she is, or I am mistaken.

Enter EURYDICE.

Eur. Captain Weazle, your very humble servant.

Weaz. Your servant, lady fair. A gentleman of my acquaintance desires the honour of kissing your hands. [England, I presume?

Eur. Any gentleman of your acquaintance. From

Spin. Just arrived thence, madam.

Eur. You have not been at court yet, sir, I suppose. You will meet with a very hearty welcome from his majesty. He has a particular kindness for people of your nation.

Spin. I hope, madam, we shall always deserve it.

Weaz. But I hope the news is not true, that we are to lose you, Madam Eurydice?

Eur. How can you doubt it, when my husband is come after me? Do you think Pluto can refuse me, or that I can refuse to go back with a husband who came hither for me?

Spin. Faith! I don't know; but if a husband was to go back to the other world after his wife, I believe he would scarce persuade her to come hither with him.

Eur. Oh! but, sir, this place alters us much for the better. Women are quite different creatures after they have been here some time.

Weaz. And so you will go?

Eur. It is not in my power. You know it is positively against the law of the realm. In desiring to go, I discharge the duty of a wife. And if the devil won't let me, I can't help it.

Weaz. I am afraid of the power of his voice. I wish he be able to resist that charm; and I fancy, if you was to confess ingenuously, it is his voice that charms you to go back again.

Eur. Indeed, sir, you are mistaken. I do not think the merit of a man, like that of a nightingale, lies in his throat. It is true he has a fine pipe; and if you will carry your friend to court this morning he may hear him; but though it is possible my heart may have its weak sides, I solemnly protest no one will ever reach it through my ears.

Spin. That's strange; for it is the only way to all the ladies' hearts in the other world.

Eur. Ha, ha, ha! I find you beaux know just as much of a woman as you ever did. Do you imagine, when a lady expires at an opera, she thinks of the signior that's singing? No, no—take my word for it, music puts softer and better things in her head.

AIR I. Do not ask me, charming Phillis.

When a woman lies expiring

At fal, la! la! la! la!

Do you think her, sir, desiring

Nothing more than ha, ha, ha?

[Exit between the beaux.]

Crit. If you will give me leave, sir, I think you have not enough distinguished the character of your courtier from your soldier.

Auth. What soldier? Have you mistaken my army-beau for a soldier? You might as well take a Temple-beau for a lawyer. Sir, a beau is a beau still, whatever profession he belongs to; the beaux in all professions differ in nothing but in dress; and therefore, sir, to distinguish the character of my army-beau from my court-beau, I clap a cockade into his hat, and that is all the distinction I can make between them. But mum: Pluto is going on.
Scene, the court of PLUTO.—Enter PLUTO, PROSERPINE, and ORPHEUS.

Plu. Indeed, friend Orpheus, I am concerned I cannot grant your request without infringing the laws of my realm. Ask me anything else, and be certain of obtaining: riches, power, or whatever is in my gift. Indeed, you ought to be contented with the common fate of men. Consider, you had the possession of your wife something more than a twelvemonth.

Pros. Long enough, I am sure, for any poor woman to be confined within the fetters of matrimony.

Plu. Is it possible that that voice, which can lull the cares of every other asleep, should not be able to assuage those of your own breast?

Auth. Now for a taste of recitativo. My farce is an oglio of tid-bits.

Orph. (Recit.) Cursed be the cruel scissors of the fates,

That snipp'd her thread of life, and cursed that law
Which now forbids her to my arms!

No, cruel king, detain your offered wealth,

And hang my harp forsaken in your realm;

For all things useless are to me

Without Eurydice.

AIR II.

Riches, can you ease restore?

Riches make me wish the more

The possession of my sweet,

To bestow them at her feet.

What relief in softest lays

Warbling all my charmer's praise,

Bidding fiercer passion rise,

Teaching languish to my eyes.

Then can wealth and music please,

When my charmer smiles at these;

But, lest envy these bemoan,

Give me, give me her alone.

Plu. (in raptures.) O caro, caro!—What shall I do? If I hear another song I am vanquished. Should he desire thee, my dear, I could hardly deny him.

[Aside to PROSERPINE.]

Pros. That may possibly be, my dear;—and I wish he would with all my heart. [Aside.]

Plu. Consider, child, there is no danger in the precedent: for, as he is the first man who ever desired to have his wife again, it is possible he may be the last.

Pros. I own the request odd enough; nor do I know any miracle that would equal it, unless she should consent to go along with him, which I much question: for I don't remember to have ever heard her mention her husband's name till his arrival here. And though you may make free with your own laws and your own people, I hope, Mr. Pluto, you will not usurp any authority over mine. By Styx, if you give one dead wife back again to her husband against her will, I will make hell too hot to hold you.

Plu. Do not be in a passion, my dear.

Pros. My dear, I will be in a passion. Shall you prescribe to me what to be in?

Plu. You need not fear the loss of your subjects.

though you should promise to return every wife that was asked.

Pros. How, sir! Have I not several widows whose jointures died with them—whose husbands would not only ask, but walk hither barefoot, to get them again? But you are always despising my subjects. I am sure no goddess of quality was ever used as I am. It would never be believed upon earth, that the devil is a worse husband than any there.

Auth. Considering where the scene lies, I think these sentiments are not *mal-à-propos*.

Enter EURYDICE, WEAZLE, SPINDLE. WEAZLE introduces SPINDLE to PLUTO and PROSERPINE.—EURYDICE goes to ORPHEUS.

Orph. (Recit.) Oh, my Eurydice! the cruel king,
Still obdurate, refuses to my arms
The repossession of my love.

Eur. (Recit.) Unkind fate,
So soon to put an end to all our joys!
And barbarous law of Erebus
That will not reinstate us in our bliss.

Orph. And must you stay?

Eur. And must you go?

Orph. Oh no!

Eur. 'Tis so.

Orph. Oh no!

Eur. 'Tis so.

Crit. Why does Eurydice speak in recitativo?

Auth. Out of complaisance to her husband. As you will find her behave through my whole piece like a very polite and well-bred lady. I intend this couple as a contrast to the devil and his wife.

AIR III.

Orph. Farewell, ye groves and mountains,
Ye once delightful fountains,
Where my charmer used to stray,
Where in gentle am'rous play,
Wanton, willing,
Burning, billing,
Ever cheerful, ever gay,
We have spent the summer-day!
Where herds forget their lowing,
And trees forget their blowing,
Joining with the fleecy flocks,
And the hard and massy rocks,
All came prancing,
Skipping, dancing:
Not the magic of my song,
But thy eyes drew all along.

Plu. I am conquered: by Styx you shall have her back. Take my wife too; take everything; another song, and take my crown.

Pros. Hold, hold! not so generous, good king Pluto. If the young lady pleases to return with her husband, as you have sworn by Styx, she may.

Auth. There, sir, there. I have carried the power of music beyond Orpheus, Amphion, and all of them; I have made it inspire a man to get the better of his wife.

Pros. But I insist on her consent being asked.

Spin. [to WEAZ.] I find in hell the grey mare is the better horse.

Weaz. Yes, faith! Jack, and nowhere else, I believe.

Orph. Thanks, most infernal majesty;
I ask no greater boon.

Eur. You may depend too surely on your Eurydice, to doubt her consent to whatever would make you happy. But it is a long way from hence to the other world; and you know, by experience, my dear, I am an exceeding bad traveller.

Orph. I'll carry you on my shoulders.

Eur. O, dear creature! your shoulders would fail; indeed they would. And if I should be taken sick on the road, what should I do? Indeed, in this

world I might make a tolerable shift; but on the other side the river Styx, if I was fainting no public house dare sell me a dram.

Orph. I will buy two gallons, and carry them with me.

Eur. Life, child, is so very uncertain, that who knows but as soon as I am got hence I may be summoned back the next day? and consider, what an intolerable fatigue two such journeys taken together would be.

Orph. Is it not a journey which I have undertaken for you?

Eur. O you great creature, you! You are a man, and I am a poor weak woman. I hope you don't compare your strength with mine. Besides, if I was able to go, it is really so much better to be here than to be married, that I must be mighty silly to think of returning. Indeed, dear Orphy, I should be ashamed to show my face after it.

AIR IV.

Oh lud! I should be quite ashamed,
My former friends to see;
In an assembly if I'm named,
They'd point and cry, *that's she*.
From husbands when 'tis thought so fine
For wives to run away,
Should I return again with mine,
What can the world all say?

Orph. Can you go then? will you refuse me?

Eur. My dear, you know I always hated to refuse you so much, that I hated you should ask me anything, if it was reasonable I should do it of my own accord; but I never will be persuaded out of my reason.

AIR V.

Orph. That marriage is a great evil,
Who'll ever dispute more in life,
When they hear I've prevail'd on the devil,
And cannot prevail on my wife, poor man!
And cannot prevail on my wife?

Eur. But when those who hear your sad ditty
Shall the date of your wedding explore,
Do you think men a husband will pity
Who should have known better before, poor man!
Who should have known better before?

Plu. The doom is fix'd. I ask your pardon, my dear [to *PROS.*] but I swore by Styx, before I thought of it, that she should go.

Pros. Ay, you are always swearing before you think of it: however, Eurydice, since that's the case the oath must be kept. But I can add a clause to the bill: if he looks back on you once in the way, you shall return, and that I swear by Styx.

Plu. Do you hear, sir, what my wife says?

Spin. [to WEAZ.] This river Styx seems a pretty way of ending controversies between man and wife. It is pity the Thames had not the same virtue.

Orph. Thanks, most diabolical majesty, for your infernal kindness.

Plu. I hope you will take care and not forfeit the advantage of this favour I have granted you.

Pros. Which I have granted, if you please, sir.

Plu. Ay, which my wife has granted.

Weaz. [to SPIN.] You see how ill people express themselves when they call a bad husband the devil of a husband.

Eur. I thank your majesty, madam, for your interposition in my behalf; and if I did not improve it I should be unworthy of your royal favour.

Pros. I doubt not but you have been here long enough to learn to outwit your husband.

Eur. Few women, madam, need come hither to learn that art.

Pros. I am glad they behave so well. Dear Eurydice, I wish you a good journey with all my heart, and hope to see you soon again. [sure your majesty.

Eur. The first moment it is in my power, I as-

Plu. Friend Orpheus, farewell: I give thee thy wife with greater pleasure, since I hope, as thou hast come hither now to get her, thou wilt return hither shortly to get rid of her.

[*Exeunt PLUTO, PROS., WEAZ., and SPIN.*]

Eur. Well, sir, and so I must take a trip with you to the other world. How was it possible you would come hither to fetch me back when I was dead, who had so often wished me here while alive?

Orph. Those were only the sudden blasts of passion. Besides, as is the common fate of mortals, I never knew my happiness till I lost it.

Eur. And was you then really concerned for me?

Orph. Yes, my dear, and I think you was so for me; your tears at our parting gave me sufficient assurance.

Eur. Ha, ha, ha! I was afraid of dying, child, that was all. Upon my word, my dear, parting with thee was all the little comfort I had.

Orph. Did you desire it then?

Eur. Most heartily, upon my word. I seldom prayed for anything else.

Orph. Why, did we not live comfortably together?

Eur. O very comfortably! Did you not leave me to run after the golden fleece?

Orph. Nay, if you come to that, did you not run away from me, and stay at Thebes by yourself a whole winter?

Eur. And did not you keep a mistress in my absence, when you might have come to me?

Orph. Did not you spend in diversions and play what should have kept your family?

Eur. And did not you spend on mistresses what should have kept your wife? [pours.

Orph. Was not you almost eternally in the va-

Eur. And was not you the occasion of my vapours? Did not you kill my favourite monkey, because I would not dance with that rake Hercules and the rest of your brother Argonauts?

Orp. You have dined with that rake Hercules when I have not been by, I believe; and did not you crack one of my best fiddles, only because I would not dance with that coquet Miss Atalanta and the rest of your flirts?

Eur. You have danced with her in private, I fancy; and I would break your fiddle again, sir, on the same occasion.

Orph. And I would see you and your monkey at the devil, if you affronted my friends.

Eur. Ha, ha, ha! Then you would come after me again, as you have now; ha, ha, ha!

Orph. Nay, do not laugh so immoderately.

Eur. How can I avoid it at this comfortable state of life, which you are so fond of as to desire over again? [our faults for the future.

Orph. But experience might teach us to amend

Eur. Experience rather ought to teach us the impossibility of such an amendment: for if we could have learnt so, we might have learnt from the examples of others when we were first married, and from our own in a short time; but I never perceived any better effect from the remembrance of a past quarrel than the working up a new one. Could experience cure folly, man would not want that cure very early in life.

AIR VI.

If men from experience a lesson could reap,

To fly from the folly they'd seen,

What madman at forty a mistress would keep?

What woman would love at eighteen?

What woman, &c.

The levees of statesmen and courts of the law

Boys only would haunt very soon;

And all married broils to conclusion would draw,

At the end of the sweet honeymoon

At the end, &c.

So, if you have a mind to improve and profit by your own experience, e'en look back at the third step, and return single as you came.

Orph. No, I will be so complacent, that I had rather prove your hypothesis than my own.

Eur. Then, pray set out. In those last words of yours matrimony seemed to begin again; for to refuse his wife with civility is the true complacency of a husband. So, a good journey to us.

AIR VII.—*Turn, O turn thee, dearest creature.*

Turn, O turn dear, do not fly me;

I could never thus hold out:

If you lov'd, you'd not deny me;

If you lov'd, you'd look about.

[*Exit, she following.*]

SCENE, the banks of the river Styx.—[*They call CHARON several times without.*]

Auth. So now Charon is out of the way, and the audience will be put out of humour.

Crit. But pray, sir, why does Orpheus talk sometimes in recitativo, and sometimes out of it?

Auth. Why, sir, I don't care to tire the audience with too much recitativo; I observe they go to sleep at it at an opera. Besides, you may give yourself a good reason why he leaves off singing: for I think his wife may very well be supposed to put him out of tune. Are you satisfied?

Crit. I could ask another question. Why have you made the devil hen-pecked?

Auth. Sir, you know where I have laid the scene; and how could hell be better represented than by supposing the people under petticoat government? But O! Charon is come at last.

Enter CHARON and MACCAHONE.

Cha. You, Mr. Maccahone, will you please to pay me my fare?

Mac. Ay, fet, would I with all my shoule, but, honey, I did die not worth a sixpence, and that I did leave behind me. [back again.

Cha. Sir, if you do not pay me, I shall carry you

Mac. To my own country? Arrah do, honey! Uboboo! what a shoy it will be to my relations, that are now singing an anthem called the Irish Howl over me, to see me alive when they know that I am dead.

Cha. If you do not pay your fare, I shall carry you to the other side of the river, where you shall wander on the banks a thousand years.

Mac. Shall I? what, where I did see half a dozen gentlemen walking alone? Uboboo! upon my shoule the laugh is coming upon my face.

Cha. Prithee, what dost thou laugh at?

Mac. I laugh to think how I will bite you.

Cha. What wilt thou do?

Mac. Upon my shoule I will get a bridge and swim over upon it, and I will send upon the post to the other world to buy a bridge, and I know where I can buy one very cheap; and when there is a bridge, I believe no one will come into your boat that can go over the water upon dry land.

Cha. Here, take this fellow some of you, and ferry him back again, where he shall stay till his bridge is built. But whom have we here? I suppose the couple who are by Pluto's special order to be ferried over to the other side.

Enter ORPHEUS and EURYDICE.

Orph. If you please, Mr. Charon, to prepare your boat. I suppose you have received your orders.

Cha. Master, the boat is just gone over; it will be back again instantly. I wish you would be so good in the mean time, master, to give us one of your Italian catches. [Charon?

Orph. Why, dost thou love music then, friend

Cha. Yes, fags! master, I do. It went to my

heart t'other day that I did not dare ferry over Signior Quaverino.

Orph. Why didst thou not dare?

Cha. I don't know, sir; Judge Rhadamanthus said it was against the law; for that nobody was to come into this country but men and women; and that the signior was neither the one nor the other.

Orph. Your lawyers, I suppose, have strange quirks here in hell?

Cha. Nay, for that matter, they are pretty much the same here as on earth. [drowned.]

Eur. Help, help, I shall be drowned, I shall be

Orph. [Turning.] Ha! Eurydice's voice!

Eur. O, unlucky misfortune! why would you look behind you when you knew the queen's command? [tempt me?]

Orph. Thou wicked woman, why wouldst thou

Eur. How unreasonable is that, to lay the blame on me! Can I help my fears? You know I was always inclined to be hysterical: but it is like you to lay the blame on me when you know yourself to be guilty, when you know you are tired of me already, and looked back purposely to lose me.

Orph. And dost thou accuse me?

Eur. I don't accuse you. I need not accuse you. Your own wicked conscience must do it. Oh! had you loved like me, you could have borne to have gone a million of miles. I am sure I could have gone farther, and never once have looked back upon you. [Pretending to cry.]

Orph. Cursed accident; but still we may go on. Proserpine can never know it.

Eur. [speaking brisk.] No, I promised to return the moment you looked back; and a woman of honour must keep her promise, though it be to leave her husband.

AIR VIII.

Farewell, my dear, Since fate severe Has cut us twice in twain. <i>Orph.</i> Say not farewell: I'll back to hell, And sing thee back again. <i>Eur.</i> No, Orpheus, no, You shall not go. <i>Orph.</i> And must we—must we part?	<i>Eur.</i> We must away, For if you stay, Indeed 'twill break my heart. Your servant, dear, I downward steer, You upward to the light: Take no more leave, For I must grieve Till you are out of sight.
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Cha. Come, master Orpheus, never take it to heart, but e'en part as merrily as your lady did. I believe the devil would be very glad to go with you, if he could leave his wife behind him.

ORPH. (Recit.) Ungrateful, barbarous woman!
Infernal Stygian monster!
Henceforth mankind
I'll teach to hate the sex.

AIR IX.

If a husband henceforth, who has buried his wife,
Of Pluto request her again brought to life,
Pluto, grant his request as he enters thy portal,
And Jove for his comfort,
And Jove for his comfort,
O make her, O make her, O make her immortal!

Auth. There, now the audience must stay a little while the grave scene is preparing. Pray, Mr. Chetwood, hasten things as much as possible.

Crit. I see Mr Orpheus is come to his recitativo again.

Auth. Yes, sir, just as he lost his senses. I wish our opera composers could give as good a reason for their recitativo.

Crit. What, would you have them bring nothing but mad people together into their operas?

Auth. Sir, if they did not bring abundance of mad

people together into their operas, they would not be able to subsist long at the extravagant prices they do, nor their singers to keep useless mistresses; which, by the by, is a very ingenious burlesque on our taste.

Crit. Ay, how so?

Auth. Why, sir, for an English people to support an extravagant Italian opera, of which they understand nor relish neither the sense nor the sound, is as heartily ridiculous and much of a piece with an eunuch's keeping a mistress: nor do I know whether his ability is more despised by his mistress, or our taste by our singers.

Crit. Hush, hush, don't disturb the play.

SCENE, PLUTO's court.—PLUTO, WEAZLE, SPINDLE.

Plu. Well, Mr. Spindle, pray how do you like your way of living here?

Spin. Upon my word, may it please your majesty, it is so very like the life I used to lead that I can scarce perceive any difference, unless (I hope your majesty will not be offended) I think you are not quite so wicked here as we used to be in the other world.

Plu. Why truly, that is what I am afraid of, Mr. Spindle, and that is what I regret very much: but I know no remedy for it; for, as it is impossible to make the people here worse, so I believe it is impracticable to make them there better.—(How little these wretches know that the vices which were their pleasures in the other world are their punishment here; and that the most vicious man need scarce any other punishment than that of being confined to his vice!) [Aside.]

Auth. There, sir! There is morality for you out of the mouth of the devil. If that be not *d fuco dare lucem*, let another handle the pen for me.

Spin. One vice in particular that we excel you in is hypocrisy.

Weaz. It cannot be otherwise; for, as his diabolical majesty is known to have such an antipathy to virtue, you may be certain no one here will affect it.

Plu. Why not? I am no enemy to the affectation of it; and if they were to counterfeit never so nicely, they might depend on it I should see through them. But ha! my wife and Eurydice!

Enter PROSERPINE and EURYDICE.

Pros. Yes, sir, the gentleman could not stay, it seems, till he got home; but looked back on his treasure, and so forfeited it.

Eur. And yet I took all the pains in my power to prevent it, continually entreating him to look forward, frightened out of my wits every step lest he should see me by a side glance, and yet all would not do; he would, [sobbing] he would look back upon me, and so I have lost him for ever.

Plu. Be comforted, madam.

Eur. It is in your power to comfort me.

Plu. And be assured it is in my will.

Eur. Then you must promise me never to send me back; for, truly, there is [composed] so much pain in parting, that, since it must happen, I am resolved never to see my husband again, if I can help it.

Pros. Be easy; for by Styx he never shall send you back.

Spin. However, there is some hypocrisy here, I find. [Aside to WEAZLE.]

Weaz. Ay, among the women.

Pros. Well, my dear Eurydice, I am so pleased to see you returned that I will celebrate a holiday in all my dominions. Let Tantalus drink, and take Ixion off the wheel. Let every one's punishment be remitted a whole day. Do you hear, husband?

what are you thinking of? Do you take care and signify my pleasure?

Plu. I shall, my dear. Do you hear, all of you? It is my wife's pleasure that you should all keep holiday.

Pros. And hark'e, sir, I desire you would wave your wand, and conjure back some of your devils that dance at the playhouses in the other world.

Plu. My dear, I will obey your commands.

Pros. You see, my dear Eurydice, the manner in which I live with my husband. He settled one half of the government on me at my marriage, and I have, thank fate, pretty well worked him out of the other half: thus I make myself some little amends for his immortality.

Eur. And sure a wife ought to have some amends made her for such a terrible circumstance.

Plu. My dear, the dancers are come.

Eur. Well, I am quite charmed with your majesty's behaviour to a husband.

Pros. And I am so charmed with yours that you shall henceforth be my chief favourite. [*A grand dance.*]

CHORUS.

Eur. From lessons like these
You may if you please,
Good husbands, learn to be civil;
For you find 'tis in vain
To wish for us again
When once we are gone to the devil.

Pros. At each little pet
Do not quarrel and fret,
And wish your wives dead, for I tell you,
If they once touch this shore,
You shall have them no more,
Though to fetch them you send Farinello.

Plu. Attend to Old Nick,
Ye brethren that stick
Like me in Hymen's fast fetters;
If you'd lead quiet lives,
Give way to your wives,
As you see must be done by your betters.

Chor. Attend to Old Nick,
Ye brethren that stick
Like him in Hymen's fast fetters
If you'd lead quiet lives,
Give way to your wives,
As you see must be done by your betters.

EURYDICE HISSED;

OR,

A WORD TO THE WISE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Spat*ter, MRS. CHARKE; *Sour*wit, MR. LACEY; *Lord Dapper*, MR. WARD; *Pillage*, MR. ROBERTS; *Honestus*, MR. DAVIS; *Muse*, MRS. HAYWOOD; *Actors*, MESSRS. BLAKES, LOWTHER, PULLEN, TOPPING, WOODBURN, MACHEN; *Gentlemen*, MESSRS. JONES, MACHEN, WOODBURN.

Enter SPATTER, SOURWIT, LORD DAPPER.

Spat. My lord, I am extremely obliged to you for the honour you show me in staying to the rehearsal of my tragedy: I hope it will please your lordship as well as Mr. Medley's comedy has, for I assure you it is ten times as ridiculous.

Sour. Is it the merit of a tragedy, Mr. Spatter, to be ridiculous?

Spat. Yes, sir, of such tragedies as mine; and I think you, Mr. Sourwit, will grant me this, that a tragedy had better be ridiculous than dull; and that there is more merit in making the audience laugh than in setting them asleep.

Dap. I beg, sir, you would begin, or I shan't get my hair powdered before dinner; for I am always four hours about it.

Sour. Why, prithee, what is this tragedy of thine?

Spat. Sir, it is the Damnation of Eurydice. I fancy, Mr. Sourwit, you will allow I have chose this subject very cunningly; for, as the town have damn'd my play, for their own sakes they will not damn the damnation of it.

Sour. Faith, I must confess there is something of singular modesty in the instance.

Spat. And of singular prudence too; what signifies denying the fact after sentence, and dying with a lie in your mouth? No, no; rather, like a good pious criminal rejoice, that, in being put to shame, you make some atonement for your sins; and I hope to do so in the following play; for it is, Mr. Sourwit, of a most instructive kind, and conveys to us a beautiful image of the instability of human greatness, and the uncertainty of friends. You see here the author of a mighty farce at the very top and pinnacle of poetical or rather farcical greatness, followed, flattered, and adored by a crowd of dependents: on a sudden, fortune changing the scene, and his farce

being damned, you see him become the scorn of his admirers, and deserted and abandoned by all those who courted his favour, and appeared the foremost to uphold and protect him. Draw the scene, and discover Mr. Pillage.

[*Scene draws.*]

Sour. Who is he?

Spat. The author of the farce.

Sour. A very odd name for an author.

Spat. Perhaps you will not remain long in that opinion: but silence.

Pil. Who'd wish to be the author of a farce, Surrounded daily by a crowd of actors,
Gaping for parts, and never to be satisfied?
Yet, say the wise, in loftier seats of life,
Solicitation is the chief reward;
And Wolsey's self, that mighty minister,
In the full height and zenith of his power,
Amid a crowd of sycophants and slaves,
Was but perhaps the author of a farce,
Perhaps a damn'd one too. 'Tis all a cheat,
Some men play little farces, and some great. [*Exit.*]

Spat. Now for the levee.

Sour. Whose levee, sir?

Spat. My poet's, sir. [poet's levee?]

Sour. 'Sdeath, sir! did ever any mortal hear of a

Spat. Sir, my poet is a very great man.

Sour. And pray, sir, of what sort of people do you compose your great man's levee?

Spat. Of his dependents, sir: pray, of what sort of people are all great men's levees composed? I have been forced, sir, to do a small violence to history, and make my great man not only a poet but a master of a playhouse; and so, sir, his levee is composed of actors soliciting for parts, printers for copies, box-keepers, scene-men, fiddlers, and candle-snuffers. And now, Mr. Sourwit, do you think I could have composed his levee of properer company? Come, enter, enter, gentlemen. [*The Levee enters, and range themselves to a ridiculous tune.*]

Enter PILLAGE.

1 Act. Sir, you have promised me a part a long time: if you had not intended to employ me, it would

EURYDICE HISSED.

have been kind in you to have let me know it, that I might have turned myself to some trade or other.

Pil. Sir, one farce cannot find parts for all; but you shall be provided for in time. You must have patience: I intend to exhibit several farces; depend on me you shall have a part.

1 Act. I humbly thank you.

2 Act. Sir, I was to have had a principal part long [ago.

Pil. Speak to me before the parts are cast, and I will remember you in my next farce; I shall exhibit several. I am very glad to see you; you remember my farce is to [to 3d Actor] come on to-day, and will

3 Act. Depend on me. [lend me your hands.

Pil. And you, sir, I hope, will clap heartily.

4 Act. De'l o' my sal, but I will.

Pil. Be sure and get into the house as soon as the doors are open.

4 Act. Fear me not; I will but get a bet of denner, and I will be the first in the huse; but—

Pil. What, sir?

4 Act. I want money to buy a pair of gloves.

Pil. I will order it you out of the office.

4 Act. De'l o' my sal, but I will clap every gud thing, till I bring the huse down.

Pil. That won't do: the town of its own accord will applaud what they like; you must stand by me when they dislike. I don't desire any of you to clap unless when you hear a hiss. Let that be your cue [for clapping.

All. We'll observe.

5 Act. But, sir, I have not money enough to get

Pil. I cannot disburse it. [into the house.

5 Act. But I hope you will remember your promises, sir?

Pil. Some other time; you see I am busy.—What are your commands, sir? [play.

1 Print. I am a printer, and desire to print your

2 Print. Sir, I'll give you the most money.

Pil. [To 2nd Printer, whispering.] You shall have it. Oh! I'm heartily glad to see you. [Takes him aside.] You know my farce comes on to-day, and I have many enemies; I hope you will stand by me.

Poet. Depend on me; never fear your enemies. I'll warrant we make more noise than they.

Pil. Thou art a very honest fellow. [Shakes him by the hand.

Poet. I am always proud to serve you.

Pil. I wish you would let me serve you; I wish you would turn actor, and accept of a part in some of my farces.

Poet. No, I thank you, I don't intend to come upon the stage myself; but I desire you would let me recommend this handsome, genteel, young fellow to act the part of a fine gentleman.

Pil. Depend on it, he shall do the very first I bring on the stage: I dare swear, sir, his abilities are such that the town will be obliged to us both for producing them.

Poet. I hope so, but I must take my leave of you, for I am to meet a strong party that I have engaged for your service.

Pil. Do, do, be sure, do clap heartily.

Poet. Fear not; I warrant we bring you off triumphant. [Exeunt.

Pil. Then I defy the town: if by my friends, Against their liking I support my farce, And fill my loaded pockets with their pence, Let after-ages damn me if they please.

Sour. Well, sir, and pray what do you principally intend by this levee scene?

Spat. Sir, I intend first to warn all future authors from depending solely on a party to support them against the judgment of the town. Secondly, showing that even the author of a farce may have his attendants and dependants. I hope greater persons

may learn to despise them, which may be a more useful moral than you may apprehend; for perhaps the mean ambition of being worshipped, flattered, and attended by such fellows as these, may have led men into the worst of schemes, from which they could promise themselves little more.

Enter HONESTUS.

Hon. You sent me word that you desired to see me.

Pil. I did, Honestus, for my farce appears This day upon the stage—and I entreat Your presence in the pit to help applaud it.

Hon. Faith, sir, my voice shall never be corrupt. If I approve your farce, I will applaud it; If not, I'll hiss it, though I hiss alone.

Pil. Now, by my soul, I hope to see the time When none shall dare to hiss within the house.

Hon. I rather hope to see the time when none Shall come prepared to censure or applaud, But merit always bear away the prize.

If you have merit, take your merit's due; If not, why should a bungler in his art Keep off some better genius from the stage?

I tell you, sir, the farce you act to-night I don't approve, nor will the house, unless Your friends by partiality prevail.

Besides, you are most impolitic to affront The army in the beginning of your piece; Your satire is unjust; I know no ghost Of army-beaux unless of your own making.

Sour. What do you mean by that?

Spat. Sir, in the farce of Eurydice, a ghost of an army-beau was brought on the stage.

Sour. O! ay, I remember him.

Pil. I fear them not; I have so many friends, That the majority will sure be mine.

Hon. Curse on this way of carrying things by friends,

This bar to merit! by such unjust means, A play's success or ill success is known, And fix'd before it has been tried i' th' house.

Yet grant it should succeed, grant that by chance, Or by the whim and madness of the town,

A farce without contrivance, without sense, Should run to the astonishment of mankind;

Think how you will be read in after-times, When friends are not, and the impartial judge Shall with the meanest scribbler rank your name;

Who would not rather wish a Butler's fame, Distress'd and poor in everything but merit,

Than be the blundering laureat to a court?

Pil. Not I—On me, ye gods, bestow the pence, And give your fame to any fools you please.

Hon. Your love of pence sufficiently you show, By raising still your prices on the town.

Pil. The town for their own sakes those prices pay, Which the additional expense demands.

Hon. Then give us a good tragedy for our money, And let not Harlequin still pick our pockets,

With his low paltry tricks and juggling cheats, Which any school-boy, was he on the stage,

Could do as well as he.—In former times, When better actors acted better plays,

The town paid less.

Pil. We have more actors now.

Hon. Ay, many more, I'm certain, than you need. Make your additional expense apparent, Let it appear quite necessary too,

And then, perhaps, they'll grumble not to pay.

Pil. What is a manager whom the public rule?

Hon. The servant of the public, and no more: For though indeed you see the actors paid,

Yet from the people's pockets come the pence; They therefore should decide what they will pay for.

Pil. If you assist me on this trial day,

You may assure yourself a dedication.

Hon. No bribe—I go impartial to your cause,
Like a just critic, to give worth applause,
But damn you if you write against our laws. [*Exit.*]

Pil. I wish I could have gain'd one honest man
Sure to my side; but, since the attempt is vain,
Numbers must serve for worth; the vessel sails
With equal rapid fury and success,
Borne by the foulest tide as clearest stream.

Enter Valet de Chambre.

Val. Your honour's muse
Is come to wait upon you.

Pil. Show her in.
I guess she comes to chide me for neglect,
Since twice two days have pass'd since I invoked her.

Enter Muse.

Sour. The devil there have! This is a mighty
pretty way the gentleman has found out to insinuate
his acquaintance with the muses; though, like other
ladies, I believe they are often wronged by fellows
who brag of favours they never received.

Pil. Why wears my gentle Muse so stern a brow?
Why awful thus affects she to appear,
Where she delighted to be so serene?

Muse. And dost thou ask, thou traitor, dost thou
ask?

Art thou not conscious of the wrongs I bear,
Neglected, slighted for a fresher muse?
I, whose fond heart too easily did yield
My virgin joys and honour to thy arms,
And bore thee Pasquin.

Pil. Where will this fury end?

Muse. Ask thy base heart, whose is Eurydice?

Pil. By all that's great, begotten on no muse,
The trifling offspring of an idle hour,
When you were absent, far below your care.

Muse. Can I believe you had her by no muse?

Pil. Ay, by your love, and more, by mine, you
shall;

My raptured fancy shall again enjoy thee,
Cure all thy jealousies, and ease thy fears.

Muse. Wilt thou? make ready then thy pen and
ink.

Pil. O they are ever ready; when they fail,
May'st thou forsake me, may'st thou then inspire
The blundering brain of scribblers who for hire
Would write away their country's liberties.

Muse. O name not wretches so below the muse:
No, my dear Pillage, sooner will I whet
The Ordinary of Newgate's leaden quill;
Sooner will I indite the annual verse
Which city bellmen or court laureates sing;
Sooner with thee in humble garret dwell,
And thou—or else thy Muse disclaims thy pen—
Would'st sooner starve, ay, even in prison starve,
Than vindicate oppression for thy bread,
Or write down liberty to gain thy own.

Sour. Hey-day! methinks this merry tragedy is
growing sublime.

Spat. That last is, indeed, a little out of my pre-
sent style; it dropped from me before I was aware.
Talking of liberty made me serious in spite of my
teeth; for, between you and me, Mr. Sourwit, I
think that affair is past a jest: but I ask your par-
don, you shall have no more on't.

Pil. Come to my arms, inspire me with sweet
thoughts.

And now thy inspiration fires my brain:
Not more I felt thy power, nor fiercer burnt
My vig'rous fancy, when thy blushing charms
First yielded trembling, and inspired my pen
To write nine scenes with spirit in one day.

Muse. That was a day indeed!

Sour. Ay, faith! so it was.

Muse. And does my Pillage write with joy as
then?

Would not a fresher subject charm his pen?

Pil. Let the dull sated appetite require
Variety to whet its blunted edge;
The subject which has once delighted me
Shall still delight, shall ever be my choice.
Come to my arms, thou masterpiece of nature.
The fairest rose, first opening to the sun,
Bears not thy beauty, nor sends forth thy sweets;
For that once gather'd loses all its pride,
Fades to the sight, and sickens to the smell;
Thou, gather'd, charrest every sense the more,
Can'st flourish, and be gather'd o'er and o'er.

[*Exeunt.*]

Spat. There, they are gone to write a scene, and
the town may expect the fruit of it. [*spring indeed.*]

Sour. Yes, I think the town may expect an off-

Spat. But now my catastrophe is approaching:
change the scene to the outside of the playhouse,
and enter two gentlemen.

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Came you from the house?

2 *Gent.* I did.

1 *Gent.* How wears the farce?

2 *Gent.* The pit is crammed; I could not get ad-
mission;

But at the door I heard a mighty noise:

It seemed of approbation, and of laughter.

1 *Gent.* If laughter, it was surely approbation,

For I've long studied the dramatic art,
Read many volumes, seen a thousand plays,
Whence I've at length found out this certain truth,
That laughs applaud a farce, and tears a tragedy.

Sour. A very great discovery, indeed, and very
pompously introduced!

Spat. You sneer, Mr. Sourwit: but I have seen
discoveries in life of the same nature introduced
with much greater pomp.

Sour. But don't you intend to lay the scene in
the theatre, and let us see the farce fairly damned
before us?

Spat. No, sir, it is a thing of too horrible a na-
ture; for which reason I shall follow Horace's rule,
and only introduce a description of it. Come, enter
Description: I assure you I have thrown myself out
greatly in this next scene.

Enter 3rd Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* Oh, friends, all's lost; Eurydice is
damn'd.

2 *Gent.* Ha! damn'd! A few short moments
past I came

From the pit-door, and heard a loud applause.

3 *Gent.* 'Tis true, at first the pit seemed greatly
pleased,

And loud applauses through the benches rung;

But, as the plot began to open more,

(A shallow plot) the claps less frequent grew,

Till by degrees a gentle hiss arose:

This by a catcall from the gallery

Was quickly seconded: then followed claps,

And 'twixt long clap and hisses did succeed

A stern contention. Victory hung dubious.

So hangs the conscience, doubtful to determine,

When honesty pleads here, and there a bribe;

At length, from some ill-fated actor's mouth

Sudden there issued forth a horrid dram,

And from another rush'd two gallons forth:

The audience, as it were contagious air,

All caught it, halloo'd, catcall'd, hiss'd, and groan'd.

1 *Gent.* I always thought, indeed, that joke would
damn him,

And told him that the people would not take it.

3 *Gent.* But it was mighty pleasant to behold,

When the damnation of the farce was sure,
How all those friends who had begun the claps
With greatest vigour strove who first should hiss,
And show disapprobation. And John Watts,
Who was this morning eager for the copy,
Slunk hasty from the pit, and shook his head.

2 *Gent.* And so 'tis certain that his farce is gone?

3 *Gent.* Most certain.

2 *Gent.* Let us then retire with speed,
For see he comes this way.

3 *Gent.* By all means,
Let us avoid him with what haste we can. [*Exeunt.*
Enter PILLAGE.

Pil. Then I am damn'd—curs'd henceforth be
the bard

Who e'er depends on fortune or on friends!

Sour. So, the play is over; for I reckon you will
not find it possible to get any one to come near this
honest gentleman.

Spat. Yes, sir, there is one, and you may easily
guess who it is: the man who will not flatter his
friend in prosperity will hardly leave him in adver-
sity. Come, enter Honestus.

Pil. Honestus here! will he not shun me too?

Hon. When Pasquin ran, and the town liked you
And every scribbler loaded you with praise, [most,
I did not court you, nor will shun you now.

Pil. Oh! had I taken your advice, my friend!
I had not now been damn'd—Then had I trusted
To the impartial judgment of the town,
And by the goodness of my piece had tried
To merit favour, nor with vain reliance
On the frail promise of uncertain friends,
Produced a farce like this—friends who forsook me,
And left me nought to comfort me but this. [*Drinks.*

Hon. Forbear to drink.

Pil. Oh! it is now too late.

Already I have drank two bottles off
Of this fell potion, and it now begins
To work its deadly purpose on my brain.
I'm giddy; ha! my head begins to swim:
And see—Eurydice all pale before me!
Why dost thou haunt me thus? I did not damn thee.
By Jove there never was a better farce!
She beckons me—say—whether—blame the town,
And not thy Pillage—Now my brain's on fire!
My staggering senses dance—and I am—

Hon. Drunk.

That word he should have said, that ends the verse.
Farewell: a twelve hours' nap compose thy senses.
May mankind profit by thy sad example;
May men grow wiser, writers grow more scarce,
And no man dare to make a simple farce!

TUMBLE-DOWN DICK;

OR,

PHAETON IN THE SUDS.

A DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT OF WALKING, IN SERIOUS AND FOOLISH CHARACTERS.

INTERLARDERD WITH BURLESQUE, GROTESQUE, COMIC INTERLUDES, CALLED

HARLEQUIN A PICKPOCKET.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE NEW THEATRE IN THE HAYMARKET.

Being ('tis hoped) the last Entertainment that will ever be exhibited on any stage. Invented by the ingenious

MONSIEUR SANS ESPRIT;

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY THE HARMONIOUS

SIGNIOR WARBLERINI;

AND THE SCENES PAINTED BY THE PRODIGIOUS

MYNHEER VAN BOTTOM FLAT.

Monstr' horrend' inform.—

FIRST ACTED IN 1744.

To MR. JOHN LUN, vulgarly called Esquire.

SIR,—Though Pasquin has put Dedications in so ridiculous
a light that patrons may, perhaps, pay some shame for the
future for reading their own praises, yet I hope you will not
begin to be affected with so troublesome a passion when I tell
you I know no man in England to whom I can so properly
dedicate the following pages as yourself.

It is to you, sir, we owe (if not the invention) at least the
bringing into fashion that sort of writing which you have
pleased to distinguish by the name of Entertainment. Your
success herein (whether owing to your heels or your head I
will not determine) sufficiently entitles you to all respect from
the inferior dabblers in things of this nature.

But, sir, I have farther obligations to you than the success,
whatever it be, which this little farce may meet with, can lay
on me. It was to a play judiciously brought on by you in the
May month, to which I owe the original hint, as I have always
owned, of the contrasted poets, and two or three other parti-
culars, which have received great applause on the stage. Nor
am I less obliged to you for discovering in my imperfect per-
formance the strokes of an author, any of whose wit, if I have
preserved entire, I shall think it my chief merit to the town.
Though I cannot enough cure myself of selfishness, while I
meddle in dramatic writings, to profess a sorrow that one of so

superior a genius is led, by his better sense and better fortune,
to more profitable studies than the stage. How far you have
contributed to this I will not presume to determine. Further,
as Pasquin has proved of greater advantage to me than it could
have been at any other playhouse under their present regula-
tions, I am obliged to you for the indifference you showed at
my proposal to you of bringing a play on your stage this win-
ter, which immediately determined me against any farther pur-
suing that project; for, as I never yet yielded to any mean or
subservient solicitations of the great men in real life, I could by
no means prevail on myself to play an under-part in that dra-
matic entertainment of greatness which you are pleased to
divert yourself with in private, and which, was you to exhibit
it in public, might prove as profitable to you, and as diverting
a pantomime to the town, as any you have hitherto favoured
us with.

I am, moreover, much obliged to you for that satire on
Pasquin which you was so kind to bring on your stage; and
here I declare (whatever people may think to the contrary)
you did it of your own mere goodness, without any reward or
solicitation from me. I own it was a sensible pleasure to me
to observe the town, which had before been so favourable to
Pasquin at his own house, confirming that applause by tho-
roughly condemning the satire on him at yours.

Whether this was written by your command or your assistance, or only acted by your permission, I will not venture to decide. I believe every impartial honest man will conclude that either lays me under the same obligation to you, and justly entitles you to this Dedication. Indeed, I am inclined to believe the latter; for I fancy you have too strong a head ever to meddle with Common Sense, especially since you have found the way so well to succeed without her, and you are too great and good a manager to keep a needless supernumerary in your house.

I suppose you will here expect something in the dedicatory style on your person and your accomplishments: but why should I entertain the town with a recital of your particular perfections, when they may see your whole merit all at once, whenever you condescend to perform the Harlequin? However, I shall beg leave to mention here (I solemnly protest, without the least design of flattery) your adequate behaviour in that great station to which you was born, your great judgment in plays and players, too well known to be here expatiated on; your generosity in diverting the whole kingdom with your racehorses, at the expense, I might almost say, of more than your purse. To say nothing of your wit and other perfections, I must force myself to add, though I know every man will be pleased with it but yourself, that the person who has the honour to know your very inmost thoughts best is the most sensible of your great endowments.

But, sir, while I am pleasing myself, and I believe the world, I am I fear offending you: I will therefore desist; though I can affirm, what few dedicators can, that I can, and perhaps may, say much more; and only assure you that I am, with the sincerity of most of the foregoing lines, your most obedient and most humble servant,

PASQUIN.

ARGUMENT.

PHAETON was the son of Phœbus, and Clymene a Grecian oyster-wench. The parish boys would often upbraid him with the infamy of his mother Clymene, telling him she reported him to be the son of Apollo, only to cover her adultery with a serjeant of the foot-guards. He complains to Clymene of the affront put upon them both. She advises him to go to the round-house (the temple of his father), and there be resolved from his own mouth of the truth of his sire; bidding him at the same time beg some indubitable mark that should convince the world that his mother was a virtuous woman, and whore to Phœbus. He goes to the said round-house, where Apollo grants his request, and gives him the guidance of his lantern for a day. The youth falling asleep was tumbled out of the wheelbarrow, and what became of him I could never learn.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. — *Machine* (the composer), MR. ROBERTS; *Fustian* (an author), MR. LACY; *Sneerwell* (a critic), MR. MACHEN; *Prompter*, MR. TURNER; *Clymene*, MRS. CHARKE; *Jupiter*, MR. FREEMAN; *Neptune*, MR. WALLIS; *Phœbus*, MR. TOPING; *Old Phaëton*, MR. SMITH; *Young Phaëton*, MR. BOOTHBY; *Aurora*, MRS. EGERTON; *Aurora's Maid*, MISS JONES; *Terra*, MISS BURGESS; *Genius of Gin*, MISS FERGUSON; *Harlequin*, MR. ROSAMOND; *Justice*, MR. JONES; *Justice's Clerk*, MONS. CASTIGLIONE; *Managers*, MR. FREEMAN, MR. TURNER; *Stars*, MASTER SHERWIN, MISS FERGUSON; *Columbine*, MADEMOISELLE BEAUMAUNT; *First Countryman*, MR. SMITH; *Second Countryman*, MR. LOWDER; *Third Countryman*, MR. COLLIERD; *First Rake*, MR. BOOTHBY; *Second Rake*, MR. PULLEN; *Third Rake*, MR. WALLIS; *Fourth Rake*, MR. PHENIX; *Chairmen*, MR. SMITH, MR. COLLIERD; *Pistol*, MR. LOWDER; *Tragedy King*, MR. PULLEN; *Schoolmistress*, MRS. EGERTON; *Tragedy Queen*, MISS JONES; *Watchmen*, MESSRS. SMITH, LOWDER, COLLIERD, CHAPMAN; *Constables*, *Watch*, *Fiddlers*, *Lanterns*, *Suns*, *Moons*, *Whores*, &c. &c. &c.

Prompter, FUSTIAN, SNEERWELL, and MACHINE.

Prompt. Mr. Fustian, I hope the tragedy is over, for Mr. Machine is just come, and we must practise the entertainment.

Fust. Sir, my tragedy is done; but you need not be in such haste about your entertainment, for you will not want it this season.

Prompt. That, sir, I don't know; but we dare not disoblige Mr. Machine, for fear he should go to the other house. [practice.]

Sneer. Dear Fustian, do let us stay and see the

Fust. And can you bear, after such a luscious meal of tragedy as you have had, to put away the taste with such an insipid desert?

Sneer. It will divert me 'a different way. I can admire the sublime which I have seen in the tragedy, and laugh at the ridiculous which I expect in the entertainment.

Fust. You shall laugh by yourself then. [Going.]

Sneer. Nay, dear Fustian, I beg you would stay for me, for I believe I can serve you; I will carry you to dinner in a large company, where you may dispose of some tickets.

Fust. Sir, I can deny you nothing.—Ay, I have a few tickets in my pockets.

[Pulls out a vast quantity of paper.]

Mach. Gentlemen, I must beg you to clear the stage entirely; for in things of this serious nature, if we do not comply with the exactest decency, the audience will be very justly offended.

Fust. Things of a serious nature! oh the devil!

Mach. Harkye, prompter, who is that figure there?

Prompt. That, sir, is Mr. Fustian, author of the new tragedy.

Mach. Oh! I smoke him, I smoke him. But, Mr. Prompter, I must insist that you cut out a great deal of Othello, if my pantomime is performed with it, or the audience will be palled before the entertainment begins. [please.]

Prompt. We'll cut out the fifth act, sir, if you

Mach. Sir, that's not enough, I'll have the first cut out too.

Fust. Death and the devil! Can I bear this? Shall Shakspeare be mangled to introduce this trumpery?

Prompt. Sir, this gentleman brings more money to the house than all the poets put together.

Mach. Pugh, pugh! Shakspeare!—Come let down the curtain, and play away the overture.—Prompter, to your post.

[The curtain drawn up, discovers PHAETON leaning against the scene.]

SCENE, A cobbler's stall.—Enter CLYMENE.

Sneer. Pray, sir, who are these extraordinary figures?

Mach. He, leaning against the scene, is Phaeton; and the lady is Clymene; or Clymene, as they call her in Drury-lane. This scene, sir, is in the true altercative or scolding style of the ancients. Come, madam, begin.

Cly. You lazy, lousy rascal! is 't well done, That you, the heir-apparent of the Sun, Stand with your arms before you like a lout, When your great father has two hours set out, And bears his lantern all the world about?

Phae. Oh, mother, mother! think you it sounds well,

That the Sun's son in cobbler's stall should dwell?

Think you it does not on my soul encroach,

To walk on foot while father keeps a coach?

If he should shine into the stall, d'ye think

To see me mending shoes he would not wink?

Besides, by all the parish-boys I am flamm'd:—

You the Sun's son! You rascal, you be damn'd!

Cly. And dost thou, blockhead, then make all this noise,

Because you 're fleer'd at by the parish-boys?

When, sirrah, you may know the mob will dare

Sometimes to scorn and hiss at my lord mayor.

AIR I.—Gilliflower, gentle rosemary.

Phae. O, mother, this story will never go down,

'Twill ne'er be believ'd by the boys of the town;

'Tis true what you swore,

I'm the son of a whore,

They all believe that, but believe nothing more.

Clym. You rascal, who dare your mamma thus to doubt, Come along to the justice, and he'll make it out;

He knows very well,

When you first made me swell,

That I swore 'twas the Sun that had shined in my cell.

Phae. O, mother, mother, I must ever grieve;

Can I the justice, if not you, believe?

If to your oath no credit I afford,

Do you believe I'll take his worship's word?

Clym. Go to the watch-house, where your father bright
[light;
That lanthorn keeps which gives the world its
Whence sallying, he does the day's gates unlock,
Walks through the world's great streets, and tells
folks what's o'clock.

Phae. With joy I go; and ere two days are run
I'll know if I am my own father's son. [Exit.

Cly. Go, clear my fame, for greater 'tis in life
To be a great man's whore than poor man's wife.
If you are rich, your vices men adore,
But hate and scorn your virtues, if you're poor.

AIR II.—*Pierot tune.*

Great courtiers palaces contain,
Poor courtiers fear a gaol;
Great parsons riot in champagne,
Poor parsons sot in ale;
Great whores in coaches gang,
Smaller misses,
For their kisses,
Are in bridewell bang'd;
Whilst in vogue
Lives the great rogue,
Small rogues are by dozens hang'd. [Exit.

[The scene draws and discovers the Sun in a great
chair in the round-house, attended by Watchmen.

Enter PHAETON.

Sneer. Pray, sir, what is that scene to represent?

Mach. Sir, this is the palace of the Sun.

Fust. It looks as like the round-house as ever I
saw anything.

Mach. Yes, sir, the Sun is introduced in the
character of a watchman; and that lanthorn there
represents his chariot.

Fust. The devil it does!

Mach. Yes, sir, it does, and as like the chariot of
the Sun it is as ever you saw anything on any stage.

Fust. I can't help thinking this a properer repre-
sentation of the Moon than the Sun.

Sneer. Perhaps the scene lies in the Antipodes,
where the Sun rises at midnight.

Mach. Sir, the scene lies in Ovid's Metamor-
phoses; and so, pray, sir, don't ask any more ques-
tions, for things of this nature are above criticism.

Phae. What do I see? What beams of candle-light
Break from that lanthorn and put out my sight?

Phoeb. Oh, little Phaey! prithee tell me why
Thou tak'st this evening's walk into the sky?

Phae. Father, if I may call thee by that name,
I come to clear my own and mother's fame;
To prove myself thy bastard, her thy miss.

Phoeb. Come hither first, and give me, boy, a
kiss. [Kisses him.

Now you shall see a dance; and that will show
We lead as merry lives as folks below.

[A dance of Watchmen.

Phae. Father, the dance has very well been done.
But yet that does not prove I am your son.

Fust. Upon my word, I think Mr. Phaeton is
very much in the right on't; and I would be glad to
know, sir, why this dance was introduced.

Mach. Why, sir? why, as all dances are intro-
duced, for the sake of the dance. Besides, sir,
would it not look very unnatural in Phoebus to give
his son no entertainment after so long an absence?
Go on, go on. [mine;

Phoeb. Thou art so like me, sure you must be
I should be glad if you would stay and dine;
I'll give my bond, whate'er you ask to grant;
I will by Styx! an oath which break I can't.

Phae. Then let me, since that vow must ne'er be
broke,

Carry, one day, that lantern for a joke. [keep;

Phoeb. Rash was my promise, which I now must
But, oh! take care you do not fall asleep.

Phae. If I succeed, I shall no scandal rue;
If I should sleep, 'tis what most watchmen do. [Exit.

Phoeb. No more.—Set out, and walk around the
skies;

My watch informs me it is time to rise. [Exit.

Mach. Now for the comic, sir.

Fust. Why, what the devil has this been?

Mach. This has been the serious, sir,—the sub-
lime. The serious in an entertainment answers to
the sublime in writing. Come, are all the rakes
and whores ready at King's coffee-house?

Prompt. They are ready, sir.

Mach. Then draw the scene. Pray, let the car-
penters take care that all the scenes be drawn in
exact time and tune, that I may have no bungling in
the tricks; for a trick is no trick if not performed
with great dexterity. Mr. Fustian, in tragedies and
comedies, and such sort of things, the audiences
will make great allowances; but they expect more
from an entertainment; here, if the least thing be
out of order they never pass it by.

Fust. Very true, sir, tragedies do not depend so
much upon the carpenter as you do.

Mach. Come, draw the scene.

[The scene draws and discovers several men and
women drinking in King's coffee-house. They
rise and dance. The dance ended, sing the fol-
lowing song:—

AIR III.—*O London is a fine town.*

1 *Rake.* O gin, at length, is putting down,
And 'tis the more the pity;
Petition for it all the town,
Petition all the city.

Cho. O gin, &c.

1 *Rake.* 'Twas gin that made train-bands so stout,
To whom each castle yields;
This made them march the town about,
And take all Tuttle-fields.

Cho. O gin, &c.

1 *Rake.* 'Tis gin, as all our neighbours know,
Has served our army too;
This makes them make so fine a show
In Hyde-park, at review.

Cho. O gin, &c.

1 *Rake.* But what I hope will change your notes,
And make your anger sleep;
Consider none can bribe his votes
With liquor half so cheap.

Cho. O gin, &c.

Fust. I suppose, sir, you took a cup of gin to in-
spire you to write this fine song.

During the song HARLEQUIN enters and picks
pockets. A Poet's pocket is picked of his play,
which, as he was going to pawn for the reckon-
ing, he misses. HARLEQUIN is discovered; Con-
stables and Watch are fetched in; the Watchmen
walking in their sleep; they bind him in chains,
confine him in the cellar, and leave him alone.
The Genius of Gin rises out of a tub.

Gen. Take, Harlequin, this magic wand;—

All things shall yield to thy command:

Whether you would appear incog,
In shape of monkey, cat, or dog;
Or else, to show your wit, transform
Your mistress to a butter-churn;
Or else, what no magician can,
Into a wheelbarrow turn a man;
And please the gentry above stairs,
By sweetly crying, Mellow pears.
Thou shalt make jests without a head,
And judge of plays thou can'st not read.
Whores and racehorses shall be thine,
Champagne shall be thy only wine;
While the best poet and best player
Shall both be forced to feed on air;
Gin's genius all these things reveals,
Thou shalt perform by slight of heels. [Exit.

[Enter Constable and Watchmen. They take HARLEQUIN out, and the scene changes to the street; a crowd before the Justice's house. Enter a Clerk in the character of PIERROT; they all go in. The scene changes to the Justice's parlour, and discovers the Justice learning to spell of an old Schoolmistress.

Fust. Pray, sir, who are those characters?

Mach. Sir, that's a justice of peace; and the other is a schoolmistress, teaching the justice to spell; for you must know, sir, the justice is a very ingenious man, and a very great scholar, but happened to have the misfortune in his youth never to learn to read.

[Enter HARLEQUIN in custody; COLUMBINE, Poet, &c. The Poet makes his complaint to the Justice; the Justice orders a mittimus for HARLEQUIN; COLUMBINE courts the Justice to let HARLEQUIN escape; he grows fond of her, but will not comply till she offers him money; he then acquits HARLEQUIN, and commits the Poet.

Fust. Pray, how is this brought about, sir?

Mach. How, sir! why, bribery. You know, sir, or may know, that Aristotle, in his book concerning Entertainments, has laid it down as a principal rule that Harlequin is always to escape; and I'll be judged by the whole world if ever he escaped in a more natural manner.

[The Constable carries off the Poet; HARLEQUIN hits the Justice a great rap upon the back, and runs off; COLUMBINE goes to follow; PIERROT lays hold on her; the Justice, being recovered of his blow, seizes her and carries her in. PIERROT sits down to learn to spell, and the scene shuts.

[Scene, the Street. HARLEQUIN re-enters, considering how to regain COLUMBINE and bite the Justice. Two Chairmen cross the stage with a china jar, on a horse, directed to the Theatre-royal, in Drury-lane. HARLEQUIN gets into it, and is carried into the Justice's; the scene changes to the Justice's house; HARLEQUIN is brought in in the jar; the Justice, PIERROT, and COLUMBINE enter; the Justice offers it as a present to COLUMBINE.

Fust. Sir, sir, here's a small error, I observe. How comes the justice to attempt buying this jar, as I suppose you intend, when it is directed to the Theatre-royal in Drury-lane?

Mach. Sir, sir, here's no error, I observe; for how should the justice know that, when he can't read?

Sneer. Ay, there I think, Mr. Fustian, you must own yourself in the wrong.

Fust. People that can't read ought not to be brought upon the stage, that's all.

[While the Justice and Chairmen are talking about the jar, HARLEQUIN tumbles down upon him. The Justice and PIERROT run off in a fright. COLUMBINE runs to HARLEQUIN, who carries her off. The Chairmen go out with the jar.

Sneer. Pray, Mr. Machine, how came that jar not to be broke?

Mach. Because it was no jar, sir. I see you know very little of these affairs.

[Scene, the Street. HARLEQUIN and COLUMBINE re-enter, pursued by the Justice and his Clerk.

[Scene changes to a Barber's shop. He sets COLUMBINE down to shave her, blinds the Clerk with the suds, and turns the Justice into a periwig-block.

Mach. There, sir! there's wit and humour and transformation for you.

Fust. The transformation is odd enough, indeed.

Mach. Odd, sir! What, the justice into a block? No, sir! not odd at all; there never was a more natural and easy transformation; but don't interrupt us. Go on, go on.

[The Clerk takes the wig off the block, puts it on, and admires himself; HARLEQUIN directs him to powder it better, which while he is doing, he throws him into the trough and shuts him down. HARLEQUIN and COLUMBINE go off. The Justice re-enters, without his wig; his man calls to him out of the trough; he takes him out, and they go off together in pursuit of HARLEQUIN.

Mach. Thus ends, sir, my first comic. Now, sir, for my second serious, or sublime. Come, draw the scene, and discover Aurora, or the Morning, just going to break, and her maid ironing her linen.

Aur. The devil take the wench! Is't not a shame You should be lazy, and I bear the blame?

Make haste, you drone, for if I longer stay,

The sun will rise before the break of day;

Nor can I go till my clean linen's done:

How will a dirty morning look in June? wet.

Maid. Shifts, madam, can't be dried before they're You must wear fewer, or more changes get.

Fust. Pray, sir, in what book of the ancients do you find any mention of Aurora's washerwoman?

Mach. Don't trouble me with the ancients, sir; if she's not in the ancients, I have improved upon the ancients, sir, that's all.

Aur. Dare you to me in such a manner speak?

The morning is scarce fine three times a-week;

But I can't stay, and as I am must break. *Exit.*

Maid. Break, and be hang'd! please Heav'n, I'll give you warning.

Night wants a maid, and so I'll leave the Morning.

[*Exit.*

Scene changes to an open country. Enter two Countrymen.

1 Coun. Is it day yet, neighbour?

2 Coun. Faith, neighbour, I can't tell whether it is or no. It is a cursed nasty morning. I wish we have not wet weather. now.

1 Coun. It begins to grow a little lighter though, AURORA crosses the stage, with two or three girls carrying farthing candles.

Fust. Pray, sir, what do those children represent?

Mach. Sir, those children are all stars; and you shall see presently, as the sun rises, the candles will go out, which represents the disappearing of the stars.

Fust. O, the devil, the devil!

Mach. Dear sir, don't be angry. Why will you not allow me the same latitude that is allowed to all other composers of entertainments? Does not a dragon descend from hell in Doctor Faustus? And people go up to hell in Pluto and Proserpine? Does not a squib represent a thunderbolt in the Rape of Proserpine? And what are all the suns, sir, that have ever shone upon the stage, but candles? And if they represent the sun, I think they may very well represent the stars.

Fust. Sir, I ask your pardon. But, sir—

Mach. Pray, sir, be quiet, or the candles will be gone out before they should, and burn the girls' fingers before the sun can rise.

1 Coun. I'll e'en go saddle my horses.

2 Coun. Odso! methinks 'tis woundy light all of a sudden; the sun rises devilish fast to-day, methinks.

1 Coun. Mayhap he's going a fox-hunting to-day, but he takes devilish large leaps.

2 Coun. Leaps, quotha! I'cod, he'll leap upon us, I believe. It is woundy hot: the skin is almost burnt off my face; I warrant I'm as black as a black-moor.—[PHAETON falls, and the lantern hangs hovering in the air.

Enter 3d Countryman.

3 Coun. O, neighbours! the world is at an end! Call up the parson of the parish: I am but just got

up from my neighbour's wife, and have not had time to say my prayers since.

1 *Coun.* The world at an end! No, no; if this hot weather continues, we shall have harvest in May. Odso, though, 'tis damned hot! I'cod, I wish I had left my clothes at home.

2 *Coun.* 'Sbud! I sweat as if I had been at a hard day's work.

1 *Coun.* Oh, I'm scorch'd!

2 *Coun.* Oh, I'm burnt!

3 *Coun.* I'm on fire! [*Exeunt, crying Fire.*]

NEPTUNE descends.

Nept. I am the mighty emperor of the sea.

Fust. I am mighty glad you tell us so, or else we should have taken you for the emperor of the air.

Mach. Sir, he has been making a visit to Jupiter. Besides, sir, it is here introduced with great beauty; for we may very naturally suppose that the sun, being drove by Phaeton so near the earth, had exhaled all the sea up into the air.

Fust. But methinks Neptune is oddly dressed for a god?

Mach. Sir, I must dress my characters somewhat like what people have seen; and as I presume few of my audience have been nearer the sea than Gravesend, so I dressed him e'en like a waterman.

Sneer. So that he is more properly the god of the Thames than the god of the sea.

Mach. Pray let Mr. Neptune go on.

Nept. Was it well done, O Jupiter! whilst I Paid you a civil visit in the sky,
To send your Sun my waters to dry up,
Nor leave my fish one comfortable sup?

Mach. Come, enter the Goddess of the Earth and a dancing-master, and dance the White Joke.

They enter and dance.

Nept. What can the Earth with frolics thus inspire
To dance, when all her kingdom is on fire?

Terra. Though all the earth was one continued smoke,

'Twould not prevent my dancing the White Joke.

Sneer. Upon my word, the goddess is a great lover of dancing.

Mach. Come, enter Jupiter with a pair of bellows, and blow out the candle of the sun.

JUPITER enters, as above.

Terra. But, ha! great Jupiter has heard our rout,
And blown the candle of the sun quite out.

Mach. Come now, Neptune and Terra, dance a minuet by way of thanksgiving.

Fust. But, pray, how is Phaeton fallen all this time?

Mach. Why, you saw him fall, did not you? And there he lies; and I think it's the first time I ever saw him fall upon any stage. But I fancy he has lain there so long that he would be glad to get up again by this time; so pray draw the first flat over him. Come, enter Clymene.

Cly. Art thou, my Phaey, dead? O foolish elf,
To find your father, and to lose yourself!
What shall I do to get another son,
For now, alas! my teeming-time is done?

AIR IV.

Thus when the wretched owl has found
Her young owls dead as mice,
O'er the sad spoil she hovers round,
And views 'em once or twice:
Then to some hollow tree she flies,
To halloo, hoot, and howl,
Till ev'ry boy that passes cries,
The devil's in the owl!

Mach. Come, enter Old Phaeton.

Fust. Pray, sir, who is Old Phaeton? for neither Ovid nor Mr. Pritchard make any mention of him.

Mach. Sir, he is the husband of Clymene, and

might have been the father of Phaeton if his wife would have let him.

Enter OLD PHAETON.

O. Phae. What is the reason, wife, through all the
You publish me a cuckold up and down? [town
Is't not enough, as other women do,
To cuckold me, but you must tell it too?

Cly. Good cobbler, do not thus indulge your rage,
But, like your brighter brethren of the age,
Think it enough your betters do the deed,
And that by horning you I mend the breed.

O. Phae. Madam, if horns I on my head must wear,

'Tis equal to me who shall graft them there.

Cly. To London go, thou out-of-fashion fool,
And thou wilt learn, in that great cuckolds' school,
That every man who wears the marriage fetters
Is glad to be the cuckold of his betters;
Therefore no longer at your fate repine,
For in your stall the Sun shall ever shine.

O. Phae. I had rather have burnt candle all my
Than to the Sun have yielded up my wife: [life
But since 'tis past I must my fortune bear;
'Tis well you did not do it with a star.

Cly. When neighbours see the Sun shine in your
Your fate will be the envy of them all; [stall,
And each poor clouded man will wish the Sun
Would do to his wife what to your wife h'as done.

[*Exeunt arm-in-arm.*]

Mach. There, sir, is a scene in heroics between
a cobbler and his wife; now you shall have a scene
in mere prose between several gods.

Fust. I should have thought it more natural for
the gods to have talked in heroics, and the cobbler
and his wife in prose.

Mach. You think it would have been more natural;
so do I: and for that very reason have avoided
it; for the chief beauty of an entertainment, sir, is
to be unnatural. Come, where are the gods?

Enter JUPITER, NEPTUNE, and PHAEBUS.

Jup. Hark'e, you Phæbus, will you take up your
lantern and set out, sir, or no? For, by Styx! I'll
put somebody else in your place if you do not; I
will not have the world left in darkness because you
are out of humour.

Phæb. Have I not reason to be out of humour,
when you have destroyed my favourite child?

Jup. 'Twas your own fault; why did you trust
him with your lantern?

Phæb. I had promised by Styx,—an oath which
you know was not in my power to break.

Jup. I shall dispute with you here no longer; so
either take up your lantern and mind your business,
or I'll dispose of it to somebody else. I would not
have you think I want suns, for there were two
very fine ones that shone together at Drury-lane
playhouse; I myself saw 'em, for I was in the same
entertainment.

Phæb. I saw 'em too, but they were more like
moons than suns; and as like anything else as either.
You had better send for the sun from Covent-garden
house; there's a sun that hatches an egg there,
and produces a Harlequin.

Jup. Yes, I remember that; but do you know
what animal laid that egg?

Phæb. Not I.

Jup. Sir, that egg was laid by an ass.

Nept. Faith, that sun of the egg of an ass is a
most prodigious animal; I have often wondered
how you came to give him so much power over us,
for he makes gods and devils dance jigs together
whenever he pleases.

Jup. You must know he is the grandchild of my
daughter Fortune by an ass; and at her request I

settled all that power upon him ; but he plays such damned pranks with it, that I believe I shall shortly revoke my grant. He has turned all nature topsy-turvy, and, not content with that, in one of his entertainments he was bringing all the devils in hell up to heaven by a machine, but I happened to perceive him, and stopped him by the way.

Phœb. I wonder you did not damn him for it.

Jup. Sir, he has been damn'd a thousand times over, but he values it not of a rush ; the devils themselves are afraid of him ; he makes them sing and dance whenever he pleases. But, come, 'tis time for you to set out.

Phœb. Well, if I must, I must ; and since you have destroyed my son, I must find out some handsome wench and get another. *[Exit.]*

Jup. Come, Neptune, 'tis too late to bed to go : What shall we do to pass an hour or so ?

Nept. E'en what you please. Will you along with And take a little dip into the sea ? *[me,*

Jup. No, faith, though I've a heat I want to quench. Dear Neptune, can'st thou find me out a wench ?

Nept. What say'st thou to dame Thetis ! she's a But yet I know with Jupiter she would. *[prude ;*

Jup. I ne'er was more transported in my life :

While the Sun's out at work, I'll have his wife.

Neptune, this service merits my regard,

For all great men should still their pimps reward. *[Exeunt.]*

Mach. Thus, sir, ends my second and last serious ; and now for my second comic. Come, draw the scene, and discover the two playhouses side by side.

Sneer. You have brought these two playhouses in a very friendly manner together.

Mach. Why should they quarrel, sir ? for you observe both their doors are shut up. Come, enter Tragedy King and Queen to be hired.

[Enter TRAGEDY KING and QUEEN, and knock at Covent-garden playhouse door ; the Manager comes out ; the TRAGEDY KING repeats a speech out of a play ; the Manager and he quarrel about an emphasis. He knocks at Drury-lane door ; the Manager enters with his man PISTOL bearing a sack-load of players' articles.]

Fust. Pray, sir, what is contained in that sack ?

Mach. Sir, in that sack are contained articles for players, from ten shillings a-week and no benefit, to five hundred a-year and a benefit clear.

Fust. Sir, I suppose you intend this as a joke ? but I can't see why a player of our own country, and in our own language, should not deserve five hundred, sooner than a saucy Italian singer twelve.

Mach. Five hundred a-year, sir ! Why, sir, for a little more money I'll get you one of the best Harlequins in France ; and you'll see the managers are of my opinion.

[Enter HARLEQUIN and COLUMBINE. Both Managers run to them, and caress them ; and while they are bidding for them, enter a Dog in a Harlequin's dress ; they bid for him. Enter the Justice and his Clerk ; HARLEQUIN and COLUMBINE run off. Covent-garden Manager runs away with the Dog in his arms. The scene changes to a cart-load of Players. The Justice pulls out the act of the 12th of the Queen, and threatens to commit them as vagrants ; the Manager offers the Justice two hundred a-year if he will commence player ; the Justice accepts it, is turned into a Harlequin ; he and his Clerk mount the cart, and all sing the following Chorus.]

AIR V.—*Abbot of Canterbury.*

You wonder, perhaps, at the tricks of the stage,
Or that pantomime miracles take with the age ;
But if you examine court, country, and town,
There's nothing but Harlequin feats will go down.

Derry down, &c.

From Fleet-street to Limehouse the city's his range,
He's a saint in his shop, and a knave on the 'Change ;
At an oath, or a jest, like a censor he'll frown,
But a lie or a cheat slip currently down.

Derry down, &c.

In the country he burns with a politic zeal,
And boasts, like knight-errant, to serve commonweal ;
But, once return'd member, he alters his tone,
For, as long as he rises, no matter who's down.

Derry down, &c.

At court 'tis as hard to confine him as air ;
Like a troublesome spirit, he's here and he's there ;
All shapes and disguises at pleasure puts on,
And defies all the nation to conjure him down.

Derry down, &c.

MISS LUCY IN TOWN:

A SEQUEL TO THE VIRGIN UNMASKED.

A FARCE, WITH SONGS.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE, BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Goodwill, Mr. WINSTONE ; Thomas, Mr. NEAL ; Lord Bawble, Mr. CROSS ; Mr. Zorobable, Mr. MACKLIN ; Signor Cantileno, Mr. BEARD ; Mr. Ballard, Mr. LOWE ; Mrs. Midnight, Mrs. MACKLIN ; Wife, Mrs. CLIVE ; Tawdry, Mrs. BENNET.*

SCENE, MRS. MIDNIGHT'S—MIDNIGHT, TAWDRY.

Mid. And he did not give you a single shilling ?

Taw. No, upon my honour.

Mid. Very well. They spend so much money in show and equipage, that they can no more pay their ladies than their tradesmen. If it was not for Mr. Zorobable and some more of his persuasion, I must shut up my doors.

Taw. Besides, ma'am, virtuous women and gentlemen's wives come so cheap, that no man will go to the price of a lady of the town.

Mid. I thought Westminster-hall would have given

them a surfeit of their virtuous women : but I see nothing will do ; though a jury of cuckolds were to give never such swingeing damages, it will not deter men from qualifying more jurymen. In short, nothing can do us any service but an act of parliament to put us down.

Taw. Have you put a bill on your door, ma'am, as you said you would ?

Mid. It is up, it is up. O Tawdry ! that a woman who hath been bred and always lived like a gentlewoman, and followed a polite way of business, should be reduced to let lodgings !

Taw. It is a melancholy consideration truly. *[Knocking.]* But, hark ! I hear a coach stop.

Mid. Some rake or other who is too poor to have any reputation. This is not a time of day for good customers to walk abroad. The citizens, good men, can't leave their shops so soon.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, a gentleman and lady to inquire for lodgings; they seem to be just come out of the country, for the coach and horses are in a terrible dirty pickle.

Mid. Why don't you show them in? Tawdry, who knows what Fortune has sent us?

Taw. If she had meant me any good, she'd have sent a gentleman without a lady. [friend.]

Serv. (returning with John.) This is my mistress,

John. Do you take folks in to live here? Because, if you do, madam and the squire will come and live with you.

Mid. Then your master is a squire, friend, is he?

John. Ay, he is as good a squire as any within five miles o'en: tho'f he was but a footman before, what is that to the purpose? Madam has enough for both o'em.

Mid. Well, you may desire your master and his lady to walk in. I believe I can furnish them with what they want. What think you, Tawdry, of the squire and his lady, by this specimen of them?

Taw. Why, I think if I can turn the squire to as good account as you will his lady (I mean if she be handsome), we shall have no reason to repent our acquaintance. You will soon teach her more politeness than to be pleased with a footman, especially as he is her husband.

Mid. Truly, I must say I love to see ladies prefer themselves. Mercy on those who betray women to sacrifice their own interest: I would not have such a sin lie on my conscience for the world.

Enter THOMAS, Wife, and Servants.

Tho. Madam, your humble servant. My fellow here tells me you have lodgings to let: pray what are they, madam?

Mid. Sir, my bill hath informed you.

Tho. Pox! I am afraid she suspects I can't read.

Mid. What conveniences, madam, would your ladyship want?

Wife. Why, good woman, I shall want everything which other fine ladyships want. Indeed, I don't know what I shall want yet; for I never was in town before; but I shall want everything I see.

Tho. I hope your apartments here are handsome, and that people of fashion used to lodge with you.

Mid. If you please, sir, I'll wait on your honour, and show you the rooms.

Tho. Ay, do, do so; do wait on me. John, do you hear, do you take care of all our things.

Wife. Ay, pray, John, take care of the great cake and the cold turkey, and the ham and the chickens, and the bottle of sack, and the two bottles of strong beer, and the bottle of cider.

John. I'll take the best care I can: but a man would think he was got into a fair. The folks stare at one as if they had never seen a man before.

Exit MIDN., THOMAS, JOHN, and Servants.

Taw. Pray, madam, is not your ladyship infinitely tired with your journey? [walk twenty miles farther.]

Wife. I tired! not I, I an't tired at all; I could

Taw. O, I am surprised at that! most fine ladies are horribly fatigued after a journey.

Wife. Are they?—Hum! I don't know whether I an't so too! yes I am, I am horribly fatigued. Well, I shall never find out all that a fine lady ought to be. [Aside.]

Taw. Was your ladyship never in town before, madam?

Wife. No, madam, never before that I know of.

Taw. I shall be glad to wait on you, madam, and show you the town.

Wife. I am very much obliged to you, madam; and I am resolved to see everything that is to be seen: the Tower, and the crowns, and the lions, and Bedlam, and the parliament-house, and the abbey—

Taw. O fie, madam! these are only sights for the vulgar; no fine ladies go to these.

Wife. No! why then I won't neither. Oh odious Tower and filthy lions! But pray, madam, are there no sights for a fine lady to see?

Taw. O yes, madam; there are ridottos, masquerades, court, plays, and a thousand others; so many, that a fine lady has never time to be at home but when she is asleep.

Wife. I am glad to hear that, for I hate to be at home: but, dear madam, do tell me—for I suppose you are a fine lady—

Taw. At your service, madam.

Wife. What do you fine ladies do at these places? What do they do at masquerades now? for I have heard of them in the country.

Taw. Why they dress themselves in a strange dress, and they walk up and down the room, and they cry, *Do you know me?* and then they burst out a laughing, and then they sit down, and then they get up, and then they walk about again, and then they go home.

Wife. Oh this is charming, and easy too; I shall be able to do a masquerade in a minute: well, but do tell me a little of the rest. What do they do at your what-d'ye-call-'ems, your plays?

Taw. Why, if they can, they take a stage-box, where they let the footman sit the two first acts to show his livery; then they come in to show themselves, spread their fans upon the spikes, make curtsies to their acquaintance, and then talk and laugh as loud as they are able.

Wife. O delightful! By gole, I find there is nothing in a fine lady; anybody may be a fine lady if this be all.

AIR I.

If flaunting and ranting,	As gay and as loud as the
If noise and gallanting,	best;
Be all in fine ladies required,	And at t'other place,
I'll warrant I'll be	With a mask on my face,
As fine a lady	I'll ask all I see
As ever in town was admired.	Do you know me?
At plays I will rattle,	Do you know me?
Tittle-tattle,	And te, he, he!
Tittle-tattle,	And te, he, he!
Prittle-prattle,	At nothing as loud as a
Prittle-prattle,	jest.

Re-enter THOMAS and MIDNIGHT.

Tho. My dear, I have seen the rooms, and they are very handsome, and fit for us people of fashion.

Wife. O, my dear, I am extremely glad on't. Do you know me? Ha, ha, ha, my dear! [stretching out her fan before her] ha, ha, ha!

Tho. Heyday! What's the matter now?

Wife. I am only doing over a fine lady at a masquerade or play, that's all.

[She coquets apart with her husband.]

Taw. [To MID.] She's simplicity itself. A card fortune has dealt you, which it's impossible for you to play ill. You may bring her to any purpose.

Mid. I am glad to hear it: for she's really pretty, and I shall scarce want a customer for a tit-bit.

Wife. Well, my dear, you won't stay long, for you know I can hardly bear you out of my sight; I shall be quite miserable till you come back, my dear, dear Tommy.

Tho. My dear Lucy, I will but go find out a tailor, and be back with you in an instant.

Wife. Pray do, my dear.—Nay, t'other kiss; one more—O! thou art the sweetest creature!—Well, miss, fine lady, pray how do you like my husband? Is he not a charming man?

Taw. Your husband! Dear madam, and was it your husband that you kissed so?

Wife. Why, don't fine ladies kiss their husbands?

Taw. No, never.

Wife. O la! but I don't like that though; by gole,

I believe I shall never be a fine lady, if I must not be kissed. I like being a fine lady in other things, but not in that; I thank you. If your fine ladies are never kissed, by gule, I think we have not so much reason to envy them as I imagined.

SONG.

How happy are the nymphs and swains
Who skip it and trip it all over the plains:
How sweet are the kisses,
How soft are the blisses,
Transporting the lads, and all melting their misses!
If ladies here so nice are grown,
Who jaunt it and flaunt it all over the town,
To fly as from ruin
From billing and cooing,
A fig for their airs, give me plain country wooing.

Taw. O, you mistake me, madam; a fine lady may kiss any man but her husband.—You will have all the beaux in town at your service.

Wife. Beaux! O gemini! those are the things Miss Jenny used to talk of.—And pray, madam, do beaux kiss so much sweeter and better than other folks?

Taw. Hum! I can't say much of that.

Wife. And pray, then, why must I like them better than my own husband?

Mid. Because it's the fashion, madam. Fine ladies do everything because it's the fashion. They spoil their shapes, to appear big with child, because it is the fashion. They lose their money at whist, without understanding the game; they go to auctions, without intending to buy; they go to operas, without any ear; and slight their husbands without disliking them; and all—because it is the fashion.

Wife. Well, I'll try to be as much in fashion as I can: but, pray, when must I go to these beaux? for I really long to see them; for Miss Jenny says she's sure I shall like them; and if I do, i'facks! I believe I shall tell them so, notwithstanding what our parson says.

Mid. Bravely said; I will show you some fine gentlemen which I warrant you will like.

Wife. And will they like me?

Taw. Like you! they'll adore you, they'll worship you. Madam, says my lord, you are the most charming, beautiful, fine creature that ever my eyes beheld.

Wife. What's that? Do say that over again.

Taw. [Repeats.] Madam, you are, &c.

Wife. And will they think all this of me?

Taw. No doubt of it. They'll swear it.

Wife. Then to be sure they will think it. Yes, yes, to be sure they will think so. I wish I could see these charming men.

Mid. O, you will see them everywhere. Here in the house I have had several to visit me, who have said the same thing to me and this young lady.

Wife. What, did they call you charming and beautiful?—by gule, I think they may very well say so to me. [Aside.] But when will these charming men come?

Mid. They'll be here immediately: but your ladyship will dress yourself. I see your man has brought your things. I suppose your ladyship has your clothes with you.

Wife. O yes, I have clothes enough; I have a fine thread satin suit of clothes of all the colours in the rainbow; then I have a fine red gown, flowered with yellow, all my own work; and a fine laced suit of pinnars, that was my great grandmother's! that has been worn but twice these forty years, and my mother told me cost almost four pounds when it was new, and reaches down hither. And then I have a great gold watch that hath continued in our family I can't tell how long, and is almost as broad as a moderate punch-bowl; and then I have two great gold earrings, and six or seven rings for my

finger, worth about twenty pounds all together; and a thousand fine things that you shall see.

Mid. Ay, madam, these things would have dressed your ladyship very well an hundred years ago: but the fashions are altered. Laced pinnars, indeed! You must cut off your hair, and get a little periwig and a French cap; and instead of a great watch, you must have one so small that it is impossible it should go; and—but come, this young lady will instruct you. Pray, miss, wait on the lady to her apartment, and send for proper tradesmen to dress her; such as the fine ladies use. Madam, you shall be dressed as you ought to be.

Wife. Thank you, madam; and then I shall be as fine a lady as the best of them. By gule, this London is a charming place. If ever my husband gets me out of it again, I am mistaken. Come, dear miss, I am impatient. *Do you know me?* ha, ha, ha!

[Exit Wife and TAWDRY.]

Enter LORD BAWBLE.

Baw. So, old Midnight, what schemes art thou plodding on?

Mid. O fie! my lord; I protest if sir Thomas and you don't leave off your riots, you will ruin the reputation of my house for ever. I wonder too you have no more regard to your own characters.

Baw. Why, thou old canting offspring of hypocrisy, dost thou think that men of quality are to be confined to the rules of decency, like sober citizens, as if they were ashamed of their sins, and afraid they should lose their turn of being lord mayor?

Mid. We ought all to be ashamed of our sins. O my lord, my lord! had you but heard that excellent sermon on Kennington-common, it would have made you ashamed: I am sure it had so good an effect upon me, that I shall be ashamed of my sins as long as I live.

Baw. Why don't you leave them off then, and lay down your house?

Mid. Alas, I can't, I can't; I was bred up in the way: but I repent heartily; I repent every hour of my life; and that I hope will make amends.

Baw. Well, where is my Jenny Ranter?

Mid. Ah, poor Jenny! Poor Jenny is gone. I shall never see her more; she was the best of girls: it almost breaks my tender heart to think on't; nay, I shall never outlive her loss. (crying.) My lord, sir Thomas and you forgot to pay for that bowl of punch last night.

Baw. Damn your punch! is my dear Jenny dead?

Mid. Worse, if possible.—She is—she is turned methodist, and married to one of the brethren.

Baw. O, if that be all, we shall have her again.

Mid. Alas! I fear not; for they are powerful men.—But pray, my lord, how go the finances? for I have such a piece of goods, such a girl just arrived out of the country!—upon my soul as pure a virgin—for I have known her whole bringing up: she is a relation of mine; her father left me her guardian. I have just brought her from a boarding-school to have her under my own eye, and complete her education.

Baw. Where is she? let me see her.

Mid. Not a step without the ready. I told you I was her guardian, and I shall not betray my trust.

Baw. If I like her—upon my honour—

Mid. I have too much value for your lordship's honour to have it left in pawn. Besides, I have more right honourable honour in my hands unredeemed already than I know what to do with. However, I think you may depend on my honour; deposit a cool hundred, and you shall see her; and then take either the lady or the money.

Baw. I know thee to be inexorable. I'll step home

and fetch the money. I gave that sum to my wife this morning to buy her clothes. I'll take it from her again, and let her tick with the tradesmen. Look'e, if this be stale goods, I'll break every window in the house.

Mid. I'll give you leave.—He'll be tired of her in a week, and then I may dispose of her again. I am afraid I did wrong in putting her off for a virgin, for she'll certainly discover she is married. However, I can forswear the knowing of it. [*ZOROBABLE brought in in a chair with the curtains drawn.*] O here's one of my sober customers.—Mr. Zorobable, is it you? I am your worship's most obedient servant.

Zor. How do you do, Mrs. Midnight? I hope nobody sees or overhears. This is an early hour for me to visit at. I have but just been at home to dress me since I came from the Alley.

Mid. I suppose your worship's hands are pretty full there now with your lottery-tickets?

Zor. Fuller than I desire, Mrs. Midnight, I assure you. We hoped to have brought them to seven pounds before this; that would have been a pretty comfortable interest for our money.—But have you any worth seeing in your house?

Mid. O Mr. Zorobable! such a piece! such an

Zor. Ay, ay, where? where? [*angel!*]

Mid. Here in the house.

Zor. Let me see her this instant.

Mid. Sure nothing was ever so unfortunate!

Zor. Hey! what?

Mid. O sir! not thinking to see your worship this busy time, I have promised her to lord Bawble.

Zor. How, Mrs. Midnight! promise her to a lord without offering her to me first? Let me tell you, 'tis an affront not only to me, but to all my friends: and you deserve never to have any but christians in your house again. [*against me.*]

Mid. Marry forbid! Don't utter such curses

Zor. Who is it supports you? Who is it can support you? Who have any money besides us?

Mid. Pray your worship forgive me.

Zor. No, I will deal higher for the future with those who are better acquainted with lords; they will know whom to prefer. I must tell you you are a very ungrateful woman. I know a woman of fashion at St. James's end of the town, where I might deal cheaper than with yourself; though I own, indeed, yours is rather the more reputable house of the two.

Mid. But my lord hath never seen her yet.

Zor. Hath he not? Why then he never shall, till I have done with her: she'll be good enough for a lord half a year hence. Come fetch her down, fetch her down. How long hath she been in town?

Mid. Not two hours. Pure country innocent flesh and blood.—But what shall I say to my lord?

Zor. Say anything: put off somebody else upon him; a stale woman of quality, or somebody who hath been in Westminster-hall and the newspapers.

Mid. Well, I'll do the best I can; though, upon my honour, I was to have had two hundred guineas from my lord.

Zor. Two hundred promises you mean; but had it been in ready cash, I'll make you amends if I like her; we'll never differ about the price; so fetch her, fetch her.

Mid. I will an't please your worship. [*Exit.*]

Zor. Soh! the money of christian men pays for the beauty of christian women. A good exchange!

Enter MIDNIGHT. A noise without.

Mid. O sir, here are some noisy people coming this way; slip into the next room: I am as tender of your reputation as of my own.

Zor. You are a sensible woman, and I commend your care; for reputation is the very soul of a jew.

Mid. Go in here, I will quickly clear the coast for you again. [*Exit ZOR.*] Now for my gentlemen; and if I mistake not their voices, one is an opera-singer, and the other a singer in one of our play-houses.

Enter CANTILENO and BALLAD.

Mid. What is the matter, gentlemen? what is the matter?

Cant. Begar I vil ave de woman; begar I vil ave her.

Bal. You must win her first, signior; and if you can gain her affections, I am too much an Englishman to think of restraining her from pursuing her own will.

Cant. Never fear, me vin her. No Englishwoman can withstand de charms of my voice.

Mid. If he begins to sing there will be no end on't. I must go look after my young lady. [*Exit.*]

SONG.

Cant. Music sure hath charms to move,
With my song, with my song I'll charm my love.
This good land where money grows,
Well the price of singing knows:
Hither all the warblers throng;
Taking money,
Milk and honey,
Taking money for a song.

Bal. Ha, ha, ha! What the devil should an Italian singer do with a mistress?

Cant. Ask your women, who are in love wit de Italian singers.

SONG.

See, while I strike the vocal lyre,
Beauty languish, languish and expire:
Like turtle-doves, in a wooing fit,
See the blooming charmers sit;
Softly sighing,
Gently dying,
While sweet sounds to raptures move:
Trembling, thrilling,
Sweetly killing,
Airs that fan the wings of love.

SONG.

Bal. Begone, thou shame of human race,
The noble Roman soil's disgrace;
Nor vainly with a Britain dare
Attempt to win a British fair.
For manly charms the British dame
Shall feel a fiercer, nobler flame;
To manly numbers lend her ear,
And scorn thy soft enervate air.

Enter a Porter.

Por. [*to CANT.*] Sir, the lady's in the next room.

Cant. Ver vel. Begar I vil ave her.

Bal. I'll follow you and see how far the charms of your voice will prevail.

Enter ZOROBABLE, MIDNIGHT, and Wife.

Mid. [*to her, entering*]. I am going to introduce your ladyship to one of our fine gentlemen whom I told you of.

Wife. [*surveying him awkwardly*]. Is this a beau, and a fine gentleman?—By goles, Mr. Thomas is a finer gentleman, in my opinion, a thousand times.

Zor. Madam, your humble servant; I shall always think myself obliged to Mrs. Midnight for introducing me to a young lady of your perfect beauty. Pray, madam, how long have you been in town?

Wife. Why, I have been in town about three hours: I am but a stranger here, sir; but I was very lucky to meet with this civil gentlewoman and this fine lady, to teach me how to dress and behave myself. Sir, I would not but be a fine lady for all the world.

Zor. Madam, you are in the right on't: and this

soft hand, this white neck, and these sweet lips were formed for no other purpose.

Wife. Let me alone, mun, will you? I won't be pulled and hauled about by you, I won't.—For I am very sure you don't kiss half so sweet as Mr. Thomas.

Zor. Nay, be not coy, my dear; if you will suffer me to kiss you, I will make you the finest of ladies; you shall have jewels equal to a woman of quality:—nay, I will furnish a house for you in any part of the town, and you shall ride in a fine gilt chair, carried by two stout fellows, that I will keep for no other purpose.

Mid. Madam, if you will but like this gentleman, he'll make you a fine lady: 'tis he, and some more of his acquaintance, that make half the fine ladies in the town.

Wife. Ay! Why, then I will like him.—I will say I do, which I suppose is the same thing. [*Aside.*] But when shall I have all these fine things? for I long to begin.

Zor. And so do I, my angel. [*Offering to kiss her.*]

Wife. Nay, I won't kiss any more till I have something in hand, that I am resolved of.

Mid. [*to Zor.*] Fetch her some baubles; any toys will do.

Wife. But if you will fetch me all the things you promised me, you shall kiss me as long as you please.

Zor. But when I have done all these things, you must never see any other man but me.

Wife. Must not I? But I don't like that. And will you stay with me always then? [*evening.*]

Zor. No; I shall only come to see you in the

Wife. O then it will be well enough, for I will see whom I please all the day, and you shall know nothing of the matter. [*Aside.*] Indeed I won't see anybody else but you; indeed I won't. But do go and fetch me these fine things.

Zor. I go, my dear. Mrs. Midnight, pray take care of her. I never saw any one so pretty nor so silly.

Wife. I heard you, sir; but you shall find I have sense enough to outwit you. Well, Miss Jenny may stay in the country if she will, and see nothing but the great jolly parson, who never gives anything but a nosegay or a handful of nuts for a kiss. But where's the young lady that was here just now? for to my mind I am in a new world, and my head is quite turned giddy.

Mid. It is a common effect, madam, which the town air hath on young ladies, when first they come into it.

Enter CANTILENO.

Cant. Begar, dat dam English ballad-singing dog has got away de woman! Ah, *pardie!* *Voilà un autre.* [*Going towards her.*]

Mid. Hold, hold, signior; this lady is not for you; she is a woman of quality, and her price is a little beyond your pocket.

Cant. Begar, I like none but de woman of quality; and you no know de price of my pocket. See here—begar, here are fifty guinea—dey are not above de value of two song.

SONG.

To beauty compared, pale gold I despise;
No jewels can sparkle like Cælia's bright eyes:
Let misers with pleasure survey their bright mass;
With far greater raptures I view my fine lass:
Gold lock'd in my coffers for me has no charms,
Then its value I own,
Then I prize it alone,

When it tempts blooming beauty to fly to my arms.

Wife. This is certainly one of those operish-singers, Miss Jenny used to talk of and to mimic: she taught me to mimic them too.

RECITATIVE.

Cant. Brightest nymph, turn here thy eyes,
Behold thy swain despairs and dies.

Wife. A voice so sweet cannot despair,
Unless from deafness of the fair;
Such sounds must move the duldest ear:
Less sweet the warbling nightingale;
Less sweet the breeze sweeps thro' the vale.

SONG.

Cant. Sweeter cause of all my pain,
Pride and glory of the plain,
See my anguish,
See me languish:
Pity thy expiring swain.

Wife. Gentle youth, of my disdain,
Ah, too cruel you complain;
My tender heart
Feels greater smart;

Pity me, expiring swain.

Cant. Will you then my pangs despise?
Will nothing your disdain remove?

Wife. Can you not read my wishing eyes?
Ah, must I tell you that I love?

Cant. I faint, I die.

Wife. And so do I.

BALLAD enters and sings.

SONG.

Turn hither your eyes, bright maid,
Turn hither with all your charms;
Behold a jolly young blade,
Who longs to be clasp'd in your arms;
To sighing and whining,
To sobbing and pining.

Then merrily bid adieu.

Cant. See how I expire,

Bal. See how I'm on fire,

And burn, my dear nymph, for you.

Wife. Thus strongly pursued,

By two lovers woo'd,

What shall a poor woman do?

But a lover in flames,

Sure most pity claims,

So, jolly lad, I'm for you.

Enter MIDNIGHT.

Mid. Gentlemen, I must beg you would go into another room; for my lord Bawble is just coming, and he hath bespoke this.

Cant. Le diable! one of our directors! I would not ave him see me here for de varld.

Wife. Is my lord come? How eagerly I long to

Cant. Allons, madam. [*see him!*]

Wife. No, I will stay with my lord.

Mid. He is just coming in.—Upon my soul I will bring her to you presently.

Cant. Well, you are de woman of honour.

Bal. This new face will not come to my turn yet; so I will to my dear Tawdry.

Enter LORD BAWBLE.

Baw. Well, I have kept my word; I have brought the ready. [*Seeing Wife.*] Upon my soul, a fine girl! I suppose this is she you told me of?

Mid. What shall I do? [*Aside.*] Yes, yes, my lord, this is the same: but pray come away, for I can't bring her to anything yet: she is so young, if you speak to her you will frighten her out of her wits; have but a little patience, and I shall bring her to my mind.

Baw. Don't tell me of patience; I'll speak to her now, and I warrant I bring her to my mind.

[*They talk apart.*]

Wife. [*at the other end of the stage, looking at my lord.*] O, la! that is a fine gentleman, indeed! and yet who knows but Mr. Thomas might be just such another if he had but as fine clothes on?—I wonder he don't speak to me: to be sure he don't like me; if he did he would speak to me; and if he does not presently the old fellow will be back again, and then I must not talk with him. [*the country.*]

Mid. Consider, she is just fresh and raw out of

Baw. I like her the better. It is in vain to contend, for, by Jupiter, I'll at her. I know how to deal with country ladies. I learnt the art of making love to them at my election.

Mid. What will become of me? I'll get out of

the way, and swear to Mr. Zorobable I know nothing of my lord's seeing her. *[Exit.]*

Baw. It is generous in you, madam, to leave the country, to make us happy here with the sunshine of your beauty.

Wife. Sir, I am sure I shall be very glad if anything in my power can make the beaux and fine gentlemen of this fine town happy.—He talks just like Mr. Thomas before I was married to him, when he first came out of his town-service. *[Aside.]*

Baw. She seems delightfully ignorant. A quality which is to me a great recommendation of a mistress or a friend.—O, madam, can you doubt of your power, which is as extensive as your beauty; which lights such a fire in the heart of every beholder, as nothing but your frowns can put out?

Wife. I'll never frown again; for if all the fine gentlemen in town were in love with me, icod,—with all my heart, the more the merrier.

Baw. When they know you have my admiration, you will soon have a thousand other adorers. If a lady hath a mind to draw custom to her house, she hath nothing more to do but to hang one of us lords out for a sign.

Wife. A lord?—Gemini, and are you a lord?

Baw. My lord Bawble, madam, at your service.

Wife. Well, my lord Bawble is the prettiest name I ever heard: the very name is enough to charm one.—My lord Bawble!

Baw. Why, truly, I think it has something of a quality sound in it.

Wife. Heigh ho!

Baw. Why do you sigh, my charmer?

Wife. At what, perhaps, will make you sigh too, when you know it.

Baw. Ay, what?

Wife. I am married to an odious footman, and can never be my lady Bawble.—I am afraid you won't like me, now I have told you.—But I assure you, if I had not been married already, I should have married you of all the beaux and fine gentlemen in the world: but though I am married to him, I like you the best; and I hope that will do.

Baw. Yes, yes, yes, my dear; do!—very well.—Is this wench an idiot, or a bite? marry me, with a pox! *[Aside.]*—And so you are married to a footman, my dear?

Wife. Yes, I am; I see you don't like me now you know I am another man's wife.

Baw. Indeed you are mistaken; I dislike no man's wife but my own.

Wife. O la! what, are you married then?

Baw. Yes, I think I am: but I have almost forgot it; for I have not seen my wife, till this morning, for a twelvemonth.

Wife. No! by goles, you may marry somebody else for me. And now I think on't, if I should be seen speaking to him, I shall lose all the fine things I was promised. *[Aside.]*

Baw. What are you considering, my dear?

Wife. I must not stay with you any longer, for I expect an old gentleman every minute who promised me a thousand fine things if I would not speak to anybody but him: he promised to keep two tall lusty fellows, for no other business but to carry me up and down in a chair.

Baw. I will not only do that, but I will keep you two other tall fellows for no other use but to walk before your chair.

Wife. Will you? Nay, I assure you, I like you better than him, if I shall not lose any fine things by the bargain.—But hold, now I think on't: suppose I stay here till he comes back again with his presents; I can take the things, promise him, and go

with you afterwards, you know, my lord. O, how pretty lord sounds!

Baw. No, you will have no need on't. I will give you variety of fine things—till I am tired of you, and then I'll take them away again.—But, my dear, these lodgings are not fine enough: I will take some finer for you.

Wife. O la! what are there finer houses than this in town? Why, my father hath five hundred a-year in the country, and his house is not half so fine.

Baw. O, my dear, gentlemen of no hundred pound a-year scorn such a house as this: nobody lives now in anything but a palace.

Wife. Nay, the finer the better, by goles, if you will pay for it.

Baw. Pugh, pshaw, pay! never mind that: that word hath almost put me in the vapours.—Come, my dear girl— *[Kisses her.]*

Wife. O fie, my lord! you make me blush. He kisses sweeter than my husband a thousand times: I did not think there had been such a man as my husband in the world, but I find I was mistaken.

Baw. Consider, my dear, what a pride you will have in hearing the man you love called lordship.

Wife. Lordship! it is pretty. Lordship! But then you won't see me above once in a twelvemonth.

Baw. I will see you every day, every minute: I like you so well, that nothing but being married to you could make me hate you.

Wife. O Gemini! I forgot it was the fashion.

Baw. Let us lose no time, but hasten to find some place where I may equip you like a woman of quality.

Wife. I am out of my wits. My lord, I am ready to wait on your lordship wherever your lordship pleases.—Lordship! Quality! I shall be a fine lady immediately now.

Enter MIDNIGHT.

Mid. What shall I do? I am ruined for ever! My lord hath carried away the girl. Mr. Zorobable will never forgive me; I shall lose him and all his friends, and they are the only support of my house. Foolish slut, to prefer a rakish lord to a sober jew! but women never know how to make their market till they are so old no one will give anything for them.

Enter THOMAS.

Tho. Your humble servant, madam. Pray, madam, how do you like my clothes?

Mid. Your tailor hath been very expeditious indeed, sir.

Tho. Yes, madam, I should not have had them so soon, but that I met with an old acquaintance, Tom Shabby, the tailor in Monmouth-street, who fitted me with a suit in a moment.—But where's my wife?

Mid. What shall I say to him?—I believe she is gone out to see the town. *[gone with her?]*

Tho. Gone out! hey! what, without me! who's

Mid. Really, sir, I can't tell. Here was a gentleman all over lace: I suppose some acquaintance of hers. I fancy she went with him.

Tho. A gentleman in lace! I am undone, ruined, dishonoured! Some rascal hath betrayed away my wife.—Zounds, why did you let her go out of the house till my return?

Mid. The lady was only a lodger with me, I had no power over her.

Tho. How? did any man come to see her? for I am sure she did not know one man in town. It must be somebody that used to come here.

Mid. May the devil fetch me, if ever I saw him before! nor do I know how he got in. But there are birds of prey lurking in every corner of this wicked town: it makes me shed tears to think what villains there are in the world to betray poor innocent young ladies. *[Cries.]*

Tho. Oons and the devil! the first six weeks of our marriage!

Mid. That is a pity indeed—if you have been married no longer: had you been together half a year it had been some comfort. But be advised, have a little a patience; in all probability, whoever the gentleman is, he'll return her again soon.

Tho. Return her! ha! stained, spotted, sullied! Who shall return me my honour?—'Sdeath! I'll search her through the town, the world.—Ha! my father here!

Good. [*entering.*] Son, I met your man John at the inn, and he showed me the way hither.—Where is my daughter, your wife? [*undone.*]

Tho. Stolen! lost! every thing is lost, and I am

Good. Heyday! What's the matter?

Tho. The matter! O curse this vile town; I did but go to furnish myself with a suit of clothes, that I might appear like a gentleman, and in the mean time your daughter hath taken care that I shall appear like a gentleman all the days of my life; for I am sure I shall be ashamed to show my head among footmen.

Good. How? my daughter run away?

Mid. I am afraid it is too true.

Good. And do you stand meditating?

Tho. What shall I do?

Good. Go, advertise her this minute in the newspapers. Get my lord chief-justice's warrant.

Mid. As for the latter, it may be advisable; but the former will be only throwing away your money; for the papers have been of late so crammed with advertisements of wives running from their husbands, that nobody now reads them. [*my wife to town!*]

Tho. That I should be such a blockhead to bring

Good. That I should be such a sot as to suffer you!

Tho. If I was unmarried again I would not venture my honour in a woman's keeping for all the fortune she could bring me.

Good. And if I was a young fellow again I would not get a daughter for all the pleasure a woman could give me.

Enter ZOROBABLE.

Zor. Here, where's my mistress? I have equipped her; here are trinkets enough to supply an alderman's wife.

Mid. I must be discovered.—Hush, hush, consider your reputation: here are company. Your mistress is run away with my lord Bawble.

Zor. My mistress run away! Damn my reputation! where's the girl? I will have the girl.

Good. This gentleman may have lost a daughter too.

Tho. Or a wife, perhaps.—You have lost your wife, sir, by the violence of your rage?

Zor. O worse, worse, sir; I have lost a mistress. While I went to buy her trinkets this damned jade of a bawd—where is she?—lets in young rake, and he is run away with her: the sweetest bit of country innocence, just come to town. 'Sblood, I would have given an hundred lottery-tickets for her.

Good. and Tho. How, hell-hound!

Mid. I am an innocent woman, and shall fall a sacrifice to an unjust suspicion.

Good. Oh! my poor daughter!

Tho. My wife, that I had so much delight in!

Zor. My mistress, that I proposed such pleasure in!

Mid. O, the credit of my house gone for ever!

Zor. Ah! here she is again.

Enter WIFE.

Wife. Such joy! such rapture! Well, I'll never go into the country again. Faugh! how I hate the name.—Oh! father, I am sure you don't know me; nor you, Mr. Thomas, neither;—nor I won't know you. Ah, you old fusty fellow!—I don't want any-

thing you can give; nor you shan't come near me, so you shan't. Madam, I am very much obliged to you for letting me see the world. I hate to talk to any one I can't call lordship.

Good. And is this be-powdered, be-curled, be-hooped mad woman my daughter? [*She coquets affectedly.*] Why, hussy, don't you know your own father?

Tho. Nor your husband?

Wife. No, I don't know you at all;—I never saw you before. I have got a lord, and I don't know any one but my lord.

Tho. And pray what hath my lord done to you that hath put you into such raptures?

Wife. Oh, by gole! who'd be fool then? When I lived in the country I used to tell you everything I did; but I am grown wiser now, for I am told I must never let my husband know anything I do, for he'd be angry; though I don't much care for your anger, for I design always to live with my lord now; and he's never to be angry, do what I will. Why, prithee, fellow, do'st thou think that I am not fine lady enough to know the difference between a lord and a footman?

Zor. A footman!

Mid. I thought he was a servant, by his talking so much of his honour.

Tho. You call me footman! I own I was a footman; and had rather be a footman still than a tame cuckold to a lord. I wish every man who is not a footman thought in the same manner.

Good. Thou art a pretty fellow, and worthy a better wife.

Tho. Sir, I am sorry that from henceforth I cannot, without being a rascal, look on your daughter as my wife; I am sorry I can't forgive her.

Wife. Forgive me!—ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! comical! why, I won't forgive you, mun! [*give?*]

Good. What hath he done, which you will not for-

Wife. Done! why, I have found out somebody I like better; and he's my husband, and I hate him, because it is the fashion: that he hath done.

Zor. Sir Skip, a word with you:—if you intend to part with your wife, I will give you as much for her as any man.

Tho. Sir!

Zor. Sir, I say I will give you as much or more for your wife than any man.

Tho. Those words, which suppose me a villain, call me so, and thus should be returned.

[*Gives him a box on the ear.*]

Zor. 'Sdeath, sir! do you know who you use in this manner?

Tho. Know you? yes, you rascal, and you ought to know me. I have indeed the greatest reason to remember you, having purchased a ticket of you in the last lottery for as much again as it was worth. However, you shall have reason to remember me for the future: a footman shall teach such a low, pitiful, stock-jobbing pickpocket to dare to think to cuckold his betters. [*Kicks him off the stage.*]

Zor. You shall hear of me in Westminster-hall.

Good. Your humble servant. [*Kicking him off.*]

Zor. Very fine! very fine!—a ten-thousand-pound man is to be kicked!

Good. A rascal, a villain.

Enter LORD BAWBLE.

Wife. O, my dear lord, are you come?

Baw. Fie, my dear, you should not have run away from me while I was in an inner room, promising the tradesman to pay him for your fine things.

Wife. O, my lord, I only stepped into a chair, as you call it, to make a visit to a fine lady here. It is pure sport to ride in a chair.

Baw. Bless me! what's here? My old man Tom in masquerade?

Tho. I give your lordship joy of this fine girl.

Baw. Stay till I have had her, Tom. Egad she hath cost me a round sum, and I had nothing but kisses for my money yet.

Tho. No! my lord. Then I am afraid your lordship never will have anything more, for this lady is mine.

Baw. How! what property have you in her?

Tho. The property of an English husband, my lord.

Baw. How, madam! are you married to this man?

Wife. I married to him! I never saw the fellow before.

Baw. Tom, thou art a very impudent fellow.

Good. Mercy on me! what a sink of iniquity is this town! She hath been here but five hours, and learned assurance already to deny her husband.

Baw. Come, Tom, resign the girl by fair means, or worse will follow.

Tho. How, my lord? resign my wife? Fortune, which made me poor, made me a servant; but nature, which made me an Englishman, preserved me from being a slave. I have as good a right to the little I claim as the proudest peer hath to his great possessions; and whilst I am able I will defend it.

Baw. Ha! rascal! [They draw.]

Good. Hold, my lord; this girl, ungracious as she is, is my daughter, and this honest man's wife.

Wife. Whether I am his wife or no is nothing to the purpose, for I will go with my lord. I hate my husband and I love my lord. He is a fine gentleman, and I am a fine lady, and we are fit for one another. Now, my lord, here are all the fine things you gave me: he will take them away, but you will keep them for me.

Baw. So, now I think every man hath his own again; and since she is your wife, Tom, much good may do you with her. I question not but these trinkets will purchase a finer lady. [Exit.]

Wife. What, is my lord gone?

Tho. Yes, madam, and you shall go, as soon as I can get horses put into a coach.

Wife. Ay, but I won't go with you.

Tho. No, but you shall go without me: your good father here will take care of you into the country; where, if I hear of your amendment, perhaps, half a year hence, I may visit you; for since my honour is not wronged I can forgive your folly.

Wife. I shall show you, sir, that I am a woman

of spirit, and not to be governed by my husband. I shall have vapours and fits (these they say are infallible); and if these won't do, let me see who dares carry me into the country against my will: I will swear the peace against them.

Good. Oh! oh! that ever I should beget a daughter!

Tho. Here, John!

John. (Enters.) An't please your worship.

Tho. Let all my things be packed up again in the coach they came in; and send Betty here this instant, with your mistress's riding dress. Come, madam, you must strip yourself of your puppet-show dress, as I will of mine; they will make you ridiculous in the country, where there is still something of Old England remaining. Come, no words, no delay; by heaven! if you but affect to loiter, I will send orders with you to lock you up, and allow you only the bare necessities of life. You shall know I am your husband, and will be obeyed.

Wife. (crying.) And must I go into the country by myself? Shall I not have a husband, or a lord, or anybody?—If I must go, won't you go with me?

Tho. Can you expect it? Can you ask me after what has happened?

Wife. What I did was only to be a fine lady, and what they told me other fine ladies do, and I should never have thought of in the country; but if you will forgive me I will never attempt to be more than a plain gentlewoman again.

Tho. Well, and as a plain gentlewoman you shall have pleasures some fine ladies may envy. Come, dry your eyes; my own folly, not yours, is to blame; and that I am only angry with.

Wife. And will you go with me then, Tommy?

Tho. Ay, my dear, and stay with thee too; I desire no more to be in this town than to have thee here.

Good. Henceforth I will know no degree, no difference between men, but what the standards of honour and virtue create: the noblest birth without these is but splendid infamy; and a footman with these qualities is a man of honour.

SONG.

Wife. Welcome again, ye rural plains,
Innocent nymphs and virtuous swains:
Farewell, town, and all its sights;
Beaux and lords, and gay delights:
All is idle pomp and noise;
Virtuous love gives greater joys.

CHORUS.

All is idle pomp and noise;
Virtuous love gives greater joys.

THE WEDDING-DAY. A COMEDY.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE, BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

PROLOGUE.—SPOKEN BY MR. MACKLIN.

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES,

We must beg your indulgence, and humbly hope you'll not be offended

At an accident that has happen'd to-night, which was not in the least intended,

I assure you: if you please, your money shall be return'd.

But Mr. Garrick, to-day,

Who performs a principal character in the play,

Unfortunately has sent word 'twill be impossible, having so long a part,

To speak to the prologue: he hasn't had time to get it by heart. I have been with the author to know what's to be done,

"For, till the prologue's spoke, sir," says I, "we can't go on."

"Pshaw! rot the prologue," says he; "then begin without it."

I told him 'twas impossible, you'd make such a rout about it.

Besides, 'twould be quite unprecedented,—and I dare say

Such an attempt, sir, would make them damn the play.

"Ha! damn my play!" the frightened bard replies;

"Dear Macklin, you must go on, then, and apologise."

"Apologise! not I: pray, sir, excuse me."

"Zounds! something must be done: prithee, don't refuse me. Prithee, go on: tell them, to damn my play will be a damn'd hard case."

Come, do: you've a good long, dismal, merry-begging face."

"Sir, your humble servant: you're very merry." "Yes," says he, "I've been drinking

To raise my spirits; for, by Jupiter! I found 'em sinking."

So away he went to see the play—O! there he sits:

Smoke him, smoke the author, you laughing crits.

Isn't he finely situated for a damning Oh—Oh! a—a shrill whihee! O, direful yell!

As Falstaff says, "Would it were bed-time, Hal, and all were [well!]"

What think you now? Whose face looks worst, yours or mine?

Ah! thou foolish follower of the ragged Nine!

You'd better stuck to honest Abraham Adams, by half:

He, in spite of critics, can make your readers laugh. [sense,

But to the prologue. What shall I say? Why, faith, in my I take plain truth to be the best defence.

I think, then, it was horrid stuff; and in my humble apprehension,
 Had it been spoke, not worthy your attention.
 I'll give you a sample, if I can recollect it.
 Hip! take courage: never fear, man: don't be dejected.
 Poor devil! he can't stand it; he has drawn in his head:
 I reckon, before the play's done, he'll be half dead.
 But to the prologue. It began—
 "To-night the comic author of to-day
 Has writ a—a—a—something about a play:
 And as the bee,—the bee,"—(that he brings in by way of
 simile),—"the bee which roves
 Through, through,"—pshaw! pox o' my memory!—Oh!
 "through fields and groves,
 So comic poets in fair London town
 To cull the flowers of characters wander up and down."
 Then there was a good deal about Rome, Athens, and dramatic
 rules,
 And characters of knaves and courtiers, authors and fools;
 And a vast deal about critics,—and good-nature,—and the poor
 author's fear;
 And I think there was something about a third night,—hoping
 to see you here.
 'Twas all such stuff as this, not worth repeating,
 In the old prologue cant; and then at last concludes, thus
 kindly greeting:—
 "To you, the critic jury of the pit,
 Our culprit author does his cause submit:
 With justice—nay, with candour, judge his wit:
 Give him, at least, a patient, quiet hearing:
 If guilty, damn him; if not guilty, clear him."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Millamour*, Mr. GARRICK; *Heartfort*,
 Mr. DELANE; *Mr. Stedfast*, Mr. MACKLIN; *Mr. Mutable*, Mr.
 TASWELL; *Young Mutable*, Mr. NEALE; *Squeezepurse*, Mr.
 MORGAN; *Brazen*, Mr. YATES; *Dr. Crisis*, Mr. TURBUTT;
Clarinda, Mrs. PRITCHARD; *Charlotte*, Mrs. WOFFINGTON;
Mrs. Useful, Mrs. MACKLIN; *Mrs. Plotwell*, Mrs. CROSS;
Lucina, Miss BENNETT; Servants, &c.—SCENE, LONDON.

ACT I.—SCENE I.—MILLAMOUR'S lodging.—
 BRAZEN asleep on a chair.

Millamour. (calls several times without—*Brazen*!)
 —Why, you incorrigible rascal, are you not ashamed
 to sleep at this time of day? Do you think yourself
 in Spain, sirrah, that thus you go regularly to sleep
 when others go to dinner?

Braz. (waking.) Truly, sir, I think he that wakes
 with the owl should rest with him too. Spain!
 Agad, I should live in the Antipodes, by the hours
 I am obliged to keep. Nor do I see why the same
 bell that rings others to dinner should not ring me
 to sleep; for, I thank heaven and your honour, sleep
 is the only dinner I have had these two days.

Mil. Cease your impertinence, and get things
 ready to dress me. [wear?]

Braz. What clothes will your honour please to

Mil. Get me the blue and silver; or, stay—the
 brown and gold. Come back—fetch me the black;
 that suits best with my present circumstances.

Braz. I fancy the lace suits best with your cir-
 cumstances. Most people in your honour's cir-
 cumstances wear lace.

Mil. Harkee, sir, I have often cautioned you
 against this familiarity. You must part with your
 wit, or with your master.

Braz. (aside.) That's true. If I had any wit, I
 should have parted with him long ago. No wise
 servant will live with a master who has turned away
 his estate.

Mil. Get me the laced—go immediately. Fami-
 liarity is a sort of interest which all servants exact
 from an indebted master: and, as being indebted to
 a friend is the surest way to make him your enemy,
 so making your servant your creditor is the surest
 way of making him your friend.

SCENE II.—Enter BRAZEN, showing in Mrs.
 USEFUL.

Braz. Sir, is your honour at home? Here is
 Mrs. Useful.

Mil. Sirrah, you know I am at home to my friend,
 my mistress, and my bawd, at any time.

Use. Hoity, toity! What! must I stay at the
 door till your worship has considered whether you
 will see me or not? Do I pass for a beggar or a
 dun with you? Do you take me for a tradesman
 with his bill, or a poet with a dedication?

Mil. (to BRAZ.) Do you see what your blunders
 are the occasion of? Come, my angry fair one, lay
 aside the terror of your brows, since it was my ser-
 vant's fault—not mine.

Use. I, who am admitted where a poor woman of
 quality is excluded!

Mil. I know thou art. Thou art as dear to the
 women of fashion as their lap-dogs, or to the men
 as their buffoons.

Use. A very civil comparison!

Mil. Thou art the first minister of Venus, the first
 plenipotentiary in affairs of love; and thy house is
 the noble scene of the congress of the two sexes.
 Thou hast united more couples than the alimony-
 act has parted, and sent more to bed together with-
 out a licence than any parson of the Fleet.

Use. I wish I could have prevented one couple
 from doing it with a licence.

Mil. What, has some notable whore of thy ac-
 quaintance turned rebel to thy power, and listed
 under the banners of Hymen? But be not discon-
 solate at thy loss. My life to a farthing she returns
 to her duty. Whoring is like the mathematics;
 whoever is once initiated into the science is sure
 never to leave it.

Use. This may probably take your mirth a key or
 two lower than its present pitch. [Gives a letter.]

Mil. I hope thou dost not deal with the law. I
 know no letter can give me any uneasiness but a
 letter from an attorney. [Opens the letter.] Ha!
Stedfast! I know the hand, though not the name.

"Sir,—After your behaviour to me, I might not have been
 strictly obliged to give you any account of my actions: how-
 ever, as it is the last line you will ever see from me, I have
 prevailed with myself to tell you that your course of life has,
 at last, determined me to fly to any harbour from the danger
 of you; and, accordingly, this morning has given me to a
 man whose estate and sincere affections will, in time, produce
 that love in my heart which your actions have—have—(this is
 a damned hard word) have e-ra-di-ca-ted, and make me happy
 in the name of
 CLARINDA STEDFAST."

Use. What do you think now, sir?

Mil. Think! that I am the most unhappy of men,
 and have lost the most charming of women.

Use. I always told you what it would come to,
 but you went still on in your profligate way. It is
 very true what religious men tell us, we never know
 the value of a blessing till we lose it.

Mil. Ay, 'tis very true indeed; for till this hour
 I never knew the value of *Clarinda*. [Reads again.]
 Hum! hum! "has given me a man whose estate and
 sincere affection," by which I am to understand that
 my rival is some very rich old fellow; two excellent
 qualifications for a husband and a cuckold as one
 could wish.

Use. I shall make a faithful report of the philo-
 sophy with which you receive the news.

Mil. Oh! could'st thou tell her half my tender-
 ness or my pain, thou must invent a language to ex-
 press them. [and tell her them yourself.]

Use. Truly I think you had best set pen to paper,

Mil. I had rather trust to your rhetoric: the
 paper, I am sure, will carry no more than I put into
 it; but for thee— [your advantage.]

Use. If it receives any addition it will not be to

Mil. I dare trust thee; thou lovest the game too
 well to spoil it. [his mistress's letter.]

Use. It is very strange that a lover will not answer

Mil. Oh! no one writes worse than a real lover.

For love, like honesty, appears generally most beautiful in the hypocrite. In painting the mind, as well as the face, art generally goes beyond nature.

Use. Why, this is all cool reason. I expected nothing but imprecations, threatening, sighing, lamenting, raving.

Mil. You are mistaken. I act on the marriage of a mistress as on the death of a friend: I strive to the utmost to prevent it. But if fate will have it so—

Use. You are a wicked man. You know it hath been in your power to prevent it.

Mil. Yes; but, my dear, I am no more resolute to give up my liberty to the one, than my life to the other; and if nothing but my marriage or my death can preserve them, agad, I believe I shall continue *in statu quo*, be the consequence what it will.

[Knocking.]

Braz. Sir, here's a lady: I don't know whether she comes under any of the titles your honour would have admitted.

Mil. Sirrah, admit all ladies whatsoever.

Use. I'll begone this moment.

Mil. Why so? [world.]

Use. Oh! I would not be seen with you for the

Mil. Out of tenderness for my reputation, I suppose. But that's safe enough with you; and as for your reputation it is safe enough with any one. Reputation, like the small-pox, gives you but one pain in your life. When you have had the one, and lost the other, you may venture with safety where you please.

SCENE III.—MILLAMOUR, MRS. USEFUL,
MRS. PLOTWELL.

Mil. Ha!

Plot. You seem surprised, sir: I suppose this is a visit you little expected, though I see it's no unusual thing for you to receive visits from a lady.

Use. No, madam: my cousin Millamour is very happy with the ladies.

Mil. [to Plotwell.] I believe, cousin, this is a relation of ours you don't know: give me leave to introduce you to one another. Cousin Useful, this is my cousin Plotwell; cousin Plotwell, this is my cousin Useful. [The ladies salute.] But come, relations should never meet with dry lips. Here, Brazen, bring a bottle of usquebaugh.

Both Wom. Not a drop for me.

Mil. Come, come, it will do you no harm. Well, cousin, and how did you leave all our relations in the north? Have you brought me no letters?

Plot. Only one, cousin.

Use. [Aside.] Cousin! this is a sister of mine, I believe; we are both of the same trade, my life on't.

Mil. (to BRAZEN, who enters with a bottle.) Sirrah, fill to the ladies—do you hear?

[He takes a letter from PLOTWELL, and opens it.]

"SIR,—After so many vows and protestations I should be surprised at the falsehood of any one but so great a villain as yourself: but as I have been long since certain that you have not one virtue in your whole mind, that you are a compound of all that is bad, and that you are the greatest tyrant and the falsest and most perjured wretch upon earth, I can expect no other. If you deserve not this, and ten times worse, make haste to acquit yourself to the injured LUCINA."

Plot. Well, sir, what does my aunt say?

Mil. She is very inquisitive about my health, complains of my not writing. There's no secret in't: I'll read it for your diversion. [Reads.]

Plot. For heaven's sake, sir, do not discover the secrets of our family.

Mil. "My dear nephew, I suppose it impossible for so fine a gentleman, amidst the hurry of the *beau monde*, to think of an old aunt in Northumberland; yet sure you might sometimes find an opportunity

to let one know a little how the world goes." Pshaw! I'll read no more. These country relations think their friends in town obliged to furnish them with continual matter for the scandal of their tea-tables. Has the old lady no female acquaintance? They would take as much pleasure in writing defamation as she in reading it. For my part, I'll never trouble myself with others' business till I can mind my own, nor about others' sins till I have left off my own.

Use. Which will not be till doomsday, I'm confident.

Mil. Never, while I have the same mind to tempt me to sin, and the same constitution to support me in it. For sins, like places at court, we seldom resign till we can keep them no longer.

Use. And, like places at court, you often keep them when you can't officiate in them.

Plot. But I hope you will answer my aunt's letter.

Mil. Not I, faith. Your aunt's letter shall answer itself. Send it back to the old lady again, and write my duty to her on the back of it.

Use. You have done your duty to her already, or I am mistaken.

SCENE IV.—MILLAMOUR, MRS. USEFUL,
MRS. PLOTWELL, BRAZEN.

Braz. Sir, sir.

Mil. Well, sir; what, another cousin? Do you hear, sirrah, I am at home to no more female relations this morning.

Braz. Sir, Mr. Heartfort is below.

Mil. Desire him to walk up. [letter?]

Plot. But are you resolved not to answer the

Mil. Positively. And, harkye,—tell the enraged fair one she hath made a double conquest; her beauty got the better of my reason, and now her anger hath got the better of my love. Give my humble service to her, and, when she comes to herself again, tell her I am come to myself.

Plot. You will repent of your haughtiness, I warrant you. [Exit.]

Mil. So, there's your despatch; and now for my other cousin.

SCENE V.—MILLAMOUR, MRS. USEFUL.

Mil. And for you, madam, give my kindest respects to Mrs. Stedfast. Tell her I will endeavour to efface the lovely idea which Clarinda had formed in my mind since she is now another's. I will pray for her happiness, but must love her no more.

Use. And is this all?

Mil. You may carry her this again. Tell her, I will have nothing to put me in mind of her;—and this kiss, which I send her by you, shall be the last token she shall have to awaken the remembrance of me.

Use. Well, you're a barbarous man. But suppose, now, I could procure a meeting between you; suppose I could bring her to you this very day, at your own house—

Mil. Suppose! O, thou dear creature! suppose I gave thee worlds to reward thee.

Use. Well, I will suppose you a man of honour, and much may be done. Don't be out of the way. [Exit.]

Mil. Thus men of business despatch attendants. And in female affairs I believe few have more business than myself. The Grand Signior is but a petty prince in love, compared to me. But though I have disguised my uneasiness before this woman, Clarinda lies deeper in my heart than I could wish. There is something in that dear name gives me a sensation quite different from that of any other woman. The thought of seeing her another's stings me to the very soul.

SCENE VI.—MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT.

Heart. What! is your levee despatched? I met antiquated whores going out of your door as thick as antiquated courtiers from the levee of a statesman, and with as disconsolate faces. I fancy thou hast done nothing for them.

Mil. Thus it will ever be, Jack, where there are a multitude of attendants. The lover no more than the statesman can do every one's business.

Heart. Thou dost as many people's business as any man in town, I dare swear. [love—

Mil. I believe no one tastes more the sweets of

Heart. Nor any more its bitters than I. Oh! Millamour, I am the most unhappy of mankind—I have lost the mistress of my soul. [soul.

Mil. Ay,—and I have lost two mistresses of my

Heart. The woman I dote on to distraction is to be married this day to another.

Mil. A reprieve, a reprieve, in comparison of my fate! The woman I dote on was married this morning to another. [tenderly.

Heart. Thou knowest not what it is to love

Mil. No, faith; not very tenderly—not without a great deal of discretion. Here lies the difference between us: you, Heartfort, have discretion in everything but love—I have discretion in nothing else. Mine is a true English heart—it is an equal stranger to the heat of the equator and the frost of the pole. Love still nourishes it with a temperate heat as the sun doth our climate, and beauties rise after beauties in the one just as fruits do in the other. [ous a moment?

Heart. Is it impossible to engage thee to be seri-

Mil. Faith, I believe it would on this subject, if I did not know thy temper.

Heart. The loss of a mistress may indeed seem trifling to thee, who hast lost a thousand.

Mil. The devil take me if I have. I have found it always much easier to get mistresses than to lose them. Women would be charming things, Heartfort, if, like clothes, we could lay them by when we are weary of them; since, like clothes, we are often weary of them before they are worn out. But this curse attends a multiplicity of amours, that a man is sometimes forced to support his whole wardrobe on his back at once.

Heart. My passion, sir, will not bear raillery.

Mil. I am sorry for it. Raillery is a sort of test to our passions: when they will not bear that, they are dangerous indeed. Therefore I'll indulge your infirmity, and for your sake will be grave on a subject which I could never be serious on for my own. So lay open your wound, and I'll give you the best advice I can.

Heart. I am enough acquainted with your temper, Millamour, to know my obligations to you for this compliance. And after all, perhaps, my case requires rather your pity than advice; for the last word I had from my mistress was, that she hated me of all men living.

Mil. Hum!—Faith, I think your case requires neither pity nor advice.

Heart. But this is not the most terrible, or time might alter her inclination.

Mil. Hardly, if it be so violent.

Heart. I take its violence to be a reason for its change; but I have a better from experience, for she formerly has told me that she loved me of all men living.

Mil. And what has caused this great revolution in her temper?

Heart. Oh! I defy all philosophy to account for one of her actions. You might easier solve all the phenomena of nature than of her mind. All the

insight you can get into her future thoughts by her present is, that what she says to-day she will infallibly contradict to-morrow.

Mil. So, if she promised your rival yesterday, you may depend upon her discarding him to-day.

Heart. But then she has a father, whose resolution is immovable as the predestinarian's fate, who has given me as positive a denial as his daughter, and is this day determined to bestow her on another, whom he has preferred to me. [richer.

Mil. For the old reason, I suppose—because he is

Heart. No, upon my word; for a very new reason—because he is a greater rake. For you must know that this mighty unalterable will, which is as fixed as the Persian laws, is determined with as little reason as resolutions of some countries which are less stable. In short, sir, he hath laid it down as a maxim, that all men are wild at one period of life or another; so he resolved never to marry his daughter but to one who hath already passed that period. At last the young lady's good stars and his great wisdom have led him to the choice of Mr.

Mil. What, our Mutable? [Mutable.

Heart. The very same; though I have reason to believe she hath as great an aversion for him as for me. There is some other, Millamour, hath supplanted me in her heart, whom I have not yet been able to discover; for to this match she is compelled by her father.

Mil. So you are a stranger to the man she loves; you have only discovered her husband.

Heart. Ten thousand horrors are in that name!

Mil. Hum!—faith, to him I think there may; but if the possession of your mistress's person be all you desire, I can't see how you are a whit the farther from that by this match; and as to the first favour, I should not be much concerned about that. If a man would keep a coach for my use, I think it is but a small indulgence to let him take the first airing in it.

Heart. Oh! do not trifle. An hour, a minute, a moment's delay may be my ruin. Could I but see her before the marriage, this compulsion of her father's might throw her into my arms. But he is resolved she shall be married on the same day with himself, and he hath this morning taken a second wife. Oh! Millamour, thou hast a lively imagination. Set it at work for thy friend; for, by heaven, I never can have any happiness but in Miss Stedfast's arms.

Mil. Miss Stedfast!—and her father married this morning! O! my friend, if I don't invent for thee, may I never be happy in Mrs. Stedfast's arms.

Heart. What do you mean?

Mil. It is as fixed as your father-in-law's most confirmed will that he is to be the cuckold of your humble servant. Take courage; the d—l's in't if he robs us of both our mistresses in one day. Mine he has got already,—and much good may she do him.

Heart. Is it possible?

Mil. Ay, faith. This father-in-law of yours that was to be, and that shall be too, hath outstripped me in the race, and is gotten to the goal before me.

Heart. You are a happy man, Millamour, who can be so easy in the loss of your mistress.

Mil. Ay, and of a mistress thou hast heard me toast so often, and talk so tenderly, so fondly of—in the loss of Clarinda.

Heart. The d—l! was Miss Lovely your Clarinda?

Mil. Ay, sir, Miss Lovely—Mrs. Stedfast now—was my Clarinda, and is my Clarinda; and Miss Stedfast shall be yours.

Heart. Keep but your word there, Millamour.

Mil. Look ye, Heartfort; if she hath a mind to see you, I'll send for an engine that shall convey you thither in spite of all the fathers in Europe.

Heart. But the time—

Mil. If you will step in with me while I dress, Brazen shall fetch the person immediately. Come, be not dejected; we shall be too hard for all, I warrant you.

Heart. Yet how do I know but every moment may be the cursed period of my ruin? Perhaps this instant gives her to another.

Mil. It cannot give her inclinations; and, as I have heard thee say thy mistress hath wit and beauty, depend upon it these qualities will never be confined in the arms of a man she doth not like. Pursue her, and she must fall. Decency may guard her a honeymoon or two, but she will be yours at last. Never think a celebrated beauty, when she is married, is deceased for ever. No, rather imagine her setting in her husband's bed, as poets make the sun do in that of Thetis—

Which from our sight retires a while, and then
Rises and shines o'er all the world again.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—*LUCINA's lodging.*—LUCINA,
MRS. PLOTWELL.

Luc. Distraction! Send me back my letter! Is not falsehood enough—must he add insult to it? Oh! may eternal furies haunt him! may all the horrors of despair attend his guilt! may he be so wretched that hell itself may sicken with revenge!

Plot. And may you be so happy as to have nothing to do with him! or rather, so wise not to desire it!

Luc. Sure it is impossible. He could not be so great a villain. You never carried him my letter. He that has sworn so many vows of constancy—

Plot. Ha! ha! ha! vows of constancy!—that any woman after eighteen should think of these! Vows in love have just the same meaning as compliments in conversation; and it is as ridiculous to believe the man who swears eternal constancy, as to believe him who assures you he is your most obedient humble servant.

Luc. Oh! Plotwell, had I but known thee sooner!—had I but known a friend like you, who could have armed my unexperienced soul against the wicked arts of this deceitful man—

Plot. Then you would have followed my advice, just as you have done since we were acquainted. Could any one have armed you against the protesting dying lover, who was breathing out daily raptures at your feet, when it is not in your power to prevail against him, even when he has discovered his falsehood?

Luc. Believe me, I could never assure myself of it till now; the whole long year that I expected his return to Paris, though it made me fear his falsehood, still left me room to hope his truth.

Plot. We are apt to hope what we desire. But could any woman have reason to expect the return of a lover after a month had passed beyond his promise? Had he intended to have married you he would have done it before his departure. Marriage, like self-murder, requires an immediate resolution; he that takes time for deliberation will never accomplish either.

Luc. Oh! Plotwell, thou art well skilled in the wiles of the sex: I wonder thou couldst be deceived.

Plot. Yes, madam, I have paid for my knowledge. Man is that forbidden fruit which we must buy the knowledge of with guilt. He must be tasted to be known; and certain poison is in the taste. Were

man to appear what he really is, we should fly from him as from a tempestuous sea; or were he to be what he appears, we should be happy in him as in a serene one. They lead us into ruin with the face of angels, and when the door is shut on us exert the devil. [sense who worked your ruin.]

Luc. He must have been a man of uncommon

Plot. Rather the circumstances of my ruin were uncommon.

Luc. I am surprised that in all our acquaintance, though you have often mentioned your misfortunes, you have carefully avoided entering into the cause of them.

Plot. Though the relation be uneasy to me, still, to satisfy your curiosity, and to prevent any solicitations for the future, I will tell you in as few words as I can. In my way to Paris, twenty years ago, I fell acquainted with a young gentleman who appeared to be an officer in the army. He continued our fellow-traveller on the road, and, after our arrival at Paris, took lodgings in the same house with us. I was then young and unskilled, and too ready to listen to the flattery of a lover. In short, he employed all his art to convince me of his passion, to make an impression on that heart which was too weakly armed to resist him. He succeeded,—and I was undone.

Luc. I can't find anything uncommon in these circumstances; for I was undone just the same way myself.

Plot. After a month spent in our too fatal and too guilty joys, he suddenly eloped from Paris, and from that time I never saw him more.

Luc. But could anything be so strange as your staying twenty years in Paris without seeking after him?

Plot. I heard the same year he was slain at the battle of Belgrade. But I think it much more strange in you, after staying a year at Paris, to come a hunting after your lover. For a woman to pursue is for the hare to follow the hounds—a chase opposite to the order of nature, and can never be successful. A woman is as sure of not overtaking the lover who flies from her as of being overtaken by a lover who flies after her.

Luc. Well, I'm resolved to see him. If I reap no other advantage from it I shall have at least the pleasure of thundering my injuries in his ear.

Plot. The usual revenge of an injured mistress. If nature had not granted us the benefit of venting our passions at our tongues and our eyes, the injury and falsehood of mankind would destroy above half our sex.

SCENE II.—*The Street.*—MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT,
BRAZEN.

Mil. Your calling on me was lucky enough; you could have been directed to none properer for your purpose than this woman; for though her body will scarce go through the door, yet she has dexterity enough to go through the key-hole. But let me tell you that dexterity must be put in motion by gold, or it will remain in rest.

Heart. She shall not want that. When my Charlotte's at stake fortune or life are trifles to the adventurer.

Mil. Well, for a sober grave man of sense, thou art something violent in thy passion. I always thought love as foreign to a speculative man as religion to an atheist.

Heart. Perhaps it may; for I believe the atheist is as often insincere in his contempt of religion as the other in his contempt of women. There are instances of men who have professed themselves de-

spisers of both that have at length been found kneeling at their shrines.

Mil. Those are two things I never intend to trouble my head about the theory of. I shall content myself with the practice.

Heart. With the practice of one, I dare swear.

Mil. In my youth I believe I shall; and for being old, I desire it not. I would have the fires of life and love go out together. What is life worth without pleasure? And what pleasure is there out of the arms of a mistress? All other joys are dreams to that. Give me the fine, young, blooming girl, cheeks blushing, eyes sparkling. Give me her, Heartfort—

Heart. Take her with all my heart. Come, Mr. Brazen, you are to conduct me another way.

Mil. You are too soon for Mrs. Useful's appointment. [avoid.

Heart. No matter; here is one coming I would

Mil. Ha! your rival! Nay, you have no reason to be angry with him: you tell me he is as averse to the match as yourself: you cannot expect he should be disinterested out of complaisance.

Heart. It is for that reason I would avoid him. I am not master enough of my passions; besides, I hate lying and impertinence; I can't bear to hear a fellow run on with his intimacy with this duke and that lord, whom he has never spoke to, and perhaps never seen.

Mil. A more innocent vanity at least than the boasting of favours from women, though with truth, as I have known some men of sense do, which is a vanity indulged at the expense of another's reputation.

Heart. Faith, and I take the other to be equally as destructive of reputation; for I can't see why it should more reflect on a woman to be great with a man of sense than on a man of sense to be great with a fool.

Mil. Pshaw! thou art as serious in thy criticisms on life as a dull critic on the drama. I prefer laughing sometimes at a farce and a fool to being entertained with the most regular performances, or the conversation of men of the best sense.

Heart. In my opinion laughing at fools is engaging them at their own weapons; for a fool always laughs at those who laugh at him, nay, and oftener gets the laugh of his side, because there are in the world abundance of fools to one who is otherwise. In short, it is as dangerous to ridicule folly anywhere openly as to speak against Mahometism in Turkey or popery in Rome. But he is here—good-morrow.

SCENE III.—MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT, MUTABLE, BRAZEN.

Mut. Nay, foregad, Heartfort, you shall not run away from me. Pox take your mistress, I would not lose a friend for all the sluts in town. Pshaw! they are plenty enough. If thou can'st persuade my father off the match I did not care if the devil had her. [profane word of her.

Heart. Harkee, sir, on your life do not utter a

Mut. Well, then, I wish you had her, or the devil had her; it's equal to me. 'Tis so difficult to please you. I must like her and I must not like her.

Mil. Ay, Mutable, to content a passionate lover is as difficult as to sail between Scylla and Charybdis; you must fall into one extreme or other.

Heart. Though I would have Charlotte only mine, yet I could not bear to hear her slighted by another.

Mil. Well, Mutable, doth this early sally of yours

proceed from having been in bed early, or from not being in bed at all? [everlasting sitter.

Mut. Not at all, agad. That lord Bouncer is an

Mil. Who had you with you?

Mut. There was myself, three lords, two baronets, four whores, and a justice of peace. His worship, indeed, did not sit late; he was obliged to go home at three to take a nap, to be sober at the sessions—

Mil. And punish wickedness and debauchery.

Mut. Millamour, was you ever in company with my lord Grig? He is the merriest dog; we had such diversion between him and the duke of Fleetstreet. Ha, ha, ha! says the duke to me—Jack Mutable, says he—ha, ha, ha! what do you think of my lord Grig? Why, my lord duke, says I; what of my lord Grig? Why, says my lord duke again, he is damnably in love with my lady Piddle. You know my lady Piddle, Millamour—she is a prude, you know; and that puts me in mind of what sir John Gubble told me t'other day at White's.

Heart. Death and damnation! This is insupportable. Come, Mr. Brazen.

SCENE IV.—MILLAMOUR, MUTABLE.

Mut. White's. Now I mention White's, I must send an excuse to my lord Goodland. He invited me two days ago to dine with him to-day.

Mil. Two days ago! why he went into the country a week since.

Mut. Nay, then sir Charles Wiseall was mistaken, for he delivered me the message yesterday, which is a little strange methinks.

Mil. Ay, faith, it is very strange; for he has been in Scotland this fortnight.

Mut. How!

Mil. It is even so, I assure you.

Mut. Then, as sure as I am alive I dreamt all this. O! but may I wish you joy yet? They tell me you are going to be married.

Mil. Who told you so?

Mut. Hum! that I can't remember. It was either the duchess of Holbourn, or lady Chatter, or lady Scramble, or— [happen.

Mil. No, you dreamt it; a sure sign it will not

Mut. Heyday! Where's Heartfort gone?

Mil. He can't bear a successful rival.

Mut. Poor devil! I pity him heartily. And I pity myself; for I protest I am as sorry at winning her as he can be at losing her. [gentleman off!

Mil. But is there no way of persuading the old

Mut. Odd! here he comes. Prithee, do try; let me call you my lord, and it will give you more weight with him; for he takes a lord to be as infallible as the pope.

Mil. Ay, is he so fond of quality?

Mut. Oh! most passionately. You must know he hesitates even at this match on that account; nay, I believe, notwithstanding her fortune, he would prefer a woman of quality for his daughter-in-law, though she was not worth a groat.

Mil. Ha! 'Sdeath! I have a thought—but mum!—he's here.

SCENE V.—MUTABLE, YOUNG MUTABLE, MILLAMOUR.

Mut. Ha! Jacky, have I found you out at last? It is so long since I was in town, I had almost lost myself. But, harkee,—who's that fine gentleman? Hey!

Y. Mut. O! one of the lords I told you I converse with—an intimate acquaintance of mine. I'll introduce you to him, sir. My lord, this is my father, my lord—

Mut. At your lordship's service, my lord.

Mil. Sir, I am exceedingly glad to see you in town.

Mut. I am exceedingly obliged to your lordship.—My lord, I am vastly unworthy so great an honour.

Y. Mut. You will excuse my father, my lord: as he has lived in the country most of his time, he does not make quite so fine a bow as we do.

Mut. My son says true, my lord. I have lived most of my time in the country, the greater my misfortune and my father's crime, my lord. But I thank my stars, my son cannot charge me with stinting his education. Alas! my lord, it must be done betimes. A man can never be sent into the world too soon. What can they learn at schools or universities?—No, no, I sent my boy to town at sixteen, and allowed him wherewithal to keep the best company. And, I thank my stars, I have lived to see him one of the finest gentlemen of his age.

Y. Mut. Ah! dear sir, your most obedient humble servant.

Mil. It is owing, sir, to such wise parents as you that the present age abounds with such fine gentlemen as it does. Our dull forefathers were either rough soldiers, pedantic scholars, or clownish farmers. And it was as difficult to find a fine gentleman among us then as it is a true Briton among us now.

Mut. I am very proud, my lord, to find my son in such company as your lordship's. [you.]

Mil. Dear sir, the honour is on my side, I assure

Mut. 'Sbud! Your men of quality are the civillest sort of people upon earth. [opinion.]

Mil. And I believe my sister is of the same

Y. Mut. His sister! [Aside.]

Mut. I am extremely bound to your good lordship.

Mil. I see you are shy of speaking; but I do not at all think it beneath the honour of my house to marry into a worthy family with a competent estate, though there be no title.

Mut. My lord!

Mil. And since my sister has condescended to receive the addresses of your son, I shall not oppose the match.

Mut. I am surprised, my lord——

Mil. Nay, sir, you cannot be surprised; for certainly Mr. Mutable has more honour than to have proceeded so far without acquainting you.

Mut. O, yes, my lord, he has acquainted me—Yes, my lord, I have been acquainted indeed—But the honour was so great that I could scarce believe it.

Y. Mut. [Aside.] This is not the first woman I have been in love with without seeing.

Mut. O, fie upon you, Jacky! why did you not tell me of this?—I'll go break off the other match this moment. My lord, I cannot express the very grateful sentiments I have of this great honour, my lord——

Mil. I shall be glad to see you at my house: in the mean time, Mr. Mutable may have as free access to my sister as he pleases.

Y. Mut. Dear my lord, I am your most obedient humble servant.

Mut. I and mine, my lord, are eternally obliged to your goodness; and I hope my son is as sufficiently sensible as myself. I will just go do a little business, and then, Jacky, I'll come to this place, and you shall carry me to wait on his lordship. Be sure to be here, or I shall not be able to find you. In the mean time I am your lordship's very obedient, devoted, humble servant, to command.

SCENE VI.—MILLAMOUR, MUTABLE.

Mil. Well, have I not managed the old gentleman finely? [shall we carry it on?]

Y. Mut. Yes; but, as my lord Twitter says, how

Mil. That I am thinking. Suppose I get somebody to personate my sister—I see your father is of

a good easy, credulous disposition, and not altogether so inflexible as your father-in-law.

Y. Mut. No, hang him! he never kept a resolution two minutes in his life. He is the very picture of my lord Shatterbrain; and you know my lord Shatterbrain is very famous for breaking his word. I have made forty engagements with him, and he never kept one;—then, the next time we met,—Jack Mutable, says he, I know you'll pardon me—I have such a memory!—but there's sir George Goose has just such another too—but George is a comical dog, that's the truth on 't—There was he, and I, and the duke—

Mil. Harkee, I have thought how the thing shall be conducted. Heartfort's house shall pass for mine; thither do you bring your father; you shall find a lady ready to receive you. But you must remember to behave to her as if you were old acquaintance. I will instruct her how to answer you. So, go now, and expect your father, and remember to give me the title of lord Truelove.

Y. Mut. Agad, I dined with sir John Truelove about four days ago; and how many bottles do you think we sat?

Mil. Twenty dozen, if you will.

Y. Mut. No, faith, not that—not that quite. I brought off four to my own share though; and so drunk was my lord Puzzle—ha, ha, ha! and so mad—

Mil. But if thou art not quite drunk or mad thyself, prithee do mind thy business; for if you stay one moment longer I'll fling up the affair.

Y. Mut. I go, I go. My lord Truelove, your servant. 'Foregad, sir John is one of the merriest dogs in Christendom.

SCENE VII.—MILLAMOUR *solus*.

Go thy way, Guillim displayed—thou catalogue of the nobility—'Sdeath, I fancy 'tis the vanity of such fools as this that makes men proud of a title, without any other merit. Now, if I can but match this spark with my Northumberland cousin, I shall handsomely be quit of a troublesome relation—and, faith, I think the arms of a rich fool are a sort of hospital, proper to every woman who has worn out her reputation in the service.

SCENE VIII.—STEDFAST'S house. CHARLOTTE, speaking to MRS. USEFUL, who goes out and returns with HEARTFELT.

Well, well; tell the wretch I will see him, to give him another final answer, since he will have it. Poor creature! how little he suspects who is his rival!—Oh! Millamour, thou hast given this heart of mine more sighs in one week than it ever felt before—nay, than it hath ever made any other feel. How shall I let him know my passion, or how avoid this match intended for me by my father? Well, sir, how often must I tell you I won't have you, I can't have you?

Heart. Madam, as you have often told me the contrary, I think you should give some reason why you will not have me.

Char. I tell you a reason—I hate you.

Heart. I might expect a better reason for that hate than the violence of my love.

Char. O! the best reason in the world. I hate everything that is ridiculous, and there is nothing so ridiculous as a real lover. [highest affection.]

Heart. Methinks, gratitude might produce the

Char. Your humble servant, sweet sir. Gratitude! that implies an obligation; but how am I obliged to you for loving me? I did not ask you to love me—did I? I can't help your loving me; and if one was to have every one that loves one, one must have the whole town.

Heart. Can my torments make you merry, madam?

Char. O! no, certainly; for you must know I am extravagantly good-natured: nor can you yourself say that I have not begged you to get off the rack: but you would have me take you off in my arms, like an odious ridiculous creature as you are.

Heart. Give me my reason again; untie me from the magic knot you have bound me in; for, whilst you hold me fast within your chains, 'tis barbarous to bid me take my freedom.

Char. Chains!—Sure being in love is something like being in the galleys; and a lover, like other slaves, is the subject of no other passion but pity: Nay, they are even more contemptible—they are mere insects. One gives being to thousands with a smile, and takes it away again with a frown. A celebrated physician might as well grieve at the death of every patient as a celebrated toast at the death of every lover: and then it would be impossible for either of them ever to have dry eyes.

Heart. Come, come, madam; the world are not at all so deaf to reason as I am. There are those who can see your faults, though I can't—can weigh affection against beauty, and ill-nature against wit.

Char. They are inseparable. No one has beauty without affectation, nor wit without ill-nature. But lovers, you know, only see perfections. All things look white to love, as they do yellow to the jaundice.

Heart. This cool insensibility is worse than rage.

Char. It would be cruel indeed to add to the fire. I would extinguish your passion, sir, since this is the last time it can blaze in public without prejudice to my reputation.

Heart. Sure, you can't resolve to marry a fool?

Char. I can resolve to be dutiful to a parent, and run any risk rather than that of my fortune. In short, Mr. Heartfort, could you have prevailed with my father, you might have prevailed with me. I liked you well enough to have obeyed my father, but not to disobey him.

Heart. Was that the affection you had for a man who would have sacrificed himself and the whole world to you?

SCENE IX.—CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE, HEARTFORT.

Cla. Fie! Charlotte, how can you use him so barbarously? Poor Heartfort! I protest I pity you sincerely.

Char. Indeed, Clarinda,—for I shall never call you mother—I am come to an age wherein I shall not follow your advice in disposing of myself; nor am I more forward to ask your opinion than you was to ask mine when you married my father.

Cla. My dear Charlotte, you shall never have more cause to repent my marriage than I believe you would have to repent your own with this gentleman.

Heart. My life, madam, is a poor sacrifice to such goodness.

Char. Dear creature! if the old gentleman your husband was here, you would make him jealous on his wedding-day.—Besides, it is barbarous in you to blame me, for he hath taken a resolution to give me to Mr. Mutable; and you know, or you will know before you have been married to him long, that when once he hath resolved on anything it is impossible to alter him.

SCENE X.—STEDFAST, HEARTFORT, CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE.

Sted. Heyday! What's here to do? I thought I had forbidden you my house. Am I not master of my own house?

Heart. No, sir, nor ever will while you have two such fine ladies in it.

Sted. Sir, if I had two empresses in it, my word should be a law.—And I can tell you, sir, I will have blunderbusses in it, and constables too, if I see you in it any more.

Cla. Nay, pray, my dear, do not try to shock him more; Charlotte hath used him ill enough already.

Sted. Hearkee, madam, my dear, I must give you a piece of advice on our wedding-day—Never offer to interrupt me, nor presume to give your opinion in anything till asked. If nature hath made anything in vain, it is the tongue of a woman. Women were designed to be seen and not heard; they were formed only to please our eyes.

Char. You will be singularly happy, my dear, with a husband who marries to please no sense but his eyes. [I desire.

Cla. I do not doubt being as happy with him as

Sted. This is another thing I must warn you of—never to whisper in my presence. Whispering no one uses but with an ill design. I made a resolution against whispering at sixteen, and have never whispered since.

Heart. Yes, sir, and if you had made a resolution to hang yourself, others would have been equally obliged to follow the example.

Sted. I wish you would resolve to go out of my doors, sir; or I shall take a resolution which may not please you. Madam, if you have not given this gentleman a final discharge already, do it now.

Char. You hear, sir, what my father says; therefore I desire you would immediately leave us, and not think of returning again.

Heart. Not certain death should deter me from obeying your commands; nor would that sentence, pronounced from any other lips, give me as much pain, as this banishment, from yours. [Exit.

SCENE XI.—STEDFAST, CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE.

Cla. Go thy ways, for a pretty fellow.

Sted. Go thy ways, for an hypocrite. We shall have that fellow turn rake at forty. The seeds of raking are in him, and one time or other they will break out. Rakery is a disease in the blood, which every man is born with; and the sooner it shows itself, the better.

Char. But I hope, sir, since I have complied with your commands in despatching one lover, you will comply with my desires in delaying my alliance with another.

Sted. As for that, you may be very easy: so you are married to-day, I care not what hour.

Char. Why to-day, sir?

Sted. Because I have resolved it, madam.

Char. One day sure would make no difference.

Sted. Madam, I have said it.

Cla. Let me intercede for so short a reprieve.

Sted. I am fixed.

Char. Consider, my whole happiness is at stake.

Sted. If the happiness of the world was at stake, I would not alter my resolution.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, Mr. Mutable is below.

Sted. Show him up. Go you two in.—Daughter, be sure and make yourself ready. I have not yet resolved the hour of marrying you, but it shall be this afternoon; for I am determined to keep both our wedding-suppers together.

SCENE XII.—STEDFAST, MUTABLE.

Sted. Mr. Mutable, your servant. Odso! where's the bridegroom?—He is a little too backward for a young fellow: the bride has reason to take it amiss.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

Mut. Nay, Mr. Stedfast, if she or you take anything amiss, we cannot help that.

Sted. Pugh! I was in jest with thee: She shall take nothing amiss, for I am resolved on the match.

Mut. Truly, I am sorry for it.

Sted. Ha! sorry—for what?

Mut. Since it must be known, what signifies hesitation?—My son is pre-engaged, sir.

Sted. How, sir, pre-engaged!

Mut. Yes, sir, to a young lady of beauty and fortune—and, what is more, a lady of quality. I assure you, sir, I did not know one word of it when our bargain was made; which I am sorry for, and heartily ask your pardon.

Sted. And is this the manner you treat me in, after I have refused such offers for your son's sake?

Mut. The match was none of my own choice; but if quality will drop into one's lap—

Sted. Ay, quality may drop into your lap or your pocket either, and not make them one bit the heavier.

—And pray, who is this great lady of quality?

Mut. I know nothing more of her than that she is a lord's sister.

Sted. Hath she no name, then?

Mut. Yes, sir, I suppose she hath a name, though I don't know it.

Sted. And pray, sir, what's her fortune?

Mut. I don't know that either.

Sted. Your very humble servant, sir—I honour your profundity: if the lady's quality be equal to your wisdom, Goatham and Fleet-street will be in strict alliance. Sir, I admire your son; for though it is probable he may get nothing by the bargain, I find he has sense enough to outwit his father; and he may laugh at you, while all the world laughs at [him.

Mut. What do you mean, sir?

Sted. Stay till your daughter be brought home; she will explain my meaning, I warrant you—she will bring you both extremes, my life on't—quality in the kennel, and fortune in the air.

Mut. Hum! if it should prove so—Sir, the match is not completed.

Sted. No, sir; you are very capable of breaking it off, we see.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the lawyer is come with the writings.

Sted. He may cancel them if he pleases, and hang himself when he has done.

Mut. Stay, sir, I am not determined in this affair.

Sted. Nor in any, I am sure—but I am; and you must give up your pretensions one way or other this moment.

Mut. Then I stand by the securest—so desire the lawyer to walk in. I hope you will forgive me, Mr. Stedfast, what's past.

Sted. Ay, sir, more for my own sake than yours; for had I not resolved on the match, I might have taken other measures.

SCENE XIII.—MUTABLE, STEDFAST, PRIG.

Mut. Come, sir, I am ready to sign articles.

Sted. Where's Mr. Squeezepurse, your master?

Prig. Sir, my master is busy, he could not wait on you, but I can do it as well.

Sted. Sir, I am the best judge of that—I have resolved never to sign anything without your master.

Prig. It is the very same thing, I assure you.—The writings are fully drawn, and any witness may do as well as my master.

Sted. Your master is a negligent puppy, and uses me doubly ill—first, in staying away, and then in sending such an impertinent coxcomb to dispute with me.

Mut. I believe, Mr. Stedfast, we may do it.

Sted. Excuse me, sir, I shall not alter my resolves.—Therefore go to your master, and tell him to come to me immediately; for I will not sign without him, that I am resolved.

Mut. In the mean while I'll step just by, and call my son, that we may meet with no further interruption.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the tailor hath sent word that he cannot finish the new liveries till to-morrow morning.

Sted. Then, sir, go and give my humble service to the tailor, and tell him to send them half done or undone; for I am resolved to have them put on to-day, though they are thrown like blankets over their shoulders, and my equipage should look like the retinue of a Morocco ambassador.

ACT III.—SCENE I.—The Street.—HEARTFORT, MILLAMOUR, MUTABLE.

Heart. Though I fear my fortune desperate, yet is my obligation infinite to you, my dear Millamour, for this trouble.

Mut. And to me too.—Agad, I have run the hazard of being disinherited on your account. As for the wife, the loss is not great; but I have a real value for the estate.

Mil. Come, faith, Heartfort, thou must confess thyself obliged to him: he hath done what is in his power—

Heart. I thank him—and, in return, Mutable, let me give you a piece of advice. Leave off that ridiculous quality of pretending an acquaintance with men of fashion, whom thou hast never seen, for two reasons: First, no one believes you; nor, if you were believed, would any one esteem you for it; because all the prize-fighters, jockeys, gamesters, pimps, and buffoons in England have the same honour

Mut. Ha, ha, ha! this is very merry, very facetious, faith! Agad, Millamour, if I did not know that Heartfort keeps the best company, I should think him envious.

Mil. I rather think his ambition lies quite the opposite way; for I have seen him walking at high Mall with a fellow in a dirty shirt and a wig unpowder'd

Mut. Augh! what a couple of distinguishing qualifications he chose to appear in the Mall with!

Heart. And the man he means happens to have qualifications very seldom seen in the Mall or any where else.

Mut. Ay, prithee, what are these?

Heart. Virtue and good sense.

Mut. Ha, ha, ha! virtue and good sense, no powder and dirty linen—four fine accomplishments for an old philosopher to live upon.

Mil. Ay, or for a modern philosopher to starve with—but, mum!—remember who I am.

SCENE II.—MUTABLE, YOUNG MUTABLE, HEARTFORT, MILLAMOUR.

Mil. So, sir, you are expeditious; and now, if you please, I am ready to wait upon you—

Mut. I am unwilling to give your lordship any further trouble; for I find, my lord, that matters are too far gone to be broke off now—so I thank your lordship for the honour you intended me. But the boy must be married to his former mistress—

Heart. Ha!

Mil. What's this, sir?

Mut. In short, my lord, I have as great an honour for quality as any man; but there are things to be considered—quality is a fine thing, my lord, but it does not pay debts.

Mut. Faith, you are mistaken there, father, for it does.

Mut. I little thought this consideration would have exposed my sister to an affront—you are the last commoner I shall offer her to, I assure you—perhaps you may repent this refusal.

Y. Mut. Dear sir, consider.—Your son's happiness, grandeur, fortune, all are at stake.

Mil. Now the affair is over, sir, I shall tell you that my sister was not only secure of a fortune much larger than Mr. Stedfast's daughter; but, as I have resolved against marriage, my fortune and title too must have descended to your son.

Mut. Hey!—and should I have seen my Jacky a lord?—should I have had a lord ask my blessing?—and a set of young lords and ladies my grandchildren? Should this old crab-tree stock have seen such noble grafted fruit spreading on its branches?—O my good dear lord, I ask pardon on my knees—forgive the foolish caution of a fearful old man.

Mil. My honour, my honour forbids.

Mut. O dear sweet, good, my lord. Let pity melt your honour to forgiveness.

Heart. Let me intercede, sir.

Mut. If your honour must have a sacrifice, let my fault be paid by my punishment. Tread upon my neck, my lord. Do anything to me. But do not let me bar my son's way to happiness.

Mil. The strictest honour is not required to be inexorable. I shall content myself therefore with inflicting on you a moderate punishment. Whereas I intended to pay the fortune down before marriage; I now will do it afterwards.

Mut. Whenever your lordship pleases. I will give one thorough rebuff to Mr. Stedfast, and return instantly. Jacky, stay, stay you here, and expect me, to conduct me to his lordship. My lord, I am your lordship's most obedient humble servant. [*Exit.*]

Mil. This succeeds to your wish. I think I'll e'en play the parson myself, and marry you in jest.

Y. Mut. But I shall not play the husband, I thank you.

Mil. Pshaw!—in jest.

Y. Mut. Hum! I take matrimony to be no jest.

Mil. And I take it to be the greatest jest in nature. When the old gentleman comes, Heartfort, do you take him to your house, which must pass for my lord Truelove's; thither will I bring the lady with the utmost expedition. But remember to give a particular order to all your servants that your name is Truelove.

Heart. If you would have me stay with you in the mean time, I must have no lords. Nay, I will not allow you a baronet. Not even a plain sir, though he was knighted but last week, and hath not paid his fees yet.

Y. Mut. Well, well, you shall be humoured, though I am at work for your service.

SCENE III.—*Stedfast's House.* CLARINDA,
MRS. USEFUL.

Cla. To leave my husband's house on my wedding-day? And visit a gallant? I'll never consent to it.

Use. Then there's a pretty fellow gone to his forefathers.

Cla. No, tell the barbarous man, undone as he is, I would have consented to any other portion with him than dishonour. Tell him, he hath forced me to the fatal resolution I have taken; for, to avoid him was my first cause of marrying; and tell him, in that hour I gave my hand to Mr. Stedfast, I resolved never to see him more.

Use. The devil take me if I do! You may send another messenger. I'll have no hand in his death. I always had a natural antipathy to murder—poor

dear, pretty, handsome young fellow—go—you are a cruel creature!—Oh! had you seen how he sighed, and sobbed, and groaned, and kissed your letter, and called you by all the tenderest, softest names; then shed such a shower of tears upon the paper; then kissed it again, and swore he had lost his soul in you—Oh! it would have melted rocks, could they have seen it.

Cla. Why wilt thou torment me to no purpose?

Use. It is your own fault if it be to no purpose.

Cla. What can I do?

Use. What can you do?—that any woman after eighteen should ask that question! What can you do? Methinks charity should tell you, if your heart was not deaf to everything that is good. When a fine, handsome young fellow is the beggar, what woman can want charity?

Cla. I have no more to give—my all is now my husband's; nor can I, without injuring him, bestow—

Use. Your husband!—you are enough to make me mad. Injure your husband!—you may as well think you injure your chest when you take the money out of it! And would you be locked up all your life in that old fusty chest, the arms of your husband?

Cla. Ha! doth it become thee to rail against my husband, who hast employed all thy vile rhetoric to persuade me to receive him?

Use. To receive him as a husband I did, and I now persuade you to make a husband of him.

Cla. O, villain! What hath urged thee to use me as thou dost? Didst thou not first entice me to leave my convent, and fly to England with that monster Millamour?—And then didst thou not, with the same diligence, entreat me to this marriage? And now—

Use. What allegations are here! I own I advised to quit a religion I thought not consistent with the health of your soul, and to fly to the arms of a man I thought loved you. When I thought he did not love you, I advised you to leave him; and now I find he does love you, I advise you to return to him again.

Cla. What, with the loss of my honour!

Use. The loss of your honour! No, no; you may keep your honour still; for every woman hath it till she is discovered.

Cla. Name it to me no more.

Use. At least you may see him; there's no dishonour in that.

Cla. I dare not think of it.

Use. E'en do it without thinking of it; let the poor man owe the continuing of his life to my entreaties. [within me.]

Cla. Oh! he hath a more powerful advocate

Use. Well, I'll fly with the happy news.

Cla. Stay, I cannot resolve.

Use. That's enough; she that can't resolve against her lover, always resolves for him.

Cla. Well, I will take one dear last draught of ruin from his eyes, and then bid them farewell for ever.

SCENE IV.—*The Street.*—CHARLOTTE disguised.

Here am I fairly escaped from my father's house—And now what to do, or whither to go, I know not. If I return, I know the positiveness and passionateness of his temper too well to leave me any hopes of avoiding the match he is resolved on;—if I do not I dread the consequences. Suppose I find Millamour out, and acquaint him with my passion—I'll die sooner. If Heartfort were here this moment, I believe I should not refuse him any longer.—Ah!

SCENE V.—MILLAMOUR, CHARLOTTE.

Mil. Pox on my rashness in discharging the good mother this morning—I shall never be able to find Lucina—I must get another.—Ha! What hath fortune sent us? A woman in a mask—I suppose she doth it to hide the small-pox, or some cursed deformity; but, hang it! she may pass for a woman of quality for all that. Agad I'll attack her, and if I mistake not she expects it. At least she doth not threaten to run away. Madam, your most obedient, humble servant. I presume, by your present posture, that your mask gives you an advantage over me—that I have the honour of being known to you?

Char. You may depend on it, sir, it is to my advantage to cover my face by my doing it. And I conceive it would be to your advantage to wear a mask too.

Mil. I'll excuse your abusing my face, while you abuse your own; nor do I believe you in earnest either; for I see, by your eyes, that you like me; and I am pretty confident you like yourself.

Char. Indeed, if Mr. Millamour is so fully persuaded of the former, I think he may without any ill opinion of my modesty suspect the latter.

Mil. Hum! My name too—

Char. I hope you have not the worse opinion of yourself from my knowing it.

Mil. No, my dear—nor much the better of you, I can tell you. Harkee, child, I find thou art some old acquaintance of mine, and, as those are a set of people whom I am always glad to serve, I will make thy fortune.

Char. Now I fancy you don't think me an old acquaintance: for if I was, you must be assured I know that it is not in your power.

Mil. Why, truly, madam, I am not worth as many Indies as I would bestow on your dear sex if I had 'em. But, in this affair, I am not to be the principal, but only a sort of agent—or, to speak in your

Char. Well, sir. [own language, the bawd.]

Mil. And if you can but act the part of a woman of quality for one half-hour, I believe I shall put it into your power to act one as long as you live.

Char. What! have you a man of quality to dispose of?

Mil. No; but I have what many a man of quality would be glad to dispose of. I have a great fortune for you; and that with it which many a woman of quality hath to dispose of.

Char. What's that, pray?

Mil. A fool!

Char. Oh! you won't want customers; but you and I, I find, shall not agree; for we happen to deal in the same wares.

Mil. But mine is a man-fool, madam.

Char. And so is mine, sir—but let us wave 'hat, for I will give him to any one who will have him. The fortune is what concerns me most. Do you know any one in whose hands I could place ten thousand pounds with safety?

Mil. Nay, prithee don't trifle; if you will come with me, and act your part well, you shall be mistress of four times that sum within these two hours. You shall have a husband with those two great matrimonial qualities, rich and a fool.

Char. Ay, and what is his name?

Mil. What signifies his name? Will you have a rich fool for a husband, madam, or no? This must be some very vulgar slut, by her hesitation.

Char. No, sir, I don't want riches, and I hate a fool.

Mil. Then, your servant. I must go find somebody that will. If I had but time on my hands, I should find many a woman of fashion would be glad to be Mrs. Mutable.

Char. Ha! stay, sir.—This may be a lucky adventure, at least it must be a pleasant one.—If I had known Mr. Mutable was the gentleman—

Mil. Well, Mr. Mutable is the gentleman.

Char. O, heavens! My father. I shall be discovered.

Mil. Come, madam, we have not a moment to lose. Step to my lodgings, and receive instructions.

Char. Well, sir, I have so good an opinion of your honour, that I will trust myself with you.

Mil. My honour is most infinitely obliged to your confidence, dear madam.

SCENE VI.—STEDFAST, MUTABLE.

Sted. Forgive indeed! Why, a man may as well determine which way a weathercock shall stand this day fortnight, by its present situation, as he can what you will think an hour hence by what you think now. A windmill, or a woman's heart, are firm as rocks in comparison of you.

Mut. I own he did over-persuade me; but, pardon me this time, and I will immediately fetch the boy, and matters shall be despatched.

Sted. Hum!

Mut. Come, come, you cannot blame me. Who would not marry his son to a woman of quality?

Sted. Who would not? I would not, sir. If I had resolved to marry my daughter to a cobbler, I would not alter my resolution to see her a-bed with the emperor of Germany.

Mut. All men, Mr. Stedfast, are not so firm in their resolutions as you are.

Sted. More shame for them, sir. I am now in the fiftieth year of my age, and never broke one resolution in my life yet.

Mut. Good lack! I am some years older than you are, and never made a resolution in my life yet.

Sted. Well, sir, I see your son coming: I will prepare my daughter. But, pray observe me. Make one resolution. If you change your mind again before they are married, they shall never be married at all, that I am resolved.

Mut. [Aside.] This is a bloody positive old fellow. What a brave, absolute prince he'd make! I'll warrant he'd chop off the heads of two or three thousand subjects sooner than break his word. I must not anger him any more.

SCENE VII.—MUTABLE, YOUNG MUTABLE, HEARTFORT.

Mut. Come, Jacky, you must along with me. Mr. Stedfast and I are agreed at last.

Y. Mut. And disappoint his lordship, sir?

Mut. Don't tell me of his lordship. I have taken a resolution to see you married immediately: and married you shall be.

Heart. Confusion!

Y. Mut. Dear sir—

Mut. Sir, I tell you I have taken a resolution: so follow me, as you expect my blessing.

Y. Mut. Heartfort, for heaven's sake stop him.

Heart. 'Sdeath! I'll stop him, or perish in the attempt.

SCENE VIII.—MILLAMOUR's lodging. BRAZEN alone, with an opera-book in his hand.

Well, I cannot come into the opinion of the town about this last opera. It is too light for my goût. Give me your solemn, sublime music. But pox take their taste! I scarce know five footmen in town who can distinguish. The rascals have no ear, no judgment. I would as soon ask a set of country squires what they liked. I remember the time when we should not have suffered such stuff as this to have gone down. Ah dear, *Si caro*— [Sings,

MILLAMOUR, and CHARLOTTE to him.

Mil. Heyday! Here, you musical gentleman, pray, get you down stairs.

Braz. Yes, sir. [*Sings the end of the tune, and exit.*]

Char. You have a very polite footman indeed, sir.

Mil. Yes, madam. But come, my dear, as you are now in a place where you have nothing to fear, you have no more occasion for your mask.

Char. No, sir. Before I discover more of me, it will be proper to set you right in some mistakes you seem to lie under concerning me. In the first place, know that I am a gentlewoman.

Mil. Ay, a parson's daughter, descended from very honest and reputable parents, I dare swear. [*Aside.*]

Char. And, what will surprise you, one of a very good family, and very great fortune.

Mil. Ay, that would surprise me, indeed! But come, unmask, or you will force me to a violence I would avoid.

Char. You promised me not to be rude, before I would venture hither; and I assure you I am a woman of fashion.

Mil. Well, madam, if you are a woman of fashion, I am sure you have too much good nature to be angry with me for breaking a promise which you have too much wit to expect I should keep. Besides, where there is no breach of confidence, there is no breach of promise. And you no more believe us when we swear we won't be rude than we believe you when you swear you think us so. So, dear sweet gentlewoman, unmask; for I am in haste to serve my friend, and yet I find I must serve myself first. [*curer.*]

Char. Hold, sir. You know you are but a pro-

Mil. But I generally taste what I procure before I put it into a friend's hands. Look ye, madam, it is in vain to resist. So, my dear artificial black-moor, I desire thee to uncover.

Char. No, sir, first hear my history.

Mil. I will see the frontispiece of it.

Char. Know, I am a woman of strict honour.

Mil. Your history hath a very lamentable beginning.

Char. And in the greatest distress in the world; for I am this day to be married to a man I despise. Now, if Mr. Millamour can find out any means to deliver me from the hands of this uncourteous knight, I don't know how far my generosity may reward him. I forgive these suspicions of me, which the manner in which you found me sufficiently justifies. But I do assure you this adventure is the only one which can attack my reputation; and I am the only child of a rich old father, and can make the fortune

Mil. Husband! Oh! [*of my husband.*]

Char. Ay, husband. As rich a man as Mr. Millamour would leap at the name; though I hope you don't think it my intention to make one of you—to endeavour wickedly to enclose a common that belongs to the whole sex.

Mil. Oons! what the devil can she be?

Char. You have a rare opinion of yourself indeed, that the very same morning in which you have escaped the jaws of a poor mistress, you should find another with twenty thousand pounds in her pocket.

Mil. Every circumstance. [*Aside.*] Who knows what fortune may have sent me? What these charms of mine have done?

Char. What are you considering, sir?

Mil. I am considering, my dear, what particular charm in my person can have made this conquest.

Char. Oh! a complication, sir.

Mil. Dear madam!

Char. For you must know, sir, that I have resolved never to marry till I have found a man with-

out one single fault in my eye, or a single virtue in any one's else. For my part, I take beauty in a man to be a sign of effeminacy; sobriety, want of spirit; gravity, want of wit; and constancy, want of constitution.

Mil. So that to have no fault in your eye is to be an impudent, hatchet-face, raking, rattling, roving, inconstant—

Char. All which perfections are so agreeably blended in you, sweet sir—

Mil. Your most obedient humble servant, madam.

Char. That I have fixed on you as my cavalier for this enterprise, for which there is but one method. I must run into one danger to avoid another. I have no way to shun my husband at home but by carrying a husband home with me. Now, sir, if you can have the same implicit faith in my fortune as you had in my beauty, the bargain is struck. Send for a parson, and you know what follows. [*Unmasks.*] You may easily see my confusion. And I would have you imagine you owe this declaration only to my horrible apprehension of being obliged to take a man I like less than yourself.

Mil. I am infinitely obliged to you, madam. But—

Char. But! Do you hesitate, sir?

Mil. The offer of so much beauty and fortune would admit of no hesitation, was it not that I must wrong a friend. Consider, madam, if you know none who hath a juster title to them. How happy would this declaration make Heartfort, which you throw away on me!

Char. I find I have thrown it away, indeed! Ha! Am I refused? I begin to hate him, and despise myself!

Mil. Upon my soul she is a fine woman! but can I think of wronging my friend? The devil take me if she is not exquisitely handsome! but he is my friend! But she hath twenty thousand pounds! But I must be a rascal to think of her; and as many millions would not pay me for it.

SCENE IX.—MILLAMOUR, CHARLOTTE, BRAZEN

Braz. Sir, here is a lady.

Mil. 'Sdeath, a lady! Fool, sot, oaf! How often shall I tell thee that I am never at home to two ladies at a time?

Braz. Sir, you would have hanged me if I should have denied you to Madam Clarinda.

Mil. Clarinda! O, transporting name! My dear, shall I beg, for the safety of your reputation, you would step into that closet while I discharge the visit of a troublesome relation?

Char. Put me anywhere from the danger of a female tongue.—Well, if I escape free this time, I will never take such another ramble while I live again.

Mil. [*Shuts her in the closet.*] There! Now will I find some way to let Heartfort know of her being here. I am transported at the hope of serving him, even whilst Clarinda is at my door.

SCENE X.—MILLAMOUR, CLARINDA introduced by MRS. USEFUL.

Mil. My Clarinda! This is a goodness of that prodigious nature— [*falsehood.*]

Cla. That it can be equalled by nothing but thy

Mil. Can so unjust an accusation proceed from so much sweetness? Can you, that have forsaken me—

Cla. Do not attempt to excuse yourself. You know how false you have been. Nor could anything but your falsehood have driven me to what I have

Mil. By all the— [*done.*]

Cla. Do not damn thyself more—I know thy

falsehood; I have seen it. Therefore thy perjuries are as vain as wicked. Do you think I wanted this testimony? [*Gives him a letter.*]

Mil. Lucina's letter! Cursed accident! She too hath received Clarinda's! but I must stand it out.—Hear this! My falsehood! Mine! When there's not a star in heaven that hath not seen me, like an Arcadian of the first sort, sighing and wishing for you. The turtle is inconstant compared to me; the rose will change its season, and blossom in midwinter; the nightingale will be silent, and the raven sing; nay, the phoenix will have a mate, when I have any mate but you. [*sooner changed than I.*]

Cla. Had this been true, nature should have

Mil. Oh! you know it is: you have known this heart too long to think it capable of inconstancy.

Cla. Thou hast a tongue that might charm the very sirens to their own destruction, till they owned thy voice more charming and more false than theirs. There is a softness in thy words equal to the hardness of thy heart.

Mil. And there is a softness within that—

Clar. Hold, sir, I conjure you do not attempt my honour; but think, however dear you have been to me, my honour's dearer.

Mil. Thy honour shall be safe. Not even the day, nor heaven itself shall witness our pleasures.

Cla. Think not the fear of slander guards my honour! No, I would not myself be a witness of my shame.

Mil. Thou shalt not. We'll shut out every prying ray of light, and, losing the language of our eyes, find more delicious ways to interchange our souls. We'll wind our senses to a height of rapture, till they play us such dear enchanting tunes of joy—

Cla. Oh! Millamour. [*sighing.*]

Mil. Give that dear sigh to my warm bosom. Thence let it thrill into my heart, and fan thy image there. Oh! thou art everywhere in me. My eyes, my ears, my thoughts would only see, and hear, and think of thee. Thou dearest, sweetest, tenderest! Would heaven form me another paradise—would it give me new worlds of bliss—

To thee alone my soul I would confine,
Nor wish, nor take another world than thine.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.—STEDFAST's house.—STEDFAST, with Servants.

Sted. Is everything in order? Are the new liveries on all the rest of my servants?

Foot. Yes, sir, they are all on after a manner—one hath no pockets, and the other no sleeves. John the coachman will not wear his.

Sted. Then desire John the coachman to drive himself out of my doors. I'll make my servants know they are dressed to please my humour, not their own. [*nine.*]

Cook. Sir, it is impossible to get supper ready by

Sted. Then let me have it raw. If supper be not ready at nine, you shall not be in my house at ten.—Well, what say you, will not my wine be ready?

But. No, indeed, will it not, sir; your honour hath by mistake marked a pipe not half a year old.

Sted. Must I consult your palate or my own? Must I give you reasons for my actions? Sirrah, I tell you new wine is properest for a wedding. So go your ways, and trouble me with no more impertinent questions.

SCENE II.—STEDFAST, SQUEEZEPURSE.

Sted. Mr. Squeezepurse, I am glad you are come. I am so pestered with my servants.

Squeez. The laws are too mild—too mild for servants, Mr. Stedfast.

Sted. Well, and have you brought the writings?

Squeez. They are ready. The parties' hands are only necessary. The settlement is as strong as words can make it: I have not been sparing of them.

Sted. I expect Mr. Mutable and his son this instant; and hope, by the help of you and the parson, to have finished all within an hour.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a letter for your honour.

Sted. Mr. Squeezepurse, you will excuse me.—
[*Reads.*]

"SIR,—I am at length fully determined to marry my son to the other lady, so desire all matters may be cancelled between us. I was ashamed to bring you this refusal, so have sent it by letter. Your humble servant,
"THOS. MUTABLE."

Ashamed! Ay, thou may'st be ashamed, indeed.

Squeez. Anything of moment from the other party?

Sted. Death and fury! Go call your lady here—She was witness of his engagements. I'll go to law with him.

Squeez. The law is open to any injured person, and is the properest way of seeking restitution.

Serv. My lady, sir! my lady is gone out.

Sted. How! gone out! My wife gone out! Ouns, and pestilence! run away on her wedding-day! where is she gone?

Serv. I don't know, sir.

Squeez. I saw your lady, sir, as I came by, go into a house in the other street.

Sted. Show me that house immediately, good Mr. Squeezepurse. I will fetch her home, I am determined. It is a fine age to marry in, when a wife cannot stay at home on her wedding-day.

SCENE III.—MILLAMOUR's lodging.—MILLAMOUR, CLARINDA.

Mil. Cruel Clarinda!—Thus to stop short when we are at the brink of happiness—to show my eager soul a prospect of elysium, and then refuse it the possession.

Cla. With how much juster reason may I complain of you! Ah, Millamour! didst thou not when the very day of our marriage was appointed, didst thou not then forsake me?

Mil. Heaven knows with what reluctance, nor could anything but the fear of your misery have compelled me to it.

Cla. It is a strange love that makes its object miserable for fear of its becoming so. Nor can the heart that loves be, in my opinion, ever miserable while in possession of what it loves.

Mil. Oh! let that plead my cause, and whisper to thy tender heart—

SCENE IV.—To him, BRAZEN.

Braz. Oh, sir! Undone, undone.

Mil. What's the matter?

Braz. Mr. Stedfast, sir, is below with another gentleman. He swears his wife is in the house, and

Cla. I shall faint. [*he will have her.*]

Mil. What's to be done?—There's another woman in the closet whom she must not see.

[*Runs to the closet and returns.*]

Braz. Sir, he will be up stairs in a moment.

Clar. Oh, heavens! [*Falls back into a chair.*]

Mil. Sirrah, be at hand and assist me with lying. Her fright has inspired me with the only method to preserve her. Give me my gown and cap instantly. Away to your post.—Madam, do you pretend yourself as ill as possible—So! hush, hush! what noise is this?

SCENE V.—MILLAMOUR, CLARINDA, BRAZEN, STEDFAST, SQUEEZEPURSE.

Sted. Where is this wicked, vile, rambling woman? Where are you, sorceress, that are run away from your husband's house on your wedding-day?

Mil. Hold, sir, you must not disturb the lady.

Sted. Must not disturb her, sir!

Mil. No, sir.

Sted. Why, pray, sir, who are you?

Squeez. Mr. Stedfast, give me leave, if you please. Whoever you are, sir, I believe you scarce know what you are doing. Do you know, sir, that this lady is a *femme couverte*, and the consequence of detaining such without the leave of her husband first had and obtained? Mr. Stedfast, you have as good an action against the gentleman as any man can wish to have. Juries, now-a-days, give great damages in the affair of wives.

Mil. Is this lady your wife, sir?

Sted. Yes, sir, to my exceeding great sorrow.

Mil. Then, sir, you owe her life to me; for had not immediate application been made the whole college could not have saved her.

Sted. To you! who the devil are you?

Mil. Sir, I am an unworthy practiser of the art of physic.

Sted. How came she here, in the devil's name?

Mil. By a most miraculous accident—she was taken ill just at my door. My servant too was then, by as great good luck, standing at it. Brazen, give the gentleman an account how you brought the lady in when you saw her drop down at my door.

Braz. I was standing, sir, as my master says, picking my teeth at the door, when the sick lady who sits in the chair, as my master says, and ready to drop down, as my master says; and so I took her up in my arms and brought her up stairs, and set her down in the great chair, and called my master, who, I believe, can cure her if any doctor in England can; for though I say it, who am but a poor servant, he is a most able physician in this sort of falling fits.

Squeez. I saw nothing of this happen when she came in, and this fellow's a good evidence, or I am

Cla. Oh, heavens! where am I? [mistaken.

Sted. Where are you? Not where you should be—at home at your husband's. [are you?

Clar. My husband's voice! Mr. Stedfast, where

Mil. Go near her, sir.—Now you may go as near her as you please.

Sted. What's the matter with you, madam?

Cla. I cannot tell you, sir; I was taken in the strangest giddy manner, with such a swimming in my head, that everything seemed to dance before my eyes.

Sted. You may thank yourself. What did you do a-gadding? But is this giddy, swimming, dancing distemper over, pray?

Cla. Not quite over; but I am much better.

Mil. I never knew that *specificum basilicum magnum* fail; that is, indeed, an universal *nostrum*.

Sted. Sir, I am glad to hear you mention a *nostrum*, by which I suppose you are not a regular-bred physician; for those are a set of people whom I resolved many years ago never to employ.

Mil. Sir, I never took any degree at our univer-

Sted. I like you the better for it. [sity.

Mil. You are a man of understanding, sir. The university is the very worst place to educate a physician in. A man, sir, contracts there a narrow habit of observing the rules of a set of stupid ancients. Not one in fifty of them ever ventures to strike a bold stroke. A quack, sir, is the only man to put you out of your pain at once. A regular physician, like the court of chancery, tires a man's patience, and consumes his substance before he decides the cause between him and the disease.

Sted. Come, madam, I suppose by this time you are able to walk home, or to a chair at least.

Mil. Sir, the air is very dangerous, you had better leave her here some time.

Sted. Sir, I am resolved she shall go home, let the consequence be what it will. Doctor, here is something for your trouble. I am much obliged to your care—Madam, how do you now?

Cla. Oh! infinitely better.

Mil. A word with you, sir; I heard you say this is your wedding-day—In your ear. [whispers.] Not as you tender your wife's future health, nay, her life.

Sted. Never fear. Come, child: come, Mr. Squeezepurse. Doctor, your servant.

Mil. Give me leave, sir, to hand the lady to her chair. [hind—

Sted. Pshaw! I hate ceremony—pray stay be— [Pushes away MIL., and exit with his wife and SQUEEZ.

Mil. So! we are well off this time.

Braz. Ay, sir, some thanks to me; for I think I lied pretty handsomely.

Mil. Well, sirrah, and are you so vain of the merit? Did not I show you the way?

Char. (Knocks at the door.) Doctor! doctor!

Mil. Ha! get you hence, and endeavour to find out Heartfort, and bring him hither instantly. My fair prisoner, I ask your pardon for keeping you confined so long.

Char. Oh! sir, no excuses: patients must be tended. But, pray, doctor, have you not some little skill in casuistry? Will you advise me what to do in this affair, and whether you think it proper I should suffer you to pass with my father for so excellent a physician as you do?

Mil. Oh! madam, it needs no great casuist to advise a young lady how to act, which should be always by the rules of good-nature. Besides, madam, you shall not see your father deceived, for I will merit the same reputation with you if you will take my prescription; for I will engage to recommend you one that shall cure you of all distempers.

Cha. Ay; pray, what is this infallible *nostrum*? I am afraid it is something very nauseous to the palate.

Mil. No, far otherwise: it is taken by a great many ladies merely for its agreeable relish.

Char. Well, what is it? [my acquaintance.

Mil. Nothing more than a very pretty fellow of

Char. Indeed! And pray is this very pretty fellow of your acquaintance like a certain physician of my acquaintance? [the *nostrum* long ago.

Mil. No, faith; if he was, you would have taken

Char. Hum! I question that. I fancy, doctor, you are as great a quack in love as you are in physic, and apt in both to boast more power than you have. Ah! if I thought it worth my while, I would play such pranks with your wild worship.

SCENE VI.—MILLAMOUR, CHARLOTTE, HEARTFORT.

Heart. Oh! Millamour, I have been waiting for you. Ha!

Mil. Well, whether thou hast been waiting for me or seeking me, I am glad you have found me: for I have a favour to ask of you, which you must not deny me. Madam, look him boldly in the face; I dare swear we shall carry our point.

Char. What point, sir?

Mil. In short, sir, this young lady hath begged me to ask your pardon in her name, and hopes your forgiveness of all her ill usage, all her little airs, which the folly of youth and the vanity of beauty together made her put on; and she does most faithfully promise, nay, and I have offered to be bound for her, that if you are so generous to forgive the past she shall never offend for the future.

Char. Intolerable insolence!

Mil. Yes; her intolerable insolence, she hopes, knowing the infinite goodness and sweetness of your temper, will be passed over; and that you will be pleased to consider that a gay, giddy, wild, young girl, could not have understanding enough to set a just value on the sincere passion of a man of sense and honour.

Char. This is insupportable!

Mil. Nay, nay, I think so too. I must condemn the hardness of your heart, that can be proof against such penitence in an offending mistress. Though she hath been, I own, as bad as possible, yet sure her repenting tears may atone.

Heart. I'm in a dream; for thou, my friend, I am sure, wilt not delude me. Madam, is it possible for me to presume to think the sufferings I have undergone, had they been ten thousand times as great, could touch your heart?

Char. Hum! I thank my stars, I have it.

Heart. I cannot be awake, nor you be mistress of such goodness to value my little services so infinitely beyond their merit. Oh! you have been too kind. I have not done nor suffered half enough.

Mil. Pox take your generosity! suffer on to eternity, with all my soul.

Heart. I deserve your pity now a thousand times more than ever. This profusion of goodness overwhelms my heart. [you all.]

Mil. Not one bit beyond a just debt; she owes

Heart. Millamour, as thou art my friend, no more.

Char. Let him proceed; I am not ashamed to own myself Mr. Heartfort's debtor.

Mil. Ay!

Char. And though you have somewhat exceeded your commission, and said more for me than perhaps the stubbornness of my temper might have permitted me to say, yet this I must confess, my behaviour to Mr. Heartfort hath no way answered his merits.

Mil. Go on, go on, madam; you never spoke half so much truth in your life.

SCENE VII.—MILLAMOUR, CHARLOTTE, HEARTFORT, MUTABLE, YOUNG MUTABLE.

Mut. My lord, I have been waiting for your lordship above this hour: if it had not been for Jacky here, I should never have found you.

Mil. A particular affair, sir, hath detained me; but I am ready now to wait on you.

Mut. Jacky, is not that your former mistress, Miss Stedfast? Odso! it is she. What can she do here?

Y. Mut. I wish she be not come to spoil my match with my lord's sister.

Mut. You have hit it, boy. Jacky, you have it: but I'll try that. My lord, my good lord—

[They talk apart.]

Heart. This is such an excess of goodness! You judge too harshly indeed of a few slight gaieties. Women with not half your merit or beauty daily practise more. And give me leave to think they were put on for a trial of me.

Char. Ay, but what right had I to that trial, unless I had intended, which I never can, to disobey my father?

Heart. Ha! never can!

Char. Heaven forbid I should prove undutiful to him! And, Mr. Heartfort, wherefore, pray, did you understand all these apologies made, but that, after all your merit, I must obey my father in marrying this young gentleman?

Heart. Confusion!

Mut. Indeed, madam, but there are more fathers to be obeyed than one. My son, madam, is another woman's property; and I believe I have as good a right to my son as Mr. Stedfast has to his daughter. It's very fine, truly, that my son must be stolen from me, and married whether I will or no!

Y. Mut. Ay, faith is it, madam, very hard that you will have me, whether I will or no.

Char. Indeed!

Mut. Why truly, madam, I am very sorry it should be any disappointment to you; but my son, madam, happened to be, without my knowledge, at the time I offered him to you, engaged to my lord Truelove's sister. Was not he, my lord? Sure, madam, you would not rob another woman of her right.

Char. Sir, if it please you, honoured sir, my good father-in-law that was to have been, a word with you. [father-in-law.]

Mut. As many as you please, madam, but no

Char. Though, in obedience to my father, I had complied to accept of your son for a husband, yet I am obliged to your kind refusal, because that young gentlemen, your son, sir, happens to be a person for whom, ever since I had the honour of his acquaintance, I have entertained the most surprising, invincible, and infinite contempt in the world.

Y. Mut. Contempt for me!

Mut. Contempt for Jacky!

Char. It would be therefore ungrateful to let such a benefactor as you be deceived in a point which so nearly concerns him. This gentleman, sir, is no lord, and hath no estate.

Mut. How, Jacky, no lord!

Y. Mut. Yes, sir, I'll be sworn he is.

Char. And he hath contrived, sir, to marry your ingenious son to some common slut of the town. So I leave you to make up the match, and am, gentlemen, your most humble servant.

SCENE VIII.—MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT, MUTABLE, YOUNG MUTABLE.

Heart. Millamour, I thank thee for the trouble thou hast undergone for me; but as the affair is no longer worth my pursuit, I will release you from your troublesome title, and this gentleman from his mistake. So, sir, your son is disengaged, and you may marry him to the young lady just now gone whenever you please.

Mil. Faith, sir, I am sorry I have no sister for your son, with all my heart.

Mut. And are you no lord?

Mil. No, sir, to my sorrow.

Mut. Why, have I been imposed upon then? [To YOUNG MUT.] But how came you to join in the conspiracy? Would you cheat your father?

Y. Mut. Indeed, sir, not I. I was imposed on as well as you. I took him for a lord; for I don't know a lord from another person but by his dress. You cannot blame me, sir.

Mut. Nay, Jacky, I don't desire to blame you: I know thou art a good boy, and a fine gentleman. But come, come with me. I will make one more visit to Mr. Stedfast, and try what's to be done. If I can pacify him, all's well yet. What had I to do with lords? We country gentlemen never get any good by them.

SCENE IX.—MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT.

Mil. Come, Heartfort, be not grave on the matter: I will venture to affirm thy mistress is thy own.

Heart. Damn her! do not mention her: I should despise myself equal with the fool just departed, could I think myself capable of forgiving her: no, believe me, Millamour, was she to commence the

lover, and take the pains I have done to win her, they would be ineffectual.

Mil. And art thou so incensed with a few coquette airs of youth and gaiety, which girls are taught by their mothers and their mistresses to practise on us to try our love, or rather our patience, when perhaps their own suffers more in the attempt? [dog?

Heart. 'Sdeath, sir, hath she not used me like a *Mil.* Certainly. [beyond all sufferance?

Heart. Hath she not trifled with my passion

Mil. Very true. [in making me ridiculous?

Heart. Hath she not taken a particular delight

Mil. Too true! and, since I see you can bear it, I will tell you she hath abused you, trifled with you, laughed at you, coquetted and jilted you.

Heart. Hold, Millamour, do not accuse her unjustly neither: I cannot say she hath jilted me.

Mil. Damn her! think no more of her: it would be wrong in you to forgive her.

Heart. Yes, forgive her I can: it would be rather mean not to forgive her. Yes, yes, I will forgive her.

Mil. Well, do; and so think no more of her.

Heart. I will not; for it is impossible to impute so much ill usage only to the coquettish airs of youth: for could I once be brought to believe that—

Mil. And yet a thousand women—

Heart. True, true, dear Millamour: a thousand women have played worse pranks with their lovers, and afterwards made excellent wives; it is the fault of their education rather than of their natures: and a man must be a churl who would not bear a little of that behaviour in a mistress, especially in one so very young as Charlotte is, and so very pretty too. For, give me leave to tell you, we may justly ascribe several faults to the number of flatterers, which beauty never is without: besides, you must confess, there is a certain good-humour that attends her faults, which makes it impossible for you to be angry with them.

Mil. Indeed to me she appears to have no faults but what arise from her beauty, her youth, or her good-humour; for which reason, I think, sir, you ought to forgive them, especially if she asked it of you.

Heart. Asked it of me! Oh! Millamour, could I deny anything she asked of me?

Mil. Well, well, that we shall bring her to; or at least to look as if she asked it of you; and you know looks are the language of love.

Heart. But pray how came she to your lodgings this afternoon?

Mil. Ha! Truepenny, art thou jealous?

Heart. No, faith: your sending for me prevents that, though I was never so much inclined.

Mil. Let us go and take one bottle together, and I will tell you, though perhaps I must be obliged to trust a lady's secret with you (and I could trust any but your own mistress's). Courage, Heartfort: what are thy evils compared with mine, who have a husband to contend with; a damned legal tyrant, who can ravish a woman with the law on his side? All my hope and comfort lie in his age: and yet it vexes me that my blooming fruit must be mumbled by an old rascal, who hath no teeth to come at the kernel.

ACT V.—SCENE I.—LUCINA'S apartment.

Luc. (with a letter.) Shall I write once more to this perjured man? But what can it avail? Can I upbraid him more than I have already done in that which he hath scornfully sent back? Perhaps I was too severe. Let me revise it. Ha! what do I see?

A letter from another woman! Clarinda Stedfast! O villain! doth he think I yet want testimonies of his falsehood?

SCENE II.—LUCINA, MRS. PLOTWELL.

Luc. Oh! Plotwell, such new discoveries! The letter you brought me back was not my own, but a rival's—a rival as unhappy as myself.

Plot. And now I bring you news of a rival more happy than yourself, if the possession of a rake be happiness. In short, Mr. Millamour is to be married to the daughter of Mr. Stedfast.

Luc. Ha! that was the name I heard when at his lodgings. He hath debauched his wife, and would marry his daughter. This is an opportunity of revenge I hardly could have wished. But how, dear Plotwell, art thou apprised of this?

Plot. When you sent me back to Millamour, while I was disputing with his servant, who denied me admission, a fine young lady whipped by me into a chair: then I bribed a servant with a guinea, who discovered to me that her name was Stedfast; that she was a great fortune, and to be married to his master; and that she lived in Grosvenor-street.

Luc. Shall I beg you would add one obligation more to those I have already received from you, and deliver her this letter? It may prevent the ruin of a young creature.

Plot. One of Millamour's letters to you, I suppose. But it will have no effect, unless it recommends him the more to her, by giving her an opportunity of triumphing over a rival.

Luc. No matter: to caution the unexperienced traveller from rocks we split on is our duty: if that be ineffectual, his rashness be his punishment.

Plot. Pray take my advice, and resolve to think no more of him.

Luc. As a lover I never will. Oblige me in this, and then I will retire with you to the cloister you shall choose, and never more have converse with that traitorous sex.

Plot. On condition you think no more of Millamour, I will undertake it, though it is an ungrateful office.

Luc. Come in with me, while I enclose it under seal, that you may securely affirm you are ignorant of the contents. Come, my faithful Plotwell, believe me I both hate and despise mankind; and from this hour I will entertain no passion but our friendship in my soul.

Friendship and love by heaven were both design'd,
That to ennoble, this debase the mind.
Friendship's pure joys in life's last hour remain; }
By love, that cheating lottery, we gain }
A moment's bliss, bought with an age of pain.

SCENE III.—A tavern.—MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT

Mil. And now, dear George, I hope I have satisfied your jealousy?

Heart. I wish I could say you had as well satisfied me with your behaviour to this young lady—to Clarinda.

Mil. What would'st thou have me do?

Heart. Why faith, to be sincere, not what thou hast done; however, since that's past, all the reparation now in thy power to make is to see her no more.

Mil. That would be a pretty reparation indeed! and perhaps she would not thank you for giving me that advice. [would.

Heart. Perhaps not; but I am sure her husband

Mil. Her husband! Damn the old rascal! the teasing such a cuckold is half the pleasure of making him one.

Heart. How! what privilege dost thou perceive in

thyself to invade and destroy the happiness of another? Besides, though shame may first reach the husband, it doth not always end there; the wife is always liable, and often is involved in the ruin of the gallant. The person who deserves chiefly to be exposed to shame is the only person who escapes without it.

Mil. Heyday! thou art not turning hypocrite, I hope. Thou dost not pretend to lead a life equal to this doctrine?

Heart. My practice, perhaps, is not equal to my theory; but I pretend to sin with as little mischief as I can to others: and this I can lay my hand on my heart and affirm, that I never seduced a young woman to her own ruin, nor a married one to the misery of her husband. Nay, and I know thee to be so good-natured a fellow, that what thou dost of this kind arises from thy not considering the consequence of thy actions; and if any woman can lay her ruin on thee thou canst lay it on custom.

Mil. Why, indeed, if we consider it in a serious way—

Heart. And why should we not? Custom may lead a man into many errors, but it justifies none; nor are any of its laws more absurd and unjust than those relating to the commerce between the sexes: for what can be more ridiculous than to make it infamous for women to grant what it is honourable for us to solicit; nay, to ensnare and almost compel them into; to make a whore a scandalous, a whore-master a reputable, appellation! Whereas, in reality, there is no more mischievous character than a public debaucher of women. [pierce to the quick.]

Mil. No more, dear George: now you begin to

Heart. I have done: I am glad you can feel; it is a sure sign of mortification.

Mil. Yes, I can feel, and too much, that I have been in the wrong to a woman who hath no fault but foolishly loving me. 'Sdeath! thou hath raised a devil in me that will sufficiently revenge her quarrel. Oh! Heartfort, how was it possible for me to be guilty of so much barbarity, without knowing it, and of doing her so many wrongs, without seeing them till this moment, till it is too late, till I can make her no reparation?

Heart. Resolve to see her no more; that's the best in your power. [more.]

Mil. Well, I will resolve it, and wish I could do

SCENE IV.—MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT, MRS. USEFUL.

Use. Oh! Mr. Millamour, oh!

Mil. What news?

Use. Oh! I am dead. [this?]

Heart. Drunk, I believe. What's the meaning of

Use. Give me a glass of wine, for I am quite out

Mil. Help! Heartfort, help! [of breath.]

Use. I am come—Give me another glass.

Heart. You have no reason to complain of your breath, for I think you drink two glasses in the same.

Use. Well, then, now I am a little come to myself, I can tell you I have charming news for you. Clarinda continues still in the same dangerous way, and her husband—but mum—what have I said?—I forgot we were not alone.

Heart. Oh! madam, I will withdraw.

[Retires to another part of the stage.]

Use. Well, then, her husband hath sent me to fetch you to her. [see her no more.]

Mil. He hath sent too late; for I have resolved to

Use. What do you mean?

Mil. Seriously as I say.

Use. You will never see her more!

Mil. Never.

Use. You will see her no more! [Passionately.]

Mil. No: I have considered it as the only reparation I can possibly make her.

Use. Indeed! If that be the only reparation you can make her you are a very pretty fellow. But it is false: you are not such a sort of a man. If I had known you to be such a sort of a man, the devil should have had you before I should have troubled my head about your affairs.

Mil. My heart reproaches me with no action of my life equal with my behaviour to Clarinda, and I would do anything to make her amends.

Use. Could not your heart have reproached you sooner, before you had made me accessory to the cheat you intended to put upon her?

Mil. What cheat?

Use. The worst cheat that can be put upon her. What, sir! do you think she hath no expectations from you?

Mil. If she hath, her husband will answer them.

Use. Her husband! her husband won't, nor can't

Mil. I am not inclined to jest. [answer them.]

Use. Nor am I; but I think you are. What would you say of a man who would sail to the Indies, and when he was just come in sight of his port tack about and return without touching? Have not you been sailing several years into the arms of your mistress? and now she holds them open you refuse. What! did you court her only to refuse in your turn? To refuse her when she is expecting, wishing, longing—

Mil. And do you really think her as you say?

Use. What could move her else to lay such a plot as she has done? To pretend herself sick that you might be sent for as her physician? But you would play the physician with her and make her distemper

Mil. If I thought that— [real.]

Use. What can you think else? Can anything hurt a woman equal with being refused?

Mil. Refused! what, giving up her matchless beauty to my longing arms? 'Sdeath, he is not of flesh and blood who could refuse. Thou dearest woman! and dost thou think she will consent?—Dost thou think my happiness so near?

Use. I know it must be; but—

Mil. But what?

Use. You had better make her a reparation for what's past, and see her no more.

Mil. Reparation! ay, so I will. All that love transporting, eager, wanton, raving love can give. Heartfort, you must excuse me: business, sir, business of very great importance calls me away.

Heart. I can guess your business by your company.

Mil. Come, my dear Useful, convey me, quick as my desires, where only they can meet full satisfaction. Let me enjoy Clarinda,—and then—

Use. And then—perhaps you may keep your word, and never see her any more.

[Exeunt USE. and MIL.]

Heart. There goes an instance of the great power our reason hath over our passions. But hold,—why should I seek instances abroad, who have so sufficient an example in my own breast? Where, had reason the dominion, I should have long since expelled the little tyrant who hath made such ravage there. Of what use is reason then? Why, of the use that a window is to a man in prison—to let him see the horrors he is confined in, but lends him no assistance to his escape.

SCENE V.—STEDFAST'S house.—CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE.

Cla. O, Charlotte! let no passion prevail on you to throw yourself away on a person you despise.

Marriage knows no release but death. Had I the world, I would give it to recal mine.

Char. You see, Clarinda, it is easier to give advice than to take it.

Cla. You are not in my situation. Think, my Charlotte, think but of the danger I was in against the daily solicitations of a man who had so great a friend within my breast. My little fortune spent. A friendless, helpless orphan. The very man I lov'd, with whom I must at least have shared poverty, refusing to make me the honourable partner of his bed! What could Charlotte then have done? Would you have then refused a rich, an honourable lover?

Char. Hum! agad, I don't know what I should have done. Heaven forbid it should be my case! I should not have taken the old fellow, I am positive.

Cla. O, my dear Charlotte! never let anything tempt you to forfeit the paths of honour.

Char. And yet, my dear Clarinda, you can feign yourself sick to see your lover. Pray, my dear, how doth a woman's honour do when she is sick to see her gallant?

Cla. Indeed you wrong me. The terror I have of your father's bed put me on the feigning this sickness, which will soon be real. For as to Millamour, I have determined never to see him more.

Char. Nay, I will swear I saw Useful take a chair and go for him, as your physician, by my father's order.

Cla. You surprise me! O that wicked woman, who hath been the occasion of all my misfortunes, and is determined to persecute me to the last minute!

Char. There is somewhat in her which I dislike, and have oft wondered why you would indulge her in the freedom she takes.

Cla. O Charlotte! in distressed circumstances, how easily can impudence get the ascendant over us? Besides, this woman, of whom I now have your opinion, can outwardly act a saint, as well as inwardly a devil. What defence hath the ignorance of twenty against the experienced arts of such a woman? Believe me, I thank heaven, I have escaped so well, rather than wonder I have not escaped better.

Char. Well, honoured madam, if your daughter-in-law may presume to advise, rest contented with the honour you have already attained; for if you should be overthrown but in one battle, there's an end of all your former conquests. But hush, hush! to your chair. My father is coming up.

SCENE VI.—STEDFAST, CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE.

Sted. Well, madam, how do you now?

Char. My mother is extremely ill, sir.

Sted. I did not ask you—How do you do, child?

Clar. Oh!

Sted. O! This is the most comfortable wedding-day sure, that ever man had! Well, the doctor will be here presently.

Char. Sir, the last words mamma spoke were, she desired she might not see the doctor.

Sted. Yes, madam; but the last words I speak are that she shall see him.

Cla. No doctor—No doctor.

Enter MRS. USEFUL and MILLAMOUR.

Use. [introducing MILLAMOUR.] Sir, here's the doctor.

Sted. I am glad you are come, sir; my wife is extremely ill—Go to her. Physicians should make a little more haste.

Mil. Give me your hand, if you please, madam.

Sted. How do you do, child?

Cla. Oh!

Sted. That's all I have been able to get of her, doctor; she is not able to tell you even how she doth.

Use. [Aside.] A true physician, faith! He feels for her pulse in her palm.

Sted. How do you find her, doctor?

Mil. Truly, sir, I wish there may not be more danger in the case than is imagined.

Sted. Nay, the world shall not say she died for want of assistance. I will go send for another.

Mil. O, sir! there's no need of that—I can trust

Sted. I'm resolved. [to my own skill.

Use. Come, madam; we'll leave the doctor to his patient.

SCENE VII.—CLARINDA, MILLAMOUR.

Mil. O speak to me, Clarinda. Whisper something tender to my soul, or I shall die before thee.

Cla. Thou hast undone me, Millamour.

Mil. Then I have undone myself. Myself! What's that to having ruined thee? I would be ages expiring to preserve thee. My dear! my only love! Too late I see the follies of my life. I see the fatal consequence of my ungoverned lawless passion.

Cla. Oh! had thy eyes but yesterday been opened! But now it is too late.

Mil. Too late! I will put back the hand of time. O think it not too late. O, could'st thou but recover; thy marriage could not, should not keep us from being happy.

Cla. Alas, my disease is but a poor pretence to see you once again to take this last farewell.

Mil. Thou angel of softness! Thou fountain of eternal sweets! To take a last farewell! Then I will bid farewell to life, Clarinda. Life, which I will not endure without thee. Witness heaven, that could I but recall blessed yesterday again, I would not slight the offers of thy virtuous love for the whole world of beauty or of wealth! O, fool! to trifle with so vast a blessing, till it was snatched from thee! Yet, since we cannot be what we wish, let us be what we can.

Cla. No, Millamour, never with the forfeit of my honour. I will lose my life; nay, what I value much more—rather than quit that idol of my soul, I will lose you.

SCENE VIII.—MILLAMOUR, CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE, MRS. USEFUL, STEDFAST, CRISIS.

Use. Hush, hush! to your posts, to your posts.

Sted. (Introducing CRISIS.) Doctor, that is your patient, and heaven direct your judgment.

Cris. Sir, sir, harkee; who's that? I observed him

Sted. That is a brother physician, sir, [feel her pulse.

Cris. Ay, what is his name? [name.

Sted. Doctor, doctor Crisis desires to know your

Mil. My name! name! My name is Gruel.

Cris. Gruel! I don't know him, nor do I remember his name in the college. Some quack, I suppose. Sir, I'm your humble servant.

Sted. Stay, stay, dear doctor.

Cris. Sir, I will consult with no quacks; sir, I have not studied physic so long to consult with a quack; wherefore have we a college of physicians, if we are to call quacks to our assistance?

Sted. For heaven's sake, doctor! my wife will die.

Cris. Sir, I can't help it, if half the world were to die: unless that man were out of the room I will have nothing to do; and that I am resolved.

Sted. If you come to that, sir, I am resolved he shall not be sent out of the room. I would not send him out of the room to save my wife's life: no, nor scarce to save my own life. So see whose resolution will be broke first, yours or mine. Resolved, quotha!

Cris. Here, John, my coach! to the door! Consult with a quack!

Sted. Doctor, pray return my fee!

Cris. Sir, your humble servant. *[Exit.]*

Mil. I hope, sir, we shall not want his advice. I apprehend the distemper to be now some moments past the crisis; and in half an hour I may possibly send you the happy news of your wife's being out of danger. But it is entirely necessary she should go to bed, and then I will go and see her.

Enter Servant, who whispers STEDFAST.

Sted. Doctor, you will excuse me a few minutes—a lady wants me below stairs. *[Exit.]*

Mil. Come, nurse, you must put your patient to bed, and then I'll visit her again.

Cla. Never, never, Millamour. Never from this hour will I behold that face again; that fatal cause of all my misery.

Mil. Barbarous Clarinda! Can I be knowingly the cause of one misfortune to you, when I would not purchase the world with one sigh of thine?

Cla. Thy conversation is dangerous to my honour; and henceforth I will fly thee as the worst of contagions. Farewell, and think you have lost a woman who durst not, from her tenderness, ever see thee more. *[Exit.]*

Mil. O, agony! O, Clarinda!

Use. Ha, ha, ha! That ever a man who knows so much of the sex as Mr. Millamour, should despair at the very brink of victory! *[me more?]*

Mil. 'Sdeath! Did she not say she'd never see

Use. Well, and hath she not said so a hundred times, and seen you as often? Did she not say she durst not see you more? Women are all cowards, and dare not do anything unless they are forced to it. I tell you she is wishing, sighing for you. Honour and love have a conflict within her breast, and if you stand by the little gentleman I'll hold a thousand pounds he gets the better.

Mil. No more of this foolery. Thou hast undone us both; and, by heavens, I will be revenged on thee. I will expose thee to all mankind, as thy infamy deserves, till every wretched maid shall curse thee, every honest woman despise thee, and every boy that meets thee shall hoot thee through the

Use. Is this my reward? *[world.]*

Mil. Reward! There is none in law or justice equal to thy deserts. Thou art a more mischievous animal than a serpent; and the man or woman who admits one of thy detestable character into his house or acquaintance acts more foolishly than he who admits a serpent into his bosom. A public mark of infamy should be set on every such wretch, that we might shun them as a contagion. Never see me more; for if thou dost I shall forego the dignity of my sex to punish thee. O Clarinda! I will pursue thee still; for next to having thee mine is leaving my life at thy feet.

Use. Very fine! I have no more to do here at present. Such encouragement will tempt me to grow honest and quit my employment.

SCENE IX.—STEDFAST, MRS. PLOTWELL.

Sted. A very pretty reasonable gentleman, truly. Would not one woman content him? Must he have my wife and daughter too? would he have my whole family? Madam, I know not how to return this obligation, which the great concern you have showed for my honour hath laid upon me.

Plot. Can you not find then in this face something which might give you a reason for that concern? Look stedfastly on me, and tell me if you remember no mark in these features which were once known to you?

Sted. There's something in that voice that—

Plot. That once was music in your ears, if ever you spoke truth to Cleomela.

Sted. Cleomela!

Plot. Are there then any horrors in that name? Age certainly hath left no furrows there, however it hath altered this unhappy face. Still, if remembrance of past joys be sweet, the name of Cleomela should be so. *[to recollect you.]*

Sted. I am so surprised! I scarce have reason left

Plot. Be not terrified. I come not to upbraid you, to thunder any injuries in your ears, nor breach of promise.

Sted. You know you cannot. It was your own fault prevented my fulfilling them. Would you have changed your religion, you know my resolutions were to have married you. And you know my resolutions were never to marry you unless you did. You kept your religion, and I my resolution.

Plot. How easily men find excuses to avoid what they dislike! But that is past; nor do I come to claim the fulfilling it.

Sted. No, heaven hath taken care to put that out of my power; as this letter hath told you before.

Plot. I assure you, sir, the contents of that letter I am a stranger to.

Sted. Are you? then pray read it—for I intend to make them no secret. *[PLOT. takes the letter, reads, and shows much surprise.]*

SCENE X.—MILLAMOUR, STEDFAST, MRS. PLOTWELL.

Mil. O! sir, the most unfortunate news.

Sted. What's the matter?

Mil. Your lady is relapsed into the most violent fit of madness; and I question much whether she will ever speak again.

Sted. She hath no need. She hath hands to write her mind. Nay, were they cut off too, she would find some other means. She would invent as strange methods to betray the lewdness of her mind as Lavinia did to discover her injury. *[madness.]*

Mil. Heyday! Your wife hath infected you with

Sted. Yes, my wife hath infected me, indeed. It breaks out here *[pointing to his head]*.

Mil. What can be the meaning of this? I am sorry to see this, sir—very sorry to hear this. This is no common distemper. *[distemper in the kingdom.]*

SCENE XI.—MUTABLE, STEDFAST, MILLAMOUR, MRS. PLOTWELL.

Mut. Odso! Mr. Stedfast, I am sorry to hear your lady is ill.

Sted. It is probable you may; for you and I are not likely to be sorry on the same occasion.

Mut. No, it is not—Yes, it is—it is impossible. Agad! 'tis he—'tis my dear lord Truelove. I'm your most obedient humble servant.

Sted. My lord Truelove!

Mut. Ay, sir, this is the worthy lord, sir, to whose sister I was to have married my son, till, by good luck, sir, I found my lord Truelove to be no lord, but a certain wild young vagabond, who goes by the

Sted. What's this I hear? *[name of Millamour.]*

Mil. Ay, 'tis so,—the house is infected, and every man is mad that comes into it.

Mut. Mad! You young dog, you have made a fool of me, I thank you. *[a cheat.]*

Sted. I am a fine one, truly, if doctor Gruel be

Plot. Mr. Millamour!

Mil. Nay, then, 'tis in vain to contend. And it requires less impudence to confess all than to deny it. My dear Mrs. Plotwell. *[MILLAMOUR and PLOTWELL talk apart, and then go out together.]*

Mut. Mr. Stedfast, if you please we'll make no longer delay of the wedding.

Sted. Sir, I hate the name of wedding.

Mut. Heyday! I hope you are not capable of breaking your resolution?

Sted. Sir, I shall break my heart. A man that is married is capable of everything but being happy.

Mut. Come, come, I'm sorry for what's passed, and am willing, to show my repentance, to put it out of my power to offend any more. What signify delays? Let us have the wedding to-night.

Sted. Whenever you please, sir.

Mut. If your daughter be ready my son is.

Sted. I have no daughter, sir.

Mut. Ha! ha! ha! You're a merry man.

Sted. Look ye, gentlemen; if one of you will take my wife, the other shall have my daughter.

To them MILLAMOUR.

Mil. O, sir! the luckiest news! Your lady is recovered; her distemper left her in a moment, as by a miracle, at the sight of Mrs. Plotwell.

Sted. My distemper is not removed.

Mil. Take courage, sir; I'll warrant I cure you. What are you sick of? [wife.]

Sted. What you are sick of too by this time—my

Mil. Is that all?

Sted. This insult, sir, is worse than your first injury: but the law shall give me a reparation for both.

Mil. Here comes a better friend to you than the law. If your wife be all your illness she will do what the law can seldom do—unmarry you again. I don't know how uneasy you may be for marrying my mistress, but I am sure you ought to be so for marrying your own daughter.

SCENE XII.—*To them CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE, HEARTFORT.*

Plot. Start not at that word, but thank the watchful care of Heaven, which hath sent me here this day to prevent your fall, even at the brink of ruin—and, with a joy becoming so blessed an occasion, receive your daughter to your arms. [that name.]

Cla. My father!—I am resolved to call you by

Sted. Call me anything but husband.

Plot. She is indeed your daughter—the pledge of our loves—the witness of your treachery and my shame, whom that wicked woman seduced from the nunnery, where I thought I had placed her in safety.

Cla. Sir, I kneel for your blessing, nor will I rise till you have given it me.

Sted. Take it, my child, and be assured no father ever gave it more gladly. This is indeed a happy discovery—I have found my daughter, and I have lost my wife.

Plot. My child, let me again embrace thee. This is happiness indeed! [Mr. Stedfast?]

Mut. What, have you more daughters than one,

Sted. Even as you see, sir.

Mut. Why, then, sir, I hope you will not take it amiss that I desire all further treaty may cease between us.

Sted. Sir, I would not marry a daughter of mine into your family was your estate ten times as large as it is. So now you have my resolution. I should expect by such a match to become grandfather to a weather-cock.

Mut. Very well, sir, very well; there is no harm done; my son is *in statu quo*, and as fine a gentleman as ever he was.

Heart. Your honour, sir, is now disengaged. You will give me leave once more to mention my ambition, especially if another child is to share my

Charlotte's fortune: I may appear at least worthier of her in your eye.

Sted. Here! Take her—take her—

Char. I told you, sir, I would obey my father; but I hope you will never expect me to obey my husband.

Heart. When I expect more obedience than you are willing to pay, I hope you will punish me by rebellion.

Char. Well, I own I have not deserved so much constancy; but I assure you, if I can get gratitude enough I will pay you, for I hate to be in debt.

Mil. You was pleased, sir, this day to promise me that, on the recovery of your lady's senses, you would give me whatever I should ask.

Sted. Ay, sir, you shall have her before you ask. There she is; she hath given you her inclinations, and so I give you the rest of her. Heaven be praised I am rid of them both! Stay; here is another woman still. Will nobody have her, and clear my house of them? for it is impossible for a man to keep his resolutions while he hath one woman in it.

Mil. My Clarinda, O! transporting extasy!

Cla. My Millamour! my ever loved!

Mil. Heartfort, your hand; I am now the happiest of mankind. I have, on the very point of losing it, recovered a jewel of inestimable value. O Clarinda! my former follies may, through an excess of good fortune, prove advantageous to both in our future happiness. While I, from the reflection on the danger of losing you, to which the wildness of my desires betrayed me, shall enjoy the bliss with doubled sweetness: and you from thence may derive a tender and a constant husband.

From my example let all rakes be taught
To shun loose pleasure's sweet but pois'nous draught.
Vice, like a ready harlot, still allures;
Virtue gives slow, but what she gives secures.

EPILOGUE. WRITTEN BY A FRIEND, AND SPOKEN BY MRS. WOFFINGTON.

THE trial ended, and the sentence o'er,
The criminal stands mute, and pleads no more—
Sunk in despair, no distant hope he views,
Unless some friendly tongue for mercy sues.
So too our bard (whatever be his fate)
Hath sent me here compassion to create:
If damn'd, to blunt the edge of critic's laws;
If saved, to beg continuance of applause.
All this the frightened author bid me say—
But now for my own comments on his play.
This MILLAMOUR, for aught I could discover,
Was no such dang'rous, forward, pushing lover:
Upon the bull I, like EUROPA, ventur'd,
Enter'd his closet—where he never enter'd,
But left me, after all my kindness shown,
In a most barbarous manner, quite alone:
Whilst I, with patience to our sex not common,
Heard him prescribing to another woman:
But though quite languishing and vastly ill
She was, I could not find she took one pill.
Though her disease was high, though fierce th' attack
You saw he was an unperforming quack:
But soon as marriage alter'd his condition,
He cured her as a regular physician.

My father STEDFAST took it in his head
To keep all resolutions which he made:
As the great point of life this seem'd to strike him,
His daughter CHARLOTTE's very much unlike him.
The only joys (and let me freely speak 'em)
I know in resolutions is to break 'em.

I think without much flatt'ry I may say
There's strict poetic justice through this play.
You heard the fool despised, the bawd's just sentence,
HEARTFORT's reward, and MILLAMOUR's repentance:
And such repentance must forgiveness carry;
Sure there's contrition with it when we marry

THE FATHERS; OR, THE GOOD-NATURED MAN.

A COMEDY. AS IT IS ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL DRURY-LANE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE comedy now published was written by the late HENRY FIELDING some years before his death. The author had shown it to his friend Mr. Garrick; and, entertaining a high esteem for the taste and critical discernment of sir Charles Williams, he afterwards delivered the manuscript to sir Charles for his opinion. At that time appointed envoy extraordinary to the court of Russia, sir Charles had not leisure to examine the play before he left England. Whether it has had the honour to travel with the envoy into Russia, or was left behind, that it might not interfere with the intrigues of the embassy, we cannot determine. Sir Charles died in Russia, and the manuscript was lost.

As Mr. Fielding has often mentioned this affair, many inquiries were made, after his decease, of several branches of sir Charles's family, but did not produce any tidings of the comedy. About two years ago Thomas Johnes, esq., member for Cardigan, received from a young friend, as a present, a *tattered manuscript play*, bearing, indeed, some tokens of antiquity, else the present had been of little worth, since the young gentleman assured Mr. Johnes that it was "a damned thing!"—Notwithstanding this unpromising character, Mr. Johnes took the dramatic foundling to his protection with much kindness; read it; determined to obtain Mr. Garrick's opinion of it; and for that purpose sent it to Mr. Wallis of Norfolk-street, who waited upon Mr. Garrick with the manuscript, and asked him if he knew whether the late sir Charles Williams had ever written a play? Mr. Garrick cast his eye upon it—"The lost sheep is found! This is Harry Fielding's comedy!" cried Mr. Garrick, in a manner that evinced the most friendly regard for the memory of the author.

This recognition of the play was no sooner communicated to Mr. Johnes than he, with the most amiable politeness, restored his foundling to the family of Mr. Fielding.

Two gentlemen, of the most distinguished dramatic talents of the age have shown the kindest attention to the fragment thus recovered. To the very liberal and friendly assistance of Mr. Sheridan, and to the Prologue and Epilogue, written by Mr. Garrick, is to be attributed much of that applause with which the public have received the

FATHERS; OR, THE GOOD-NATURED MAN.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND
LORD-LIEUTENANT OF THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX, AND
MASTER OF THE HORSE TO THE KING.

MY LORD,—The author of this play was an upright, useful, and distinguished magistrate for the county of Middlesex; and by his publications laid the foundation of many wholesome laws for the support of good order and subordination in this metropolis, the effects of which have been, and now are, forcibly felt by the public. His social qualities made his company highly entertaining. His genius, so universally admired, has afforded delight and instruction to thousands. The memory of such a man calls for respect; and to have that respect shown him by the great and praiseworthy, must do him the highest honour.

Under these circumstances this little orphan posthumous work, replete with humour and sound sense, looks up to your grace for protection, as a nobleman who makes rank and affluence answer the great purposes of displaying true dignity and beneficence. Thus adorned by accomplishments, and enriched by manly sentiments, it is the interest of society to join with me in the warmest wishes for the continuance of your grace's health, and of all those powers so liberally and so constantly exerted by your grace for the good of mankind. I have the honour to be, my lord, your grace's respectful and obedient servant,
Brompton-place.

JOHN FIELDING.

PROLOGUE. WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK, SPOKEN BY MR. KING.

When from the world departs a son of fame,
His deeds or works embalm his precious name;
Yet not content, the public call for art
To rescue from the tomb his mortal part;
Demand the painter's and the sculptor's hand,
To spread his mimic form throughout the land:
A form, perhaps, which living was neglected,
And when it could not feel respect, respected.
This night no bust or picture claims your praise,
Our claim's superior—we his spirit raise;

From time's dark storehouse bring a long-lost play,
And drag it from oblivion into day.

But who the author? need I name the wit,
Whom nature prompted, as his genius writ?
Truth smil'd on Fancy for each well-wrought story,
Where characters live, act, and stand before ye:
Suppose these characters, various as they are,
The knave, the fool, the worthy, wise, and fair,
For and against the author pleading at your bar.
First pleads Tom Jones—grateful his heart and warm,
Brave, gen'rous Britons, shield this play from harm;
My best friend wrote it: should it not succeed,
Though with my Sophy bless'd, my heart will bleed.
Then from his face he wipes the manly tear:
Courage, my master, Partridge cries, don't fear:
Should Envy's serpent hiss, or malice frown,
Though I'm a coward, zounds! I'll knock 'em down.
Next sweet Sophia comes—she cannot speak—
Her wishes for the play o'erspread her cheek;
In ev'ry look her sentiments you read,
And more than eloquence her blushes plead.
Now Bliffl bows—with smiles his false heart gilding:—
He was my foe—I beg you'll damn this FIELDING;
Right, Thwackum roars—no mercy, Sirs, I pray—
Scourge the dead author, thro' his orphan play.
What words! (cries parson Adams); fie, fie, disown 'em?
Good Lord!—*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*:
If such are christian teachers, who'll revere 'em—
And thus they preach, the devil alone shall hear 'em.
Now Slipslop enters. Tho' this scriv'ning vagrant
Salted my virtue, which was ever flagrant,
Yet, like black Thello, I'd bear scorns and whips,
Slip into poverty to the very hips,
T' exalt this play. May it decrease in favour;
And be its fame immortalized for ever!
'Squire Western, reeling, with October mellow,
Tall, yo!—Boys!—Yoax!—Critics, hunt the fellow!
Damn 'em, these wits are varmint not worth breeding:
What good e'er came of writing and of reading?
Next comes, brim-full of spite and politics,
His sister Western—and thus deeply speaks:
Wits are arm'd powers, like France attack the foe;
Negociate till they sleep—then strike the blow!
Allworthy last pleads to your noblest passions:—
Ye gen'rous leaders of the taste and fashions;
Departed genius left his orphan play
To your kind care—what the dead wills, obey:
O then respect the FATHER's fond bequest,
And make his widow smile, his spirit rest.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—Sir George Boncour, MR. KING; Mr. Boncour, MR. BENSLEY; Young Boncour (his son), MR. WEBSTER; Old Valence, MR. PARSONS; Young Valence (his son), MR. WHITFIELD; Old Kennel, MR. BADDELEY; Young Kennel (his son), MR. DODD; Mrs. Boncour, MRS. HOPKINS; Miss Boncour, MISS YOUNGE; Miss Valence, MRS. BADDELEY.

ACT I.—SCENE I.—A parlour in BONCOUR'S house.—Enter BONCOUR and MRS. BONCOUR.

Bonc. Pray be pacified.
Mrs. B. It is intolerable, and I will never submit [to it].
Bonc. But, my dear!
Mrs. B. Good Mr. Boncour, leave off that odious word; you know I detest it; such fulsome stuff is nauseous to the ears of a woman of strict virtue.
Bonc. I don't doubt your virtue.
Mrs. B. You don't! I am very much obliged to you, indeed; nor any one else, I apprehend: I thank Heaven my carriage is such that I dare confront the world.

Bonc. You mistake me, madam.

Mrs. B. That is as much as to say I have no common understanding; to be sure, I can't comprehend anything.

Bonc. I should be sorry to think I had given you any reason to be out of humour.

Mrs. B. Then I am in the wrong; a wife is always in the wrong, certainly; it is impossible for a wife to be in the right in anything.

Bonc. My dear, I never said so.

Mrs. B. That is as much as to say I don't tell truth: I desire you will treat me with good manners at least; that I think I may expect. A woman of virtue, who brought you a fortune, may expect that.

Bonc. Madam, I esteem you for your virtue, and am grateful to you for your fortune; I should blush if you could upbraid me with lavishing it on my own pleasures, or ever denying you the enjoyment of it.

Mrs. B. How! have I a coach at my command? you keep one, indeed, but I am sure I have no com-

Bonc. Indeed you wrong me. [mand of it.

Mrs. B. Why, have you not lent it this very morning without my knowledge? [served.

Bonc. My dear, I thought the chariot would have

Mrs. B. How can that serve when I am to take three other ladies with me?

Bonc. Who's there?

Enter Servant.

Bid John take the chariot to my cousin, and let the coach attend my wife.—I ask your pardon, child; I own I should have told you of it, but business really put it out of my head.

Mrs. B. Well, and suppose I should find but one of the ladies at home? must I drag about a heavy coach all over the town, like an alderman's or a country justice of peace's lady?

Bonc. Nay, since you are so unresolved—the promise was not absolute; you shall not be uneasy on any account. Tell the fellow he need not go to my cousin at all. (*Exit Servant.*) Now, my dear, you may have your choice, and I hope you will be easy.

Mrs. B. Easy! yes; I have a great deal of reason to be easy, truly; now your relations, if they have not the coach, will lay the whole blame upon me. Sure never was so unfortunate a creature as I am! No, let them have both, and then they will be satisfied; I dare say I shall find a coach amongst my acquaintance, though you deny me yours. [*Exit.*

Bonc. So! this comes of meddling with matters out of my sphere; but I deserve it, who know her temper so well.

Enter SIR GEORGE BONCOUR.

Sir Geo. Brother, good morrow, I hope no accident hath happened, for I met my sister in a violent hurry at the door.

Bonc. No, nothing extraordinary: wives will have their humours, you know.

Sir Geo. Ay, wives who have such husbands.

Bonc. I hope I give her no occasion to be uneasy.

Sir Geo. Indeed you do.—You are a very wicked

Bonc. How! [man, brother.

Sir Geo. For you have spoilt a very good sort of a woman; you have many an uneasy hour, many a heart ache, many a sigh, and many a tear to answer for, which you have been the occasion of to my poor sister. [thing.

Bonc. I don't remember I ever denied her any-

Sir Geo. That is the very reason; for what can a poor woman be obliged to consult so unsteady as her own inclinations? If you would contradict her a little, it would prevent her contradicting herself. A man pretends to be a good husband, and yet imposes continually that hard task upon his wife, to know what she has a mind to.

Bonc. Brother, I admit raillery, but I should condemn myself if I refused anything to a woman who brought me so immense a fortune, to which my circumstances were so very unequal. I do not think with the world that I make a woman amends for

robbing her of her fortune by taking her person into the bargain.

Sir Geo. I would not have you rob her; I would only have you keep her from robbing herself. Ah! I should have made an excellent husband, if I could ever have been persuaded to marry.

Bonc. Doubtless your wife would have agreed rarely with this doctrine.

Sir Geo. She must have been a most unreasonable woman else; for I should have desired no more of her than only to do whatever I would have her. I am not that person you would make me appear; for, except a few diversions which I have an antipathy to, such as music, balls, cards, plays, operas, assemblies, visits, and entertainments, I should scarce ever deny her anything.

Bonc. Your exceptions put me in mind of some general pardons, where everything is forgiven except crimes.

Sir Geo. I suppose you would have me suffer her to keep an assembly and rendezvous of all such idle people as can't stay at home; that is, have nothing to do anywhere else? [you.

Bonc. Perhaps I love an assembly no more than

Sir Geo. Why do you keep one then?

Bonc. For the same reason that I do many other things not very agreeable to me, to gratify my wife.

Sir Geo. But, brother, pray, for what purpose do you think the law gives you a power to restrain her?

Bonc. Brother, the law gives us many powers which an honest man would scorn to make use of.

Sir Geo. So the advantage you receive from your wife's fortune is to be her steward, while she lays it out in her own pleasures.

Bonc. And that no inconsiderable one.

Sir Geo. No!

Bonc. No; for the greatest pleasure I can enjoy is that of contributing to hers.

Sir Geo. You are a great deal too good for this world, indeed you are; and really, considering how good you are, you are tolerably lucky; for were I half so good I should expect, whenever I returned home, to catch my wife in an intrigue, my servants robbing my house, my son married to a chambermaid, and my daughter run away with a footman.

Bonc. These would be ill returns to your goodness.

Sir Geo. That's true; but they are very common ones for all that; and I wish somewhat worse does not happen to your son; for I must tell you, and I am sorry to tell it you, the town talk of him.

Bonc. I hope they can say nothing ill of him.

Sir Geo. Nothing ill of him! they say everything ill of him. O brother, I think myself obliged to discover it to you; this son, this eldest son of yours, the hopes of your family, whom I intended my heir—this profligate rascal—I tell it with tears in my eyes—keeps—keeps—a wench!

Bonc. I know it.

Sir Geo. (*in a passion.*) Know it!—wh—at—that he keeps a wench?

Bonc. I am sorry for it.

Sir Geo. If he was a son of mine I'd skin him—I'd flea him—I'd starve him. He shall never have a groat—a farthing of mine: I'll marry to-morrow, and if I hav'n't an heir I'll endow an hospital, or give my money to the sinking fund.

Bonc. Come, brother, I am in hopes to reclaim him yet.

Sir Geo. His vices are all owing to you.

Bonc. I never gave him instructions in that way.

Sir Geo. You have given him money, that is giving him instructions: whoever gives his son money is answerable for all the ill uses he puts it to.

Bonc. Rather, whoever denies his son a reasonable allowance is answerable for all the ill methods he is forced into to get money.

Sir Geo. Reasonable! brother; why there is our dispute; I am not so rigid as some fathers; I am not for totally curbing a young man; I would not have him without a shilling or two in his pocket to appear scandalous at a coffee-house—no.

Bonc. Sir George, instead of disputing longer on this subject, will you go with me and visit my son? Suppose we should find him at his studies?

Sir Geo. I as soon expect to find him at his prayers. Well, I will go, as I have no other business; though I know the world better than to expect either to convince myself or you. [the door.

Bonc. I am ready to wait on you; my coach is at

Sir Geo. If I should break the rascal's head you'll forgive me. Keep! I'd keep him if he was a son of mine. [Exeunt.

SCENE at YOUNG BONCOUR'S.—YOUNG BONCOUR, MISS BONCOUR, MISS VALENCE, come forward.

Young B. Dear sister, how could you let this inundation of nonsense in upon us?

Miss B. Nay, don't blame me.

Miss Val. O! I was a witness to what passed; however, now they are gone, I must remind you of your promise to let me hear that song. I think both the words and air admirable.

Miss B. You will make George proud if you praise his poetry.

Young B. Love or poverty makes most poets; and I hope I shall never want at least one of those motives. As Mr. Warbler is gone I will attempt it myself.

SONG, BY G. BONCOUR.

While the sweet blushing spring, glowing fresh in her prime,
All nature with smiles doth adorn,
Snatch at each golden joy, check the ravage of time,
And pluck every bud from the thorn.
In the May-morn of life, while gladsome and gay,
Each moment, each pleasure improve,
For life we shall find is at best but a day,
And the sunshine that gilds it is love.

The rose now so blooming, of nature the grace,
In a moment is shrunk and decay'd,
And the glow which now tinges a beautiful face
Must soon, alas! wither and fade.
In the May-morn of life then, while gladsome and gay,
Each moment, each pleasure improve,
For life we shall find is at best but a day,
And the sunshine that gilds it is love.

Enter BONCOUR and SIR GEORGE.

Young B. My father! and uncle too—so, so.

Bonc. Dear George, don't let us interrupt your entertainment; your uncle and myself called only to see how you did as we went by. If I had known you had had company we should not have come up. Pray go on with your music.

Young B. Sir, you are always the kindest and most condescending; but from you, sir, this is an unexpected honour.

Sir Geo. Dear sir, most obliging, and most gracious sir, you do me an infinite deal of honour, indeed.—You see he is at his studies, brother.

Bonc. Pray, George, don't let us interrupt your entertainment.

Sir Geo. Upon my word my nephew shows an exceeding good taste in his morning diversions.

Young B. Yes, sir, these ladies have been so good as to hear a silly trifle of my own writing.

Sir Geo. I am sorry we came too late, for I think nonsense is never so agreeable as when set to music.

Miss B. The music my brother designed for me and this lady; and I doubt not, if he had had any expectation of your company, my dear uncle, he

would have provided some more serious entertainment.

Sir Geo. Upon my word, sir, you have a very pretty house here, completely finished and furnished; when I was a young fellow we had not half so good a taste.

Young B. No, sir, the age is improved since that time—when a knight of the shire used to jog to town with a brace of geldings and a single livery-man, and very prudently take a first floor in the Strand; when, if you asked in the shop for sir Thomas, a dirty fellow behind the counter called out, Maid, is sir Thomas above? I dare swear, uncle, in your time, many a tradesman hath had half a dozen men of fashion in his house.

Sir Geo. If he had nine men of fashion in his house, he had fewer in his books, I believe.

Miss B. And once in seven years came up madam in the stage-coach, to see one comedy, one tragedy, go once to the opera, and rig out herself and family till the next general election. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Geo. Well, miss Malapert, and what do you think you have said now? why, nothing more than that your grandmothers had ten times as much prudence as yourselves.

Enter Servant, hastily.

Serv. Sir, I ask pardon. I thought your honour

Bonc. Speak out, sir. [had been gone.

Serv. Sir, there be below mons. de Pannier, with a new suit; and mons. de la Mouton Maigre, with some embroidery for your honour.

Sir Geo. There is another virtue of the age! if you will be extravagant, can't you let your own tradesmen reap the benefit of it? is it not enough to send your money out of your own family, but you must send it out of your own country too?

Young B. I consider nothing farther than who serves me the best.

Bonc. I must join your uncle here, George.—I am afraid it is fashion rather that guides you to the choice; but were it otherwise, every man ought to have some partiality for his own country; it is a laudable prejudice, without which no people ever were or can be great.

Sir Geo. It ever was the characteristic of this nation; but now a passion for French dress and fopperies is as prevailing as the use of their frippery tongue. Ah! there was a time when we found the way to be understood in France without the help of their language—(looks on his watch): but I have trifled away more time than I could well afford: shall I carry you anywhere, brother, or will you stay here?

Bonc. Have you any engagement, George?

Young B. None at present.

Bonc. Then, brother, I wish you a good morning. I have some business with my son.

Sir Geo. Good morrow to you, brother.—Pray, sir, will you order some of your domestics to show me out of these noble apartments, for there are so many doors to them, I may possibly miss my way.

Young B. I will do myself that honour, sir.

Sir Geo. Upon my soul, sir, you are so full of complaisance, you confound me; nay, sir, pray walk first, I insist upon it.

Young B. Sir, it is my duty to obey.

Sir Geo. Extravagant rascal! if I had such a son, I would make a little free with his coxcombical pate.

Bonc. I wish, child, you would take that young lady away, for I have something to say to your brother.

Miss B. La, papa, you are always so full of secrets!

Bonc. You know, dear Harriet, how fond I am of your company.

Miss B. Yes; eternally sending me away is a proof of it.

Bonc. This is a disobedience which I ought to love you for, instead of chiding you; and I will break an appointment to enjoy this evening with you and your brother.

Miss B. Nay, I can't promise to be at home this evening, for I shall be engaged to go to the play, and if I should not happen to go to the play I shall be engaged to a party at cards.

Miss Val. Miss Boncour, you must remember your promise to set me down at home; my time is out, and I dare not stay one minute beyond it.

Miss B. Dare not? ha! ha! ha!

Miss Val. No; my father will never forgive me if I should.

Enter YOUNG BONCOUR.

Young B. I have got my uncle into his chariot at last; but he was so full of ceremony I thought I never should; he has made fifty bows to my servants; I never saw him in such a humour.

Bonc. You know his temper, George, and may easily guess at the reason of it.

Miss B. Well, if you are so positive.

Miss Val. Don't call me positive—I act against my inclination.

Young B. Are you going already, madam? you will do me the honour. [*Exit, leading her out.*]

Bonc. (alone.) How wretched is that animal whose whole happiness centres in himself; who cannot feel any satisfaction but in the indulgence of his own appetite. I feel my children still a part of me; they are, as it were, additional senses, which let in daily a thousand pleasures to me; my enjoyments are not confined to those which nature hath adapted to my own years, but I can in my son's fruition taste those of another age—nor am I charitable but luxurious when I bestow on them the instruments of their pleasures.

Enter YOUNG BONCOUR.

So, George, you have soon quitted the young lady.

Young B. I was going to make that excuse for leaving you so long.

Bonc. You have been a good husband this quarter.

Young B. Sir; you are always so good as to prevent my necessities, and almost my wishes; for indeed I should have been obliged—

Bonc. I thought a hundred would not be burdensome. [*Giving him a note.*]

Young B. (bowing respectfully with a smile) A hundred! Gad, it is but a hundred.

Bonc. What are you considering, George?

Young B. I was thinking, sir, how happy such a sum as this would have made me when I was at school; but really, in my circumstances, it will go a very little way; it will but just pay for a picture which I bought yesterday. [*picture.*]

Bonc. A hundred pounds is a large price for a

Young B. A mere trifle, sir; one can get nothing to hang up in a room for less.

Bonc. I only give that hint because I should be sorry that your demands should ever be such as I should be unable to answer.

Young B. I am not such a stranger to your fortune, sir, as to incur expense beyond its reach.

Bonc. No more of this: call on me by-and-by, and your wants shall be supplied; but, I believe, you guess by the formality of my preparation, and my sending away your sister, that I have something of moment to impart to you. Without more preface—what think you of marriage?

Young B. Marriage, sir!

Bonc. Ay: I don't expect your good sense will

treat my proposition with the common stale raillery of those noble free-spirited libertines, whose great souls disdain to be confined within the limits of matrimony; who laugh at constancy to the chaste arms of a woman of virtue, while at the expense of health and fortune they are strictly faithful to the deceitful embraces of some vile designing harlot.

Young B. Pardon me, sir: my thoughts of marriage are different; but I hope, sir, you will indulge me in choosing a wife for myself?

Bonc. You need not apprehend too much compulsion or restraint; but the lady I shall recommend to you is so unexceptionable—

Young B. To be sincere, sir, my affections are already engaged; and, though I have no hasty thoughts of marrying, yet when I do I am determined on the person, and one whom I think unexceptionable on your side.

Bonc. Her name?

Young B. Miss Valence.

Bonc. Her fortune, I apprehend, is much inferior to that of the lady I should have proposed; but neither her fortune or family are such as shall make me endeavour to oppose your inclinations.

Young B. Sir, you are ever good; though indeed in this you indulge me only in the common right which nature has bestowed upon me; for to restrain the inclination in that point is not a lawful but an usurped power in a parent. How can nature give another the power to direct those affections which she has not enabled even ourselves to govern?

Bonc. However, you will give me leave to treat with Mr. Valence on this subject; for, though I know he must rejoice at the offer, yet he is a man of that kind who must be dealt with with due circumspection; and the minds of lovers are too much wrapped up in sublime pleasures to attend to the low settlement of worldly affairs.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, Monsieur Valence desires to know if your honour be at home.

Young B. I shall be glad to see him.

Bonc. I'll leave you, and go and find out the old gentleman.

Young B. I believe, sir, you may treat with him farther than for me; my sister's inclinations, I am confident, look toward the same family.

Bonc. Are you certain of that?

Young B. By incontestable proofs.

Bonc. Well, Mr. Valence and I have been old acquaintance and neighbours; he is of a good family, and has a good fortune; and the world gives him and his children a fair character. I am glad you have disposed of your affections in no worse manner. Good-morrow to you, George—I shall see you in the afternoon. [*sir.*]

Young B. I shall not forget to pay my duty to you,

Bonc. No ceremony with me. [*Exit.*]

Young B. Sir (*bows*); I believe I have the most complaisant father in Christendom. Though all fathers are too niggardly—this sneaking hundred! Ha! ha! ha! my dear Valence, good morrow.

Enter YOUNG VALENCE.

Why look you so sprightly and gay? some unexpected happiness has befallen you.

Young V. O Boncour! my father—can you believe it? he sent for me this morning, of his own accord, without the least petition, the least motion of mine, sent for me, and with the utmost generosity made me a present of ten pieces.

Young B. Ha! ha! ha!

Young V. Why do you laugh?

Young B. To see you so much overrate a trifle. My father paid me a visit this morning, and with the

utmost generosity made me a present of a hundred : upon which, with the utmost gratitude, I asked him for more ! Why, tell me, Charles, dost thou think it is not his duty, who hath begot us with all those appetites and passions, to supply them to the utmost of his power ? But, Charles, I hope you will make your friends partakers of your father's generosity : you will dine with us to-day.

Young V. Your company is generally too expensive for me.

Young B. Why, 'faith, the world is grown to such a pass, that without expense a man cannot keep good company.

Young V. By good company I suppose you mean embroidered company ; for men of sense are to be come at cheaper.

Young B. By good company I mean polite company ; for true politeness, though it does not make a man of sense, it mends him.

Young V. But does politeness never dine without a French cook, nor eat out of anything but plate ?

Young B. To show you I think otherwise, I will dine with you wherever you please.

Young V. Why my business with you was, to let you know my father has been so good to give my sister leave to spend this day at your house ; now, if you will, without ceremony, let me invite myself to the same place—

Young B. You make me perfectly happy, and I hope to know something this afternoon which will make you so ; at least, if you wish to call me brother as eagerly as I do to call you by that name.

Young V. Need I declare that to you ?

Young B. Then I assure you your father's consent is only wanting.

Young V. Ha ! you make me happy, indeed ; for were the alliance less advantageous, he is so good, so indulgent—I will fly to him, and throw myself at his feet to obtain it.

Young B. I believe my chariot is at the door ; I will carry you. O, my dear Charles, my spirits are now so high that it must be an uncommon accident which will ruffle them ; and believe me, the vast delight which the near prospect of enjoyment of my love affords me is not a little heightened by the expectations of seeing you also happy in your wishes ; and I can look down with contempt on the merchant, who sees the anchor cast to his ship ; the general who has just obtained a victory ; or the despairing minister who has just carried his point, and subverted the designs of his enemies. [Exeunt.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—A room in VALENCE's house.
—Enter VALENCE and Servant.

Val. Tell Mr. Boncour I shall be glad to see him. What can this formal visit mean ? I hope he has not discovered the intimacy between our children : if I could once compass that double marriage I should complete my wishes. Why not ? For I know the violent passion of the young people, and the extreme indulgence of the father ; but, though he is a weak man, it is impossible he should give his consent ; the disparity of fortune is too great. Well ! but, as he has brought up his children to hate and despise him, perhaps they may not ask it ; no, it would make me too happy.

Enter BONCOUR.

Bonc. My good old friend and neighbour, how do you do ?

Val. Mr. Boncour, I am heartily glad to see you ; this is extremely kind, and hath prevented me this very morning paying you that visit which I have been obliged to owe you some time against my inclination.

Bonc. Ceremony between old friends, my good neighbour, is ridiculous ; it is the privilege of friendship and love to throw aside those forms, which only serve men to keep up an appearance of affection where there is none ; there has been a long acquaintance and intimacy between our families.

Val. There has been so, indeed, and highly to my satisfaction.

Bonc. I am deceived, my very good old friend, if there are not some who wish a much closer alliance ; you know, Mr. Valence, my way hath been always to discover my sentiments, without great formality of introduction ; in short, I have discovered a very particular intimacy between our younger branches ; I am mistaken if they are not desirous to knit the alliance still closer.

Val. So ! just what I feared. [Aside.

Bonc. But you know, my old friend, the views of young people and of their parents in matrimony are extremely different ; theirs is only the satisfaction of an immediate passion, ours look forward to their future happiness.

Val. Sir, I am surprised at what you tell me.

[Confusedly.

Bonc. Why surprised ? it is but a natural affection.

Val. It is an affection, sir, which I never encouraged in them.

Bonc. It is in our power, Mr. Valence—

Val. I shall be very ready to contribute mine, I assure you ; I scorn to connive at my children's stealing a match into any family, particularly my friend's : I do assure you, I should scorn it.

Bonc. I believe, indeed, you would—but—

Val. If I had but the least suspicion—if such a thing had ever entered into my thoughts, you should have known it that moment.

Bonc. I am convinced, but give me leave—perhaps the advantage may be somewhat of your side.

Val. Dear sir, the whole world knows how infinitely it is so ; but I am not like the world in all respects ; I am not so devoted to my interest to do a mean thing ; I would not do a mean thing for the world.

Bonc. Nor am I so like the world to place my own or my children's interest in riches only, or rather to sacrifice their happiness to my own vanity : I am willing, when they have taken out a licence, that they shall have no more to do with Doctors' Commons ; for which reason I will neither marry my daughter to a spindle-shanked beau, nor my son to a rampant woman of quality. Mr. Valence, our children love each other, and their passions, if encouraged, may make them happy : my business with you, my neighbour, is not to frustrate, but to complete their attachments ; in a word, what think you of a double marriage between our families ?

Val. (Surprised) Sir !—

Bonc. Are you willing it should be so ?

Val. Are you in earnest ?

Bonc. I thought you had known me too well to suspect me of jesting on such an occasion ; I assure you I have no other business here at present : I know my son's happiness is wrapped up in your daughter, and, for aught I know, my daughter may have the same affection for your son ; I do not only therefore propose the match to you, but I do it with earnestness.

Val. Do you ? Why then, for that very reason, I shall put on some backwardness ; eagerness is always to be taken advantage of. [Aside.

Bonc. Be not surprised ; perhaps there may be some advantage in point of fortune on one side or other : if it should be on mine, I can never give it up better than to an old friend.

Val. Hum!—that estate of mine in Northumberland is a very good estate, and very improveable; let me tell you it is an estate that—

Bonc. It will be the business of hereafter to consider each particular; we have been neighbours to each other so long, that our affairs in general can be no secret to either. At present I should be glad of your direct answer.

Val. A double marriage between our children! It is a matter, Mr. Boncour, which will require great consideration.

Bonc. Ay!— [affection for my daughter?

Val. Are you certain your son has so violent an

Bonc. I am certain. [towards my son?

Val. And that your daughter has the same liking

Bonc. Women are not so open on these occasions, but I have reason to believe it.

Val. And they meet, I suppose, with a suitable return of affection from my children.

Bonc. I believe they do.

Val. And you are entirely willing to have this double match go forward?

Bonc. I am desirous of it, earnestly desirous.

Val. So that my consent alone is wanting?

Bonc. Even so.

Val. It will require great consideration.

Bonc. How?

Val. Mr. Boncour, I have always had the greatest respect for you and your family; there is nothing in my power which I would not do to serve you. Consider, sir, I have but two children, a boy and a girl; they are my all, and the disposal of them is a matter of great weight: you cannot expect me to be so hasty in taking any measures leading to it.

Bonc. Why, what objections can you apprehend?

Val. I don't know; I have not yet considered enough of the matter. You will excuse me, Mr. Boncour, but treaties of this nature oblige us to inquire a little into one another's affairs: why, that estate now of your's in Hampshire, is a very ill-timber'd estate.

Bonc. Sir, I am in no doubt but that my estate will be able to answer your demands.

Val. They will not be unreasonable, Mr. Boncour; I shall act in a most generous manner; I have always despised those who have used any art in their actions: I shall be glad if it happens to fall within my power to oblige you; but, truly, this affair requires great consideration.

Bonc. Well, sir, I will leave you to it; in the afternoon I shall expect your answer.

Val. Mr. Boncour, you shall have my answer this very evening; be assured, if possible, I will comply with your desires.

Bonc. I shall expect you this afternoon.

Val. I will wait on you, and hope there will be no difficulty.

Bonc. There shall be none on my side. [Exit.

Val. This is beyond my utmost expectation; but I must not appear forward, that I may make the better bargain;—nothing is so foolish as leaping eagerly at an advantageous proposal.

Enter YOUNG VALENCE.

So, son, where have you been? I have wanted you: is it impossible for you to stay at home with money in your pocket?

Young V. Sir, if I had known you would have wanted me—

Val. But you are not to know always: I don't know myself—you must keep in the way; young fellows now-a-days mind nothing but their pleasures.

Young V. Sir, you will have no reason to complain of that, for to please you is my greatest pleasure.

Val. And so it ought to be, for I think my gene-

rosity to you this morning shows you that I have a pleasure in pleasing you.

Young V. O, sir, if my happiness can give you pleasure, it is in your power to make me so happy!

Val. So, something else is wanted, I see; but, whatever it be, I may thank myself for it: bestowing one favour, is giving right to ask a second; the first is a gift, the rest are payments.

Young V. If a son hath any right to ask, it is the favour I shall ask of you; and if any son could hope to obtain, I must; since the only reason which prompts a father to deny is in my favour, and the lady on whom I have placed my affection, is my superior in fortune.

Val. Ay! perhaps he means my friend's daughter, and then my prudent backwardness will be finely rewarded (*aside*). Who is the lady?

Young V. One whose person, family, and fortune, are not unknown to you; but why should I fear to name her? Miss Boncour.

Val. Who—what? [objections?

Young V. Miss Boncour; sure you can have no

Val. What a way is that of talking? You are sure I can have no objections? How can you tell what objections I may make? Are you to dictate to me? This is the consequence of my generosity to you this morning; this all arises from my foolish prodigality.

Young V. Sir, I own my obligations, and am sorry I used an unguarded expression, by which I meant no more than that I hoped her fortune would be

Val. I don't know that. [agreeable to you.

Young V. I thought, sir, so long an acquaintance with her father—

Val. And pray, why have you thought that my long acquaintance with her father must let me into the knowledge of his circumstances? Mr. Boncour has the reputation of a weak man, but notwithstanding that, I know he has a little low cunning in him, which makes it more difficult to see through his affairs than those of a wiser man; so let me give you a little advice: if you have an affection for this girl, don't let her father see it: I hate deceit, and love to act openly and honestly with mankind; but still with some prudence towards such a cunning knave as Boncour. [your orders.

Young V. Sir, I shall pay an exact observance to

Val. Well, well, perhaps you might have settled your affections worse; I don't know, I don't promise anything; but if matters appear exactly to my mind— [of fathers.

Young V. Sir, you are the best and most indulgent

Val. Remember, I promise nothing.

Young V. You are the kindest of men, and I the

Val. Observe my advice. [happiest.

Young V. I should be unworthy, indeed, were I to neglect it. [mise nothing.

Val. Go, send your sister to me: remember I pro-

Young V. Sir, you are the best of fathers. [Exit.

Val. This is the effect of severity; severity is, indeed, the whole duty of a parent. Now for my daughter—a little caution will suffice with her; for women of their own accord are apt enough to practise deceit, and now, I think, I have my old neighbour's fortune at my disposal.

Enter MISS VALENCE.

Miss V. My brother told me, sir, you had sent for me.

Val. Yes, Sophy, I did; come hither; I have not very lately given you any pocket-money.

Miss V. Sir, it is not my business to keep an account where I have no demand, but from the generosity of the giver. [lately, given you much.

Val. But I think I have not lately, that is, very

Miss V. No, really, sir, I don't remember to have had any of you since you gave me a ticket for the opera, and that is almost a year ago.

Val. Well, well, there are a couple of pieces for you; be a good housewife, and you shan't want money.

Miss V. I give you a thousand thanks, sir.

Val. Now, Sophy, look me full in the face, and tell me what you think of young Boncour.

Miss V. Why should you ask me what I think of him, sir?

Val. What an impertinent question is that? You give me fine encouragement to be generous to you! Why should I ask you? I have a reason, no doubt of it; but your cheeks answer me better than your lips; that blush sufficiently assures me what you think of him.

Miss V. If I blushed, sir, it was at your suspicion; for I am sure Mr. Boncour is no more to me than another man. [more to you?

Val. But suppose I have a desire he should be

Miss V. I shall be dutiful to you in all things.

Val. I believe it will be an easy piece of duty; you are all very dutiful when you are ordered to follow your inclinations; but, young lady, what I insist on at present is, that if this gentleman has your affections you will be so good as to conceal them.

Miss V. Pray, sir, why should you think he has my affections?

Val. Again at your why's! Madam, I tell you I expect you to behave with discretion; that is, in other words, to deal as dishonestly with your lover as you do with your father. I am sure you can never repine at such easy commands. So this afternoon I desire you will put on all your reserve, all your airs and indifference; but perhaps you have given him encouragement already; perhaps you have dutifully intended to marry him without consent or approbation of mine?

Miss V. Indeed, sir, you have no reason——

Val. How, have I no reason? a pretty compliment to your father! go to your chamber, madam, and stay there till you have learnt a more respectful behaviour.

Miss V. Sir, I obey. [Exit.

Val. Ah, there's nothing like severity! children are so vile, that one dares not indulge one's good inclination towards them: I have brought all this on me by my own generosity. But now for the business with Boncour. I will go to my lawyer, and we will draw up proposals together. An imprudent man in my situation would have testified immediate raptures; but the best general rule I know is, never to discover your thoughts, either in your words or your countenance. [Exit.

SCENE II.—BONCOUR'S house.—Enter BONCOUR and MISS BONCOUR.

Miss B. Dear papa, don't teize me about the fellow: I care not if he was hanged, and all other fellows; I affections for the creature! I wonder who can have put it into your head!

Bonc. Nay, if it be not so, tell me frankly, and you shall be left out of the treaty which I am carrying on with the old gentleman relative to a match between your brother and his daughter.

Miss B. A match between my brother and Miss Valence!

Bonc. We met this morning, and shall meet again this afternoon about it.

Miss B. And pray tell me, dear sir, what makes you suspect anything between me and Mr. ——? I forget the creature's name!

Bonc. Are my suspicions well grounded?

Miss B. La, sir, I can't conceive what should make you imagine any such thing.

Bonc. You will not answer me directly.

Miss B. I don't know what to answer.

Bonc. Nay, I desire no more! well, my dear, we will not be long in finishing the settlements.

Miss B. Settlements, sir! you frighten me. I hope I have not said anything—can't one converse and dance with a man? But, I assure you, sir, it is no such thing.

Enter YOUNG BONCOUR.

Bonc. So, George, you find me engaged in an impossible task. [is it?

Young B. I am sorry for that, sir: pray what

Bonc. Nothing more than trying to get truth from a woman. It seems we have been under a mistake all this while, and one half of our treaty is abortive; your sister disavows all regard for Mr. Valence.

Young B. I am glad of it! for I should be sorry if she threw away her affections on one so worthless—one who, while he is addressing her, is engaged to another woman.

Bonc. How!

Young B. Sir, I have had ocular demonstration; nay, I question if he be not married already; at least, I am certain everything is concluded.

Bonc. Say you so? this very well accounts for that backwardness which surprised me in the father.

Miss B. Ha, ha, ha,—an affection, indeed!—ha, ha, ha!—no, I assure you, sir, I have no affection—an affection truly!—no, I have all the abhorrence and contempt in the world for him.

Young B. Dear sister, don't be in a passion.

Miss B. I am in no passion, brother; it is impossible for a man I hate and despise to put me in a passion. No, brother, when I know a man to be a villain, I assure you, brother, he shall never have it in his power to give me uneasiness.

Young B. But, my dear——

Miss B. No, brother, I would not have you think I am in a passion on his account; all that vexes me is, that my father should think I had a value for him.

Young B. Well, dear sir, I believe I need not fear to ask you the success of the business you was so kind to undertake.

Bonc. Upon my word, George, it was such as surprised me till you accounted for it by this engagement of young Valence's. I think, on comparing his circumstances, I might have expected a more hearty concurrence; but I do assure you, the best answer I could obtain was, that he would consider of it.

Young B. O, sir, that was only to lessen the opinion which he feared you might have had of the advantageousness of the proposal. I think I know him so well, that he would make an outward difficulty of assenting to a point which inwardly he heartily wished to compass; especially when he had no fear of losing it by so doing; as perhaps your goodnatured forwardness made him secure on that side.

Bonc. Ay, faith, it is surprising there should be such foolish wise men in the world.

Miss B. Brother, one word with you; who told you this villain was to be married?

Young B. Excuse me—I cannot tell you.

Miss B. I would not deny you, brother.

Young B. I should not have curiosity enough to ask what no ways concerned me.

Miss B. But suppose it did concern me?

Young B. Is that possible?—what, he that never made any addresses to you?—

Miss B. Addresses, pugh!—Pshaw, this is using me in a manner I did not expect; I would not con-

veal a secret from you, especially a secret of this nature.

Young B. Oh! a secret of this nature. Now, be honest, and tell me why you called Valence a villain, and I will discover the whole.

Miss B. A villain! If you knew as much as I, you would think it a term too gentle. Don't imagine I have the least concern at losing him; but if what you say is true, he is the most perfidious wicked villain that ever broke his solemn vows to a woman.

Young B. Then, to be as honest and sincere with you, there is not one single syllable of truth in all I have said. I am convinced he loves you sincerely, and since I find you return his passion with equal ardour—

Miss B. What do you mean, brother?

Bonc. Nay, child, 'tis in vain to dissemble; you are fairly caught.

Miss B. Well, I protest now, this is the most barbarous treatment. And so the story you raised of poor Valence is absolutely false?

Young B. As mere fiction as ever came from a traveller or a newspaper.

Bonc. Well, child, I think you need say no more to encourage me to include you in the treaty, at least I shall take your silence for consent.

Miss B. Then if I must speak—

Young B. Let it be truth for once.

Miss B. The devil take the story! for I never was more frightened by one in all my life.

Bonc. George, I think there will be no farther obstruction; Mr. Valence will be here this afternoon; and as soon as matters can be settled by the lawyers you may depend on your happiness.

Young B. Here is my mother coming this way; I believe it would be my sister's wish, as well as mine, that this affair should be yet a secret from her.

Bonc. I think you are in the wrong there; nor am I willing she should be unacquainted with a thing of this nature. [of seeing you again.]

Young B. At least, sir, till I have the honour

Miss B. Ay, do, dear sir.

Bonc. Well, so far I will indulge you.

[*Exeunt YOUNG BONC. and MISS BONC.*]

Enter MRS. BONCOUR.

Mrs. B. Do Mr. Valence's family dine here to-day?

Bonc. Yes, my dear.

Mrs. B. Very well, then I will dine abroad.

Bonc. As you please, child, since your daughter is at home.

Mrs. B. I know, sir, it is a matter of indifference to you; but I think you need not affect it—it would be civiler to express some regard for me, though it was never so counterfeit. [abroad?]

Bonc. Would you have me say you shall not dine

Mrs. B. Shall not! I should laugh at that indeed!

Bonc. Why, my dear, should I ever discover an inclination contrary to yours, by which you must be driven to the uneasiness of knowing you thwart one or the other? you know, child, concealments of this kind are the greatest delicacies of friendship.

Mrs. B. To be sure I can conceal nothing, nor I have no delicacy of friendship about me; I wonder you would choose so indelicate a woman.

Bonc. Come, it is happy for you I did choose you; at least you might have fallen to the lot of one who would have been less observant of your temper. Suppose you had been married to my brother sir George?

Mrs. B. Sir George! why sir George? I know no man who would make a better husband.

Bonc. So he says himself, and this I must confess, he would never have had a dispute of this kind with

his wife; for he would have told her peremptorily, Madam, I have invited the company, and you shall stay and dine with them.

Mrs. B. Well, and that would have been kinder than indifference; for my part, I aver, I could bear contradiction from a man that was fond of me.

Bonc. What, rather than compliance?

Mrs. B. I am not that fool you may imagine me; I know a little of human nature, and am convinced there is no man truly fond of his wife who is not uneasy at the loss of her company. [home?]

Bonc. Will it please you if I order you to stay at

Mrs. B. Order me! no, truly, if my company be so indifferent that you consult only my pleasure in desiring it, I shall never think myself obliged to you on that account. I thank heaven, I am not everywhere so despicable, but that there are some weak enough to desire my conversation, and perhaps might prefer it to the agreeable Miss Valence herself.

Bonc. She is a guest of my daughter's, not of mine: surely you don't conceive I have any particular pleasure in Miss Valence's company?

Mrs. B. O, I am not jealous, I assure you; you wrong me mightily if you think I am jealous; she must be a poor creature, indeed, who could be jealous of every little flirt. No, I should have too much contempt for the man who delighted in the conversation of such flirts; but this I think I might reasonably expect, that he would enjoy them by himself, and not insist on my being of the company.

Bonc. You cannot charge me with any such behaviour, nay, scarce with a single desire that would contradict your inclinations; therefore, when you told me you would dine abroad, I answered, Just as you please; though I knew not the company to be disagreeable to you.

Mrs. B. But I will not dine abroad, Mr. Boncour, I will dine at home; pray give me leave to know my own inclinations better than you. I am neither a fool nor a child, whatever you may think of me; nor will I be treated as such by any husband in the universe! What! I suppose I must shortly come with my hands before me, and ask you leave before I do anything. Pray, Mr. Boncour, will you give me leave to make a few visits this morning? [you?]

Bonc. Ha, ha, ha! My dear, did I ever deny

Mrs. B. You insist on my asking then, it seems! but I assure you I shall not: I did not part with my fortune to part with my liberty too; so your servant. [Exit.]

Bonc. Well, sir George is in the right. I have spoiled this woman certainly; for her temper from a good one is now intolerable: but she brought me a fortune; true, she did, and an immense one, and with it what I took for better and for worse; and so it is idle to complain. [Exit.]

ACT III.—SCENE I.—MR. BONCOUR'S house.—
Enter BONCOUR and Servant.

Serv. Mr. Valence's man left this letter.

Bonc. So! here I shall have, I suppose, my neighbour's sentiments at large on this important business. (*Reads the letter.*)

"SIR, I have maturely weighed your proposal; and, to convince you of the desire I have to an alliance with your family, notwithstanding some offers lately made me, which, to a worldly-minded man, might perhaps appear more advantageous, I have consented to the union between our children; for which purpose I have drawn up a few articles, not doubting but you will think them very reasonable.

"First, you shall vest your whole estate immediately in the possession of your son, out of which, besides your wife's fortune, you shall be allotted two hundred pounds per annum during life.

"Secondly, you shall pay down fifteen thousand pounds as your daughter's portion, for which she shall have a proportionable settlement, as our lawyers shall agree.

"Thirdly, that, as a very large part of my estate will, at my death, descend to my son, I shall remain in possession of the whole during my life, except——" But why should I read any farther? is this man mad, or doth he conclude me to be so?

Enter SIR GEORGE BONCOUR.

Sir. Geo. I called on you, brother, to let you know I shall dine with you, for my friend has sent me word the house will sit late.

Bonc. Oh, sir George, I am particularly glad to see you; I will give you an instance that your opinion of mankind is juster than my own. Since I saw you I have, to comply with my son's inclination, proposed a match in Mr. Valence's family: could you imagine he would send me such a letter as this in answer? Oh, you need only look at the articles.

Sir. Geo. (Reading.) Well, what of this?

Bonc. What! can you think the man is in his senses?

Sir. Geo. Certainly; for 'tis impossible he should suppose you to be in yours, when you made him the offer to which this letter is an answer.

Bonc. But, brother, is my making him an advantageous offer a reason for so impudent an imposition?

Sir Geo. Ay, surely; no one can give another a stronger hint to impose upon him than by first imposing upon himself. You have infinite obligations to him I think, for he sees you have an inclination to beggary, and therefore would make you a beggar. Besides, can anything be more reasonable than what he proposes? I am sure I should not expect such gentle terms in the same case. What doth he desire of you more than to throw yourself on the bounty of your son? Well, and who the devil would make any scruple of trusting a son, especially such a son as yours—a fine gentleman—one who keeps a wench? Never fear, man! I warrant he'll allow you pocket-money enough.

Bonc. Raillery, sir George, may exceed the bounds of good-nature, as well as good-breeding; I did not expect that you would have treated the serious concerns of my family in so ludicrous a manner, nor have laughed at me when I asked your advice.

Sir Geo. Zounds! what shall I say? I thought to have pleased you by calling his demands reasonable; shall I take the other side of the question? for, like a lawyer, I can speak on either; he hath taken the most prudent way of calling you a fool, and his proposals seem to proceed rather from a design of insulting you than from any hopes of success.

Bonc. It really has that appearance.

Sir Geo. Well, then, and do you want my advice what to do?

Bonc. I shall, undoubtedly, reject them with scorn, and, if myself alone were concerned, I could with ease;—but my son, I fear, has set his heart on the young lady.

Sir Geo. Then break his heart: why what a devil of a fellow is this son of yours! he sets his fortune on one wench, and his heart on another.

Bonc. Come, brother, you are a little too hasty: when we reflect on the follies of our youth, we should be more candid to the faults of our children.

Sir Geo. You are welcome to throw the sins of my youth in my face: I own I have been as wicked as any, and therefore I would not suffer a son to be so. Of what use is a parent's experience, but to correct his children? and, give me leave to tell you, you are a very unnatural father, in not suffering your son to reap any benefit from your former sins; but you, brother, to obtain the character of a good-natured man, are content to be the bubble of all the world.

Bonc. Well, I had rather be the bubble of other men's will than of my own; for, let me tell you, brother, whatever impositions knavery puts upon others, it puts greater on itself.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, dinner is upon the table.

Bonc. Well, we will defer this affair till the afternoon, when I believe my behaviour will please you.

Sir Geo. It will surprise me too, if it does. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, VALENCE'S house.—*Enter* VALENCE and Servant.

Val. Sir Gregory come to town, say you?

Serv. He is at the coffee-house, and will be here immediately.

Val. Well, show him up. (*Exit* Servant.) What great affair can have brought him up, who has not, I believe, been in town these twenty years? Something of vast importance must have drawn him from his fox-hounds! he hath been so long absent, the town will be a sight to him; at least he will be a sight to the town. (*Sir Gregory halloos without.*) He is not far off I hear.

Enter SIR GREGORY KENNEL.

Sir Greg. Hey a vox, master Valence!—how goes it, my old friend? you look surprised to see me in town.

Val. I must confess, sir Gregory, you were one of the last persons I expected to see here.

Sir Greg. It is like a fox running against the wind: well, how does madam, and how does your fine son do?

Val. Alas! my wife, poor woman, I have lost her some time; I thought you must have heard of that.

Sir Greg. Like enough I may; I can't remember every trifle.

Val. I hope your family is well, sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Why I have lost my lady too since I saw you: she is six feet deep, by George; but the boys are all well enough: Frank, he is at home; and Will is at Oxford; and the squire, he is just come from his travels.

Val. And how does master Francis? I think he is my godson.

Sir Greg. Why, Frank, Frank is well enow; I would a brought un to town, but the dogs would not spare un: he is mightily improved, I can tell you, since you saw un; he takes a five-bar gate like a greyhound; but the squire is the top of the pack; I have been at some pains in his education; he has made—what do you call it?—the tower of Europe.

Val. What, has master Gregory been abroad.

Sir Greg. I think so—he hath been out almost two years, in France, and Italy, and Venice, and Naples, and I don't know where.

Val. Indeed! why I thought he had been too young to travel.

Sir Greg. No, no; he's old enough, he will be of age in half a year more.

Val. He is much improved by his travels, no doubt on't.

Sir Greg. Improved, ay, that he is—Egad he overtops them all—he was the finest gentleman at sessions. I have nothing to do for'n, but marry un to a woman of quality, and get un made a parliament-man, and then his fortune is made, then he will be a complete gentleman; now I have secured one o' um; I have agreed for a borough, and I fancy, neighbour Valence, you can recommend me to t'other; you converse with quality; do you know now ever a woman of quality that's very handsome, with a great fortune, that wants a husband?

Val. Quality, beauty, and fortune; you are somewhat high in your demands, sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Why, if she be not handsome, the boy won't like her; and if she have no fortune, I shan't.

Val. But why quality? what use is there in that?

Sir Greg. Nay, I can't tell much use in it; but there is something in it to be sure, for I have seen men proud on it in the country who have nothing else to be proud of.—Odsure—I fancy they have forgot to direct the boy hither: I left him at the coffee-house having his shoes cleaned; the dog's grown so nice since his travels, that he did but just step into a kennel, though he wan't over the instep; the shoes o'un must be cleaned immediately; I will step and see for 'un, and be back with you in an instant. *[Exit.]*

Val. If this cub hath no more wit than his father, it will not be difficult to match him to my own daughter. He will be a much greater match than young Boncour. This is an effect of my prudence; but I am afraid, as unreasonable as my demands are to Boncour, folly will make him accept them; if he should, I can raise them so high, that even so great a fool as he is will reject them: however, I will be first sure on this side.

Enter SIR GREGORY and YOUNG KENNEL.

Sir Greg. Here he is; here is the boy; child, this is my friend Mr. Valence.

[YOUNG KENNEL runs to VALENCE and kisses his hand.]

Val. I am glad to see you returned.

Young K. Pardie! sir, your most humble servant.

Sir Greg. Is not he a fine gentleman? Well, Gregory, let us hear a little more of your travels; come, don't be ashamed before folks, don't.—Come, tell us what you—

Young K. Dear old gentleman, don't give yourself any pain on my account: I should have made the tour of Europe to very little purpose if I had any modesty left.

Sir Greg. Neighbour Valence, do ask him about pleases.

Val. Pray, sir, how do you like Venice?

Young K. Not at all; egad, it stands in the middle of the sea!

Sir Greg. How! no lies, Greg.—Don't put the traveller upon us!

Val. Indeed he speaks truth. How do you like the humour, the temper of the Italians?

Young K. I don't know anything of them, for I never could converse with any but those of my own country.

Sir Greg. That's right; I would have thee always be a true Englishman.

Val. I suppose you saw Rome, sir.

Young K. Faith, sir, I can't say I saw it, for I went extremely late in, and staid there but a week: I intended to have taken a walk or two about town, but, happening to meet with two or three English dogs at our inn—mortblue! I never stirred abroad till the day I came away.

Sir Greg. What! didst not see the pope of Rome?

Young K. No, not I: I should have seen him, I believe, but I never heard a word that he was at Rome till after I came into France, and then I did not think it was worth going back for: I did not see any one thing in Italy worth taking notice of but their pictures; they are magnifique, indeed!

Val. How do you like the buildings, sir, in Italy?

Young K. They showed me some old buildings, but they are so damnably out of repair one can't tell what to make of them.

Sir Greg. Well, Gregory, give us a little account

of France: you saw the king of France, did not you, Greg.?

Young K. Yes, and the queen, and the dolphin; why, Paris is well enough, and the merriest place I saw in all my travels: one never wants company there; for there is such a rendezvous of English, I was never alone for three months together, and scarce ever spoke to a Frenchman all the while.

Sir Greg. There, Mr. Valence, you see how unjustly they speak against our sending our sons to travel: you see they are in no danger of learning foreign vices, when they don't keep company with foreigners. Well, Mr. Valence, how do you like 'un?

Val. Oh, infinitely well, indeed! he is really a finished gentleman.

Sir Greg. Aye, is he not a fine fellow? But, Greg., you don't tell Mr. Valence half what you told me about a strange man at Orlines.

Young K. You will excuse my father's pronunciation, as he has never been abroad: he means Orleans, where I saw one of the largest men I ever saw in my life; I believe he was about eight feet high.

Sir Greg. What a misfortune it is not to travel in one's youth: I can scarce forgive my father's memory for keeping me at home. Well, but about the king of France?

Young K. Zounds! father, don't ask me so many questions. You see, sir, what a putt he is

[Aside to VAL.]

Sir Greg. Why, you rogue, what did I send you abroad for, but to tell me stories when you came home.

Young K. You sent me abroad, sir, to learn to be a fine gentleman, and to teach me to despise clownish fellows.

Val. Come, sir Gregory, perhaps the young gentleman will be more open over a bottle: what say you?

Sir Greg. You know I never flinch from a bottle; and we will have some stories after a glass. Well, Greg., you know what I came to town about, and this gentleman will assist us; he will recommend a wife to you.

Young K. I am this gentleman's very humble servant; but I want none of his assistance. There is a lady whom I knew before I went abroad, and saw again last night with another young lady at the play, and mortblue, if I marry any other woman.

Sir Greg. How! sirrah.

Young K. Pray, dear old gentleman, don't put on that grum look: rat me, do you think I have made the tour of Europe to be snubbed by an English father, when I came home again?

Sir Greg. Sirrah, I'll beat the tour of Europe out of you again: have I made you a fine gentleman, in order to despise your father's authority?

Val. Pray, sir Gregory—

Sir Greg. Sirrah, I'll disinherit you; I'll send your brother Will a travelling, and make Frank a parliament-man in your room.

Young K. A fig for your disinheriting! it is not in your power; if I can but get this girl, I'll marry her, and carry her back to France. There is as good English company at Boulogne as I ever desire to crack a bottle with.—What do you take me for? a boy! and that you are to make me do what you please, as you did before I went abroad?—Diable! do you think to use me as you do brother Frank, who is but your whipper-in? mortblue! I have been hunting with the king of France.

Sir Greg. If you have been hunting with the devil I'll make you know I am your father; and, though you are a fine gentleman, the same pains will make your brother Will as fine a gentleman to the full.

Val. Pray, sir, consider; don't disoblige your

father. Come, sir Gregory, I have ordered a bottle of wine within; let us go and talk over that matter; I dare say I shall bring the young gentleman to reason.—Come, pray walk in.

Sir Greg. He shall obey me, or—

Young K. I have travelled to a fine purpose, truly.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE.—BONCOUR's house.—*Enter BONCOUR and YOUNG BONCOUR.*

Young B. Though the articles are a little unreasonable, if you had any compassion or love for your children, who you know have placed their hearts on the match, you would comply.

Bonc. My children are ungrateful if they upbraid me with want of affection: but this is a mere trick, a poor scheme of Mr. Valence's, to take advantage of your passions and my indulgence.

Young B. So, we are sacrificed to contention 'twixt our fathers for the superiority of understanding.

Bonc. You injure me, son; the low dirty reputation of cunning I scorn and detest.

Enter MRS. BONCOUR.

Mrs. B. So, sir, I hear there are marriages going on in the family, which I was not to be acquainted with.

Bonc. Pardon me, my dear; I intended to have acquainted you, and should before but for a particular reason.

Mrs. B. What reason, pray?

Bonc. You need not concern yourself.

Mrs. B. Indeed! not concern myself! who am I? have not I an equal concern; aye, and a superior one!

Bonc. But hear me, madam.

Mrs. B. No, I won't hear anything said for the match; it is below them in family and fortune both.

Bonc. I do not intend—

Mrs. B. I don't care what you intend; you may keep your reasons to yourself if you please; but as for the double marriage, I will have no such thing; all your plots shan't compass it.

Bonc. I tell you it is broke off—there is to be no match.

Mrs. B. How, no match! and pray what was the reason you kept it a secret from me?

Bonc. Ma'am!

Mrs. B. So, I am nobody in the house; matches are made and unmade, and I know nothing of the matter. And why did you break it off?

Bonc. Because his demands were monstrous—exorbitant beyond credibility.

Mrs. B. And pray what was the reason you kept it a secret from me? nay, I will know—I am resolved I will know. Won't you tell me?—you are a barbarous man, and have not the least affection for me in the world. (*crying.*)

Enter MISS BONCOUR.

Miss B. Bless me, madam, what is the matter?

Mrs. B. Nothing extraordinary; your father has behaved to me like a monster.

Miss B. La, sir! how can you vex my mamma in this manner?

Bonc. So, she for whom I suffered all this is the first to accuse me!

Mrs. B. It seems you are to be married without my knowledge.

Miss B. Married, madam! to whom, pray?

Mrs. B. Nay, I don't know whether it is to be so know: for the same wise head that made the match has, it seems, broke it off again.

Bonc. Yes, child; Mr. Valence hath been pleased,

from my easy behaviour to him, to use me in such a manner, and insist upon such terms, that I can't either consistently with common sense or honour comply with; now, my dear, you see I do not keep all secrets from you, examine them yourself.

Miss B. (aside) So, so, so! after my affections are engaged they are to be baulked it seems: but there shall go two words to that bargain.

Mrs. B. I can't see anything so unreasonable in his demands: if the match was otherwise good, I should not have broken it off on this account.

Bonc. What! would you subvert the order of nature, and change places with your children? would you depend on their duty and gratitude for your bread, and give way to the exorbitant demands of a man who has made them for no other reason but because I offered him more than he expected or could have hoped for?

Mrs. B. I say his demands are for the advantage of our children, and truly, if I can submit to them, you, Mr. Boncour, may be satisfied.

Young B. Nay, then, I think it is a good time for me to appear.—O, madam, eternal blessings on your goodness, which it shall be the business of my life to deserve. O cease not till you have prevailed on his obdurate heart to relent.

Miss B. I must second my brother.—Have pity on him, dear mamma; see how he trembles—his lips are pale, his voice falters! O consider what he suffers with the apprehension of losing the woman he loves; though my father's cruel heart is deaf to all his sufferings, you are all goodness, all tenderness; you I know will not bear to see him miserable.

Mrs. B. Why do you address yourself to me? There stands the good man, who wisely contrived this match, and then with so much resolution broke it off.

Young B. My passion, till you encouraged it, was governable. 'Twas you, sir, who bid me hope, who cherished my young love; and, though the modesty of her sex may make her backward to own it, my sister's heart is as deeply concerned as mine.

Miss B. Thank you, brother, but never mind me: I had my father's command to give my promise, and I must not obey him if he commands me to break it.

Young B. (Takes hold of his sleeve.) Sir, I beseech you—

Miss B. (Takes hold of the other.) Dear papa—

Mrs. B. And for what reason was this secret kept from me?

Miss B. When he hath put it into his children's heads—

Young B. When their whole happiness is at stake.—Then it is into a family of so good a character—

Mrs. B. I must take my children's parts: and you shall consent, or never—

Miss B. I'll never let go your hand.

Young B. I'll never rise again.

Enter SIR GEOGRE BONCOUR.

Bonc. O, brother! you never arrived so fortunately to my assistance as now.

Sir Geo. Why, what's the matter?

Bonc. O, I am worried to death by my wife and my children.

Mrs. B. Nay, brother, you shall judge if he hath reason to complain: he hath without my knowledge contracted a match between Mr. Valence's children and his own; and when the young people had united their affections, truly he hath, of his own wise head, broke it off again.

Bonc. You have appealed to a very wrong person now; my brother knows the whole affair.

Sir Geo. I know, brother! what do I know? if

you have broken off the children's match, you have done a very ill thing, let your reasons be what they will.

Bonc. How, brother! are you my enemy too?

Sir Geo. Can you imagine I will be your friend, brother, when you run rashly of your own head into schemes of consequence without consulting your wife—without taking the advice of her, your best friend, your best counsellor?

Mrs. B. True, dear brother.

Sir Geo. And then, when you have done so, and suffered a fine gentleman here to engage his precious affections, to fix his constant heart, which always dotes with the same ardour on the same beauteous object—

Young B. True, by heavens!

Sir Geo. And this little bud here to throw off the veil of her virgin modesty, and, all overspread with blushes and confusion, to tell an odious man she will have him, which nothing but her duty to you could ever extort from her.—

Miss B. True, dear uncle?

Sir Geo. Then, after all this, out of base worldly motives, such as should never enter into the thoughts of a good man—

Young B. Too true.

Sir Geo. To disappoint all their hopes, to ruin all their fair prospects of happiness—to throw your wife into all ill-humour.

Mrs. B. Monster!

Sir Geo. To make your son here distracted.

Young B. Unnatural father!

Sir Geo. To break your daughter's heart!

Miss B. Cruel! barbarous!

Bonc. Now, madam, wife, children, marry, do as you will—I oppose you no longer—a leaf may as well swim against a cataract—

Mrs. B. But why keep it a secret from me? why must not I be trusted with a secret?

Young B. And may I depend on my father's permission to be happy?

Bonc. Even as you please, sir—O—ay—madam, and you too, I will prevent you the trouble of speaking.

Young B. Come, dear girl, let us haste to make our friends happy with the news.

[*Exeunt Mrs. B., Young B., Miss B.*]

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, ha!

Bonc. You use me kindly, brother.

Sir Geo. How would you have me use you, brother? you must excuse me if I don't follow your example: you see an instance now, that by humouring these good people I have gained their affections—I mean their thanks; affections, indeed, they have none, but for themselves: but had I taken your part, and spoke my real sentiments, I had pulled an old house on my head; your wife would have abused me, your daughter have hated me, and your son have wished to send me out of the world.

Bonc. But is this consistent with your behaviour this afternoon, when I received your letter?

Sir Geo. Remember, brother, we were alone then; and at the worst I should only have opposed my judgment to yours; here I must have encountered a majority—a measure seldom attended with success. Well, but for your comfort, I have contrived a scheme to disappoint them all effectually.

Bonc. Brother, I thank you; but will it be a good-natured thing to disappoint them, poor things?

Sir Geo. Good-nature! damn the word; I hate it:—they say it is a word so peculiar to our language, that it can't be translated into any other.—Good-nature!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.—SCENE I.—VALENCE'S house.—*Enter VALENCE and YOUNG KENNEL.*

Val. Consider, young gentleman, the consequence of disobedience to a father; especially to so passionate a father as sir Gregory?

Young K. Don't talk to me of fathers! Parblieu! it is fine topsy-turvy work to travel first and go to school afterwards.

Val. Upon my word it would do some of our young travellers no harm.

Young K. That I, who am to inherit a fortune of five thousand pounds a-year, may not marry whom I please, but must have crammed down my throat some bread-pudding of a citizen's daughter, or scrag end of a woman of quality!

Val. You don't know whom sir Gregory may provide for you.

Young K. But I know whom he will not;—besides, I shall provide for myself.

Val. Consider first the sin of disobedience;—you know it is in his power to disinherit you.

Young K. No, indeed, don't I, nor he neither, that's better:—plague! if he could do that, I believe I should be a little civiler to him. No, no, that's out of his power, I assure you; my tutor let me into that secret a great while ago.

[*Enter Miss VALENCE.*]

Val. Oh, here comes my daughter according to my orders; now, if he had not unluckily seen this wench at the play— [Aside.]

Miss V. Did you send for me, sir?

Val. I send for you! no; but come hither.

Young K. Ha! parblieu! 'tis she—'tis the very same.

Miss V. What coxcomb is this? [Aside.]

Young K. This is the most lucky adventure that hath happened in all my travels.

Val. You stare at my daughter as if you had seen her before.

Young K. As certain as I have seen the king of France;—but, sir, is this lady your daughter?

Val. She is, sir; I have only one other child.

Young K. Then I believe, sir, you are father to an angel; you know, sir, I told you I saw a lady at the play, and for whom I would be disobedient to all the fathers in the universe.

Val. I protest sir, you surprise me.

Miss V. Sir, may I go?

Val. Ay, ay, child:—go—go. [Exit Miss VAL.]

Young K. Sir—madam, can you be so barbarous?

Val. Sir Gregory will be back in a minute. I would not have him know anything of this for the world: he would run me through the body, though I am innocent.

Young K. Never fear him, I will defend you. Let me see her once more.

Val. You shall see her again; but have patience: if you will get your father away, and return back by yourself, you shall see her once to take your leave of her, for you must not disobey your father. But are you certain he can't disinherit you? that is, that he is only tenant for life?

Young K. I don't know whether he is tenant for life or for death; but I know that my tutor, and several lawyers too, have told me he could not keep me out of one acre.

Val. But you are sure you had it from good law—

Young K. Ay, as any in the kingdom.

Val. Well, I am glad of it; 'tis a terrible thing for a man to disinherit his children:—don't be undutiful, unless you can't help it; and if you can't help it, why it is not your fault; but hush, here's sir Gregory.

Enter SIR GREGORY.

Sir Greg. Well, have you brought him to it? Will he be a good boy, and marry a woman of quality, or no?

Val. I have said all that I can say, sir Gregory, and upon my word he is rather too hard for me; I would have you consider a little, sir: it is only whether he shall choose a wife for himself or not:—consider, sir Gregory, he is to live with her, not you.

Young K. Ay, I am to live with her, not you.

Sir Greg. That's not true, Mr. Valence; I intend both he and she shall live with me; they shall down to Dirty Park next week, and there they shall remain.

Young K. I'll be cursed though, if we do.

Val. That very argument makes against you; for if he should have fixed on a private gentlewoman, and that you don't know but he hath, she may go down to Dirty Park; but a woman of quality—why, Sir Gregory, she'd fetch Dirty Park up hither, and convert a thousand of your acres into half-a-rood in Grosvenor-square.

Young K. Ay, into half a rood in Grosvenor-square.

Sir Greg. Would she? let me see her there once, I'll answer for her; why, Mr. Valence, I'll tell you what I did myself. I married this boy's mother in this town; she was a woman of fashion, a well-bred woman; though I had but a small fortune with her, but twenty thousand pounds.—I married her for love; well, the next morning, down trundled her and I to Dirty Park, and when I had her there, ecod, I kept her there; and whenever she asked to go to London, my answer was, that, as I hated the town myself, she had better stay till she had a daughter old enough to be her companion.

Val. But she was not a woman of quality, sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. No, not quite your tip-top of all, not one of your duchesses, nor your countesses, but her father was a squire, and that's quality enough.

Val. Now you talk like a reasonable man.

Young K. Ay, faith, that's something like a christian.

Sir Greg. Why, you rogue, do you make a heathen of me? why, did I ever talk otherwise?

Val. Nay, do not be captious, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Captious! ha, ha, ha! Why, do you think I am angry with the boy for his wit? No, no, let him be as sharp as he will, I always encourage his wit: that is the chief thing he learnt in his travels.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir George Boncour, sir.

Sir Greg. But come, Mr. Valence, let's go and crack one bottle together.

Val. Show him up. [*Exit Servant.*] Excuse me, Sir Gregory, I have business.

Sir Greg. Well, come Greg., you shan't flinch. Ah, Mr. Valence, I assure you the rogue is as true an Englishman at his glass as ever. [*Exit.*]

Young K. I shall give him the slip, and be back again as soon as I can.

Sir Greg. (*within*) Why, Greg.! Greg.!

Young K. Coming! Pardie! he halloos at me as if I was a whipper-in. [*Exit.*]

Val. This was beyond my hope, beyond my expectation; I despair not of sir Gregory's consent—but if not, as long as he can't cut off the entail—

Enter SIR GEORGE BONCOUR.

Sir Geo. Your servant, Mr. Valence.

Val. Most noble sir George, I have not had the

honour of seeing you a great while. I suppose he is come to make up the match; but 'tis too late. [*Aside.*]

Sir Geo. I am sorry, sir, for the occasion of waiting on you now, and so will you too; I know you will: though, perhaps, it will give you an opportunity of exerting your friendship; that may be some alleviation. In short, my brother is undone.

Val. How?

Sir Geo. Unless one can raise ten thousand pounds within an hour, an execution will be in his house.

Val. An execution in his house for ten thousand pounds! what! a man of his estate?

Sir Geo. Estate! what estate could stand out against the prodigality of his children? besides, between you and me, with all his prudence, he has been dabbling in the funds, that bottomless pit that swallows up any fortune. Estate!—ah, all mortgaged, all eat out; it matters not to tell it, for within these two days the whole town must know he is not worth a groat.

Val. I am very sorry for it, upon my word; I am shocked to the last degree; poor gentleman! my neighbour, my acquaintance, my friend!

Sir Geo. Do not let it grieve you too much.

Val. Why do you ask impossibilities? do you think me more than man, or that my heart is stone? is flint? Oh, my good sir George, you know not how tenderly I feel the misfortunes of others—of my friends especially, and of him my best of friends; I am too tender-hearted for a man.

Sir Geo. I know your goodness, your excessive goodness, and therefore, contrary to the express charge, that of all men you should know nothing of the matter—

Val. I am obliged to him—I know the reason of that, but I find you don't. [*Aside.*]

Sir Geo. I say, contrary to his express injunction, I acquaint you with his misfortunes; since I know you are both able and willing to save him from disgrace: a mere trifle will do it, though nothing but money will do.

Val. Money! why does not he sell? why does he not mortgage? there is an estate of his contiguous to mine: I have a value for it, as it is his; and rather than it shall go to a stranger, I will borrow the money to purchase it. Men in distress always sell pennyworths. [*Aside.*]

Sir Geo. Damned rascal! [*Aside*] Well, I'll tell him what you say.

Val. Pray do. Your humble servant, and pray, if that estate be sold, let me have the refusal of it. [*Exit SIR GEO.*] Mercy on me! where can one find an honest man? that ever he should lay such a plot of intermarriage between our families, when he knew himself undone! how wary ought a man to be in each moment of his life, when every fool is a politician, and capable of laying schemes to attack him.

Enter YOUNG VALENCE.

Young V. O, sir, I have news which I am sure will please you! Mr. Boncour hath consented to your terms, so there is now no impediment to the union of our families.

Val. Indeed, there is an impediment which will never be got over; in short, I have news for you, which I am afraid will not please you. Mr. Boncour is undone.

Young V. Undone, sir!

Val. Not worth a groat.

Young V. How! is it possible?

Val. Indeed, sir, I don't know by what means men ruin themselves; we see men's fortunes ruined, and others made ever day, no one knows how; it is

sufficient I am certain that it is so; and I expect you will have no more thought of his daughter.

Young V. Truly, sir, I am not very ambitious of marrying a beggar.

Val. You have none of my blood in you if you are; and, take my word for it, there are in marriage many comfortable hours when a man wants not the assistance of beggary to make him hang himself.

Young V. Sir, it was in obedience to your commands that I thought of the match at all.

Val. And it is, sir, in obedience to my commands, that I expect you to break it off. [civility.]

Young V. I hope you'll give me leave to do it with

Val. O! with as much civility as you please, sir; when you are obliged by prudence to do what the world call an ill thing, always do it with civility.

Young V. Sir, I shall obey you in all things.

Val. Send your sister to me in my closet. I must give her a lesson of the same kind.

Young V. She will, I am confident, receive it with the same regard. [Exit YOUNG VALENCE.]

Val. I have no reason to doubt it; thanks to my severity: for by continually thwarting my children's desires I made their inclinations so useless to them, that at length they seemed to have none at all, but to be entirely guided by my will. Severity is, in short, the whole duty of a parent. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—BONCOUR'S house.—Enter YOUNG BONCOUR and MISS BONCOUR.

Miss B. La, brother, you are always teasing me with your odious questions: what condition is my heart in? what condition is your own in? we seem to be very much in the same circumstances.

Young B. I confess and glory in it. I wonder why the devil women should have more reserve than men.

Miss B. O, don't be angry with us on that account; we have not a bit more than is useful to us; and really it seems well enough contrived to keep your whimsical affections alive, which seldom pursue us longer than you have difficulties thrown in your way.

Young B. As you have had no experience, sister, you must have heard this from others; and believe me, child, they told thee those frightful stories, and made bugbears of men, merely to deter thee from marrying, that's all: they only frighten thee, as they do children, with apparitions.

Miss B. It is preposterous though to frighten us in order to make us desire to lie alone.

Young B. Well, you don't know but I am an exception to your first rule, if it be general. [Miss BONCOUR sighs.] Why that sigh?

Miss B. I wish there may be another.

Young B. I am convinced you will find another in my friend Valence.

Miss B. It is my interest to hope so, since you have contrived among you to marry me to him.

Young B. All compliance! you have no affection for him, then?

Miss B. Shall I tell you the truth, brother?

Young B. I would not put you to too violent pain, sister; but if, without great danger of your life, it might come out—

Miss B. Why then, I do love him, and shall love him to all eternity.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, Mr. Valence to wait on you.

Miss B. Show him into the parlour, I'll come to him. [Exit Servant.] Brother, you will keep my secret; at least don't tell him till a day or two after I am married, and perhaps I may be beforehand with you. [Exit MISS BONCOUR.]

Young B. Get you gone for a good-natured girl: he is a rascal who would not make you happy, and be so himself with you.

Re-enter Servant with a letter.

Serv. Mr. Valence's man, sir, delivered me this. [Exit.]

Young B. Ha! I know the dear hand.—[Reads.] "Sir, I am sorry to inform you that I have this moment orders from my father to"—Ha! confusion!—"to see you no more: you will best know on this occasion how to act for the sake of your unhappy Sophia Valence!" My blood runs cold; I'll fly to her and know the reason of this change of my fortune. Poor girl! she wants a comforter as much as myself. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—Another apartment in BONCOUR'S house.—Enter YOUNG VALENCE and MISS BONCOUR.

Young V. How sudden are the changes in this world, how vain our pursuits! an hour ago I was the happiest of mankind, and am now the most miserable.

Miss B. This is nothing but some scruple started between the old gentlemen, which will be settled again: this be assured of, while your happiness is in my power, you shall never be miserable.

Young V. Yet consider, madam, consider my condition; I, who, if I was possessed of all my father's fortune, should be an unworthy offering to your beauty—with what assurance can I throw a disinherited son at your feet?

Miss B. Fathers often threaten what they never perform: but let yours be ever so obstinate, I know my father's good nature to be such that he will settle a fortune on us that will enable us to live at our ease, if not in splendour.

Young V. O! my dearest love, I fear there are no hopes from that quarter; for the reason of my father's breaking off the match was an account he just received from undoubted authority, that your father is irretrievably ruined and is not worth a shilling in the world.

Miss B. Good heavens! what do I hear?

Young V. 'Tis but too true; and 'tis with the utmost reluctance I come the fatal messenger of such unwelcome tidings! oh, that I were but master of the fortune I am entitled to, that I might prove the sincerity of my passion—that I might show my sole object was the possession of your lovely self, without any sordid views of fortune.

Miss B. Then all the flattering prospect of happiness I had before me is vanished in an instant.

Young V. Why so, my angel? if the change of fortune makes no change in our love, we may still be happy. [passion?]

Miss B. Happy! what, by indulging a hopeless

Young V. Why hopeless? It is in our power instantly to realize its joys: curse on all those who conspired to fetter love with any chains to make it subservient to the gain of lawyers and priests! cannot we trust to the ties of nature and our own affections? Is not this dear hand security enough for your heart without a more formal union? O, melting softness. Ha! by my hopes she dissolves. I'll carry her now. [Aside.]—O my paradise, this hour, this minute, this instant—

Miss B. What do you mean?

Young V. Need I tell you my meaning? or can words do it? O no, my soul, my angel!

Miss B. Sure I am in a dream! pray, who are you, sir?

Young V. You are in a dream, indeed; do not you know your Valence? [me thus.]

Miss B. My Valence! no, he never would use

Young V. Does the excess of my passion offend you, which, inflamed by disappointment, will admit of no delay? I here plight my solemn vow, and call Heaven to witness that you are my wife, and at my father's death—

Miss B. Begone, villain, and never see me more.
[Exit.]

Young B. This I might expect on the first proposal; but her distress and my perseverance must in time prevail.
[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*Another apartment in BONCOUR'S House.—Enter BONCOUR and SIR GEORGE.*

Sir Geo. Your ruin will go round the town before night: by six all the good women will order their horses, to blame your conduct and pity your family in every assembly and private company they meet with.

Bonc. So you think I shall have no more difficulty to prevent the match?

Sir Geo. I do, indeed; and hope you will reap more advantage than that from it.

Bonc. What, pray?

Sir Geo. Be cured of your distemper—your good nature. Have you not obliged almost every one of your acquaintance? Have you not lent money without security? Have you not always been inclined to speak well of mankind, and blamed nothing but the most notorious villany? Have not your doors been open as those of an hospital to the sustenance of the poor? nay, have you not taken them from a prison and brought them to your table? Are there not many rich men who owe the original of their wealth to your bounty; and yet, if after all that you have done, should you not be able to borrow five pounds in the town, would it not cure you?

Bonc. Why should I be sorry that I have been good, because others are evil? if I have acted right I have done well, though alone; if wrong, the sanction of all mankind would not justify my conduct.

Sir Geo. I tell you, sir, you have not acted right: you have acted very wrong in doing kindness to a parcel of rogues and rascals, who with the tenth part of your understanding have called you fool for serving them; have privately laughed at you in your prosperity, and will publicly despise you in your adversity—a good-natured man! O! 'tis a precious character.

Bonc. Ha, ha, ha! brother, you yourself are a good-natured man, and don't know it.

Sir Geo. Why, truly, I have been guilty of some infirmities of that kind, for which I am heartily sorry. I have told a man he deserved to be hanged, when he ought to have been broke on the wheel; and sometimes I pay my tradesmen's bills in half a year without deduction, when the rascals would gain three per cent. if I paid them in a twelvemonth: I have refused going to law with a man for a debt, only because I knew he could not pay the charges: I have shaken a rogue by the hand, only because it was the fashion; and have expressed abundance of sorrow for the misfortunes of my acquaintance when they have not given me the least uneasiness. Yes I think, in the main, I am too good-natured, truly.

Bonc. Well, sir George, let the effects this scheme of yours produces upon my children be the test of our principles.

Sir Geo. Content.

Enter YOUNG BONCOUR.

Young B. My father! oh, sir, I have heard such news! heaven forbid there should be the least shadow or colour of truth in it.

Sir Geo. Why, sure, sir, it can't surprise you to hear your father is ruined, when you have been en-

deavouring by a long course of extravagance to bring it about!

Young B. Sir, I can ill bear jesting on this subject: if the indulgence of my father has allowed the inadvertency of my youth to bring this misfortune on him, the agonies of all my future days will not sufficiently punish me for it.

Bonc. Do you hear that, brother?

Sir Geo. I would not have you take it so much to heart neither, since your own ruin will not be absolutely included in your father; you have a certain reversion of the estate, by the marriage settlement, upon which you may still raise money for your own subsistence; and I do not suppose you mad enough to give up your right to that, in order to enable your father to preserve himself, by cutting off the entail.

Young B. How! is it in my power to preserve him?

Sir Geo. Yes, in that way you may, but in no other.

Young B. Send for a lawyer this moment: let him point out the method: if there were no other way my blood should sign the deed. O, my father, believe me I am blessed to give you this trifling instance of my duty, of my affection!

Bonc. My child! O, brother, I can scarce support it.

Young B. I'll this instant to my lawyer; I am impatient till it be done: justice, gratitude, duty to the best of fathers, will not let me rest till it is accomplished.
[Exit.]

Bonc. Well, sir George, what think you now?

Sir Geo. Think! why I think he has smelt out the trick, and has artfully contrived this cheap method of appearing meritorious in your eyes.

Bonc. Oh, brother, that is too severe a censure; the feeling that he showed, the warmth, the earnestness with which he expressed himself, could never be assumed by one not accustomed to dissemble.

Sir Geo. Well, if that be the case, all I can say is, that you have damned good luck in having a son whose natural disposition was so good that all the pains you have taken have not been able to spoil him entirely; but who have we here?

Enter SIR GREGORY.

Sir Greg. [Entering.] Pshaw! at home indeed! plague on thee, dost think I want to ask whether a man's at home when I see him at the window? neighbour Boncour, how fares it?—what, sir George!

Bonc. Is it possible! Sir Gregory Kennel in town.

Sir Greg. That question hath been asked by every one I have seen since I have been here: why should it not be as possible for us country gentlemen to come to town as for you town gentlemen to come into the country? I don't know whether you are glad to see us here, but we should be glad to see some of you there a little oftener.

Bonc. I hope you left all well there, sir Gregory?

Sir Greg. Yes; I left the tenants very well; and they give their humble service to you; would be very glad of your company to spend a little of your money amongst them.

Bonc. But how does your family, sir Gregory? how does my godson do?

Sir Greg. Why, the squire is very well; I was bringing him to see you; but I taught un to travel, I think, and so ecod, at the corner of one of the streets, he travelled off, and left me in the lurch: you have no need to be ashamed of your godson, I can tell you; he is a fine gentleman: I suppose you have heard he has made the tour of Europe, as he

Bonc. Not I, truly.
[calls it?]

Sir Greg. But, pray, sir George, what do you think is my business in town?

Sir Geo. Faith, I can't tell—To sell oxen I suppose.

Sir Greg. No; not that entirely; though I have some cattle with me too.—Pray guess again.

Sir Geo. To see my lord mayor's show, perhaps.

Sir Greg. No, no; I don't love shows. Well then, since you can't tell, I'll tell you; to get a good wife for my son; for though the boy hath seen all Europe, till a man hath married his son, he han't discharged his duty—then he hath done all in his power.

Sir Geo. Ay, ay, his wife will do the rest.

Enter Miss Boncour.

Miss B. Sir, when you are at leisure I shall be happy to speak with you.

Bonc. Presently, my dear.—Sir Gregory Kennel—a very old friend of mine.—My daughter, sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. A brave lass, faith! by your leave, madam; why that's well; you are in the right not to be shy to me, for I have had you in my arms before now.

Bonc. And her brother too, sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Ay, so I have, and truly, for the matter we were talking of, since I see what I see, I don't care for going any farther. What say you, neighbour Boncour? you know my estate, and I know yours: you have seen my son, and I see your daughter: what say you to a match between them?

Bonc. My daughter, sir Gregory, will be the properest person to ask.

Sir Greg. Not at all; what signifies asking a person a question, when you know beforehand what will be the answer; especially when you know that answer to be a false one. No, no, the boy shall ask her, and then they will lie to one another; for if she swears she does not love him, he'll swear he'll love her for ever, and that is as good a one.

Bonc. Sir Gregory, I am sensible of the honour you propose me, but shall neither force nor oppose her inclination.

Miss B. I find he hath not heard our story. [*Aside.*]

Sir Greg. Well, my little gilliflower, since I am to ask thee, what would it say to a hearty, healthy, good-humoured young dog, that would love thee till thy heart ached.

Miss B. Sir; I don't understand you.

Sir Greg. O lud! there is a—

Miss B. Hold, sir! no rudeness; when I am properly asked I shall know how to answer. [*Exit.*]

Sir Greg. That is, when she is asked by the young fellow; that, I suppose, is properly asked.

Sir Geo. 'Tis an alliance on no account to be lost. Well, sir Gregory, I hope my niece gave you a satisfactory answer.

Sir Greg. The same answer that a lawyer or physician could give who were attacked without a fee.

Sir Geo. What's that?

Sir Greg. That they were not properly asked; but here will be the proper person himself presently—he who knows where to find me.

Bonc. In the mean time, sir Gregory, what say you to a bottle of Burgundy?

Sir Greg. I shall like a bottle of anything very well, for I have not drank a single drop this whole

Bonc. I am ready to wait on you. [*hour.*]

Sir Greg. Wait on me! prithee get out and show me the way; a plague of ceremony. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.—SCENE I.—A room in VALENCE'S house.

—Enter YOUNG BONCOUR and MISS VALENCE.

Miss V. And so you have promised to resign your right of inheritance in the estate to your father?

Young B. I have, madam.

Miss V. Then you have done like a fool, and deserve to be pointed at as such.

Young B. How, madam? would you have me insensibly and quietly sit down and see my father ruined? [*prospect of a fortune.*]

Miss V. Ay, fifty fathers rather than part with my

Young B. Does this agree with those professions of filial duty I have heard from Miss Valence?

Miss V. Professed! ha, ha, ha! to my father! when I never dared to do otherwise. I may rather say this foolish generosity is little of a piece with your frequent professions of disobedience.

Young B. Well, no more of this, dear Sophia. Tell me when you will make me happy?

Miss V. I don't know what you mean.

Young B. How!

Miss V. Sure you can't imagine, when you parted with the right of your estate, but that you parted with your right to your mistress. Do you think I would do so imprudent a thing as marry a beggar?

Young B. Did you not tell me to-day, nay scarce an hour ago, that neither the misfortunes of my father, nor the commands of your own, should prevent our happiness?

Miss V. Nor do they. 'Tis your own folly you are to thank; a folly which, had you loved me, you could not have been guilty of.—Besides, I did not know then that I had a lover at my command. [*Aside.*]

Young B. Sure my eyes or my ears deceive me! these words cannot come from the generous Miss Valence.

Miss V. Indeed, I am as generous as a prudent woman ought to be, or ever will be; I hope you do not expect me to have the romantic ideas of a girl of fifteen, to dream of woods and deserts; you would not have me live in a cottage on love?

Young B. I find I have been in an error; the grossest, wildest, and most monstrous of errors: I have thought a woman faithful, just, and generous.

Miss V. Why truly, that is a mistake, something extraordinary in so great a man; but if you have anything of importance, I beg you would communicate it, for my mantua-maker waits for me in the next room, and I expect a lady every moment to carry me into the city, where I am to give her my judgment on a fan-mount. So, Mr. Boncour, you will excuse me at present, and do me the favour to give my compliments to your sister. [*Exit.*]

Young B. [*Stands some time silent.*] I have been deceived with a vengeance! Thou art indeed another creature than the object of my affection was. Where is she then? why, nowhere. This is the real creature, and the object of my love was the phantom. Vanish then, my love, with that; for how can a building stand when the foundation is gone! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Enter YOUNG VALENCE and MISS VALENCE (*laughing*).

Miss V. I assure you, brother, I take it ill of you to overhear my privacies.

Young V. Nay, never be ashamed of your merit. I shall esteem you always for your resolution; I own I scarce believed any woman could so easily have resigned her lover.

Miss V. O, 'tis a terrible thing for a woman to resign her lover, when she is under fifteen or above fifty; that is, for a girl to part with what she calls her first love, or an old woman with what she fears will be her last. But at one-and-twenty, when one has seen a little of the world, the changing of one lover for another is as easy as changing one's clothes.

Young V. Well, since you are so frank with me, I'll be as communicative with you. My passion for Miss Boncour is a little more ungovernable than yours for her brother; and, since it is inconvenient to have her for a wife, I have determined to have her for a mistress.

Miss V. And do you think you shall be able to accomplish your point?

Young V. Yes, and you will think so too, I believe, when you know all. In short, I attacked her this very morning, depreciated marriage with violence, and pressed her with all the eagerness of a man whose appetites were too impatient to endure the tedious ceremony of saying grace before he satisfies them.

Miss V. And how did she receive you?

Young V. Much better than I expected. However, at last she rallied her spirits, and with some passion commanded me to leave her. I was scarce at home before I received this letter.

Miss V. Any letter after such a proposal was an acceptance of it. [*Reads.*]

"As you cannot wonder at my being a little surprised at what passed this morning between us, you will easily be able to account for my behaviour on that occasion. If you desire me to say I am sorry for so peremptorily putting an end to your visit, you may think I have said so. However, I desire to see you this evening punctually at eight, and that you would, if possible, avoid being seen by any of the family, but yours."

Young V. What are you considering about?

Miss V. Only whether it is her hand.

Young V. That I am sure it is.

Miss V. Then I am sure you have nothing to do but to keep your appointment.

Enter VALENCE and YOUNG KENNEL.

Val. Since you are so very desirous, sir, to see my daughter, I don't see how I can refuse the son of my good friend sir Gregory; refusing indeed is not my talent—I own I cannot guess what earnest business you can have with her.

Young K. Upon my honour, sir, it is not of any disservice to the young lady; nay, I believe I may trust you with it.

Val. No, no, no; I will be trusted with nothing.—I see nothing, I hear nothing, I know nothing. But pray, young gentleman, are you sure now (I only ask for an impertinent curiosity)—are you sure that sir Gregory can't cut off the entail of his estate?

Young K. Why, if you won't believe me, you may ask the lawyers that my tutor consulted about it.

Val. Nay, nay, it is nothing to me, it is no business of mine. O, here is my daughter. Child, Mr. Kennel, eldest son of sir Gregory Kennel, desires me to introduce him to your acquaintance.—(*They salute.*)—Well, Mr. Kennel, you must pardon me, I must leave you on business of consequence. Son, you must come along with me: I ask pardon for only leaving my daughter to keep you company.

Young V. Sir, I wait on you.

[*Exit VALENCE and YOUNG VALENCE.*]

Young K. Pray, madam, was you ever at Paris?

Miss V. No, sir, I have never been out of my own country.

Young K. That is a great misfortune to you, madam; for I would not give a fig for anything that had not made the tour of Europe.

Miss V. I thought, sir, travelling had been a necessary qualification only to you gentlemen. I need not ask, sir, if you have been at Paris.

Young K. No, I hope not, madam; I hope no one will imagine these clothes to be the handiwork of any English tailor: Paris, indeed! why, madam, I have made the tour of Europe.

Miss V. Upon my word, this is extraordinary in

one so young; I suppose, sir, you went abroad very soon after you left school.

Young K. School! ha, ha, ha! why, madam, I was never at school at all; I lived with the old witch my grandmother till I was seventeen, and then my father stole me away from her, and sent me abroad, where I wish I had staid for ever; for, ah! madam!—

Miss V. Now he begins (he is just what I would choose for a husband). [*Aside.*]

Young K. Can you not read in my eyes that I have lost my heart? [*Monsieur?*]

Miss V. Avez-vous donc laissé votre cœur à Paris,

Young K. What the devil is that, madam?

Miss V. Don't you understand French, sir?

Young K. Not a syllable, upon my soul, except an oath or two. [*heart at Paris.*]

Miss V. I suppose, I say, sir, you have left your

Young K. No, madam, you cannot suppose that; you saw, you must have seen at the play, in what corner of the world my heart was.

Miss V. I have no time to play the coquette.— [*Aside.*] Heigh-ho! [*Sighs.*]

Young K. Ha! Sure that sigh betokens pity.

Miss V. How do you know you want it? Have you declared your passion?

Young K. Not unless my eyes have done it.

Miss V. Perhaps she who hath your heart may have returned you her own.

Young K. That would make me happier than the king of France, the doge of Venice, or any prince I have ever seen: but if she hath, sure you must know it, and it is in your power—

Miss V. I, sir!—O, bless me!—My power!—What have you said?

Young K. O, take pity of the most unhappy man that ever was at Versailles.

Miss V. I am so frightened, so confounded.—Could I have imagined that I had made this impression on your heart—

Young K. No, madam! no, no, no, not you, the other lady that was with you.

Miss V. How, sir!

Young K. I am only soliciting you to let me know where I may find that dear, adorable, divine creature, who was with you at the play the night before last; I lost you both in the crowd by a cursed accident, and by the most fortunate one have met with you once again to direct me to my love.

Miss V. Unheard-of impudence!—and am I to be a go-between?

Young K. Can you refuse me?

Miss V. Refuse you! Go, oaf! Go, find your slut, your trollop, your beggar—for so she is.

Young K. Were she the meanest beggar upon earth, could I find her, I should be happy.

Miss V. I could tear my fan—my hair—my flesh. I'll to my closet, and vent myself in private. [*Exit.*]

Young K. Heyday! what can have put the woman in such a passion? But though she won't tell me, now I have found her out, I shall surely find out her acquaintance; I will watch her closely, for I will discover my angel, though I make the tour of the whole world after her. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—BONCOUR's apartment.—*Enter BONCOUR and MRS. BONCOUR.*

Mrs. B. But why kept a secret from me? why am I not worthy to know secrets?

Bonc. I have given you what should be a satisfactory reason.—I had promised not to tell it you.

Mrs. B. No, to be sure! A wife is not a proper person to be trusted with anything.

Bonc. You have no reason to arraign my want of confidence in you.

Mrs. B. Well then, do tell me the reason why you keep this a secret from me?

Bonc. That would be to have no confidence in myself. Come, my dear, leave this vain solicitation; you know I seldom resolve to contradict you in anything: but when I do I have never been wheedled, or cried, or bullied out of my resolution.

Mrs. B. What can I think of this?

Bonc. Why, you are to think that you owe my condescension to my tenderness, and not my folly. Pray, my dear, lay aside this caprice of temper, which may work your own misery, but shall not mine; my gratitude to you will prevent my contributing to your uneasiness, but shall never make the quiet of my own life dependant on any other.

Mrs. B. It is a pretty compliment truly, to assure me that your happiness does not depend on me.

Bonc. I scorn to compliment you, nor did I ever speak to you but from my heart. I challenge you in any one instance of my whole course of behaviour to blame my conduct, unless you join the world and condemn me for too much easiness of disposition; but I must leave you a little while.

Mrs. B. But I desire you will not leave me.

Bonc. I am obliged, I am guilty of rudeness every moment I stay. I assure you it is regard to decency only, and not to pleasure, calls me from you.

Mrs. B. Why will you go then?

Bonc. Because I will always do what I think right, without regard to my own pleasure, or that of others.

Mrs. B. You shall stay.

Bonc. I will not.

Mrs. B. I will come and disturb your company.

Bonc. You would make me miserable if you did, by forcing me to the last of evils.

Mrs. B. What is that, pray?

Bonc. That of using violence to you. [Exit.

Mrs. B. What does the man mean? he never uttered anything like this before! I must turn over a new leaf, and exert more spirit than I have lately done. I will go this instant and break up his company. But suppose he should use violence; he seemed very resolute. Ha! I will not provoke him so far; but the secret I will hear, or—he shall never sleep again, that I am resolved. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*Another room in BONCOUR's house.*
—SIR GEORGE, SIR GREGORY, and MR. BONCOUR discovered drinking.

Sir Geo. Sir Gregory, it is your glass.

Sir Greg. Well, and it shall be my glass then.—Here's success to the war; and I hope we shall shortly have French pointers in England as plenty as curs.

Sir Geo. Well said, sir Gregory, spoke like a true Englishman.

Sir Greg. Ay, like an Englishman that will drink as long as he can stand, for the good of his country.—Odso, here comes my son.

Enter YOUNG KENNEL.

Bonc. Sir George, this is young Mr. Kennel.

[*They salute.*]

Sir Geo. Is this your son, sir Gregory?

Sir Greg. Ay, I think so.

Sir Geo. A hopeful youth, truly. [*Aside.*]

Sir Greg. So, rascal, how have you the assurance to look me in the face? how have you the impudence to come into my presence, sirrah, after running away from me. [from me.]

Young K. Nay, if you come to that, you ran away

Sir Greg. That's a lie, and would be a pretty story if it was true, to be outwalked by your father.

Young K. Hold there, not so fast, sir; I don't allow you can outwalk me neither.

Sir Greg. Don't you? why then I will see whether I can outdrink you—I believe I can do that yet. Mr. Boncour, let us have a quart glass, for the rascal shall start fair, we won't give him a bottle scope.

Young K. A quart glass! Why, sir, you don't intend to make me drunk?

Sir Greg. Yes I do, sir; but I hope a quart won't do it: you are not such a milksop as that. Harkee, sirrah, it is all over; I have done your business for you. This gentleman and I have agreed that he shall be your father-in-law—so nothing remains but for you to see the wench, marry, and to bed, and then down to Dirty Park. [am engaged.]

Young K. Two words to that bargain, sir, for I

Bonc. Nay, sir Gregory, then—

Enter YOUNG BONCOUR, and takes his father aside.

Young B. Sir, I have something to say to you in private from my sister.

Sir Greg. You are engaged!

Young K. Even so, sir.

Sir Greg. Why then, sir, my estate is engaged too; I will disinherit you, sirrah: I won't leave you money enough to pay the tailor for such another fool's cover as you have on now.

Young K. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Greg. Do you laugh at me, you dog?

Young K. Only at your disinheriting me. My tutor has let me into that secret!

Sir Greg. O, ho, he has! I will thank him for that the first time I see him: and in the mean time, sirrah, do as I would have you, or—[Lifts up his stick.]

Sir Geo. Why, sir Gregory, do you think this is the way to prevail with your son? It may be a knock-down argument, I grant you; but I am much mistaken if it will ever prove a convincing one.

Young K. If he could disinherit me, as I know he can't, I will never marry unless it be the woman I love. Nay, don't shake your stick about. I know a little of quarterstaff as well as you.

Sir Greg. Sirrah! I'll—I'll—

Sir Geo. It is almost a pity to hinder these two loggerheads from falling foul of one another.

Bonc. Gentlemen, I must beg to be excused one moment—I will return to you instantly. Sir George, I wish you would bring the company after us; I have a particular reason for it.

[Exit BONCOUR and YOUNG BONCOUR.]

Sir Geo. (To SIR GREGORY.) Come, sir Gregory, be pacified; you had best try by gentler methods to bring the young gentleman to reason.

Sir Greg. I'll bring him by a good cudgel—that's my reason. Odsbodikins! I have sent him a travelling to a fine purpose, truly, to learn to despise his father! [gentleman.]

Young K. You have hit it at last, my good old

Sir Geo. Come, sir Gregory, we will, if you please, adjourn for a few minutes; you have not seen the house—here are some pictures worth your seeing.

Sir Greg. Why, I like to see pictures well enough, if they are handsome ones.

Young K. They may do well enough for you; but I am convinced they must be sad trash to a man that has seen Italy. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—*Another apartment.*—YOUNG VALENCE and MISS BONCOUR.

Young V. I will outwit my father; I will plunder him of everything he has, to keep you in affluence equal to your desire.

Miss B. And do you intend literally to make me your mistress?

Young V. I intend to make you happy, and myself with you. Be assured, if love, if wealth, can make you happy, thou shalt be so.

Miss B. No; there is something in that word mistress which I don't like.

Young V. A groundless prejudice. Cannot we join ourselves without the leave or assistance of a priest? Are we more capable of transferring raptures to each other's bosoms by a few cant words which he pronounces? Where is the difference, then, of our being one another's, with marriage or without it?

Miss B. Yes, as to me, it differs a little.

Young V. How, my dearest creature?

Miss B. I shall be infamous this way, that's all.

Young V. A false opinion of the world, unworthy your regard. Our happiness is precarious indeed, if it is to be blown up and down by the inconstant changeable breath of mankind.

Miss B. It seems strange to me, however, that a man would make the creature he loves infamous. Could I ever have thought I should have brought infamy on myself by that tender passion for you, which I now frankly own? Can you endeavour to make use of the sincerest, honestest, and tenderest affection, to the ruin of her who bears it to you? I need not tell you how willingly I would have sacrificed my all—how eagerly I would have done or suffered anything for you; and would you sacrifice my eternal guilt, my spotless fame, my unguarded innocence, to the satisfaction of an appetite which every common prostitute may serve?

Young V. Every moment I see you, every word you utter, adds new fuel to my flame.

Miss B. Think of the injury you do me, and the least drop of humanity will cool the hottest passion.

Young V. Think of the bliss I am to enjoy.

Miss B. And would you enjoy it to my ruin? Oh, consider those tedious miserable hours which I must suffer for the momentary bliss you will possess! Behold me abandoned by my father, deserted by my relations, denied by my acquaintance, shunned, slighted, scorned by all the world! See me in the horrors of this state, and think 'twas you who brought me to it; 'twas you who plunged me into this scene of misery—that creature who would not, to have gained the treasures of the world, have done an act to destroy your quiet. Consider this, and answer me, could you enjoy any happiness at the price of my eternal ruin?

Young V. Oh, can you ask it? Let us not think beyond the present moment.

Miss B. Hold! thou lowest, meanest, and most abject villain! Think not this trial was made to recover your love. Oh, no! this morning I saw—I despised the baseness of your heart, and bore your hated presence those few moments but to expose you. Open the door.

Young V. Ha! damnation!

Enter BONCOUR, VALENCE, and the rest.

Val. Oh, monstrous! Nothing but my own ears could have made me give credit to it. You will outwit your father, sir! Your father will outwit you of every farthing, I can tell you. I'll disinherit you this afternoon, and turn you out like a vagabond as you are.

Young V. Death and despair! I'm ruined for ever. *[Exit.]*

Val. Not one penny, not one single farthing shall he ever have of mine.

Bonc. My daughter, my dear child! as much now the object of my admiration as this morning of my love.

Miss B. Thou best of men, it shall be the business of my future days to be your comfort only.

Enter SIR GEORGE, SIR GREGORY, and YOUNG KENNEL.

Sir Greg. You are a civil man, indeed, neighbour, to have one in your own house! What, do you grudge your wine?

Bonc. You'll pardon me, sir Gregory, I had a little business; besides, I am not able to drink, and my brother there is your match.

Sir Greg. As to the business, that's a lie, I believe; and if you can't drink what a plague are you good for? But come, is this my god-daughter? Here, sirrah, where are you? this is the lady you are to have. Come, let one see you fall to making love: let us see a little of the fruits of your travels.

Young K. Sir, I am so surprised! nor know I whether to thank you or fortune.

Sir Greg. I know you had rather thank anybody than your father, you rascal; but this is the lady whom I found out for you, you dog.

Young K. And this is the lady for whom alone I refused to be obedient, not knowing who your choice was.

Val. Ha! what's that, what's that?

Miss B. With your leave I would be excused at present, sir.

Bonc. No, no, my dear, pray stay, do not disoblige sir Gregory; you may trust me that I shall not force your inclinations.

Sir Greg. Come, begin, sirrah, begin.

Enter YOUNG BONCOUR.

Young B. Sir, Mr. Recorder, your lawyer, is in the next room, and waits to execute the deed.

Bonc. My heart, my eyes overflow with tenderness for so much goodness; sure 'tis a sensation almost worthy to be bought with ruin: but, oh! what happiness must be mine, who, while I hear these instances of my children's goodness, can assure them my fortune wants not so dear a reparation. The story was your uncle's invention; the reason for it I will tell you anon: no, my son, though perhaps I may not much increase, I shall be at least a faithful steward of my wife's fortune to her children.

Val. How, Mr. Boncour! is this possible?

Bonc. It is true, indeed, neighbour.

Val. Indeed, neighbour, I am very glad of it; and what, was this only a jest of sir George's?

Bonc. Even so.

Val. I am extremely happy in hearing it, and will if you please make this a memorable era in the happiness of our children. I speak not of my son, I will abandon him, and give all I am worth to my daughter, and give that daughter to your son.

Young B. You will pardon me, Mr. Valence; but, had I been reduced to the lowest degree of distress, I would not have accepted of your daughter with any fortune she could have brought.

Val. How, sir!

Young B. She will, if she relate to you faithfully her behaviour to me this day, lessen your surprise at what I say.

Val. I will go home, turn my daughter out of doors, disinherit my son, give my estate to build an hospital, and then hang myself up at the next charitable tree I can find.

Sir Geo. Mr. Valence, Mr. Valence! I have spoke to my brother about that estate that lies so contiguous to yours, and when it is to be sold you shall certainly have the refusal of it.

Val. What, am I mocked, scoffed? Ah! zounds! I shall run mad. *[Exit.]*

Young K. Madam, I have seen a great deal of

the world; but all the women I have seen are no more comparable to you than the smallest chapel in London is to the church of Notre Dame.

Miss B. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Greg. (To *BONCOUR.*) Why should there go so many words to a bargain: let us have the wedding directly.

Sir Geo. Wedding! directly! what, do you think you are coupling some of your animals in the country? Do you think that a union of bodies is all that is requisite in a state wherein there can be no happiness without a union of minds too? Go, and redeem past time: your son is not yet too old to learn: employ some able man to cultivate the share of understanding that nature gave him; to weed out all the follies and fopperies that he has picked up in the tour of Europe, as he calls it: then, when he appears to be a rational creature, and not till then, let him pay his addresses to my niece.

Young K. So then, I find, I am not a rational creature! and faith I begin to think so myself. And whose fault was that, father, but yours, that did not give me a rational education?

Sir Greg. Why, you dog, I gave you the same education I had myself: would you have had a better education than your father, sirrah? But did not I send you, besides, to travel, to finish your education? and when an education is finished, is not that enough? what signifies what the beginning was? But never fear them, Greg; with such an education as I had, I got twenty thousand pounds with my wife; and you who have travelled may, I think, expect more. Never fear 'em, boy, the acres, the acres will do the business.

Sir Geo. There you may find yourself mistaken; for I have some dirty acres to add to my niece's fortune that may chance to weigh against your scale. Her behaviour this day has pleased me; and I never will consent to see her wedded to any one who has not understanding enough to know her value.

Young K. O! heavens! I'll do anything to mend my understanding rather than lose the only woman I can love; and though I have hated books as I do the devil, if that be the only way to improve it, I'll pore my eyes out rather than lose her.

Bonc. Why, this must be a work of time; and whenever you render yourself worthy of her you may have a chance to succeed.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, my lady hath sent me to acquaint your honour that supper is on table.

Bonc. We will attend her. [Exit Servant.]

Sir Geo. Well, brother, I think you begin to find already the good effects of my advice to you: your wife you see civilly sends in, instead of rushing herself into company with her scream of, "Why must not I be let into the secret?"

Bonc. Sir George, I thank you; and am now convinced that a little exertion of a proper authority on my part will soon make my wife act like a rational woman.

Sir Geo. Well, George, your behaviour this day has, I confess, wiped away some part of the very bad opinion I had of you; and if you will cast off your follies and turn away your wench I have a wife in view for you, the same that your father intended to propose, who will make you amends for

the one you have lost: and in that case, to make you more worthy of her, I don't care if I settle the best part of my estate on you.

Young B. Sir, I know that professions on such occasions often pass only for words of course; but you will see, by a total reformation of my past conduct, that the whole study of my life hereafter shall be to please so generous an uncle and so good a father.

Sir Geo. What a variety of strange events has this day produced! I can't help thinking that they might furnish out a good subject for a comedy.

Bonc. Only a catastrophe would be wanting; because you know it is a constant rule that comedies should end in a marriage.

Sir Geo. That's true; but if the performer who is to represent your character should only step forward at the end and make a smooth speech or so, an English audience is generally so good natured, that they would pass over that, and all the other faults that might be in the piece, for the sake of the GOOD-NATURED MAN.

EPILOGUE. WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK; SPOKEN BY MISS YOUNG.

PROLOGUES and Epilogues—to speak the phrase
Which suits the warlike spirit of these days—
Are cannon charg'd, or should be charg'd, with wit,
Which, pointed well, each rising folly hit;
By a late gen'ral who commanded here,
And fought our bloodless battles many a year,
'Mongst other favours were conferr'd on me,
He made me captain of artillery!
At various follies many guns I fir'd,
Hit 'em point blank, and thought the foe retir'd;
But vainly thought—for, to my great surprise,
They now are rank and file before my eyes!
Nay, to retreat may even me oblige;—
The works of Folly stand the longest siege!
With what brisk firing, and what thunder-claps,
Did I attack those high-built castles—caps!
But, tow'ring still, they swell in lofty state,
Nor strike one riband to capitulate;
Whilst beaux behind, thus peeping and thus bent,
Are the besieg'd, behind the battlement:
But you are conquerors, ladies—have no dread;
Henceforth in peace enjoy the cloud-capp'd head!
We scorn to ape the French, their tricks give o'er,
Nor at your rigging fire one cannon more!
And now, ye bucks and bucklings of the age,
Tho' caps are clear, your hats shall feel my rage;
The high-cock'd, half-cock'd, quaker, and the slouch,
Have at ye all!—I'll hit you, though ye crouch.
We read in history—one William Tell,
An honest Swiss, with arrows shot so well,
On his son's head—he aim'd with so much care—
He'd hit an apple, and not touch one hair:
So I, with such-like skill, but much less pain,
Will strike your hats off, and not touch your brain.
To curse our head-dress! an't you pretty fellows?
Pray who can see thro' your broad-brimm'd umbrellas?
That pent-house worn by slim sir Dainty Dandle
Seems to extinguish a poor farthing candle!
We look his body thro'—But what fair she
Thro' the broad cloud that's round his head can see?
Time was when Britons to the boxes came
Quite spruce, and, *chapeau bas*, address'd each dame.
Now in flapp'd hats and dirty boots they come,
Look knowing thus—to every female dumb;
But roar out—Hey, Jack! so, Will! you there, Tom! }
Both sides have errors, that there's no concealing;
We'd lower our heads, had but men's hearts some feeling.
Valence, my spark, play'd off his modish airs,
But nature gave us wit to cope with theirs.
Our sex have some small faults won't bear defending,
And, tho' near perfect, want a little mending.
Let Love step forth, and claim from both allegiance,
And bring back caps and hats to due obedience.

THE END.



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P.o.angl. 125 c

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